

### HINTS TO SWIMMERS.

Timely Suggestions for Enthusiastic Lovers of Aquatic Sport.

Now that the bathing season, for the people who bathe only during the season, is running on full time and half soap, there will be the usual number of "sad cases of drowning" reported in the daily paper by reporters who seem to think that the ordinary drowning case is a rather joyous affair and great care must therefore be taken to specify the sad ones. Now, in most instances—but for the gravity of the subject one might say moist cases—there is no necessity for drowning. A little care, a little presence of mind and the doomed swimmer would be as safe from the watery element as a Texas bar tender. A good swimmer is not often drowned; not often, that is.

People are drowned when they are thrown suddenly into the water because the shock disturbs their presence of mind and disarranges the life preserver. To avoid drowning from this cause, therefore, never get thrown into the water suddenly; always be expecting it. If you are crossing the great desert, keep turning over in your mind what you would do if the distant ocean should suddenly break in on you.

If you could acquire the habit of breathing under water it would be great medicine for you. Some men can breathe a long, long time over beer; they are more apt to founder than drown.

If you don't know whether you can swim or not, having never tried, it is a good plan to consult some well-known authority on the subject before venturing into forty foot water. Go to Jay Gould; he has floated about as many water-logged schemes as any man in America.

If, in spite of all precautions, you find that you are actually drowning, no time should be lost in calling in a physician; if possible, go for him yourself; the exercise will prove exceedingly beneficial.

If you should find a drowning person on the beach and it should prove to be some one whom it is your interest to save, run him through a clothes wringer without delay; it is essential to get all the water out of him.

Do not, however, hang him up after this operation; it's no good; you can't hang a man up for any thing after you've squeezed him dry.

Sit on his chest and inflate his lungs with a hand bellows to restore respiration, and slap him to restore circulation; if this doesn't work, send for a newspaper clerk, who can give him an artificial circulation that will make the doctors want to go away and commit suicide.

Haul him back and forth over a barrel; this is an old and very popular mode of treatment; it is of no earthly use whatever, but it keeps the patient quiet and amuses the crowd while you are thinking what you ought to do.

Start a messenger for the man's wife at once and call loudly after him, "Tell her to bring her mother along!" The patient needs the stimulus of a sudden shock to enable him to rally.

If you are in doubt whether the man is really drowning, bring him a sherry cobbler; if he is drowning he will catch at the straws. If he is not drowning he will catch on to the cobbler.

Should you discover the drowning person to be the man who tells you all about his summer vacation; where he went, and what a "nice" place it was; how "nice" the meals and how "nice" the people, and how cheap it was and what a good time he had, push him out into deep water to see if he will sink. If he does not sink immediately you may be sure there is something wrong. Lose no time; a moment's delay may be fatal; tie a big stone about his neck and push him out again.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

### AN ARTIFICIAL SEA.

The Curious Work Carried Out in Tunis by a French Officer.

Sir F. de Lesseps has lately communicated to the Institution of Civil Engineers an interesting account of a curious work carried out in Tunis by Colonel Koudaire. This gentleman appears to have spent many years in Tunis leveling, boring and making experiments of various kinds, and has come to the conclusion that four depressions, or "shots," as he terms them, which he names Tadjid, Djerid, Rharsa and Melric, and are situated seventy-seven feet six inches below the sea level, could by means of a canal be readily formed into a large inland sea or lake, which would have the effect of influencing for good the climate and fertility of the surrounding country to a considerable degree.

This lake is stated to be 3,164 square miles in extent. In order to prepare for the vast expense with such an undertaking must involve, the Colonel proposes to sink artesian wells, for the purpose of cultivating the country; and the rent paid for the water thus obtained might be applied, the whole or in part, towards the construction of the proposed canal. In 1855 the first well was sunk to the depth of 295 feet, when water was found flowing at an average of 1,769 gallons per minute the first year, which has now increased to 1,800 gallons per minute. Sir F. de Lesseps says:

"The banks of the River Melah, which fifteen months ago were deserts, are now populated, and very shortly the canal is to be commenced, so that the civilization of the French-African possessions must come from below—that is to say, must of necessity depend for water supply on wells only."—*Chambers' Journal.*

—In New York they have got soda water down to two cents per glass, and the glasses are large at that.

