THE TELEPHONE.

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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DEMOCRATIC.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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THE TELEPHONE.

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Professional cards, $12 per year.

Special rates for large display "ads."

HORSEMANSHIP ON THE PLAINS.

How the "Broncho Buster" Tames the Wild Steed of the Prairies.

Imagine yourself then firmly seated. If the horse is blinded you reach forward and remove the blind. Now the struggle begins. For a moment he stands in his tracks, but you can feel his muscles growing tense as he gathers himself together. Crouching like a wildcat about to spring, he leaps high into the air and twists and shakes himself in a mad effort to throw off the unaccustomed burden. He comes down with his head between his fore legs and his tail behind his hind legs, striking the ground stiff legged; and as soon as he has given you the full benefit of the shock crouches for another leap. This is "bucking," or as the more initiated commonly term it, "pitching." No two horses pitch alike, and no horse pitches twice alike. Sometimes he will strike on his fore feet and nose, throwing his breach so high as to turn a somersault forward. Sometimes he will make a lateral jump, and at others "change end," or turn half round in the air. Now a "bronco buster" generally does his work in the presence of a handful of spectators; and if he is one of the few men who are absolutely certain that nothing can unseat him, he lets the horse buck himself weary, while he delights the claque by rolling and lighting a cigarette or stooping to pick up a handful of dirt and throw it in the horse's face. Another favorite proof of his dexterity is to rowel the horse from ear to tail.

A sharp pull at the horse's head just at the right moment, and the steel thrown into his flank will break the rhythm of his pitching, and a sharp blow on the hind quarters with your whip compels him to lunge forward. He will then run a hundred yards or so and stop suddenly with his fore legs planted firmly before him. This of course necessitates your throwing your body well back, and he seizes this opportunity to rear and throw himself violenty on his back. Now is the time when a man shows whether he is a rider or a foolhardy braggart. Obviously you cannot retain your seat. A horse in executing this maneuver will often thrust the horn of the saddle fast in the ground and be left kicking turtlewise. You must see how he is going to strike and throw yourself to the one side or the other, so that you have always one foot in position to cross him with as he struggles to rise. It is perfectly legitimate for a horse to throw himself backward in this way three or four times, but when you have conclusively demonstrated to him that he accomplishes nothing by it, if he persists in it it must be treated as willful misconduct. If you cannot, by spurring him in the flank as he rises and thus bringing his hind parts into action prevent his overrearing, you must strike him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt of your whip as he rises, and let him understand that he is overstepping the bounds of fair fighting.

After an hour or two he is completely exhausted and should be turned loose until the next day. His second lesson will try your seat and your patience even more severely, for you will then have bitted him for the first time and he has learned better how to handle himself under your weight. But on the third day, if he is not a very recalcitrant subject, he will begin to learn something, and is then considered a "broke" horse.—Cor. New York Sun.

Senator Evarts and Mark Twain.

Senator Evarts has undoubtedly presided over more banquets than any other man in New York. His old fashioned rolling collar and his finely plaited shirt bosom are familiar sights to all of the waiters at Delmonico's, the Hoffman or the Brunswick. The urbane senator enjoys a good dinner and good company, and with rare forbearance he never inflicts a long speech upon his fellow diners. Even his abnormal tendency to long and intricate sentences is curbed upon social occasions. Mr. Evarts' special weakness as a presiding officer is the interjecting of facetious comments on the efforts of the other speakers. He delights to diffuse mirth and good fellowship, and his facetiousness never has the sting of acerbity. Occasionally in attempting to score a point on a fellow speaker he suffers the fate of the boomerang thrower. An instance in point occurred at the New England Society dinner last winter. Mark Twain had just finished an extraordinarily piquant address when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both of his hands down into his trousers pockets as is his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hand in his own pocket?"—New York Times.

Finding Rest in Gotham.

Distinguished men must find New York restful, as so many come here to live after they have passed middle age and been for years objects of interest in smaller places. Here even the great man is one of a crowd. There are distinguished soldiers, engineers, doctors, merchants, writers, scientists who come to the metropolis to spend the last years of their existence after the battle of life has been fought and won elsewhere. Such men as Gen. Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Benjamin H. Bristow, Whitelaw Reid, Roscoe Conkling, with the whole world from which to select, choose New York as the most fitting and desirable place for a home. In any other city a distinguished man is conspicuous, but here he can walk the streets and attract no attention, he can take a seat in a street car without being stared out of countenance by all the other passengers, he can enjoy life, for distinguished men are common on the streets, and the inhabitants of New York are broad and cosmopolitan, and believe in each man attending strictly to his own business unmolested by all others.—New York Cor. Cleveland Leader.

The Men Who Succumb.

