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KAMERA'S SKETCHES.

HORSES, HORSE TALK, AND HORSEY GIRLS AT LONG BRANCH.

Women Who Bet on the Races and Play Fair—A Handsome Bird of Prey—Our Entertaining Correspondent Continues His Observations and Sketches at the Seashore.

LONG BRANCH, September, 1888.

Horses are exceedingly numerous and remarkable at this resort—more so than at any other. The roadways hereabout are wonderfully good. As they are composed of the peculiar reddish earth of New Jersey, they look as though artistically constructed of terra cotta, which harmonizes beautifully with the various greens of the fields that border them. The popular sneer at the little State of New Jersey seems absurd to anybody who traverses these highways of Monmouth County, for they take one through as rich and prosperous farm lands as can be found anywhere in the country. The summer visitor who drives back from the famous Ocean avenue into one or another of the genuine country roads will find that, if he has taken his instantaneous camera along, he has not done so in vain. This bouncing specimen of a Jersey girl, who is sketched here from an actual negative, was surely worth focusing as an example of stalwart comeliness. She was all unaware.



A JERSEY GIRL AND PA.

Her pose was accidental and her costume was as usual. Such young women are seen industrious, in various household and field ways, as you ride along past the thriving farms.

A little further along the road I saw what is pictured a little further down in this column—a very pronounced and representative couple of summer boarders from the city. They were lovers, that was evident, and it was quite palpable that they had quarreled, for their backs were turned aggressively toward each other, and their noses were contemptuously in air. It is a pity that I cannot tell the story of their disagreement. But they are well worth considering as exponents of seashore costuming. The fellow wears for a coat what is called a blazer of striped red and white flannel. His collar was painfully high, his single glass was stuck in one of his eyes, and on his head was a polo cap of white flannel. He was comical, while the girl, although quite exaggerated in her attire, was an object to seriously admire. Her mob cap, her flowing hair, her smart gown of white flannel, and her symmetry of outlines were well displayed in a chance pose that couldn't have been better by careful arrangement. Substantial duplicates of these summer specimens are to be seen on the piazzas and lawns of hotels and cottages for miles around Long Branch.

I began to write about interesting horses. They are of sharply contrasted kinds. The



HE AND SHE ARE OUT.

horses that belong here all the year around are lazy, and they look it. Whether they are the sleek and fat drawers of farmers' wagons, or whether they are lame and bony draggers of summer stages, nearly all have acquired a trotting gait that is no faster than a brisk walk, and which makes them look as though they were automaton figures nearly run down. They are far outnumbered on the roads anywhere in this neighborhood by horses that have been brought down to the seashore by summer visitors, or to hire out to them. Nearly all the coach-horses, whether belonging to private owners or to livery men, have their tails docked very short, and the fashion of cropping their manes is also followed considerably. With fine harness on their backs, with a diversity of handsome vehicles to draw and coachmen in livery to drive them, they impart to the roads an aspect that would have been foreign anywhere in this country half a century ago. Liveries are now so common that it is their absence rather than their presence that excites comment at Long Branch. The third service for horses here is that of equestrianism. Horseback riding is first and foremost as a diversion this season for the rich with money enough, and not too much weight, to indulge in it.



A QUARTER-STRETCH DIALOGUE.

The saddle-horses, as a rule, are brought here from the numerous riding-schools of New York, to be let to pupils and others. One of these establishments employs an expert rider and a trained horse to caper and perform feats in front of the big hotels as an advertisement. The other day this performer was thrown from his saddle, whereupon the horse ran away, scaring the teams of no less than five equipages into runaways within the space of a mile. Four persons were thrown out and more or less injured. That particular equestrian lost prestige thereby. The fourth sort of horses remarkable hereabout are the racers at the Monmouth Park course, and the news dispatches tell you all about them.

