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Hard on the Small Man.

A small man always has enough to bear, but his dress becomes exceedingly heavy when the despicable salesman of the clothing store, just after the small man has got into his new clothes, cries out to the accountant, so that everybody else can hear: "Boy's suit! Mark gone!"

The Mississippi annually carries 812,501,000,000 pounds of mud into the gulf of Mexico. So says a scientific chap.

Doubting Dixon.

[Texas Siftings.]

"I don't reckon," observed Emigrant Blakely, "I don't reckon I told you anything about Doubting Dixon yesterday when we was talking of Denver in '53?"

Emigrant Blakely and I were seated one pleasant summer evening, after a comfortable supper, in front of the Paxton house, Omaha. Mr. Blakely had been labeled "Emigrant" because of his intimate relations with the land department of the Union Pacific railway, and his indefatigable exertions in providing eastern colonies with new homes on railroad land in the fresh and adolescent west.

"No, I believe not," I replied. "You told some very interesting anecdotes of early days on the frontier, but I don't think you referred to Doubting Dixon."

"No, I b'lieve not. Wal, Doubting Dixon come on from Massachusetts in 1852, I think, an' all he had in the world was about one hundred an' fifty dollars in cash an' a 4-year-old kid. He thought everything of that boy, an' Dixon couldn't very well go back on him, neither, fur the lad was a perfect image of himself—a regular epitome of Doubting Dixon, only he war a dummed sight livelier. Dixon was a silent, tacitum sort of a bean-eating Yankee; didn't have much to say when folks was around, an' contrived to keep hisself to hisself in the best kind of shape. He got the name of Doubting Dixon because he never seemed to believe in nothing nor nobody, and when anything a little out of the ordinary rut was told to him, he always kinder threw cold water upon the account an' talked an' acted as if he didn't take no kind of stock in it. Of course, such monkey business as this rather conveyed the idea to people who was telling him anything that Dixon considered them cool, calm and unregenerate liars.

"Dixon staked a claim fifteen miles out from Denver, put up a shanty, and lived there alone with his kid. He didn't come into town oftener than once a week after some small stores, an' mighty small stores they was, too, I tell yer. The boys used to wonder what him and the kid lived on. He generally come in Saturday nights, an' after hanging aroun' the saloons, stores an' post-office a while, he'd pile on his mule an' pike fer his claim. There was another little peculiarity about Dixon, he never would drink anything at the bar, an' he didn't ever carry home anything in a jug. In consequence of this little excentricity, Doubting Dixon was unpopular with the boys, an' Dixon, hisself, didn't appear to have any great an' overpowering affection for them. I said that he was unpopular, an' didn't seem to have many friends. There was one exception. This was a vicious looking York state feller, a gambler, and the boys all said a skin gambler at that. He an' Dixon were seen together occasionally, conversing in low tones, an' every body wondered why Pistol Grip, as this York state chap was called, an' Doubting Dixon should be so thick when Dixon didn't gamble or drink either. One day this Doubting Dixon struck it rich in his claim, an' he sold out for $140,000, an' he an' the kid left the shanty an' come into town an' commenced boardin' at the hotel. One Saturday afternoon Doubting Dixon sat watching a game of billiards in the Senate saloon, an' Monte Bill come in, an' he says:

"'Dixon, there's a lady outside in a kerridge as wants ter see yer.'

"'I don't know no ladies in Denver,' said Doubting Dixon, a trifle uneasy, 'an' I don't believe as any ladies wants ter see me.'

"'Mebbe you think I'm a liar,' said Monte Bill, carefully rubbing the nickel-plate on his revolver with his thumb.

"'No, I won't say you're a liar, Bill,' said Dixon, meek as a lamb, 'but I don't hardly reckon any lady wants to see me. Who is she?'

"'I don't know who she is,' said Monte Bill, 'but she's a lady, an' says she got some news from your wife.'

"Doubting Dixon started suddenly from his chair, an' then sat back again, an' his face was blue, just as though he had been swimmin' in ice water for an hour or so.

"'I don't believe she has got any news from my wife,' said Dixon.

"'Well, come along out an' see,' said Monte Bill. 'Hit ain't no use of your sittin' here mooning an' implying as if everybody else but you was a liar. Come along out an' see for yourself.'

