RECREATION ON SUNDAY.

PLEASURE BY OCEAN, LAKE AND SOUND.

FEW PEOPLE AT CONEY ISLAND—THE SEASON AT LONG BEACH.

Coney Island received only a small percentage of its usual visitors yesterday. Perhaps it was the gloomy forenoon, perhaps the tidings of earthquakes and awful forebodings consequent thereon which tended to keep people in the fastnesses of their own homes. Whatever the reason it was evident to the eye of the regular visitor as to that of the restaurant keeper and amusement purveyor that it was "a poor day for the Island." Yet there has hardly been a more delightful day since the season began for those who go for the sake of fresh air and a dip in the ocean. A large audience gathered at Manhattan Beach to listen to the music. In the evening a man's clothes were found on the beach by the old pier, but up to a late hour nothing had been seen of the unfortunate owner, who was supposed to be drowned. Judging from the apparel he was a waiter.

Like all the hotels with which R. H. Southgate is connected, the one at Long Beach is doing excellent business this season. It shelters about 600 regular guests, and can take in a thousand at a meal. The accommodations seem to be expansive, and all who go there find comfort and attention. For $21 a week many do go there and enjoy the fine living on one of the finest beaches along the coast. The seventeen cottages and cottage suites are occupied by the following persons: C. J. Canda, A. D. Herriman, Mrs. Beach, S. I. Drake, William Storey, P. W. Harding, F. Foote, F. Luttgan, J. W. Mason, J. W. Hartman, R. Laforte, J. H. Work, John R. Dos Passos, C. H. Hayes, William Southwick, B. Cragin and J. Henry Work.

For those who wish to find recreation in a quiet, secluded place, where there is little of fashionable display and less of formality, but where there are abundant facilities for seaside enjoyment, Point Lookout, easily reached by a short railroad ride from Long Beach, is peculiarly attractive. The Point Lookout Hotel is well-kept and has been well patronized by those who are fond of dreamy days, surf bathing without a multitude of spectators, and of sea breezes, every breath of which brings strength.

The landlords at Rockaway Beach were smiling serenely as the crowds arrived by boat and rail. The ponies on the beach pricked up their ears and even the demure donkey who is encumbered with a double-barrelled basket side-saddle, was noticed to shake his apology of a tail with a trifle more energy as the prospect of earning winter oats presented itself. Waiters moved around briskly and clams, chowder and beer disappeared rapidly. A larger crowd of frightened people it would have been hard to find than those that felt the shaking and heard the rumbling of the earthquake in the afternoon. On the beach there was a rumble which frightened people quite as the shocking other parts of the beach and was as unexplainable. The Mammoth Hotel was shaken as its owners had hoped it would be by the tramp of the many guests whom they had hoped to care for.

The Schuetzen Lyra Singing Society of Hoboken went to Greenwood Lake for the second time on the annual picnic. There were about 800 persons in the party, which was composed of the members of the society and their friends. One man had with him his wife and nine children. A large number carried baskets of luncheon, and as soon as they reached the grounds at Warwick Woodlands, on the west shore of the lake, they scattered about and made preparations for dinner. The Lyra is one of the oldest societies of its kind in Hudson County, and numbers among its members many of the most influential men of Hoboken.

Glen Island was visited by upward of 5,000 people. Arrangements had been made for carrying a much larger number, but the threatening clouds which hung over the city all day prevented many from enjoying an outing. The steam launches were busy all day at the Island, and there was a lively demand for rowboats and sailing craft till sunset, when the still breeze which had prevailed all day died out. The earthquake was not felt at Glen Island and nothing was known of it till the news was brought from the city. The officers of the boats laughingly asserted that no shock was experienced on the water.

COLORED MEN JOIN THE UNIONS.

Forty-four unions were represented at the meeting of the Central Labor Union yesterday at Second-ave. and First-st. A delegation from the Colored Labor Club, which was formed on Thursday night, was present. They had resolved to parade on September . if the unions would permit colored men to become members. A resolution was passed that the Central Labor Union recognized no race creed or color. The colored men were welcomed and were assigned to lead the Second division in the parade. It was reported that unions affiliated with the Central Labor Union had given $1,914 to the striking bricklayers.

There are about one hundred painters now on strike against a reduction in wages. The painters Union has appointed a committee to collect evidence showing that the painting on the public schools is done in a sloppy incompetent way. The result of the investigation will be presented to the Board of Education.

CIGARMAKERS COMING TOGETHER.

A largely attended meeting of cigarmakers was held yesterday in the Germania Assembly rooms in Avenue A, to listen to the reports of the committee appointed to draw up a plan for the consolidation of the International and Progressive Cigarmakers Unions. The committee made a partial report, in which it suggested a number of changes in the by laws and constitutions of the two unions which would render an amalgamation easier. The principal change recommended was that the Manchester idea which holds that the sick end of trades unionism is to maintain wages and which is incorporated in the International Union ought to be dropped. The changes were favorably received and were referred to the unions.