The horsey girl is a new product of American civilization, or at least she has this season been further developed than ever before at Long Branch. There are not a great many of her, it is true, as compared with the thousands who go to the races without knowing anything in particular about the racers. On a crowded day at Monmouth, you will find her scattered here and there in the multitude, not only on the grand stand but frequently on the quarter stretch, where she holds dialogues full of



GROSVENOR AT THE RACES.

horse talk with anybody from whom she thinks she may get a tip. Just about the pleasantest exhibition of that sort of thing has been Pearlie Howe, who spent most of the season here, but has now gone to Saratoga. Pearlie's father is Alec Howe, who is rich to the extent of a quarter of a million, and looks as though he had made it in some solid sort of commercial enterprise, for he is portly, middle-aged, and handsome. But the fact is that he accumulated the first half of his wealth in professional gambling. Twenty-five years ago he was a Wall-street broker, but he concluded that a gamester in stocks might just as well become an out-and-out professor of chances, and so he opened a faro bank up town. He progressed rapidly at his new business, and he mated with a famously beautiful young girl of that day. After becoming sufficiently enriched to satisfy him, he retired from ostensible connection with



TRICKERY AT LAWN-TENNIS.

gambling-houses, and has since doubled his money by operations in stocks. Pearlie Howe is twenty, and as lovely in person as her mother used to be. She has been educated carefully, and is still, in winters, a pupil at Madam Reed's fashionable school, which is the one with which Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was for a term connected. She has always dressed in exquisite taste, her manners are the politest known to good society, and she is in all ways an exemplary young lady—unless we are to condemn her for the vice of betting on horse races. She never misses a racing day either at Long Branch or Saratoga, but always either accompanies her parents in a showy equipage or joins them at the track after driving there in her own stylish cart. She knows all that can be known about the horses, the jockeys, and the insand outs of the bookmakers. It is a common thing for her to risk a hundred dollars on every race in an afternoon's programme, and I think that five hundred is about the average of her day's betting, although on especially interesting occasions she goes up to as high as a thousand. She says that last year she cleared about fifteen hundred dollars, but that up to date this season she is a trifle behind.

One of the funny sights yesterday was that of three brisk girls, all in jaunty racing costumes, plying with questions a six-foot boy. He was an overgrown pupil of a military school, and he wore a uniform, which made him very lovely in these feminine eyes. But that he could know anything about a horse race, or much on any subject, was not indicated by his appearance. Any one of those damsels could have given him turf points and to spare, but they clung to him and clamored like so many of the æsthetic maidens in "Patience" adulating Grosvenor. Perhaps his advice was about



BEAUTY AND HER BEAST.

as valuable as most that is to be obtained at a race course, however, and they may have invested money on it winningly after all.

These fair young sportswomen play fair. They bet with their own money, and therefore they are fairly entitled to whatever they may gain by it. The same cannot be said of a certain young beauty who manages to keep from being ejected from a large hotel, but is nevertheless an adventuress. She is a bird of prey, although a very pretty one. She has solved that difficult problem which is a poser for most operators of her class—the question how to take money from masculine admirers without thereby characterizing herself in the light estimation for what she really is. She goes to the races without fail, and she is quite able by the roguery of her eyes, the wit of her tongue, and the beauty of herself and her clothes, to surround herself with a group of moneyed chaps. By the most subtle and covert of means she induces these dupes to separately and quietly offer to buy tickets for her on the races.

"I believe Little Minch is going to win," she will say, for instance.

"Then why don't you bet on her?" an admirer asks.

"Can't afford it. I've lost all I can stand to-day."

"Will you let me put ten dollars on for you?"

"Oh, that would be letting you bet your money with a certainty of loss to you."

Nevertheless she permits the sacrifice of his money to her gentle prowess. If she loses, it is nothing out of her own pocket; if she wins, it is so much clear gain. By repeating the operation as often as feasible, she enjoys an income quite sufficient for a lively and luxurious season at Long Branch.

