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THE HERALD.

Suffering from the Heat.

"Thousands and thousands of people left the city this afternoon," the burly Captain said as he slowly walked up from the pier of the Fall River steamer, yesterday afternoon. And so they did, but scores and hundreds of thousands remained behind and last night sweltered in the fearful heat that blazed over the metropolis.

There are deeper depths than these, and into them plunged the inquisitive scribe, intent on observation of perspiration. And he found it.

There are three kinds of metropolitan entrances which may be of interest to the patriotic reader—the Celtic, the Teutonic, and the Italian. In Crosby street, not far from the corner of Prince street, and farther down town toward the classic Cambis, is a colony of Italians. Their industrial pursuits are divided into active search for rags in barrels, boxes, streets, and gutters, and the twist of the organ handle, together with the drill of the reluctant monkey.

In every home, rickety, tumble-down, dirty, and insecure, live a score of families, family composition of pa, ma, five to nine children, one to three organs and one monkey on an average. Occasionally there is a family of sufficiently good pecuniary condition to permit of their occupying an entire story, but such instances are rare.

From 8 o'clock until after 12 these persons congregate on the stoops, on the sidewalks, perched on curbs, in wagons, on ash-barrels, under the steps, and in the windows.

At half past 11 last evening, as the sweet sound in heads on the face of the writer, whose only exertion consisted in puffing a deodorizing cigar, an Italian with his wife approached one of the Crosby street houses. On his back was slung a hand organ; in his arms slept a venerable monkey. He bent beneath his load, and damned the weather in low Italian. His wife wore a yellow turban and a cheap smock, but as she pushed before her a common wagon, in which lay two sturdy-limbed babies, she rolled her eyes and wiped her face and gazed about.

Their arrival attracted no special notice, and they entered the house just as an aged woman reached the door. She was a sturdy, well-to-do, and on her back toiled up stairs, up stairs, and separated—the organ grinder, the front room, the rag picker, to the back.

As the old woman opened her door an older as well as herself peered the air. On a stove was frying fish. In one corner a feather bed; in another a heap of nasty rags. The writer ventured to speak.

"Good evening, Madam."
"What you want?"
"Are you very tired?"
"My God, yes; I'm dead."
"What time did you go out?"
"At five o'clock this morning."
"Are these children yours?"
"No; they are my grand children."
"There were four, ranging in years from two to ten."
"Do you all live here?"
"Yes, and my two sons."
"Where are they?"

The question brought its answer, for into the room came two low-browed, boisterous fellows, thirty and twenty-five years of age. They had been drinking, and were ugly. Each had a big pug nose and a long, thin, black, and thick stick chucked us all and made them laugh.

No washing was done, but in a brief time all gathered about the pine table and in the room heated by the sun, heated by the fire, lighted by a candle, and perfumed by the fish, the rags and the seven regular occupants, the festive gatherings of ill-considered trifles made their evening meal.

On the slanting roof nearly a dozen men sat and smoked. On the stairs the women were sitting. Some were wedded to partners of like color; more are not. It would be idle to enter into details. The majority of the men were smoking. A majority of the women were wearing. Great heaps of starched cloths were being sprinkled by hand, the charcoal stove heated the iron, and the atmosphere defied the thermometer.

Avenues A and B were a sight to behold. A long line of tenements there "accommodated" thousands of men, women, and children, and it seemed as if they were all out for a picnic by the light of the moon. The hearts of even the police were touched, and the guardians of the peace refrained from clubbing the little ones who lay scattered far and near in picturesque groupings and fast asleep. Short pants were a feature with the men, the short skirts with the women. Now and then there was evidence of John Barleycorn's presence, but that was earlier in the evening.

In Roosevelt, Frankfort, Cherry, and Water streets on the east side, and in Rector, Sullivan, Green, and Thompson on the west, the Irish population swarmed intensely. In the earlier times of New York, when the streets were shorter, they were also narrower. In many of these, within a radius of a quarter of a mile of the City Hall, the poorer classes of Irish-Americans live, and their condition in a night like last night is pitiable. Huddled in tenements where the halls are narrow, the ceilings low, the rooms small, the ventilation imperfect, the sewage dangerous, and the rent extortionate, they gasp and suffer, and barely exist.

Even in the best appointed, when a minor system of flats prevails, the case is only a trifle better. Children are numerous, and meals must be cooked. Fortunately, some there is some improvement in the labor market, and in spite of the terrible heat very many of the husbands and fathers earn a dollar and a half a day. These men would resist sleep, but they can't get it. In Cherry a man in a red shirt, with his trousers stuck in his boot legs, was sitting last evening on a low stoop talking with his wife and neighbors, the children either asleep on the pavement or playing behind the barrels.

"You look heated."
"I do," he said.
"Have you work?"
"Yes, in Twenty-third street, on the church."