It is the genial, lovable men, the men of fine sensibilities and winning traits of character, who usually succumb to the stern tests which speculation imposes on its votaries. The men of coarser fiber, of steel nerves, are, as a rule, the only men who withstand the moral shock which follows a turn of the fatal ticker which so monotonously ticks out the grim intelligence that the victim must step down from his seat of wealth, sell his houses, horses and carriages, give up his club, opera and a hundred other social comforts and enjoyments, which have become in a sense necessities, and take his place among the innumerable host of the hopelessly poor. Many a man has left a broker's office, his slow footsteps timed as to muffled drum beats. And it will be so as long as men have a passion for speculation, as long as human nerves are of fleshy fiber and not of steel.—Cor. Kansas City Times

PHILOSOPHY OF LONGEVITY.

What Men and Women Who Aspire to be Centenarians Must Do—A Training.

There is much in modern life that tends to shorten existence and to diminish the probability that a man or woman will reach 90, to say nothing of 100. We lead more exciting and more wearing lives. It is in vain that a person has a splendid constitution to begin with, wears flannel, or the equivalent of flannel, next to his skin, dwells in a warm, dry house and eats and drinks everything that is good and wholesome, if at the same time he habitually overtaxes his strength, looks upon his muscles as mere machinery to be driven at high pressure, and ruthlessly calls upon his nerves to squander their reserve power when every other source of energy is exhausted.

Men or women who intend to be centenarians in these days must combine something of the old mode of life with something of the new mode of living. They must, while availing themselves of all the scientific discoveries and sanitary appliances of the age, imitate their grandsires in the steady and tranquil habits that prevailed before the invention of locomotives and the telegraph. They must have their eight hours of sleep regularly; they must have intervals of repose and vacancy in the day time; they must spend a goodly portion of their waking hours in the open air. Nor will that suffice; there will have to be regularity in the hours of their meals, and discipline in the ordering of the dishes of which the meals are composed. We cannot believe that anybody will ever live to 100 who eats a heavy dinner every night of his life at 8 o'clock. Champagne in abundance, and Bordeaux or Burgundy ad libitum, should be forsworn by persons who deliberately set before them the attaining of their 100th birthday. Neither, with such an end in view, would the active life of a politician, a lawyer, or a doctor be a sane enterprise.

In order to reach that distant goal there must be a training, if not severe, at least regular and unflinching. Most of all, there must prevail in the existence of such a person a tranquil serenity, an unruffled calm. Neither generous passions nor enthusiastic ideals must be allowed admittance. The pulse must never be driven up beyond a certain point, either by work, by anxiety, by fear or by hope. At the same time mere stagnation will, in all probability, never enable a person to live to 100. There is such a thing as rusting out as well as wearing out. If a candle does not burn brightly enough it does not consume the wax with rapidity, and goes out for want of adequate combustion. It is so, no doubt, with the human body and the human spirit.—London Standard.

Scientific Farming in Georgia.

Bob Tipper is a colored farmer of this community; and his mode of procedure illustrates a very large majority of colored farmers who rent land and farm "on their own hook." Robert is the owner of an emaciated, dun colored, bobtailed bull which serves as plow horse, Sunday go to meeting buggy nag and hauler of a Saturday's "load of wood, sah." The feed of this bovine consists of wire grass, crapped during the stilly hours of the night, while his master sleeps the sleep of the just; and hence it is Old Dun doesn't present that well fed, sleek appearance incident to high living.

Passing Farmer Tipper's recently this reporter found that gentlemen pulling a bell line over Old Dun and going at a snail's pace, throwing two furrows to some pale, sickly looking corn that struggled for existence amid the weeds and grass always present in the average colored planter's crop. Hailing us and asking the loan of a "chaw terbacker, sah," the following dialogue ensued:

"Bob, why don't you hoe out that corn?" asked the reporter.

"I 'lows ter, Boss, when I lays by"—although the corn was in full silk and tassel at waist high.

"How did you begin that crop, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"In de fust place, sah, I run one furrer in de middle and drapt de co'n en kivered it wid my foot. One munt later I flung two furrers to it, and den side out my cotton crap of twelve akers. Fust er June I fling two more furrers to de co'n an' two more to my cotton and chops it out. Dis is de next plowin' I gives de co'n. Nex' time I'll bust out dese baulks, and den I'll hoe it, sah, ef its wuth it."

"Do you prepare your land before planting, Bob?" asked the reporter.

"O, no, sah. 'Twon't do ter go to sturvin' the sarrl (soil) too much in dis sandy lan'. You mus' plant in de warter furrer ter ketch de rain dat falls, and den, as you kin, fling de sarrl to de co'n as she grows. 'Twon't do to sturv de sarrl too much, 'case if you do you lose all de suption (substance) in de lan'," said Bob, looking as wise as Solomon himself.—Bainbridge (Ga.) Democrat.

A Famous Tightrope Performer.

