

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

"Horrors of Hotel Life" is the title of a book recently issued.

Tea Garden is the name of a strong and substantial citizen of Austin, Tex.

Beecher's double, the man who goes to theaters and gets the Brooklyn pastor's name in the papers, is John Wyman.

"Camp Meeting" John Allen, of Wilton, Me., has read the Bible through and the New Testament half way again within four months.

Mrs. W. G. Noah, one of the great actresses of fifty years ago, who played rival engagements with Fanny Kemble, and supported the elder Booth and Forrest, is still living in Rochester, N. Y.

Mississippians feel very proud of their State library in the capitol at Jackson. It comprises thirty-eight thousand volumes, which include the legal text-books and reports from all the States in the Union.

Charles Beach says that he once searched the pockets of Horace Greeley's historic white coat, in which he found more than two hundred business cards, which had been given him from time to time during the many years he had worn the coat.

The last signature of Peter Cooper was on a postal card written by his secretary. It was addressed to a gentleman in the West, and stated that Mr. Cooper took pleasure in sending him a copy of his work on the protective tariff.

A Boston correspondent of the New York Graphic writes: "I doubt, too, if there is another city in which women have entered journalism in as large numbers as they have here."

There is not a daily paper in the city, and not a weekly of any importance that has not at least one woman, and, in several cases, two or three women on the staff as reporters, editorial writers, critics or special writers.

Humorous. Leap-year parties are popular in some sections. At these gatherings the girls yell "mouset!" and the young men jump on chairs and shriek.

A country girl, coming from the field, being told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said: "Well it wasn't any fellow that kissed me; it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

A poet sings: "Let me die when all is cold and drear." Now is an excellent season for the purpose, and the man who would interpose a single objection should be severely talked to.

Quite unsympathetic: Birdie McMenepin and her brother were at the seashore. "O, see that!" exclaimed Birdie. "See what?" inquired the stoical John. "Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene."

A servant girl in New Haven stole her mistress's ice teeth. The woman told a policeman that "She sheesh cough sheenshy shollash, ansh she shwash wash shush wash ashdo steech fawsh sheeth."

"Pa," said the daughter of the house to the man of the house the other evening. "What are we going to have for breakfast?" "I have ordered Lyonaise tripe, my child," was the father's answer.

A great, big, burly fellow stepped into the editorial rooms of one of our morning contemporaries yesterday and said: "I want to clean out this office."

Wanted His License Back. A gawky boy and a "gangling" girl were married by an Arkansas magistrate the other day, and shortly afterwards the boy reappeared and said: "Squire, gimme back them license."

Mr. Anthony Rouse, of Chicago, advertised for a wife, setting forth as inducements, a manly form and good bank account.

Some women take a fiendish delight in placing a piece of oil-cloth where their husbands are sure to step on it in the morning, when they spring out of bed, when the thermometer is hovering about zero, and for a moment the marrow-chilled man thinks he has discovered the North Pole.

Dr. Edward H. Williams, of Philadelphia, is having built on the site of the old Williams mans on at Woodstock, Vt., a library building as a memorial of his father, the late Norman Williams.

Mrs. Gordon, residing near Bluffton, S. C., now 111 years of age, walks four miles to partake of the monthly Lord's supper at the Baptist Church.

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A Legend of Niagara.

A great want has just been filled. Legends about the Niagara Falls have been so scarce that it will be a great relief to many to know that a new one has been discovered.

Not exactly new, either, for it is written on old parchment, and must have been lying where it was found for many years; but, as it has just recently been discovered, it is to the present generation new.

While shoveling snow from the steps of the Extortion Hotel just after the recent heavy fall the above-referred-to parchment was found. The following is a free translation of its contents: John Jackson, a young man of some puritanic attainments, who dearly loved a handsome young lady in Buffalo, determined to take his darling to the Falls for a trip.

Now, John, like many other Buffalo young men, didn't know much about the outside world, and had never been warned to avoid the Niagara Falls hackmen.