It would not seem easy for the lawn-tennis girl to do anything new or unusual. We have been accustomed to her for ten years, and we are thoroughly familiar with her tricks of grace and her coquetry of costume. Nevertheless, some ingenious player at Long Branch has invented a brand-new device for compelling attention, and, as she neglected to patent it, it is being adopted by imitators. Somewhat shortened skirts have all along been worn at the game. But this girl goes to the field in a soft flannel gown, which fits her superbly and reaches to her heels, looking in every respect like a jaunty afternoon costume for ordinary wear. But when about to begin to play, she reaches down to the bottom of the skirt, picks it up with her hands and lifts it to the level of her hip. There is only an instant of startled concern in the spectator, for the striped petticoat disclosed is really an underskirt perfectly fit to show. The gathered outer drapery she passes round her figure and ties in a loop behind, thus making a complete transformation from a walking dress into the cutest imaginable tennis costume. I don't know the identity of this genius or I would publish her to fame. Perhaps she is the same girl who is distinctive on Ocean avenue by means of driving a donkey attached to a cart. The beast balks often, and the ado made by zealous beaus in starting the cranky beast again is accompanied by activity of muscle and tongue on her own part. Her adventures with her curious turnout have for a week constituted the novel episodes of the afternoons on the crowded thoroughfare.

KAMERA.

Firesengines were invented by Hautsch, of Nuremburg, about 1657.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Baby and the Crickets.

While Baby sat in his mamma's lap,
Old Dame Cricket came out in a cap
Whose broad, full frill went flapity-flap.

And she bent her crooked little black knee
With a bibity-bob of a courtesy,
And Baby jumped and giggled with glee,

And cried, "We hear such a funny noise
In the chink—who lives there?" "I and my boys,
I and my ten little crook-kneed boys!"

"Ten little boys!—and do they wear
Red Scotch caps on their curly hair?"
"No; their little bald heads are bare."

"If their knees are crooked, can they play?"
"Oh, yes, they scamper and run all day
At hide-and-go-seek and pull-away."

"What do you do when they quarrel?" "Oh,
Their ten wee cots stand in a row,
And straight, straight, straight to bed they go."

"Do they cry?" "Cry? yes, the babies squeak,
The toddlers whimper—eree-eree-creak,
And the grown-up ones—they fairly shriek—

I hear the whole of them now, I think!"
Then with flap of her cap and quick as a wink
Went little Dame Cricket back to her chink.
—*Babyland.*

The Montgolfiers and the Balloon.

On a blustering winter's night a little more than a hundred years ago (1782) two brothers were seated before a blazing log fire near Lyons, France. The room in which they sat was situated in their paper factory, for their trade was the making of paper. Between the brothers, as they were comfortably toasting their knees at the fire, was a square table, and on the table a map was spread out. The two young men soon became absorbed in an earnest conversation. News had arrived that the giant fortress of Gibraltar, which had long been held by the English, was being vigorously besieged by the French fleet, and all Frenchmen were eagerly hoping for the victory of their countrymen. The Montgolfiers—this was the name of the brothers—were eagerly discussing the prospects of French success. Every now and then they would get up and bend over the map, and try to trace out the positions of the hostile forces at Gibraltar. At last Stephen, the elder, pointing to a certain fortification on the map, exclaimed: "Ah, if our good fellows could only in some way get over that, victory would surely be theirs!"

It happened that just then his wife came into the room with some clothes she had been washing. Spreading a line in front of the fire before which the brothers were sitting, she proceeded to hang up the clothes in order to dry them. Presently a petticoat fell off the line and floated over the blazing logs. Instead of falling into the fire, however, it became suddenly inflated, and swelling out it slowly floated up the chimney out of sight. The two brothers stared at the disappearing petticoat with wonder and amazement. In a moment a startling idea flashed through Stephen's brain; what if a machine could be devised which would carry people through the air, by means of an inflated bag, just as this inflated petticoat had soared aloft? If such a device could be made then the French soldiers might be carried safely over the obstructing rampart at Gibraltar, and the fortress would be won!

