

**HAMMOND'S GREAT LEAP.**

**One Hundred and Fifty-five Feet Down From a Cliff into the Rio Grand.**

San Antonio Cor. Philadelphia Times.

When the news of Professor Odlum's lateral leap from the parapet of the Brooklyn bridge reached here we were talking over the affair in the "Gold Room." Sam Graham, ex-sergeant of rangers, called attention to a parallel incident which attracted a great deal of attention on the frontier at the time and gave the name of "Hammond's Leap" to a lofty canon wall on the bank of the Rio Grande, about six miles west where the alkaline waters of the Pecos empty into it. The track of the Southern Pacific railroad runs close to the river here, and as you whirl by the trainmen will point out the spot where Robert Hammond made a sheer jump of 155 feet to the muddy waters of the Rio Grande below. This leap was made in the early summer of 1882, when the railroad was in process of construction. The painted red men from a safe hiding place on the Mexican side watched the busy scene with wideopen eyes, heard the "big thunder" of the blasts with loud-beating heart and stole back to the Santa Rosas. The only animals being that did not seem to mind the noise and tumult were those pestiferous little varmints, the vinegaroon, the devil horse, the tarantula, the centipede, the stinging lizard, and the rattlesnake. They remained and disputed the ground inch by inch with the invaders. They caused a great deal of trouble, and the navvies feared and respected them. It was a stinging lizard or scorpion that caused Hammond's leap. Hammond was a navy, born in England, and at the time he made the leap about 26 years of age. He was of slender build, but wiry and muscular, and Jack Harris, the contractor for whom he worked, considered him his best churn drill. Harris' camp was at the head of a deep canon, about one mile south of Vinegaroon. He was engaged in making a fill and two side cuts, and worked gangs day and night. Hammond worked in the day gang, and the big wall tent he shared with six or eight others was about 300 yards from the edge of the lofty wall, against whose base the muddy waters of the "great river" dashed and tumbled. At this particular point the river is quite deep. One night the sleeping occupants of Harris' camp were aroused by a series of startling yells, which came from Hammond's tent. Before they could collect their senses and settle in their minds whether or not the camp had been attacked by Indians, Hammond dashed from the tent and although held by his companions, tore himself away, and yelling at every jump, made giant bounds toward the river. The drillers and blasters in the cut stopped their work and ran up on the bank to see what was the matter. They saw Hammond as he dashed toward them and heard his agonized yells. A cry of horror burst from their lips as the yelling man reached the brink of the precipice and without a second's hesitation leaped out and shot down like a plummet to the boiling flood 155 feet below. They heard the loud splash made by his body when it struck the water and then, with blanched faces and hushed voices, hurried down to the river level to search for the poor fellow's mangled body. What was their surprise to meet the supposed dead man alive, uninjured. He was shivering with cold however, and the muddy water dripped from his clothing.

"What was the matter?" cried the group of searchers in chorus. "One of them infernal stinging lizards got in my ear and nearly drove me crazy," answered Hammond, "but he popped out when I struck the water. By the way boys, what do you think of that jump?" "It ought to have killed you," said one man. "It didn't, though," cried Hammond with a laugh. "I'll make it again for a ten-dollar bill." The next morning Jack Harris had the distance measured, and the tape line, held close to the cliff edge, marked 155 feet and a few inches when the other end touched the water. Hammond did not appear to suffer from his terrible flight through the air. He worked for Harris until the latter's contract was finished and then he went into Mexico to work on the Mexican Central. He was in his underclothes that night, and his feet were protected by thin socks. He struck water first, and described the sensation experienced as similar to that of the feet had been smartly slapped with a broad strap. While in the air he felt no difficulty in breathing, and the increased velocity as his body neared the water was not perceptible.

**Through London by Canal.**

Benj. Ellis Martin, in Harper's Magazine.

When a certain famous financier from San Francisco visited London a few years ago he was called on the morning after his arrival by his English correspondent, who, finding him characteristically anxious to plunge at once into the business for which he had come, proposed to start for "the city." "The city," exclaimed our magnate; "why, what do you call this place we're in? I was two or three hours riding through what I should call a city last night before I reached this hotel." But the placid and precise Englishman went on, statistically, to explain that "the city" was a long distance away; that they could get there inside a cab or outside a bus; by boat down the river underground, beneath the houses, by rail; or by rail, above the roofs, through the borough—all to the astonishment expressed with naive and native vehemence, of the San Franciscan. I fear that the resources of the Pacific slope language would have been unduly taxed had he been told that he might pass from end to end of London on a canal; and I am sure his visitor, as well as most Londoners, would have felt equal surprise. Yet it is true; and an unheeded and almost unknown river runs through the heart of London, holding its quiet, untroubled course, while the busy city has pushed its way all about and be-

**THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.**

Notes for the Housekeeper.

