as well as to the temporary entertainment of the reader.

LIEUTENANT JOHN P. FINLEY, U.S. A., is the author and the lasurance Monitor. New York, the publisher of a very interesting and valuable treatise on "Tornadoes." The head contains

when it bursts in all its fury. The work

is entirely devoid of superfluous language

and while written in a smooth, interest

a pleasing vein as to rob it of the usual

dullness of fact and clothe it with the interesting garb of fiction. The author has performed his task well

and the work is worthy a careful perusal

JAMES M. LUDLOW has mingled fact

with fiction in a delightful manner in "The Captain of the Janizaries." The

book is a story of the times of Scander-berg and the fall of Constantinople and

is interesting throughout. Funk & Wag-

nalls are the publishers.

THE NEW HOT WEATHER CIRL

The Striking Characteristic That Distinguishes Her From Other Girls.

THE COMMODIOUS YACHT ALVA.

The Woes of Shopping-An Adventure In July-Baid Headed Women-The Auburn Fronts-Clara Belle's Letter.

New York, July 27 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-As surely as the summer comes around there is annually developed a new hot-weather girl. How she is generated is a mystery. But she is a palpable entity, and she always has some striking characteristic to distinguish her from the girl of preceding seasons. This time she is a caresser. This quality is quite innocent and maidenly, for her caresses are bestowed, so far as public practice goes, upon members of her own sex. I have seen her already at Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch, and 1 hear that she is at every other American resort of any account. Her peculiarity lies in the coddling of girls and women with whom she is familiar. In a dialogue she gently chucks the other one under the chin, strokes her hair, pulls her ear or pats her shoulder, doing it with a manner of sweet ingenuousness, as though it was an unconscious expression of an affectionate nature. Each summer has its new fashions in manners among the polite, and the caresser is the

outpost of 1887. As millionaires become plentier in New York, it is difficult to imagine how people who are bound to be singular and ex-clusive will find diversions sacred to clusive will find diversions sacred to themselves. Already steam yachting, that sport which a few years ago was restricted to half a dozen families, is comparatively common. That is to say, not less than fifty steam yachts are now afloat with wealthy New Yorkers on board. The Astors and the Vanderbilts set the fashion, and as many follow as are able. It is considered exquisitely desirable not to go to one of the propular sirable not to go to one of the popular resorts, no matter how generally favored or costly they may be, but to sail clear away from society on a yacht, leaving the rest of wealth's world to discuss and envy them. The exclusive character of steam yachting cannot be more strikingly demonstrated than by culling one little item from the statistics on this branch of marine information. There are only seventy-five steam yachts over one hun-dred feet in length in all America. None of these boats make less than lifteen miles an hour, and most of them are capable of a trans-Atlantic trip. Several of them, like James Gordon Bennett's Namouna, have been around the world. The Namouna is two hundred and

twenty-six feet long over all.
THE LARGEST STEAM YACHT yet built is William K. Vanderbilt's new boat, the Alva, which is two hundred and eighty-tive feet long. It costs the owner of the Alva upwards of twelvehundred dollars a month to run the Alva on an ocean voyage without spending any money on provisions for himself and guests. As a fashionable thing cannot serve its purpose without being displayed, the cost of entertaining guests enters as the biggest b'l in steam yachting. It is said that Var. Ierbilt on the Alva and Jay Gould on the Atlanta frequently spend two hundred dollars a day for their sport. When the Alva goes to sea she carries a pilot, two engineers, two firemen, a steward, a cook, and seven sailors. Be-sides these there are servants in proportion to the number of guests. The boat is not unjustly called a floating palace, for it is so arranged internally that the owner and his friends may live exactly as they do on shore. The dining saloon, feet in measurement. There is a wellstocked library, and ten suites of rooms in each of which is included a sitting there is besides a feature which is prob-

Who shall depict THE WOES OF SHOPPING in this broiling weather. And there is lots of it to be done. Husbands gone to the Adirondacks for a few weeks, the boys have their outing, you yourself must take the nurse and baby to the sea side, and for each and all of these expeditions a job of buying must be done.
The stores are simply suffocating. The
girls behind the counters are so occupied
in discussing their last number advendiscussing their last nights' adventures, or the coming evening's performances, that you get scant attention. A lady half dead with rushing about, buying, matching, ordering and so on, came at last into one of our big emporiums and asked for oriental lace. and asked for oriental lace.