"When Doubting Dixon got up out of the chair, he weaved back and forth a minute, as if he was going to fall, but he braced up, an' went out to the carriage with Bill. There was a lady there, sure enough, an' a right handsome one at that, dressed up to kill, an' diamonds all over her where they would do the most good.

"'Is this Mr. Dixon?' said the lady, with a most fascinating smile.

"'Yes, m'm,' said Dixon, huskily.

"'Well, your wife is down at the Tallman house, an' she would like to see you.'

"Dixon seized hold of the tire of the carriage wheel to steady himself.

"'She wants to take the kid away from me, don't she?' inquired Dixon, with a terrible anxious look on his face.

"'O, no, I guess not,' said the lady pleasantly.

"'She's got a divorce an' big alimony, and the care of the boy, an' all that sort of thing, I suppose. Remember I've got the money an' I'll fight it; I'll fight it through every court in the land.'

"'No, nothing of the kind,' said the lady, 'but she wants to see you an' the boy. She came here with me from Boston, where she has been working.'

"'Working!' said Dixon, blankly.

"'Yes, she has been living all alone by herself, and working hard for her support. Get into the carriage with me, an' we will drive down to the hotel.'

"When they arrived, Dixon met his wife with the coolest kind of reserve, an' she, poor woman, was almost heart broken. The handsome lady and Dixon had stopped on the way, an' got the kid, an' Mrs. Dixon cried over the boy, an' hugged an' kissed him, but Dixon, he stood by as cold as an ironclad, an' never cried a drop, while the woman washed the boy's face with her tears. Dixon spoke up an' said:

"'Katie, where's the gambler?'

"'What gambler?' said Katie, looking suddenly up, an' it seemed as if the fire in her eyes had dried up all the tears.

"'The gambler chap you took up with an' run away from home with.'

"'It's false,' said the woman, 'false as hell!'

"Doubting Dixon looked wonderfully puzzled at this.

"'Didn't you leave me, Katie?' he said.

"'I did, Harry,' answered the woman, 'I left you for your own good. I left you because I saw nothing but ruin for you, body an' soul, an' weary poverty for the little boy an' me. You drank the last cent away that you an' I could earn.'

"'I did'nt bowl up too much,' said Dixon, 'but then—'

"'I left the child with its father in the faint hope that it might work in you reformation. I knew he was the apple of your eye, and trusted he might save you. He has. I now come back to take a last farewell of him an' you, an' to thank God for having kept my loved ones so secure.'

"'Ben Darnley said you eloped with a gambler an' went to Philadelphia.'

"'He lied!'

"'Your wife speaks the truth,' said the handsome lady, 'I have known her history since she left your humble home, and stole away to trust, to wait, to pray. She comes to you as pure an' as true a wife as the day she left your roof.'

"'Doubting Dixon leaned against the door casing for support. The strong man's tears were coming now, dropping full an' fast. He looked at the little, wondering kid, an' the kneeling mother, smothering it with caresses. Then he stepped away from the door casing, hesitated a moment, as though fearful of a repulse, threw open his arms, and said:

"'Katie!'

"In another moment the wife, kid and Doubting Dixon were all mixed up in a hugging match, and the handsome woman from Massachusetts, who had at her own expense, brought about this happy reunion, looked so pleased and delighted over the success of her scheme, that she really deserved hugging by somebody on her own account.

* * * * * * *

"That night, Doubting Dixon and Ben Darnley, the vicious New York gambler, met.

"'You are positive,' said Dixon, 'that my wife eloped with the Philadelphia faro dealer?'

"'Know it,' said Darnley. 'Why she even hinted once that she would leave home with me if I would come west.'

"'Say, Darnley, now be honest, didn't you kinder try to take advantage of me, an' make love to Kate?'

"'Yes, Dixon, since everything is all over now, an' you know just what kind of a woman your wife is, I'll confess that I did. But, then, to be honest agin, I'll just say that she fairly froze the blood in my veins with her indignation. Heigh, ho! This is a d—d curious world, an' very few people ever get out of it alive.'