**N. M. Writes to the N. Y. Tribune:** "Where one has to manage with a small income and has good health, it is a good plan to dispense with help, and by economizing in other ways, buy such articles as will contribute to the comfort of the family and especially such as will make the work easy—a Dover egg-beater, a carpet-sweeper, a washer, a meat-chooper, a kerosene stove with fixtures, a combination baby high chair with rocker, a little carriage, an adjustable gate that will fit any door or window, so that you can keep the babies very near you, and yet not in the same room where the work is going on. A great saver of time is to have a place for each thing and each thing in place when not in use. It is surprising how the little two-year-olds will remember where each thing belongs, and how soon they will learn that it is the right way to pick up the 'blocks' before asking for the 'animals,' and how the younger ones will teach the older ones, 'this is our drawer,' and 'that is mamma's,' we mustn't open mamma's drawer! It is rather hard at first to leave all your important duties to show the babies how to pick up the playthings, right away, when they are through playing with them; but have patience, they will learn and will know no other way, and the first you know they will do it of their own accord and give you no more trouble. My two oldest babies now pick up their blocks and pile them in the boxes without being told. At 10:30 every morning they have each a glass of warm milk and go to bed for their nap, where they stay until 1 o'clock. Sometimes they sleep all the time, sometimes only part off, but they don't know any better than to stay there, and they need the rest. How much work can be crowded in while they are asleep I need not mention here, as any one can try for herself. At 5:30 the babies go to bed and sleep from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. The evenings we spend very pleasantly."

**Two Cheap Medicines.**

One of the cheapest medicines that mortals can use is sleep. It is a sovereign remedy for weakness; it cures restlessness, uneasiness and irritability; it will remedy headache; it also cures nervousness. When weary we should rest; when exhausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal. When weary men need is sleep. The lack of sleep causes neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep, and the point where many a sufferer turns his feet from the very gates of death to the open path of life is when he sinks to sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazarus, "If he sleeps he will do well." Another excellent medicine is sunshine. The world requires more of it morally and physically. It is more soothing than morphine, more potent than poppies. It is good for liver complaint, neuralgia, for rheumatism, for melancholy—for everything. Make your rooms sunny and cheerful; build your houses so as to command the sunshine all day long.

**Princess Beatrice's Trousseau.**

From the London Truth. Have you any curiosity about the tressseau a princess has? I have seen the sketches and materials of some of Princess Beatrice's tressseau frocks, which are being made by Refdern. One is a very pretty brown and blue shot-tweed, with silk to match. The skirt is of the latter and is arranged in wide perpendicular pleats. The bodice and tunic are of the tweed, the front of the bodice being trimmed with folds of the silk, arranged fichu-fashion. A pretty little jacket to go with this gown is made of the tweed, lined with peacock-colored satin and trimmed with the shot-silk down the fronts, which are straight, though the back fits tightly to the figure.

Another nice frock is of great blanket cloth, the long wide pleats on the skirt being separated by folds of Ottoman silk in the same color. There is also a vest of the Ottoman, the bodice and scarf drapery being of the cloth. A jacket is made to accompany this frock, the material being the blanket cloth. It fastens from the left shoulder and is trimmed round all the outlines with fine sateen.

A gown of navy-blue cloth is cut out in scallops, which fall over a trimming of interlaced cardinal red braid. A similar but narrower trimming edges the tunic, which is quiteshort. The fronts of the bodice are scalloped over a vest of interlaced red braid and the sleeves are finished at the cuffs to match. The jacket corresponding with this is of navy cloth, edged with one row of cardinal braid. A revers, turned back at the side or the chest, is lined with red silk and a smaller revers, turned back at the right side of the bodice, shows a similar lining. This is a very effective little arrangement and one quite new to my experience.

A cream-colored cloth is made over a skirt of pale blue veiling, being quite plain except for a narrow pleating round the edge. The bodice of this fastens diagonally from the left shoulder by means of carved mother-of-pearl buttons. The vest and cuffs are pale blue. Another cream-colored dress is of Cairo cloth, with pleated skirt and scarf-like tunic, made of cream-colored satin. The bodice of this gown is pleated and worn with a belt.