After many years of retirement Blondin, the most famous tightrope performer in the world, has returned to the active pursuit of his profession. Although an old man, he is said to be as fearless and graceful as of old, and is now giving regular exhibitions in England. A theatrical man who knew him intimately when he was in America and who was interested in his management when he performed his wonderful feat of crossing Niagara, said: Blondin was absolutely without nervousness or fear when on the rope. While they were fixing the guys which steadied the cables across the Falls, one of them came loose and hung dangling from the middle of cable over the rushing torrent beneath. Blondin coolly walked along till he came to the loose guy rope, when he slid down hand over hand and reached the end of it. Letting his legs drop, they just touched the surface of the current, of which the force was so great that the contact sent him swinging like a huge pendulum. Three or four times he repeated this, apparently enjoying the fun, and then coolly clambered up. I asked him once whether the rush of the rapids below him did not make him dizzy.

"It might," he answered, "if I saw it; but I don't. I never look down, for should I do so I should be lost."

"But how do you tell where to place your feet?" I asked.

"Oh, I let my feet take care of themselves." His feet were peculiarly formed, and in his toes was much prehensible power.—New York Tribune.

Curious Fact in Photography.

Dr. John Vansant, of the United States Marine hospital at St. Louis, claims to be the first to have taken photographs by the light of fireflies. He placed twelve fireflies in a three ounce bottle, covering its mouth with fine white bobinet. The average duration of the flash of each insect was half a second, and the luminous area on the abdomen was about one-eighth of an inch square. The time of exposure was fifty flashes.

How Fishes Influence One Another.

In a lecture on "Marine and Fresh Water Fishes" Mr. W. A. Carter said that fish have the power of influencing one another by sounds and action. He had observed a shoal of carp following the lead of a single one which conducted them to a quantity of food at a considerable distance away. He had also noticed that certain fresh water fish, such as trout, were subservient to a ruler, which might be seen swimming at the head of his tribe. The same was possibly the case with some marine forms, like the herring and bass.

A GOOD SCHOOL TRADE.

The Kind of Business Done by Candy and Cigarette Shops in New York.

"CANDY, cigars, stationery and notion store; doing good school trade. — East — st."

"CANDY STORE, opposite big public school; first class trade in confectionery, cigarettes and stationery. Apply at — West — st."

A young man with a few hundred dollars to invest answered several of these advertisements. In each case he found a small dingy shop with great heaps of painted candy, packages of cheap cigarettes and plentiful supplies of blood and thunder literature on the shelves. A few dusty school books completed the stock. In each case, too, the little shop was near a public school. Some nestled close up to the big buildings. O hers were across the street or on corners diagonally situated. All were less than a stone's throw distant.

"Our trade comes almost exclusively from the school children," said the proprietor of one grimy little shop. "They are lively customers before and after school and at recess. This is the dull season, because vacation has just begun. Trade will pick up again in September. Then it is sure and steady until spring. Last year I made a net profit of no less than $1,200."

"The demand for school books must be pretty heavy."

"Oh, no; we sell very few school books."

"What do you sell that makes your trade so profitable?"

"Candy and cigarettes, principally. You'd be surprised at the quantity of candy those youngsters devour. The little boys and girls rush in here with their pennies and buy a stick of painted candy whenever they get the chance. All the larger boys buy a cigarette or two every day. It's only a penny business, of course, with penny profits. But when you take care of the pennies the dollars'll take care of themselves, you know. Why, I made $700 clear profit last year on candies alone. For, to tell the truth, the sweet stuff is the very cheapest sort. But the children like it just as well. I wouldn't sell out at all if it were not that I am going to leave town before fall, when trade will be resumed at its liveliest."

Similar statements were made by all the other candy store advertisers, and strong inducements to purchase were held out to the young man. Being of a nice moral sense, however, he decided not to invest in a business which seemed to him like corrupting the rising generation by supplying them with cheap and perhaps poisonous painted candy and cigarettes. This idea impressed him so strongly that he asked a school principal about it.

"You are right," said he. "This candy shop business is one of the most pernicious features of school life. We call the shops 'candy hells.' The red, green, blue and yellow coloring matter annually used in its manufacture would paint the town in alternate stripes from the Battery to Harlem bridge. Five cents' worth of the stuff would lay a professional athlete on his back for a week, but a forty pound schoolboy can consume five cents' worth every day for six months and be a sixty-pound schoolboy at the end of that period. The ways of the infantile stomach are inscrutable, and even the candy shop cannot affect it. Still, these 'candy hells' are literally training schools for future generations of dyspeptics and men with handmade sets of teeth. But we are powerless to prevent it."—New York Sun.

Swedish Women at Home.

