escape. Mrs. Allaire's answer been specific and to the According to the testimony of Shelton, during all this long term of years but one single opportunity of escape had pre-sented itself to the captain and his mate an opportunity which Allaire had not been able to take advantage of. As to the other argument that it was not the custom of mayages to respect the lives of their prisoners, the fact remained that they had done so, as testified to by Harry Shelton, as his rethere was a case exactly in point, the case of the explorer and pathinder, William Classen, who had now been missing for 85 years, and who was still believed to be held prisoner by one of the tribes of Northern Australia. This was in truth exactly the case of Captain John, since, outside of mere speculation, there was the positive declaration of Harry Shelton. Other explorers, too, had failed to make their way back after too, had failed to make their way back after once plunging into the depths of these vast tralia and beyond all doubt it was due to nesses, but there was no proof that they had been slain by the savages.

The train dashed past the smaller stations

ving the bow-shaped Lake Torrens on its left and coming in sight of the peaks of the Flinder's Range. The weather was warm—the same temperature that is met with during March in countries of the northern hemisphere traversed by the thirtieth parallel, such as Algiers, Mexico, or Cochin China. There was a threat of violent thunder storms which the expedition would long for in vain when once it had entered upon the plains of the interior. Under such circumstances was it that the train bearing Mrs. Allaire steamed into Farina Town, the terminal station of the road, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Zach French and his men were waiting at the station, and as Molly stepped from her compartment they lifted their caps into the air and sent up a bearty cheer. The shaggy and sent up a bearty cheer. prows of the honest old sailor were knit toether upon first catching sight of Godfrey Molly's side, but when he saw the trans formation which had taken place in the illor lad and noted his intelligent and calbearing as he swung his rifle across his shoulder and aided Mrs. Allaire to alight upon the platform, his heart shed rinkles and he grasped the lad cordially the hand welcoming him as one the hand of searchers. But how great was his joy at finding himself again in the presence of his loved mistress! For 12 days, 12 long days, he had not seen Captain hn's wife! Such a thing had not haphim since the last return of the Molly's Hope to San Diego. Molly herself delighted to meet her faithful friend and servitor again, whose devotion to her bordered upon a veneration, and reused his hand warmly and rewarded him by a smile as sweet as it was pronounced and long continued. Zach could hardly lieve his eyes. It was the first smile he had seen on that beautiful face since she stepped on board the steam launch years ago! He was almost startled by it. Was it good omen. Had the captain's wife sed fr and that lofty standard of solemn religious devotion to the great task of And immediately his thoughts reverted to the hundsome lad standing by her side, and his shaggy brows drew darkly togethe, again and his bronzed face took on a look of almost wrath. Was not his noble mistress weakening under this sailor boy's influence? Would she not, after a few hundred miles had been put behind them, become soft-hearted, irritable and deapondent like any ordinary woman and fret over and complain of the hardships of the journey across these arid plains? He feared so, he greatly feared so, and turned nway lest the captain's wife might read these misgivings in his countenance. Tom Marks and Zach French had done their work well. Everything was in readiness for the start. Molly was deeply touched when upon making a personal exemination of the long line of pack

wagons, her eves rested upon a senman's chest bearing upon one, and the words: Captain John Allaire. She turned with parted lips and tearful eyes inquiringly toward Zach. in outfit for Captain John," said Zach in a low tone of voice.

Molly could make no reply, but she peached out and took the sailor's hard, rough hand tenderly within hers.
"Mrs. Aliaire," said Marks, "so long as we follow the Government roads the countr ill farnish us with all the forage we need

for our estale, but when we enter the wilder ness it will be necessary to abandon our horses and exen and replace them by pack and saddle camels; these we have sent on abead. The wells in these vast arid tracks are often days apart and it would be imossible for us to make our way from one "I have complete confidence in your skill

and experience as a pathfinder, Colonel Marks, replied Molly. "I understand that we are to exchange our horses and exen for a camel train at Alice Springs

"Precisely, Madam," answered Marks, "and the moment you have sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of your long railway ride, you may give us the signal to break away, for everything is in readiness even to the mosto painted upon our packwagous: 'No Step Backward.'"

A faint smile spread over Molly's face as she bent her shapely head in acknowledgment of this thoughtful bit of sentiment, "Move at once, then, Colonel Marks," she cried out cheerily; "if too late to-day, it be at sunrise to-morrow."

Tem Marks bowed in acquiescence, and springing lightly on his horse rode away to give the necessary orders.

Farina Town was one of those villages which spring up mushroom-like in a single night along the route of an Australian or American railway, and in a few short mouths arrogate to themselves all the digay of a city a century old. The cunning of the surveyor and land agent is visible from the very start, and the incongruous legend, "city lots for sale," makes its aplegend, "city lots for sale," makes its ap-pearance the day after the town is located. othing is left to chance or individual texte for settlement, but streets, boulevards and squares are laid out with a geometrical and mathematical regularity which, as the town Is built up, gives it a monotony that is as depressing as it is valuable commercially apraising. The whole population of Farina Town assembled at sunrise the following day to witness the departure of the brave lady and her band of intrepid searchers. About one half of the men were white, the actions and habits of the wild people who
swere supposed to hold Captain John a close

The progress of the expedition was, account of the thick forests and rugged nature of the country, necessarily slow. The whites were well mounted, the negroes folwed on foot. From Farina Town to Alice Eprings station it was a good 350 miles, and several weeks were spent in covering this distance. But, although the advance was slow, the members of the expedition, thanks to the admirable precautions which had been taken by Colonel Tom Marks, continued in the best of health and spirits. Early and inte in her saddle, sharing the fatigues of the march without a murmer, cheering and inspiring everyone by her indomitable courage and inexhaustible confidence in her own ability to accomplish the mighty work which she had set herself, Molly hovered around and about the little band like a angel of light and sweetness, like a guiding spirit deputed by heaven to sustain,

direct and preserve.

Next to her it was Godfrey who knew how to work himself into the rugged, but honest, hearts of the members of the band. The skill with which he rode, the accuracy of his aim as riffeman and the readiness and ease with which he took to this life in the Australian bush were soon all powerful enough to chase away the last frown from

Zeel French's face. "A wonderful resemblance," he muttered to himself, "if I had not buried little Walt

John's own boy."

