

Summer by the Sea.

Cape May.

The coming season always leads one to think of the seashore, hence our readers will take an interest in the following extracts from a well written letter:

Cape May is no exception to the rule of solid improvement and substantial progress, which is the rule that prevails everywhere on the coast. To thousands of people "Cape May" always has been, to thousands of people "Cape May" always will be the ideal watering place.

For nearly half a century Cape May has been known; long before the teeming brood that bask in the summer sun from Seabright down had acquired a local habitation and a name. It was a household word from Philadelphia, through Baltimore, Washington City and all the way down the coast and up the Gulf and river to New Orleans. It has always been the favorite summer retreat of Baltimore, Washington and other Southern cities.

Its suitability as a winter resort was left to be demonstrated by the investigations and reports of the New Jersey Board of Health. In the record of vital statistics its annual death-rate is among the very lowest anywhere. Its local authorities are zealous in their endeavors to maintain its deserved reputation, and the testimony voluntarily prepared by the State board only a few weeks since, that "Cape May would need no further official visitation from their officers for four years to come," shows the perfection which all the sanitary regulations have attained. Indeed, no place, perhaps, on the entire coast has more natural advantages of situation. The only possible land breeze must come from the north. The southerly winds come, uncontaminated, up from the sea and sweep over the town, while on the westerly side there is the broad expanse of Delaware bay, over which, at night, the light-house at Cape Henlopen is saluted by the flashing light of Cape May.

Whenever there has been danger of encroachment by the sea upon the land pillings to the depth of twenty feet have been driven in, and inside of these the whole has been made solid with stone.

The amount invested in entire new buildings, in extensive additions to the capacity of hotels and cottages already built, and in other special improvements, will aggregate several hundred thousand dollars. Mons. Denizott's new Hotel Lafayette, with its 100 rooms, furnished in most exquisite style, will cost well up into \$100,000 itself, and the solid as well as ornate additions to the New Columbia, will cost quite half as much.

The Stockton House has invested \$10,000 in repainting, in putting in a new system of sewerage, which had the cordial endorsement of the State Board of Health, and in a thousand and one little improvements which will add to the comfort and pleasure of its guests.

The New Atlantic has been elaborated and repainted. A hotel and two new cottages are going up on the "Mt. Vernon tract," and the "Knickerbocker Ice Company" has gone to \$5000 expense in repairs. Many new cottages of the neatest and most cosy kind have been built, costing from \$5000 up to two or three times that amount.

The Messrs. Crump will fly their hospitable banner from above Congress Hall, and Mr. Th. Mueller, of Philadelphia, will soon open the doors of his new and charming Aldine Villa.

North of Cape May several new places have recently sprung up or been projected, Holly Beach, Anglesea, Sea Isle City, Ocean City and South Atlantic City. Ocean City is in one sense a rival of Ocean Grove, for members of the same powerful and religiously aggressive branch of the church have made it a citadel whose banner bears the legend, "Holiness to the Lord."

Sea Isle City, farther South, lapped all along its ample front and almost entirely by Ludlam's bay and Townsend's inlet, is the project of Mr. Charles K. Landis. A spur from the West Jersey Railroad at Sea Isle Junction, five miles long, brings it within sixty-five miles of Philadelphia in distance, and little more than two hours in time. The season is not far off when all the multiplied and multiplying resorts along the coast, from the Highlands near Sandy Hook to Cape May Point, shall be strung upon one or more continuous lines of railroad, and where now spare hundreds or single thousands of population are found during the summer months, tens of thousands will be congregated, governed by equal similar laws, and sharing with each other a like spirit of local pride and jealous rivalry.

CAPE MAY POINT.

This little resort, which became so popular last season under the new proprietors, "The Cape May Improvement Company," has improved wonderfully.

On Lake Lily the fleet of pleasure boats has been increased and the management have also secured several

yachts which are intended to convey guests to the fishing banks or on an ocean pleasure trip. Ten thousand magnificent foliage plants of various colors will add beauty to the walks leading to the hotels.

The Cape House was thrown open to the public, by the management, at the close of the summer season as a winter resort. It is well known to many that the climate at the Point is very mild in winter, and the hotel in consequence leaped at once into popularity, and it has done an excellent season's business. The Carlton House will reopen in June, while the Cape House will continue open hereafter all the year around.—*Correspondence Phila. Press.*

The New Dress.