"'Right you are,' hissed Dixon. 'You are right, Darnley. Old man, my wife is safe an' sound in her own home, with her own boy, an' under the protection of her own husband, an' all this in spite of your devilish revenge. Ben Darnley, for years you have kept my wife an' I apart. For years you have daily lied to me, an' worked upon the passions of a weak an' doubting man—'

"'Hold hard there, Dixon, or by the gods of war, I'll kill you!'

"'I doubt it, Darnley. This is a day of retributive justice. You will not kill me.'

"Ben Darnley was quick with his gun, an' a flash an' report were his answer to Dixon. Then Darnley turned and ran into a saloon. He had missed his man. Cool an' dispassionate, Doubting Dixon, standing outside on the sidewalk, looked down the long, brilliantly lighted saloon. He looked along the bright, shining barrel of his revolver. At the farther end of the saloon crouched Darnley. Cool an' dispassionate, Doubting Dixon took deadly aim, an' down through the ninety feet of glittering light and gilded mirrors he sent a bullet true to the heart of Ben Darnley."

A Revolution in Beer.

In our neighborhood lives a German farmer named Liebig, who claims to have made a discovery which seems to me so remarkable that I have concluded to report it to the press. He is engaged in raising hops on a small farm, keeps some cows, and seems to be doing well. He is quite a scientific man, and has a diploma from some big agricultural college in Germany, the name of which I have forgotten. His neighbors call him the Latin farmer. This is what he says: Among his cows is one of the English breed, the best milker in the lot. Some time ago the milk from her had a bitter taste and a brownish color, which rendered it totally unfit for use. This gave him considerable distress, and he could not account for it. Later on he discovered the cause of the trouble. He saw the animal coming out of his barn, where he has his hop-bins. Evidently the cow had been feeding on hops and, naturally, the milk had acquired the objectionable taste. He commenced a series of experiments, the reasons for which he gave me, and which seem quite plausible. His arguments were: If the food has such a direct influence on the taste and color of the milk, have we not the means at hand to give the product any character we choose? He evidently regards the animal economy of the cow as a sort of chemical laboratory. So he went to work to produce a drink similar to beer, and if his statements are true (as I believe) he succeeded completely.

He continued to feed hops, for which she had a natural liking, then malt, and then corn. Grass and hay would not do, because under it the liquid resumed its natural milky character. The product under this feeding was a turbid light brown liquid with a sweet, slightly bitterish taste. Warm from the cow he adds some yeast, sets it in a warm place and lets it ferment. This seems to generate a certain amount of alcohol and the liquid at the same time becomes clear. If the fermentation is, however, not interrupted at a certain stage the stuff gets sour and is unfit to drink. He stops the fermentation by pouring the liquid in a strong jug, corking tightly, and letting it down in a deep well. Two or three days after he draws it up. It is then a clear, light brown color, effervescing, forming a creamy foam on top and tastes delicious—to me, a great deal better than most of the beer I have ever tried.

Hotel Dead Beats.

The head waiter is the sentry of the dining-room. Five minutes before the dinner a list of the guests of the hotel is sent up stairs by the clerk. On the list is the number of every room in the house with the name of the occupant (if any) opposite. The head waiter stands by the door and when a guest comes in he is asked quietly the number of his room. He gives it, and the waiter instantly sends him to a table. The man, if he thinks of it at all, supposes that the number of his room has something to do with his seat and passes on. The instant his back is turned the head waiter consults his list, and if the room of the number given is vacant, or if it is occupied by some one known to the waiter, he goes at once to the man, and while deftly rearranging the napkin or placing the knives and forks in neat rows, asks him seductively his name. If that name fails to clear away the doubt the clerk is sent for. He may recognize the man. If he does not an investigation is made, and if the man is proved a fraud he is taken out and handed over to the police.

The Real Empire State.

Sixty-eight new counties were organized in Texas last year. Taxable property increased to the extent of $130,000,000. Immigrants are pouring in. That state contains territory twice as large as Georgia which is yet undivided into counties. It promises to be the real Empire state of the union.

During War Speculation.

The elder Vanderbilt came into Wall street at the era when speculation was the phœnix from a devastated land, and it seemed that from the dying souls of the combatants there danced in the flames the rich men of the future.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

Sketch of France's Greatest Story-Teller, Dumas Pere.