"Well, if you go to work at 6, I should think you'd like to have a night's rest. Why don't you go to bed?"

The man scratched his head, pulled at his pipe, and then, as if struck by a humorous idea, said:
"Well, come here, now. Come up to the room with me."

He led the way to the top of the house, four stories up. His room is a middle room, getting its sole ventilation through the tunnel that runs the length of the building. In it were three beds, one on the bedstead, two on the floor. The other furniture was a stove, still hot, a wash-tub, a pine table, two chairs, cloth press, and a candle, of course. The air was close and foul.

"Well?" he said.
There being nothing to say in reply, heers were suggested, the money paid, and "Good night" said.

In Roosevelt street the smell from the garbage boxes was fearful. In Water street it was the same. In the narrow streets north of Fulton ferry, where stores occupy the first stories, and the upper ones are rented to various families, the whole population was turned en masse upon the streets.

Franklin square was alive with women and children. The steps of Harper's building afforded beds for hundreds. The bridge anchorage is a favorite lounging place for the overheated residents of that section of the city, and the south street piers were lined with men and boys.

The Pawnee War. The following lines with Gen. Estabrook's note appended—written years ago, at the time of the "Pawnee war" are too good to be lost and we help preserve them for future use.

ESTABROOK'S NOTE. Editor Nebraskaian:—The following rhymes were recited in camp, by several gentlemen who saw them drop from the "machine," and who were so kind as to profess to be amused by them, desire to see them in print. It may serve a two-fold purpose, first, as a remembrance to them of events not wholly without interest, and second, as evidence to you of how hard we were pushed for amusement. E.

A SONG.
Tune—"Old Boston the Doc."
Ye warriors from battle-fields glory,
Come listen a moment to me,
While I sing of the deeds full of glory
In the war with the bloody Pawnee.

Beneath our commander's broad pennant,
We marshaled our forces in line,
And took Uncle Sam's Lieutenant,
And made him a Colonel so fine.

The picked men, the wise, the respected,
The flower of the country were there,
From these, with great care, was selected
A staff by the brave General Thayer.

Their merits were tested severely;
They were men who from foes (squaws)
never run.
But to give you my meaning more clearly,
I will say "the subscriber" was one.

We had great men, but some didn't know it,
Men of mark with the sword and the pen,
The statesman, the scholar, the poet,
And candidates—say about ten.

Were we paired with a brute or a felon,
The belly-ache, or a stiff neck,
We had only to call on McCellan,
Or our own faithful surgeon, Doc. Peck.

There are many of war-ascendancy—
Especially if it be cool—
Let such quit a potato delirious,
Like us, from the green manhood cool.

'Tis the same where the buffalo wallows,
Let him stoop, the potato to draw,
A red-hot white the foul draught he swallows,
On the pale, the lee, and the straw.

At meals, "mid confusion and chatter
When halting at night or at noon,
Some five or six ate from one platter,
And ten of us licked at one spoon.

Our eye-lids were strangers to slumber;
We needed not hunger or pain,
While we followed these days without number,
Over-land-hill, and valley, and plain.

No false one his treason was showing,
No timid one wished to turn back,
While along the dark trail we were going,
We watched for the moose-trail track.

At length far away in the valley
The light of their camp-fires appeared,
And the bugle-notes bidding us rally,
With joy emotions was heard.

Like Pat on a peck of gerators,
Like Dickie on cabbage or kraut,
So we on those dangerous traitors,
Deserter and put them to rout.

Like rats from a ship's confagration,
Like flies from a well-lit fire,
So scattered the whole Pawnee nation
At the sound of our rallying cry.

I'll not tell you who out the best figure,
or who in the battle fought best;
But the warrior who first pulled his trigger,
It is fair to inform you, was West.

But now when the wars are all over,
And peace and security reign,
Let us bring forth the big-bellied bottle,
And drink to the Pawnee campaign.

Trout Fishing in Truckee River.

A correspondent of the Sacramento Union has been visiting the trout fisheries of the Truckee, and from his letter we make a few extracts. He says: The trout go up the river in schools of thousands, toward their spawning beds. If unimpeded in their course they would separate into numberless crystalline trout brooks and deposit their spawn far up the stream, out of reach of sawmills or fishermen. But just the most of the Sierra Nevada, in the State of Nevada, close to the California line, is the Verdi dam. This dam has been constructed to supply a fine saw mill with water power, and great precaution was taken to arrange a suitable fishway at one end. The water is made to flow over a sort of apron, or plank floor, which has such a gradual incline that any fish can ascend. This fishway is further improved by means of the rocks and arch of the river bank. There is a large pool or eddy just at the foot, and lower side of the apron, where the fish collect in great numbers to rest preparatory to making the final leap, or struggle, which carries them over the dam. The fishermen, however, fasten two or three heavy plank, just along the upper edge of the apron, and so the trout find an impassable wall at the place where they should be to be lost and help preserve them for future use.