"One day a farmer, from Lake county, as I afterwards found out, came into my shop. That was when I did not have a stock of coffins in the front room, and when my shrouds were hanging in neat cases. Well, he looked at several of them, and finally he chose one and took it home with him, saying it was for his wife. I condescended with him, and, though he seemed mystified by my talk of grief, he paid for the shroud and carried it off. Two or three days after he came back with a middle-aged lady. The woman was in great rage, while he was much downcast. He called me aside and, in a whisper, asked me what the garment was I had sold him. Well, sir, I began to see what was the matter, but I kept a straight face and whispered back, 'a shroud. I thought, sir, ye see, that you had lost your wife.' He grew more downcast than ever, and pointing to the lady who was in the front of the store said: 'That's my wife. Don't look as though she was dead, do she? Well, sir, I thought I should die from trying to keep back the laugh. Then he whispered to me, 'I unfolded the thing before her. She screamed right out and said: 'Samuel (that was his name), what are you a-thinkin' about? I don't want to be buried just yet, no much. Ye needn't think ye are goin' to get rid of me that easy.' Then she commenced cryin' and cuttin' up, so that I felt all out of sorts. Finally I told her that it was a pretty dress. Then she went off again, but finally she came to, and she gave me a good tongue lashing. Finally, to quite her, I promised to bring her in and get two pretty dresses for her, and here I am. Now, won't you give me back the money, and take back your shroud?' 'Of course I will,' said I. 'Anything to oblige a person in distress.' Well, I gave him his money, and the next time I saw him he said his good wife had never gotten over the idea that he wanted to get rid of her.—*An Undertaker in Exchange*

Marble-Time and Marbles.

There are kite-time, top-time, ball-time and marble-time, and every boy appears to know the proper season for each of these sports. What are the exact dates of these seasons we do not know; but we do know that a boy of proper principles would no more be found playing marbles in top-time than he would be caught at some mean act. If we could learn the early history of marbles, we should find that they were played by the ancient Romans, and it is very likely that boys before the Christian era had their marble time, just as you do now. It is said that marbles are found in the ruins of Pompeii, which shows that the game is a very old one. In ancient times, the roughest natural pebbles that could be found, were used for playing, and it is not known when manufactured marbles first came into use. It is known that they were imported into England from Holland in 1620, and they were no doubt made much earlier than that.

Some very common marbles are made of clay and baked, but the best kinds are made of different kinds of stone including marble and agate. Holland and Germany are the countries which produce nearly all the marbles that are used. The stone is broken up into pieces as nearly round as possible. These are then placed between two mill-stones, which grind them into shape, but leave them rough. To make the rough marbles smooth, they are placed in a wood cask, in which are cylinders of hard stone, the cask revolves, and the marbles rub against these stones, and against one another, until they become very smooth. The dust formed in this operation is then taken out, and emery put in, when the cask is again made to revolve, and the marbles are polished. Some marbles, made of a porous stone, are dyed, and some very coarse ones are painted. The finest kind is made from agate; these are costly, as they are made singly, each being ground by hand by holding it against a large grindstone. Marbles are divided into "laws," as the common ones are called, and "alleys" for the finer ones. Law is an abbreviation of tawny, the color of the common marble, while alley is from alabaster, the stone from which the finer kinds are made.

for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription, and told her: "Get that prepared at the drug store, and rub it well over your husband's back. And if it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself." She was an indignant woman when she came and an indignant woman when she left.

A little girl said to her mamma, "Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot?" "No, Child, how did he get shot?" asked mamma. "Oh," said the young precious, "he bought 'em."

"Polly," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years, 7 months, and 28 years old.

At a recent party a Miss Joy was present, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "I am glad I am not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a Joy forever!"

A clergyman, with a cough, preached recently to an irritated congregation at St. Patrick's, Dublin. The next morning's post brought him the following communication:

"The passing strange when we reflect,
And seems to beat creation,
That when 'oration' we expect
We get 'expect-oration.'"

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He comes from a chronically borrowing family. The other day he went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't any but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking chair into a

Thoughtful.