**Seasonable Fashion Notes.**

Ottoman ribbons are largely used for trimming dresses. Parasols match the costumes with which they are worn. White cloth dresses are trimmed with embroidery or braid. Black and white striped silk and satin are very popular in Paris. Black, gray and shades of brown are the leading colors in hosiery. Dividing the honors with Spanish lace, we find the Marquise, which is extremely popular, and comes in various and attractive patterns. Evening gloves are made with the hand, as far as the wrist, of kid, while the long arm consists of silk net, embroidered with gold, silver or silk. Morning dresses and elegant house toiles are made dressy with profuse use of ribbons in bows, knots, cascades, panels and floating loops and ends. Matinees are still trimmed down the front with full jabot of lace, or open over a brocaded plastron, and are edged on either side with full frills of lace. Red silk crepe is a favorite material for trimming dark blue alpaca, and is introduced in tiers of fans placed overlapping each other down the left side. White nuns' veiling is the favorite for nice dresses for young girls. It is made up with a jersey bodice, laced or buttoned behind. The skirt is trimmed with rows of satin ribbon, and has a tablier in front and sash ends behind for slender figures, while those inclined to stoutness need no overdress, but wear a sash.

**Better Crops From Sheltered Belts.**

Last winter in Southern Ohio, and indeed over a much larger section of country, furnished an illustration of the value of timber as a protection to small grain, which the dullest farmer or most casual observer could not fail to notice. The only fields of wheat showing life were those which felt the protection of timber. Rich land, thorough preparation of soil and early seeding which gave a start to the crop so that it covered the ground in the fall, and even top-dressing with fine rich manure, all counted for nothing during the terrible winter, for thousands of acres which had some or all of these favorable conditions were totally killed. I rode during the last week of April twenty miles through as good a wheat-producing locality as can be found in the Union, and did not see a single field that promised five bushels of wheat to the acre, except in the protection of timber. Here and there was a green velvet field, and in every case, without exception, was the border of timber on one or more sides of it. Even neglected hedges, allowed to grow to the height of ten feet, saved a belt of wheat several rods in width. Professor Townsend, of the Ohio university, states that in the prairie countries it has been found that with one-sixth of the land devoted to timber the remainder produced as much grain as the whole did before the trees were planted. I have raised timber belts of soft maple and of locust on my farm, and found that a double row, occupying less than a rod in width of land, can be grown from seed to furnish good protection in five years, and I have cut a cord of wood from thirty-five maple trees; ten years old, and occupying but four or five square rods of land. There can be no question of the profit of these timber belts; they pay in the protection they afford to grain, grass and stock, and the timber when utilized will pay again and often largely. When arranged to protect the permanent pastures it is safe to estimate that the stock can be turned out a week earlier in spring than in an unprotected field, and a week of pasture at this season is worth much more than a week later. I would urge every farmer whose land is unprotected to start a shelter belt of trees.—Waldo F. Brown.

**Manners of Hired Help.**

H. P. writes to the N. Y. Tribune: "Will you not give us a little talk upon the relations of the employer and the employed, especially those existing in the household and on the farm, where one is associated personally with those in his or her employ. Please tell us what you would consider the proper form of address due the employer in such cases. The Tribune answers: Our household consists of two brothers past thirty, one sister and myself past twenty-five, and I think that a more formal title than the given name used by the family is due from our hired help. Now is it undignified to insist upon having Miss used before my sister's name and my own, and Mr. before that of my brothers? No well-bred person met socially expects to use any other style of address unless they are intimate friends, and why should it be considered a degrading thing for one in service to place the suitable title before his employer's name when addressing him or her? Surely the utmost kindness should be shown to those we employ, and certainly no true-hearted person wishes to make any one feel a degrading sense of inferiority because of the necessity of gaining a livelihood by manual labor, but isn't it far easier to keep their relations pleasant when due respect is given to these outward forms? Undue familiarity is never a promoter of kindly feeling."

**A Word of Advice.**

Why are girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits. What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life-partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make one's self agreeable, they have not of themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit or to justify any one in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough or shrewd enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the prosaic manner imaginable, than if she were to make her own selection in the manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership is not easily dissolved.—Home Companion.

**What a Baby Can Do.**

[Babies are often called "helpless little things," "powerless little creatures," and all that sort of nonsense. In a few words we will prove to our unprejudiced readers that babies are neither "helpless" or "powerless," by informing them of a few things that a baby can do.] It can wear out a dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours. It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse. It can occupy both sides of the largest sized bed manufactured simultaneously. It can make the author of its being's wash bills foot up to \$5 a week and not be feeling at all well. It can crowd to suffocation the smoking car of a railroad train with indignant passengers between two stations. It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children. It can make itself look like a fiend just at the moment when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can look its father innocently in the face and five seconds later spoil the only good coat that he has got in the world. It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years. It can go to the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again. It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theater it can wake up, and stay awake until the beginning of the last act. It can, in ten minutes, drive a man frantically from his home and cause him to seek the companionship of a locomotive blowing off steam in order that he may obtain the rest and quietude which his weary frame demands. [These are some of the few things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burden of a loving mother's life by adding to them; it can flatten its dirty little face against a window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it, as a picture, before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own.]—Home Companion.

