

CAPE MAY SIGHTS.

A Vertible Leg Show Patronized by the Elite.

Cape May Letter to Chicago Times.

Here is where people bathe in style, and here is where you see outlandish dresses that attract attention. There is no such bathing ground in the United States. Boston has beaches, and good ones—Nantucket beach especially—but low water is too cold. People bathe at Newport, but it is too cold there, also, and the fogs are the bane of the place. Atlantic City boasts of a long stretch of sand, but it is full of holes, and drowning accidents are numerous. A man by the name of Conling has donned his bathing suit and designed to mix with the crowd at Long Branch. But there is an undertone which is dangerous. Cape May has the ideal beach on its coast. Safe! Yes, safe as a barn door and as smooth. Cony Island, covered with dead cats and debris of all sorts, has no surf to compare with the Cape. It rolls in from the broad Atlantic with nothing to hinder, and breaks in sparkling foam upon the hard sand with the roar of a platoon of artillery or a clap of thunder just overhead. Nobody thinks of missing the bathing. The water is so cold, or she may prefer to remain on dry land, but everybody is on the beach at midday, taking it all in. And there is lots to take in, too. A physiologist can study anatomy from the broad walk which skirts the beach without moving ten feet. His subjects will come to him, and he can study the curves of nature to his heart's content. People talk of the ballet and the elegance of the stage. Fought that is nothing. Right here on Cape May's beach, sanctified by the customs of society, is the greatest 1-1-2 show on earth. There is nothing like it, and it is all free. Suppose a Chicago girl should give a garden party and invite a hundred or two of her acquaintances, male and female. Suppose each girl should get herself up regardless, her only object being to display her form to the best advantage. Suppose a single garment should be her only clothing—a garment fitting closely to her neck, belted at the waist, and buckled at the knees, with a short skirt like a ballet-girl's, falling from the waist to the knee-pans. Then suppose her to saunter out under the trees with her round, plump, dimpled arms bare above the elbow; with her long, golden hair falling loosely down her back, and already beautifully-worked stockings fitting closely to her lower limbs, her only foot covering. In this costume let her lean on her lover's arm and parade around for an hour, talking romance and nonsense. What would Chicago think of it all? And what would society think of the girl who gave the garden party and of the girls who attended it? And yet this is the kind of show you can see on the beach any day at noon. The girls parade about with scant costumes, and the scancier the costumes the more society looks on and applauds. It wouldn't be sanctioned for a moment up the city upon the Delaware, but here—well, it's the thing to do, and that settles it. Let me take you down for an hour or so on the beach. It is 11 o'clock, and already the people are coming down from the hotels and cottages. Most of the cottagers know how to bathe, and enjoy it. Some of the girls dress themselves for the surf at home, and carefully trip down to the water and plunge in. A residence of a few weeks gives them confidence, and many of them can float on their backs, and even swim a few strokes. But the hit of the season is the girl from the Stockton, and Congress Hall, and Columbia, and the Windsor, and the fashionable hotels always go the bath-houses. The bath-houses stretch along the divide, facing the water, for half a mile. By half past 11 most of the girls are ready to undergo the public gaze. By noon all the bathers are on the beach. It is a lively spot. Here comes a perfect beauty tripping down from her bath-house. I saw her only an hour ago on the Stockton piazza, and some one pointed her out as the prettiest girl at the hotel. She is from Baltimore. She is gotten up to kill. Her loose hair is flowing down her back, only caught together slightly with a blue ribbon. A dainty little straw hat covers her head. Her costume is of dark blue flannel, edged with white. Like most of the bathing-suits it falls to her knees only, leaving her limbs entirely free from all encumbrance. The most marked feature of her costume is her beautiful stockings, which must have cost several dollars. They are of a very fine silk, evidently imported, with the most beautiful and dainty tracings upon them. A young man accompanies her also attired in a neat fitting suit of blue. She trips over the sand, clutching his arm occasionally as she apparently stumbles a little. Her arms are bare to the elbow. Everybody looks at her. Bare arms and well-turned ankles are so common here that there is no novelty about them, and it is only when they belong to pretty girls that they attract admirers. The plain or medium girl who goes into a neat fitting suit and enjoys it could not get a corporal's guard. Indeed, I doubt if anybody would notice her if her entire clothing consisted of a linen sheet, or if she had no clothing on at all. At the water's edge the couple stop and gaze about them. Why don't they plunge in? As I ask myself this question, I hear a voice behind me murmuring: "Push! She don't dare to go into the water." I turn to see who is speaking. Near by are two young ladies. They are lookers-on. "Who is she?" asked one of them. "I don't know—Miss Somebody—other, from Baltimore. I refused to be introduced to her only last night. She's all sham."