Swedish women are, in their own country, models of neatness. The private house at which Mr. Lancaster and myself had procured board was presided over by a widow lady named Ritzen, and the scrupulous cleanliness of the apartments we occupied was indeed marvelous. There were no carpets on the floor, but the latter were always kept beautifully clean, being daily and I might add almost hourly scrubbed by our hostess and her natty little maid servant, Frida.

There are many pretty faces to be met with in Sweden, although the beauty of a great many young girls is spoiled by defective teeth, due, I was informed, to their passion for sweetmeats. I was more than surprised to find among a people so noted for their religious convictions crimes, that in our country would inevitably send the offender to the penitentiary, were there almost wholly disregarded, and, in fact, looked upon as being nothing uncommon. The clergymen in Sweden appear to exercise wonderful control over their charges. In fact, no Italian priest could be more rigid in his surveillance of the morals of his people, and yet among the peasantry I was assured that not one in ten of the men ever dream of marrying a woman until they have both lived together for a period varying from one month to a year; still the ministers of the gospel strive hard to instruct these people in the evil of their ways, and annually meetings are held for the purpose of examining the peasants in reading and the catechism of their religion.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Bull Fight in Madrid.

By this time I thought I knew enough about bull fights, and I left the king and queen and their court to behold the other three combats without me, and went away to walk on the prado and reflect. My sympathies were all with the bulls. They were the only creatures who had no least show of fair play. They alone were doomed with absolute certainty from the start. Even the horses might escape; and at worst their torture was but for a moment. The men were only in just enough danger to make the thing exciting, and there were 99 chances out of 100 that they would escape scathless; but the bull, let him bear himself never so bravely, was to be made an end of.—Louise Chandler Moulton in The Cosmopolitan.

Death Rate Among Children.

The following facts are suggestive: Full one-third of the patients of the general practitioner are children. Of all children born about one in five dies within the first year, and one in three by the end of the fifth year. In New York about one-half die in five years. It is with little children as with extreme old age, they are very liable to be sick, and their sickness to prove fatal. Of those who die within the first year 40 per cent. die of digestive troubles, and about 19 per cent. die of respiratory affections. During this second year this order is reversed, about 39 per cent. dying of respiratory and only 9 per cent. of diseases of the bowels.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Way of Stealing.

Some ingenious chevalier d'industrie in London has hit upon a new way of "raising the wind." He studies the advertisement columns of the daily journals, ascertains when a musical professor will be engaged at a concert, and calls at his house during his absence in the character of a messenger sent for a violin or some other musical instrument. He made a good haul at Mr. Charles Gardner's the other day. On asking for one violin he was presented with two.—Cleveland Leader.

Is an Irishman a Britisher?

No; he is an Irishman. We speak of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Ireland is a separate kingdom, and the name of Irish is applied to its people quite as properly as that of English to the people of England.

AROUND BLANCO BAY.

A List of the Useful Plants Which Grow in That Region.

Between many plants we found in the vicinity of Blanco bay I will mention a few which, on account of usefulness, are already, and will be still more, of very great importance. Between these plants the first place belongs to the wild date or datililo tree (Yucca Scottii), a tall tree, occasionally forty and fifty feet high.

Datililo looks sometimes like a palmetto, but has narrow long and very sharp leaves. The stem is very fibrous, and excellent from which to prepare paper, cordage, matting, etc. The London Telegraph is printed on the paper manufactured out of the fiber of lower California wild date. It grows in abundance south of San Quentin and Rosario valleys.

Candlewood tree (fuguiera gigantea), by the Mexicans called cirio, is a very remarkable plant. It presents a very singular appearance in a desert, sometimes growing straight like an arrow, sometimes inclined in all possible positions, or bent in most fantastic forms. The leaves are very small, the bark white and it is covered with long twigs. The stem contains pith, which is eaten by cattle. In the hollow trunks of this remarkable plant swarms of wild bees find their abode. Here I must remark that the bees were unknown before on the peninsula. They came from upper California, and now they are everywhere, honey being used by the Mexicans instead of sugar for tea or coffee. The candlewood tree is also very fibrous and can be used in the same manner as dat lillo.

The third remarkable plant is maguey or agave shawii. It belongs to the family of the century plants, and it grows everywhere from San Diego to San Lucas. It forms a beautiful object in the desert, with its dark green leaves and splendid yellow flowers. It has also fibrous qualities; besides, out of this plant is prepared the celebrated Mexican beverage—mescal.

Though the country in the vicinity of Blanco bay is very rich in flora, yet there is a perfect absence of animal life, and a perfect silence reigns there supreme. The only living creature that seems to thrive there is the trap door spider, occasionally though wrongfully called tarantula. This trap door spider, cteniza California, is only half as large as the tarantula, but belongs to the same family of mygalidæ. It inhabits the underground holes or tubes, provided with very ingeniously constructed trap doors. The nests I found near Blanco bay were about a half dozen in number, and dug on level ground, but as I could see all of these tubes were abandoned.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Smartening the Coronation Chair.

