

CAGED WITH AN ANACONDA.

A Baggage-man Pays Dearly for a Free Peep at a Show.

During the time that Robinson's circus was on the line of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, the Jim Fisk side show—consisting of wax figures of Fisk, Mansfield, Stokes and a large anaconda—started from Leavenworth to join the circus near St. Louis. The canvass and wax figures were stowed in a baggage car, filling the front end and leaving only one door for entrance to the coaches. The baggage man, being of an inquiring mind, and thinking he would take a free peep at the show, just to see what Fisk and Mansfield looked like, opened the door and stood among the waxen images of the illustrious trio. While he was admiring the graceful contour of Mansfield's bust, what was his horror to see the monster anaconda raise its head and begin slowly to crawl out of the box. The serpent's eyes were upon him, and his forked tongue moved backward and forward like a weaver's shuttle. Having heard of the power of the anaconda in squeezing its victim to death in its terrible folds, our trunk-smasher at once realized the danger of his situation. His mind reverted with lightning rapidity to the events of his life, and visions of wrecked Saratoga, frail valises, and flimsy carpet-bags arose in a mountain of judgment before him. He would have given his right hand for a stout steel-plated trunk to crawl into; but no such thing was at hand. After protruding about half his horrid length, the snake paused and turned his eyes in another direction. The baggage man was not slow in availing himself of this opportunity of making his escape. Quickly, and with the stealth of a ferret, he crawled over piles of boxes, gained the door and made good his retreat to the coach. There he found the showmen, and on informing them that the snake was endeavoring to escape, they went into the baggage car and secured the reptile. The baggage man was so gratified at what he regarded as a miraculous escape, that he made a solemn vow never again to pry into the boxes of showmen placed under his charge. When he wants to see a snake he will pay his money like other people, and take his choice.—*Missouri Democrat.*

What to Drink in Hot Weather.

A question that everybody puts to everybody else in these awful dog days is, "What do you drink in this weather?" The variety of replies returned to this would make a list that would startle a bar-keeper. Most of these are alcoholic. One man will tell you to stick to native whisky, because the foreign liquors, not being accustomed to this climate, are apt to run riot in the stomach of those who swallow them. The next interlocutor says that this is all stuff, since the foreign liquors are manufactured here. There are men who aver that Santa Cruz rum, being a tropical tippie, is eminently fitted for these latitudes at the present time. Others dismiss it on that account, and inquire whether the Arctic Pole does not furnish some kind of slings that would cool men's stomachs and keep the blood away from the head. The advocates of juleps, and smashes, and all other fancy drinks are numerous, as are those of brandy-and-water plain; but by far the most numerous of advisers with regard to beverages are those who caution you against drinking Croton water without "something" in it, as if the possibility of finding Croton water without "something" in it, at this season, were admissible. Many persons think that hot tea allays thirst better than cold drinks; and there are Irish and Scotch gentlemen of the old school who, on the same principle, drink hot whisky punch all the year round, irrespective of the thermometer. Cold tea, without milk and with a slice of lemon in it, is stated by persons who have tried it to be the best of drinks for allaying thirst; but the objection to tea is that medical men declare it to be more shattering to the nerves than alcoholic drinks, unless taken very moderately.

All the malt liquors have their advocates, and a favorite beverage lately come much into vogue here is "shandy-gaff," a compound of ale and ginger beer. It is very palatable; but as the French say of good wine, it recalls the drinker. Perhaps of all summer drinks, the two kinds of German beer are most in demand. Many persons, as well as Germans, drink weiss beer early of a morning at this season, consider-

ing it to be a tonic and promoter of appetite. As for lager beer everybody drinks it copiously, although opinion is divided with regard to its effect upon the system. The main objection to lager beer seems to be the immense quantity of it one can imbibe without being injuriously affected by it for the time.

One of the best drinks the writer remembers for allaying thirst is a sort of lemonade brewed with a certain proportion of cream-of-tartar in it. It is not only grateful to the palate, but cooling to the blood; but the manufacture of "pop," as it used to be called, seems to be the lost art. It should be manufactured at home, since it is very amenable to imitation with spurious ingredients. Lime juice, added in small quantities to water with a little sugar in it, is also an agreeable and healthful drink.