But if Godfrev's success in making friends with the white members of the ex-Zach, was astounded at the devotion shown to the lad by the half-breeds and Indian guides. To them this wonderful boy was a constant source of surprise and delight. His courage, his surprising strength and agility, his horsemanship, his marksmanship, his kindness and gentleness charmed and fascinated them. The daintiest to suppress this fact and to pass the child off as his own. While it was yet a question whether Mrs. Allaire would recover her laid at the door of Godfrey's tent. And, to add still further to the long list of the boy's the child at the fisherman's home. Upon accomplishments, it was discovered that since he had been in service on the Australia and caused the Insternant to consent to suppress this fact and to pass the child as his own. While it was yet a question whether Mrs. Allaire would recover her reason, Nanny had made frequent visits to add still further to the long list of the boy's the child at the fisherman's home. Upon Barker's flight from San Diego, Molly's research and to pass the child off as his own. While it was yet a question whether Mrs. Allaire would recover her reason, Nanny had made frequent visits to add still further to the long list of the boy's the child at the fisherman's home. Upon Barker's flight from San Diego, Molly's rejected that the control of the child at the properties of the child at the san the same and the properties that the same and the properties the child at the same and the ripest fruits were laid at the door of Godfrey's tent. And, to add still further to the long list of the boy's the child at the fisherman's home. Upon Barker's flight from San Diego, Molly's rejected the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the properties of the child at the same and the prope since he had been in service on the Anstralian coast he had picked up quite a vocabulary of the native dialects, so that he now had experienced no difficulty in understanding the jargon spoken by the native guides.

It might not be out of place to state here that this was far from being the first came train that had been sent into the Austral-inn wilderness. It was in 1862 that Mr. Elder imported from India a large number camels, together with their Aighan drivers. the fact that Colonel Warburton made use of these ships of the desert that he was enabled to accomplish his daring ride from Alice Springs station to Rockboune, Nichol Bay, on the coast of DeWitt Land. If David Lindsay, at a later day, succeeded in crossing the continent from north to south with the aid of pack horses only, it was because he kept close to the Govern-ment roads and telegraph lines and did not risk himself in the wilderness, which would main in the atmosphere, even of one of those | have been powerless to sustain the life of his train.

The expedition reached Alice Springs station in good form. Here a halt was made in order to transfer the baggage and supplies to the backs of the pack camels. Col-onel Marks took this occasion to make a most searching examination of each member of his band in order to weed out any who showed signs of breaking down. A week was thus consumed, when, at a command from Molly, the camel train moved slowly and silently out into the sandy wastes of

the Great Victoria desert.

As Molly, from her lofty seat on the ships of the desert, cast her eyes over this apparently limitless waste her heart sank within her for a brief moment as she asked herself the question: Am I not warring agains Heaven, am I not rebelling against the will of God in thus penetrating this awful solitude in search of a human life which only a miracle could have kept from destruction Are not my attempts as foolbardy as they

are presumptious? Godfrey made answer to these doubts and misgivings, for at that moment his clear, ringing voice reached her ear, carry-ing balm and comfort to her anxious heart. She hesitated no longer, she turned an en-quiring gaze toward the horizon of this vast ocean of sand as she had often fixed her weary eyes upon the limitless expanse of the sea, hoping and praying that the white sails of the Dreadnaught might come slowly

into sight. Upon drawing near to the Murchison and McDonall ranges, the native scouts made known to Colonel Marks the appalling fact that they had already fallen in with strag-glers of a native camp, from whom they had learned that in a quarrel between one of the chiefs and his brother a white captive had been slain. Colonel Marks dared not make known to Mrs. Allaire the dreadful news. True, there was a possibility that this white prisoner might not be Captain John, but the name of the tribe and the additional fact that it was accustomed to pay yearly visits to the northwestern coast gave the awful tidings the stamp of likelihood. It was nearly two months before the camel train reached Tennant's Creek station. Several of the wells along the route had been found dry and the animals suffered greatly, being barely able to drag themselves along at the

Scarcely had the tents been pitched and the exhausted men thrown themselves upon the ground for long needed sleep, when one of the youngest of the native scouts crept stealthily past the guard and roused Godfrey.
"Quick. Httle master," he whispered,

"quick, bring gun, follow me, no talk It seems that in making choice of God-frey the native had done so solely on account of the youth's extraordinary courage, agaility and quickness of movement, just as one might choose a cer-tain dog or horse to attain a certain end. The child of the desert knew exactly what was needed. He had no faith in the grown members of the band. They might, in their supposed superior knowledge, stop to reason, rouse the band, raise a voice above

a whisper, or be too slow in advancing on their hands and knees.

Godfrey had not removed his pistol from his belt. Reaching for his rifle, he joined the scout and stole silently out of the camp. Once out of sight and hearing, the scout made known to Godfrey that a white captive had not been already put to death, as at first reported, but that he had been de-livered into the hands of the chief's brother, who, with several of the tribe, were to put him to death that morning before the rescue party should become aware of his presence

so near at hand. It called for the greatest precaution on the part of Godfrey and the native scout in approaching the Indian camp. A single startled outery of bird or beast would be sure to warn the savages of the approach of an enemy. The last quarter of a mile it became necessary to advance by crawling through the tall grass. Although hampered by the weight of his rifle, Godfrey, by great exertion, succeeded in keeping up with the

The execution was to take place at sunrise. Already, as Godfrey and his com-panion threw themselves on their knees in order to reach the spot unseen by the sav-ages, the first rays of the sun shot faintly ages, the

upward like spectral spears.
Godfrey caught his breath as his eyes fell upon the white prisoner seated on the ground and encircled by half a dozen of the savages, each of whom grasped two spears in his hand. The man's face was hidden beneath a long growth of hair, which in matted strips hung over his brow, while a grizzled beard, tangled and wide reaching, covered his entire breast. His form was pitifully emaciated, and it would seem to have been a needless precaution to pinion his arms, so near death's door was this cap-

As the first ray of sunlight waved like sword of flame over the wilderness, one of the savages rose from the ground where he had been squatting, and with a terrible yell raised his spear. But a rifle shot rang out clear and shurp, and the man fell backward like a log. The others sprang to their feet in the wildest terror, and, as Godfrey and the scout burst upon them with loud cries, mingled with pistol shots, they fied dis-mayed from the spot, thinking that the whole band of white men had suddenly fallen upon them.

The white captive was quickly released and tenderly stretched upon the ground.

"Father, father!" cried Godfrev, "do"
you know me, I'm Walter. Speak! mother
is here. She has come to take you home!"
But the man had swooned and the lad's words were lost upon him. Not until Zach French had reached the spot and had made hurrled examination of the white captive's features was the glad truth known that Cap-tain John Allaire, of the Dreadnaught, had

been found at last.
"Mother, mother!" cried Godfrey bursting into Molly's presence, "We have found him, we've found Captain John at last." "I knew we would, I knew we would!" exclaimed Molly, falling upon her knees and bowing her head in prayer.