New Anecdotes of the Noted French Author---His Methods of Work, and Wonderful Literary Fecundity.

[Theodore Stanton in Inter Ocean.]

Alexander Dumas was especially proud of three things; his literary fecundity, his dexterity as a fencer, and his talent for cooking. The prolificness of his pen has probably never been equaled. "From an anecdote he would make a tale," says M. de Bury; "from a tale, he would make a novel; from a novel he would make a play; and would never abandon an idea until he had drawn from it not only what it could yield, but what it could yield to him." There were mornings when Dumas, on opening his mail, would find letters from half a dozen of the leading newspapers of Paris all asking for copy. On such occasions he would call together his literary creditors; would obtain from one a delay of ten days, from another three months, from this one a week, from that one three days, from still another twenty-four hours, and from the last a month. He would then sit down, go doggedly to work, as Dr. Johnson used to say, and finish each task within the stipulated time.

INDEFATIGABLE.

About in his Sunday's speech told how, when on one occasion he met Dumas in Marseilles, and they came back from the theatre at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, the indefatigable novelist said to him: "You, old man, must go to bed. I, who am only 55, have three feuilletons to write, which must go off in the morning's post. If, when they are finished, I have any time left, I shall send Montigny a little piece which I have promised him." With that he lighted two long candles and began. When About woke up, he saw Dumas humming to himself while he shaved, three large, well-filled envelopes addressed to as many different Parisian journals, and a package for Montigny, which contained that little masterpiece, the "Invitation a la Valse." M. de Girardin, the great French journalist, made it a point to have one new idea every day. Dumas had a thousand.

HIS COLLABORATORS.

But an author who produced a hundred volumes a year had to have collaborators, and Dumas had them by the score. His enemies made capital out of this excessive collaboration. They pretended that the cellar of his house at St. Germain was filled with poor devils, hacks driving their weary quills under the heartless literary lash of the burly Dumas, and the work completed, only to be turned off with a mere pittance, while the greedy master pocketed more than the lion's share. Dumas never denied that he had collaborators, and the collaborators themselves, many of whom are still alive and have secured a high place in current literature, have testified to the generous treatment experienced at his hands. If he was benefited by their preliminary labors, they gained by his tremendous popularity. If his talented pen had not given life to a weary story and his magic name appeared on the title page, many a book would never have found a publisher nor a reader. As has well been said, there were two Dumas—Dumas alone and Dumas legion. But the productions of the latter bore the incontestable stamp of the master mind.

MANNER OF WORKING.

Dumas' manner of working was peculiar. He could write anywhere, at any time and under all circumstances. In the midst of his boon companions, discussing in the loudest tones, his pen kept steadily on. He was no Carlyle. What would the poor wife of the Chelsea sage not have given for such a husband? Dumas would even take part in the conversation from time to time, showing that he followed the thread of the discussion while he wrote. To a new comer he gave the left hand, without disturbing the busy right one. On a certain occasion, after hunting from 6 o'clock in the morning, and having killed 30 birds, he complained of being sleepy and returned to the farm house. When his companions entered at 5 o'clock they found him seated before the fire. He said he could not shut his eyes on account of the noise of the animals in the farmyard, so he had amused himself by producing a play in one act, "Romulus."

He had a way of writing several works at almost the same time. Thus he would pass from a novel to his memoirs, and then on to a play. He would chase from his mind all thoughts of the last work in order to have his head quite clear for the next. His pen once in hand he never stopped to study his subject, but wrote straight on. Unless writing an important piece, he rarely reviewed his manuscript. If he was preparing a play for some second-rate theatre he would always turn off an act a day, so that in five days the whole was finished. If, however, he wished to compose an important work he would often disappear from the house, seek some isolated village, and return in a few days with his task completed. "I am like a hen," he remarked, "I look for a place to set."

SOLVED THE DIFFICULTY.