ably to be found on no other yacht in

the world; a nursery for children and

"Further along," answered Miss Fresh, without looking up. ("And I told Henry I would not think of such a thing, and sez he to me. 'Oriental lace if you please," to second

girl.
"Narrer er wide (the idea of him thinking so—he kept on chaffing and kinder hinted) that's all the narrer we got." (I bet a dollar I get a letter to the house tonight. Say Jimny what be you going to wear to the coterie. I'm going to put lace sleeves). "No, we hain't got it that

'I bought some here lately and you had a great quantity If you will spend time to look you may find it; otherwise I shall see if the proprietor will get me

Well, I never. Jinny, have we got any lace that width?" "No; you needn't to look. (Hurrying aside.) But the letter that he looked for

My poor friend staggered off and lurched up against the hosiery counter. An animated conversation was here going on between four of the clerkesses

and a cash girl.
"Have you this style of gentlemen's hose in number 10?" 'You can look an' see; they're all on the counter," and the girl turns away, humming: "But the letter that he looked humming: "But the letter that he looked for never came. How many pairs? Four times 32 is \$1.28. Cash! Cash! (But the letter that he looked for never came). Cash! (Say, Em, what's for me to-night?) Cash!!! (What kept yer?) There, \$1.28 out of \$5. (But the let-

ter that he looked for never came.")
However, if these are the discomforts of buying at this season, the bargains are delightful to the female heart. There was never a summer when so much could be got for so little.

A GENUINE ADVENTURE in July was enjoyed by a lady whom I know. It proved that the babies of enormous wealth could tell strange stories if they could talk. My friend went in pur-suit of a cook. She had chased this animal to a lair in east Sixteenth street, where, in a towering rear tenement house dwelt uncounted families. She had passed through a paved court, in which a dripping hydrant had formed a hidious pool, and about the slimy edges played dirty, miserable children, grimy, unkempt little hoodlums; but in the arms of one of the biggest and filthiest, a girl of a dozen years, was a sickly child of as many months that attracted her atten-tion. It was an angel-fair little creature, and the pale gold hair shown in that dismal court, so carefully had it been kept. The tmy fingers that lay listlessly on a grimy old rag of a petticoat, were unsullied, and altogether the baby was an exotic among weeds. The lady wondered as she picked her

way through the offensive place and climbed the stairs to a murky little room on the fourth floor. The hunted cook had gone to see a place, so her sister said. As the visitor stood talking of the cook's probable return, she saw on a bed a magnificent cashmere embroidered cloak, a little cap of rich lace and a pile of lawn and flannel baby petticoats. The incongruity of this outfit, with the squaldid room struck her as forcibly as the pale flower of a child in the court yard below. "She's shure to be home by foive, mum, "said the sister, and the lady agreed to return at that hour,

to return at that hour. Going out she asked the child nurse in the yard who the baby was that she car-

"It's me little brother-fwat are ye giving me?" returned the hoodlum, and the lady fled, frightened at the impudent remarks of the gang. Nevertheless at 5 she ventured to return, and as she went up-stairs she overtook a much-dressed and much-flushed young woman bearing the blonde baby on her hip. The poor thing's face was smeared with dirt, and its little hands bore evidence that it had been creeping on the green and recking bricks of the court-yard. Into the cook's sisters room bounced the girl, and, while the lady talked to the prospective ser-vant, the child was hastily cleaned and put into the rich clothes that still covered the bed. In the shadow of the inner apartment this operation was performed. while scraps of conversation about the presence of Tim Kelly and Andy McGee at Jones' woods informed the lady that the nurse girl had been to a picnic.

My friend hurried away and, getting into her coupe bade the driver never lose sight of a girl and a baby when they should come out. In a few minutes the chase began, up Avenue A to Twenty-third street, behind a cross town car to Madison exempts in the year of a stay. Madison avenue, in the rear of a stage, till the girl climbed out at Thirty-seventh street and ran along a couple of blocks to a stately mansion and disappeared into the basement. The excited lady went up the steps and, when her summons was answered by a portly butler. She asked to see the mistress at once. The wife and mother soon heard the steps. It was a fine situation when the the wife and mother soon heard the story. It was a fine situation when that nurse girl was called up and asked about her afternoon. She had been in Central park all the time—let her tell it—had had the baby in the donkey carts, and watching the scups, and then rode down in the Broadway cars. No words could express the theory of the screen of the scre the thanks bestowed on the informer. But for the discovery they were going to take the faithless creature to Europe. Time and time again when this delicate child was supposed to be taking the air of the parks, it had been stripped of its fine clothes, in order to keep them fresh, dressed in dirty thin rags instead of warm flannels and left to contract disease in the foetid courtyard of a sickening tenement building.
An old gentlemam said that it was