This is one version of the story of how the idea of the balloon first entered Stephen Montgolfier's head. Another version is that it was not the good dame's petticoat, but the paper cover of a conical sugar-loaf, which, being thrown upon the fire, became inflated and soared up the chimney. Whichever story is the true one, it is certain that it was an accident which turned the thoughts of the Montgolfier brothers in the direction of making an air machine which would enable people to travel in the air as well as on land and sea. But no accident could have given such a hint to men of common intellect. The Montgolfier brothers were far above the ordinary French manufacturer of their time in education and intelligence. They were ardently fond of study, and while they did not neglect their calling of paper-making, they devoted their spare hours to the reading of books, and to talking with each other about what they had read. Happily the two brothers had congenial tastes, and were devotedly attached to each other. When young they had not wasted their time in pleasure-seeking, and from their entrance upon active life their aims were serious and high.

No sooner had the idea of air machines taken possession of their minds than they became deeply absorbed in it. Stephen, the elder and more able of the two, devoted days and nights to the construction of such a machine. At first he inflated a paper bag with hydrogen, since hydrogen, being lighter than air, would rise above it. But the gas escaped from the paper bag, and it thus became evident that paper was too light and frail a material for the purpose intended. The brothers next made a series of experiments with electricity, in the course of which they discovered that electricity lessened the weight of bodies. They made a rude balloon, and lit a fire under it, not only to rarefy the air, but also to supply a layer of electric fluid. This balloon was a large bag of silk, with a capacity of about forty cubic feet. As soon as it had been inflated by the fire applied beneath it, it rose rapidly until it bumped against the ceiling.

Stephen Montgolfier was now convinced that he had found a way to make a balloon, and he resolved to prove it publicly to the world. He accordingly announced that on a certain June day in 1783 a balloon would be inflated and sent aloft in the public square of Annonay, the town where he lived. When the crowd of curious people reached the square that morning, they were astonished to see a huge white paper bag, one hundred feet in circumference, covering a slight wooden frame, and fastened to a high pole. The bottom of the great bag was near the ground, and Stephen Montgolfier, as soon as the spectators had gathered, proceeded to set fire to a heap of straw and hay which lay beneath it. Presently the paper sides began to swell out, until the whole bag looked like a huge smooth white ball. Detached from the pole, it slowly swung to and fro, and then shot suddenly aloft, until it reached a height of six thousand feet. Then it veered off in a horizontal direction, floated to some distance, and slowly and gently descended to the ground again, amid the delighted shouts of the spectators.

The news of this event flew rapidly through France, and soon everybody in Paris was talking about Montgolfier's invention. The brothers found themselves famous. They went to Paris, and were soon at work on another balloon. This time they resolved to use hydrogen instead of heated air for inflating their machine. The balloon was soon ready, and on a midsummer's day a tremendous crowd gathered on the Champ de Mars, in Paris, to see it ascend. Up it went when loosened from its moorings, floating high above the great city, and sweeping eastward, until it fell to the earth fifteen miles away.

Thus far, however, though the Montgolfiers had proved that a machine could be made which would travel in the air, no experiment had been made of carrying up human beings in it. At first the Montgolfiers thought they would try the effect of an aerial voyage on some of the lower animals. Accordingly they attached a small car or basket to one of their balloons, and placed in it a duck, a sheep, and a cock. These first travelers of the air went up, and after remaining several thousand feet above the earth, came down all safe and sound. Then people began to think that in like manner men might trust themselves to the upper element. At first, however, it was thought safest to try a balloon which was fastened to the earth by ropes. In this way several men went up a hundred feet in a Montgolfier balloon. Then two men—the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. De Rozier—resolved that they would cut altogether loose from the earth, and risk the perils of a voyage in the upper air. Stephen Montgolfier set to work upon a balloon for this purpose. When it was finished he decorated it with ribbons and colors, and attached to its lower end a circular box or can for its human occupants.

Finally all was ready. The balloon was inflated at Passy, a suburb of Paris. A great multitude gathered to see the ascent of the first human beings who had ever mounted in the air far above the earth, while in Paris crowds occupied the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and other elevated points.