Dumas was indeed a genius. Here is one example from a thousand: In "Richard Darlington," it was necessary in the last act to get rid of Richard's first wife, at the end of a very violent scene, and at the moment when Richard awaited the coming of the young woman whom he wished to marry. Dumas and his collaborator, Goubeaux, were in a dilemma. The latter proposed that she be poisoned. "But what shall we do with her body?" asked Dumas. "No," he continued; "it would be better to have the house where the scene takes place on the edge of a torrent, and Richard will throw his wife out of the window." Goubeaux objected, on the ground that the spectators would be sure to laugh at the display of legs when Richard lifted up his wife to get her out of the window. Dumas took the manuscript home and solved the problem in this way, after these words: "They will find a woman here." Richard runs to the door and locks it. In the meantime his terrified wife rushes to the window and shouts from the balcony, "Help! Help!" Richard follows her; she falls on her knees before him. A noise is heard in the stairway. Richard pulls the window shut. Husband and wife are now on the balcony. A cry follows. Richard, pale and wiping the perspiration from his brow, throws open the window. He is alone. His wife has disappeared. Dumas had gotten over the difficulty while Goubeaux was still racking his brain.

FOND OF GOOD LIVING.

It has already been said that Dumas was a real Vatel, and with this peculiarity of the novelist this already too long letter must close, without having exhausted, however, the long list of remarkable characteristics of this astonishing personage. He had studied the subject profoundly and could distinguish the shades of difference between the Italian and Spanish or German and Russian cooking. He was even prouder of his culinary superiority than of his literary reputation. As he stood in front of the stove watching the progress of some dish, he would be writing on the kitchen table a chapter of some afterward famous novel. Dumas was always in debt—often on account of the sponging of his friends—so that even while cooking he had to keep his pen a-going.

When dinner was ready Dumas rang the dinner bell himself. While his guests were devouring the excellent menu the cook rarely touched more than two plates. His foes used to proclaim him a glutton—a genuine Apicius. But this was false. Dumas was temperate not only in eating, but in drinking. He drank water only colored with wine, and never smoked. At midnight he often invited his friends to partake of a fine little supper which he also got up, and then when the guests went off to sleep the host would go to his study and work till far into the morning.

Such are a few of the more striking trait of a man than whom none in all French literature was more original and fecund, bolder and freer, more vilified and praised. He was as regardless of the behests of society as Byron, as hard a worker as Scott, as peculiar as Dr. Johnson, as generous as Goldsmith, as hospitable as Rogers, as witty as Hood, and as imaginative as Poe. No wonder, therefore, that Paris, after more than ten years of silence, has called to mind her old favorite and prodigy, and now cannot say too much in his praise, nor do too much in honor of his memory. Alexander Dumas, dead, is indeed alive again.

VISIONS OF JIM-JAMS.

The Experience of a Man Who Deliberately Quits Business and Gets Drunk.

[Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.]

"The warnings some drinking men receive are very strange," said the oldest of our party. "I know several men who are spreers who have warnings, generally visions more or less horrible, but invariably the same, when they approach the wall behind which the jim-jams lurk. Probably the most striking case is that of a gentleman who inherited his diseased craving for alcohol. He will not drink, it may be, for a year. Then he will put his business in such shape that he can leave it for a few days, and deliberately get drunk. For two days he devotes his energies to getting drunk, and staying drunk. He is not of the least trouble to any one when he is drinking. He shuts himself up in his room and drinks alone. In two days he will drink a gallon of the best sour mash bourbon whisky money can buy. He always begins drinking in the evening. The third evening he goes to bed in a beastly state of intoxication.

"At about midnight his vision comes to him. He dreams that he went to bed and slept soundly until awakened by a hard, white flickering light. He lies awake wondering what causes the light, and hears a loud knock on his bed-room door. "Come in!" he cries. The door is thrown wide open, and a man who has been freshly flayed stalks in. The flayed man smiles in a ghastly manner and nods in friendly recognition. The flesh is gone from his mouth. His teeth grin mockingly. He stations himself opposite the bed and leans against the wall, his shoulders making a bloody mark where he leans. His lidless eyes roll, and his tongue lolls. The bed-room door remains open. My friend looks out of the door into the street. There he sees a long column of flayed men marching rapidly down the road. Stragglers drop out from the column and enter his room.