strange how women ESCAPED BEING BALD-HEADED. while a large proportion of men hadn't a hair between them and the sky after the clock of time struck 50. I have made a hair standing discovery. There are as many bald women as men. The only known remedy for a bald man is a wig, and the best ever constructed is a glaring fraud when you get back of the ears, or close to the forehead. The only substitute for your own dear lost hair, that can trick your friends, and almost persuade yourself is the toupes which is gummed on the bald pate and brushed in with such fringe as kind providence has left. These arrangements must always rest on a man's mind like an undiscovered murder. There must always be a harrowing apprehension that the sticky stuff will relax its grip on the sealp, or that the lining of your hat will adhere to that treacherous little mat and some little act of gallantry will go for you bald-

One night in a theater a gentleman with nice dark curls clustered on his temples, and gently touching his shirt collar, was taken with a sneeze as he looked at a pretty girl sitting in a draft. "Who—is—she—ee?" sneezed the man,

in an interrogative way.

As he did so, a little, dark wave of hair lifted, and, as he threw his head back, the toupee, so carefully plastered, On the man's head was a bare, round spot as big as a teacup, and the little gobs of shoemakers' wax that had lately held the levanting toupee in among his true hairs. The lady (who shall tell what a bond of sympathy lay under her hat-brim?), tenderly raised the deserter on a fan and thrust it over his shoulder. Not all the serpentine locks on the head of Medusa ever cur-dled the beholder's blood as that little piece of wig did the poor man's, when he looked on the fan and saw what he supposed was on his head. He pocketed it and fled, an utterly wretched, heartbroken creature.

But I started in to tell of my discovery. Emma and I wanted to make a gold-dog out of the little black spaniel. We went out of the little black spaniel. We went prowling through some funny places in Sixth avenue for bleaching fluid. We found a pair of rooms on a second floor given over to the sale of what was called the "defiance front." The woman in attendance said they defied detection, and were so called, but Em thought they made you look warlike, and acted in a chip on the shoulder invitation to fight. I represented that I HAD A BALD AUNT

in the country, and made myself so pleasant that the woman laughed and et us into the secret of the trade at

"How I'd like to be an assistant here a little while," said I.

"You may if you like," was the reply;
"my girl is off picnicking somewhere!
I'd like a little help this afternoon."

Em and I took off our hats, and pinned big blue checked aprons on over our good dresses. In came a lady known in New York society, whose personal ap-pearance has been noticeable many years a account of her lovely snow-white hair. The woman took her behind a curtain, and I grabbed a handful of hair pins and followed right in. She removed a helit rope-colored mass of lace and flowers that went into that lovely hair beautifully. She unbooked a mysterious rubber cord. She took out invisible hair pins, and, Oh! Moses and the bullrushes in which you were found, there was a transformation scene from her nose to the bump of revelation away off on the back of her head. She was an unbroken coast of scalp. Not a hair dashed up to show where once the locks rolled in. believe I showed the astonishment I felt,

Mary Ann; I guess these hot days are too much for you." So I went out to Em much for you." Se and got a little air. The next customer was a raw boned creature with tremendous soltaires for carrings, and a profusion of curled black hair filling the front of her peek-a-boo hat. Em stood up to wait on her. "Let me see the defiance front," said

for the wigmaker said: "You arn't well,

"That's not a match for my hair," said the customer. "No," replied I blandly, "but it would suit your fair skin so well that you might touch up your own hair with our grea ausiferous aurora fluid till it did match. The lady smirked and said, "Dear me' and "dreadful suz," and finally, "I'm a good mind to try that front on."

"Your hair is pretty thin on top," said I, desiring to flatter her, "Yes," said she, "I wear these false pieces through the summer to rest my "You're ill again. Mary Ann," said the proprietress, coming in; "I'll tend to this

And she sold to her the auburn front, gave the 165 hairs that belonged to the costume their first bath in auriferuous aurora sold her two bottles of the fluid to go on with, and a switch to twist in when her own hair got the right shade.

CLARA BELLE.

IN THE FIELD OF LITERATURE

The Mania of Authorship-A Review of Some of the Latest Books.

COLUMBUS AS A STAGE HERO.

The Story of Metlakahtla-The Fed eral Constitution-Thoughts For a Young Man-The Magazines.

