

TIMELY TOPICS.

No less than seventeen wife beaters were convicted and sent to prison in one day at Rugby, England. Three women were also charged with assaulting their husbands. Two of these militant matrons were discharged, but the third got her month's term, just as if she were a man. This lady had borrowed an antique hint from the fighting females of New Pallas, and polished off her liege lord with a loaded stocking.

The Ogden (Utah) Freeman says that during Jay Gould's recent trip in the West a band of desperate train robbers posted themselves along the unguarded plains on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad with the idea of catching him as he passed through to Ogden. The robbers proposed to take him into the British possessions and there keep him until he should pay an immense ransom. Gould heard of the plot, liberally rewarded his informant, and made his escape.

The frigate of war Constitution, now eighty-five years old, and lately engaged in the peaceful occupation of returning exhibits from the Paris exhibition, has been rebuilt so often that not a piece of the original wood remains. So say the naval officers. In this respect the old craft resembles the constitution of man, who at the age of eighty-five is not supposed to retain a particle of the substance he started out with, but in the latter the change is so gradual and continuous that it goes on without his laying up for repairs. On the whole the mechanism of a man is more perfect and wonderful than that of any known production.

The heirs and attorneys representing about 140 lineal descendants of Robert Edwards, who owned at one time property in New York city, now valued at \$900,000,000, have been in conference in Akron, Ohio. John A. Edwards, of Seward, Neb., represented fifty of these heirs, and H. W. Ingersoll, of Akron, and Capt. Henry Edwards, of Kawaka, Canada, the remaining ninety. After a full comparison of facts and views, a satisfactory conclusion was reached that the documentary and other proofs at hand were sufficient to warrant legal proceedings whenever they choose to institute them. One of the heirs is a washerwoman, named Sherbandy, who lives in the suburbs of Akron.

Complaint is often made that garden seeds do not sprout into plants with that certainty that the florists catalogue of the seedsmen would lead us to expect. Peter Henderson, the veteran seedsmen, thinks he has discovered the cause and the remedy is certainly simple enough. Before the recent convention of nurserymen and florists he said that if seeds when planted in spring are pressed firmly with the foot after they are under the ground they will invariably grow, drought or no drought. Peter says that although he has been in the business for over a quarter of a century he only discovered this simple truth a few years ago. This information may be rather late for this season, but it is in first rate time for next spring.

Five ancient cities—deserted and forgotten—have been discovered in the Great Desert, beyond the River Jordan. A report made to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Mr. Graham, an Englishman, lately returned from travels in the East, gives the particulars of the discovery: "They were as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them—the houses retaining the massive stone doors which are a characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone beautifully cut. Further eastward other palaces were found, where every stone had inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing some apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet formerly in use in Southern Arabia."

In order to secure accurate vital statistics General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, to be taken next year, is taking measures to obtain returns from all the practicing physicians and surgeons in the United States numbering sixty thousand or seventy thousand, as to the deaths occurring in their practice during the year ending on the 31st of May, 1880. To each practitioner is sent a book containing twenty blank forms and a page of explanation. If more than twenty-four deaths occur within the year in any physician's practice one or more additional books can be had. The blanks call for the place and date of death, the name, sex, race or color, age, with date of birth, and occupation of the deceased, the cause or causes of death, or the symptoms where causes cannot with certainty be given, and the fact that a post-mortem examination was or was not held.

Almost every day some straying is picked up by the New York police and consigned for temporary shelter to the motherly arms of Matron Webb, at police headquarters. And almost as often as a waif is rescued from the street it is reclaimed by a parent, brother, sister, relative or friend. So rare is it that a lost child is not sought for that when it occurs the maion is at loss how to dispose of the charge. Occasionally a child is found whose appearance indicates its descent from wealthy and refined people. In such instances, while it receives the same care and attention as other waifs, extra effort is made to discover those to whom it belongs. Advertisements are put in the papers, and every conceivable method is taken advantage of to expose the fact that a child awaits its natural protectors. This failing, the lost one, like all others, goes to a charitable institution.

