

TO LEARN TO SWIM.

An Instructor Gives Some Excellent Advice to Beginners.

Captain Allen, swimming instructor at the New York public baths, says: It is a very difficult matter to learn to swim correctly without a master. If possible take some lessons of a competent instructor. If but a few they will suffice for self-practice. Hundreds of my pupils have learned to swim a mile at the end of their first season. Comparatively few self-taught swimmers can do as much after swimming half a lifetime. To teach rapidly and correctly there is but one true method. The pupil is first given what is called a "dry lesson" before going into the water. In this he is taught to make the movements of arms and legs according to count. As soon as these points are thoroughly comprehended he is allowed to go into the water suspended by a belt attached to a rope in such fashion that he occupies a horizontal position, breast downward, and with the shoulders just covered by the water. In this position he is practiced thoroughly in executing the arm and leg movements separately and in combination. Many pupils master the stroke in one lesson. As soon as proficient an inflated rubber air belt is tied about the chest, supporting the pupil while he is perfected in the stroke. The quantity of air is decreased at each lesson, until the pupil has gained the confidence to make an effort without support. In this way any one, however timid, may learn the art rapidly and correctly.

To the person who is anxious to learn to swim, but cannot afford the luxury of a master, a few hints may be of service. Beware of deep water or places where the bottom is uneven, or currents swift and treacherous. Choose a quiet spot, where you can wade out gradually until the water reaches the armpits. Remember that but a slight movement is necessary to keep the body afloat—if the hands are kept under the surface of the water. The arm movement is made as follows: Palms of hands together, arms extended straight in front of breast, fingers closely touching. Using the thumbs as pivots, turn the hands over into a horizontal position nearly. Without bending the arms move the hands through the water till they form a straight line with ear and shoulder, then dropping elbows nearly to side and simultaneously pointing fingers downward, bring tips of fingers together in front of (but not touching) breast, and almost directly under chin. Now, uniting palms, push hands swiftly forward into first position. The leg movement is not made until the hands are moving toward chin. At this moment with heels together and toes pointed outward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the legs are drawn up with knees apart (frog fashion). Then kicking feet right and left as far as possible, the legs are brought swiftly together as the hands are pushed forward to first position. Be careful to bring the legs swiftly together. This is the most important factor in the whole stroke, for it is this sudden displacement of the water that gives two-thirds of the impetus. Use the arms very quietly and depend upon the leg motion. Now with the water reaching to the armpits, place the hands together under the surface of the water and stooping until the chin touches the surface, push gently from the bottom with the feet, and make stroke quietly, but with decision, as described above.

Any one can purchase a preserver, and by following above directions in a few days learn the "breast stroke," the A. B. C. of swimming. That stroke once mastered, all others are comparatively easy.

Few swimmers breathe properly. This is most important. Learn to inhale by the nostrils, and exhale through the parted lips, and at every stroke.

It is an exploded theory that drowning persons go down three times and then expire. I have seen a drowning man go down a half dozen times, and still "bob up serenely." It all depends upon the manner in which he struggles, and whether he succeeds in getting a supply of air each time that he rises to the surface.

SURE TO GET MARRIED.

Is Every Girl Who Sits at This Treasury Desk.

There is in the mail division of the Treasury Department a very popular desk, to which is attached the peculiar merit that the occupant is by that occupancy placed on the sure road to matrimony.

No sooner is the position made vacant than there is a scramble among the remaining clerks for the lucky place, the fortunate candidate feeling sure that it will only be a short time before she is advanced to the hymeneal grade.

Within the past ten years the desk has been occupied by seven lady clerks, following each other in quick succession as embryo brides, and the records during that time indicate that they have come from all parts of the country only to finally meet their destiny while occupying the fateful desk.

