WHALING ON THE SOUND.

THE OFF SHORE FISHERY ALONG THE COAST OF LONG ISLAND.

Lookout and Signal Poles—A Whale in Sight—Embarking for the Chase—Captured and Towed Ashore—Cut Up and Tried Out for Oil.

The off shore fishery is still an organized industry in Amagansett, Easthampton, Bridghampton and Southampton, four villages and townships forming the extreme eastern end of Long Island. Walking their foaming beaches in summer days one sees in some prominent sand dune a tall pole firmly planted on the sand with cleats nailed upon it at intervals, so that it can be easily ascended. Within sight, perhaps a mile distant, is another, and so the coast is belted with them from the Hamptons on the west quite beyond Amagansett. These are the "lookouts" of the whale fishers, and also serve the same purpose when the menhaden are off shore in the spring. On a cold, wintry morning some one—a patrolman from the life saving station perhaps—discovers a school of whales a mile or two off shore. He at once climbs the nearest pole and swings his jacket as a "weft." Bright eyes are ever on the watch, and at once a huge fish horn is sounded in the village ordering a rally, lazy ponies are harnessed into crazy wagons, the three boats' crews jump in and they are off on a gallop to the beach, followed by all the able bodied men, women and children of the village.

The great whale boats are drawn up on the sands near the boat house, the latter containing oars, harpoons, lances, the coiled harpoon line and other implements of the chase. Hairy, brawny arms run the boat down to the marge, over which at regular intervals the breakers throw their carpets of foam. The men stand statuesque by the side of the boat until the smallest of the "three brothers" (for so they term the graded series of waves which form the rhythm of the sea) breaks, when they run the craft in with a rush and pull out in the lull beyond the foaming crests. Once outside the line of surf the boat steerer at the helm takes a look around for the whales. They are about a mile out, feeding on the "britt" (a minute sea animal of a reddish cast) just beneath the surface, occasionally coming up to "spout."

The boat steals cautiously on the quarry, the harpooner in the bow weapon in hand, while we on the beach watch with bated breath the result. It is no easy matter to approach a whale under these circumstances. A grizzled old veteran, with hands on hips, indicates some of the difficulties: "Ef yeou cum up on the side the brute sights ye an' makes off; ef yeou cum up directly in his wake he senses ye in some curious way and off he goes. You'll see the cap'n'll cum up quarterin' like."

The boat was very near one of the largest of the whales. Presently we saw the "iron" flash and bury itself in the monster, the harpooner exchange places with the boat steerer, his long, gleaming lance in hand, and then became sensible that the boat was being borne with terrible swiftness beyond our ken. Less and less it grew, now a small speck on the horizon—then vanishing altogether.

"They may go at that pace for twenty mile," said the veteran. "More than once I've found myself out there (indicating the horizon), no land in sight, fast to a whale, an' mebbe a fog or storm comin' up. The chances are, though, that in a mile or two the whale'll lie on the water and sulk. Then the boat'll steal up and the cap'n'll give him the death thrust with the lance. Them's pretty excitin' times. I've be'n thar offen. The blow grazes the black, shiny hide, the cap'n thrusts; an' when he pulls out the lance a shower of blood follers, offen drenching the boat's crew. If possible the lance is given another thrust, then it's well to back water, for the beast soon goes into the death flurry, an' would break a cast iron boat to pieces if it struck it. The whale sinks once it is dead, and the men mark its position by a buoy with a flag attached. The sinking in deep water is a bad thing for the whalemen. A whale that sinks in 200 fathoms is apt to stay down."

On the beach the boat landed during the night, and the men finding shelter at station 6, came into town in the morning reporting having sunk the whale about ten miles out. On the third day the quarry is expected to rise, and the men row out, returning with it late at night. Next morning there is quite a stampede to view the monster, which has formed almost the sole topic of gossip in the stores for the past two nights. It lies bumping in the surf, having grounded some little way out, a huge, black, shining mass, one fin upright, and the huge flukes swaying in the surf. Capt. Edwards is six feet high, but when he stands upright beside the fin his head is on a level with its tip. The men swarm upon the whale like the Liliputians on Gulliver, maintaining their footing by sharp prods in their boots and by the stout hawser fastened round the flukes and carried to an anchor on shore. As it lays these four wagons and teams "tandem," do not compass its length, and two tall men one standing on the other's head would not reach to its upper surface.