A medical paper has these words to say about the ventilation of houses: "A medical officer in the navy has been investigating the ventilation of ships, and finds that when the amount of carbonic acid gas reaches seven parts per thousand the air acquires a disagreeable odor—not because of the gas, however, but because of the organic impurities exhaled from the lungs at the same time and proportionate with the carbonic acid gas. 'Fifty cubic feet of still air are defiled by one man in a minute.' None of our ordinary house rooms are so close as to permit the condition of 'still air,' for the keyholes alone would afford some movement and circulation, but a considerable amount of air circulation is necessary to effect a change of fifty cubic feet each minute. Keyholes and door cracks are not sufficient for this. Each room should be provided with some efficient means of effecting a constant change of air."

Fires appear to be the order of the day

in Asiatic as well as European Russia, and the burning of Irkutsk, the second city of Siberia, and more important commercially than even the government capital, Omsk, is either a lamentable accident or a frightful crime. A few years ago the ill-fated city suffered as severely as it has at this time. In the winter of 1870-1 the river which flows through it suddenly burst its banks and piled up so vast a quantity of floating ice in the narrow part of the channel just below the town as to completely block its course and menace the whole town with inundation. A gallant attempt was made by the soldiers of the garrison, at the imminent risk of their own lives to cut a passage through the ice dam and let off the water, but the time was too short. About three in the morning a deafening roar announced that the torrent had broken loose. Two-thirds of the town was submerged and many lives lost, while the damage done to property amounted to several millions of dollars.

The Krupp gun works of Germany are of immense dimensions. One of the establishments employs 8,500 workmen, and contains 298 boilers and engines, which, combined, have 110,000 horse power, and operate seventy-seven trip hammers, varying in weight from 200 to 100,000 pounds each. Since 1877, 15,000 cannons have been turned out; 300 are made on an average every month. Daily 18,000 tons of coal and coke are consumed, and 21,000 gas jets are in use. A railroad track, with twenty four locomotives and 700 trucks, is in operation within the works, and between them and the railway station. The establishment has twenty-four telegraph stations, and eight engines for protection against conflagration. In the mines connected with these works there are 5,300 workmen. Iron ore the company gets from its own lands in the north of Spain to the extent of 200,000 tons annually, which five steamers that it owns convey to the factories. The company has built 3,278 tenements for its employees, in which 16,200 persons live. The grain used in the bakeries that supply these people with bread is bought by agents of the company in large quantities, chiefly in Odessa, the Russian grain port. Four common schools and an industrial school for girls and women provide the elementary instruction needed by this city of factory hands.

Coney Island.
A New York paper discusses about the city's great watering place as follows: Coney Island has become, since its rehabilitation, not the seaside resort of Brooklyn, New York and adjacent towns and cities merely, but of the country at large, indeed of the whole continent. At the Manhattan and Brighton beaches, as they are now named, with a view of dissociating them from the rather unsavory reputation acquired by the island in years gone by, may be seen, on any hot day, people from nearly every State in the Union, from the Territories also, and from Canada, Mexico and the West Indies. Hardly any great city on the globe is so near the sea as New York. London is forty miles up the Thames; Paris, 111 miles from the mouth of the Seine; Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, are near the center of the countries of which they are capitals. Hamburg is seventy miles from the sea; Bremen is so inaccessible to large vessels on account of sand in the Weser that Bremerhaven has been built for their accommodation, and is really, as its name indicates, the port of the city. Rome and St. Petersburg are further from the Mediterranean and Baltic than New York from the Atlantic. Philadelphia and Baltimore are, strictly speaking, river towns; but this city is only eleven miles from the open ocean, and offers such facilities for reaching it that it may be said to be at our very doors. At no other seaside place on the globe are there such crowds as there often are at Coney Island on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Twenty or thirty thousand people make no show, and 60,000 and 70,000 have been reported there again and again. On two or three days last summer the throng was estimated at from 80,000 to 100,000. Another resort so popular and populous can scarcely be mentioned. Perhaps Margate approaches nearest to it; but Margate is seventy miles from London, and can very rarely exhibit such a concourse as Coney Island can on a sweltering Sunday. The crowds at the beaches are curious and interesting as studies, much more so than the spot itself, or any of its material adjuncts. They furnish endless sources of observation and speculation to anybody concerned with or about humanity. The island itself is but a strip of barren sand redeemed and glorified by the one fact that the ocean breaks bountifully on its southern shore. When the mercury mounts into the nineties, Americans will go anywhere for promise of coolness, especially to Coney Island, which seems to be the most frequented watering place in the world.