It was with a light heart that he stepped from the train on that bright May morning, and with Angelina Thompson hanging gracefully on his arm, started gaily for the great cataract, little dreaming of the terrible fate that awaited him and that was destined to bring to so gloomy a close a day which seemed to have dawned the brightest of all the days of the year.

The couple had gone but a few steps when they were accosted by a hackman, who said: "Have a hack, sir?"

"No." "Better take a hack. This is 'one of the finest,' and I'll drive you to all the points of interest."

"No; we will walk!" "What! Do you mean to say that you're going to make that young lady foot it over these rough streets? If I had as handsome a lady as you have I wouldn't be so peevish as to make her tramp around here and have sore feet for a week."

Now John, as was formerly hinted, had some knowledge of the manly art, and the remark about peevishness grated on his finer feelings. Angelina said: "Oh, never mind him, John."

But John's blood was up. So he put up his hands and gave the impudent hackman one in the neck. In an instant they were surrounded. All the hackmen came to the rescue of their collaborator. Angelina screamed, and that made John nervous, and he could not attend to his counters and guards.

The only faint made was by Angelina, and the blows from whips, fists and other missiles that rained on John from all sides made him retreat in dismay. And this, the day that opened so brightly, closed darkly, particularly in the region of John Jackson's eyes. But as he washed the blood from his face and tied Angelina's handkerchief around his throbbing temples, he was heard to mutter: "I will be revenged!"

Several weeks had passed. The cataract was still doing business at the old stand, and waving on high its glorious plume of white spray. The hackmen were also at the old stand. The battle with the young Buffalo man had ceased to be a topic among them, and in the wild rush for worldly gain they had almost forgotten the face of Jackson. A wild shriek pierces the morning air, and the train from Buffalo, with clanging bell and hissing steam, brings up at the depot. John Jackson walks from the train. At his side is a person in female attire, but the person has not the handsome form and smiling face of Angelina. The hackmen, in the aforesaid rush for worldly gain, do not recognize the man.

"Have a hack, sir?" "No." "Better take a hack. It's fifteen miles to the Falls."

"No; we will walk." "Oh, you're a pretty fellow to make that young girl trudge around."

That was as far as he got. Jack's arm had straightened. His fist had come in contact with the nose of the speaker. The noble form of the hackman was groveling in the dust. It was at this period that the conduct of the person in female attire became noticeable. There was no scream, and nobody swooned, while the attitude assumed was not a usual one for a lady. The hat dropped forward until it nearly touched the nose, while the fists—very large ones for a lady—were tightly clenched and the elbows were drawn back in a Pat Rooney style, which plainly showed that their own would put up with no nonsense. The other hackmen rushed to the rescue of their fallen companion, but the first to arrive received such a stinging blow from John's companion that he retired in dismay. The second was similarly dealt with, and he also took a back seat. In the meantime John was not idle. He kicked, thumped and otherwise maltreated his antagonist until he felt that the dishonest heaped upon him during his previous visit had been wiped out. Then his companion took his arm, and, looking up into his face with a sweet, seaside-musing smile, said: "Did you see me get away with that red-nosed con who tried to interfere?" The loving couple went immediately to a hotel, and shortly after they had disappeared through the doorway two young men came out. One of them was John, while the other was a stranger, and carried a small bundle. The woman has never since been seen alive.

At last there seems to be reason for hoping that breeders of beves and sheep will turn from the aims and ways of striving to produce the greatest quantity of fat, will aim to place before the meat-eating public the greatest amount of good, nutritious beef and mutton for a given outlay of food and attention. Since the Tribune called attention to the gross wastefulness of the old system a large number of newspapers have followed its example. The Cleveland Herald says on this subject: "If it ever comes down to a genuine beef, not a carcass of fat, there is a show that the Devons will work themselves up to the point. Those who saw the beves after dressing at Chicago would hardly select a roast or round from one of them; the fat was so great that there was a great waste in the purchased beef. We need a beef animal something like the hog of a few years since, a streak of lean and a streak of fat. The citizen does not want to buy tallow he cannot eat, but to get a good streak of lean he must buy the fat."