After a moment's pause, Godfrey lifted

her tenderly, saying: "Come, mother, let me lead you to him." me lead you to him."

"Yes, my son, yes, my beloved Walter,"
replied Molly clasping the boy closely to
her bosom, "and another lost one has come
to life, too, for look!" she cried, pointing to
a cluster of soft gold brown curls lying upon
the ground, "that hair was never cut from
your head, my some bedy," also your head, my son. It was somebody's else child that honest Zach and dear Mr. Hollis-

ter followed to the grave!" Two year have past. A magnificent villa stands in the neighborhood of Prospect Cot-tage. It is the home of Captain John

Allaire and his family, of which Kate Barker is now a member. Charged with the murder of Edward Manson, her husband fled to South America where he died of yellow pedition was such as to carry joy to Molly's fever. The reader needs but to be told that heart, she, as well as Colonel Marks and the black nurse, whom little Walt had refever. The reader needs but to be told that accident. A large sum of money from Lew Barker had caused the fisherman to consent covery of her reason and establishment of the Walter Home, the man had carried the child to that institution, claiming that as an old sailor, he had the right to ask the Home to care for his child. THE END.

A STORY OF THE STAGE. THE DISPATCH has been especially fortunate in securing for its readers a story from the popular actress and author EMMA V. SHERIDAN. It is entitled "Freda Sonaday, or in the Footlights' Glare and Shad ows," and will commence next Sunday It is a story of theatrical life—brilliant and engressing in manner—truthfully descrip-tive in its treatment of incidents behind the scenes—neither heightening nor destroying the popular illusions, and possessing great excellence of plot and characterization. It is a clean and polite story, although it intro duces contrastingly good and bad person ages, and embodies a realistic account of the actual experience of actresses.

ridan is a writer of ability. She is a daughter of General George V. Sheridan, an accomplished actress and a beautiful young lady. Most of the literary matter put forth as from the pens of actresses is fraud-ulent, for it generally consists of their ideas formulated by professional writers. Miss Sheridan's work is wholly original, and her published sketches, poems and stories have been highly successful.

FACTS ABOUT TEA.

Very Few Cups That a Celestial . Would Approve Are Brewed in America-It Must Never Boil-Recipes for Its Prepar ation-Some Useful Recipes.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] A high authority on the subject of ter making says, "The only truly hygienic manner of making tea is to infuse the leaves in boiling water, either by pouring the water over the leaves, or by throwing the leaves into the boiling water. The time necessary for the infusion depends on the quality and quantity of the tea used and on the taste of the drinker. It must be freshly made and not left to brew."

For tea-making the water should be used at the first boil. The ordinary earthen or porcelain pots are the best to make tea in, and when made in large quantities it should be decanted in a warmed earthen teapot to prevent the tea becoming impregnated with the tannic acid which the leaves contain. the tannic acid which the leaves contain.

Tea is not regarded as a proper breakfast beverage, some of the best physicians declaring that it is suicidal to drink it for the morning meal. From time immemorial tea has been used by the Chinese. In the reign of the Emperor Fitzong, who ascended the throne in the year of Christ 724, tea was subjected to a tax, which the Chinese historians inform us was loudly complained of by the people as a grievous oupression because it

inform us was loudly complained of by the people as a grievous oppression because it fell on a necessary of life.

Baron von Liebig, the German chemist, says: "We shall certainly never be able to discover how men were led to the use of the hot infusion of the leaves of a certain shrub (tea) or of a decoction of certain ronsted berries (coffee). Some cause there must be which would explain how the practice has become a necessary of life to whole nations."

Andiger, the French author, who was regarded as one of the greatest authorities on tea and coffee, gives a simple remedy which

garded as one of the greatest authorities on tea and coffee, gives a simple remedy which insures a perfect cup of tea. It is:

Take a plut of water and make it boil: then put in two pinches of tea, and immediately remove it from the fire, for the tea must not boil; you let it rest and infuse—time enough to say two or three paters (five or ten minutes) and then serve it with powdered sugar so that each one may sugar to his own taste. A tea expert says that a pound of tea will furnish 300 cups of liquor, if it is made properly, but the maximum benefits of the leaf, both in the matter of quality and quantity, are seldom enjoyed because of the general ignorance of what appears to be so simple a cess as to require no care, the method of process as brewing.

Tea Punch.

Make a quart of strong tea, using six teaspoonfuls of the best green tea to a quart of boiling water. Let it steep for ten minutes. As soon as the water boils add the rinds, juice and pulp of three large lemons, taking out all the seeds. As soon as the tea is drawn, strain it and sweeten with two pounds of loaf sugar. When quite cold add a quart of Jamaica runk and three sliced lemons. Thicken with finely broken ice and serve at once.

I append some general recipes that will nd reliable: Chow-Chow.

Chow-Chow.

Chop into small pieces onions, eabbage and cucumbers. Add any small vegetables which will do to pickle, nasturtiums, radish pods, small green tomatoes, Chile peppers, pieces of cauliflower, etc. Lay them in strong brine for 24 hours with enough turmeric to color them yellow, stirring frequently. Drain dry and pack into jars. To every quart of vinegar allow a tablespoonful of mustard seed, one of turmeric, and a handful of whole black pepper and a pod of red pepper. Spice to taste with mace, cloves and horseradish ground and put in a bag. Boil the spices, etc., in the vinegar and pour it over the pickle. Allow the yelks of three hard boiled eggs to each quart of vinegar, and mash them into a thin, smooth paste with pure olive oil. Mix well with a cupful of the vinegar after it becomes cold and pour it over the pickles. Use after three days.

Yellow Cabbage Pickle.

Yellow Cabbage Pickle. To every gallon of vinegar allow two pounds of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, two ounces of ground mustard and of white ginger, one ounce each of mace, nutmegs, allspice, cloves, white pepper, turmeric and celery seed, quarter of a pound of scraped horseradish, two lemons sliced thin and two large onions chopped fine. Selectsmall, hard cabbages and take off the outer leaves. Cut them in quarters and scald them in boiling brine on the fire for five minutes. Take out, drain, sprinkle thickly with salt and lay in the sun to dry. Sun them for several days, then sprinkle thickly with sait and lay in the sun to dry. Sun them for several days, then shake off the sait and soak for two weeks in cold vinegar, to which enough turmeric has been added to color it, in order to plump out and extract the sait. The spiced vinegar should be made at least ten days before it is to be used and kept in the sun as much as possible. This pickle may be used in two months.