Edwards began operations by cutting with his spade a deep incision in the neck forward of the fin and continuing until he struck and unjointed the huge vertebræ. Next the lip of the head was taken off, exposing the upright row of whalebone lining the cavity of the mouth with is hairy filaments, used by the whale in straining the "britt" on which it feeds. This is the most valuable part, bone having ruled at times during the past few years as high as $3 per pound. Next the men attack the body, cutting long furrows around the animal and then by cross lines dividing the blubber into large, square sections, which are towed ashore. The men work lively, for a storm is liable to break upon them at any time and sweep the prize from its hold. When one side has been stripped the huge carcass is turned at flood tide and the remaining side stripped. Meantime far up the beach under the protecting dunes preparations for trying the blubber are progressing with vigor. The trypots set in brickwork will hold 180 gallons each, and weigh 600 pounds. There is but little wood beside each kettle—the scrapple will feed the fires, after the first kettleful is boiled. The trying goes on by night and by day.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOLDIERS AT DINNER.

Private Dalzell Writes to the Children About the Boys in Blue.

Would you like to see the soldiers at dinner in their camp? They are called Boys in Blue, for their coats and pantaloons are bright blue and so are their caps. They all dress just alike. There are thousands of them. Did you ever see 10,000 big, grown up boys in a field together? I have seen more that that take dinner in camp. They keep their caps on their heads while they eat. They sit on the green grass. They have no table to eat off. You see no table cloths there. Their cups are made of tin and so are their plates. They have no saucers, and most of them use no knives or forks. They use their fingers and pieces of boards to eat with.

Is not that queer?

Look on their plates. There you see on each plate a piece of fat pork with not a bit of lean, and four spoonfuls of beans, and four or five white crackers as big as your saucers. These crackers are hard as a rock, but the boys have strong, sharp teeth. Look in ther tin cups. They are full of hot, black coffee, without any milk. Sometimes they have sugar to put in, but no milk. They have no cows in the army to give milk. They kill and eat all the cows they can get.

They do not always have such a good dinner. That one was a nice 4th of July dinner. Sometimes they have had no plates or cups, and nothing at all to eat but hard tack, which they had in their pockets, and this they had to eat as they marched along the road, for the man who was their master would not let them stop long enough to get dinner.

One day they marched thirty miles and had not a bite to eat. They were awful hungry, and some of them said bad words. Some of them found some grains of corn which the horses had left, and they cracked that with their teeth. They said it made a good dinner. Another time they were going along very hungry and found a patch of turnips and pulled them all up and ate them raw. Many times they went to bed on the cold snow in winter without any supper. Soldiers have no houses. They sleep on blankets out of doors every night, and when they get cold they get boards or rails and set them on fire to get warm. They live out of doors just like pigs and cows. Sometimes it makes them sick, and 100,000 of them got cold and died. Their fathers and mothers did not see them—they were so far off. You know they all had guns and had to fight for you and the flag. Many times they were in battle when the guns were shooting all day and all night and had not a bite to eat. So, you see, they had a hard time. Thousands of them got killed and needed no more dinners.—Private Dalzell in Cleveland Leader.

Portraits of Ideal Ancestors.

An artist speaking on this subject the other day said:

"It was only the other day that I had a request from a wealthy patron of mine who had very little idea of art to paint the portrait of an ideal ancestor for him, that he might hang it in his parlor. He was willing to pay a good price, so I finally consented, and gave him a very respectable ancestor at a moderate cost. The picture now hangs on the walls of the moneyed man's drawing room and receives its due attention from visitors and guests. I have since heard that quite a business is carried on by a little German in the Bowery in the sale of ancestral portraits. He lives in a dingy subcellar full of old moldy paintings and dust and cobwebs. He will supply you with an ancestor at a few hours' notice, from a king and a queen down to a humble squire. He attends all the old picture sales and buys old, cracked, seamed and discolored portraits for almost nothing. These constitute his stock in trade.

"In the first place the pictures are undeniably old, and what shoddy family but reverences age and blood? These pictures are altered to suit the taste of the purchaser by inserting a coat of arms, and perhaps making some trifling alterations in the face. The changes make the picture unrecognizable from its former condition, and the host who exhibits the portrait to his guests after dinner can lie as much as he wants to about the family relic with little chance of ever being found out. It is certainly true that this age is a progressive one, where a man can purchase a coat of arms for a small sum and a great-great-grandfather, slightly 'damaged,' for $10 or $15."—New York Journal.

New Method in a Restaurant.