HOME NEWS.

PROMINENT ARRIVALS.

Windsor Hotel—Chief Judge William C. Ruger, of the New-York Court of Appeals, and the Rev. Canon Hayes and the Rev. R. Hayes, of Ireland.....St. *James Hotel*—General Colton Greene, of Tennessee..... *Hoffman House*—B. B. Smalley, of Vermont.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

Hearing on injunction against Western Union Telegraph Company, before Judge Barnard, Brooklyn.

Blaine and Logan banner raising, No. 123 West Houston-st., evening.

Rhinelander lunacy commission, General Sessions, noon.

Meeting of Executive Committee Anti-Monopoly League, No. 456 Sixth-ave., evening.

Departure of 12th Regiment for drill camp, Fort Wadsworth.

Meeting of Socialists, No. 251 Bowery, evening.

NEW-YORK CITY.

Roundsman Henry Armstrong, of the Nineteenth Sub-precinct squad, died yesterday.

DROWNED WHILE FISHING ON SUNDAY.

An unknown man was drowned in the North River yesterday. He was fishing from the string piece of Pier No. 22 when he fell overboard.

STABBED BY AN UNKNOWN MAN.

Maurice Hogan, of No. 362 East Twenty-eighth-st., was stabbed in the head and side while in a fight with an unknown man at Mulberry and Worth sts. yesterday. He was taken to Chambers Street Hospital.

INJURED BY A FALLING DERRICK.

While working on the steamship Vendetta at Pier No. 37, North River, yesterday, Edward Jackson, of No. 29 Carroll-st., Brooklyn, was severely injured by a derrick falling on him. He was taken to Chambers Street Hospital.

JUSTICE WHITE ASKS A QUESTION.

Ophemer Kronberg, Adam Cohen and Jacob Folk were arrested yesterday for selling pocket-handkerchiefs in the street. Justice White, at the Tombs, remarked to the officer: "Why did you not arrest liquor dealers. What did you want to arrest these poor people for?" They were each fined $5.

HEAVY BAIL FOR A SMALL THEFT.

Richard Reilly, of Centreville, N. J., while passing through Henry-st. early yesterday, and when in front of No. 153, was accosted by John McCarthy, age nineteen, of No. 43 Scammel-st., who thrust his hands into Reilly's pockets and succeeded in stealing $9. Yesterday, at the Essex Market Police Court, Justice Patterson held him for trial in default of $1,500.

FOUR DIMINUTIVE IMMIGRANTS.

The steamer City of Chester, of the Inman Line, from Liverpool, yesterday brought among its steerage passengers four children, named Mary, Ellen, John and Thomas Ganley, nine, seven, six and three years old. They came with no grown person in charge of them. Their mother is dead, and their father, who lives in Cincinnati, sent their passage money and railroad tickets to take them out there. They were sent forward by the Western bound train last night.

A JAPANESE DINNER PARTY.

The managers of Japanese stores in this city gave a dinner party on Saturday night to Mr. Haito, secretary of the Japanese legation at Washington, to K. Okura and M. Yokoyama, Japanese tea merchants, who are visiting America and Europe, and also to Kokin Segawa and C. Terada, two young Japanese jugglers. After the dinner Mr. Okura made a speech, Mr. Terada performed the "butterfly" trick and a comical dance with an American song. Mr. Segawa performed a fire trick and many other remarkable feats. The entertainment lasted till midnight and was much enjoyed.

BROOKLYN.

Fifteen men who were gambling were arrested at No. 98 Gwinnett-st., early yesterday morning.

Mrs. Catharine Massey, of No. 535 Myrtle-ave., who is slightly demented, was reported yesterday to have been missing from home since Saturday.

HAVING ONE WIFE TOO MANY.

James Abbott, alias "King," alias "Stevens," alias "Graham," of Bridgeport, Conn., was taken before Justice Patterson on Saturday at the Essex Market Police Court, on a charge of bigamy made by Maria Stevens *née* Moulton, of No. 41 Third-ave., whom he married on June 28. He told her that he was a single man, that his mother had recently died, and he needed a housekeeper. Five days after the wedding and after he got $25 from his wife's brother by a bogus check, he disappeared, and after a long search he was traced to Bridgeport, where he had a wife to whom he was married eleven years ago. In his pockets were found several letters in answer to advertisements from "housekeepers," and their replies to him, all suggestive of matrimony. Justice Patterson committed him in default of $1,500 bail.

NEWS FROM THE SUBURBS.

EXCITEMENT AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

At the temperance grove meeting yesterday, in Plainfield, N. J., A. B. Regnell spoke earnestly against the Prohibitionists putting a Presidential candidate in the field, and said that it would be better first to get the Legislative branch of the Government. John R. Perrin, of the Committee of the Sons of Temperance, under whose auspices the meeting was held, arose and said emphatically that he did not believe in the Prohibitionists being whipped around the stump at a temperance meeting, and as one of the committee he protested against it, and that for one he intended voting the ticket. Excited groups gathered around the platform at the close of the meeting and for a time feeling ran high. Mr. Regnell was led to make his remarks by a speech of Perrin at the meeting last Sunday. Mr. Perrin then brought up the subject of politics.