"Why, what do you mean, Belle?" asked another one.

Belle smiled significantly and pointed to the bather's bust. "Conspicuous," she murmured with a slight sneer.

"Oh that's nothing, Belle," protested the other. "Most of the girls wear corsets in the water this year, it's the style."

"Don't care if it is," put in Belle. "You mark my words. She won't go into the water, now you see. Why, she would all fall to pieces if she did. She looks very nice and plump and pretty now, but the water would make her a fright. That's her beau with

her. Do you suppose she is going to show what an elegant form she hasn't got by going into the water? Well, you see, she is all sham. The water would pull her dress all down and would show every bit of padding about it." And Belle tosses her head disdainfully, while I wonder, can such things be? Belle is right. The beautiful hair is not wet with salt water. The young girl steps into the foam which rolls upon the beach, and, with an affected little scream, jumps back in an instant. "Oh, it's so cold!" she cries, although her ankle had hardly been wet. Her escort comes to her rescue, and, after a sufficient amount of tagging, the girl allows herself to be dragged in up to the knee. But no further will she go. In a moment she is out. And I see through it all. The beautiful silk stockings cling close to her limbs, and are prettier than ever. It is a very pretty ankle, but she is not so sure of it, and she is not so sure of it, and she is not so sure of it.

A Moral for Railway Kings.

Georgia is one of the States which have attempted to regulate railroads, her constitution expressly conferring the power to regulate rates upon the legislature, "whose duty it shall be to pass laws from time to time to regulate freight and passenger tariffs, to prohibit unjust discriminations, and to enforce the same by adequate penalties." Similarly, the constitution of Illinois declares railroads public highways, and provides that the legislature shall from time to time pass laws establishing reasonable maximum rates, also to correct abuses and prevent unjust discriminations, and to enforce such laws by adequate penalties, to the extent, if need be, of forfeiture of property and franchises. In 1871, Judge Lawrence, Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court—afterward punished by the Grangers by defeat at the polls—overthrew the law of 1871, in the Chicago Alton railroad case, on the ground that, although the power to punish unjust discrimination and extortion, enforcing such laws by adequate penalties, to the extent, if need be, of forfeiture of property and franchises. In 1871, Judge Lawrence, Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court—afterward punished by the Grangers by defeat at the polls—overthrew the law of 1871, in the Chicago Alton railroad case, on the ground that, although the power to punish unjust discrimination and extortion, enforcing such laws by adequate penalties, to the extent, if need be, of forfeiture of property and franchises.

of their officers and directors, makes them only the instruments of three persons in respect to the most important of executive functions. The commissioners say that somebody must make rates, and that "the ultimate decision must be made by the disinterested and not by the interested;" that as to the danger of conferring great powers, the judiciary exercise powers still greater, and "we cannot have better flour than can be made of wheat;" and that if there is danger of corruption the companies will be more likely than the people to profit by it.

The principle of the inherent right of the State to control monopoly corporations may be taken as fixed; Mr. Curtis is ingenious, as attorneys are when they make briefs, and Mr. Stanford is bolder than his Eastern comrades but the right remains, and it is not one of those which non-user will forfeit. That public opinion in this country is not yet ripe for such radical measures is certainly to be assumed from the ease with which the railroad choke off, year after year, all attempts to copy even the methods of Massachusetts, but this only proves that the time has not yet come, by no means that it will not come.