We believe we express the sentiments of a large majority of the intelligent citizens of our country, when we assert that it is alone in the *Thoroughbred* are we to look for favorable results, not alone in what are too frequently termed "dumb brutes," but in the *genus homo*. We will not argue the virtues of "blue blood," but will simply state that since time immemorial the world has been filled with notable instances of the efficacy of blood in giving tone to the individual as well as to society. How often it is said, "blood will tell," and while said in a spirit of humor, it is a solid truth, one that carries a force not generally appreciated. We believe as much in the blood of men and women as we do in that of "blooded stock." Good blood is an inheritance, so is bad blood. It may not in the latter case appear in the first generation, but will inevitably develop in the second or third. It is rarely that families are disgraced through their progeny where they claim a descent from good blood; but if we study the genealogical tree of the vicious, we will discover that the parent stem of the ancestral tree was of mixed or corrupted blood. It is an every-day spectacle to see the outcroppings of hereditary taint, it is and also a daily exhibition to see the illustrious names of the past reproduced in the men of power of the day. We do not advise the heroic treatment of blood conditions as applied by the Spartans and others, who were for exterminating those whose physical or moral ailments unfitted them for contention with the more athletic or moral; yet we think some theory should be adopted and put in practice for restricting the extension of inferior lines of humanity—multitudes who from their birth through organic defects, mental and moral, unfit them for the duties of life, and who become a tax upon the fittest who survive, who fill hospitals and poorhouses and finally fill pauper graves. There are defections from this principle, but they are the exception, not the rule. "Like father, like son," is old but true. Show us a *thoroughbred* stock of men and women, and we will point you a corresponding descent. But, *per contra*, the evil-minded or the bestial will not fail to bestow upon society an offspring equally offensive to the world as their progenitors. There are instances where an unknown individual, without a record, ascends the ladder of fame and perches in one of the highest niches of fame's temple. The admiring multitude exclaim, "A self-made man," but, if so, he is but one of ten thousand; he is the exception. The rule is, that the wise, the honest, the great, come from a descent of sturdy, fixed principles, and noble impulses, establishing what is termed "good blood." We have no rule of ethics by which to improve the stock of men and women, nor have we any medicine, hor elixir, to give perfection to the animal in man. There is something needed to produce the *thoroughbred*. This journal is open to suggestions, and will be willing to advance the intent of this feature in humanity as in any other grade of stock.—*Philadelphia Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*

A discovery of silver ore, "assaying \$26,000 to the ton," is reported to have been made in the Turkey Creek Valley, 23 miles southwest of Prescott, Arizona

Value of old Gold.

It is not so long ago that an eminent dentist, in calculating the loss of gold to the world in the one item of teeth fillings buried with the dead, prophesied that in a few hundred years the entire gold in the world would become exhausted.

This may or may not be so. Life is far too short to enter into illogical reasonings; yet we cannot ignore the fact that the waste in precious metals alone is perfectly enormous.

A trifle of a trinket, bearing upon its surface but a particle of gold, is carelessly cast aside as worthless; and yet men toil and suffer and die in quest of particles of no greater value, for it is an established fact that the small particles known as gold dust, obtained frequently under almost insurmountable difficulties, have not only greatly enriched the world but they bear no inconsiderable part in making up the world's riches.

The gaudy haub of the lady of fashion, no matter how beautiful in itself or how much improved by the artistic mind and work of some artisan, carries perchance in every dazzling flash of its beguiling lustre the sad story of the pain and the suffering of some human being.

If the man, then, who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before can justly be regarded as a philanthropist, how infinitely greater is the philanthropic work of him who husband the riches of the world, and who from the dirt and mire and muck of work and trade and wear brings back the lost particles and places in the hands of men the bright, crude, glittering lumps of gold for further use which but for him would have been lost to the world forever.

Is there such a man? you ask. Yes, we answer; and to him is due the credit of reclaiming hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold, silver and other precious metals. Mr. J. L. Clark is that man, and his extensive refining and smelting establishment at Philadelphia, from a small beginning now almost monopolizes that branch of the mechanical arts, for nearly all of the workers of gold and silver in the city are dependant upon his science and skill to glean back for them riches, which, without his or other equally skillful aid, would have been lost.