JERSEY CITY.

Peter Eckler, age forty-eight, of No. 103 Bidwell-ave., was fatally injured yesterday by the premature fall of a tree which he was cutting down.

John Hogan and Bartholomew Walsh, of New-York, in one buggy, and William Montgomery, of York-st., Jersey City, in another, while racing in Henderson-st. yesterday, knocked down and probably fatally injured Annie Holmes, age eleven, of Seventh-st.

NEWARK.

The new synagogue of the Sons of Abraham, in Washington-st., was dedicated yesterday. The service was conducted by Rabbi Julius Loewe, and an address was delivered by the Rev. Frederick de Sola Mendes, of New-York.

VARIOUS NEW-JERSEY TOWNS.

CALDWELL.—A hop was given on Saturday night at the Grover House which was attended by 150 guests from New-York, Brooklyn, Newark, Montclair, Orange and other places. The grounds were decorated with Chinese lanterns and wild flowers.

ROCKLAND COUNTY.

NYACK.—Herman Kasten, who was arrested last week for selling liquor without license and discharged because of irregularity in the warrant, has been re-arrested and will be tried this week at Pearl River.

A PANIC CAUSED AT LONG BEACH.

GUESTS FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES—NO DAMAGE—SCENES AT OTHER RESORTS.

The 600 and more regular guests of the Long Beach Hotel were reinforced by about 1,500 visitors who went down to the beach to spend a pleasant day at bathing, dining and listening to good music. The 1145 train discharged a goodly number of passengers, many of whom went immediately to the hotel, while others sauntered toward the ocean to bathe or to look on at those who did. There was not a cloud in sight. A thick haze spread over the heavens like a veil, giving a steely like hue to everything. Suddenly, like the dying echo of a distant cannon boom, a rolling sound broke on the still air from the West, and mingled with the roar of the surf. The air quivered as from a thunderbolt discharged far beyond the salt marshes that stretch back from the beach, but there was no shock, no sudden clap. It was only a rumbling roll. A hotel waiter with his dinner-tray loaded with viands, poised upon his open hand, went rushing frantically to the sea. He stopped, and with shaking limbs and corpse-like face, turned towards the hotel from which he had fled. The spectacle there was amazing. Men, women and children wild with excitement were rushing across the broad piazza, down the steps and scattering across the sand and plank walks. There were no shouts heard. The whole scene, to those on the beach, was pantomime, but fearful pantomime it was. The magnificent hotel quivered and vibrated in every post, the earth seemed to breathe hard and tremble with congestion, her visible pulsations striking terror to the hearts of all and agitating the buildings as the wind agitates a pine.

It was about 2 o'clock when the great dining-room was filled almost to overflowing with hungry, impatient guests. Good humor reigned and the cheerful talking created a buzz throughout the room. Suddenly it was hushed. Waiters stood still with their trays. All listened. There was a sound as of the rolling of a heavy body across a floor. It seemed to begin at the northwestern corner of the broad veranda and roll diagonally across the house, and as it approached the sound increased till it seemed a muttering thunder. The very foundations of the hotel seemed to quaver. The rolling body seemed to strike a post, and with the concussion the floors began to heave, the windows rattled, chandeliers swung furiously, crockery broke—the hotel seemed to be coming down with a crash and people ran for their lives. Waiters, dashing away their trays and dinners, rushed for the door, guests rushed for the windows, fathers bearing their children in their arms and followed by their wives pushed through them, breaking away the wooden bars that guarded them and tearing down the broad steps ran for safety. In less time than it takes to tell it the hotel was emptied, with the exception of a few who stood near the railing.

Judge Stephen J. Field was one of the few who remained standing on the piazza. Advancing hastily toward the fleeing crowd he tried to stop them.

"It's an earthquake," he cried. "The house is your safest place."

A few heard him, and checked their flight, but the majority ran on.

In a minute and a quarter all was over, the earth had ceased to breathe, the people breathed again, and the Long Beach Hotel stood unharmed. Two women fainted. The hotel clock stopped at seven minutes past 2, but it was just three minutes too slow. At the engine house the three boilers rocked on their foundations, and the bulb of the safety valve flew open. The men died for their lives. The laundry house near by was moved several inches out of position. At the bathing-house the little tubs of water fairly danced upon the floor and the attendants felt that the house was going to fall.