The movement in the direction of the production of mutton and beef, tender and juicy, yet free from masses of tallow, may be hastened by offering special premiums, valuable enough to le worth competing for, to breeders who sell at the fat-stock shows exhibit those sheep and beves which, when stripped of all superfluous fat, shall show the greatest quantity and most nutritious and palatable quality of flesh for the food and time given. It is not altogether unlikely that this would bring into greater prominence than they have ever enjoyed breeds of stock not now generally recognized as profitable meat-producing animals. What ever else might come from this, the consumer of meat would be tickled in taste and benefited in purse if not in health.

Some women take a fiendish delight in placing a piece of oil-cloth where their husbands are sure to step on it in the morning, when they spring out of bed, when the thermometer is hovering about zero, and for a moment the marrow-chilled man thinks he has discovered the North Pole.

Mrs. Catherine Dix, the lately deceased widow of ex-Governor Dix, was born in 1807. At the age of fifteen she was betrothed to the General, her marriage taking place three years later. O her four sons Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, is the sole survivor.

Husbands in Alabama can no longer carry on business in the name of their wives.

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The Baths of Cauquedes.

Here I am among the Andes. I could not leave Santiago without visiting the celebrated Baths of Cauquedes, the first syllable of which word must be pronounced like our English word "cow."

At eight o'clock on a fine morning—how often journeys begin on fine mornings—I left by the railway, and at 11:15 we stopped to breakfast, and very badly, at Rancagua. The Chilians seemed to me to think more about gourds and tunas than about good meat.

In our two-hours-and-a-quarter journey we passed through much cultivation by irrigation, conducted from the many mountain streams. There was much cattle, and many horses were seen scattered over the country, and some of these last were curiously occupied in wading up the shallow courses of the water in search of some plant growing at the bottom.

They dipped their heads to pick up great mouthfuls of it. Dry mud walls and houses appear on all sides, and the dust was abundant indeed. The corn harvest was going on, and the wheat was being thrashed out on the thrashing-floor with horses. Round stones abounded everywhere, showing how the districts have been cursed by huge waters. The people looked rude and free; they wore ponchos, and gaiters were visible on many throats, the result (as in Switzerland) of drinking snow-water.

When we came to the station for Cauquedes, I took the 'coche' for the baths—a distance of seven leagues, which occupied us some two hours and a half, with one change of horses. The teams consisted of four, and these were caught out grazing on the spot, and harnessed before our eyes. They were excellent animals, though rough, and were harnessed abreast. Our pace was excellent, but there was much delay before starting, and the same at the change.

The dust was frightful, as it is all over such parts of Chile as I have visited: the nuisance of it may be compared with that of the vile coal smoke on their railways; this last being a perfect poison in the magnificent air. At last we came to the baths, finely situated on the Cachapoal River, with dry mountains and the cactus all round. The spot is extremely rocky and picturesque, and from the garden of the establishment the views are grand; one's impressions being enhanced by the sense that it is the huge range of the Andes and no mere holiday river-rocks that are before you.

The long backbone of the stream, as it winds its long way down from the Grand Cordillera, is particularly imposing. The torrent rushes by the baths through a deep mountain gorge; all is on a grand scale. The establishment is built in two principal quadrangles, with pleasant shady walks round. There are three springs—cold, tepid and hot; and there are two properties in the water—sulphurous and chalybeate. The baths are well frequented and well conducted. The grand range is not visible from the baths themselves, but by mounting a rugged rock, after crossing a sufficiently impressive and dancing suspension bridge, the glorious aspiring peaks appear on the horizon. The colors on them of the sunsets are surpassing; and as you look upon the west side of the range these shine full and uninterrupted. Even these districts are not free from shocks of earth quakes. I was startled at night by the shaking of my bed, and on waking and instinctively calling out: "Quien es?" received no answer. Then the city clock tolled two; and I knew that I had felt an earthquake; and the next day's paper gave the following short notice in Spanish, which I translate: "Last night, shortly before two, a mild shock of earthquake was felt." No harm to any one this time—and here I am again at Santiago.