**Strawberries.**

After a bed of strawberries has fruited, the space between the rows should be spaded up and raked off so as to furnish a place for the rooting of the runners, from which a new bed may be formed. By turning the runners, which grow freely after fruiting is over, into this mellow, clean space, a large number of new plants will be secured, which can be removed to a new bed and planted out to replace the old, one.

**The Nude In Art.**

From a Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The exposition of the French Academy at the Villa Medici this season has caused quite a scandal. Doucet, one of the pensioners, a quiet, gentlemanlike artist, a perfectly reputable and excellent person, has painted for this exposition, strange to say, a very coarse picture, not lascivious, but coarse. It is called the "Interior of a Harem." The light is dim; three or four indistinct forms of naked women are seen sitting in awkward positions. There are no fine stuffs, no gorgeous decorations, no dazzling colors; the whole attention is directed to the entirely nude body of a robust woman of the Rubens type, who lies sleeping apparently on the front plane of the picture. Her face cannot be seen, as her back is toward the spectator. As a study of flesh, mere human flesh, the picture is truly a marvelous work of art, but in every other respect is not only unattractive, but absolutely repulsive. After all that may be said in defense of nudity in art by artists, most of us shrink from the sight of it in modern art; we accept it with pleasure only in sculpture, especially ancient sculpture. The Venus of Milo, the Venus of the Capitol, the Apoxyomenos of the Vatican, the Apollo Saur-tonos, the Hermes of Olympia, are such divine perfections of human development that the beholder forgets all modern artificial rules of decorum when looking at them. They are beings of a far-off age; exquisite forms manifested in a strange marble existence. But in painting the nude always gives a shock to a sensitive and refined nature. Titian's Venus, Rubens' huge ruddy woman, with all their exquisite execution and the beauty given them by their creators, they are to say the least, most unattractive.

**Incongruous.**

Many years ago, when Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan was sent to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. It was, as it still is, the custom for foreign ministers to appear at court receptions in court dress. But Mr. Marcy, thinking such a dress unbecoming the representative of the Republic, had issued a circular forbidding our ministers to wear anything save a plain suit of black. This order led to rather queer consequences at the Court of the then youthful Queen Victoria—for this was in 1853. Mr. Buchanan was warned by the Lord Chamberlain that he would not be received in that costume, and at the same time, that an invitation of Her Majesty was considered equivalent to a command. Mr. Buchanan must have felt himself in the dilemma of the Scottish chieftain: "There is no flying here nor tarrying there." He could not obey both the Queen and Mr. Marcy. If he went in no other dress than the conventional swallow-tail, he would not only offend Her Majesty, but it would be impossible to distinguish him by his dress from the lackeys and caterers in attendance. The inventive genius of Mr. Buchanan was equal to the emergency. He dressed himself in the conventional swallow-tail, but beneath it he buckled on a sword. The lackeys were not allowed to wear swords, and so it constituted a mark of distinction. The young queen received him in her gracious way, but without being able to repress a broad smile. After that he was a decided court favorite, as a well-bred and well-behaved bachelor deserved to be.

**An Obliging Piece of Furniture.**

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer. In a family residing on Woodland avenue a little girl was playing not long ago with a playmate from a neighbor's family. They were playing at a small center table, and the little girls noticed presently that when one of them put her hand on the table it would lift up and down, and they finally called others of the family to witness the strange behavior of the table. After experimenting some time the little girl climbed upon the table, saying: "Now, let's see if you can move." To their astonishment the table began to move along the floor with the little girl on it. She jumped off, saying, "Now, move yourself if you can." The table started off, moving across the floor, no one touching it. "If you can move so well," said the little girl's mother, "move into the next room and kiss the baby in the crib there." To their amazement the table started off, moved across the floor, through the door into the room where the babe was sleeping in the crib, and tipped up with its edge as close to the babe's face as it could get. Now, upon what philosophy can this behavior of the table be explained? Without going any further into the phenomena of spiritualism, or discussing what are put forward as higher manifestations, how are these elementary raps and movements to be satisfactorily accounted for? At all events there is a field here for honest investigation.

**A Boston man suffering from indigestion.**

A Boston man suffering from indigestion tried various kinds of exercise to no purpose, but being at last prevailed upon to allow himself to be tossed in a blanket every other morning for a fortnight, recovered his health. There used to be a report that old John Jacob Astor, when too feeble to stir around, was regularly subjected to this treatment.