Hints for the Household. Tan simple boxwood spoon and fork are the best for mixing sainds. To quickly and thoroughly dissolve soda THE best way to prepare a potato for an MANY a good dish is spoiled by

nests, and cream sauces for white meats. When the shells or pods of peas begin to turn to a lighter shade or look rusty they

A PIECE of horse-radish put into a jar of pickles will keep the vinegar from losing its

LETTUCE has soporific qualities. A lettuce supper is very conducive to repose. DECAYED cabbage leaves should never be ings, and the water in which this vegetable has been boiled should not be retained on the

To test the quality of potatoes drop them into brine. The good ones will sink, the poor ones float. ONLY a pinch of salt should be used in egg ELLIGE SERENA.

Beyond the Hill. Beyond the hill lies lotos land, Sweet summer skies, and golden sun. Soft seas caress the shining strand And bud and fruitage blend in one.

No carking cares there scar the soul, There fly no fatal shafts of harm Dire discord never mars the roll Of symphonies divine to charm.

There darkness never conquers light Nor fall fond yearning of the heart.
The soul, with wings wide plumed for flight,
For this fair land would fain depart.
ALLEN H. ROSENKLAND. PERFIELD, PA. August M.

ON PLYMOUTH . ROCK. Bill Nye Stands Where the Pilgrims Stood and Thinks Thoughts.

SOME EFFECTS OF PURITANISM.

Expert Criticism of Some Art Works Concerning the Mayflower.

THE WAYS OF THE YOUNG BANK CLERK

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. PLYMOUTH, MASS., Aug. 13.—Here on this historic ground the Pilgrims first landed on the shores of the New World. Here began the colony which has grown, under the blessings of heaven, to be a prosperous and self-supporting nation. Plymouth, since the landing of the Pilgrims, has grown to be quite a place. Business has picked up and trade is more active. In those two centuries and a half what changes have been wrought! Houses have been built, stones which interfered with farming have been picked up and placed on some other man's farm, trees have been cut down, meeting houses have been built and the infprovement is noticeable everywhere.

If the growth of Plymouth has been so great in 250 years, what may we not expect in 2,000 years? New goods will be put into the stores, no doubt, new cars put on the railroad, and new fresh air into the cars, real estate will advance to unheard-of prices and farms will many of them be resodded at great expense. Looking back now upon the broad and liberal pistform upon which the Pilgrim Parents erected their altar for the worship of a Colonial God, I am not surprised that they suc-

SOMEWHAT ASCRTIC IN CHARACTER.

It is true that they were in some respects severe. They allowed themselves few methods of relaxation aside from the contemplation of a superheated hell for those disagreed with them. They even denied themselves the pleasures of a prayer rug, preferring to suffer certain depriva-tions publicly in order to get good notices. The Pilgrim was a queer mixture of iron indurance, patient industry and pious pigheadedness. I saw yesterday the pond at Cohasset wherein these devout men drowned their witches, and the public square in which they burned them also. Will not the generations of 200 years hence possibly see where we, too, have been over-zealous, hidebound and intolerant? Of course we joke the pilgrim now regarding his mistaken zeal in burning old people by means of green birch wood, which is a poo fuel and apt to spoil the best job of roasting that we can imagine, but supposing that your eagle eye had discovered that your own mother showed signs of being a witch. fost anybody would resent the hurning o his mother, if she had been a kind and obedient mother. I suppose that there can be nothing more painful than to stand by and see one's mother burned at the stake. Especially is this the case if one should resent it and write a piece regarding it, and then either find it marked "communicated or thrown out altogether.

CAN SHOOT DEER THERE YET. The result has been in Massachusetts, I believe, that in the past 100 years there has been more liberality than almost anywhere else—a sort of reaction from the spirit which led to the use of the baked old lady where now the baked bean is found to be far Plymouth is beautifully situated (so also

is Scituate) and in summer is a very popular place for the fiannel-covered health-seeker of the bargain counter, as well as the overworked but purse proud newspaper man. You would hardly believe that the fishing and hunting were still good around Plymouth after the growth of 250 years, but they are said to be so, and within the past ten years at least 200 deer have been killed within a few miles of where the Pilgrims anded. That shows that Plymouth has been a quiet town. See what Chicago has done in one-fifth of that time, and without bragging over it either. No matter what Chidoes she is never boastful. cago lets her work show for itself. That is what Chicago sees most to admire and appland in herself. Attached to Plymouth



Thinking of the Mauflowe a very enjoyable harbor, which has not ma terially changed since the deckhands of the Mayflower, with that painful deliberation which marks the efforts of the deckhand who loes not swear, made fast the gallant but poorly ventilated little craft.

A SOLILOGUY ON THE MAYFLOWER

In fancy now I see the Mayflower tacking

to and fro, and moving toward Plymouth Rock, where she had advertised to make a landing. As I look over the placid bay with half closed eyes I seem to see, as the boat gets nearer, the faces of those whose children are so soon to be successful and point back with pride to these parents who stand upon the decks of the Mayflower.

Let us look for a moment at these fathers and mothers of the future aristocracy of America. Here is one of them engaged in holystoning the deck. His haggard face shows how hard it has been for him to be a sailer in rough weather and under advance. sailor in rough weather and under adverse circumstances without the use of plug to-bacco or profanity. Here is another head of bacco or profability. Here is another nead of a great American family line. He is just going aloft to close reef the scupper boom on the off side. But what is this he has with him? Ah, now I see, as the boat gets nearer I am able to distinguish more clearly. It is a bright new jag. It is in honor of the successful trip. Many others are now seen to be on the deck. All of them need complete change of scene and linen. They could not any of them get a chance

to-day to sleep in the coachman's annex on the grounds of their swollen descendants, nor on any other grounds perhaps. The whole boat needs airing, and so do the passengers. And yet they are the heads of what will some day be the hyphenated but bilious aristocracy of this timid and shrink-ing little republic.

