

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

Story of a Thrilling Adventure on a House-Top.

The center of the main roof of the Ocean House is capped by an octagonal cupola or lantern. Inside it is a large room, with eight windows extending from floor to ceiling. You accompany the car of the elevator as far as it goes in its upward journey, and then there are several precipitous flights of stairs to be climbed. Once up, and you are well repaid for your trouble by the glorious outlook over land and sea. All Newport lies at your feet.

In old times the cupola was a favorite resort for newly-married couples. They used to get themselves out of breath scaling the steep stairs, and then there would sit by the windows gazing forth, mooning and spooning by the hour.

The other evening a trip was made to the cupola to ascertain if possible the whereabouts of the becalmed yachts that were sailing or drifting for the Citizens' cup. The octagonal room was deserted save by the presence of a middle-aged man of powerful proportions, who sat in a cane-chair gazing toward the sea, occasionally refreshing his visual powers by a peek through a binocular glass. Conversation arose over the probabilities of the termination of the race, and one topic led to another until the stranger observed:

"This is my first visit to Newport in many years. I came here to the cupola as soon after my arrival as possible, for the place possesses a strange interest to me."

There is nothing wildly fascinating about the bare, plastered, cobwebby octagon, and the speaker's manner implied that the varied landscape did not attract him. He was, therefore, asked what was the particular attraction that gave rise to his desire for an immediate visit.

"I saw something up here that would make your hair stand," he replied. "It was my first visit to the town, and I passed several weeks at this hotel. I found out the cupola, and I enjoyed climbing up—there was no elevator then—to look off into the moonlight while I smoked."

"One night I had an adventure which I will never forget. Neither would you if you had taken part in it. Do you see that ladder?" he exclaimed, pointing to an unpainted stair to a trap-floor in the roof used to reach the balustrade of the flagstaff on the top of the cupola. "Well, so nothing possessed me to climb up there and look off the top of the lantern. The night was close and sultry, and all of these windows were open, with nothing to prevent any one from walking directly out unless they had a care. Observe what a descent there is! The long, steep roof has nothing on it to prevent one from sliding with terrible speed to the edge, and then the fall to the earth would be at least eighty feet."

"I went up to the trap-door and found it fastened. Returning slowly down the ladder, and pausing when down a little way to take a few whiffs of my cigar, I saw something in white coming up the flight of stairs leading to the cupola from the attic story below. The time was past midnight, and the moon was obscured by clouds, so that every thing was indistinct, but I was enabled to determine that the white object was a woman, and that I had often seen her face about the house during my stay. She moved noiselessly along and approached one of the open windows and stood leaning her head against the frame on the side.

"I felt myself in an awkward position. I did not like to make a noise for fear I might startle the young lady, and the thought flashed across my mind that she would be terribly frightened and, perhaps, fall out of the window. So I concluded to keep quiet until she moved away from the dangerous spot before speaking to apprise her of my presence and going down, leaving her in full possession of the cupola. She was in full evening dress of white muslin, or something of the kind, and there were some disarranged flowers in her light hair. She was extremely delicate, of the pale blonde type with a little red spot on either cheek, but she had been very gay during her stay at the hotel, and the men about the house called her the prettiest girl of the season. There were two young men in constant attendance on her. One was from the South somewhere, and the yarn in circulation was that he was engaged to her. The other admirer was a good-looking fellow from New York, I believe.

"The girl remained by the window but a few minutes when I heard footsteps on the stairs, and the young man who was not regarded as the accepted lover emerged through the opening. He was in evening dress and held a pair of white kid gloves in one hand. He was about to speak when the girl slowly left the window and passed across the cupola toward the opposite side. Some thing in her method of

walking raised a question in my mind as to what she had intended to do. He attempted to explain and to apologize, but I let him off by telling him that I would have him arrested if he did not get out of town in the morning. When I got to my room it was just two o'clock."

There was a long pause after the narrator ceased. Finally the question was asked: "What became of them all? Did the girl marry either one?" "I believe she was consumptive," was the response. "No; she died a year or so afterward."—Newport Letter, in N. Y. Herald.

SOME ODD TURNOUTS.

Ships of the Desert with Decidedly Outlandish Vehicles in Tow.