### TWO CHINESE MAIDS.

New York's Secluded Girls With Cramped Feet and Queer Hair.

Among the children who have been brought to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty are two Chinese girls. It was claimed that they had been kidnapped in San Francisco two years ago, and were held here for the purpose of selling them as wives to resident celestials. The charge was not proven, and for the present, at least, the case has been abandoned. The girls were a novelty here. As in other places, the Chinese do not permit their wives or daughters to be seen on the street. There are several Chinese women in this city, and when it has happened that they have been brought into court, or into the presence of people with a missionary spirit, they have said that they had not been out of the house before for months, sometimes for more than a year, and in one well authenticated case it was a little over two years since a female resident of Mott street had set her foot outside her tenement. It was not quite so bad in the cases of the girls, but for weeks at a time it has been the habit of their guardians to keep them shut up at home. The house is near the head of Mott street, in a four-story building devoted partly to trade and manufacture. Cigars are made on the first floor, and there is a store there also. Upstairs is another commercial establishment, and in the top stories are tenements. The rooms are, of course, small and ill-fitted for habitation. In that respect the heathen little ones are as well off as thousands of their Christian fellow-beings of the east side. One of them is dressed in the American fashion, and but for the odd waddle that passes for her gait would not be taken for a Chinese at a distance. The other wears her native costume. It consists first in a blouse that hangs from the neck to the knees, not belted or caught in any way at the waist. Loose trousers are over the legs and bound at the bottoms closely around the ankles. The shoes are thick-soled, wooden affairs, familiar as the foot-coverings of common laundrymen, but they are excessively small and bear witness to the cramping of the feet customary with the Chinese. Both blouse and trousers are of a pale blue color, unadorned with figures. It is the ordinary costume of the Chinese of the poorer class. The shiny black hair of the girl, dressed like an American, was brushed straight back from the brow and wound into a great knot at the back of the head. The other dressed her hair in the native style. Over each ear was a flat, thin, circular disk of hair that looked as if it might have been made of artificial hair, and stuck to the head. All Chinese women learn early how to do this. A gummy pomade is essential to the task, but it takes considerable skill to weave and wind the hair into its thin and circular position. So little hair is used in these disks that enough is left for a large coil, which is fastened at the top and back of the head. Neither of these girls, one ten and the other twelve years old, could speak a word of English.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### SPORTSMEN'S MUSIC.

How Many an Unprospecting Wild Goose Meets an Outgoing End.

Unfortunately for the goose, it can be initiated to perfection, and the unhappy birds frequently meet their end by paying too much heed to their deceptive notes. One instance of peculiar interest has come to the writer's knowledge. The destroyers in this case were Captain Walter S. Green, of Life-saving Station No. 5, Long Branch, and Mr. Bright. These two shooters live on opposite sides of a large pond, and are on the constant watch for birds of any kind that may come in from the sea to rest. Early one morning Mr. Bright heard a distant but vigorous honking. He soon saw a flock of seven geese flying in toward the pond. Quickly getting his gun and some heavy cartridges, he hastened down to the edge of the pond, keeping himself hidden behind a heavy hedge. As soon as he had selected his position he uttered a vigorous honk, to which the leader of the incoming flock responded. Flying low, they sailed majestically in over the opposite shore, 150 yards away from Mr. Bright. They were evidently weary, and anxious to settle down in the smooth waters of the pond. Suddenly, out of the tall marsh grass on the shore opposite Mr. Bright, two puffs of blue smoke and two booming reports rolled out. The leader of the flock folded his wings and fell to the ground dead. Mr. Bright then knew for the first time that Captain Green was at hand. The birds swerved from their course and flew toward Mr. Bright, who easily killed the second bird. Both he and Captain Green did not cease honking, and the birds, after going away to a considerable distance, sailed back again, passing over Mr. Bright's head at some height. With his heavy gun he killed two of them, when they circled and swept across the pond, where Captain Green killed two more. The remaining bird, which had been wounded by scattering shot, made a hard struggle to rise to a safe height. Captain Green hastily slipped in a cartridge and took a long shot. A few feathers fell from the bird, and he flew across the pond. Mr. Bright then got a long shot at him, breaking his wing and bringing him down.—*Century.*

### WORTH CONSIDERING.

Reasonable Suggestions for the Authorities of Villages and Summer Resorts.