We shall not know how much harm has been done to Westminster abbey in preparing it for the royal thanksgiving service until the scaffolds have been removed. More care, it is believed, has been taken than on previous occasions, but one wanton piece of mischief has certainly been committed. We shall scarcely be believed when we say that the coronation chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour street brown and varnished it! Yet this is true. The chair made 600 years ago to contain the stone which even then had a long story behind it, has suffered much from hard usage and from the hands of the mischievous. But not even in the perilous time when George IV was crowned was it attempted to take away the chair's age and make a new thing of it. Now, when we pride ourselves on knowing more about old art work than our fathers did, this has been done, and the throne of six and twenty monarchs has been vulgarized into the semblance of the hall chair of a Cockney Gothic villa.—The Athenæum.

Rhode Island's Peculiarities.

She is the only state that has no provision in her constitution for calling a constitutional convention.

She is the only state that requires more than a majority of votes to ratify amendments to the constitution.

She is the only state whose constitution draws a distinction between native and naturalized citizens.

She is the only state whose legislatures vote by secret ballot.

She is the only state that requires the governor to share the pardoning power with the senate.

She is the only state that requires voters to register one year in order to vote the next.

She is the only state that requires a majority vote to elect all officers.

She is the only state that requires a property qualification of voters.—Boston Globe.

What Sporting Men Care For.

Fully one-fourth of the people who visit the races nowadays do so merely to avail themselves of the betting privileges afforded on the course, and not because they care a continental for the sport of racing as a recreation. Hundreds of men never go fifty feet from the betting paddock during the afternoon. They care only for the result and are utterly indifferent to the niceties of the struggle. If they win they are eager to get their money as soon as possible in order that they may play it again in the next race. They are the men who are the most eager for the latest stable tips and information. Though they consider themselves sporting men par excellence, they have little claim to the title, but are gamblers, pure and simple.—New York Sun.

Fats as Tonics.

Fats, especially those which are of easy digestion, like cod liver oil and sweet cream, are also essential to the well being of the nervous system. The peculiar substance—neurine—found in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent. It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is extremely unfortunate, for the omission of fats and oils from the diet tends to not only continue the nervousness, but to increase the irritability and weakness. Cod liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already partly digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the fish, and thus rendered still more easy of absorption. The labor of digestion is thus partly taken away from the tasks to be performed by the invalid. Of course, the fishy odor is objectionable at first, but this is generally easily overcome by continuing its use for a short time. There are a few preparations on the market in which oil of some kind has been partially digested by admixture with pancreatine. Emulsions thus made are palatable, but much more expensive than the crude oil.—Globe-Democrat.

Each of the higher grade of officers of the United States navy has a flag, from the secretary of the navy to commodore inclusive. The secretary's flag is a blue field with a white star in each of the four corners and a white anchor in the center. An admiral, vice admiral and rear admiral each has a flag with a blue field, and for admiral four white stars, vice-admiral three white stars, and rear admiral two white stars, the latter being on a red, white or blue field. A commodore's pennant is one white star on a red, white or blue field.

THEY COME IN CLOUDS.

A House Painter Elucidates the Theory of Summer Fly Storms.

"You have never heard of a fly storm, did you?" an old house painter asked of a reporter.

The reporter hadn't.

"Well, I reckon it will be a new thing for most people to hear of, but one comes nearly every year at this season. I've studied fly storms for forty years. It's mighty hard to tell when one is coming. On general principles you can say that it will follow close on the first warm wave. When the weather comes to stay, then we have a fly storm. Sometimes it is a little previous, but not often. When the first fly storm is at hand a gardener can safely set out his most delicate plants and seeds. There will be no chilly weather after that.

"When a fly storm is at hand you feel the air moving as if a funnel with a bellows attachment was pointed at you. The atmosphere grows suddenly thick. Heaven help a newly painted house when that happens, especially if the house is white. The storm tattoos it completely with wriggling black specks. They are young flies. Most of them are no larger than pinheads. They can't get away from a coat of fresh paint. If I had a dollar for every fly that sticks to the side of a freshly painted house exposed to one of these storms and right in its line I would almost be ready to match my pile against Jay Gould's. In about two seconds they will mark a house so that one would think it could never be cleaned."

"Does a fly storm worry housekeepers?"

"Well, I should say so. Many a little woman sits down and has a good cry after a fly storm. It seems at first as if there was nothing left to do but paint the house again. But, like many things that worry people, it seems a great sight worse than it is. The flies don't dry in with the paint. After a few days most of them drop off. The rest go with the first good breeze or rain, leaving the house perfectly clean."

"How do you account for fly storms?"