"I don't like to have my order shouted out by the waiter and repeated by the carver, and then howled by the cook and brought to me by the waiter again announcing the contents of the plate at the top of his lungs." It was a discussion in a moderate priced restaurant. Not a man in it but yielded ready assent to the objection of the speaker to the general mode of giving orders for meals in vogue almost everywhere. Next day the proprietor said: "It is absolutely necessary to call out the orders in the rush of the midday trade, but in deference to what I heard yesterday I have arranged a bill of fare in such a way that the waiter and carver may shout at each other without exposing the diner's choice of viands. Every article of food or drink on the bill is numbered. The soups, for instance, are numbered from one to twelve. Consomme is number one. If the customer chooses that soup the well trained waiter will call out 'one,' and the server will repeat 'One,' and eventually the diner will receive his consomme. Boston baked beans is numbered forty-three; ham and eggs is thirty; and so on. Of course, the curious customer may know what his neighbors order by referring to the list, but few will do that. The scheme will undoubtedly add to the popularity of the plebeian dishes, which are, after all, the most profitable ones to the caterer. I am only waiting to set the scheme in operation until my waiters have familiarized themselves with the list. They must know the numbers so thoroughly that they will not have to consult the bill to know the number of any dish except the uncommon ones."—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

Interesting to Labor and to Capital.

An experiment in that phase of co-operation known as profit sharing has been in operation during the year 1886 in the Westerly granite quarries of Mr. J. G. Batterson, of Hartford. The yearly accounts have not yet been made out, so that the detailed result in dollars and cents is yet unknown, but its general effect upon the industry is declared by Mr. Batterson after a year's trial to be very satisfactory. There have been no strikes, the men have looked out for one another's work, which has consequently been well done; there has been no question as to the employment of union or non-union men, the workmen have supervised themselves to a great extent and thus saved expense, and there has been no trouble with contracts.

In an instance when the unskilled laborers demanded an increase of pay, in accordance with a tariff established in Maine, the system rendered easy the avoidance of a strike, the increase being granted with the understanding that it should be deducted from their share of the profits at the end of the year. The statement of the financial result is awaited with interest, as the plan seems to give promise of a solution of many of the difficulties in the relations of capital and labor.—Boston Post.

Origin of the Hornpipe, Reel and Jig.

The dance called the hornpipe is said by Brewer to have originated in the west of England. The Imperial Dictionary describes it as a dance which originated in England and is very popular with British sailors. The reel is defined by the Imperial as a lively dance peculiar to Scotland. All the dictionaries define the reel as a lively Scottish dance. Hannah More writes to a friend: "As Westmoreland was so near to Scotland, you would naturally be fond of a reel." A jig was originally a lively tune, and was afterward applied to a quick, light dance which followed the music. The Irish jig is a dancing tune of two or three sections, written in six-eighth time, and the dance to which it is played is a great favorite with the festive Irish. The jig, however, is not peculiar to Ireland. Shakespeare in "Much Ado About Nothing," act 2, scene 1, speaks twice of wooing, as like a Scotch jig, hot and hasty."—Journal of Commerce.

The Flavor of Cigars.

Smokers cannot understand why cigars of the same brand and selling at $60 or $70 per 1,000 have different flavors, and do not all seem to be equally good. All these cigars are made from the same quality of Havana tobacco, paid for at exactly the same price by the manufacturers, but the difference in flavors is brought about by the sweating and other processes through which the different factories put their stocks. One factory has its way of treating the tobacco and another factory has another way, so that the cigars coming from the two factories will differ in flavors, though the tobacco is exactly the same. The skill of a cigarmaker, too, has a great deal to do with it. You can give the same quality of material to two men and each will produce a good cigar, but one will smoke better and have a finer flavor—the one made by the better cigar maker.—Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

Steamboatmen's Superstitions.

Most river and steamboat men are full of wild theories and pet superstitions. On any craft that floats in some conspicuous place or quiet corner you will find a "mascotte," most frequently a horseshoe. For myself I have not much faith in these theories or superstitions, but I have frequently noticed that whenever I find and pick up a horseshoe I am certain to have a run of good luck. So when I see one, as I did a while ago, I stoop down, pick it up, put it in my pocket and carry it to my office. I do not know what will come of to-day's find, but I have on all previous occasions made an important sale of steamboat machinery that day or within a day or two. When I am riding in a carriage and one of the horses drops a shoe I get out and pick it up.—Commodore Manion in Globe-Democrat.

It is said that Maj. Ben: Perley Poore, the Washington correspondent, delights in the use of the words of that dreadful old man in David Copperfield who repeated over and over, "Oh, my eyes and limbs? Oh, my lungs and liver! Oh, goroo, goroo!" The other day the playful major saw a friend walking in front of him, so he stole up quietly behind, jammed the friend's hat down over his eyes, grabbed him by the throat and the hair, and shouted in his deepest tones. "Oh, my heart on fire? Oh, my eyes and limbs! Oh, my lungs and liver! Oh, goroo, goroo!" By this time the victim managed to get away, and turned a face full of wrath and terror on the tickled joker. It was a face Maj. Poore had never seen in his life, and the owner had never seen Maj. Poore, who made the best apologies possible, and left the stranger ruminating upon the strange characters one meets.—New York Sun.