"I wish there was a committee on names appointed for every town," said a young lady recently—"a committee whose duty it should be to see that not only streets, but all the hills and ponds and roads of the vicinity, had suitable names given to them, or old ones preserved. Then there would be fewer that were either very ugly or absurdly romantic, and above all, there would not be such constant repetition."

She then proceeded to argue in favor of the establishment of this novel committee. It was positively exasperating, she declared, to go into the country, summer after summer, and find in every place she visited the same regulation list of names! She did not believe she had ever stayed in a village that had not its Sunset Hill. Usually there was Willow Brook besides, and Mirror Lake, and she considered herself fortunate if she did not have to be shown a Rainbow Fall and a Crystal Spring, and, perhaps, a Smugglers Cave.

As for the Lover's Lane, Lover's Dell and Lover's Leap, she was so tired of them that it would really seem a pleasant variety to take an evening stroll along Higginbotham road, to see the Red Cow's Jump by moonlight!

Then there was the Devil's Den; but why Pulpit, Basin, Bridge, Bowling-alley and Punch-bowl, all with the same unpleasing prefix? At least, however, these places were named after somebody that the people believed in; and when it wasn't Devil's Den, it was sure to be Elfin Grotto, which was a great deal sillier. Who ever heard of a young and imaginative American that believed in elves? And why should a dark, damp, dirty cave be called a grotto—a name which suggests Capri, and the magic of azure air and glittering walls?

The young lady's idea is hardly likely to be realized; but the matter of names is worth considering, and it would be well if the authorities of our expanding villages and summer resorts, that seem to spring up in a night, would avoid afflicting the landscape with any more devious, smugglers, elves and fairies.—*Tout's Companion.*

### BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

A Quaint and Priceless Work of Not More Than Eight Centuries Old.

In the whole composition are represented more than 620 persons, 180 horses, and 650 other animals, besides ships, boats, buildings, trees, weapons, tools and other objects. These figures are drawn and colored flat, without any attempt at shading, and in their spirited untruthfulness remind us of the work of a clever child. The faces, hands and legs of the human figures, when bare, are merely indicated by a line of stitches. Yet it is an instance of the durability of frail things that these faces and hands have, in many cases, retained for eight hundred years a decided expression. In the colored portions of the embroidery, where the linen ground is covered with long worsted stitches, little attempt is made to imitate the hues of nature. There is nothing improbable, it is true, in the colors of the clothing, but those of the animals are not such as are found in the common varieties. In the absence of shading and perspective, an attempt is made to supply their place by varying the color arbitrarily on the different parts of the same animal. Thus a light-blue horse may have his two legs which are fastest from the spectator colored red, his ears green and his mane yellow. The hoofs on his blue legs may be red, and those of his red legs green. In spite of this grotesqueness, the general effect is good; and time, which will usually bring colors which lie near each other into harmony, however discordant they may have been at first, has mellowed and softened the whole.

There has been some controversy as to the maker of the tapestry, and as to its exact date. It is attributed by popular tradition to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who is supposed to have worked it with her ladies to commemorate the glories of her husband. Some writers suppose it to have been made at a somewhat later date than that of her lifetime. Mr. Freeman, however, probably the best authority on the subject, assigns the work to a period little after that of the conquest, but does not attribute its manufacture to the Queen. The tapestry was worked, as he thinks, for Otto, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William, on the mother's side. There are some reasons to suppose that English workmen were employed. Otto appears at least four times in the tapestry, and several of his vassals, otherwise almost unknown men, are represented. The tapestry itself was exhibited in the cathedral of Bayeux down to the time of the French revolution, being stretched round the nave on certain feast-days. During the eight centuries which have elapsed since its completion it has escaped many dangers. The church was burned in 1106. It was pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562. In 1792 the tapestry narrowly escaped being cut up into coverings for carts for the French Revolutionary army. In 1803 it was carried to Paris and exhibited in the Musée Napoleon to fire the French heart for a new conquest of England. On being returned to Bayeux the tapestry was wound on two cylinders or windlasses in the town hall, and rolled from one to the other for the inspection of the curious. By this process it became somewhat frayed, especially near the ends. It was not till 1842 that the priceless relic was displayed to students and the public, under glass, in a special museum of its own. Thence it was again removed in 1871, on the approach of the Prussian invaders. It was soon brought back, however, and stretched again in its museum, where it has been carefully copied several times.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

### WONDERFUL LONGEVITY.

The Life-Preserving Influence of Wise Regimen and Abstemious Habits.