It was a thoroughly appreciative observer who gave expression to the wish that his enemy would write a book. Whether in his day men became authors and then passed into oblivion is a matter of which no account is given, but it is to be presumed that then as now there was no more dangerous pastime than the uttering of thoughts and ideas in book form. As in all occupations which permit the parading of one's productions before a critical public, there is about "book writing," a great enchantment. From the Alpha to the Omega there is a passionate interest in the work that absorbs the very life of the author. The fact that his manuscript may only be created for the waste-basket does not diminish his passion; so the eachantment may not who!ly be laid at the door of man's innate vanity and desire for noto-

It is wonderful the number of "books" produced in this country; and yet there are perhaps as many which die an inglorious death at the hands of the critical "reader" of the unfeeling publisher. It is not always the bad manual training the critical the critical training training the critical training tr terial which meets this death, nor all the meritorious which passes to the printer, for there have been many productions the reading public have been called to peruse which are simply abortive at tempts at literature, while many really commendable works have been cast aside ignominously by unappreciative critics, numbers of which have later been res cued from untimely graves and, placed before the world, have won many enco-miums and been treasured as worthy works of worthy authors.

If the worst fate that can befall a human is the authorship of a book, many have met severe fates in this world and hundreds severe lates in this world and hallded are following them every week in the year. The fate of millions of pages of manuscript. which was but sweetness wasted in the desert air, the poverty, the trials and tribulations of some of our greatest authors seems to to have no retarding effect on the rising generation, in every third family of which bobs up serenely some born au-thor, ready to shake the foundations of the literary world with the inspired pen. To discourage the writing of books by any one is an error; from the most obscure corner may come the sweet per-fumes of a rose, which blushing unseen may cast a fragrance throughout the

garden of literary flowers. No man or woman was ever severely injured by the preparation or the study in-cident to the compiling of the manuscript, but it can truthfully be said that the majority of those who get into print are the ones upon whom pity may be properly and lavishly bestowed.

THE life and character of Columbus has been placed before the reading pub-lic in many various ways, but it was reerved for Daniel S. Preston, formerly of England, to produce the great discoverer as the hero of a play. G. P. Putnam & Sons, of New York, are the publishers. "Columbus: or a hero of the new world— an historical play" is the title. The author has blended the prosaic history of his hero's day with interesting dialogue and dramatic scenes in such a way as to

make his production a decided treat.

Like all heroes, Columbus, develops in this work a wonderful amount of virtues; the manner in which he cherished et ideas, the patience in which he made known his plans to a sneering world, his adventures and his trials and finally his triumphs are all portrayed in a decidedly creditable and interesting

In the finis where Columbus, stands receiving the congratulations of Queen Isabelia, is intended to appear a most novel and beautiful tableau. Columbus nentions a vision he had of the future, at which appears an apparition most ap propriate; a foreground at first alone visble, of gently undulating heights, embosoms in its midst a fertile and irrigated plain. Beyond are the clustered spires of a city. Upon the declivities of the hills recline in fourfold grouping, the allegorical impersonations of the States of the American union. The mist which at first hid this scene from view rises further and discloses above the plain, and distant, a rugged and inaccessible moun-tain peak. The precipices below are

Upon the peak's summit, having in its rear the glory of the rising sun, stands Genius, the fairy character of the play, who, robed in white and wreathed with aurel, recognizes the great discoverer with a smile and indicates to him her daughters in the plain below.

The mists rise higher when above, and to each side of the mountain peak appears a luminious empyrean, within which, in as many groupings, are recog-nized with vagueness forms and features of colonial, revolutionary and national celebrity, until, from each of these, emerge with sudden vividness the images of Columbus, Washington and Lin-

It was the failure of the playwright to secure a producer for his offspring that converted him to an author and brought his work into book form. It is a question whether it will ever be fortunate or unfortunate enough to secure a place on the boards, but certain it is that its literary merit alone will preserve it as a most worthy addition to the useful li-

FEDERICO GARLANDA, PH. D., has produced, "The Fortunes of Words," which cannot fail of appreciation. The aim of the writer is to explain plainly the important results of the science of language. The style is conversational, and the enthusiasm of the author soon infects all who follow him. The book is especially valuable to teachers, writers, lawyers, etc., and is a most interesting volume for the general reader.

