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Money Musk.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler, sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check;
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! Now we give the call,
Cries, "*Honor to the ladies!*" All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And thinks it a weary while.

"*Begin.*" D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,
"*First couple join right hands and swing!*"
As light as any blue-bird's wing
"*Swing once and a half times round.*"
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown
Who holds her hands to keep her down
And thinks her hair a golden crown
And his heart turns over once!
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset!
He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas, for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!"
"I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe;"
"You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass below!*"
And the first pair dance apart.
Then "*Forward six!*" advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street
'Tis Money Musk in merry feet
And the Money Musk by heart!

"*Three quarters round your partner swing!*"
"*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,
The girls and boys have taken wing
And have brought their roses out!
'Tis "*Forward six!*" with rustic grace
Ah, rarer far than—"*Swing to place!*"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace
They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all—"*Right and left!*"
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in loving weft
And the Money Musk is done!"
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good night, sweets, 'tis growing dusk,
Good night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march began!

RUNNING A MUCK.

A few years ago I left Bombay, India, as a passenger on the screw steamer Penang, which at that time used to carry the regular monthly mail between Bombay, Muscat, or Mascat (a sea-port on the northeast coast of Arabia), and the principal ports of the Persian Gulf.

The steamer, a staunch vessel of about eight hundred tons, carried a full and very valuable cargo of merchandise, and her decks were densely crowded from stem to stern with deck passengers of both sexes and all ages, without exception natives of Asia and Eastern Africa, who, in their heterogeneous, highly picturesque Oriental costumes and characteristic attitudes, presented a striking *tableau vivant*.

We had a very pleasant passage across the tranquil, azure waters of the Gulf of Oman, and in due time sighted the bare and rugged cliffs of Ras-(Cape)-el Had, 130 miles southeast of the harbor of Mascat, and, shortly after, the mountain chain which forms the coast of the torrid, dismally desolate maritime territory of El Oman.

Slowly and cautiously the steamer wound her way through the gorge. Presently she came in sight of three large, plain, stone buildings, fronting towards the offing, and standing on the beach of the harbor.

The one in the center, the largest of the three buildings, looking somewhat like a three or four-story cotton factory, was the residence of the Imaum (Sultan) of Mascat; the one on its left side, similar in appearance, but with all the window-openings iron-barred, and the majority of them carefully screened with Indian matting, was the Imaum's "zenana," or harem; while the edifice on the right side of the Imaum's palace, a building much lower than the two former, but of a less forbidding aspect, owing to its whitewashed walls and a luxuriant garden within its spacious precincts, was the residence of Her Britannic Majesty's consul, or rather political agent, whose influence is scarcely less than that of the Imaum himself.

Not being a British subject, I cared more about seeing something of the every-day life of the people of Mascat than the honor of being introduced to a British consul, or even political agent; and so rambled on through the town in company with the second officer and the steward of the steamer, who proceeded to the bazaar, to purchase some fresh provisions.

After a protracted zig-zag tramp through the exceedingly narrow, tortuous and filthy streets, permeated by an atmosphere oppressively hot and positively sickening; brushing past closely muffled, carefully-veiled women, serious-looking, long-bearded merchants and tradesmen, ragged soldiers and Bedouins, all but stark naked fishermen, sailors, laborers, slaves, etc., we finally reached the bazaar, or market, where everything that is obtainable or manufactured in Mascat can be bought—from the well-known locusts, a favorite article of food, to the most gorgeous diamond necklaces of the Orient.

My companions had just finished their purchases, and hired a couple of stout negroes to carry the goods to the beach, when all of a sudden we were startled by a general stampede of all the people of that portion of the bazaar which we had just left.

They came rushing madly after us, the men shouting, the women screaming, and all of them gesticulating in the wildest manner. What could cause such a sudden and universal flight of the population? Was it a revolt among the rabble? a dog afflicted with hydrophobia? a sudden attack of hostile Bedouins from the adjacent desert? or had the good people of Mascat all gone raving mad simultaneously?—questions more easily asked than answered by strangers.

We turned around to look for an explanation from our negro hammals (porters) whom we had engaged to carry the provisions to the beach, but not one was to be seen! They had dropped their loads and fled with the crowd, which still rushed past us in dismay, stumbling and rolling over the bags of provisions. Anxious to get out of the way of the terror-stricken populace, which came down upon us like an avalanche, we quickly mounted the elevated platform of the nearest stall—a barber's shop, or rather a head-shaver's establishment, for Moslems rarely, if ever, shave their faces, but universally their heads.