The majority of the Sunday visitors at Coney Island do not as a rule reach there until the afternoon. By 4 o'clock the tide of pleasure-seekers had reached its height. This fact added to that of the dull and threatening forenoon was doubtless the chief reason that there were comparatively few people on the Island when at ten minutes past 2 o'clock the shock of the earthquake was felt. Any serious effects due to panic were therefore avoided. For a few seconds the alarm was general and in a few instances people rushed wildly out of the hotels and restaurants, but when it became evident that the chief danger had passed, everything resumed its usual even tenor, and save that it afforded topic for ninety-nine out of every hundred conversations, the extraordinary phenomenon seemed to have passed unheeded by the thousands of merry-makers. The shock itself lasted according to general calculation only two or three seconds and consisted of an oscillating quiver of the ground, shaking the houses and causing small articles to slide about. A policeman leaning, as is their custom of an afternoon, against a post was thrown forward seven or eight feet.

Three of the fish in the aquarium on the Iron Pier floated to the surface dead, killed probably by contact with the glass sides of their prison. In some of the houses the plaster was cracked slightly in several places.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SHAKINGS UP WHICH CALIFORNIA HAS HAD—A RECORD OF PREVIOUS SHOCKS.

California has always been considered the particular theatre of earthquakes in the United States. Shocks of more or less violence are felt from two to five times every year, so that the inhabitants of San Francisco feel regret if one does not happen when Eastern friends are visiting them. It was generally felt that the Jersey Lily, Mrs. Langtry, was unfortunate in not getting the sensation and peculiar pleasure of a mild earthquake. But there have been numerous times when earthquakes in California have been more than playful, and have shown the hidden forces of nature with a power that was terrifying. In 1852 the Mission of San Gabriel was totally destroyed by an earthquake. This was while the gold fever was at its height. In October, 1868, occurred the heaviest manifestation of the kind on the Pacific Slope since the American acquisition. At 7:30 a. m. there was a terrific oscillation in all the little villages and small towns in Alameda and adjoining counties lying at the foot of the Contra Costa range. The central point appeared to be at Haywards. Here small houses were thrown down, trees of large size were twisted and killed, and chimneys were bent and distorted in the most varied and peculiar fashions. There was no wind, but a dead calm; nor was any rumbling sound heard. The roads were heaved up and furrowed in an extraordinary manner, and the same phenomenon was repeated over in San Francisco, on the other side of the bay. Here the violent oscillation was felt upon the big hill which was then called Clay Street Hill, but directly below it, on Montgomery and Kearney-sts., between certain blocks there was great damage. The Bank of California, which had been recently built by Ralston in a solid fashion of stone, was surmounted by a heavy cornice of spelter. This was detached and thrown upon the sidewalk by the violent oscillation of the walls. How great that oscillation was may be judged from the fact that small objects like cups and saucers and glasses were thrown from tables and broken on the floor. At that time the principal hotels were the Occidental, Lick House and Cosmopolitan. Pictures vibrated on the walls so fearfully, and the plaster dropped in such masses from the ceilings, that the guests became terrified, and many rushed into the corridors in complete deshabille, too frightened to dress themselves and believing the destruction of the city imminent. At the old Mission of San Jose, which nestles at the foot of Contra Costa, the old adobe church was completely wrecked, but it was very old and in a tumble-down condition before the shock. The house of Señor Vallejo, the brother of General Vallejo, the well-known Californian politician, was badly damaged. It was close to the Mission, and also of adobe. In March, 1872 there was another severe earthquake. On November 4, 1877, shocks of considerable intensity were felt in Northern and covering a period of 40 seconds were felt in Northern New-York, Massachusetts, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and Canada. Some of these were severe. Buildings were shaken, bells rung, and considerable minor damage inflicted.

On November 15, 1877, earthquake shocks were felt over a wide area, comprising Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Dakota. The shocks were severe. Building were shaken, and in some instances cracked, but not thrown down. On the following day there was a slight shock felt at Knoxville, Tenn.

Early on the morning of October 5, 1878, a severe shock was felt along both sides of the Hudson River from West Point to Peekskill. It was a local visitation, however, confined to the Highlands of the Hudson.

On November 20, of the same year, there were heavy earthquake shocks, lasting 1 minute 10 seconds, extending through Illinois, Indiana, and as far South as Little Rock, Ark. They covered an area of 150,000 square miles. Walls of houses were cracked, but none were overthrown. This visitation was made the subject of extended scientific research.

There was a severe shock felt throughout Florida on the morning of January 14, 1879. In some of the larger cities and towns heavy brick buildings were sufficiently severe to crack the walls of buildings, throw crockery from shelves and do other damage.

On December 30 of the same year there was a slight shock felt in parts of Dakota.

On the morning of January 22 there was a slight shock felt in parts of Maine. No damage was done.

There were several slight shocks of earthquake felt in Dover, Contoocook, Concord and other parts of New-Hampshire on December 20, 1882. The damage done in each case was slight.

On September 28 of the same year shocks were felt in St. Louis, Springfield and other points in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. No serious damage was done.

For Other Earthquake News See First and Fifth Pages.