The latest contribution by Algernon Charles Swinburne is "Select Poems," published by Worthington & Co., New York. The assortment is some of the best of this popular English poet's ductions, and is well worth a place on the

JOHN F. BAKER, LLB., of the New York bar, has in book form "The Federal Constitution, an Essay." The book is a yaluable one, replete with useful information; the argument is strong and pointed, the reasoning logical, and the entire work worthy of the subject. From the early history of the colonies to the latest amendment to the constitution the work is replete with a strong disertation upon the foundation of American government, including foot notes and judicial decisions upon the same. G. P. Putnan & Sons, of New York, are the publishers

The public is indebted to Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, for "Hints on Early Education." This work was first published sixty years ago in London an-nonymously. Its authorship has been attributed to a sister of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist; but the name of the author never appeared on the title page, though it passed through eighteen edi-tions in England. The practical good

sense and the intelligent discrimination exhibited all through the little work make it a valuable assistant to mothers and others engaged in the care and in-struction of the young.

Its Stupendous Power-The Beauties of THE new edition of "A Few Thoughts for a Young Man," by Horace Mann, and published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, is just out, and if the young men of to-day would read and profit by the nuggets of wisdom contained therein, the world would be much better that they had lived. As advice to the young his words of truth and wisdom have rung in the ears of the young and old for many years, and aided many in seeking the right path and adhering to it. This little work is no less valuable than other productions of Horace Mann and should be read with care. the Scenery.

NEAR THE DEVIL'S HOLE

ple Who See the River-A Spot of Which Americans are Proud-Its Dazzling Beauty.

Harper's Magazine for August: While hundreds of tourists visit the Falls of Ni-"DOROTHY THORN Of Thornton," by Julian Warth and published by D. Lathrop, Boston, is a late work which can truthfully be called a first-class American novel. The story is a pretty one carrying with it the usual moral, but woven with such simple elegance as to be decidedly attractive. Like its title the entire tale is old fashioned and plain, and this very fact it may be makes it more interesting. Certain it is, however, that the character and life of Dorothy Thorn is worth following and can be done so to the permanent benefit as well as to the temporary entertainagara every season, not one in a thousand actually sees the river. But with the "freeing of Niagara" celebrated by New York state and Canada, July 15, 1885, the river experienced a new birth. Hereafter, in the true spirit of this international bond, the traveler, having enjoyed restored nature at the points comprised within the limits of the International park survey, may explore Niagara river to where, actually freed from its high, precipitous mural boundaries, it pours the waters of our upper inland seas into the broad Cotario. Here culminates the historic interest of the Niagara frontier, as at the Whirlpool modern rock-readings tell us to seek a clew to its geological past. For of few other rivers may it be said that they have a threefold charm, appealing alike to

does." The book contains valuable in-formation, without doubt the result of many years of labor and observation of the subject. Ascertained facts are used as the basis of every statement and the artist, historian and man of science.

True lovers of Niagara hope that the
day is not far distant when the International park will consist of not merely a mile strip on the American bank, but a grand double boulevard, running from Buffalo to Youngstown, and on the Cana-dian cliffs from the Horshoe Falls to book is filled with pertinent illustrations. The author has thoroughly and systematically dissected his subject, and the parts and parcels are treated in such a way as to bring one on familiar terms with the dreaded king of the elements. A careful reader of this book will not lack for the wisdom to foretell the cyclone or to save himself from injury Queenstor. As a sight for country villas, Lewiston Ridge, with the unnumbered beautiful drives in its heighborhood and its picturesque historical associations, must, as the cities of western New York grow in wealth and population, become not less famous than the cliffs of New

Below the cataract the Niagara, although comparatively few tourists discover this fact, has a beauty and granding style, is a practical, common sense presentation of facts and observations. THE story of "Metlakahtla," by Henry S. Weilcome, author, and Saxon & Co., New York, publishers, is a tale of a community of native British Columbians now eur no less imposing than the falls them-selves. Not content with its mighty plunge of 185 feet, the river goes surg-ing and tossing down another 104 feet in its rocky bed over the obliterated falls of seeking refuge under the folds of the American hag from persecution of church and state. Thirty years ago their people consisted of some of the most fea preglacial stream, the remains of a third cataract being still perceptible in the Whirlpool rapids. At the Whirlpool the river untwists itself like some mighty rocious Indian tribes of this continent, glorying in such traits as treachery, and such practices as cannibalism. Wm.Dun-can began a single handed mission among them, educated them, told to them the story of the cross in the simserpent from its sinuous contortions in this coecave prison, to pour itself an emerald-green wave into a channel at right angles with its former course, and enceforth trends northeast with many a plest manner and gradually introducing gentle curve. peaceful industries finally conquers their Not until we reach Lewiston Ridge do wild passions and works a marvellous transformation. The story is a tale of life, a history in fact but penned in such