Henry M. Stanley receives $20,000 a year acting as the figurehead called vice general of the Congo state, and is said to exercise a wonderful influence over the untamed Africans.

BOYCOTTING IN INDIA.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT FROM THE PRACTICE IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Very Curious Examples of the Practice. Whole Families Boycotted for Years and Years—What Gold Will Accomplish—Outcast Women.

Boycotting, differing in some particulars from the way in which it is done in the land where the English term originated, has been practiced for ages in India. There is this great difference between Irish and Hindoo boycotting: the former is based mainly on political, semi-political, or fiscal reasons; whereas the latter is practiced on purely social or religious grounds. Then the Irish is severer than the Hindoo method in this sense, that no tradesman will sell anything to the boycotted man, who is more or less like a prisoner in his own house; whereas a boycotted Hindoo can buy anything anywhere or go to any places he likes, only people will not go to his house or associate with him or his family in any way.

On the other hand, the Hindoo is severer than the Irish boycotting in that the latter may be only temporary, and rises at the caprice of the boycotters; whereas the former is often permanent, or can be done away with only by going through certain expiatory rites or costly ceremonies, which come hard even on the richer classes. A man may be boycotted in Ireland for no fault of his own; but in India boycotting follows upon a breach of observance of some time honored custom, or by any public offense against traditional notions of propriety. Indian boycotting is allied to outcasting, but is quite distinct from it and not half so severe. A man can lose his caste only by breaking one of its well defined rules, which are quite different from mere customs for observances. An outcast man is necessarily boycotted; but a boycotted man keeps his caste all right as long as he does not act against its rules. Again, a man may be outcast, but not his family for that reason; yet his relations will be boycotted if they associate with him.

SOME CURIOUS EXAMPLES.

Let me now cite some examples. Some years ago a learned Pundit gave his daughter in marriage when she was a few years older than the prescribed marriageable age among the Hindoos; and the offense was rendered doubly heinous by the perpetrator being a Brahmin of high order. He was strictly boycotted accordingly; and, I believe, notwithstanding his great reputation as a scholar and a benevolent person, and in spite of his endeavors to propitiate the Brahmins in many ways, he is still avoided by orthodox Hindoos. A whole family has been boycotted for receiving and associating with one of its members who returned from England and had lost his caste through eating with Englishmen. One gentleman has been boycotted forever for getting his widowed daughter married.

If anybody's son or daughter-in-law associates with non-Hindoos publicly the offending individual is outcasted and the whole family is boycotted. If a son does not mourn for his deceased father in the prescribed manner he is boycotted. In some parts of India men are boycotted for wearing trousers of European fashion—or, indeed, any dress that was not worn by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. A well-known historical example of Hindoo boycotting is that of the Jeypore royal family, which was boycotted for hundreds of years by the other Rajpoot royal families for being the first Hindoo family of princely rank who offered a daughter in marriage to a mogul emperor. In Rajputana whole tribes are often boycotted if somebody does not properly observe the traditional customs or forms a connection with a lower caste or with non-Hindoos.

WHAT GOLD WILL DO.

But nowadays boycotting can be raised in India by a judicious use of the almighty gold. I may mention a well known case. A distinguished Hindoo gentleman and merchant of a large Indian town was boycotted for reforming propensities. His old orthodox mother, who lived in the country, on the occasion of a religious festival directed the servants as usual to distribute offerings of rice, fruits and sweetmeats among the Brahmins of the neighborhood. To a man they refused to accept the same on the ground that her son was deserting his caste. The old lady was deeply chagrined and began to be mortally afraid of the destination of her soul after death. On hearing this her son went down to his country house and ordered the servants to take the offerings again to the Brahmins, this time placing five rupees on each of the plates. The expedient answered wonderfully well. The very Brahmins who a few hours before had turned away the servants ignominiously now came running to the merchant's house and literally scrambled for the presents. This story seems to justify the saving of another rich Hindoo that "caste was in his iron chest."

Boycotting and outcasting are made double oppressive to Hindoo women, and for the most trifling reasons. A married woman not putting the sindoor (a red powder) on the parting of her hair is boycotted. In the country if a mother-in-law eats or lives in the house of her son-in-law before her daughter has a child she will be at once boycotted. A young married lady was boycotted for not observing some ceremony at the birth of her child. A man can regain his caste by performing the expiatory rites; but an outcast woman, especially if she has broken away from the zenana or associated with non-Hindoos is never taken back to her caste.—Hindoo in St. James' Gazette.

PROVERBS ABOUT SNOW.

A Selection of Sayings Which Seem to Have a Foundation in Fact.