D'Arlandes and De Rozier took their places in the car, the word to cut loose was given, and up shot the balloon into the clouds which hung in the air. It ascended slowly and steadily to a height of three thousand feet, and then passed at an easy pace over the streets and houses of Paris. It completely crossed the city, and soon ascended to such a height that the occupants of the car could not see any of the objects on the earth below them. Then D'Arlandes became alarmed, and insisted on descending. As soon, therefore, as they had got clear of the city, so that they would not fall on the buildings, the air was suffered to gradually escape, and the balloon fell just outside Paris. A hundred years have passed, however, since the memorable voyage of D'Arlandes and De Rozier in their Montgolfier balloon, but although it is very common for men to make balloon voyages, no way has as yet been discovered for guiding balloons and propelling them against air currents, and so making them practically useful for the purposes of travel.—*Harper's Young People.*

Military Dandies.

I am writing now in the smoking-room of one of the three or four big hotels of Berlin. Observing my light as he stands idly smoking near the window is one of a dozen or more of the officers who are lounging about the room. He is a Lieutenant in the army, and receives less than $180 a year. In his wardrobe he has fourteen coats—we have just been talking about new regulations—and they cost considerably more than a thousand dollars.

His hair is parted with mathematical nicety on top and behind, and brushes forward over the ears. The mustache is waxed upward, and a single glass is held in the left eye. The collar of his jacket is so high that his face slants backward. Around the collar is silver embroidery, which descends on the shoulders. The coat or jacket is of huzzar pattern, with a brilliant lacing of silver bars across the front. The vertical seams of the jacket are also traced with silver. It clings with the snugness of a glove over a pair of perfectly fitting corsets. The waist is as round and symmetrical as that of any girl in New York, and there is not a tailor-made gown on Fifth avenue that is as free from wrinkles as this modern warrior's jacket.

The silver embroidery on the back of the jacket is scarcely less elaborate than that on the front. It would be impossible to wear such a profusely decorated garment without corsets. The breeches look like tights. They fit as snugly as a stockinet bathing suit after a plunge, and their material is white corduroy—a sharp contrast to the brilliant sky-blue of the jacket, relieved at the wrists and collar by the brightest scarlet. Patent-leather boots, with high heels and silver spurs, come far above the knee, and white kid gloves cover the hands. The whole outfit shows the most lavish expenditure, and he is a far more gorgeous figure than we ever see on the stage, even in burlesque, at home.—*New York Sun.*

Imaginary Hydrophobia.

Dr. A. S. Hammond says, in the Philadelphia *Times*, of imaginary hydrophobia:

"A case of simulated hydrophobia was that of a policeman whom I saw a few years ago. The man was then in the Park Hospital, held down on the bed by three or four stout men, in order to restrain him from violence and snapping like a dog at everybody who came in his way. At the sight of water he became intensely excited, foamed at the mouth and went through a series of frightful contortions of the limbs. But when I took a glass of water in my hand and told him in a commanding voice to drink immediately he swallowed the liquid without the slightest difficulty. My tone and action had diverted his mind from himself, and had set up a train of thought altogether different from that to which he had previously been subject. Nervous sedatives in large doses were given to him, and by the next day all his symptoms had disappeared. On inquiry it was ascertained that he had been bitten by a dog several days before, and that his comrades had frightened him by their questions and suggestions. Not a year passes that cases similar to the foregoing are not reported in the newspapers. The fact is that real hydrophobia is a very rare disease, eight cases only of it having come under my personal observation during the whole of my professional career, while the false disease is very common."

His Resources.

A professor said to a student whom he considered dull: "My brother, have you ever thought what you will do if, after a fair test, you find that as a pastor you are a failure?" Student—"Yes, indeed, professor, I have often thought of that, and I have fully made up my mind in that event to seek a professorship in a college or a theological seminary." We heard a man tell that a few days ago, and he gave names, too; but probably no such thing ever happened.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

THE KIMBERLY DIAMOND MINE.

Curious History of the Pioneer of the Dry Diggings.