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Beautiful Texas, what do you think? Plenty of grapes, and no wine to drink; Plenty of creeks, and no water at hand; No oats for your horses, but plenty of land; No nuts for your birds, but none fit to ride; Plenty of poverty, and some little pride; Plenty of horses, but no leather tanned; Though scrubby mesquite encumbers the land; Plenty of cattle, no butter nor milk; No press for the dairy, but plenty of silk; Plenty of rain, when it comes down at all; Enough to spaw, would it come at your call; Plenty of wind, no let-ups on it at all; And when talking of stock, there's plenty of chat; Plenty of rods the citizens to wall; But we can't find time to do it at all; Plenty of beds, but hardly a hedge; Plenty of hogs as thin as a wedge; Plenty of bacon, year before last; Plenty of chairs, when there comes a good mast; Plenty of axmen, but all so low; That to eat, you must hang on your elbow; Plenty of grub, such as poor beef and bacon; Which reminds us of the home so lately forsaken; O land of great promise, not yet fulfilled! What a country you might be, if people so will; All teeming with beauty, plenty and wealth; Every requisite present for comfort and health; Put of corn-bread and bacon; And we have quite enough; And women get happy over a bottle of snuff;—(Texas Letter-Marshal (Tex.) Gazette.

CONNUBIALITIES.

A gentleman in Selma, Ala., when only 21 years old married a widow of 50. A few days ago, when 65 he married a young lady of 21.

"If Dame Rumor speaks correctly," says the Portland (Me.) Argus, "Miss Cary is the affable and well-to-do daughter of a New York, who has been in this city within a few days."

Capt. Rufus Thompson and his wife, of West-Swaney, N. H., celebrated their golden wedding Thursday. They are the parents of the comedian Danman Thompson, "Josh Whitcomb."

A big burly negro, employed by a well-to-do German farmer near Englefield, Vermont, and who had been working for some time with his employer's daughter and was discharged, but the infuriated girl followed him to Evansville and married him.

Saturday a bachelor and a widow who were friends arrived at Saratoga, and sought for hotel accommodations, but found none. A single room was finally offered at one hotel, and the widow with the ready tact of her sex suggested to the bachelor that a wedding would make the accommodations acceptable to both. They proceeded to the registry office, where they were married, but on their return the vacant room had already been engaged. They took a train for Niagara.

Hiram Berry, of Louisville, took a young wife, though he is seventy. His sons and daughters made so much trouble on the subject that he reluctantly obtained a divorce, the character of the bride enabling him to regain his freedom without difficulty. But she could not untangle her leg after all, and at the end of a few months he sought to renew his courtship. She threw a can of contracted lice into his face, burning him so seriously that he may never see again.

Des Moines has a premium marrying woman. The first record of her was Mrs. Bass. She was divorced from Bass and married one Lewis Hitting. In two years he died. She then united her fortunes with Mark Hyland, living with him four months. She was divorced from Hyland and pending in the district court, and in the meantime Jennie has conceived a dislike for her attorney and has promised Hyland a restoration to her affections if he will find the attorney a sound flogging. The couple were hunting the attorney at last reports, and having condoned the offense, whatever that may have been, the divorce will not be granted, and proceedings, in the hereafter, may be anticipated.

Ladies Do you want a pure, blooming complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

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PROPOSALS FOR COAL: OFFICE OF CITY CLERK, OMAHA, AUG. 18, 1881. Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned for two weeks from the date hereof, Thursday, September 1st, 1881, 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing hard and soft coal for the use of the city offices and fire department, from this date until August 15, A. D. 1882. Sealed bids or proposals shall state the price for such coal delivered where ordered, and shall contain said price without respect to any definite amount of coal. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. Envelopes containing said proposals shall be marked "Proposals for Coal," and delivered to the undersigned not later than the time above specified. J. J. L. C. JEWETT, City Clerk.

THIS NEW AND CORRECT MAP CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY. By all odds the best road for you to take when traveling in either direction between Chicago and all of the Principal Points in the West, North and Northwest. Carefully examine this Map. The Principal Cities of the West and Northwest are Stations on this road. Its through trains make close connections with the trains of all railroads at junction points.

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