Gotham's Growth.
The new city directory contains some 8,000 more names than last year's. This is supposed to represent an increase of about 40,000 in the population. If we keep on at this rate, it won't take us long to catch up with Paris. In 1875 we had a total of nearly 1,100,000. Next year's census will probably give us fully 1,250,000. Counting Brooklyn and Jersey City as part of New York, as they really are, the total population now must be very close on to 2,000,000. The increase in the city proper was somewhat augmented during the past year by the rapid transit roads. These brought back a good many families who had gone away on account of the difficulty of getting up town and down town. The roads have done some good in bringing a few of the emigrants back, at all events. They will also do good in keeping others from going away. But when this is said their praises are pretty much exhausted. As neighbors, if I may so speak of them, they are downright nuisances. Now that warm weather obliges people to keep their windows open day and night, the horror of living near them is fully realized. I am a whole block away from one of them myself, yet the roar of the trains at night often keeps me awake fully an hour. It comes rolling over the roofs of other houses like the roar of the surf in a storm, and overcomes all the noises of the day or night. And as if it were not enough to have four of these nuisances in full blast all the time, we are threatened with a fifth. Mr. Vanderbilt proposes to build an elevated road down Fourth avenue from his big depot at Forty-second street. The outcry against it is vigorous and angry, but that won't prevent Vanderbilt from building the road if the Common Council gives him permission.—New York Letter.

Old Hickory.
The Americans are familiar with this sobriquet of General Andrew Jackson; but very few know how it was earned by the old hero. The following explanation may be regarded as authentic, as it was derived originally from General Jackson himself, by one of his messmates during the Creek war.
During the campaign, which included the battle of Emuckfau creek, the army was moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and there were no tents. In the month of March a cold equinoctial rain began to fall, mingled with sleet, which lasted several days. The general was exposed to the weather, and was suffering severely with a bad cold and sore throat. At night he and his staff bivouacked in a muddy bottom, while the rain poured down, and froze as it fell. Some of his escort, finding that he was very unwell, became uneasy about him, although he did not complain, and laid down upon his blanket by the campfire with his soldiers. Seeing him wet to the skin, stretched in the mud and water in his suffering condition, they determined to try and make him more comfortable.

They put down a stout hickory pole, in which the sap was rising, and cut the bark from it in large flakes; cut two forks and a pole, laid down a floor of bark and dead leaves, and roofed it, and closed one side, or rather one end of the structure against the wind with bark, and left the other end open. They then dried their blankets, and made him a pallet in the tent they had constructed. They woke up the old general, and with some difficulty persuaded him to crawl in. With his saddle for a pillow, wrapped up in the dry blankets, and his feet to the fire, he slept snugly and soundly all night, well eased in hickory bark.

The next morning an old man from the neighborhood came into camp with a jug of whisky, with which, after imbibing quite freely himself, he gave the military party "a treat as far as the liquor would go." He seemed to be a kind-hearted, jovial and patriotic old fellow—a sort of "privileged character" in his county. While staggering about among the campfires, full of fun and whisky, he blundered upon the little hickory bark tent, which immediately arrested his attention. "What sort of an outlandish Indian fix is this?" and gave it a kick which tumbled down the queer-looking structure, and completely buried the old hero in the bark. As he struggled out of the ruins and looked fiercely around for the author of the mischief, the old toper recognized him and exclaimed: "Hello! Old Hickory! come out of your bark and join us in a drink."

There was something so ludicrous in the whole scene that respect for his presence and rank could not restrain the merriment of the spectators. He very good-humoredly joined in laughing at the mishaps. As he rose up and shook the bark from him, he looked so tough and stern that they all gave him a hearty "Hurrah for Old Hickory!" This was the first time he ever heard these words, which were afterward shouted by the millions of his countrymen whenever he appeared among them.