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Temperance Reading.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Take courage, Temperance workers! You shall not suffer wreck While up to God the people's prayers Are rising from your decks. Are rising from your decks. Wait cheerily, Temperance workers, For daylight and for land! The breath of God is in your sail, Your rudder in His hand!

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted With blessings and with hopes; The good of old, with shaly hands, Are pulling at your ropes. Behold you, holy martyrs, Uplift the palm and crown; Before you, unborn ages send Their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy, God's errands never fail! Sweep on through storm and darkness, The thunder and the hail Work on! sail on! the morning comes. The port you yet shall win; And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of Temperance in.

—J. H. G. Whitier.

FEMALE INEBRIATES.

The now common custom of resorting to the use of spirits in times of pleasure, as well as for the relief of pain and despondency, is fraught with dangers but little appreciated by the average individual.

That the custom of the free use of stimulants is upon the increase amongst women, especially in our larger cities, is easily demonstrated. A cursory visit to any popular restaurant will result in the visitor's seeing ladies both alone, in parties, and with and without escorts, who ten years ago would not have tasted an alcoholic beverage of any kind, even in their own homes, taking beer, wine or spirits with their meals, almost as a matter of course, and apparently with no idea that they are doing anything un lady-like or unusual.

Beer, and especially bottled beer, has of late years become immensely popular with all classes. Ladies stop at restaurants often with the sole purpose of having a bottle of beer to refresh and invigorate them after a long walk, or when tired from shopping; families take it regularly by the box; boarders take it privately at table or in their rooms; and servants, pitcher or pail in hand, no longer make a secret of their trips to the corner grocery or the avenue beer saloon. Grocers keep it, and sell it to families by the bottle or box. The same sentiment that has made the German style of open-air concert so popular in this country seems at the same time to have brought with it a love for conviviality, and to have popularized the custom of beer-drinking.

Beer has been the entering wedge, and following close upon it has come the more or less free use of spirits. And this was natural and to be expected. One thing almost unconsciously leads to another in matters of this kind, and beer has proved itself a stepping-stone to the use of strong liquors. Women who formerly would have used spirits only under medical advice, and even then reluctantly, now resort to them without object, and upon the slightest grounds, simply because their previous use of beer seems to have broken the ice. To many a poor wreck, the first glass of beer has proven a costly experiment, and will be looked back to as the first step in a career the incidents of which make her shudder.

It has been urged by some that the Germans, than whom there is not a more hard-working, frugal and studious people, are a nation of beer-drinkers, and that the introduction of their amusements, social customs and the like, would prove not only a misfortune, but a positive boon to Americans. The fact, however, that for many reasons Americans differ from Germans in point of nervous organization, or rather lack of nervous equilibrium, if we may be permitted to use the term, makes that which would prove of signal benefit to the latter extremely dangerous to the former.