Miss Birdie Walker, of Tennessee, started the pace by marrying a resident of the District, after a few months' service. She was succeeded by her sister, from the same State, who readily followed her example and left the enviable position open to a newcomer. She arrived on schedule time from Virginia in the person of Miss Esby Smith, who shed the glory of a famous Virginian

name over the talismanic desk for a short time, and then was led to the altar by a journalist of Washington. Next came from Delaware a relative of Senator Gray—Miss Sue Gray—who was followed in an incredibly short time by a delegate from Massachusetts—Miss Mercine Dickey.

Miss Dickey attracted much attention during her stay in the department through her remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Cleveland, and later married Mr. Simon Flynn, who at that time was connected with the Washington branch of the Baltimore Sun, and now manages a paper in Spokane, Wash.

Pennsylvania also furnishes a representative in Miss Ella Newton, a granddaughter of the first Commissioner of Agriculture. Her marriage to a well known resident of this city is a recent event. The last graduate for this sought-for post is another Southern girl, and was formerly Miss Ida Lindsay of Alabama, but on Easter Monday she became the wife of Dr. Henry D. Fry, of Washington, and the place is temporarily unoccupied.

This happy illustration of rotation in office, as exemplified by the feminine contingent of wage-earners, is the only one on record where nobody "kicks," for each woman thinks she is advancing her interests either by filling the position or leaving it, as the case may be.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A Falling off in the Amount of Misdirected Mail.

Very few persons have any clear or definite knowledge of the extent of the operations of the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department. It is known in a general way that misdirected letters are transmitted to the Post Office Department in Washington and there are opened and if possible redirected either to the sender or the addressee. The number of letters and papers sent to the Dead Letter Office in a year is 6,500,000. Of these 5,500,000 are what are called ordinary unclaimed letters, 165,000 foreign letters misdirected by people in the United States to persons abroad, and about 30,000 letters written to fictitious addresses, while 593,000 letters in a year are mailed by people in other countries to incorrect addresses in the United States.

According to the Post Office report more than 30,000 letters sent to the Dead Letter Office contained money to the gross amount of \$50,000; 34,000 other letters contained drafts, notes, deeds, and checks to an amount of more than \$1,500,000. A majority of the money and the evidences of indebtedness were returned to the owners, notes and \$10,000 in checks and unclaimed and undistributed. The number of parcels sent to the Dead Letter Office is not large. More than 85,000 finding their way to the Dead Letter Office yearly contain photographs. A very large proportion of the matter which reaches the office does so not because of any defects in the postoffice system, but because of want of care on the part of the patrons of the mails. It would not be possible to state the proportion in figures, because the technical distinctions of "held for postage," "misdirected," etc., include letters which, while properly prepaid and dispatched according to the addresses, still fail of successful delivery by reason of hasty and careless directions, confusion arising from offices of the same or similar names in different States and other causes. It is a peculiar fact that while many persons are extremely careful of their penmanship in inditing letters to persons who are familiar with their writing, they are singularly negligent in addressing the envelopes which is to be read by persons unfamiliar with the writing, yet upon whose ability to read it is dependent the safe delivery of the letter.

The increase of the business of the Dead Letter Office, which continued each year until about three years ago, has recently ceased, and there is a diminution in the volume of misdirected mail matter. This improvement is accounted for in part by the improved management of the Post-office department, but to a greater extent by the general diffusion of education among writers.

A Find in Harmony.

An immense quantity of music, some which had not been disturbed since the time of Frederick the Great, was discovered in the royal castle at Berlin about six weeks ago and has been found to comprise almost the whole of the music performed at the Prussian court from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century. The work of sorting and editing the collection has just been completed and the catalogue consists of 400 pages. It includes many forgotten operas, a quantity of ballet music, early symphonies and chamber works, folk songs and dances, and a splendid collection of military music. This music will be a picnic for any young composer of original music who wants to become suddenly famous.

The Barber's Advice.

Joachim, the great violinist, once entered a smart London hairdresser's to get his very plentiful locks cut. He wears those rather long behind, and intimated as much to the barber, whereupon that astute person replied: "I would not wear it too long, sir; if you do you'll look just like one of them fiddling chaps."