From the exalted position we now occupied on the platform we had a good view over the entire crowd, pushing irresistibly on through the narrow street, and soon discovered the cause of the stampede in the shape of an athletic man, of dark olive complexion, in a state of absolute nudity, and apparently as slippery skinned as an eel, bounding towards us with the velocity of a panther pouncing on its prey. An ugly-looking Malay "creese" (a dagger, at least fourteen inches in length, with a sharply pointed flaming blade) was tightly clutched in his right hand, gladiator-fashion, and dripped with blood; his head was bent low like a butting ram, and everything indicated that the fellow meant, nay, had already done, mischief. Indeed, we shortly afterward saw him plunge his knife up to the hilt into the breast of a poor old fisherman, who had not been fleet enough to escape him. No sooner had the villain withdrawn his weapon when a young shopkeeper, attracted by the general uproar, rushed out of a side street, and, unconsciously, right into the jaws of death.

The next object of attack was a phlegmatic, long-bearded, heavy-built "dervish" (Moslem monk), with three volumes of manuscript under his arm, who dropped his library, took to his heels in right good earnest, and disappeared around the corner like a shadow.

Frenzied by the escape of his intended victim, the human tiger darted madly on in his course of destruction, overtook and grasped savagely by the right arm a handsome young woman, who had been making strenuous efforts to get out of his way; but the well-known waddling gait peculiar to Moslem women, and mainly due to their far too spacious betasselled, lemon-colored, morocco-leather boots, was no match for the prodigious speed of the murderer. Just at this point the bloody career of the desperado was abruptly cut short by a well-mounted Bedouin, armed with a long lance, which, on dashing up behind the murderer, he drove deeply into his back at the very moment when a well-directed slash of a sword in the hands of an armorer on the neck of the assassin almost severed his head from his body, and laid him out on the ground stone-dead.

A feeling of intense relief was manifested by the spectators of the terrible tragedy; and my companions and myself, all armed with revolvers, felt heartily glad to have been spared the awful probability of becoming his executioners.

The corpse was soon identified as that of a Malay sailor, who had been known to be subject to occasional fits of insanity, or rather uncontrollable fits of frenzy, for few of these fellows who indulge in running a muck (by no means a very rare occurrence in certain parts of the Orient, especially in India and the Malay Islands), can be pronounced absolutely insane. Just previous to these freaks, they usually shave off every hair on their bodies, and thoroughly oil or grease their persons from head to foot; then they start on their errand of destruction, armed only with a knife or dagger, and in a state of perfect nudity, in order to render their seizure all but an impossibility. Running at the top of their speed, they stab at every living creature, man or animal, within their reach; but rarely, if ever, stab the same victim more than once. They usually run straight ahead, never turning back or round abrupt corners, nor running into houses; nor will they stop until strangled by a running noose thrown over their heads, or until they are stunned, mortally wounded, or killed outright.

Running a muck by Orientals is attributable to various causes, as, for instance, to the consumption of opium, hasheesh, (Indian hemp), etc., to religious frenzy, to a thirst for revenge, or to acute mental and bodily suffering of some description.

The casualties of the tragedy just described amounted to five persons killed outright, and about twenty others more or less seriously wounded. Shortly after the death of the desperado, and the removal of the killed and wounded, the locality gradually re-assumed its customary appearance, our fugitive hammals again appeared, and we returned to the steamer in safety.

Lancashire Brutality.

The following is from the London *Daily Telegraph*: "At the St. Helen's police court six young men, colliers, were charged with a diabolical act of ruffianism. A few nights ago they made an attack on several cottages in the suburb of Parr, smashing the windows and doors. One house was occupied by a man named McGrath, over eighty years of age, and his wife. They forced an entrance, struck a light, and then assailed the occupants. At the outset one of McGrath's eyes was knocked out of his head, and he was kicked to the floor. A bucket of newly slacked lime happened to be convenient, and the ruffians holding open the mouth of the unfortunate man, forced some of the liquidized lime down his throat. The empty socket of his eye was also filled with the same material and then the contents of the bucket were emptied upon him. He appeared to be dead after this treatment, and some of them expressed that opinion. His wife was kicked and beaten savagely, but managed to get away for the police. Colonel Gamble, J. P., had to take the deposition of McGrath at the St. Helen's Hospital, where he lies quite blind. There was not the slightest ground for the outrage. The prisoners were committed for trial."