WORKINGMEN AND THE TRIBUNE.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Aug. 9.—*The Kingston Daily Leader*, a Democratic daily paper published here, printed an article last Monday in which it was stated that the New-York Lime and Cement Manufacturing Company, a large firm doing business in the lower part of this city, had recently compelled nearly all of its employes to subscribe for THE TRIBUNE, intimating that the price of subscription was to be deducted from each man's pay, and that unless they subscribed they would be discharged. The article was occasioned by the unusually large packages of WEEKLY TRIBUNES lately seen to be distributed among the workmen, and it was headed "Workmen Imposed Upon." The truth of the matter will be found in the letter of Superintendent and ex-Mayor Lindsey which was written in response to an inquiry addressed to him:

ROSDICK, Aug. 5, 1884.

HOWARD HENDRICKS, *Esq.*

DEAR SIR: The facts in regard to our men and THE TRIBUNE are briefly these: When on Sunday, the 28th ult., I read the advertisement offering THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE at 25 cents for the time of the campaign it seemed so cheap that the idea of getting up a club came to my mind immediately. I suggested it the next day and without any effort on my part the matter was carried into and a club formed now numbering eighty. The members are not all of them our employes. There was not the slightest coercion used, and not one of our men for one instant supposes that it will make any difference in his standing with his employers whether he takes the paper or not.

Our mind is as clear as ever in regard to the account in *The Leader* is a gross fabrication. Yours, truly,

JAMES G. LINDSEY, Superintendent.

"TAXATION EXCLUSIVELY FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES."

Professor R. E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, in The Philadelphia American.

The Democratic platform is drawn with an evident desire not to be too explicit, and I leave room for such a diversity of interpretations, as may make a voter easy in his mind, if he should like to vote the party ticket, and yet allows me like Free Trade. . . . We hope to satisfy our readers, of what we have satisfied ourselves, that it means pure and unadulterated Free Trade.

The term Free Trade, although much discussed, is seldom defined, and still more seldom clearly defined. It does not mean the abolition of custom houses, as Mr. John Ruskin once told his disciples. Nor does it mean the substitution of direct for indirect taxation, as a few American disciples of the school have supposed. It means such an adjustment of taxes on imports as will cause no diversion of capital from any channel into which it would otherwise flow, into any channel opened or favored by the legislation which enacts the tariff. A country may collect its entire revenue by duties on imports, and yet be an entirely Free Trade country, so long as it does not lay those duties in such a way as to lead anyone to undertake any employment or make any investment he would avoid in the absence of such duties. Thus, the customs duties levied by England—with a very few exceptions—are not inconsistent with her profession of being a country that believes in Free Trade. . . . *The World* some years ago was true to the Free Trade principle when it expressed the desire to see the entire revenue of the National Government raised by duties on articles not produced in this country.

A question of the day, on the other hand, has for its object to effect a drive so as of a part of the wealth of half of the people, out of the channels in which it would run otherwise, into channels favored or created by law. It proceeds upon the ascertained fact that diversified industry is of prime necessity to the whole country, and that it can be attained by any other means than legislation which discriminates in favor of the home producer of articles which otherwise would be imported. It accepts the temporary disadvantage of such articles as a no more than compensated by the advantages which accrue from their productions at home. . . . The Irishman who was satisfied with America, although he paid a dollar here for what cost him a shilling at home, because he found it easier to get the dollar here than it was to get a shilling in Ireland, comes very near to the heart of the philosophy of Protection.

The free trader who has read a protectionist book or pamphlet even, or could state with fairness and adequacy a protectionist argument, would be a startling phenomenon. Their whole contention consists of a few supposed axioms, derived not from any observation of how commerce actually go on in this world of ours, but from reflection on what "must be" the course of affairs. One of these axioms is that a discriminating duty is a tax upon the consumer, not only to the extent of the duties actually collected by the Government, but at the same rate upon the whole quantity of that article consumed by the people of the country.

The absurdity of the reasoning is shown amply. The manufacture of cottons is protected by the American tariff. It may be said to owe its very existence to the protective policy. . . . But no one who knows anything of the comparative merits of the cottons made in this country and those manufactured in Europe, and has compared both prices and qualities as regards the American people as purchasers of any extensive scale, dare say our manufacturers are enabled to charge excessive prices, though the existence of a duty on imported cottons.

When a Free Trader, or a person suspected of leanings to that theory, begins to talk of "taxation exclusively for public purposes," there is no difficulty in making out his meaning. He makes once more the unfounded charge that protection is exclusive the profits of protected articles to levy a tax on the public at large, and he proposes that there should be an end of all such claims.

THE NASTY-PARTICULAR PARTY.

RESPECTFULLY COMMENDED TO SCHURZ & CO.

Isaac H. Brandley, in The Rochester Post-Express.