The common idea is, that longevity depends entirely on inherited constitution. The man whose father and mother, grandparents and great-grandparents attained a high average age is supposed to have a much better chance of long life than one whose forefathers have been short-lived. Probably there is much truth in this idea; but it is not improbable, and the point seems worth careful study, that longevity is affected indirectly rather than directly by inheritance. It may well be that the descendant of long-lived folk is apt to be long lived, not solely or chiefly because he inherits constitutional peculiarities tending to length of life, but because he inherits qualities leading to temperance and abstinence by which life is prolonged, or even simply because temperance and abstinence have been encouraged during his youth by example and by precept.

Considering the question of longevity from this point of view, the case of Louis Cornaro, which has always been thought most instructive, becomes full also of encouragement. In the first place, it must be remembered that Cornaro (who was born at Venice about the year 1467) was a man of weak constitution. Moreover, from the age of eighteen to that of thirty-five he pursued courses that would have seriously taxed the strongest constitution. Life at thirty-five was a burden to him because of the disorders brought on by riotous living and indulgence in every kind of excess. The next five years were passed in almost unremitting suffering. He was told by his physicians, when forty years old, that nothing could prolong his life for more than two or three years; but such life as remained to him might be less painful than the years he had recently lived if he would adopt more temperate habits. If ever there was a case where inherited constitution and an intemperate life threatened an early death, this was one. But, as events befell, it turned out that, if ever there was a case where life-preserving influence of wise regimen and abstemious habits was demonstrated, Cornaro's must be cited as especially significant.

At the age of forty Cornaro began gradually to reduce the quantity of food, both liquid and solid, which he took each day, till at length he only took what nature absolutely required. He tells us that at first he found this severe regimen very disagreeable, and confesses that "the relapsed from time to time to the flesh-pots of Egypt." But by resuming his efforts after each failure he succeeded, in less than a year, in adopting permanently a spare and moderate system. By this time he was already restored to perfect health. But thus far he had only followed the counsels of the physicians somewhat more steadily than they expected, or than is usual in such cases, and therefore with unexpected good results. It was after he had recovered his health that he went on to those experiments by which he seemed to show how life may be extended far beyond the Psalmist's allowance.

From temperance he proceeded to abstinence. Undeterred by the doubts of his physicians as to the wisdom of such a course, he diminished his daily allowance of food, until at last the yolk of an egg sufficed him for a meal! Throughout the time when he was thus reducing his allowance of food his health and spirits kept improving. Nay, he tells us that even his enjoyment in eating had increased, for he says he could now get more pleasure from a small meal of dry bread than he had ever obtained in the days of his excesses from the most exquisite dainties of the table. As regards regimen, Cornaro simply "avoided extremes of heat and cold, of violent fatigue, late hours, excesses, and all violent passions of the mind;" he took moderate exercise in the open air; and his chief pleasures were those obtained from literary and artistic study, from the contemplation of one scenery, noble buildings, beautiful combinations of color and sweet music.

When Cornaro was within two years of four score his diet was regulated in quality and quantity, as follows: In four meals he took each day twelve ounces in all of solid food, consisting of bread (stale, of course, for he was not weak-minded), light meat, yolk of egg, and soup.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Cosmopolitan.*

### WHY JUNKS HAVE EYES.

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as Mr. Fortune found. In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo, he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation he saw a dead body floating past, and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it, some disaster would surely have happened, either to passengers or crew, before the voyage ended.—*All the Year Round.*

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—The site of the city of San Diego, Cal., comprising a tract of eight hundred acres, was sold about twenty years ago for \$200.

### WALL STREET'S KING.

Jay Gould's Personal Characteristics and Financial Methods.

Jay Gould scarcely knows what it is to be without an ache. He is not on the verge of the grave, as he has recently been pictured, although people who know him will say that he has not very many years to live. His vitality, though, is something wonderful. He "picks up" quickly.