Man a Fighting Animal.
Do what we will with him, man is naturally a fighting animal. There is a curious autobiography to be found in Southern book-shops, written by an old hunter who was born about a century ago.

The most amusing example is where the old man tells how he and his sons once trained some young dogs to hunt bears.

"I put on the skin of an old bear," he says, "and crawled about on all-fours, while Elisha and Job drove the pups on. They were scared at first, but presently the whole six attacked me furiously, bit my calves, tore my hair, hung on my ears."

"I began to shout 'Enough!' but 'Lisha' cried, 'Don't, dad, don't! It's the life of the pups.'"

He adds, "Of course I stayed. I had consideration for the dogs."

It takes a good deal of training to root out this instinct from men who inherit it. Everybody knows the history of the "fighting Quakers" during the revolutionary war. Many of the staid sons of staid sires of the same faith, slipped out of meeting during the last war, to shoulder a musket.

One venerable old friend in Germany, Pa., found that three of his sons had gone to this conflict against his will. He crept around him, the youngest felt that he too must go, but feared to tell his father.

He took his gun one day, and began to clean it, placing himself in his father's way. The old gentleman saw him, and paced slowly up and down, but said nothing. Presently he approached the young man.

"Charles," he said, deliberately, "if the devil has made thee feel that thee needs one of those worldly instruments, spare not thy money, but get the best." Alexander Campbell, most combative of Scotch reformers and theologians, once submitted his head to the fingers of a physiologist, who had no knowledge of Mr. Campbell's calling. The man finished the examination with the words, "From your executive ability and love of fighting, sir, you are or ought to be a great soldier."

The aged clergyman heaved a sigh. "No, sir, no. Circumstances were against me. But according to my opportunity, I've done what I could—I've done what I could."

Remembered But Twisted a Little.
A letter from Newport, R. I., tells this story: I know a lady who keeps a boarding-house—a charming woman, always solicitous of the comfort of her household, but with a peculiarity. She "remembers faces but not names." Now it never mattered to me that with every cup of coffee or tea she gave me I was rechristened. On the contrary, I found it very entertaining. But this did distress her daughter. All in vain she labored with her mother, who smilingly went on in her own way in spite of her. But there came a time and occasion when her daughter set her heart upon her mother's addressing a gentleman stranger correctly. All through the day of the evening on which he was expected the daughter could be heard to say as she followed her mother from room to room, "Now, remember, his name is Mr. Condray," to which the mother in every instance would reply, "Yes, dear, I am sure I know it, Condray." The stranger took his seat at the table. That blessed woman, with a smile like an angel's and a self-possession I have never seen surpassed, looked sweetly across the board and inquired, "Mr. Condray, do you take cream and sugar?"

Loving Mothers and Brutal Sons.

Touching instances of the mother's love for a son, even in the face of base ingratitude, were shown recently in the New York Court of Special Sessions. A neatly-dressed, young fellow, named Charles Leonard, was arraigned on a charge of brutally beating his mother. Some days before he came home from work, and, without the least provocation, struck her with his clenched fist in the face, blackening both her eyes and badly bruising her face. His mother, Mrs. Agnes Leonard, who is a respectable old lady, had him arrested, and made a complaint against him in the police court. She tottered to the witness stand in the court with unwilling feet, and drew herself over her face to conceal her injuries. She was weeping, and she begged piteously of the justice not to press her to make a complaint against her boy. She knew he would never do the like again if released. He had always been a good and industrious boy, and must have been very angry at something when he struck her. He had been punished enough already, she said. In this way she pleaded tenderly for the mercy of the justices, and touched the hearts of all who heard her. The magistrates grew indignant at the prisoner when they heard her story, and asked her to lift her veil and show her bruises. She hesitated, and said in a faltering tone that her skin was very easily discolored, and that the assault had not been so violent as it appeared to have been. The prisoner said he would lose his place if he was imprisoned, a remark which aroused the wrath of Justice Morgan. "Lose your place," said he, "you don't deserve to be allowed to remain in the community. Any boy who would beat a kind mother as you have done doesn't deserve to live even. You are sentenced to the penitentiary for three months." The prisoner was led away, and his poor mother, unable to restrain her emotion, staggered, weeping, from the court-room.