That American women are peculiarly themselves in a position of peculiar danger by admitting beer, and later wine and spirits, to their homes and tables, as well as indulging in them while away from home, is a fact beyond question. The peculiar satisfaction with which a tired, exhausted or unstrung nervous system receives the stimulation thus derivable leads almost invariably to a further resort to it. The fact that a woman's bodily or mental condition is such that the slightest effort causes exhaustion and calls for stimulation speaks, as forcibly as nature can possibly express it, a very unhealthy, not to say dangerous, state of affairs, for which a physician should be consulted without delay. In such conditions the chances are in favor of the woman's becoming, after a time, wholly dependent upon alcoholics. We have known such women to become in time the veriest sots through this same originally occasional resort to stimulants. Others of the same class are known to us to-day who are fast traveling the dangerous incline. To some the consequences of the course they are pursuing are evident; but the craving which has become firmly established seems to be too great for their unaided powers of resistance. They cry, wring their hands in agony, and bemoan their cruel fate in their intervals of sobriety, make rash promises to their husbands, and fondly caress their little children that alcohol is fast robbing of a mother's love and care, and whom she is daily robbing of their birthright of a good name and respectability. How many a poor wretch of this class curses the first swallow that ever passed her lips! Confinement and close surveillance in some of these cases seem to do good for a time, but the old craving appears never to be thoroughly crushed out, for it keeps cropping up every little while, sometimes in its old fury, sometimes modified. Not a few of these unfortunates take to opium, or chloral, or both, and while using them manage to abstain from liquor. They are content to do this, and their friends, hopeless of a radical cure, are willing to allow them the narcotics, on the ground that though one form of inebriety is virtually as bad as the other, still that from the habitual use of narcotics is less painful to the view, and not nearly so prone to result in open disgrace as that from alcohol. Some, however, after acquiring a craving for narcotics, relapse into the old habit of drunkenness from alcoholics, and then their state becomes desperate and disgraceful in the extreme. Between the class of occasional tipplers and habitual users there is one that is

not, after all, so peculiar when understood. Women there are who, being in a condition of "neurasthenia," crave some form of stimulation, and gratify it on preparations containing a certain percentage of alcohol. It is a fact not generally known, but nevertheless true, that thousands of bottles of essence of ginger are consumed by individuals of this class. Others use some form of popular "biters," while still others, under various pretenses, consume quantities of various "fructures" and the like on physicians' prescriptions.

Women who are perfectly healthy, or as near so as it is possible to be in this age, certainly do not need and should not use stimulants at any time. "Let well enough alone" applies to such very aptly. And, indeed, in many of us, apparently healthy and robust, there are inherited tendencies and latent cravings that only need for their development some slight indulgences. Any woman who is at all conversant with the sad histories of so many of her fellow-women now swelling the ranks of criminals, paupers and insane, or what is even worse, of those poor wretches who haunt the by-ways and dark streets, and form the scum and off-scouring of every large city, will certainly hesitate before she either takes it herself or allows her children to do so.

It has often been said that the father who takes wine before his sons, or visits his spirit closet in their presence, sets them, although unintentionally, a pernicious example that may possibly bear bitter fruit in the years to come. How much worse, then, the example of a sipping mother, even though the beverage be the "harmless and popular" one of beer! The result can not be other than unfortunate. Children form their characters on the models of their elders, and are very quick to observe and readily to imitate. Parents being the family arbiters of right and wrong, children naturally expect practice as well as preaching, and are more prone to follow the former than the latter.

Both the use and a use of stimulants by women are largely upon the increase in this country. The police returns of this city are alone sufficient evidence of this. No reasoning individual but must see and appreciate the fact that, under the strict "old-fashion" ideas regarding the use of liquors by women, a thousand women, gathered promiscuously from all classes, yielded ten inebriates, now, with the doing away of those ideas largely, and the more popular introduction of stimulants as beverages, the same number of women will yield twice as many hard drinkers as the first thousand. And the free use of stimulants is on the increase. Beer has been and still is the entering wedge that is opening a frightful gap in the happiness of our homes and the purity and modesty of our women.

The prison, the almshouse, the police court—ay, even the scaffold—bear testimony to the dangers of this deadly stimulant. Wrecked homes, broken hearts, blasted lives and hopes, grow rank upon this soil. The ghastly relics of once pure and modest womanhood leer at us from the dark streets; stagger, tattered and bedraggled wrecks, into the grog-shop; gaze, pale and wasted, from the hospital cot, with large, hungry, mournful eyes; stare stonily at us from the marble slab of the morgue, or float aimlessly out to sea with the changing tide.