It has a curious history, this mine, the pioneer of the "dry diggings," first called New Rush and now Kimberly, says W. P. Pond in *Drake's Magazine.* A little child playing at "jackstones" or some other child's game drew the attention of Trader O'Reilly to one of the stones. He offered to buy it and was offered it for nothing; but he was conscientious, and, believed it to be valuable, he finally proposed half profits if the surmise of value should prove to be correct. O'Reilly took the stone to Colesberg and was laughed at for saying that it was a diamond. He took medical and spiritual advice from a doctor and bishop in Grahamstown; they declared it to be a diamond. It was then sent to the Colonial Secretary and was sold to Messrs. Hunt & Roskell for $2,500. The father of the boy, Mr. Nienkerk, then hunted up a native witch doctor who had a famous white stone and gave all he possessed for it, afterward selling it to Messrs. Lilienfeld of Bopetown for $56,000. It was christened the "Star of Africa," and was sold by them to the Countess of Dudley.

Then began a mad rush to the rivers where these stones had been found. Then diamonds were found at Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein, and finally the cream of the diamond region, New Rush, was struck and the diggers—at first pooh-poohing the idea of "dry diggings"—came with a rush and nearly precipitated a war, which was only staved off by the English Government paying down $450,000 to the rival claimants.

When the Kimberly mine was first started the claims were "jumped" in the majority of cases, but numbers brought with them order, and eventually the mine or diggings—locally called "kopjes"—were divided into claims, which originally were thirty feet wide and ten feet square, according to the location. Learning wisdom from the experience of other diggings, a law was passed that a strip seven feet six inches wide should be taken from one side of each claim for a road, and the Kimberly mine was the first one to enforce this most necessary regulation. These roads were twelve in number, and should have been maintained at a mean breath of fifteen feet, but in a short space of time most of them ceased to be two-thirds of that width. When a rich piece of soil was struck the diggers, careless of the future, undermined them and frequent landslips took place.

Natives were employed to work in the claims, and the rudest machinery imaginable was used to remove the soil for sorting. At first the claims were simply shallow pits, which had a large stake driven into the ground at the upper edge of the pit, to which was attached a pulley, with a rope to draw up the buckets or bags containing the diamondiferous soil for sorting.

As the mines grew deeper huge capstans were introduced, which were worked by horse power and which were called "whims." As the work of mining progressed and capital came to the front, steam engines took the place of the old "whims," and soon the edge of the pit was one mass of machinery.

Any description of the mine itself falls short of the reality. You peered over the edge and saw a semi-circular hole, crossed and recrossed by banks of greater or less height, some appearing in the likeness of battlements and turrets, some like a cluster of pillars or spreading terraces of steps; others gaping like great black pits that might be full of stagnant water; while three hundred feet below, almost out of sight, looking like ants, labored ten thousand men in six acres of ground; a gigantic hive filled with human bees, the hive resonant with the clang of the iron pick on rock or loose stones, the thud of falling earth, the splash of water from the pumps, buckets rising and falling, pulleys creaking, ropes straining and groaning, wires humming, and through the gigantic cobweb of the wires floated the gray acrid dust rising from thousands of sieves, slowly settling and filtering back into the depths of the mine; while overhead the scorching sun beat down with burning, pitiless, vertical rays.

ELEVATOR RULES.

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.

Not long ago I was a passenger on a through elevator bound for the division terminus in the upper floor of a hotel in St. Louis. After trying in vain to sleep, and having exhausted the stock of papers and peanuts vended in transit, I composed a few crisp and curly directions for the novice selecting the steering of an elevator as his life work. There is nothing I take a more fiendish delight in than in creating arbitrary rules for the guidance of mankind. To throw society in consternation by improvising rules of etiquette at utter variance with the prevailing doctrines is one of my malicious recreations. Please peruse carelessly my

ELEVATOR RULES FOR 1888:

Descending elevators have the right of way when the cable breaks.

Round-trip tickets to any floor are not valid if presented for return thirty days after date of issue.

Passengers are forbidden entering or leaving the elevator midway between floors.