Another prisoner, a little older than the one just sentenced, was next placed at the bar to answer a similar charge. His name was William B. Hayes. He had beaten his mother often before, but not so badly as he had in the assault for which he was arraigned. Mrs. Hayes, whose looks indicated her extreme suffering, implored the court to let the prisoner go. She said, in answer to a question, that she had twelve other sons "who were all in Heaven now." The prisoner looked sullenly on, and offered no excuse for his conduct. He was sent to the penitentiary for six months.

Could We Live in the Polar Regions?

At the reception given by the San Francisco Academy of Sciences to the members of the Bennett exploring expedition to the North Pole, Mr. Charles Wolcott Brooks discussed the question of the existence of an Arctic continent, and the probability of its being inhabited. If we carefully examine, said Mr. Brooks, the almost universal features of all land known to us, we find a prevailing form wherever we turn. Each territorial area of magnitude seems to have an appendage trending southward. If we apply this rule, by turning the North Pole of a globe toward us, we readily see at a glance that Greenland, which is known to us, may bear to an unknown Arctic continent the same relation that South America does to North America, or Africa to Europe. Hence it is perfectly logical to infer, by the great analogy of nature, that an Arctic continent exists beneath the North Pole, extending three and a half to four degrees south from the northern axis of the earth. As previous Arctic expeditions have advanced to eighty-three degrees twenty-six minutes north latitude—or within 39 miles of the Pole—the distance thence to such a continent would not exceed about 50 to 60 miles. This intervening space, however, is difficult to traverse, as it presents a very rough surface. If the sea, during the height of a gale, when waves run mountains high, were instantly frozen, it would present much the appearance here encountered. For ethnologists the question is, Can an Arctic continent be inhabited, should one exist? This may be met by the well-known fact that the latitude of seventy-eight degrees is about the point of lowest mean temperature. The earth is about thirty-seven miles less in diameter at the equator than from pole to pole, having enlarged at one point and flattened at another because of its revolving motion. Now, it is well known that the lower temperatures are counteracted as we ascend high altitudes, and the depression at the poles may, by lessening the distance of the surface from the earth's center, afford a warmer temperature, which will enable the hardy Esquimaux, Ainos or some Hyperborean race to exist upon an Arctic continent.

In Search of the North Pole.

During the present generation most of the great geographical points have been solved. The northwest passage was completed more than a quarter of a century ago; the Australian interior has been traversed and retraversed within the past few years, the sources of the Nile have been traced, the northeast passage, begun more than a quarter of a million of years since, has been made by Prof. Nordenskjöld, who has shown that with a suitable ship at the proper season this long sought passage is a question of only a few weeks, and now the only remaining Arctic feat, the dash to the North Pole, has been undertaken by the Jeannette expedition, which started from San Francisco, and which, it is to be hoped, will sooner or later safely reach its destination. One of the marked features of the expedition is the scientific method in which it is to be carried out. All previous Arctic explorers were guided by the best knowledge they could obtain. When we read of what may be regarded as the blind attempts of such heroes as Cook, Clark, McClure and Franklin, we should remember that their expeditions were prompted not by a wild love of adventure, but they were guided by the best knowledge attainable at the time. Had it not been for the success and failures of Willoughby and those who followed him, Prof. Nordenskjöld would not have met with the success he did, and he was candid enough to acknowledge his indebtedness to the English, Dutch and Russian expeditions that preceded his. Efforts of this class should never be treated from a too narrow or utilitarian point of view, for even if they are not immediately attended with any practical good to mankind, they may lead to results that are justifying to the best aspirations of the race.—New York Star.

Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch, they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company, and rise into individual, isolated peaks. So it is with great men.

Painting Fits.