SOME THINGS THE INDIANS LEARNED. Clark's Island is where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, holding an all-day service and forming a Bible class of aged Indians, who had not seen a Bible, a bathtub or a backslider during the history of the country. Some say that they had never seen snybody burned at the stake till the Pilgrims came, but that I heard at Cape Cod, which is jealous of Plymouth and also trying to get up a boom on Buzzard's Bay.
On the left hand side of the street, if you go as I did-I do not know which is east and west in Plymouth-but on the left hand side if you go along the street as I did, and of sand which spin thread so fine that it takes 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a con your right, of course, if you come the

other way, you will see a rough granite building with Doric columns and a portico to it. It reminds me of a Greek temple which I once lived in while in Europe ac-quiring that polish which is so noticeable in my manner and carriage since I came back. It is more noticeable in my carriage,

I think, than anywhere else.
This is Pilgrim Hall. It is not the first This is Pilgrim Hall. It is not the first and original Pilgrim haul, but we will not dwell on that. Before entering let us wipe our feet carefully on the grass at the road-side in order to avoid unnecessary wear on the scraper at the door. Upon the pediment of the porch you will see a fine allegorical group in demi-relief representing the landing of the Pilgrims. One of the Adamses is just stanning schore with a purel canal is just stepping ashore with a spiral cane and a concordance. Others are following GOT A NEW PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The building was erected in 1824, but 11 years ago it was thoroughly gave over and at great expense refurnished and refitted and a nice new Plymouth Rock that had not been used was put in the place of the old one, which was much out of repair. The name Plymouth Rock was suggested to the Pilgrims by Rutherford B. Hayes, an elderly man who came over on the Mayflower to-gether with a new school of large Percheron hens. These hens he called the Plymouth Rocks, and as it was a rule among them, and one to which they strictly adhered, never to cackle till they had laid an egg, this wonderful characteristic of keeping faith with the public so endeared them to the Pilgrim Fathers that their name is forever identified with the place where they first set foot upon the soil of America.

Inside we find a very good picture of Oliver Cromwell, from a kodak study by Sir Edwin Landseer. Of Cromwell I can only



say, in a wholly unpartisan way, as aid the editor of a paper in Mississippi who, by some strange oversight, in an unguarded moment paid his way in to hear me lecture once, "Some liked him and some did not." The signature of Cromwell was torn off the corner of this portrait by some fiend in human form in the days when visitors were admitted free. Now that admission is charged, we find that relics of the pilgrims do not have to be replaced so often, and a Plymouth Rock, if carefully selected, lasts five to eight years.

THEY CROWDED TOO MUCH. Fronting the entrance at the east end of the hall hangs the large painting of the "Landing" by Henry Sargent. It is a good picture, there being but one criticism that I could offer, and the artist is not to blame, for he could hardly be held responsible. In arranging themselves for the picture the Pilgrim Fathers, evidently learning that there would be no charge for the picture, crowded themselves too much into the fore-ground and worked in members of their families in whom the public does not feel an interest. The picture is valued by those who make painting a business at \$3,000, and

Society in 1834. In 1880 the frame was dusted.

"The Embarkation is another good picture, the original being at Washington. It is the model of a steel engraving used on the model of a steel engraving used on the Government currency—so I am told. It was made by Weir, a great painter, from whom sprang Ikey Weir, the Spider. It is a wonderful family, unmistakable genius hanging out like intellectual wens upon their massive skulls from generation to gen-

The sword of Miles Standish is here. It has an inscription on it which was not translated until 20 years ago, when Prof. Rosedale, a profound scholar and a native of Palestine, the popular summer resort for clergymen, visited Plymouth and translated it for the society. It is Cufic Arabic and a part of it Mediæval Arabic, he said, and I agree with him. It means, as nearly as we are able to translate it, "With peace God ruled his slives, and with the judgment of his arm he troubled the mighty of the wicked." The professor thinks that the incription dates back about 300 years before the Christian Era, though I would say that

the Christian Era, though I would say that
the expression was used as early as the
autumn previous to that.

The intolerance of the Puritan did not
crop out at all during my visit in the State,
except in a Boston bank where I tried to
get a New York check cashed. It was
drawn on the Shoe and Leather Bank,
which is extremely solvent, and by a man
who is worth over a million dollars. I was who is worth over a million dollars. I was identified by a well-known depositor of the Roston bank, who has dealt with it continually for ten years and who is worth half a

TROUBLE AT THE BANK. The cashier scrutinized the check, looked through it at the light to see if I had raised it the tenth power, smelled it, tried it with seids and showed it to an old gentleman who was trying to get a stamp off an elderly envelope by breathing on it so as to use it again, then he said that if the depositor who had introduced me would indorse the check they would cash it. This made me impatient and I left the bank after making some stinging remark which was totally

unworty of me.

I did better, however, with the next bank to which I took my business, as did also, I I am pleased to state, the customer who had so courteously introduced me to his own bank and then been so nastily treated over my shoulders. I do not think it pays to suspect everybody. Why is it that a fresh young teller or cashier, who is just trying it for the first time, seeks to awe and astonish you by his courtesy, while the old head of an old institution is first to oblige you?

HOW THE FOREIGN BANKS DO. I landed in France one time with money and a strong Skowhegan patois to my French. I did not know a soul in France and I wanted to take the first train for Paris. I stepped into a bank at Havre, where I presented my letter of credit, identified myself by means of an old envelope, got \$500 and inside of four minutes was on my way the depot for the Paris train. That was not all. It was done as though it had been a pleasure and a delight to the bank to be of service to me.

In Paris it was the same way. I was not

even suspected of any crime, so far as I could judge, while dealing with the Credit Lyonnaise. A fine reading and writing room, swell stationery and easy chairs were always at my disposal, and my feelings were not even hurt but once, and that was were not even into but once, and that was not intentional.

It was one morning when I was feeling slightly depressed, and while sitting in the parlor of the bank the President of the institution brought me a late and specially dismal number of Punch to read.

of sand which spin thread so fine that it

He did not know how it would pain me or he would not have done it. I cried it full and returned it to him. BILL NYE. ...There are spiders no bigger than a grain

IDEAL BOHEMIA. what you have about your place.

Pretty Onteora High Up on the Side of a Catskill Mountain.

ARTISTS DWELL THERE IN PEACE. Founded by Those Who Fear the Summer

Girl and Her Escort. AS NEAR TO NATURE AS POSSIBLE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] IN THE CATSKILLS, Aug. 12 .- Mrs. Candace Wheeler has done a great many things for the benefit of suffering humanity. She has founded schools of art needlework; she has stirred up capitalists to build a hotel for girl bachelors; and she is the inventor of Onteora. This last would entitle her to a proud place on Fame's eternal bead roll if she had never done anything else, for it is an ideal Bohemia.

I may write explicitly about it because it is not a public resort. No stranger is admitted, no meals or lodgings are on sale to outsiders, and no exploitation can benefit it. The way it came about was this: Mrs. Wheeler, I may say in parenthesis, was born in Delhi, not in the Delhi of "India's coral strands," but in a cool little town in the Catskills bearing that hot little name. Her nativity and her love of nure air and picturesque scenery gave her a fondness for the Catskill Mountains, and after she mar-ried Mr. Wheeler—she was Miss Thurber in her youth-she and her husband, with party of young artists, now gray-bearded Academicians, would spend their summers among the Catskill Mountains.