The greatest effort of his life was his deal in Union Pacific. It was made or break him. Nearly every one who was associated with him thought that he would die before he could carry out his plans. His efforts were successful, and then came the rest which brought him relief.

It is said that Mr. Gould's principal trouble is due to over-eating. He takes too much food for a man of his size. If he could curb his appetite he might know what good health is. Neuralgia haunts him like a specter. It now attacks him principally in the face. He is afraid of its extending to the stomach and heart, in which case a fatal termination would be feared. He takes no exercise beyond what he gets in attending to his business. He runs up and down stairs in the big Western Union building, but his activity in business is of a nervous description that is exhaustive instead of healthful. His face is like a piece of putty in hue. How he is able to stand the great strains that he is subjected to is something that puzzles himself, the doctors, and every body who knows him. His tremendous will-power is perhaps the best explanation. He is able to hold up when other men would take to their beds.

Mr. Gould's fondness for his family is most laudable. He derives more pleasure from the home circle than from any thing else. In fact, he cares for little else than the society of his wife and children. Horses or sports he takes no interest in. He bought his steam yacht as much for seclusion as any thing. He does not use tobacco in any form, and liquor only as a stimulant, and then in the smallest quantity. He always dresses well, but not ostentatiously. He is of a most retiring disposition. He never made but two speeches in his life, and they were very brief. In conversation he is unassuming as in his manners. He is a better listener than talker, although he has a remarkably impressive way of talking when he has any thing to say.

He has a habit of closing his eyes when conversing, which has long been a habit of his, and is also noteworthy in his son George J., whom he is training as a financier. Mr. Gould's regard for his son amounts to devotion. Whatever the young man says is law, or, at any rate, has his indorsement and backing. Young Mr. Gould is cautious and wary, like his father, and has won the latter's confidence and support by making few mistakes. It was a most gratifying thing to Mr. Gould when his son settled down to business. Young Mr. Gould is a hard worker. He is a sturdier man than his father. Indeed, he is quite an athlete, and takes the greater part of the physical strain from his father.

Mr. Gould's financiering is strange. He likes to take hold of a broken-down road and reorganize it. He will secure the property for next to nothing, and issue a vast amount of new securities for the ostensible purpose of "putting it on its feet" in a financial sense, furnishing equipment and extending it or building branches to bring additional business to it. The old security-holders will have the right to subscribe for the new securities at low prices, and then, when a market is found for them, he will sell out the new issues at the top prices. To this plan of stock watering he adds the other of paying stock dividends or dividends in scrip which is convertible into stock. The majority of Mr. Gould's security issues have been in the shape of bonds which are always more salable than stock. As bonds can be issued after the stock is, and made a prior lien to stock, it is easy enough to see the advantage of putting bonds on the market.

It has been said that Mr. Gould never gave except when he was forced to, which is probably the fact. He is never actuated by philanthropic motives in any thing. It is contrary to his nature. Personally he cares nothing for "society." He would, however, sacrifice a good portion of his fortune to have "social recognition," on account of his family. The Goulds, it is generally known, are not "society people." Three years ago Mr. Gould announced his purpose to start on a tour of the world in his own yacht, the Atalanta. The announcement, it turned out, was merely for the effect it would have on the stock market. Mr. Gould has the yacht, and it is probable, having schooled his son in the ways of finance, that before long he will make a foreign tour.

Not the least interesting thing about Mr. Gould is his fear of bodily harm. He is in constant receipt of letters threatening him with death. It has been said that he has not visited the scene of the great southwestern railway strike since it occurred, for fear his train would be wrecked. That is a mistake. He has been over his lines and was received at many stations even with brass bands and laudatory speeches showing that in one section of the country it happens that he is popular. *N. Y. World.*

—Three enormous volumes, aggregating over eighteen hundred pages and one hundred and forty plates, represent the contribution of the Challenger expedition to scientific knowledge.

—The profession of the chiropodist has been dignified by a royal practitioner, for was not the English throne occupied by William the cornucorner.

### HONEST PATRIOTISM.

A Man Who Is Willing to Sacrifice Himself for His Country's Sake.