We are asked to explain the meaning of the phrase "Nasty-Particular," and the significance of its application to the unique coterie of all-sufficient, self-sufficient, mollycoddle persons who are just now changed in assuming their own self-conceit and moral superiority to turning up their noses and holding their nose at the personal character of men whom the common people love and respect.

A nasty-particular person is one who is always looking for something nasty in his fellow-men, in his associations and surroundings, in his food, in his drink, in society, in the church, in the established order of things, solely for the purpose of showing that he himself is particularly clean, sweet and pure in life and character, in aspiration and purpose. He is especially happy when he finds a hair in his butter or a bug in his beer. It gives him the opportunity to show to his neighbors his fine eye, or disgust as he lifts out the hair or extracts the bug that he has been well brought up and is accustomed to hand-boiled butter and pure beer. He makes a row about it and as cats with distinctness and emphasis that he is very particular about what he eats and drinks. He commonly appoints himself the best of everything within his reach at table, and expresses disgust if his less cultured neighbor eats what he can get of the remainder with his knife. He is a paper-collar sort of a person; makes a collar and cuffs answer for a whole suit of tolerable linen, and put on as many airs over them as though he were really fallen from skies to earth in a dress. He detects no aroma in the garbage heap in his own back yard, but the rotten odors of his neighbor's kitchen annoy and exasperate him. The nasty-particular per on perfumes but never washes. In the matter of solid, substantial common sense he is rigorous and strict; the weightier things he does not consider.

The nasty-particular person is notably, if not suspicious. He attaches the worst meaning sometimes *double entendre* where none is intended, puts a bad construction on all that his neighbors say and do, imputes dishonesty to everyone he sees who is engaged in business, depravity and vice to all who enjoy social delights, and corruption and venality to everybody who has gained power and confidence and esteem by faithful public service. It is a peculiarity of the nasty-particulars, that flagrant successful hypocrisy, however offensive, gives them no concern. It is only the manliness that they suspect in cleanly places that sets their eyes rolling. Vice that flaunts itself they pass unnoticed. There is no special merit in joining a general crusade with the "riff-raff" of decent people against wickedness in its open forms. What they aim at is to detect and denounce some shortcoming in persons commonly esteemed virtuous and honest. It is by that token that they assert their own higher standards and superior morality. And when they have found or imagine they have found a weakness or fault in some reputable person who is held in esteem by his neighbors, they go down in the slums and call together the scavengers and vultures, the openly vicious and notoriously vile, to assist them in upholding virtue and rebuking vice.

This nasty particular person, if he suspects that his tailor has cabbaged a few inches of his cloth, shoots off into Chatham-st. and buys second-hand clothing; if he suspects his milkman of coquetting with the pump he hies him straight to a gin mill and drowns his sorrow in the fiery compounds of the distiller; if he suspects his clergyman of having doubts concerning the Mosaic Cosmogony, he flirts out of his pew in a huff and goes and spends his Sundays in a beer garden. And if somebody says James G. Blaine is a corrupt man and that he snaps up the calumny and rushes off to look arms with "Tim" Campbell and Hubert O. Thompson and help them elevate the standard of political morality by electing Grover Cleveland.

And that is why we call these noisy, uneasy, topical persons who have just marched over to the Democracy, Nasty-Particulars.

AN UNANSWERABLE RETORT.

From London Society.

I remember the case of a clergyman, who, by taking a case of ecclesiastical law into his own hands, laid himself open to a tremendous retort. When he asked the name of a child in baptism, the godmother gave some extremely fine name—"Letitia Adelina Angelina," or some such group of names. "Mary," calmly said the parson, and so baptized her. The father followed the parson into the vestry. "I hope you will not mind the alteration I have made," said the vicar. "I think it will prove very useful to the child in after life—so many names are a mistake."

"All I have got to say," said the parent, "is that you have made my child a liar whenever she repeats her Catechism." "How so?" "Why, she will have to say that her name was given her by her godfather and godmother, when it was nothing of the sort, and was only given her by the parson."

PIAZZA TALK AT THE SEASHORE.