ARTISTS SLEEPING ON HAY. The Catskills had not at that time become, as they have now, the prey of the summer boarder. Only people who had been born among these mountains and a few artists knew of or appreciated the beauties of this earthly paradise at their very doors. When the Wheelers and their artist friends spent their summers there they lived in a farm house where the Mountain House is now situated. It was a small house, for farming on the rocky mountain sides was not a profitable business, and when more artists came up from the hot city than the place could accommodate, they slept on the hay in the barn and bathed in the brook that bounded over the stones only a few feet

Time makes great changes among the nountain tops as well as on the plains, and it was not many years before the ubiquitous tourist discovered the beauties of the Cattourist discovered the beauties of the Cat-skills, and the artists of the Wheeler party could not set up their easels in front of a splashing waterfall or beside a rocky glen without being surrounded by a bevy of young women in red hats and young men in striped "blazers" who peeped over their shoulders and criticised their work with charming frankness and accentrated their charming frankness and accentuated their criticisms with dangerous flourishes of their alpenstocks.

WANTED TO BE MORE PRIVATE So the Wheelers and the artists put their heads together and decided that it was time or them to "move on" and leave their old haunts to new comers. Mrs. Wheeler and her brother, F. B. Thurber, knowing their Catskills well, chose a spot high up on the mountain side, 2,500 feet above the sea level, which commanded a view that swept over a valley seven miles broad, bounded by a range of mountains from the center of which High Peak and Round Top raised their pine-capped heads. If, by the way, you have any difficulty in knowing "which is which" of these mountains you may set yourself right by remembering that High Peak has the round top and Round Top has the high peak, which shows the perversity of nature, human or otherwise.
On this mountain was a plateau with an

mobstructed view of miles in extent. 'Eureka!" exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler. "Seek no further," replied Mr. Thurber, or words o that effect. They went "to work at once to build them homes on this beautiful spot. Their cottages stand about 500 feet apart. That of Mr. Thurber wife, Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, founder of the National Conservatory of Music. It is built of logs with the bark peeled off, so that time has given them a silver hue that is very effective and very lovely.

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE. This cottage has been added to and im-proved so that it now has a big music room, besides a drawing room, a living room, endless bedrooms, piazzas and every-thing to make a country house delightful. The Wheeler house is built of clapboards. painted a dull red. A wide piazza faces the mountain range beyond the valley, and you enter from this at once the principal room

enter from this at once the principal room of the house. This is drawing room, library, dining room and everything combined.

Opposite the door a wood fire crackles in the big chimney-place, unexpected windows let in the sunlight around the wall, and expectant lounges invite you from quiet corners to rest and enjoy yourself. On the walls, which are a pale terra cotta color, Miss Dora Wheeler, now Mrs. Boudi-not Keith, painted the portraits of friends who have visited "Penny-Royal," for that is the modest name of the place. There is the head of a handsome matron, and here is the strong face of Mark Twain. Growing plants and wild flowers adorn the room and mingle their perfume with that of the burning pine boughs. Around the corner of the house, just beyond an enormous bed of ferns, is the studio that Mrs. Wheeler built for her daughter. Its great glory is its fire-place. The chimney is built of rough stones. and the fireplace is wide enough to take in huge logs four or five feet long.

AND THE OTHERS FOLLOWED. Here the Wheelers and the Thurbers lived for several years alone; that is, there were no houses near them. Alone, without guests, they never were, for the artists who had camped in the farmhouse barns came up the mountain side and stayed under their hospitable groofs. Their cottages were always full, and finally their friends began to selve why they couldn't huy and build there ask why they couldn't buy and build there,

too, "We should like to summer in the Cats-"We should like to summer in the Cate-kills if we could only get, away from the regular summer boarder—the girl in the red felt hat and the young man in the yellow striped blazer. Why won't you let us come up here?"

After talking the matter over the Wheel-

ers and the Thurbers decided to found a summer village, over which they should have control—so they could choose their fellow-villagers and not be crowded to the wall by Tom, Dick and Harry. The name Onteora, which means "Hills of the sky," was given to the settlement, and then the merry ring of the woodman's axe and the carpenter' nammer was heard from among the trees and

DEN OF AN EDITRESS.

Among the pioneers was Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas Magazina. Mrs. Dodge's cottage, like all the cottages along the thoroughfare, backs upon the road and faces the view. In Onteora they do things unconventionally and rationally. Mrs. Dodge's cottage is a little more pretentious—that is not the word exactly, but I can think of none other at the moment—than most of the others in at the moment—than most of the others in its fittings up, but then she occupies it for five months of the year. Its walls are plastered and tinted, and low bookcases filled with choice books and laden with brica-brac run around the sides where they are not crowded out by wide lounges. A gay colored nammock swings in an alcove.

In the center of the room is a large table. Around this latter the household gathers at meal time; around it they sit at night when

the lamp is lighted and the fire crackles on the hearth, for one room serves as dining and the other and of both together. room, drawing room and living room in Onteors cottages. The fireplace is the center of attraction in these cottages, for there is never a day when one is not lighted on the hearth. It is always cool enough in the evening for one, and very often in the

day time. Wood is cheap in this part of the world. Two dollars a cord is all I paid, and that is cheaper than hiring a man to split up

EVERY WRITER HAS A DEN. To return for a moment to Mrs. Dodge's cottage, I may say without being too personal that she has a "den" fitted up on the second floor of the cottage, and there she edits St. Nicholas, which is published away beyond that distant mountain range. Mrs. Dodge has always had a "den" to work in. Hers was the first room of this sort that I Hers was the first room of this sort that I ever saw. That was 20 years ago, when I lived in Newark and she a few miles out in the country at Waverly." Dens" were not so common in those days—perhaps because there were fewer literary lions to occupy them. Now every girl who writes sonnets to the moon has a "den" fitted up to write them in

them in. . The charm of this private resort in the Catskills is that it is unlike any other place. There you can "rough it" amid refined surroundings. The people who go there do so because they want to get away from the whirl of fashion for at least three or four months of the year, but who at the same time want congenial companionship. It is the aim of the organisation to suppress any evidence of wealth on the part of its members. The poor and proud have as good quarters and live as well as the rich and great, Most of the cottages are built of slabs. Perhaps you don't know what slabs are? I confess that I did not until I visited the mountain settlement. EVERYTHING HAS THE BARK ON.