"Well, flies probably come just as bees do. They find warm places to winter, and in the spring turn their broods loose to the wind, which carries them in clouds to northern alighting places. They say that a queen bee lays 3,000 eggs a day. It looks as though something like this must happen with this kind of fly. If that is so a few families starting together on a southerly breeze a month after the breeding season begins would make quite a cloud. A fly storm always comes from the south. I have seen houses after a storm with their sides exposed to the south black and with not a speck on any other side. Anybody who is curious to know what a fly storm is like can see for himself almost any day just now when there is a warm breeze if he watches a newly painted, light colored surface for a little while about sunset. That is the time of day the storm usually comes when the sun doesn't scorch the air."—New York Sun.

American Girls Not Good Cloak Models.

A young man in a New York cloak house said recently: "I don't see what's the matter with all the little girls in America. I have worked in a similar place in Europe, and we had no difficulty there in finding plenty of girls of correct development to serve as models in trying on cloaks. There must be something in the way of living here. Of a score of girls, all were out of shape. Only one stood up straight, and her arms were like pipe stems. The ideal form for a model for misses' cloaks is this: The 12-year-old should have a thirty inch bust and a twenty-four inch waist. Of course, all models should be straight, have good shoulders and arms, should not be too plump and not yet too slender. The bust of the 14-year-old model must measure thirty-one inches, the waist twenty-four; the 16-year-old thirty-two inches, and the waist twenty-four. The bust, in the perfect form, keeps developing gradually, while the waist remains about the same size. The model for a lady's cloak with a thirty-six inch bust should measure not over twenty-four and one-half inches round the waist. There is a good lady's model there by the mirrors now." The young man pointed to a tall girl of perhaps 24, with a Langtry shape, who was trying on cloak after cloak with a careless grace for the benefit of a buyer. "She is an old and practiced model," continued the young man. "She slips in and out of those cloaks with what they call chic in France. It is something more than grace. The younger models earn from $5 to $6 a week. They are worth it. Five hours of the day, perhaps, they are doing nothing at all, but it is half the cloak to be on a good form. It is very hard to get models. Small American girls seem to be afflicted with too little chest and too much stomach."—The Argonaut.

Georges Sand and Baron Rothschild.

At a charitable sale held in 1858 at the Hotel Lambert, in Paris, by the Princess Czartariska in favor of the distressed Poles, an incident took place between Georges Sand and Baron Rothschild. Mme. Dudevant (Georges Sand) had a stall on the occasion and displayed a number of articles for sale. Baron Rothschild happened to pass and the fair saleswoman addressed him with the usual request to buy something. "What am I to buy?" said the baron; "you have nothing at all suitable for me. But stay—an idea strikes me. Give me your autograph. Sell me that." Mme. Dudevant took a sheet of paper and wrote upon it as follows: "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs for the benefit of the distressed Poles. Georges Sand." Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her, and, handing her a note for the amount named, went away highly gratified.

Plumpness and Beauty.

Emotional excitement and worry are fatal to chances of being plump and pretty. If an annoying thought haunts you, forcibly fix your attention on something else. Above all, never allow such thoughts to torment you after retiring, and thus to pass disagreeably into your dreams. Eight hours of dreamless sleep, in a well ventilated room, form the most potent cosmetic known to man or woman—the straightest road to plumpness and beauty.—Henry T. Finck in The Epoch.

A Bookseller's Trick.

In New York they tell tales of a bookseller who buys books at auction here in the spring, takes them with him to Paris in a trunk in the summer, ships them back to his store in the fall in cases that are opened in the presence of flabbergasted book men. He shows a Paris invoice for them. Sometimes it is the library of a marquis, sometimes the collection of a cousin to a descendant of a governess of a queen's children. The trick is said to pay well; doubtless it does, judging by librettos that fetch from $15 to $30 for having been in the Tuileries library ("as witness the binding with its large, gilded initial N."), but these things are manufactured by wholesale in the Boulevard Saint-Michel.—New York Times.

An Art Criticism.

Henry Labouchere thus criticises Holman Hunt's picture, "The Awakened Conscience": "In plain language, I should say of this picture that it is the art of the nursery, the color of the jam pot, and the sentiment of the Salvation Army."

IN THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Certain Things Which a Good Man Should Always Try to Bear in Mind.

"Dar' am sartin things which a good man should allus b'ar in mind," said Brother Gardner, as he motioned to the janitor to raise three more windows on the alley side. There was a sound of mighty shuffling as Elder Toots, Deacon Tillsbury and Esquire Jackson drew their hoofs under their respective stools, and then the president continued:

"Abusin' a man fur bein' rich doan' lower de price of 'taters to de poo' man.

"De man who am down on his luck, as de sayin' is, am ginerally pretty high up on de saloons.