But it appears to be agreed on by medical men that the less any one drinks in hot weather the better. Especially the stronger kinds of stimulating drinks should be avoided, and so should copious draughts of ice-cold water. To abstain from such food as tends to promote thirst is one of the best rules to be observed in hot weather.—*Ex.*

What is a Hoodlum?

The Eastern press is profoundly agitated over the above conundrum. What is a Hoodlum? asks the *New York World*. Even Manton Marble, with all his classic and Eastern lore, fails to catch the meaning of this new Californian word. We are not surprised. The animal is indigenous to our State, is the growth of our peculiar civilization—belongs to us. We proceed to enlighten the savans of the press. The hoodlum is a male of the human species, of the genus homo. He dresses in broadcloth, wears polished boots, carries a cane. He is too lazy to work; he is too proud to beg; he is too cowardly to steal. He lives off the hard earnings of the sin and shame of some poor girl whom he abuses and neglects; he stands upon the street corners with his Hoodlum companions of an afternoon; stares in brazen vulgarity at honest women, and insults with rude gesture and indecent expression the soiled doves as they flutter by. He has respectable relatives from whom he borrows when the wolf chases him too closely, and during election time he sells his influence for coin and aids to control political results. He travels on shape and talent; he bullies the weak and he fawns upon the strong; his ambition is to get some sinecure berth in politics; he is a night watchman, or has a special policeman's beat—duties which he never performs except to collect the money. He lives at free lunches; he amuses himself by rowdy actions; attends excursions. His strong effort is to keep out of the clutches of the law. He is the friend and counselor of thieves, swindlers and confidence men, and finally adopts the felon's profession—then he ceases to be a Hoodlum. He becomes a drunkard and is then called a bum. He gets shabby and finds no frail women to support him; he is then a vagabond and loafer. During the time of his earlier success he hangs around the theatres; knows and is useful to actors and actresses; he is a claqueur and deadhead. He brings up either in the home of the inebriate, the county hospital or the State prison. He is a disgrace to his family and a nuisance to the community.—*S.F. Chronicle.*

Advice to Bathers.

Mr. Lambton Young, the Secretary of the Royal Humane Society, publishes the following excellent advice to bathers:

Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal.

Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause.

Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water.

Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water.

Avoid remaining too long in the water, but leave it immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness.

Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach; but the young and those who are weak had better bathe three hours

after a meal, the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast.

Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation or other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

GRACE GREENWOOD EQUESTRIAN-IZES EN CAVALIER.

Grace Greenwood and three other women had rather a novel experience in visiting the Yosemite lately, the latter part to be performed on horseback. A Chicago party, getting the start of Grace and her friends, had engaged all the side-saddles. This presented the alternative either of an indefinite delay or to take to the "Mexican saddle, riding en cavalier"—which being Saxonized means *astraddle*. They took the last horn of the dilemma—only there were no horns, those being on the side-saddles the Chicago women had snapped up—and mounted *en cavalier*, and, as Grace expresses it—"rode as women used to ride, in her happy, heroic days, before Satan, for her entanglement and enslavement, invented trained skirts, corsets and side-saddles." After a ride of some forty miles, the conclusion was "that this style of riding is the safest, easiest, and therefore the most sensible." * * * "for if nature intended women to ride on horseback at all, she undoubtedly intended it should be after this fashion, otherwise we should have been a sort of land variety of the mermaid."

"Say Amen to That, Brother"

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest countries, a good, faithful, hardworking brother, named James Moore, or Jimmy Moore, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true, loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations.

He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and before leaving for his new field he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At its close he said:

"My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake, went on:

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore, but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man—he knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and mercile: s to the poor.

He continued his address:

"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored Him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor; and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger—

"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother!"

The shot told. He was not interrupted again.