Such rest, thus, impatient, struggling prisoners as are these mountain trout cannot be found elsewhere. They attempt to leap over the main dam, only to be hurled back by the falling water. They stand on the apron, and strike the main apron of the dam with terrific and frequently fatal force. They bruise their bodies and heads until oftentimes they die. They learn nothing from experience, but continue to jump against the dam, until worn and exhausted into the eddies formed by the piers of the dam. One can watch for hours these poor, desperate things in their brave struggle to get over the dam, without having a moment elaps in which some trout is not leaping through the air and against the dam.

Generally from one to a dozen fish are visible at the same time. It is a grand but a pitiful sight to watch the great speckled beauties in their vain endeavors to get over the dam. But the pitiful merges into the horrible when one sees the merciless grabhooks let down into the stream, quivering exhausted masses of trout gathered in the eddies below the piers. By means of the short, unyielding rod, a succession of quick upward jerks is given to the four hunky joints of the grab-hook. The water is full of foam from the cascade, and circles in blinding whirl around the piers. The fish are crushed and killed by their fruitless leaps, and readily die against the sharp, needle-like points of the barbed hooks. Once impaled, the struggle begins. The hook may have entered underneath the head, or the body, or it may have pierced the side, or the fins, or the tail. At the first moment of its fright the startled fish darts away with a fury of strength that is marvellous. A large fish is almost ungovernable during the first frenzy of its death-struggle. The fisherman's only plan is to let the trout weary itself with its madened plunges, and leaps, and struggles, and then a dextrous twitch land it on the pier. More than half the time the fish makes some terrible bound and tears himself from the hook, only to float with the ear torn, and mangled, and dying.

A Little Island. Far, far away, in the German Ocean, or North Sea, there is a pretty island called Heligoland.

It is only a mile long, and not more than half an mile wide, but small as it is, the children who live there dearly love their island home. I will give you a description of the interior of one of their homes.

It is a tiny cottage, with a roof made of red tiles. There are two little girls, Gretchen and Lisie Wana; and their grandma is giving them their lunch of black bread and caviar, which they like as much as you do white bread and honey.

The black bread is a queer-shaped loaf. It has a thick, sweet crust, and is very nice after one has learned to like it.

Caviar is the roe of the sturgeon prepared and salted, and in many places is considered a great luxury, and serves as a lunch to the children who have been good all the year. To me it is very "fishy," and exceedingly disagreeable.

The children are happy as birds all day long. They play on the shore and among the rocks, where they find many curious things which the sea tosses up to them.

In summer Heligoland is a very lovely place. The beautiful blue waves dance about in the sunshine, their white foam-caps glistening like snow. Sea-gulls and swallows come in great flocks, and the water is so clear that we can look down to the ocean-bed of bright pebbles, and can see the exquisite plants or sea-weeds, as they are called, pink, and green, and white, and brown, waving far below us.

These sea-weeds are gathered and pressed, and if well done, they are as delicate and fine upon the paper as if painted there. Some of them are as red as roses, others are purple and pale brown, green, and a variety of tints. There are no trees on the island, only low shrubs, grass and wild-flowers.

Very few of the people have ever seen a horse or cow; goats and sheep are the only animals to be found there. Shouldn't you think it would be strange to live way out at sea on a solitary rock and island?

Yet I suppose poor little Gretchen and Lisie would pine away from homesickness, if we were to bring them to our green fields, and mountains, and woods, and meadows; for home is the sweetest place, after all, wherever it may be.

Another Use for Sheep. In an establishment at Oakland, California, the entrails of sheep are used for making very serviceable belting machinery. First the entrails are cleaned and soaked for a few days in brine. The prepared material is then given to a working machine that is ready for working up either in ropes or flat belts. A three-quarter inch rope of this material is capable of bearing a strain of seven tons. The material, furthermore, is very durable, more than twice as durable as hemp.

Japanese Customs.

Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots), and small, well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, although the present emphasis has set the face against these time-honored observances. The Japanese in general affect a simple style of dress without gaudy colors or ostentatious ornaments; except for fastening up their hair, even women wear no jewelry, and do not, like their Aryan sisters, pierce the cartilage of the nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where common laborers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is a sufficient protection against all intrusion—even that of burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried almost to ludicrous excess. Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people.

In a communication to a scientific paper, Mr. Watt, a Magistrate of Dominica, West Indies, gives a remarkable instance of hereditary transmission. In 1837 an English man-of-war landed there some captured slaves, one of them, William Laidlaw, had six fingers on each hand. Of his four children all had six fingers, and one six toes on each foot. His eldest son's children have six fingers on each hand, and the five children of his second son had the same number.

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