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.

On the Beach.

If one does not fancy a surf bath *in propria persona*, it is a curious pastime to watch the bathers from the hotel piazza, or—if you chance to be thus favored—from the sea-overlooking window of your own room. Before us lies the long, level, sandy beach. The tide is steadily rising, and soon the great billowy waves will dash over the pure white sand within a few feet of the hotel. The sunlight silvers the restless surf, and the ceaseless voice of the waters seems an invitation to approach. The bathers begin to appear, running down from the hotels and bath-houses in all sorts of nondescript garments, for this is a very democratic watering-place, and people give themselves the largest liberty in the matter of attire. Bathing suits are of every hue, from black to white—many being strangely striped and checked—and of every conceivable style, from the most tasteful to the most outlandish. How marked is the difference in feeling as the bathers touch the water! Some plunge in boldly, with evident jollity; some step in daintily, not exactly fearful, but quivering a little with the prospect of the first splash of spray of over their shoulders; some tremble on the brink, and need some coaxing friend, whose steady hand will guide them amidst the breakers. The little folks who have once been in the waves, and know how jolly it is to tumble about in the surf, rush in without a thought. The scene becomes exhilarating when the slight shock of the first wetting is over. Shouts arise as the crested billows roll over the bathers and they go out into deeper water. There is no danger on this safe level beach, yet there are strong and friendly hands ready to help the weaker ones. We notice one bather in particular who seems always skillful and prompt to give guidance to any who feel more secure under some protection. But there is no mistake about the enjoyment of the majority in the surf; it is a tonic that acts immediately. Ah! the bath is over for some, and one after another they step, dripping, on drier sand. Does any body look handsome when rising from the sea in a dripping bathing suit? Perhaps; but the cases are too rare to mention. A quick run upon the white sand, and the wet figures disappear in the bathing-houses. Can they be recognized an hour later at dinner?

An Industrious Clerk.

Peter Lamb, the clerk in the drug store in our village, says Max Adeler, read somewhere the other day that two drops of the essential oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a cat would kill the animal instantly. He did not believe it, and he concluded to try the experiment, to see if it was so. Old Squills, the druggist, has a tom cat weighing almost fifteen pounds, and Mr. Lamb, taking the animal into the back room, shut the door, opened the cat's mouth, and applied the poison. One moment later a wild, unearthly "M-e-e-e-ow-ow-ow!" was emitted by the cat, and to Mr. Lamb's intense alarm the animal began swishing around the room with hair on end and tail in convulsive excitement, screeching like a fog whistle. Mr. Lamb is not certain, but he would consider it a fair estimate to say that the cat made the entire circuit of the room, over chairs and under tables, seventy-four times every minute, and he is willing to swear to seventy times, without counting the occasional diversions made by the brute for the purpose of snatching at Mr. Lamb's pantaloons and hair. Just as Mr. Lamb had about made up his mind that the cat would conclude the gymnastic exercises by eating him, the animal dashed through the glass sash of the door into the shop, whisked two jars of licorice root and tooth brushes off the counter, tore out the ipecac bottle and four jugs of hair-dye, smashed a bottle of "Balm of Peru," lit on the bonnet of a woman who was drinking soda water, and, after a few convulsions, rolled over into a soap box and died. Mr. Lamb is now satisfied that a cat actually can be killed in the manner aforementioned, but he would be better satisfied if old Squills didn't insist upon deducting the price of those drugs and the glass-sash from his salary.

"Tipping" in England.

In addition to the ordinary expenses of bed and board in London must be reckoned a large tribute paid to the iniquitous European system of "tips." It is strange enough to an American, wonted to the lavish liberality of our theatrical managers, to be obliged to pay for the programme he uses at the theatre or opera. And also so strange that probably he will not at first comprehend it is the daughter-of-the-horse-leech look which the usher who shows him his seat at the opera or theatre gives him if he does not voluntarily slip a sixpence into said usher's palm. You cannot inquire your way in the street that, in all probability, the interrogated will not reply, "I can't describe the way, but I'm just going there and will show you." That means a shilling—thirty cents in American currency, although only twenty-four in American coin. You see one can take a cab almost as economically as to inquire the way. The waiter who brings me a single cup of chocolate in a cake shop hangs about my presence as if responsible for the one spoon with which I sip the beverage till I begin to think myself that I am in the Land of the Leeches and give him his experienced "tip." If I cross the street, a filthy wretch darts before me with a stump of a broom, and, stirring up all the dirt possible in so short a time, to make my passage a triumphal march of dirtiness and my raiment like unto the raiment of the Confederate army in color, stands whining for his tip. I cannot call a cab that another loafer does not dart forward to open the door for me and stand with a mouthful of curses ready if I fail to render him tribute of a penny or two. One cannot go into many of the city churches on week days that some one, verger or pew-opener, does not force companionship upon you to the tune of a sixpence.—*London Letter.*

Matrimonial Thorns.