"When ten men have entered his bed-room door closes. The flayed men, who are covered with fresh blood, walk silently around the room looking at him. They point their bloody fingers at him. At a signal from the man who first entered they all march out. Presently they return, each carrying a flayed and bloody corpse. The blood has dried on the live men while they were absent, and it flakes from them as they re-enter the room with their ghastly burdens. The corpses are placed on the floor in a row, side by side. At a signal from the leader of the skinless horrors they straddle the dead bodies, and, bending over, grasp them around their waists. Then, straightening up with the legs of the dead men between their own, they move around the room in a weird dance, now advancing, now retreating, then circling around the bed, and always leering and grinning at my friend. After desperate efforts he awakens, and the vision disappears. It is his warning to quit drinking, and he heeds it, too."

Trimming Elephants' Feet.

[Boston Globe.]

Yesterday Prof. George Arstingstall and four assistants were occupied all day in trimming the feet of two elephants. The operation is performed three times a year—once on the road, once in the fall and again in the spring. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails upon each foot, and as it grows thicker and thicker it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. When the work of trimming is undertaken, the elephant stands upon three legs and places the foot to be operated upon across a big tub. Two men hold the leg down and one stands at the animal's head to prevent him from turning. Then Prof. Arstingstall, with a two-foot drawing knife, proceeds to shave off great pieces of bone from the sole of the foot. Shavings of bone six inches by four and a quarter of an inch thick are rapidly cut, the edges of the foot being carefully trimmed.

Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, etc., are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work up into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found yesterday in Pallis' foot imbedded over three inches from the bottom. Prof. Arstingstall extracted it with a small pair of pincers, then syringed the wound with warm water, and subsequently covered it with tar. The professor, when hurried on the road, sometimes draws out such nails with his teeth. Pallis apparently suffered great pain, but seemed to know that the operation would give relief. He held the foot high and quietly of his own accord until all was finished, then flourished his trunk, trumpeted, and expressed almost in words his sincere thanks. After paring the foot each toe-nail is cut between and then filed down, giving each foot a white, clean look with its setting of polished nails. It takes about six hours to finish dressing an elephant's feet, and it is said to be one of the hardest bits of work that men have to do.

Norwegian Farming.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Farming in the Norwegian valleys presents some unique aspects. Grain, potatoes and turnips grow in little patches. Meadow hay is carefully cut and cured on rods or ropes supported on tall poles. Every corner on which grass will grow is utilized for hay, even the little nooks among the crags, from which it is lowered to the valleys by means of ropes or wires, that nothing may be lost. The Scandinavian cows are of a peculiar national breed, and not only they, but goats, and even ewes, contribute to the cheese vats. Horses are seldom larger than mere ponies. These little animals do all the farm work, for in Norway oxen are employed for tillage. Norway is sparsely settled. Emigration is taking away its more ambitious sons and daughters. But its people are intensely patriotic, and their land contains much to delight the traveler.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The "International Code" of Signaling by Day and by Night.

How the Life-Boat is Manned---Sending a Line to the Wreck--Bringing the Life-Car into Service.

[Courier-Journal Exposition Notes.]

All that science and skill can accomplish is demonstrated in these governmental departments, and of these there are none more interesting than the exhibit made by the United States life-saving service. It appeals strongly to every thinking person. It shows the great care and skill which pervades the system inaugurated and sustained by the government. Every appliance to save life, to rescue the imperiled at sea, seems to have been adopted.

SIGNAL FLAGS.

In the day-time communication is carried on between vessels and stations by means of flags. The symbols of the international code consist of eighteen flags, grouped as follows: One burgee, four pennants and thirteen square flags. Every nation represented in this code provides its vessels with a set of these flags and their interpretation, and the simple hoisting of the different combinations according to the schedule laid out, is unmistakable English to any life-saving station on the American coast, no matter what the nationality of the vessel may be. These flags represent eighteen letters of the English alphabet, and no two are alike in color. The different colored flags represent letters, the letters represent sentences, and conversation is carried on between stations and vessels by simply hoisting the combinations of flags according to the signal key.