we turn our backs on the Niagara's stu-pendous exhibition of power. From this height, described by Father Charlevois as "a frightful mountain which hides itself in clouds on which the Titan might attempt to scale the heavens," is a view worthy the expansive canvas of a Bierstadt. The table-land terminates abruptly in an escarpment. Beneath stretch boundless meadowlands as rich as any in agricultural Eugland. They slope gently to the river, which, coming headlong down the gorge, with the leap and roar of the Whirlpool upon it, gradually subsides into a tranquil stream as the bold outlines of the banks above Lewiston fall away into broad, smiling plains. Across the gorge is the Bunker Hill of Canada, crowned by its lofty shaft. Few monuments in the world have so imposing an effect in the landscape as the longly form of Brock tower-ing in the blue clouds far above the

of crumbling fortresses and gray church towers. With the American, pedestrian-

ism has become almost as favorite a mode of exercise as with his English

cousin. One of the finest autumnal tramps this country affords is a walk up

the gorge of the Niagara. No tour afoot in the Swiss Alps is more exhilarating. On the one hand are the organ tones of

the turbulent river; on the other, the steep, weather beaten cliffs, shaggy with forest trees, and of appalling te ght; and

the cloud-embosomed form of Canada's hero follows the retreating footsteps, as if, weary of the vague isolation of the

higher atmosphere, he would fain keep

up the perpendicular American bank like the layers of a well-regulated jelly-cake. A study of this rock wall in the course of

a walk from Lewiston to Suspension bridge not only shows the various thick-ness of the different strata, but gives a clear idea of the nature of the erosive

process by which, according to recent surveys, portions of the cataract recede at the rate of three feet a year. Hard layers of the Niagara and Clifton lime-

stone alternate with the soft shales of the

same names. Beginning at Lewiston as

a narrow strip, the upper stratum of Niagara limestone increases in thickness

to the falls. Here the mighty force of

the cataract constantly washes away the

foundation of soft shale on which the limestone rests, and thus undermined, the hard upper rock breaks off.

The narrow road by which pedestrians descend from Lewiston escarpment pur-

sues a winding zigzag course, its passage

broken by two secondary terraces. Along this steep precipice, described by

Charlevois and Pouchot in their memoirs as though it were one of the most diffi

cult passes in the Alps, was visible

until recently, the remains of an old tramway, "the first railroad in America."

In the days when Lewiston and her neigh

bors over the river were flourishing trad

ing posts, here began the portage around the falls. At this point all the goods in

process of transportation between the

heavy bales were raised and lowered on

a sliding car and cradle moved on an in-

clined plane by a windlass. Up and down this narrow defile passed a motley

procession of European traders, Americans and Indians. To the "trois mon-

taignes" came Father Hennepin, his portable chapel on his back, and with him

that bold adventurer who threatened to

make "the griffon fly above the crows; for while there is nothing in these decaying river towns to recall the fact, we are actually in the neighborhood that witnessed the birth of America's magnificent

inland commerce.

The walk up the gorge is made easier

lakes underwent transshipment.

companionship with humanity below. The whole series of rock strata com-posing the sides of the gorge is laid bare

THE prevailing discontent in the present process of selecting our president and vice-president is the apology, Charles O'Neil, LL.B., offers in presenting for the consideration of the reading public, "The American Electoral System." The work is a valuable one to every man who loves heights of Queenston. his country and the discussion of matters affecting its interests. It is a sound, strong book, one in which it pays to invest and containing many things which every American should ponder upon. Nestling under the shadow of her mountain is Lewiston, so named in 1805 for Governor Morgan Lewis, of New York. At the extreme north, beyond the village of Youngstown, and commanning Putnam & Sons are the publishers. the angle at the headland of river and lake, we descry the white ramparts of Fort Niagara, whence the gallant Pou-chot, begirt with enemies, looked out in 1758, vainly attempting to discover moving among the trees the battalions of his ing among the trees the battalions of his adlies from the Detroit river. Exactly opposite Fort Niagara lies "fair Newark, once gay, rich, and beautiful," present-ing to the water's edge her ancient front