Prentice Mulford says, in one of his London letters to the San Francisco *Bulletin*: "Young man and young woman! you think that the divine intoxication of courtship is to last forever. You think it is always going to be an ecstatic pleasure to trudge a mile through mud and rain to buy Seraphine Ann a paper of pins. But this state of things can't last. It's too high pressure. It must cool down. When you are married, and she is yours and you are hers, and the novelty of the affair is over, and you are fairly settled down into 'old married folks,' then comes the test. Then, if you have been a crabbed old bachelor, full of little whims, habits and peculiarities as is the fretful porcupine of quills, then will come the tug of war. Don't you recollect how, when single, and you came home after some tedious business, heated, tired, irritable, and disgusted with the world, and got alone in your room, that you used to fling books and blacking-brushes about, and swear and thrash around for an hour or two before you simmered down into comparative calmness? Well, matrimony won't cure this—at least at first. But you mustn't cut up so now. Even a temporary raving maniac is not a proper or a pleasant person for any young woman to be alone with. And if, on entering, she sees trouble written on your face, and asks you 'What's the matter?' and you reply, 'Oh, nothing,' because you don't want to be spoken to, and, above all things, it annoys and irritates you to be so interrogated; and still she persists in asking 'What's the matter?' and still you try to say 'Oh, nothing,' as mildly as you can, only it won't be said mildly, and it comes off your tongue as a pistol-shot, and you would just then like to bite somebody's head off—oh, won't you at such a time wonder where the amiability, the oil, the sugar, the honey, the sunshine of courtship has all gone to? And how will you feel, you who have been accustomed to go in and out of your vile bachelor's den without inquiry or hindrance? How will you feel as you start to go out for the purpose of getting a drink around the corner, to hear her say 'Where are you going?' and this a dozen times a day, and every time it is asked you must stand and rack your brains for a new lie. And those girls on the opposite side of the street who are always at the window, and with whom, before marriage, you carried on a sort of optical flirtation, which, to be sure, went no further than the eyes—how do you feel now as you catch yourself still looking into those windows and find your wife regarding you in a peculiar manner, and you know that she knows that you know how she knows all about your goings on at those windows?"

The Modocs and their new Home.

A correspondent recently visited the survivors of the Modoc tribe of Indians at their home in the Indian reservation at Southern Kansas. The Modocs now number, all told, 148. Of these less than fifty are men, all that remain of the little band that for so long a time kept six times their number at bay in the lava beds of Oregon last year. The chief of the tribe is now Bogus Charley, whose name will be remembered in connection with the war. Among other participants in that campaign whom the correspondent saw and with whom he shook hands were the "old familiar" Shack-Nasty Jim, Hooka Jim, and Scar-Faced Charley. The tribe live in tents, apparently preferring the open plain to the shelter of the woods. They are resigned to their fate, and while many of them speak English, the others are endeavoring to learn the language, so as to be able to communicate with their white neighbors. The correspondent found them all comfortably dressed and adapting themselves, as far as was possible in their situation, to the ways of civilized life. Major Jones, who is in charge of the agency, lives with his family among the Modocs. Government provides partly for their subsistence, but clothing is furnished them by the Quakers and other charitable persons. The correspondent visited the widow and sister of Captain Jack. The former, Lizzie, received him seated on her throne of skins and sticks, and the latter, Mary, a neatly-dressed and pleasant-looking woman, stood by. She looked at the visiting party, shook hands with them, and then sadly covered her face with her hands. Since the removal of the Modocs to their new home nine of the number have died, and four have been born. They express no desire to go back to their old lands around Lake Tula and Lost River, and say that they fought because they loved their hunting-grounds and the graves of their fathers, and there wanted to stay.