There are many proverbs about snow. Some have relation to signs by which the number of storms during the season are to be calculated and others to the number of storms in the following winter, while still others claim a connection between the moon and the snow. Passing by these, it may be interesting at the beginning of the snow season to have a selection of the proverbs which seem to have a foundation in fact.

Snow is generally preceded by a general animation of man and beast, which continues until after the snowfall ends. When the first snow remains on the ground some time in places not exposed to the sun expect a hard winter.

It takes three cloudy days to bring a heavy snow.

If the snow flakes increase in size a thaw will follow.

If there is no snow before January there will be the more snow in March and April.

The more snow the more healthy the season.

Heavy snow in winter favors the crops of the following summer.

A snow year, a rich year.

Snow is a poor man's fertilizer, and good crops will follow a winter of heavy snowfall.

If much snow be spread on the mountain in winter the season of planting will be made blue with verdure.

A heavy fall of snow indicates a good year for crops, and a light fall the reverse.

Much sleet in winter will be followed by a good fruit year.—Boston Journal.

Homage to Boston Beauty.

The occasion was that of a fashionable wedding in a fashionable church. The bride was the patrician daughter of a house that dates its proud name back possibly to Charlemagne or farther, and the bridegroom no whit less distinguished in ancestry. The solemn knot had been tied amid a throng of the haute noblesse of the city, all friends, relatives and acquaintances of the happy pair, who were admitted by card, and the procession took up the line of march to their carriages. As is usual on such occasions, the striped awning drew an eager crowd to catch a passing glimpse of the bride and her attendants, and such a goodly crowd had collected on this day that the muscular police had a hard time in keeping the curious ones at a respectful distance from the bidden wedding guests. Among those unbidden onlookers was one of those irrepressible New England maidens of Irish parentage who are ever ready with their eager eyes and quick perception to take in every situation without losing any of the attendant details. As the last carriage drove up in front of the awning for its owner, the irrepressible, who was on one side of the openings in the awning, called across to a friend of the same age on the opposite side, "That is the last of 'em."

"Have you seen 'em all, Mary Ann?" asked the friend.

"Yes, I have; I seen 'em all, and my, ain't they homely? Come, let's go home," replied the irrepressible, without a ray of envy in her quick black eyes as she skipped merrily away. Blue blood! where is thy boast?—Boston Post.

A Carriage Maker's Experience.

Wall street men are looked upon by the sellers of good things and luxuries as the best customers in the city. A member of a leading carriage manufacturing firm, speaking of the bulls and bears the other day, said: "It is not the extremely wealthy man or the one who gets his fortune by slow accumulation who is our best patron. The Wall street man whose fortune hangs on the fluctuations of the market is the one, he is liberal and open handed, and when he strikes it rich he spends the money freely. When he is on the right side of the market and makes a haul he wants a Delmonico dinner, a carriage, the theatre and all the good things going. He acts regardless of expense. When he is down, he is clear down; when he is up, he is away up on top. And when he gets a carriage he wants a good one; no fixing over of an old one for him, no refurnishing, no new linings; but he must have a brand new article right up in style.

"By contrast, there is a customer of ours who is reported to be worth $30,000,000 whom we have been trying to induce to purchase a new carriage; he needs it, and says so; but he has not been as fortunate in speculations as he expected, and he feels poor! I suppose he will have the old carriage fixed up and make it do until he makes a ten strike. Another, a $3,000,000 patron, is running on the same line, and his wife can't lead him to see his way clear to the purchase of a new vehicle. Your Wall street man who lives on his margins and who is up to-day and down to-morrow is the best customer of them all. He lives while he lives and then waits for the next wave."—New York Tribune.

A Triumph of French Cookery.

Many wonderful stories have been told about the perfection to which the culinary art has attained among our neighbors across the channel, but the following, which we have every reason to believe has never before appeared in print, is worthy a place in the collection. It was related to the writer by a gentleman who had it from the lips of one of the chief actors in the story.

During the Crimean war an English officer high in rank sauntered one quiet afternoon to the French lines and accepted an invitation to dine with some officers of the allied army. The repast consisted of several courses, each one in the opinion of the English officer being more tempting and delicious than the last. On leaving he asked as a favor if he might be informed of what dishes he had partaken, and particularly the two last ones.

The cook was sent for and was much embarrassed when told of the Englishman's request. On being pressed he replied with some hesitation that the last two dishes were compounded of fragments of meat and poultry which had been discarded as offal by the English cooks, and which were collected day by day at the rear of the English officers' tents.—Chicago Tribune.

The Distance of the Horizon.