THE MAGAZINES. THE veteran in the magazine field, Harper's, is at all times attractive, but the August number is especially so, re-plete as it is with strong and interesting articles upon the topics of the day. The charms of the great Niagara are done full Welch, whose portrayal of many delightful tramps in the vicinity is beautiful in the extreme. Edward Brown gives an entertaining and instructive sketch on The Irish Party in Parliament." Wings" is the title of a study of sails by Robert C. Leslie, which with its sixty-six drawings makes a most interesting perusal for all interested in nautical arts. In a well written article G. O. Shields tells of experiences "Hunting the Grizzly," and Howard Pyle gives a thrilling narra-tive of "The Buccaneers of the Spanish Rebecca Harding Davis, Charles Dudley Warner, and other well known writers, contribute to make this number one of the most interesting yet issued.

SCRIBNER'S for August gives the places of honor to the fifth installment of "Unpublished Letters of Thackery" in the several drawings. "The Picturesque Quality of Holland" is an interesting article from the pen of George Hitchcock, a voung American artist who has illusa young American artist, who has illustrated his subject with several excellent drawings. Selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne under "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Age," gives interesting views of society in ye olden times. Prof. Shaler of Harand shaler of Harvard university is represented by an instructive paper on scientific subjects from a popular point of view, while Prof. Weir of the Yale art school writes of "The Revial of the Handicraft." T. R. Sullivan contributes the fiction under the title of "The Last Rembrandt," which is particularly pleas-

ing. A number of other well-penned articles and several excellent poems complete this number which is a very interesting one throughout.

A DECIDEDLY interesting paper of holiday adventure is "Snubbin Through Jersey" which appropriately opens the Jersey" which appropriately opens the August number of the Century. In this number General A. W. Greely describes an episode of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, under "Our Kivigtok." This is a curious and interesting contribution. Joel Chandler Harris begins a story entitled "Azalia," which is pleasingly illustrated by Kembler. "Is it a a Piece of a Comet," is a question which William Earl Hidden attempts to solye of the meteorite which fell near Mazapil the meteorite which fell near Mazapil Mexico, in 1885. The Lincoln history is the usual feature and maintains its interest. Several war articles, an interesting paper on "Songs of the War," numerous papers on various subjects, and many excellent portraits combine to make this issue a decidedly interesting one.

HON. DAVID A. WELLS contributes his

second paper on "The Economic Disturbances Since 1873," in the August number of the Popular Science menthly. Expresident A. D. White continues his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," and "The Falls of the Mississippi," by J. A. Keys is an interesting paper advancing some new and curious paper advancing some new and curious features in regard to the Father of Waters. A number of other entertainwaters. A number of other entertaining contributions grace this number, among which are "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," Mr. Serviss' third paper on that interesting topic, and "The Metal Art of Ancient Mexico" by H. L. Reynolds, Jr., an instructive subject well handled. Throughout this number maintains the reputation of the an entertaining and metructive period-

AROUND NIAGARA FALLS.

The Whirlpool Rapids-The Few Peo-

(Opposite Falconer's.) SOUTH SIDE RESIDENT TRACT ADDITION TO FRIEND, NEBRASKA.

At Auction Sale, Thursday, August 4th, at 2 p. m., Sharp. Sale without Reserve to the Highest Bidder. Friend, Nebraska, has two thousand people. Is on the main line of the B. & M. road 38 miles west of Lincoln. The K. C. & W. railroad is surveyed through the town bonds will be voted for it, and the division station on the new line will be at Friend. The town is one of the best shipping points in the state.

Terms of Sale—One-third cash, balance on easy terms

C. C. PACE and BEN O'RHODES, Auctioneers, Lincoln.
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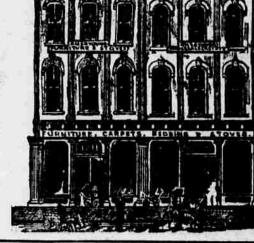
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Book, and it is well to say here a pre liminary reading of this careful historian vastly enhances the enjoyment of a tramp through the battle country of the war of

Near the Devil's hole where the railway goes into the mountain, we leave the track and mount the ridge. From the top of the cliff overlooking this awful chasm is another sweeping view of the river north and south. Peering down into the depths of the leafy gulf, it seems almost impossible to conceive in the sylalmost impossible to conceive in the syl van calm of this peaceful ferny solitude that it could once have been the scene of