At night, if any signaling has to be done, white, green and red rockets are sent up—the different combinations of colors expressing certain wants and giving affirmative or negative answers. For instance, a ship wanting a pilot would make her wishes known by sending up three rockets in quick succession—white, red, white; red, white, red—I am in distress; green, white, green—yes; white, red, white—no. On the more

DANGEROUS COASTS

there are sometimes two or three stations situated five miles apart. At night a lookout is left in the station, and the rest of the crew patrol the beach, meeting the crew of the second station half way, exchanging checks and then making their way back to their respective starting points. If a patrolman sees an accident or a vessel in distress, signals are fired calling the attention of the rest of the men to that point. The life-boats are then put on surf wagons, drawn by horses, and carried down to the sea. These boats are self-bailing and self-righting; that is, if one of them upsets, it immediately rights itself, and bails out any water shipped as fast as it comes in. A boat of this description is manned by twelve oarsmen and one steersman, and will carry in safety thirty additional people. Behind the surf wagons follows the hand-cart drawn by the crew, containing Lisle guns, whip lines, shot lines, faking boxes and other necessary articles. For example's sake we will say that a ship has been driven on the rocks some three-quarters of a mile or a mile from the shore, and is gradually being battered to pieces. If lives are to be saved there is no time for play. The life-savers, first of all, want to reach the ship with a rope so that it may have direct connection with the shore, and this is

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

If there are no trees in convenient distance, to which a heavy rope can be attached, a trench three and one half feet deep is dug in the sand, and in this the sand-anchor, composed of two heavy wood cross-pieces, is buried. The rope, after being securely fastened to this anchor, is then run over a crotch from fifteen to eighteen feet high. Attention is now given to the faking box, which consists of a smaller rope wound around forty-eight pegs. By lifting up the board on which these pegs are mounted the rope slides off in a coil on the sand, and in being fired from the mortar can not possible get tangled or twisted in its rapid flight to and over the vessel. The shot is an iron piece, resembling very closely in shape and in length a car coupling-pin. A small opening in its end admits a screw, and to this screw through a ring is fastened the small line to be fired, which, in its turn, is made fast to the larger rope before mentioned. The mortar is then loaded with from two and a half to four ounces of powder, according to the distance of the vessel from shore, the shot is placed in position,

A FIZZ AND A BANG,

and away goes the small line along with its iron predecessor over the ship's deck, where willing hands seize it and eventually pull in the strong, heavy rope from the shore. Attached to this latter are tally-boards, giving the following instructions in many different languages: "Make the tail of the block fast to the lower mast well up. If masts are gone then to the best place you can find. Cast off rocket line, see that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore." A second shot from the mortar carries another line, and this enables the breeches buoy block to be drawn from shore to ship, and vice versa, over the main rope. This rope, after being made fast to the ship's masts, is hauled taut on shore, by three sets of blocks, to the rear of the tall crotch over which it runs.

There is a slant from the ship in, and the crotch, as may now be seen, is used to give the rope a sufficient altitude over the angry sea waves.

THE BREECHES BUOY BLOCK,

that is hauled backward and forward with passengers, consists of a large round cork ring covered with canvas, to the under side of which is firmly attached a pair of knee-breeches. A passenger lowers half of his body through the cork opening—the knee-breeches prevent his being washed out, the cork buoy keeps half the body above water, and he is pulled safely to shore with no damage beyond a thorough drenching.

THE LIFE CAR.

If it be found necessary to carry shoreward at one time more than a single passenger, the life car is brought into service. Its bottom is shaped like that of a lap-streak boat, and that portion of it showing out of water is oval, with a small aperture on top and in the centre. It accommodates five or six people, and after they are safely stowed inside, the opening is securely closed and battened down. The main rope on which it runs, unlike the one connected with the breeches-buoy, is taken from its high crotch and lowered to the surface of the water. In rough weather, while being drawn into shore by means of a windlass, it rolls over and over and is alternately under and above the water. To prevent the bruising up of the excursionists within, the inside is thoroughly fitted out with the softest of padding, and very minute diamond-shaped holes in the top of the car furnish all the air needed, diluted with a very insignificant and hardly noticeable quantity of salt water. This car is made out of heavy galvanized iron, riveted, and weighs 700 pounds.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A Few General Rules---The Famous Brown-Stone Front Only a Gloomy Tunnel.

[Joaquin Miller's Washington Letter.]

The building mania seems to have attacked the whole civilized world, and apropos of this fact I have been asked by the editor of this paper for an article on architecture and decoration. I have only space to lay down a few general rules and describe one or two interiors.