"No man expects to buy a $160 hoss for $30, but lots of folks want to live at the rate of $50 a week on an income of $10.

"De man who kin find time to argy religun durin' workin' hours is de kind of Christian to look out fur when he wants to borry money.

"Dar' am no doubt that Providence sometimes helps people out of a box, but I reckon it am a great deal safer to airn yer bread an' meat in de reg'lar way.

"Dar' am occashuns when all of us boast of our honesty, or feel like it. Sich occashuns am when we forgit dat we hev nebber bin tempted wid anythin' beyand a bogus lookin' half dollar.

"If you kin keep all de Ten Commandments, glory fur you; but bekase you diskiver you can't keep but six or seben doan' go an' frow 'em all oberboard.

"When you find a man who won't listen to argyment you has hit so close to a lunatic or a fule dat you had better be gettin' home to supper.

"We am a selfish lot. We find fault wid de law which gives a verdict agin us in de one case an' hev no praise fur de score which purtect us in others.

"I kin sot a torpedo in front of my hen house to purtect myself from a thief, but a liar may walk ober me wid impunity in my sleep.

"I nebber met but one man who tried to lib up to de Golden Rule. He got to de poorhouse jist as I left it. I had bin tryin' to pay up outlawed debts."—Detroit Free Press.

At a Dutch Breakfast Table.

Breakfast, to begin with, was ready at 8 o'clock for the master of the house, and often still waiting at 10 o'clock for the younger (male) scions. This is easy, for a mahogany bucket lined with metal and containing peat embers in which a brass kettle is kept singing, is always placed beside every Dutch breakfast table; and appears at chance 5 o'clock teas, too, and after dinner in the drawing room. The kettle bucket in Holland is the most characteristic object I can think of. At this breakfast one only eats bread and butter, adding sometimes to the latter thin slices of gingerbread, which is very good, or a wafer of rye bread. Concerning the latter there are very few things I don't like in Holland; but, without a shadow of doubt, I detest rye bread. Eggs are boiled, if some one cares for them, in the kettle. The old fashioned way was by means of a small sort of landing net in which they were first popped; the newer one is to have wire or silver draining spoons to lift them out.

But the young men of the family going off to business in Haarlem do not even trouble the tea and bread and butter, much less the eggs. About a small cupful of milk and a wafer of rye bread, often nothing but a hasty glance at the morning papers, and they are off smiling with bon jours to the ladies left behind. And bon jour is echoed back to the husband bound to the law court, with viel plaisir (much pleasure) added to the irrepressible soon to become a Benedict, who is off to the Hague to see races or the Downs to try sporting dogs in a chasse, and who will send notes at night to an English acquaintance on le sport in Holland to be published in The Field. Many men whose business is in Amsterdam, but who have houses in Haarlem for economy and quiet, will go to their offices and work till 1 or 2 p. m. without food.—Holland Cor. New York Graphic.

Shylocks and Water Color Painters.

"If you want to see real poverty," said a portrait painter of Union square, "just hunt up some of the artists in town who are filling orders for the new craze in water colors from the dealers. Oil paintings are now tabooed, you know, among the swells. That is, you can't have them in your parlor or drawing room, but it's right to hang them in your hall or library if you choose. Water colors are decreed to be the sympathetic twins of the lavender, light blue and pale tints that are reigning in decorations. There's been a fair demand for these all summer. The other day I climbed to the miserable attic studio of an old artist, whose water color work had attracted my attention as being far above the average. It was really fine. He was engaged on the finishing touches of a charming little landscape.

"'What do the dealers pay you for this?' said I.

"'Three dollars, possibly five, and I may manage, with hard work, to finish two of them in a week.'

"'And what do the dealers charge their customers?'

"'All the way from $40 to $60, and they get it, too, without any trouble. That's the way we're in the hands of these Shylocks. But we're too poor to combine against them, for we need the paltry pittance all the time for room rent and a bite to eat. I can tell you there are droves of talented artists in this town who don't experience the sensation of one square meal a week.'"—New York Evening Sun.

Offer to a Yale Professor.

A few days previous to the Thanksgiving game a young man who wore glasses, and bore the appearance of being a Yale student, entered a local ready made clothing store and asked for a suit of a fair material and price. He was quickly fitted. Then came the fun.

"Shall I send the bill to your father?" inquired the salesman. "Let me see, you live in Buffalo, don't you? I'll fix it—say $40 or $50. I can give you the balance in three or four days anyway; or, if you are hard up, I'll advance it now."

The figures named were double what the suit cost, and the customer, who is one of Yale's youngest professors, asked the clothier what he meant.

The clothier explained; "Oh," he said, "I do a great deal of that sort of thing now for the boys, and I am willing to accommodate you if you want it."