VENTILATION.—In a report made by a committee of the British Association, it is asserted that there cannot be a perfect system of warming and ventilation in a building having separate rooms if there is a deficiency in respect to any of the following particulars; a means of moving through the building steadily the definite quantity of pure air known to be required; the proper distribution of this air to the different rooms and compartments; a suitable method of diffusing the air in each room, as well as discharging the vitiated air; proper means of giving to the air the desired temperature, and also of securing the fit moisture. It is further argued, that the more the apparatus employed is rendered self-regulating, or independent of the constant watching and interference of attendants, the better it is likely to be, both as to performance and economy.

FOR MURDER.—This is the way they do it in Paris: A father of a family took his children, two little girls and a boy, out for a walk, and conducting them to the banks of a shallow stream, he threw them in and held their heads under the water till the two girls were dead and the boy insensible. Thinking he had finished his work, he concealed the bodies under some bushes and went away. The warmth of the sun revived the boy, who hastened to the village and told his story, and the unnatural father was arrested and is to be tried for the murder of his little daughters.

Wan Lee as a Printer's "Devil."

Bret Harte describes the exploits of a Chinaman in a newspaper office. He writes:

It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprising quickness and adaptability, winning even the favor and good will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in the mere mechanical act, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the ideas of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long diatribes against himself, composed by his fellow-printers, and hung on his hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp," "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth, and satisfaction shining in his huckleberry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to retaliate on his mischievious persecutors. I remember one instance in which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Colonel Starbottle, of Siskyou, had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for the *Northern Star*. In a very sublime peroration Colonel Starbottle had said, "In the language of the god-like Webster, I repeat"—and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and of course imagined the quotation his. After the form was locked up Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation and substitute a thin piece of lead of the same size as the type engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which, I had reason to believe, was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and offensiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Colonel Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "god-like" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in excellent but perfectly enigmatical Chinese. The rage of Colonel Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, "are you willing to deny, over your own signature, that Webster ever uttered such a sentence? Dare you deny that, with Mr. Webster's well-known attainments, a knowledge of Chinese might not have been among the number? Are you willing to submit a translation suitable to the capacity of our readers, and deny, upon your honor as a gentleman, that the late Mr. Webster ever uttered such a sentiment? If you are, sir, I am willing to publish your denial."

The Colonel was not, and left, highly indignant.

Webster, the foreman, took it more coolly. Happily he was unaware that for two days after Chinamen from the laundries, from the gulches, from the kitchens, looked in the front office door with faces beaming with sardonic delight; that three hundred extra copies of the *Star* were ordered for the washhouses on the river. He only knew that during the day Wan Lee occasionally went off into convulsive spasms, and that he was obliged to kick him into consciousness again. A week after the occurrence I called Wan Lee into my office.

"Wan," I said, gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of that Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late god-like Webster, uttered upon a public occasion." Wan Lee looked at me intently, and then the slightest possible twinkle crept into his black eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity:

"Mishtel Webstel, he say: 'China boy makee me belly much foolee. China boy makee me heap sick.'" Which, I have reason to think, was true.

Method of Evading Debt.

We have before us, says the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* a good illustration of the ingenuity of commercial travelers in making themselves the real merchants of the country. A commercial traveler sold some goods for a Milwaukee house in Iowa, and the Iowa merchant made the contract to pay when the commercial traveler came around again, but for some cause the latter absconded and will never be seen again in these parts. The Milwaukee merchant wrote to the Iowa trader informing him that he wanted his pay, but the latter replied that he agreed to pay the commercial traveler, and he should not pay the debt until that identical fellow came around again. Finally the demand was sent to a lawyer in that State. He tried to collect it, but found it unavailing, as the Iowa merchant declared that his contract was to pay the commercial traveler, and him only. Perhaps this will be a good defence, as the commercial traveler has power to make contracts in any form he pleases, and he has frequent opportunities to make all the contracts for goods he sells, as if he were the head of the house. This has been one of the chief objections to that system of commercial traveling which has cost the merchants such enormous annual expenditures, and which has involved them in so many bad debts, one of which they might escape if they would reach the merchants through the country press instead of by agents.

The woman who writes the addresses of her letter "catticornered" is the especial tormentor of post office clerks.

Proposed Dangerous Experiment.