Fainting is so common with some persons, particularly women, and the cause of it is so little understood by non-professional people, that some knowledge on the subject often proves valuable. Fainting consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart, the blood not being properly circulated in consequence. Although it does not reach the head, the sufferer loses all clearness of vision, and, if not prevented, may fall, the fall not infrequently restoring the normal condition. There is no convulsion, and though he—more probably she—can hardly be called conscious, he is not so profoundly unconscious as to be incapable of arousal, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking somewhat pale to positive and complete swooning. In some cases one faint is no sooner cured than another and another succeeds, hour after hour, even day after day. It is scarcely necessary to say that such cases are serious and need prompt treatment. The causes are various. Some persons are so easily affected that they swoon if they cut their finger or see any one bleed. Their defect is over-sensitive nerves and weak muscular fiber. The heart is essentially a muscle, which is feeble in some strong in others—feeble generally in women and strong in men. Whatever weakens the heart and muscles commonly produces faintness, close foul air being an active cause. Whatever greatly affects the nerves, such as bad news or the sight of the disagreeable or horrible, may produce a swoon; and loss of blood is another and a serious incident. Sound health, naturally accompanied by firm nerves and muscles, is the best preventive of faintness. The majority of vigorous men go through all kinds of severe and painful experiences without fainting, while delicate men and many women swoon at trifles. American women, who used to faint continually in crowds, at bad news, at scenes of distress—now faint comparatively seldom; and the fact is ascribed to their relinquishment for the most part of the habit of lying down, and their better physical conditions. Not one American woman faints to day where thirty years ago twenty-five women fainted, and the diminution of the disorder, always the result of direct causes, is an unmistakable evidence, which other things corroborate, of the marked amelioration of the health of the highly-organized, extremely sensitive, but flexible and enduring women of our complex race.

How Much a Menagerie Costs.

It may be interesting to a large class of readers to know just what a menagerie would cost them. There are, no doubt, says the *Detroit Free Press*, many desiring people in this country who would like to add a tiger or hyena to their list of household pets, if they only knew where these docile creatures could be obtained, and what the expense would be. England does a large trade in wild animals and they are rather cheaper there than in this country. Still, the unhandiness of getting them here more than makes up the difference. Don't expect to get and snakes such things by mail; they dislike to be stamped by the active clerk, and the clerk generally feels embarrassed when the package breaks open. A tiger or a lion can be had for \$400 each; \$150 gets a very good article of leopard, although \$100 will buy an inferior kind; black panthers cost \$750; clouded tigers come as high as \$1,500, and economy would suggest a sparing investment in animals of his class; a lynx in England costs \$50, but they can be had for nothing in Canada. One hundred and twenty-five dollars will get you a polar bear, and \$50 a brown bear; a brown bear is just as satisfactory as the others and much cheaper; sloths cost \$50, but you can get plenty of them in America, sitting around groceries and talking politics; \$25 gets a very good wolf, although many persons can get them cheaper, in fact, they have hard work keeping the wolf from the door. Aard wolves cost as much as \$500, no doubt because they are so hard to get. Monkeys cost from \$2 up to \$500. Of course for the latter price a regular Darwin can be had. A zebra will cost you \$500. Be sure and get one of the right stripe. Kangaroos cost from \$50 to \$100. Feed them on hops. Every family needs an elephant, and will be pleased to know that one three stories high can be had for the trifling sum of \$1,500. A two-story elephant costs \$750, a cottage elephant \$500, while any amount of shanty elephants, for parlor pets, can be bought for \$300. Now we come to luxuries. A rhinoceros should not be indulged in unless the purchaser has a good bank account. A very ordinary rhinoceros costs \$2,000, while a pretty desirable article comes to over \$5,000. A person must have the rhino to indulge in a rhinoceros. Now go ahead and make your selections. "You pays your money and takes your choice."

The Joy of Barren Sand.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Coney Island, says: As I stand on these arid sands, with not a tree nor shrub, not a green thing in sight, and see the Atlantic stretching limitlessly away, and feel the delicious breeze in my face, invigorating my whole frame, I am free to confess that sterile Coney Island has more to charm than would all the beauties of the most elaborate garden in a region distant from the mountains or the sea. I know that it is insignificant; that it is only a mile and a half long and half a mile wide; that it seems little more than an Italian mark upon Kings county; that it possesses nothing save four or five wooden hotels with their usual accommodations, and breakers rolling in bountifully from the south. But it is this last which is the controlling attraction. Rolling breakers at this time, and with this temperature—I hear that the mercury is ninety-eight degrees in town—are worth everything else. I would not exchange them for palaces, for statue-bordered walks, for classic temples inland. Give me the sandy strip, and the glorious Atlantic tumbling at its feet, in preference to any amount of art, to any degree of decoration and sweltering delights. My views are plainly shared by humanity at large; for there are tens of thousands of people here, not from New York and Brooklyn alone, but from every part of the country, and there are all enjoying the coolness and the marine landscape, as your correspondents is, to the fullest degree. On a burning day like this one needs nothing more for his supreme physical satisfaction than to stand or sit on the margin of the ocean and watch it tumbling and roaring at his feet. Coney Island needs such a blazing day as the present to be completely appreciated.