There is nothing too small or complicated in this line that his genius cannot reach. Mr. Clark does a large business in refining the refuse of manufacturers, such as dentists' remainders, fillings and sweeps; silversmiths' polishings and stonings; photographers' silvered paper and gold and silver liquid residues; silver-platers' wire and chloride of silver, and gold and silver cyanide solutions; the sweepings and gold rags of bookbinders; also battered old jewelry, silverware, teeth-plates, etc. These latter articles are tested on presentation, and on a basis of this test immediate payment is made, and often the price obtained causes gratified surprise to the owner. Four smelting furnaces are in operation in Mr. Clark's establishment. The product of the odds and ends mentioned amounts to over \$2000 a week.

American Fables.

A peasant who had often heard that Truth was a Jewel lying at the bottom of a well, one day descended into his well to search for the treasure. He skinned his knees and elbows, barked his nose, ran an old fork into his foot, and shivered around for six long hours before his wife drew him up and asked: "What in Goodness' name were you doing down there?" "Looking for Truth." "Why, I could have told you before you went down that you were the biggest fool in America!" Moral: You can get more Truth than you want around the well-curb.—The Sailor and the Shark: A sailor who had fallen overboard and was speedily interviewed by a shark, cried out to his enemy: "Have pity on a man who is down?" "My friend," replied the Shark, "a man who keeps himself above water is of no use to me. Now is my time!" Moral: The man who falls overboard in business can expect no favors of the sheriff.—The Fox and the Farmer: A Fox one day made a call upon a Peasant and bitterly complained of the custom of shutting poultry up at nights in Fox-proof pens. "It isn't because I suffer at all," added Reynard, "but think how uncomfortable it must be for the poor fowls. It is their condition I wish to mitigate." The Peasant took the matter under advisement, and next evening he neglected to shut up his Fowls. Next morning he came across the Fox just as he had finished feasting on a fat Pullet and cried out: "Ah! this is the way you take to pity my poor Fowls, is it!" "Well, you see," grinned Reynard, "I feel very sorry for the Fowls, but at the same time cannot afford to miss an opportunity." Moral: The man with ten acres of land to sell is the chap who first sees the need of an orphan asylum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Etiquette and Steel Forks.

The writers of treatise on etiquette, however much they may differ upon many points of behavior, all agree in telling us that one should not eat with the knife. Now, this is a questioning age, when the caustic intellect of the rising generation bites into all assertions which our predecessors have accepted as axioms, and it may not be out of place to inquire if there is any good existing reason why man should not carry food to his mouth with a knife. The prejudice against the use of the knife grew up when the guests at an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party brought their knives with them to the feast and cut therewith their portions from the common dishes. Now it is obvious that it would be improper to eat with the knife which was to be put into the common dish. Our refined ancestors, therefore, conveyed their portions to their mouths with their fingers, after having cut them out with their case knives. Refined ladies then would have had reason for shrinking with disgust from a man who did not eat with his fingers. The well-known saying that "fingers were made before forks" was once replied to by a clever Bostonian by the assertion that his fingers were not. But when forks came in and supplanted fingers the reason for the prejudice against the use of the knife faded away, and our sensible forerunners of the last century, finding it impossible to balance their small vegetables upon the two-pronged forks of the period, used their knives fearlessly, and in a few old families the knives with their rounded edges and broadened ends still exist, showing the manner of a bygone age, as fossils show the animal world of the silurian period.

But, within the last few years, since silver forks have come into use, knives are not allowed to approach the mouths, and a host at a dinner would prefer that his guest should backbite their neighbors or make puns, rather than that they should eat with their knives. It is obvious that the objection that the mouth may be cut by the knife, is not tenable; one might as well assert that the sharp points of the fork are likely to put out the latter's eye. It is simply a prejudice, which holds sway over human minds and which people observe, just as they retain two buttons over the coat-tail, long after the reason for them has ceased to exist. The prejudice is so deep-rooted that courts have taken judicial cognizance of it. Not long ago a German traveler was eating a piece of Bologna sausage in a railway train, using his knife. The train suddenly stopped, just as the edge of the knife was against his mouth, and the man's cheek was badly cut. The man sued the company for damages, but the claim was not sustained for the reason that it is not good manners to eat with a knife.

Making Fiddle Strings.