Many Uses for the Castor Oil Plant.

The castor oil plant, from the brown seeds of which this useful oil is extracted, is among the tropical plants that grow readily here during the summer, and its deep, metallic green, muchly pinnated leaves, make it an ornamental plant.

The writer, in walking by the Arsenal in Central Park with a friend who has spent several years in India, was surprised to hear what a really useful plant it is.

"The plant," said the friend, "and many of its virtues have been known in India for centuries, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the first of this oil was exported to Europe from the West Indies near the end of the eighteenth century. In India the oil is much used as an illuminant. If the oil has been 'cold drawn' and has been carefully and properly separated, there is none better. Another thing in its favor is that, owing to its slow combustion, a saving of one-quarter to one-half is made by using it, as compared with other oils. It makes an excellent lubricant, and is much used in the dressing of tanned hides and skins. The natives use it largely for preserving their water buckets, and without it the 'beeste wallah,' or water carrier, would have to renew his leather bag or bucket, in which he carries the water around, much oftener than he does now.

"The 'syce,' or groom, uses it to keep the 'sahib's' harness in good order, and a valuable attribute of the oil, especially in such a climate as India, that it repels rats and vermin. In Assam the plant is widely cultivated as a food for the silk worm. The stalks, which give an excellent pulp, are used for thatching purposes. The oilcake is largely consumed as fuel, and is also used as a manure. In Jeypore, the palace, public offices and streets are lighted with gas made from a cheap variety of castor oil, grown for the purpose. The natives use the leaves as fodder for their cattle, declaring that it increases the yield of milk. One thing they have not succeeded yet in doing in India, and that is to produce a marketable, medicinal oil. This is chiefly made in France, Belgium and England, from the imported seeds, Bombay doing a large export trade in this industry.

Fighting Flies.

Housekeepers are always glad of any information which will help them to conquer those enemies of their summer's peace—flies. Here are two items which experience has proved of use in the battle:

We all know how flies settle upon a screen door in rainy weather, or upon those of the kitchen in any weather, waiting for an opportunity to slip in as soon as it is opened. If a cloth dipped in kerosene is rubbed over the outer side of the wire and frame of the screen, the flies will not settle upon it. They do not like kerosene. One application will usually prove effectual for several days.

The other agent—oil of lavender—is for the purpose of disposing of such of the enemy as have already gained an entrance to the house.

Darken all the windows but one. The flies will soon congregate upon that, for flies enjoy sunshine as thoroughly as moths detest it. Now, with an atomizer, spray the window casing with the oil of lavender, and either leave the open bottle upon the sill or saturate a small cloth with some of it. The flies will soon become stupefied, and can then be brushed down and disposed of. If an atomizer is not at hand, rub the casing with a saturated cloth. It is also a good plan to rub the oil over any place that the flies particularly like to light upon. A hanging lamp has often a great attraction for them, but if the shade and chains are rubbed over with the oil they will not light upon it.

Safer Than Lightning Rods.

Each day adds some new virtues to the long list of those already credited to the pneumatic. The latest of these is that the wheels of a bicycle being encircled by a band of India rubber and dry air—which is a perfect insulator—the rider is completely insulated from the earth, and, consequently, is impervious to the attacks of the electric fluid. Thus, day by day it becomes more and more a fact that life without a pneumatic tire is neither safe nor worth having. Any one who suffers from nervousness during a thunder shower has not only gone into a barn or the cellar and sat himself upon the saddle of a pneumatic tired bicycle to be perfectly safe from lightning stroke. As the chances of a man on a bicycle being struck by lightning have been carefully calculated to be about one in a billion, the Wheel adds, there will, of course, be some pessimists who will deny that this newly discovered virtue of the pneumatic as a lightning insulator amounts to very much.

Relics of an Indian Massacre.