They are the first cuttings from the log when it is taken to the sawmill to be turned into boards. Every log has four slabs and the bark is, of course, left on them for building purposes. There are no cellars un-der the cottages—they are not needed. The cottages are mounted on stone legs so that the air has full play underneath them. The the air has full play undernenth them. The frame is first set on these legs, then rough boards are nailed on the frame, and over these boards, on the outside, the slabs are nailed. This naturally gives the appearance of logs and is much less expensive.

The inside of the cottages is finished to suit the taste of the owner. Very few are plastered. Usually heavy terra cotta colored paper, such as is used by builders, is tacked over the rough boards, and where the paper is joined "hoop poles" of white birch, with the bark on, are nailed over the joints. This makes a capital background joints. This makes a capital background for such interior decorations as are to be found in the mountains—wall pockets of birch bark, filled with ferns or golden rod or purple aster, or later on with gay colored autumn leaves. The railing of the stairs which run from the living room is made of birch saplings, and the pegs to hang hats and coats on are cut from the same material.

LUXURY ENDS WITH A BATH TUR.

A carpenter from Tannersville makes tables and window seats for you with planed board tops and bark covered legs. The bedsteads and mattrasses come from a factory 12 miles away, and are as comfortable as you have been in your city home, and you have an English bath tub sent up from New York, but with these luxury ends, or should. There are some people who fit up their cottages with brie-a-brac and upholstered furniture, but to me the charm of the thing is the absence of anything that reminds one of city life. The entire furniture of my cabin cost \$200, and this included every-thing but bedding—sheets and blankets I mean—and I kept house, or I could have kept house if I wanted to.

What I did was to have breakfast and tea

at home and take my 2 o'clock dinner at the club house. This enabled me to get along with one servant, which is always a consideration in a summer outing. My cottage was so situated that I had an uninterrupted view of the wide valley and the distant mountain range. I speak of it in the past tense, for I have sold it, and it now belongs tense, for I have sold it, and it now belongs to Mr. Laurence Hutton, who has changed its name from "Cloud Cabin," which I gave it, to "Lookout," the name of of his father's home in the hills of Scotland.

A MOUNTAIN PARADISE. When I sat on my piazza at "Cloud Cabin" and gazed off into the mountainous distance it seemed to me that the only world was the one that lay before me—the one be-yond that range of hills was of no interest-to me—this was Paradise—that beyond Baby-lon, and the protecting mountains stood be-tween us. But a busy writer cannot spend the whole day, even in vacation time, in ireaming dreams.

In the middle of my living room a huge chimney protruded its stony breast, and on the wide hearth a fire of birch logs and pine boughs shot out grateful flames and nerfumed the place. In a big bay window stood my working table, and there I tried to do my duty; but who can work with such a view as mine at his door and such a fire as that on his hearth inviting his attention! My nearest neighbor was John Brooks Leavitt, of New York, whose family occupy the cottage, which they call "Upenough," from the time the buds appear in May until they can exclaim with Miss Thomas, as they look out upon the red and yellow leaves-How cold a touch hath set the woods on fire.

SOME OF THE HABITUES. Up a little higher, on a rock-bound plateau, stands the cabin and studio of Car-roll Beckwith, the painter. Mr. Beckwith and his wife have lived a great deal abroad, and have never really kept house until they set up their mountain home. Here they have gathered their lares and penates about them, and they have a fascinating place. In the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists was a very life-like portrait of Mark Twain in a flannel shirt and with a corncob pipe in his mouth. This was painted by Mr. Beckwith at Onteora last summer. Mark Twain had a cottage there summer. Mark Twain had a cottage there then, and every morning he gave readings from Browning—"Browning free-and-easys" he called them, because every one in the settlement was free to attend, and flannel shirts were "full dress." This year Mr. Clemens is not at Onteora, and we mourn his loss. He will return, however, but will

he resume the free-and-easys?

After dinner you stroll along the cottage bordered wall to the open beyond to see the sunset behind the mountains. On your way back you stop at a friend's piazza and finish the evening among the pillows of a low-swung hammock. Then you stroll up to your own cabin, and if it is your first night at Onteora you marvel at the enormous fire-flies flickering through the woods, only to learn that they are the swinging lanterns of cottagers who, like you, have been spending the evening with friends, and who, again like you, are now on their way home and to bed, where they will sleep the sleep that only comes with pure air and a clear con JEANETTE L. GILDER

THE CLEVELANDS BY THE SEA. Difference in Tastes, but They Man to Equalize the Pleasure.

eton Globe.

Mr. Cleveland and his wife appear to have come to a most amicable arrangement for the most enjoyable pursuit of their special cottages sprang up on every side. To-day pleasures and pastimes. He takes a drive there are 25 of these cottages. with her around to the Jefferson, not so much because he is so fond of driving, for he is not especially so, but more to please his sweet better half. On the other hand, she is not especially fond of boating, fishing or the water. Dry land with plenty of water close by, meets her pleasure rather

better.

But Grover must go fishing. He usually goes alone in his small craft, but when a more substantial craft, like the steam yacht nore substantial craft, like the steam yacht Oneida, heaves in sight down the bay with a well-known and jolly crowd aboard, it's different with her. Then Mrs. Cleveland repays her husband for his kindness in en-toxing her pleasure drives with har. She he. joying her pleasure drives with her. She be comes interested at once in the water, or rather what is upon it. The fair young wife is in healthy spirits. She likes company and vivagity to accompany her recuperative days in fair proportion, and the couple ap-pear to take advantage of circumstances most cleverly to unite the fancy of the one

-Mr. H. E. Wells, of Imlay City, Mich. who enlisted in a Michigan regiment and was captured during the war, has not shaved since he left Andersonville prison. His beard is now 5 feet nine taches in length.

Interesting Process by Which Diamond Reef Is Being Removed.

SKIMMING THE SEA FOR FOOD.

Round-Shouldered People Can Straighten Up by a Simple Exercise.