At the time of my longest cruise among the West Indian islands, I spent several weeks in Barbadoes and found that private enterprise had established in its queer little toy capital, Bridgetown, a small omnibus which plied along the shore road between the town and a favorite bathing place a few miles beyond it, sheltered by a friendly coral reef from the embarrassing attentions of the sharks. A very picturesque turnout it was, well worthy of that plucky little islet, which, according to Captain Marryat, announced in the crisis of the Napoleonic war that "if all de world fight against England, England nebbber fear so long as Barbadoes 'tand 'tiff." The negro driver, with his smart suit of navy blue, his shining "stove-pipe" hat, his magnificent show of white teeth, and his cheery shout of "Here, John, sar," would have made a choice study for any painter. But for some reason or other the venture did not pay, and I have since heard that it has been abandoned.

Even more picturesque, though in a widely different style, was the peculiar conveyance which we found in operation in the streets of Allahabad during our journey through Northern India to Afghanistan. Even for India it was a deadly outlandish affair. One can fancy what a crowd would be collected in Broadway by the first glimpse of a two-storied omnibus with its upper compartment filled with brown-faced Hindoos, arrayed in all colors of the rainbow, and piloted by a chocolate-complexioned driver in a blue turban, long, white robe, and crimson sash. But as if all this were not enough, this singular vehicle was drawn by neither horse nor mule, but by a genuine Bactrian camel, whose huge ridgy back reached almost as high as the top of the double-tier car which he drew. The sight of the camel as a beast of draft was not, indeed, wholly new to me, for in crossing the deserts of central Tartary during the Khiva expedition I had had a team of camels harnessed to my wagon three abreast, and the spectral outlines of their long, gaunt limbs and misshapen bodies flitting over the interminable sands in the fitful moonlight form a picture worthy of Vasili Vereshchagin. A camel omnibus, however, was still a novelty to me, but before our Indian tour I had seen the "ship of the desert" figuring in another capacity more extraordinary still. While we were at Cawnpore one of our acquaintances there, a young civil engineer, had to start off unexpectedly one evening just after nightfall in order to survey the route of a projected railway to the border fortress of Jhansi. We went out to see him off and found to our no small amusement that the "dakgharri" (post chaise) which he had hired for the journey was drawn by a full-grown camel of truculent appearance, protesting against the duty assigned to it with a succession of those harsh, unpleasant screams which, like an Englishman's oath, seem to express every possible variety of emotion.—Cor. N. Y. Times.

A Canary's Four Notes.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last-named note that the American birds fail. They can not hold it. Another difference between the two is that the German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.—N. Y. World.

A Candid Author.

A.—I see that in the preface to your book you state it is written to fill a long-felt want.
B.—Yes; and so it is.
A.—What do you mean by filling a long-felt want?
B.—What do I mean? Why, I've been needing a square meal for the past two years. Don't you call that a long-felt want?—Texas Sifline.

SUBSTANTIAL FOOD.

Cause of the Large Consumption of Fat Meats by Hard-Working Men.

I well remember how the sensible and thrifty New England people among whom my boyhood was spent used to talk about "hearty victuals," and how prevalent were the doctrines that "a hard-working man wants real hearty food," and that children ought to have hearty food, but not too hearty."

With these eminently orthodox tenets the science of nutrition in its newest developments is in fullest accord. But there always used to be an unsatisfactory vagueness about them. I never could make out exactly what were "hearty" foods, and in just what their heartiness consisted. It has since occurred to me that these words express one of the ideas which the unerring sense and instinct of man have wrought out of his long experience, but have waited for science to put into clear and definite form. The synonym with which our science defines this idea is energy. Hearty foods are those in which there is an abundance of potential energy.

The lumbermen in the Maine forests work intensely in the cold and snows of winter and in the icy water in the spring. To endure the severe labor and cold, they must have food to yield a great deal of heat and strength. Beans and fat pork are staple articles of diet with them, and are used in very large quantities. The beans supply protein to make up for the year and tear of muscle, and they, and more especially the pork, are very rich in energy to be used for warmth and work.

I can not vouch for the following, which has just struck my eye in a daily paper, but, if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

"A lot of wood-choppers who worked for Mr. S— in H— stopped work the other day, and sent a spokesman to their employer, who said that the men were satisfied with their wages and most other things, but did like 'your fresh meat; that's too fancy, and hain't got strength into it.' Mr. S— gave them salt pork three times a day, and peace at once resumed its sway."