In 1856 a band of Sioux Indians raided a little colony of settlers who had built cabins on the shores of Lake Okoboji, in Iowa. They massacred all the unfortunates except three young girls, one of whom, Miss Abbie Gardner, is still alive, the only survivor of the tragedy. She now has a museum of Indian relics in the identical cabin that was her home at the time of the massacre. Miss Gardner has secured from the Iowa Legislature an appropriation of \$7,000 for a monument to mark the spot, and it is to be dedicated with ceremony.

Eating up the Birds.

To the Italian everything is edible; it is a nation without a palate. It steeps a hare in fennel and eats salt with melons. The craze for devouring birds of all kinds is a species of fury from the Alps to Etna; they crunch the delicate bodies between their jaws with disgusting relish and a lark represents to them a succulent morsel for the spit or pastry. The trade in larks all over the world is enormous and execrable, and is as large in England as in Italy. It should at once be made penal by heavy fines on the trappers, the vendors, and the eaters, or, ere long, no more will the lark be heard on earth. It is admitted by all who know anything on the subject that agriculture would be impossible without the aid of birds, and the larvae and developed insects of all kinds would make a desert of the entire area of cultivated land.

This is well known. Yet, all over the world the destruction of birds rages unchecked and no attempt is made to protect them, to interdict their public sale and to enable them to nest and rear their young in peace. A scientific writer has said that destruction of the individual is unimportant. (He was speaking of the destruction of the great auk.) As matters go now, unless some stringent measures are taken the birds of Europe will, in the next century, be as extinct as is now the dromin. The ornithophil societies of France and Switzerland have more than once written that unless the birds be protected in Italy they must perish all over Europe, since so great a variety of races wing their way to the south in winter and there are ruthlessly murdered.

Bacteria in Clothes.

Carlyle gave us the philosophy of clothes; now Dr. Seitz, of Munich, gives us their bacteriology. On examining a worsted stocking he found 956 thriving colonies, while on a cotton sock there were 712. Both these articles had been worn, but no information is vouchsafed as to the personal habits of the wearer. Thirty-three colonies were found on a glove, twenty on a piece of woolen stuff and nine on a piece of cloth; none of these articles had been worn. On a piece of cloth from a garment which had been worn a week there were twenty-three colonies. Of the micro-organisms found on articles of clothing relatively few were capable of causing disease. The pathogenic species were almost without exception staphylococci.

In one case, however, Dr. Seitz found the typhoid bacillus in articles of clothing from twenty-one to twenty-seven days, and the staphylococcus pyogenes albus nineteen days after they had been worn. The anthrax bacillus found in clothes was still virulent after a year. The microbe of erysipelas, on the other hand, could not be found after eight hours, nor the cholera vibrio after three days. Dr. Seitz studied with special care the question whether in tuberculous subjects who sweated profusely the bacillus was conveyed by the perspiration to a piece of linen worn for some time next the skin of the chest. The inoculation of two guinea pigs, however, gave negative results.

Death of a Queer Man.

Thomas Foote, 22 years old, died recently at his home, seven miles from Hancock, N. Y., under peculiar circumstances. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef he would become restless, wander out and bellow like an ox, going down on his hands and knees to eat grass. After he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep and he would bleat like a lamb. When he ate chickens he would go out and scratch for worms, which he devoured with apparent relish. His father killed some squirrels, of which the son ate heartily. He left the house and was followed by his father, who soon saw his son jumping from limb to limb of a tree, barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape and he attempted to jump from one tree to another. He missed his footing, fell to the ground and expired in less than five minutes.

Built Himself a Wooden Bike.

An employe at the Kentucky Wagon Works, says the Louisville Commercial, who is somewhat of an artist in his line, has gone all the builders of novel bicycles one better, and has constructed a wheel entirely of wood. The frame is of bent hickory, and the wheels, axles, etc., are of wood, but it is a flyer, and few wheelmen of high grade wheels are able to pass it on the street. The machine, as it comes tearing down the granite streets, bearing its owner to and from his work, rattles like a road wagon, attracting considerable attention and creating a great deal of amusement, but the rider gets there just the same. It answers his purpose and saves car fare.