From The Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"Oh, Mamie! I'm awful glad you have come down, we are going to have a german and you can—trot inside 2:40, sir, and road ten miles an hour, best hoss I ever owned he's—engaged to that young Soper and they do say he's dreadful fast, no daughter of mine sneuld be—taken by the head and dipped into a dish of melted butter then they taste like—flannel trimmed with braid and a tennis hat of black crimson, then I think, Jennie, I shall be—the best catch on the field, sir, took it right off the hat. Jim Boggs he was playing behind and he ran back and—whped Silas aho Sworware completely out, sir, all their assets are—the loveliest box of French candy you ever saw, Nellie, and when he camedown I asked him if he sent it, and he said—jess as soon as he stuck his fork into 'em, them's mother's pickles, ez John, I can tell mother's pickles, they allus taste like—a regular old maid, my dear, been down here for the last ten years, she is trying to catch—the biggest codfish that has been taken off this shore this year, when Jack pulled him up the fish was—down at the roller skating rink having an awful good time. It is embarrassing though to fall into—the nicest clique that ever was planned—and just to put down—a hot whiskey punch. I wish we might, old boy, but the Law and Order League has taken—a dreadful chill, catch me in the surfe again with—unmanning private theatricals, I'd like to have you try it, girls say that they can't take a part that has lovemaking and then kick like a steer if you give them a part that hasn't—horrid mean thing. I do wish people would mind their own affairs. Why we danced the German Saturday, and Sunday we went to the rocks together and now they say I am—a perfect barroom, all kinds of liquors in his room and—mother and I go to Saratoga because—stocks, sir, that have risen over ten per cent in a—blue silk dress, if you ever heard such a thing, and then—held eleven trumps and took—Five dollars, father, to pay subscriptions to the—Pitcher lies water to nine-tenths and calling me—a lickass, sir, to do business with no more capital than—her hoopdress which makes her look like—a thousand shares in Union Pacific that—seems exactly like a heavy rain," etc.

THE ORIGIN OF A FEW OATHS.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The courtiers of Louis IX. were wont to indulge in swearing to an extent that was both painful and distressing to the good King, their master. Accordingly the penalty prescribed in the statute book for the offence was no less than branding the tongue with red hot iron for every commission of it. The oaths most offensive to the saintly monarch were the "confiens," the "tetediens," the "perdiens," etc., which still survive in Molière and Rabelais. At the time there was at the palace, belonging to one of the ladies of the court, a little pet dog named "Dieu." To avoid the harsh sentence of the law, which might deprive them forever of the power of indulging in their fay rite past me, the courtiers determined to substitute for "dieu" the name of the dog, so "confiens" became "confien," "tetediens" "tetedieu," "perdiens" "perdieu," etc., and the apparently innocuous oaths are preserved to the present day. "Sacredieu" became "morbleu," and was finally contracted to "sacre." This last is the most common of French oaths nowadays, except "mon Dieu." The damned ones of ancient Rome used to swear by all the gods indiscriminately, although it was customary for each one to have his favorite oath. Cæsar and Pompey were the favorites among the demigods to swear by, and when people swore by the moon, they meant to swear by Cæsar and Pollux, the twins. This oath has come down to us even to the present day, when the expression "By Jimminy!" is frequently heard. "The devil" is a very ancient oath, but it is with uncertainty from 1500 B. C. from which date the Latin Bible is cited. Nero seems to be considered a mild oath to say "The dickens!" It is a curious thing that dence is generally supposed to mean the "devil." So people say, "to raise a dence!" meaning to convey a wish another is not pleasant. The origin of the phrase "by gum" is traced to the word Jumo, the Basque name for God. In the earliest transcript of "Don Quixote" appears the expression, "By jingo, I did not jest." During the Russian war a vocalist in a London concert room sang a ditty in a patriotic tone, each verse of which was emphatic and with a constant recurrence of the oath "by jingo!" The term was accordingly adopted by the war party, and Lord Beaconsfield and his followers were called "Jingos" for the rest of his life.

WHY GENERAL LOGAN'S DOG DIED.

From The Philadelphia World.

Our next Vice-President—who, by the way, is an enthusiastic sportsman and very fond of dogs—told a good dog story to the writer many months ago, which is as follows:

It seems the General owned a particularly fine watch dog, a mastiff, of whose sagacity and fidelity his master was never tired of discoursing. One summer he Logan family were temporarily away from home, and Nero was left to guard the premises, of which he was the sole occupant, he having been regularly taught to repair twice a day to a restaurant a few blocks away for his food, which he did in a back door, adroitly using his means of egress and ingress. One day, on returning from his dinner, Nero heard a noise in the dining-room, and on inspecting the cause discovered a burglar, who dashed into the street and pulled the door after him in order to force the big brute to pursue. The dog laid down in front of the door and waited with all the savage persistency of his breed for his victim to reappear. A day went by—two, three, and still the stubborn dog, weak and haggard with hunger, kept his post with a purpose that only filled with cold sneers. On the fifth day the family returned, and lifting the emaciated brute from his station, opened the closet. It was then revealed that the house-breaker, provided with his kit of tools, had sawed a small section out of the frame wall of the house and escaped. When the dog beheld the aperture and the cold facts of the case dawned upon his canine brain, his little reasoning stomach sank in, and lying down at the feet of his master, he gave his life to an abstract principle and—died. His obvious resemblance to a human detective had broken his faithful heart.

"DUTCH-A-MANS WHO SPIK NOT INGLIS."

From The Pittsburg Times.

Energetic reporter of esteemed but somewhat contentious contemporary, to the Roman citizen who keeps the fruit stand in the shadow of the post office: "Who gave you authority to run a stand here on the sidewalk?"

Italian, just over, smiling greatly—"Epolo! Tree! Beyent—a."

"I say who told you you could keep a stand here?"

"A, h," intelligently, "panamas. Nice piece—nice."