What is the distance of the horizon from the sea shore? Owing to the curvature of the earth's surface the distance between a spectator on the sea shore and the dip of the horizon becomes greater according to the height of the spectator above the level of the sea. The rule for measuring this distance is as follows: To the height of the eye in feet add half the height and extract the square root of the sum, the result being the distance in statute miles. Hence if the spectator's eye were six feet above the level of the sea the distance would be three miles; if his eye were ten feet above the level of the sea the distance would be nearly four miles, and so on for any height above the sea level.—Chicago Tribune.

King Ludwig's Palaces.

The authorities of Munich have opened to the public at fifty cents per head the four grand palaces left by the King Ludwig. Already a sum equal to $100,000 has been secured, and it is believed that by treating the palaces as museums enough money will be obtained in time to liquidate his late majesty's debts.—New York World.

YOU CAME SO NEAR.

You came so near that once, and then
Stood in the awkward way of men,
As, with your eyes bent on me so,
I watched the crimson sunset glow,
And night closed in on field and fen.

I felt your purpose grow and grow;
You did not ask—could I say No?
And who shall say what might have been?—
You came so near.

Your arm slipped—ah, be still, my pen!
I but drew back; then close again
You drew me—close. Your head bent low—
A sudden noise! You let me go.
Oh, was it not a pity, when
You came so near.

—Ruth Hall.

MAIDS OF MUSCLE.

HOW BELLES SEEK THE DEVELOPMENT THAT BRINGS ROSY CHEEKS.

The Growth of Fencing in Popularity Among Society Ladies—A Frank Confession from a Fair Athlete—An Old Fashioned Exercise.

The frail, tired young thing with flabby muscles, a drug store complexion, and a tendency to do the clinging vine act, went out of fashion some time ago with a dull, sickening thud, to use a venerable and chestnutesque expression. "The typical American beauty" no longer looks as though her food didn't agree with her. She is as robust and husky as a milkmaid, although she still retains her clear cut beauty of features and slender hands and feet. The reason for this perfect development among ladies of the leisure class may be largely traced to private gymnasiums in the city where nearly every form of athletic culture is taught. Many of the wealthy homes in Chicago have their private gymnasiums where the daughters of the house may preserve health, gain muscle, and have a jolly good time all at once. The effect of this sort of training may be seen at once.

"I can tell by a lady's attitude alone, whether she is an adept at gymnasium work or calisthenics," said an observing gentleman who is an enthusiast on the subject. "When you see a lady stand on both feet, with her shoulders back and her head erect, you may be sure she has acquired it by what, if it were not so interesting, would be called hard work; and it is worth years added to her life, to say nothing of the banishment of headaches and all those ills which come from inactivity and acquired indolence. It is natural for a woman to lean against some object—a chair, a piano, or even a man if nothing else is handy. Generations of tight lacing and bad shoes have left their mark in this tendency. I don't know how else to account for it."

A FRANK CONFESSION.

A young lady, a pupil in the athletic class at the conservatory, in speaking of the object of her entering for a course, frankly confessed that her reason for it was to attain perfect physical development rather than to become an expert in fencing, for that was the means used. "You know," she continued, "a society lady must have a good figure and must know how to use it. My physician told me that dancing was not enough, and not the right kind of exercise to accomplish what I want and so I took to the foils."

Many mothers prefer to train their daughters at home, and one lady living on Michigan avenue has her two daughters don their last summer's bathing suits and go through a series of calesthenics, such as the lady herself learned at a private seminary in her youth. Each girl takes a corner in the room, her face turned toward it, her heels placed together and her hands flat on either side. Then as the mother counts they bend forward, the shoulders going beyond the hands, which are kept firm and bracing them backward. The feet are not moved. After this swaying motion has been kept up for two or three minutes the daughters are allowed to rest.

The next exercise, which is an old fashioned one, is carrying a pail of water on the head and performing simple evolutions without allowing any to spill. This gives a graceful poise to the head and shoulders, which is noticeable in the lower class of Italian women who bear extremely heavy burdens in this manner. These simple exercises and scores of similar ones are within the reach of any one who cares to cultivate their physique without recourse to training schools or private tutors.—Inter Ocean.

BATHS FOR THE MASSES.

A PLACE WHERE THE POOR MAY BATHE AT SLIGHT EXPENSE.

A Michigan Lumberman's Philanthropic Scheme for the Benefit of Chicago's Poor—A Model Establishment in Every Way—Generous Offer.

A wealthy Michigan lumberman, inspired by purely humanitarian motives, has started to do for the poor of Chicago what the city should have done long ago. He is not even a resident of the city and has no interests here beyond a praiseworthy desire to benefit mankind. His name is Charles F. Ruggles and his home in Manistee, Mich., where he has built up a great lumbering industry and accumulted property that aggregates something like $2,000,000. Mr. Ruggles is a bachelor and spends a good deal of his time and money in performing charitable acts. His pet whim, and one that has won him the reputation of being a mild sort of crank, is that the public ought to be induced to take frequent baths. Summer and winter he takes a bath regularly every morning, and he points with pride to the fact that he has never known a sick day in his life. This he attributes entirely to cleansing his skin from impurities.