THE TERRIBLE HEAT.—Accounts of unusual heat reach us from abroad, and it is plain that we are not the only sufferers from a most exceptional season. The *Bombay Gazette* says that the thermometer has reached 115 degrees in the shade at Allahabad, and 116 degrees in the shade at Hyderabad. At the latter place many deaths had taken place from the heat among the Sixteenth Lancers. In the Deccan the wells were drying up fast and the cattle dying, and a water famine was threatening to add to the general suffering. Fortunately, the monsoon was close at hand, when relief could be depended upon.

In Rome the heat has been excessive, and there was another lively scene in the Chamber of Deputies there on the 27th ult., which is imputed by the Press to that cause. Several members came within an ace of getting to blows, and Signor Sella said that it would be absolutely impossible to continue the sittings another year after the 1st of May. Since the great heat is so general, the question as to how far it is to be ascribed to the "coming comet" takes an increased significance, and there are

many who will rejoice when, whether for weal or for woe, the 12th of August has passed.—*Washington Star.*

BREVITIES.

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weakness and vanity.

Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.

There is no greater mistake in social life, than indulging in over familiarity. Intercourse, even between intimate friends, should have some dignity about it.

All he could do, a Lafayette (Indiana) man couldn't light the lamp on coming home from the club, although he used every tooth of his wife's back-hair comb.

Study contentment. In these days of inordinate greed and self-indulgence, keep down the accursed spirit of grasping. What they don't have makes thousands wretched.

Close outbath was the cause of the death of John Eatwood's coachman, in Bellville, N. J. While bathing he was seized with cramps, and his comrade failed to rescue him because he could not obtain a hold.

Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—*Swift.*

A certain lawyer in Washington complains that his appearance is so villainous that he is often mistaken for the prisoner under trial. Are there not a few of that sort of lawyers in this vicinity?

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, for the most part combined with folly.

The *Danbury News* says that the majority of women care nothing about suffrage. If the backs of car seats can only be hollowed out so as to admit of their bustles lapping over, it is enough for them.

A Pekin (Ills.) woman was asked, by a preacher if her husband feared the Lord? She replied:

"Fear him? why, bless you, he is so 'feared of him that he never goes out of the house, Sundays, without taking his gun along!"

There is a woman in Newport so jealous of her husband she won't allow him to carry a pocket handkerchief for fear he will carry on a handkerchief flirtation with some of the girls. He doesn't mind the handkerchief much, but it is hard on his coat sleeve.—*Saturday Night.*

Moltke, the Prussian Field-Marshal, is denounced by nearly the whole German press for having said during the debate on the new military code in the German Parliament: "Let us vote for rigorous penalties; for if our army, as it is said, is the people in arms, of course there must be in it also rogues in arms."

There is nothing more difficult for a sane man to understand than why people will commit suicide. The problem is rendered still more perplexing by the fact that many suicides grow out of causes which are considered the most trivial. Only a little while ago a girl plunged into a watery grave because she had warts, and a man hung himself because his wife had her hair cut off in spite of his opposition. Still later, a West Virginia man became his own hangman because his dinner wasn't ready promptly, and within a few days a young girl in Maine swallowed poison because her lover started on a week's trip without kissing her. As these victims must have been infinitesimally endowed with brains, and so sensitive that their lives were a burden, their cases suggest the possibility that among the odd verdicts of coroners' juries we may yet have to record that of "justifiable suicide."—*Ex.*

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—We have received the August number of this very cheap and excellent musical monthly, and can recommend it to all who desire to obtain, at a very low figure, a good selection of new music for recreation and practice in the family circle. This number contains the following pieces, composed by Hays, Kucklen, Stewart, Gounod, Strauss, Goote, Kinkel, and Kleber, arranged for the piano: "Meet me, Maggie," song and chorus; "Bright Star that Crowns with Beauty," song; "Do not Weep so, Sister Darling," song and chorus; "My Heart is Weary," ballad; "Jocus Polka," by Strauss; "Sunlight Schottische;" "Georgie's Waltz;" "Rosalba Polka Mazarka;" "Love's Caresses." Any of these pieces can be obtained printed separately, at prices ranging from 30 to 50 cts. each; all of them, in the "Musical Monthly," for 30 cts., that being the price of a single number, or \$3.00 per annum.

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