On night trips passengers will please converse in whispers, so as not to awaken the elevator boy.

Tourists are expected to tell what floors they wish to stop at, as the conductor is not a mind reader.

Discussions on political and religious topics and the use of firearms are strictly prohibited.

Passengers dissatisfied with the speed of the elevator are earnestly requested to say so as emphatically and frequently as convenient.

Views of the scenery along the route are not to be taken from their proper places.

Ladies will please not deprive gentlemen of ample space for their feet on the seat.

It may be taken for granted that generally the passengers are alive, without prodding them with canes or umbrellas on entering.

Life-preservers under the seat.

The rights of the traveling public to the exclusive control of their corns is to be respected.

Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs not in arms will be charged extra.

Weak Spots in Great Heads.

The Duke of Wellington was superstitious. He would not move one of his soldiers toward the enemy if he saw a yellow dog in his path. A Baltimore lawyer started out at midnight and received the pledge of a sleepy Judge that he would not fail to be present at a dinner party next day so as to prevent thirteen persons from sitting down at table.—*Baltimore American.*

Belva A. Lockwood, the "Equal Right's" candidate for President, is 5 feet 8 inches high, weighing 150 pounds, and of the type known as gray blond. She possesses an indefinable expression of motherliness, earnest good humor and gentle good will, not unmixed with an old school grace that is winning rather than remarkable. She does not pretend to style in dress, but there is none of the soiled tawdryness of attire of some gentlewomen who utterly repudiate her views, neither the aggressive masculinity which many of her own school affect. She never wore a corset, and attributes the remarkable uniformity of her good health to her freedom from it.

Quick Runs by Rail.

The speed of passenger trains has shown steady improvement from year to year. In the month of June in our Centennial year, 1876, a train ran from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,317 miles, in 83 hours and 27 minutes actual time, thus averaging about 40 miles an hour, but during the trip it crossed four mountain summits, one of them over 8,000 feet high. This train ran from Jersey City to Pittsburgh over the Pennsylvania Railroad, a distance of 444 miles, without making a stop. In 1882 locomotives were introduced which made a speed of 70 miles per hour. In July, 1885, an engine with a train of three cars made a trip over the West Shore road which is the most extraordinary one on record. It started from East Buffalo, New York, at 10.04 a. m., and reached Weehawken, New Jersey, at 7.27 p. m. Deducting the time consumed in stops, the actual running time was 7 hours and 23 minutes, or an average of 56 miles per hour. Between Churchville and Genesee Junction this train attained the unparalleled speed of 87 miles per hour, and at several other parts of the line a speed of from 70 to 80 miles an hour.—From 'Railway Passenger Travel,' by Gen. Horace Porter, in 'Scribner's' for September.

How to Overcome the Dangers of Exposure.

Francis O'Reilly, the well known livery man of No. 18 Prince street, New York, says of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

"For the last forty-two years I have been engaged in the livery and hacking business. I am greatly aided by my four boys. We are much exposed to the weather, and we have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS of very great service. We use them as chest protectors, placing one on the chest and one on the pit of the stomach. They not only ward off the cold, but act as a tonic.

We are frequently affected with rheumatism, kinks in the back, and pains in the side; but one or two of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS quickly cure us. My wife and daughter have been using ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for weak back and think the world of them. I have now been using them for twenty years, and always have a box in the house."

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,
Old-fashioned kind—full grown;
Jack's went down—but with a frown—
Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets entirely supersede, as they laid fair to do, the large and less efficient pill of our forefathers. Every day they gain new laurels! Most popular when most ills abound!

Unless you wish to be ridden by poverty never dress air, for an old proverb says: "Lost hope is a fat dinner."

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated, by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

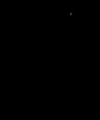
The English nobility began the use of surnames about 1080.

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Bed-ridden. Beaver Dam, Wis., May 19, '88.
Spring of 1887 was taken with Sciatica, suffered two months was confined to bed; tried several doctors without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. JANNETTE WEBER.
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