The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch. I have been greatly surprised to see, on looking into the matter, how commonly and largely the fatter kinds of meat are used by men engaged in very hard labor. Men in training for athletic contests, as oarsmen and football teams, eat large quantities of meat. I have often queried why so much fat beef is used, and especially why mutton is often recommended in preference to beef for training diet. Both the beef and the mutton are rich in protein, which makes muscle. Mutton has the advantage of containing more fat along with the protein, and hence more potential energy. Perhaps this is another case in which experience has led to practice, the real grounds for which have later been explained by scientific research.—Prof. Atwater, in Century.

HOW TO GRADE LOTS.

The Handsomest Surface Which a Residence Property Can Present.

The advantage in appearance which a house has that stands up well above the level of the street or roadway, is now very generally understood, and consequently we find the foundation walls built higher than was customary some years ago. In order to increase the effect still more, it is now a very common practice in ordinary suburban lots to fill in soil sufficient to raise the surface a foot or two above the street, thus forming a terrace at the street line. We do not advise this practice for general adoption, but in some cases the peculiar circumstances make it desirable. Where the fall of the drainage is very slight, it is even necessary; where the grade of a street is lowered, and the grounds have already been planted, there is usually no other course but to terrace at the time. But a course that is necessary under the conditions named has been meaninglessly copied in many instances where there was no occasion for it, and we see the lots along the whole lines of streets piled up sometimes as much as three feet or more above the general level, even where it is necessary to build within a few feet of the line, thus requiring the entrance to the house to be by a flight of eight or ten steps. On larger grounds where are built villas or residences of much pretension in style and finish, and which occupy a sufficiently elevated site, and at considerable distance from the street, this method of grading up the front and terracing at the line is sometimes adopted, but the appearance is far less pleasing than an even grade over the whole surface; one effect is to shorten apparently the line of distance from the street to the house, and thus diminish the size of the grounds. A gentle and gradual rise from the street line to the front of the house is the handsomest surface a residence lot can present.—Vick's Magazine.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The violinist, August Wilhelm Bach, has rented his much-admired violin to the Rhine for a number of years, and will take up his permanent residence in Berlin.

—Dr. Jessup, of the British Medical Association, says that the wearing of high-heeled shoes so alters the gravity as to cause a return to the habit of "tailless apes, who walk on their toes."

—Dr. J. M. Baltimore Advertiser, in a copy of the August 23, 1878, Journal dated August 23, 1878, is a graphic description of George Washington, offering a thousand acres of world and situated land in the world and situated land in the world.

—Recent measurements of the average height of the Roman could not have been five feet five inches tall. The five feet five inches tall of Cleopatra measured five inches. Within the last years the height of the English race has considerably increased.

—Chauncey M. DePue received a couple of handsome vases from the French Government in recognition of his connection with the Bartholdi statue celebration, a graceful compliment for orator on that occasion.

—One of the droll things, writes a London correspondent, "is a statement by a painter that many years ago he left his paintings seven feet high and size figures of young Socrates sentry-duty on a cliff, and it not been returned, but able to remember whom he

—While Mrs. Shepherd, of William H. Vanderbilt, of Francisco she dined at a fancy restaurant. Birds' nest soup, fins and emperor's tea were the high-priced dainties, especially relished. She bought tea of that brand the restaurant, the price being seven pounds.

—The famous English "hottentot," Mr. Hutton, who died recently, learned. He neither "walked" nor "ever learned to do all of the evolutions in the human body thrown down him, he would have been at to arrange them in order. You men sent patients with dislocated

—C. N. Fain, of Carrollton, in his possession the inaugural delivered by ex-President Polk, 14, 1839, after his election gubernatorial chair of Tennessee address is handsomely priced piece of white silk, eighteen inches, and was presented by Captain Fain's grandfather, no doubt pass through the many generations to come, as a relic worth preserving. The is considered as one of the delivered by the distinguished

—The following query appeared in the Boston Herald: "A clergyman from a bridegroom for of the marriage ceremony man used most of the itable deeds. Will the gel credit the good deed groom or the clergyman?"

—Men are apt to strength of their arguement mind resents the chill lentless serenity of logic

How Your Liver

Is the Oriental saying, "knowing that good cannot exist without a healthy Liver." Will your liver be torpid and sluggish and the stomach distended, poisonous, bloated; frequent headaches; a feeling of languor, despondent nervousness indicating the whole system deranged. Simmons' Regulator has been the means of restoring people to health and happiness by giving a healthy Liver. It acts with extraordinary power and

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED. As a general family remedy for Torpid Liver, Constipation, and all ailments arising therefrom, it has been used for years, and it seems to be almost a perfect cure for the diseases of the stomach and