Passing the squatter sovereignty at Suspension bridge, and pausing midway on the hanging viaduct, we have a full view of the wonderful and many times described Niagara gorge. Great white gulls are circling over the narrow rock-bound chasm, in the bed of which flows the emerald-green river. The perpin-dicular cliffs, 300 feet high, through which the stream makes its tempestous passage. still clad in the fading russet tints of maples and eims, among which the severe outlines of tall pines stand forth like black priests, mounting the gorge, up and up in solemn file, carrying us back into that remote past when first the Jesuit fathers visited the nation which

ave to the river, on either side of which ts camp fires burned, its musical name. Crossing the bridge, we witness at the Whirlpool on the Canadian side "the culminating act of the Niagara drama. Little known, and less appreciated by the generality of travelers, to the thinker the Whirlpool is the most fascinating spot along the river, more awful in the mysterious swirl of its waters and in the eternity of ages its past involves than the cataract itself. Compressed within these narrow limits is the drainage of half a continent. Two of the three sides are steep, rocky precipices like the rest of the river gorge. The other is a sheer slope of primeval forest, at which the water rushes with the tremendous force acquired in its swift descent. To account for this wooded declevity carries one far deeper into the fathomless ages than any possible calculations as to the period re quired for the fails to dig the gorge from

Frequently accidents occur in the carry a toad of some 200 pounds besides household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the con-stant favorite family remeny.

Kayaking in Greenland.

by leaving the train where the engine slows up this side the mountain. Near From an illustrated sketch of some by are the exposed foundations and an-chors of the old suspension bridge. The remnants of its heavy cables flap and personal experiences by General A. W. Greely in the August Century, we quote the following: This dangerous craft is sway across the gorge between Lewiston gradually dying out in Greenland, and only the brighter and more ambitious boys acquire it. Practice must commence and Queenstown like an empty clothesline. At our left is a tunnel cut through the side of a rock. It looks like a ruined arch; but although the surrounding country is rich in tradition and history the banks of the Niagara are not crowned with eastles. Some one in the party remembers that Mr. Benson J. Lossing has a kerch of it in the Pictorial Field sisting of a wooden frame work, which at the farm now.

is fastened together generally by seal-skin thongs, and over which is stretched a covering of tanned seaiskin as neatly and tightly as in the sheepskin of a drum-head. The skin covering is so well tanned and is so deftly sewn together with sinew thread by the Eksimo women, that sinew thread by the Eksimo women, that no drop of water linds its way through skin or seam. The use of seal thong in uniting the stanchions gives great strength and equal elasticity, allowing with impunity great shocks which otherwise would destroy so frail a structure. The boat is usually some fifteen feet long, and from its central point gently curves upward—from a width of twenty and a depth of ten inches—to pointed ends. Both prow and stern are eggeends. Both prow and stern are carefully armed with a thin molding of walrus ivory, which is a protection to the skin covering when the hunter spinning through the water, strikes small ice, or, in landing, so throws forward and up-ward his kayak that boat and man slide easily and safely up the edge on to the level surface of a floe. The only opening is a circular hole with a bone or wooden ring, its size being strictly limited to the circumference of the hips of

the largest hunter who is to use it.

A waterproof combination jacket and mitten of oil tanned seal skin is worn by the hunter, who tightly laces the bottom to the ring, so that no water can enter the kayak. Thus equipped the innuit hunter faces seas that would swamp any other craft, and plunges safely through the heaviest surf. A single oar with a blade at each end, in skillful and trained hands propels this unbaliasted, unsteady craft with great rapidity, and it moves through the water at a rate varying from five to ten miles an hour, according to the character of the sea and the exigency of the occasion. The oar properly handled enables an expert to rise to the surface, if, as happens

at times, the boat is overturned. The kayak of the Eksimo is probably unsurpassed in ingenuity by the boating devices of any other savage people of the globe. Its essential points of lightness, buoyancy, and structural strength are marvelously well adapted to the varying and dangerous conditions under which an Eskimo provider seeks his sea game. This tiny craft with all hunting gear weighs scarcely fifty pounds and will its occupant.

Colic, cramps and pains in the Stomach are quidkly subdied by taking a few drops of Dr. J. H. Mellean's Volcanio Oil Liniment on sugar or mixed in syrup.

An Abbreviated Question. Now, what would you think of it, Mr., If you had a pretty young sr., And an impudent chap Should sit in her lap. And refuse to get up till he'd kr.?

Chicago News: Fifteen ostriches have just been latched from a nest of seventeen fer-tile eg.s at Mount Fairview ostrich farm, near San Diego. This is the best record even made in America. There are eighty birds