You have seen something in the papers about the coast defenses. The idea has somehow got abroad that our coasts ought to be lined with forts and guns as a warning to Europe against declaring war against us some morning before breakfast. Engineers have surveyed and reported, and Congressional committees have sat and reported, and for about \$80,000,000 we can get things in such shape that when the enemy's first iron-clad heaves in sight she can be saluted in proper style.

A lot of us were sitting in the depot waiting-room at Trenton, and the only man who had a newspaper was reading away for dear life, when a stranger entered with two satchels and a tall girl, chugged the baggage under a seat, waved the girl to another, and walked up to the man with the newspaper and asked:

"Mister, is there any thing in the paper about our coast defenses?"

"No, sir," was the gruff reply.

"That's singular. Have they given up the idea, do you think?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"You don't? Why, they've been talking for the last year about building forts to protect our coasts. I live down near the mouth of Tom's river, and I rather expect they'll build a big fort there. The way things are now England, France or Germany could declare war against us and land a force at Tom's river before we had our eyes open. They'd land right on my farm, and nobody knows the damage they'd do. Don't see any thing about a fort at Tom's river, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's singular. If this government expects me to get down behind a rock with my old shot-gun and keep Europe from landing at that point it's expecting a bottle too much of one man. I'd fight to the death, of course, but the chances are that a hull navy could lick one night-sighted man. So the paper don't say any thing?"

"Didn't I tell you no in the first place?"

"Say! maybe you don't keep a copper about coast defenses!" exclaimed the two-satchel man as a red spot appeared on either cheek.

"Not a copper, sir!"

"I thought so from the start! You live out in Michigan or Indiana or Illinois, and are tucked away in some holler where the sheriff can't find ye, let alone an invader of our sacred sile! O, no, you don't keef!"

"Father!" chided the tall girl, as she half rose; but he turned on her with:

"Marry, you keef shet! I've allus thought if Europe declared war agin us we'd have plenty of enemies right at home, and here's a case to prove it! Stranger, did you fit in the last war?"

"None of your business, sir!"

"There's his open hand, gentlemen!" said the two-satchel man, as he turned to the crowd. "When you find a man who don't keef how soon the hull of Europe jumps on this country you have found a man who'd dig up the bones of Washington and sell 'em to a junk man for five dollars!"

The man with the newspaper laid it down, got on his feet, and asked the other if he would step out-doors a minute.

"No, sir, I won't!" was the prompt reply. "In the first place, I've got these two satchels to putrect; in the second place, there's Mary; in the third place, I don't fight with no man who didn't fight in the last war. In the first place I asked ye if there was any thing in the paper about our coast defenses."

"And I said no, you idiot!"

"And you said, you didn't keef!"

"Neither do I!"

"There's his hand agin, gentlemen! While I'm lying behind a rock at Tom's river, waiting to sell my life in defence of my country, here's a feller from Coon Holler, State of Indiana, who don't keef a cooper's copper how quick Europe kivers the site of New Jersey with the blood of our bravest men!"

"Father!" chided Mary again.

"Lemme alone, Mary! You know all about carpet rags and darnin' and housework, but you never heard the rumble of war. If Europe is going to jump onto this country I want to know who's going to shoot me in the back as I face the enemy."

The man with the newspaper opened it and sat down with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. Then the Tom's river man edged over to Mary and they slid out doors together. Then he beckoned through the open window to three or four of us, and as we went out he surrounded us and whispered:

"Gentlemen, it's my solemn opinion that that feller is a jamisary from Europe who has come over here to coax Uncle Sam not to put up any coast defenses. I want to say right here, and I want you to hear it and remember it, that if the enemy land at Tom's river it will be over my dead body. And I won't be to blame for it!"—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

### AN EXCITED PEDAGOGUE.

Prof. Snore, of the University of Texas, is a man who is very apt, when he becomes excited, to transpire his words. Having occasion to rebuke his son, William, who is becoming rather fast, he said:

"You must thing this stop. Only yesterday I saw you parading Austin girl with an avenue of the opposite sex on your arm, a burning dog stuck in your mouth, and a little cigar trotting along behind you."—*Texas Siftings.*

—According to the report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics there were more than 1,500 strikes in that State during 1886, against 300 in 1885.