A correspondent of the *Baltimore American* writes from Atlantic City:

"I paid a visit to the celebrated Paul Boyton, who has become so extensively known throughout the country as a pearl-diver, life-saver and man-fish in general. He is apparently 27 years of age, and good-looking, and although not above the average size, is an excellent specimen of graceful development. In manner he is affable and gentlemanly, talks pleasantly and intelligently, and displays a most decided infatuation for his business.

"The equipment of the life-guard is simple and consists only of Merriman's life-saving suits and an inflated rubber life-coat, the invention of Paul Boyton which, although only about eight by five in size and weighing but 20 pounds, is claimed to be capable of easily sustaining 20 persons of the average weight. It is of a novel construction, and its arrangement is such as to make it a matter of indifference how it floats. It has no special position and is always in condition for instantaneous use. The rubber suits or armor are also of a peculiar pattern containing compartments which, when inflated, are able to float over three pounds. Their weight is something less than fifteen pounds when the air is introduced, and it can be properly adjusted within three minutes. It consists of pantaloons and boots, and jacket and hood attached. Seven small tubes with mouth-pieces are connected with the air chambers in different portions of the dress. The hood, as it becomes inflated, is drawn tightly over the face, leaving only the eyes, nose and mouth visible, and making a perfect air pillow for the head, which is not only comfortable but also serves to keep the face constantly above the waves without the slightest exertion. The swimmer, after having donned the dress, lies flat upon his back in the water, and by means of either a double-bladed paddle or blades strapped to the arms he contrives to propel himself over the waves with remarkable rapidity.

"Paul Boyton's engagement here terminates in Sept. 15, when he will proceed to New York city to make arrangements for what might reasonably be termed a hazardous undertaking. The patentee of the life-dress, has offered $500 to Mr. Boyton to make a sea voyage in his suit, in order to demonstrate to the public its merits as a life-preserver. He has accepted the proposal, and on or about the 25th of September he will be carried from New York by an outward bound steamer to a distance not less than 200 miles from land, when he will be dropped and left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet with a passing vessel. He will carry with him in a rubber bag sufficient rations, consisting of dried meats, etc., for one week, as well as a good quantity of fresh water. He will also carry signal lights and flags with a sectional staff twelve feet long for raising them, all of which are to be stowed away in the unlimited portals of the rubber bag, which is about two feet square, and is little or no inconvenience, strapped to and floated at the side of the swimmer."

What He Was Waiting For.

The wit of the many unthanked gentlemen who give up their seats to thankless ladies in the cars is continually contriving new rebukes, and the people publish them gladly. A recent letter-writer says:

A gentleman of our acquaintance, aged about fifty, took the cars for a long ride. He secured a good seat in a not crowded car, and put therein his bag and various conveniences. After some hours he left his seat for refreshments, leaving ample evidence therein of its occupancy. On returning to the train, he found a highly-finished woman sitting in his place, and in the midst of what Western people would call his plunder. He paused at the entrance and looked wistfully at the woman.

"Do you wish anything, sir?"

"Yes, madam, my carpet-bag, if you please. Thank you."

He still waited and looked.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"Yes, madam, my umbrella, if you please. Ah, thank you!"

Still waiting in a respectful attitude, the lady grew restless.

"Is there anything more?"

"Yes, madam, I will take my cane and the papers, which I fear you are sitting upon."

These were hastily offered, and as the gentleman still stood respectfully at the entrance, she turned upon him with some emphasis:

"Well, sir, what else are you waiting for?"

"Madam, I was waiting to hear you say, 'Thank you for the seat!'"

A Chance for Saving.

"A penny saved is a penny earned." is one of Poor Richard's proverbs, worth remembering by everybody. Any of our readers, when tempted to form the habit of smoking, will do well to think how much they can save by keeping out of the habit. Here is a moderate estimate of the saving:

A young gentleman of my acquaintance concluded to commence smoking cigars on his twentieth birthday, but resolved that he would never exceed eight per week, nor pay more than ten cents each for them. I asked him to reckon how much money would be saved by the time he was sixty, if he should place the eighty cents per week in the savings bank every six months, and let it lie there, drawing seven per cent. interest. Being quick at figures, he made the calculation, and found the amount to be *eight thousand three hundred and eleven dollars.* "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," young man.

One of the queerest duels on record was that in which Sainte Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with his left hand, while holding the pistol with his right. The expostulation of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching cold in my head."

Overcast.

A little cloud came into the noon,
And darkened the whole broad daylight soon!
Far flew the shadowd across the plain,
And the golden morning has set in rain!