One day last summer while in Chicago he noticed that a great many persons whom he met on the streets and in the horse cars were personally very dirty. On making inquiries he found that 25 cents was the lowest price at which a person could obtain a bath, so he determined to establish a bath house here where the prices would be within reach of even the poorest. It did not take long to get this project started, and he began by leasing the first floor and basement of a large brick building on west Madison street. This locality was well selected as being the most accessible from all parts of the city. It cost nearly $13,000 to fit the place up, as no money was spared in making it both comfortable and attractive. Aug. 21 the baths were opened to the public at prices ranging from 3 to 10 cents. Mr. Ruggles in establishing these prices had no idea that the place could be made self sustaining the first year that it was in operation, and he counted on the city to help him out by furnishing free water. His first move in this direction met with no end of opposition. Mr. Ruggles consulted an attorney and was told that any charitable institution, indorsed by two taxpayers, was entitled to receive water from the city free of charge, and he has now made an open appeal to the mayor.

Any one who visits the place and sees the accommodations that are furnished for a mere trifling consideration can but admit that it is a charitable institution of the highest order and one that is entitled to public consideration. On entering one steps into a neat office tastefully furnished and separated from the rest of the establishment by a wire screen. On the left is the cashier's desk where a woman appointed by the Women's Christian Temperance union presides. If you want a bath you present your money and the cashier hands out a ticket on which is printed the number of the room you are to occupy and the length of time you are permitted to remain. This ticket is taken at the gate by one of the porters who conducts you to the room, shows you how to operate the bath, and gives you any attention that may be required. When the ticket is given out the cashier jots down the number of the room on a time sheet and when the bather closes the door of his apartment the fact is known in the office by means of an electric annunciator similar to those used in hotels. Time is then taken and noted on the sheet under the number of the room. The bather is permitted to remain twenty minutes, and if there is no one waiting he can stay as long as he desires. If the room is wanted for another the cashier touches an electric button when the allotted time has expired and this rings a bell in the room, informing the bather that he must dress.

The bath rooms, forty-four in number, are ranged in two tiers and in double rows. In the first tier there are sixteen rooms, each five feet six inches long and five feet wide and of sufficient height to accommodate the tallest persons. They are divided into exclusive apartments by pine partitions of hard oil finish. Not a speck of dirt can be seen on the woodwork, which is carefully scrubbed every night. In these rooms is a metal tub, lined with porcelain and with faucets for hot and cold water. Printed rules, which are by no means stringent, are placed on the walls of each compartment, and there are also directions for manipulating the fixtures. Ventilators connecting with a high shaft are placed in each room to carry off the steam and heat, so that the temperature never varies, while the atmosphere is at all times healthful and pleasant. There are towel racks, brushes, shampoo bottles, a folding chair, foot drains, hooks on which to hang clothing, and in fact all the appurtenances necessary in fitting up a first class modern bath room. These baths are furnished for 10 cents each, and a reduction of 2 cents is allowed to those who bring their own towels. An iron staircase leads to the upper tier, which contains twenty-eight rooms. These are fitted up in a similar manner to the rooms in the lower tier only they are somewhat smaller, and instead of a tub have a large shower fixture. The shower baths cost but 5 cents, or 3 cents if the bather brings towels. The bather undresses, and after drawing a rubber curtain in front of him to protect his clothing from being splashed he stands on a drain under the fixture and turns on a shower of hot and cold water. The shower and temperature of the water are regulated by the bather himself.

In the rooms set apart for women are large mirrors with combs and brushes, but the men after dressing descend to the basement, where a large toilet room is fitted up, and when their toilet is completed they can reach the street without returning to the office. In going out they pass through a large barber shop, which is handsomely fitted up, and where a shave can be obtained for 10 cents. This is part of the establishment. When the bather leaves his room an indicator drops down over the door, showing that the room is in disorder. One of the porters at once enters and gives it a thorough scrubbing. It is then ready for another occupant.

Having established the baths and demonstrated beyond question their importance and value, Mr. Ruggles now offers to donate the plant to the city if the city will agree to maintain the present low prices and devote whatever income may hereafter be derived to enlarging the establishment and extending its usefulness.—Chicago Tribune.

Markers Instead of Pencils.

A glance at a ball programme usually suffices to convince one that writing is a rare accomplishment among dancing men, and they should be thankful for the new markers, which take the place of pencils. They contain the owner's name in raised type and a little ink pad, and are furnished with a clasp by which they may be fastened to a gentleman's watch chain or to an order of dances. The only objection to them is that they quite preclude the possibility of mistaking one's partner's name, a thing which some naughty girls occasionally do.—Boston Transcript.