In the first place, then, if you contemplate building a house in a crowded city you must at once become reconciled to the sad fact that the appearance of your house is not going to depend nearly so much on what kind of a house you build as on the kind of houses your neighbors build.

I have a friend who built, this year, a rare and daintily-chiseled front—such daisies of windows, too, delicate bits of painted glass, and so on. It was truly a poem in stone, and stood there modestly back from the street, the pride of builder and owner. But now there have grown two great Jonah's gourds quite overshadowing it, thrust far out toward the street, throwing it all in the gloom and background and shaming its modesty by their blazing brick fronts and great sheet-iron tops. So, to begin with, you must know who your neighbors are before build in a crowded city.

Man is the only animal who builds his home after the pattern of a dry-goods box. And it is only the half-civilized man who insists on doing that. In all Rome you do not find a single square room. An Italian will not live in the conventional square room. They tell you in Rome that the rooms are built in such strange angles and triangles and so on as a charm against the evil eye. But that is largely fiction. The Italian builds his home in curiously shapen rooms because of the art and love of the beautiful and shapely that is in him. Permit me to lay this down briefly as another one of the rules to observe in "building the house beautiful." No square room can be made either comely or comfortable. No bird, no beast, not even an Indian will live in one unless as a prisoner. A round room or semi-globe shaped is perhaps the most restful. The Indian wigwam is the most perfect form of architecture we get here in America. Let us look in one of the hundred thousand hideous brown-stone fronts in the fashionable parts of New York city. You find this home is simply a tunnel. It is sixteen or twenty feet wide. It is eighty feet deep. There is some straggling light at either end of this tunnel. But, at best, the famous New York brown-stone front is simply a deep, gloomy tunnel.

London and Paris.

[Cor. St. Louis Republican.]

What strikes one in London, everywhere and in everything, is the deification of the human and the lowering of the divine. For what are St. Paul's and Westminster but homes of hero worship and shrines of the mortal, whilst God's presence fills their walls no more nor renders sacred their fanes. Monuments of human greatness, indeed, are St. Paul's and its noble statues, but no church, while the Abbey tells in its saintly tombs and many chapels of a glory that has gone.

London impresses one with the idea of great strength and stability, of the wonderful mastery of mental and physical prowess Paris tells of a higher, more tasteful and more spiritual people. Her streets and homes, public and private, are an unending joy. There is a light and happy airiness about her clime and people, civilized habits there print very pleasant memories in the mind. Her people, too, are very religious. We saw to-day a due proportion of men in all the churches visited, and the attendance in all cases and at all hours was remarkably large. 'Tis the city of sin and sanctity, of bravery and madness. Extremes here meet as nowhere else in the whole world. One point I have gained, whether in Dublin, London or Paris: I now know what a church building is. And what will it be when I have seen the masterpieces of religious thought, piety and zeal, as revealed in the heart of the church, her centre and her soul—the everlasting city?

Literary Talent on Daily Periodicals.

[New York Sun.]

Undoubtedly the best literary talent, and the most fruitful, is now devoted, in one way or another, to newspapers or other periodicals. It there finds what all expert ability, directed to the making of a living is anxious to get, namely, steady employment and sure pay.

But it is nonsense to say that the literary talent so employed is buried. It is exercised where it produces the widest effect; and the continuous and methodical labor required of the writer, so far from injuring him, tends to the development of his intellect and the improvement of his literary faculty. He gets a better command of his power, and acquires literary habits of great use to him. He also learns how to address the public in such a way as to command attention and interest his readers. He makes of himself a better and a more practical work man.

Of course, we speak only of men who write with skill and care, and who are held up to their duty by an editor competent to criticise what they do. Such writers do not acquire habits of slovenly composition. They rather become more direct and precise. Nor need they lose any real beauties and elegancies. They are more likely to get rid of mannerisms and exuberances, and to learn to think about elucidating what they have to say, and not about showing off mere literary tricks.

The Vanderbilt Mausoleum.

[Chicago Herald.]

The new Vanderbilt mausoleum in the Moravian cemetery at New Dorp, Staten island, is intended to be a very costly affair, though as yet the design has not been finally fixed upon. The site is on the summit of a hill in the centre of the burial ground and covers nine acres. Besides the money he will spend on his own plot, Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make the cemetery one of the finest in the country.