Jokes from Harper's "Drawer."

This is the view taken of it by an infant of St. Joseph, Missouri: Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the maneuver.
"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."
"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

The best lawyers always tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Councilor C— was before Surrogate Calvin in a case where the question involved was as to the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman failing, childish, and that when she told her something she looked as though she didn't understand.

Councilor C—, cross-examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing so. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how did she look? did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?"
The witness, very demurely, replied: "Well, yes; kind of vacant like!"

At the close of a hot afternoon last summer, when the thermometer stood about one hundred degrees in the shade, Judge Thompson was walking, in an evidently jaded and wearied condition, from the court house to his residence in the village of Mayville. Lawyer Smith, who disliked the judge, saw him coming, and waited for him, and the following conversation occurred:
"You look weary and tired, judge. What have you been doing this hot afternoon?"

"Look weary and tired, do I? Well, I think I should, for I am; and you would, too, if you had been shut up in that hot, stuffy little court-room from one to half-past five, listening to a long dull argument?"
"From one to half-past five! That was a long time. Who made the argument?"

"Oh, old Jones."
"Well, what was Jones trying to prove?"
"As nearly as I could get at it, that I was an ignoramus, and didn't know anything about the law."
"Did you commit him?"
"No, commit him for what?"
"For being so long about it."

Words of Wisdom.

A real satisfaction and worth having is to do one's duty.

Pleasant and good manners must be made up of petty sacrifices.

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our hopes and delusions.

Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of good thoughts.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured, yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past.

"I was once very shy" said Sydney Smith, "but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries: First, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); the next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

The discomfort of church pews is commented upon by the *Christian at Work*, which says: "Concerning pews and chairs, why is it that modern invention fails to furnish even a comfortable pew or chair? The bench of the ordinary church pew is fourteen inches wide, whereas it should be eighteen inches; then it is placed on a straight level, perpendicular to the back; but mankind are not constructed in this way, and pews, to be comfortable, should conform to human anatomy. The seat should slope downward toward the back, making a fall of full three inches, while the back should incline away from a vertical line fully four inches at the top, and the distance between the pews should never be less than three feet."

Waking up a Stranger.

Yesterday forenoon a gigantic stranger, with fists like foot-balls and muscles of about four-horse power, entered the gentlemen's waiting-room at the Union depot, flung down his hat, and falling back on one of the benches, roared out: "I'm half-hyena and half-tiger, and I hanker for blood! I'm going to sleep, and the man who even moves his foot to wake me up will fool with a cyrene!" There were ten or twelve men in there, and they sat very erect and hardly dared to breathe for the next ten minutes. Then one of them got a chance to whisper to a policeman through an open window. When the officer came in the crowd rushed out, believing that he would be eaten up in two minutes. The officer didn't seem to have any fear, however, but his face wore a smile as he walked over to the sleeper, tapped him on the shoulder with his baton and said: "Come, captain, get up."

The stranger opened one eye, but did not move.

"Come, major," continued the officer.

That man shut that eye and opened the other, but yet did not arise.

"Come, colonel, you'll be late for the train," said the officer.

"Did any one call me?" asked the man as he sat up and looked around.

"Yes, general, I was saying that you had better wake up or some one might steal your valuables."

"Yes—an—that is—of course I'll wake up. You are a No. 1 policeman, sir—the finest officer I ever met. Let's shake it!"

And no Mary's little lamb could have looked more meek as he picked up his satchel and took a walk out on the wharf.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"No postponement on account of the weather," is the way agricultural fairs put it when the big sheep fails to be present at the appointed time.