The Piutes' Crops.

Sarah Winnemucca writes from Lovelock, Nev., complaining about the destruction of the Indians' crops by the cattle and hogs belonging to white people, and asks if there is no law for the protection of the Piutes' crops.

M. Pasteur's Portrait.

An artist is painting a portrait of M. Pasteur from a photograph, and applied to him for "further particulars." M. Pasteur's answer was: "Face, pale yellowish; eyes, dark gray; grayish beard; hair scarcely gray."

The Battenberg Baby.

Queen Victoria is said to have taken an immense fancy to the Battenberg baby. She gets down on her royal hunkers and says "Goo" just like any other grandma.

A Chance to Rest.

Gentleman (to hod carrier)—Doesn't it make you tired, Pat, to climb that ladder all day?

Pat—Yes, sir; but I have foine rest comin' down.—Life.

Length of Life.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who has just been undergoing the ordeal of a birthday anniversary, says a man should either die at 30 or live to be 300.—New York World.

Cloths dipped into hot potato water are recommended for immediate and complete relief in the severest cases of rheumatism.

Can Neither Pass nor Make It Next.

The railroad conductors rend the air with blue streaks of complaint because the prohibition of passes will not allow railroad companies to pass their families free. This is the weakest thing yet. The members of the conductor's family are no more entitled to free passes than they are entitled to shares in the company's stock. The pass system was a nuisance, and it is hoped that it has been abolished.

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved, for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure. It has no equal as a remedy for bronchitis, coughs and colds. Its efficacy has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

A little 8 years old daughter of John Sharkey, of Greencastle, Ind., went the other day to Blaine's saw mill to gather up kindling. She was stooping under the belt to the revolving shaft, when the wind caught her hair and shawl in the belt, entangling them so as to tear the entire scalp loose and wrenching the cords of the neck dreadfully.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a rival of trade at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

A gentleman of Boston, who has a dog in Hingham, had him brought to a telephone in the latter place, and when his master in Boston called him the dog went wild with delight. This is the first dog talk by telephone that we have noticed reported.

The Population of Columbus

Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Respectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

A memorial will be built for Gladstone by the British.

Salt Rheum or Eczema.

Old sores and ulcers,
Scaldhead and ringworm,
Pain in the back and spine,
Swelling of the knee joints,
Sprains and bruises.
Neuralgia and toothache,
Tender feet caused by bunions, corns and chilblains, we warrant Beggs' Tropical Oil to relieve any and all of the above. Dr. A. Heintz.

There are 500,000 Bohemians in the United States.

Keeping the bowels open and regular is one of the greatest secrets of human health. People are seldom sick when their bowels are regular. They are seldom well when they are irregular. When a physic is necessary, St. Patrick's Pills will be found to be all that can be desired. They regulate the bowels and liver and cleanse the entire system. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

James Russell Lowell has sailed from Boston to Europe.

ITCH, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by O. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus.

Maj. John E. Blaine, brother of Hon. James G. Blaine, died at Hot Springs, Ark.

"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands that do likewise, and who today fill consumptives' graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself if taken in time can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

Fifty of the two hundred striking silversmiths in the employ of Tiffany & Co. New York, have returned to work.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and $1. *Trial size free.*

At Huntington, Ind., a few days ago a freight and construction train collided. Three men were killed and three wounded.

Do You Know

that Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will relieve that cough almost instantly and make expiration easy? Acts simultaneously on the bowels, kidney and liver, thereby relieving the lungs of the soreness and pain and also stopping that tickling sensation in the throat by removing the cause. One trial of it will convince any one that it has no equal on earth for coughs and colds. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the sale of it and will guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction. 3feb23

In the house of deputies, City of Mexico, speeches were made the other day favoring the re-election of Diaz.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, in fact, will now use no other kind, it properly relieves coughs and is unequaled for the throat and lungs. ROBERT A. NEFF, Comedian, with Peck's Bad Boy Co., Denver, Col., March 1,1887. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold by Dowty & Becher.

William A. Hearatt's flour and saw mill at Wajumes, Mich., was burned recently, loss $40,000.

Purify Your Blood.

If your tongue is coated.
If your skin is yellow and dry.
If you have boils.
If you have fever.
If you are thin or nervous.
If you are bilious.
If you are constipated.
If your bones ache.
If your head aches.
If you have no appetite.
If you have no ambition, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will relieve any and all of the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz.

Many railroads have representatives before the inter-state commission pleading for the suspension of the section relating to long and short haul.

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with