Women's Rights in Russia.

In Russia, if a man marries an heiress he gets no chance to own her money. There is no marriage settlement; she controls her property throughout her life. This financial independence of the wife has conducted greatly to happy marriages. It is believed that among the well-to-do people in Russia there are more happy marriages than in most other countries.

The Congregationalists in this country number 583,539.

WILD ANIMAL FARM.

Breeding a Menagerie in a Florida Jungle.

A wild animal stock farm in semi-tropical Florida is the scheme that a circus firm is talking of starting. The land, a plot about six miles square, has been surveyed, it is said, and the firm proposes to go ahead next fall and turn the circus animals out to jungle instead of going into winter quarters. The circus men claim that not only can they in this way provide themselves with wild animals, instead of being obliged to go to Africa and India for specimens, but in addition they expect to be able to supply animals for the zoological exhibits of the country.

The firm claims to have secured an option on a tract of land in the extreme southern part of Florida, about one-half of the thickest, densest swamp jungle possible to imagine. An old traveler in India and Africa, who was sent there to look the ground over, says that it compares favorably with any jungle he has ever seen in the Orient.

The entire section of land will be divided by solid walls of iron fencing so as to keep animals that will not affiliate separate. It is proposed to first lay a strong foundation, then build a low wall of brick some three or four feet high, and then imbed in this to a height of twelve feet more a strong iron fence. The idea is to turn the beasts loose in their respective inclosures, and let them follow their natural inclinations and habits just as they would in their native jungle. As the animals to be propagated are principally of the carnivorous family there will also be bred such smaller animals as they naturally prey upon for food. Special attention will also be given to the breeding of giraffe, camels, zebras, quaggas and other members of the herbivorous family.

In order to protect their preserves a concrete walk will be laid just outside and extending around the entire wall, and watchmen on bicycles will make a tour as often as practicable of the entire inclosure. Certain grasses and herbs indigenous to the countries from which the animals are to be brought will be first planted, in order to provide, as nearly as possible, native foods. An interesting feature of this zoological jungle will be the monkey farm. In this section several acres will be devoted to orange, banana and nut trees, all of which grow naturally there. A wooden frame work, extending above the height of the trees and completely surrounding the farm will be built. —New York Press.

Eloped on a Steer.

A story has been received at Sergeant, Ky., of a peculiar mountain elopement and wedding under trying circumstances, followed by the forcible separation of the lovers. Saturday morning a couple from Tuscola, Dickinson County, Va., appeared at Coeburn, a station on the Clinch Valley division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, having come from their homes, a distance of thirty-two miles, that night on a steer. They were Miss Louella Regal, a peachy cheeked girl of 16, and Burton Preston, aged 18, son of a wealthy farmer. They said they came there to get married, but, having no money, and, considering the girl's age, it was impossible to procure a marriage license.

Sympathy for the young couple's woes brought a determination on the part of the many spectators, and someone suggested that they give them enough money to take them to Bristol, Tenn., where it would be no trouble to get married. The sum was at once raised, and when the train pulled up at Coeburn the young people left for Bristol, embraced in each other's arms.

After being married the couple started across the country on foot, a distance of 73 miles, to their home. On arriving at Tacoma, in Wise County, they were suddenly surrounded by three masked men and the girl's father. The young girl was taken from her boy husband after a fight, and young Preston disappeared in the mountains near Tacoma, and is now a fugitive.

New Gold Fields.