A little cloud came into our noon,
And darkened the love of a lifetime soon!
We never shall find our faith again,
For the golden morning has set in rain!

Items of Interest.

St. Louis has a detective by the name of Eggs, and he is considered hard to beat.

England and Scotland are said to contain six hundred thousand habitual drunkards, including both sexes.

The amount of opium consumed in this country at present is ten times greater than it was thirty years ago.

The woman who became famous by walking from Chicago to San Francisco, has been sent to the poorhouse in the latter city.

There is a man in Dubuque who is so afraid of hydrophobia, that he keeps his hat full of memoranda how to proceed in case he is bitten.

Dr. Glenn of Colusa county, Cal., has about 30,000 acres of wheat, from which he expects 25 bushels to the acre, making a total of 750,000 bushels.

A law firm of Carthage, Mo., has been indicted by the Grand Jury for running off witnesses who could have given important testimony against their client, accused of robbery.

On a hot day full grown shade trees on the sidewalk are worth ten thousand dollars apiece. The man who sets out a single shade tree is better than the founder of four base ball clubs, bold as the assertion may seem.

A stingy husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company by saying his wife always gave them their own way. "Poor things! it's all I have to give them," was the prompt reply.

Deaths take place the world over, at the rate of one every three seconds, and births at the rate of one every two seconds. There is a sense of profound relief in the thought that every time a man goes out of the world, a baby and a half are coming into it.

A man named Byers, of Clover township, Ill., was showing one of his horses to a visitor lately, and placing his hand on the animal's hips said: "There's a colt that's perfectly gentle." At the same instant the colt kicked him in the side, inflicting fatal injuries.

A guardian of the poor, old Mrs. Grummiles—"Green peas and new 'taters! Does your mother know them sort of things leads to the work'us?" Boy—"Know? 'Course she does! That's why she has 'em now; 'cos she knows she won't get 'em there."

An Indiana clergyman recently stirred up a hornet's nest by declaring in a sermon that certain candidates for office in the town had cards with their initials printed thereupon, which were exchangeable for drinks at various bars. The politicians are greatly excited.

The celebrated Irish beauty, Lady Cahir, desiring to astonish the vice-regal court by the very newest fashion, had her hair dressed by an artist in Bath, and then spent four days and four nights of sea-sickness in crossing the Channel in the old sailing vessels from Bristol to Dublin, propped up carefully in her berth to prevent the disarrangement of her stupendous powdered *toupet*.

Catching Woodchucks.

The Newburyport *Herald* relates the following story: Woodchucks are a most intolerable nuisance in Rowley, some years cutting off half the pumpkin crop. One enterprising farmer made a formal declarstion of war against them, and bought a dog that was reputed to be the champion woodchuckist. Bose did shake the life out of half a dozen of the varmints, just to show what might be done in case of an emergency; but his interest declined, and he didn't seem to take much stock in woodchucks. One morning at breakfast the farmer's little daughter, nine years old, told her father that she believed she could beat the dog at his own game, and he replied that she should have a quarter apiece for all she would catch, and the champion's belt if she brought home more chucks for the next week than Bose did. Accordingly, after breakfast, she went out with no arms except what nature had endowed her with, and no traps except her cunning hands, and within an hour returned holding what appeared to be the grandfather of all woodchucks, a perfect monster, by the hind legs, carrying him at arm's length, while he struggled to get free, and scratched and bit to the best of his ability. The farmer patted his daughter on the head in appreciation of her prowess, and then patted the woodchuck on the head also. The girl caught another in the afternoon, and within a week caught five, beating the dog and claiming the championship. Her method was simply to lie down back of a hole and patiently watch the appearance of its tenant, grabbing him by the nape of the neck as soon as his head emerged above ground. The farmer would dispose of the dog at a reasonable price, but that girl isn't for sale.

The Wheat Crop of Europe.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the breadstuffs market, says:

Bad weather has prevailed throughout the past week, but our farmers have kept a sharp lookout, and hav secured their crops. There are no reports of sprouting, though much wheat was stacked in poor condition, in consequence of high winds and low temperature. The same weather has ruled on the Continent. This will bring good samples to the front, and increase the value of old stock. There is little difference in prices since last reports, although the tendency is downward. France is sending back here the cargoes shipped hence. The crops here and in France are mostly secure, and the dependence of both countries on foreigners is materially lessened. The latest estimates put our crop at seven per centum below the average.