TAKING COLD BATHS IN THE MORNING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, 1

One of the most useful pieces of apparatus now used in the removal of dangerous shoals is the sand pump. This pump is of the centrifugal type, provided with a long suction pipe, and it comes into play when the ramoval of the softer materials that may form part of the reefs and shoals being operated on is required. Through the long suction pipe a stream of water mixed with sand and bowlders is drawn, which rapidly removes all such matter from the neighborhood of its operation. This pump constitutes a p. rt of an exten-

sive plant carried by a scow detailed to effect the removal of the Diamond Reef, one of the most dangerous shoals in New York Harbor. The operations of the scow are four-fold, and consist of drilling in the rock, hoisting, sounding and sand-pumping. The drill bars are introduced into tubes suitably placed and worked from drilling engines on the upper deck of the scow. They accomplish their work by their own impact, exactly as in drilling an artesian well, the tubes acting as guides. In this way holes of any desired size are bored rapidly. Cartridges charged with dynamite or other explosive are placed in tee holes and exploded by electrical de tonators after the seew has been withdrawn to a safe distance, the charges having been to a said distance, the charges inving been placed in the holes by a diver. After the explosion derricks on the deck of the scow are brought into use. Divers are sent down, who load the rock upon platforms, whence it is hoisted to the surface and dumped into the scow, to be removed

The Camera and the Wheel. W. I. L. Adams gives some useful hints to

wheelmen who are also devotees of the camera. By carrying a camera, a traveler through an interesting country is enabled to secure souvenirs that are invaluable. There are a number of cameras especially designed for bicyclists. The pocket photographic outfit, consisting, as it does, of a BaxPa-inch camera, with a double dry-plate holder, hinged ground glass, and weighing only 13 ounces, is about the best. This little outfit contains an excellent lens. It may be carried in the pocket when not in use, and in photographing it can be adjusted to the han-dies of the machine by an adjustable support. It makes capital pictures. Larger in struments are carried packed, attached to the wheel by a spring carrier, which is a kine the wheel by a spring carrier, which is a kind of skeleton frame work on springs, mounted in front of the handle bar. Twelve or Is pounds may thus be carried without danger of breakage, or without putting extra weight on the pedals. The larger cameras may also be used on the handles of the machine, a steel support being furnished for holding the wheel rigid while the exposure is being made; or, if a tripod is carried, which some wheelmen prefer, the camera is set up on its legs and the photograph is made in the usual manner. Most cyclists prefer, on the whole, the hand camera. It is usually supplied with a good instantaneous lens, so that "snap" pictures may be made at the right hand or the left during the run in the country.

Dish for Travelers on the Sea. The Prince of Monaco, who has for some

vears devoted himself to scientific exploration, has pointed out that a food supply of immense value has hitherto been almost ntirely overlooked. He says that the Copepods, that swarm in enormous numbers in the surface waters of the sea; offer nutritious matter that would be very acceptable to shipwrecked sailors, who otherwise might starve. This view is now confirmed by the letter of a correspondent, who describes an experience of the North Cape, (Norway):

"The net, when hauled in, contained about three tablespoonfuls of a large red Copedod (Calanus finmarchicus, I think), apparently a pure gathering—what Hacekel would call a monotonic plankton. We conveyed our material at once to the galley, washed it in a fine colander, boiled it for a few minutes with butter, sait and pepper, poured it into a dish, covereth it with a thin layer of melted butter, set it in ice to cool and stiffen, and in this morning for breakfast on thin bread and butter, and found it most excellent. The taste is less prenounced than thu, of the surface waters of the sea; offer nutritious The taste is less pronounced than thut of shrimps, and has more the flavor of lobster. Our 20 minutes haul of the small net through a mile or two of sea made, when cooked in butter, a dishful which was shared by eight

Morning Cold Baths.

A writer in the Lancet states that several patients have came to him complaining that from time to time, especially in winter, in he early part of the day, they have expec torated mucus tinged with blood. In each case there was no loss of strength or weight and the chest sounds were healthy. The men, however, were not of a vigorous type, and they were all accustomed to have a cold bath summer and winter. The assumption arising from this fact is, that the sudden application of intensely cold water to the whole surface of the skin, raised the internal blood pressure too abruptly, and hence the oozing of the blood through the walls of the capillary vessels lying beneath the lining membrane of the throat or larvax, or possimembrane of the throat or larynx, or possibly the lungs. It was found that the unjeasant symptom disappeared as soon as the temperature of the ley cold water was reasonably increased. The practice of taking a cold bath is now so universal that it is as well to know that although the strong man may include in it with impunity, and even with benefit, the weak man must exercise some little discretion.

To Straighten the Shoulders Round shoulders are so objectionable from every point of view that any practicable and easy way of preventing them should be widely made known. A cotemporary states, however, that those who have round states, however, that those who have round shoulders may make themselves shapely and healthy if they will but bestow a little trouble and perseverance on the process. This consists in going through the simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self-upon the tees leisurely in a persendient rousiling several times a day. pendicular position several times a day. A perfectly upright position must be taken, with the heeis together, and the toes at an angle of 45°. The arms must be dropped lifessly by the side, perfectly relaxed, the chest must be drawn to its full muscular to the chest must be drawn to the full muscular to the chest must be drawn to the full muscular to the chest must be drawn to the full muscular to the chest must be drawn t chest must be drawn to its full muscular capacity and the chin will be drawn in The further instructions are to slowly rise up on the balls of the feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; then to come into a standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this exercise persistently and good effects will soon be noticed.

A Model Letter Box.

All who have suffered the annoyance of having their morning papers stolen from the front door steps will welcome the relief which is assured by a new form of letter which is assured by a new form of letter box. This box is attached to the inside of the onter or street door of the store or dwelling. It is accessible from without at all hours, access to it being gained by means of a swinging door or gate, which may be made as ornamental as desired, and if necessary may have the owner's name engraved upon it, and serve as a door plate. The width of this combination door plate and letter slot is sufficient to admit, beside letters, papers and small packages of merchandise. The prockages by an inconjous arrangement fall as sunction to admit, beside leaders, papers and small packages of merchandise. The packages, by an ingenious arrangement, fall behind and below the box into a receptacle placed there for their accommodation, and the letters fall directly into the box, which the letters fall directly into the box, which a clever device guards so completely that the improper abstraction of its contents is impossible. This object is attained by a swinging gate, which, while easily pressed in by the weight of the letters, in the carrier's hands will close tightly as soon as the hand is withdrawn.

Cuspidor Carrier and Cleaner,

A novel instrument has been designed for the manipulation of cuspidors or similar receptacles without soiling of the hands or dress of the operator. The invention con-sists of a shaft made of suitable length, and sists of a shaft made of suitable length, and mounted to turn at its upper end in a frame, with a handle for carrying. A semi-spherical brush is removably secured to the lower end of the shaft, and adapted to pass into the receptacle to be cleaned. A bevei gear wheel fixed on the handle imparts a rotary motion to the shaft and revolves the brush, and a series of rods extending downward therefrom engage the inside of the receptacle at its neck, and thus enable the operator to carry it. When it is desired to clean a cuspidor the operator takes hold of the device by the handle, pushes the brush into position and turns the handle. The brush is then revolved inside the cuspidor and the work of cleaning is accomplished.