The professor thanked him, smiled and said he thought he'd pay. The merchant was, at last accounts, unaware that his customer was a professor, and not a student. The professor thought the story too good to keep and told it to some of his friends. Its cruel publication may end a clever scheme to deplete the parental pocketbook.—New Haven News.

Alcoholism in Persia.

Dr. Jablonowski, who has contributed some sanitary notes on Persia to a Polish medical journal, states that the use of alcoholic liquors (brandy and wine) has of late become greatly extended among the upper classes, alcoholism in various forms being now a very frequent affection, as those persons who have taken to drink scarcely pass a single day without becoming intoxicated.—New York Post.

IT DON'T PAY TO GROWL.

Advice to One of the Men Who Are Not Satisfied with This World.

You are just as much in error, my friend, as are the kings, princes, dukes, earls, aristocrats, capitalists and monopolists you're talking against continually. You've worked yourself up into a fever and chronic condition of hatred against one class of people. The mere mention of their names or anything concerning them is to you what the red flag is to the bull—it irritates and inflames you. The sight of a man able to keep a carriage and riding in that carriage puts you in a temper. That is bad for your health. It poisons your blood, injures your stomach, weakens your digestion. Your food does not now agree with you because of the state of mind you keep yourself in most of the time. You've been so many years occupied in scolding and seeing grievances that you've trained your mind all on one side, so as to see nothing but grievances. You've been fighting "giant wrongs" so long that you can't get along comfortably without some sort of fight or quarrel on your hands.

You don't know what a state you're in, though. You're on a mental drunk. Your paradise is only a string of bellicose gatherings and indignation meetings. You can't feel comfortable unless you're worked up to an indignation pitch, and pitching into somebody yourself or listening to hear somebody pitching into somebody else. You feed on this sort of thought. It is your mental cocktail. You long for it continually. When you're without it you're restless and dissatisfied. A peaceful earth wouldn't suit you. You'd be miserable to see the lion lying down with the lamb and everybody's differences made up, and the capitalist and workman and employer and employed agreeing perfectly and getting on comfortably together.

It is not that you really want a quarrel, but because your mind has fed so much on this kind of thought for so many years that it calls for it, must have it, and craves it exactly as the opium eater craves opium. You've lived too long on what is unhealthy mental agitation. Smith, the monopolist, may be the biggest rascal in the world, and turn a half dozen families out to freeze every winter; but if you keep your mind in a chronic fret and mad about Smith you're hurting yourself in body and mind. It is that condition of mind you've kept yourself in so long that makes you lean and gaunt. Your face looks sour. You're feeding your mind on an unhealthy food all the time. You can't get on comfortably without the excitement this food gives you, yet the food is killing your body as much as too much opium or whisky will kill the body. A perpetual scold is never in really good health.—Prentice Mulford in San Francisco Chronicle.

Hot Weather Philosophy.

New Yorkers ought to be more thankful than they usually are for the climate in which they live. Even the somewhat torrid heat of the present kind of summer weather is not without its advantages, and when the enforced city residents let everything go, as it were, like a yacht in a squall, and pant and perspire, hat in hand, and with "vest apart to catch Heaven's blessed breeze," after the manner of Hood's "Eugene Aram," philosophy will still make life worth living. For do but consider what happens to the unfortunates who live in what is called an equable climate, where one can bask in the sameness of the temperature every day for nine months in the year, and only a light umbrella is needed the other three months. Is it not notorious that the residents in such countries never amount to anything; that they gradually lose all their energies, just as the bees cease making honey under like circumstances; that not being compelled to "rustle," they become indolent, unambitious, lotos eaters, in a word. Their descendants in the third generation are fully developed loafers, and thenceforward the fate of the race is sealed.

The truth is that poor humanity is so inherently lazy as to need the spur perpetually, and there is no stimulus so strong and sure as that of climate. Here we have our summer as well as our winter tonics. When the blizzard is not blowing and the snow snowing and the ice congealing and everybody being nipped and stung into activity, the sun is heating up the air and extracting the moisture from the ocean and the soil, and saturating the lower strata of the atmosphere therewith, and so producing a modified Turkish bath, into which the community is plunged with enlivening effects.—New York Tribune.

Luminous Military Maps.

Some interesting experiments have just been made at Aldershot, with a view to testing luminous paint as a medium for reading documents and studying maps at night. A few nights ago several noncommissioned officers of the Scots Greys, under Maj. W. E. James, started at midnight on a hazardous expedition, the object being to hold the canal and prevent the scouts of an opposing force, represented by another party under Lieut. C. S. Harris, from discovering the strength of the Aldershot division. The detachments had severally to make for and hold three positions—Deep Cut bridge, Curzon bridge, and Pirbright and Cowshot bridges—finding their way thither by means of maps traced on transparent paper mounted on sheets of calico or linen cloth, which had been previously prepared with luminous paint. Although the night was very dark, these maps enab