The reporter seems to be angry about something now and spoke in a loud voice and as though his whole heart was in his tongue: "D——your 'panamas'! Who gave you a permit to sell here?"

Italian, fully cackling with understanding: "O yes-a-ees-a, ees-a-ees-a. Yees, deo peanuts."

And he seized the tin measure, with three fingers in the handle, after the dainty fashion of his tribe, and made a dash at the goobers. But when he turned to offer them to his customer the inquisitor had gone on toward the Mayor's office, murmuring to himself in large capitals, Caesar Fruit-ees walked out to the curb-stone and gazed wistfully after him until he turned the corner and then sat down on his stand muttering his disgust at "Dutch-a-mans who-a, ik not ingles."

TWO STROKES OF BUSINESS AT ONCE.

From The Pittsburg Times.

I heard a story of an undertaker the other day which illustrates how shrewdly business and grief may be worked to double harness. The undertaker, who is also a thrifty horse dealer, had been telling a gentleman the multiple virtues of a horse he had just brought from Kentucky, until he felt that nothing but a sight of the animal was required to induce a sale. A few days afterwards a gentleman died of a funeral. He is always very sympathetic on such occasion and this time as he came out with the body, his manly face was displayed and he was murmuring words of consolation in the ear of one of the mourning family who was leaning on his arm. At the door stood the old gentleman to whom he expected to sell the horse; and the owner of the horse in the hearse as sleek and shiney as brushes could make him. It was a trying situation, but the mourning jockey was equal to it.

"Don't give way, dear madam. (That's him, Mr. Rea.) Try to bear up. (The one on the off side of the hearse.) Your father is with your sainted mother now. (And don't he make a dashy Jersey match with the old horse, except for his left shoulder forward.) He is more better off, dear. (And they tell me he can trot in better than three minutes, Mr. Rea.)"

A TOO PENITENT THIEF.

From The Virginia City Chronicle.

A stray horse which had been running for several months within a short distance of Weiser County, Idaho, was captured and sold by a saloon-keeper named C. A stranger, who had just arrived in the locality, seeing the circumstances, procured a description of the animal, called on Mr. C., and asked him if he had sold such a horse.

"I did," Mr. C. replied.

"By what authority?" was the next query.

"I claimed him," said C.

"Well," said the stranger, "there is no use disputing about the matter. You claimed him and I claim him. We'll just let a jury decide who he belongs to."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed C., "there is no use of that; if I made a mistake I am very sorry, and am perfectly willing to make amends."

"Now, Mr. C.," the stranger replied, "don't aggravate the offence by denying it. You would stand far bigger in my estimation if you acknowledged that you stole the horse."

"Well," said C., "we won't quarrel. Say what you value the animal at and I'll pay you."

"Fifty dollars," was the answer.

Five minutes after the stranger departed with that amount in his pocket, having received payment for a horse he never saw.

HE HAD BEEN TO SCHOOL.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

"Where have you been, you young rascal?" angrily demanded Fitzgoober, as Pinder came sneaking in at the back door, late in the afternoon.

"Been to school," slowly answered Pinder, dropping his books and anxiously eyeing the strap his father dangled so tantalizingly.

"Been to school? Oh, you little liar; do you think I'm to be fooled that easy? I went over to the academy and you hadn't been there to-day; one of the boys said you had gone fishing. Now, what have you to say to that?"

Gradually edging toward the door and keeping a chair between him and his father, Pinder raised his soulful eyes and innocently asked:

"Well, pa, don't fishes have schools?"

MANAGING A CENSOR.

A War Correspondent in The Pall Mall Gazette.

"I remember one time when I was attached to Mehemet Ali's headquarters in Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish War. The Turkish censor stopped no fewer than six weeks of my sketches. Things were getting desperate; our people were telegraphing out to know whether I was alive or dead; and finding that something must be done I determined to see the thing through or leave the camp. It so happened that I had been the witness of some peculiarly atrocious deeds perpetrated by Turks upon the Bulgarians; so I set to work and drew half a dozen faithful representations of the sufferings which I had witnessed. Armed with these I went up to the censor's office and asked that they might be stamped for transmission home. The censor looked at the first and said it was ridiculous. Couldn't pass that; no such atrocities had ever been committed; and so forth. The second was condemned in the same way, and so on until the last was reached. When he had rejected that also I said to him very deliberately: 'You are going to pass every one of those sketches!' 'On the contrary,' said he, 'I am going to tear them up.' 'If you do,' said I, 'I shall draw not only six but twelve pictures worse than these, and send them home by my own messenger.' 'I will have him arrested then,' said the censor. 'Very well, then; in that case I shall leave the camp at once, and in London I will draw twenty pictures all worse than these, and they will all be published, so that people may see the real truth about how you are behaving here.'

"The censor, like a sensible man, saw that it was no use carrying things with too high a hand, and came to terms. He admitted he had stopped