North America is likely to find a powerful rival in South Africa in the item of gold production. According to the most reliable figures the product in 1893 was about twenty-eight and a half millions, while in 1894 it was nearly thirty-nine millions of dollars. Experts, who have studied the gold fields of South Africa, announce that that country is becoming one of the most important factors in monetary matters. The ore is in many places exceedingly rich, and forms pockets, streaks and veins, and abounds in pudding stone. Pyrite pebbles are mixed with the gold, and there are large veins of gold-bearing quartz. Very quietly and without attracting more attention than is necessary mining parties are being made up, and preparations are in progress by means of which the product of these rich fields will furnish the basis for important and extensive mining operations.

Ship Was Not Christened.

An unusual event occurred at Genoa during the launching of a new ship called the G. Garibaldi. The ship entered the sea splendidly amid the enthusiastic cheers of the bystanders, but having moved three minutes before the fixed time she could not be blessed by the priest nor be christened with the usual bottle of champagne.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Discouraged at the Outset--Wasn't Feeling Well--A Just Rebuke, Etc., Etc.

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.
The summer girl, accompanied by her mother, descended from the train at the Springs station and looked about her.

Then she beckoned to a man driving a two seated wagon.

"Sorry, Miss," he responded, "but I'm engaged."

A shadow of disappointment fell over the face of the girl.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "this is no place for us. The men are so scarce that even the hack drivers are engaged."

At the station beyond the outlook was less disheartening.—Truth.

WASN'T FEELING WELL.

"What cheer, what cheer!" blithely called old Cap'n Blimley, as he rolled into the parlor of the local tonsorial artist, and began pulling off his coat.

"This one," the barber returned, removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repulsion.

And the Cap'n was that astonished that he forgot to yell when the barber laid open a Turkish crescent on the under side of his chin.—Rockland Tribune.

A JUST REBUKE.

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the next room, can't hear what I am saying.

Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa.—Life.

WARM.

Waiter—Guest wants his hash warmer.

Cook—Put in this piece of red flannel.—Detroit Tribune.

A NICE, CAREFUL BOY.

Father (coming unexpectedly upon the scene)—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday.

Boy (putting on a bold front)—I fell in, dad.

Father (angrily)—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes off.

Boy—Well, you wouldn't have wanted me to fall in this muddy water with my Sunday clothes on, would you?—Puck.

THE RULING PASSION.

"What this town needs," said the public spirited citizen, "is extension—"

"That's it," replied the street railway magnate.

"Of the streets."

"No. Of time."—Washington Star.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"Willie," said the teacher to the new woman's son, "you are a nice little boy; but you shouldn't give up so easily. You should be more manly."

"I can't," replied Willie, in consolation. "Everybody says I don't take after mother."—Washington Star.

HAD ENOUGH.

Dr. Probe—I don't want to worry you about that little bill you owe me, but I do need the money.

Dashaway—I hope you won't worry me, Doc. I don't want to get sick again.—Puck.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

Candidate—I can't understand why my support was not greater at the polls.

Manager—I am told a great many of the voters had nothing to wear.—Town Topics.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

Parishioner—Do you ever speculate in bonds, Mr. Thumper?

Pastor—Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent.—Judge.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

The poet sings in glowing rapture pent.

While the white clouds in airy grace unfurl.

"Now is the winter of our discontent Made glorious summer by the summer girl!"

THE FEATURES.

"And what were the main features of Hannigan's wake?"

"Eyes, to be sure."

"Eyes?"

"Yes. Blacked wans."—Indianapolis Journal.

APPARENTLY A NOVICE.

She—"Don't you think he is a good dentist?"

He—"I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find.—Puck.

INNOCENT.

Lawyer—It has been proved that the stone thrown by my client did hit the plaintiff. That very fact should acquit her.

Judge—What?

Lawyer—It shows that she couldn't possibly have aimed at the plaintiff.—Philadelphia Record.

WRITTEN ON WATER.

Dilly—What have you been doing all the day?

Twilly (poetically inclined)—I have been down to the beach writing sonnets on the beautiful sea.

Dilly—Gad! What a blessing it would be if all ambitious poets wrote their poems on the sea, and left them there!