Violin, guitar and banjo strings, and strings of all sorts that come under the general head of "gut," are made from the entrails of lambs and cattle, from the delicate threads used for sewing racket-ball covers up to the half-inch thick round belts. After a lamb is seven months old its entrails are no longer fit for making strings for violins; consequently this branch of the manufacture can only be carried on a few months in each year. All the work of making gut strings is about the same, but greater care has to be exercised in preparing those intended for musical instruments than others. The process of manufacturing those is comparatively simple, but far from easy. When the entrails, for which a good price has to be paid, are thoroughly cleaned, they are split with a razor. Only one-half is fit for use in violin strings. That is the upper or smooth half. The lower half is fatty, rough and of unequal thickness. The strips are put through rollers turned by hand for eight or nine days to take all the stretch out of them. Then they are spun or twisted. Five or six strands go to make an E string, eight or nine an A string, and twenty are put into a D string. Then they go through a bleaching bath of sulphur fumes. After that they are twisted again. Then they are softened in pearlash water, again subjected to the action of the sulphur fumes, twisted again, dried and finally rubbed down smooth with pumice stone. Altogether, it takes ten or eleven days to make a string. When done they are each seventy-two inches long—four lengths for a violin—and thirty of them coiled separately and tied together make up the "bundle" of the trade. We can make just as good violin strings here as the best that come from Saxony or any other part of Germany, and very much better than any that are made in France, but we cannot compete with the best Italian strings in point of quality. Except in the latter, not more than one in three will be absolutely correct and equal in tone throughout; but there is one maker in Italy who, by some secret process of his own, secures and guarantees perfect accuracy throughout for every thing he makes. He does not make more than sixty or one hundred

bundles a year, but his strings command \$10 per bundle here—cost that to the importer—while other Italian strings are worth only \$3 or \$4, and others only \$1.50. The Italian makers have one great advantage—the raw material is thin, fine, free from fat, and evenly smooth all around, so that they can use the whole, instead of having to split it, as we must. That gives to their completed strings a durability and evenness that we cannot attain. No gut harp-strings are manufactured in this country.

For the Prudent Housekeeper.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

A HANDSOME LAMBREQUIN for a corner bracket of ebony is made of dark blue satin, with a band of plush or velvet across the bottom. The satin should be fringed out to form the finish; on the satin part or embroider some stalks of golden rod, with a butterfly fluttering them. Another pretty way to fix a bracket is to have simply a band of fringed-out crimson satin tacked to it with a delicate vine painted in oil or water-colors on it.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING.—Wash it with weak salt and water and dry it well, or boil a small bag of bran in two gallons of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

When washing lisle thread gloves, do not use soap; instead of that put a teaspoonful of ammonia in one quart of water. If washed this way, there is no danger of there being spots and streaks in the gloves, as there would almost certainly be if washed in the usual way.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—When painted work is badly discolored, put a tablespoonful of ammonia water into a quart of moderately hot water, and with the aid of flannel wipe off the surface. Rubbing is not necessary. When the discoloration is not great, the following method is preferable. With a piece of clean flannel wet with clean, warm water, and then squeezed nearly dry, take up as much whiting of the best quality as will adhere, apply this with moderate rubbing to the painted work, and afterward wash the surface with clean water, and rub it dry with chamois leather. This method is superior to the use of soap, requires but half the time and labor, and leaves the surface cleaned, looking as good as new. It will not injure delicate colors.

Sentiment.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches.—*Emerson.*

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

The best part of the record of every man's life is that of what he has done for others.—*Dr. George E. Ellis.*

Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

Although we have no faith in the flattery, the flatterer after all attracts us. We cannot but feel some gratitude toward one who takes the trouble to lie to please us.—*Marie Eschenbach.*

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all.—*Washington Irving.*

Home is the centre of the social system. From it proceeds the best and purest influence felt in the world, and towards it gravitate the tenderest hopes of humanity. For it all good men labor while their working days last, and around it their last thoughts linger lovingly when those days are done.

Brilliant Prospects.

Yesterday we met Bill Beatty with a gripsack swinging to one of his hands, going down Austin avenue. "Where are you bound for?" "I'm going to Leadville, to open an undertaker's establishment. There is millions in it." "You don't say so?" "Yes, my brother has just graduated as a doctor. He is going to practice in Leadville, and if I open an undertaker's establishment, he will give me all his custom. Good-bye, take care of yourself."

The Watteau back is very much used and very much admired for indoor dresses of crape, nun's veiling, soft silk, and for richer dinner dresses in Ottoman silk and brocade.