POP WHITTAKER REPAIRED.

SUPERIOR TO THE TRIVIAL TRAMP OF A BUFFALO'S HOOFS.

The Sonorous Ex-Dynamiter of Events in Very Good Order after Sixty-five Years of Simple and Compound Fracture, Dismemberment, and Threatening Gun Muzzles—An Astonishing Story of his Mishaps.

A voice of great compass and powerful volume extended to every part of the Wild West Park at Coney Island yesterday afternoon, where Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver were giving an exhibition with their Indians, cow boys, and buffaloes. Everybody knew by the voice that Pop Whittaker was there, though it was less than forty-eight hours since he had been picked up bruised, bleeding, and unconscious from under the feet of a buffalo which had plunged headforemost against his little stand. Mr. Whittaker's modest proportions were still further dwarfed as he opened the performance by Buffalo Bill, who stood at his side and towered over him. The renowned master of ceremonies wore a black suit and a black woollen hat. When he extended his left and only arm toward the grand stand in sweeping gestures the hand was seen to be wrapped in a bandage of snowy linen. If one leg seemed a little out of proportion, everybody knew it was because it had been broken in one of Pop's mishaps.

While the several events of the performance went, Mr. Whittaker retired into his stand, which was about the size of a sentry box, with a round wooden ball on top, and green blinds on either side. When he advanced from time to time he pictured in graphic terms the spectacle about to be exhibited. Everybody welcomed Pop with a smile.

"You seem to get along well with the aborigines?" a reporter said.

"Oh, I get along well with everybody. I have the faculty to manage everybody and I try to make myself agreeable, wherever I go. I never insulted a gentleman, and at the same time I know how to talk to the other class of fellows. I have saved many a man from being whipped, and at the same time I have been licked myself sixty-seven times. That's the truth, sir, and I'm telling you the truth, too. Then, I say that I have only fought forty-nine times.

"Did you receive any of your broken bones at the hands of other men?"

"No. But I have been shot at six different times, and twice I had about as close a call as a man ever sees."

"Is it true that you have at some time or other broken every bone in your body?"

"Not quite; but I've had rather hard luck."

"Tell me about some of your accidents."

"Well, I started out to be a circus performer in 1825 in the city of New York. I was a little boy then, and my name was Francis Warren Whittaker. If I live until the 22d day of this coming November I shall be 65 years of age. I have been, you understand, all over the best of Europe, all through South America and the West Indian Islands, Mexico, and every State in the United States. I broke my arms two or three times in those early days. I don't remember just when. In 1829 I sailed for St. Pierre, Martinique, with Somerville A. Ross's circus from Boston. We came very near being shipwrecked. We carried our horses then on deck, with only a pole between them; now they have nice big stalls. The bay caught fire on deck one night, and we lost five of the horses. We all had a narrow escape.

"But about my injuries. The first was received from falling from a horse about 1830. I was with Tatnall's circus. We used to have what we call the old-fashioned wooden curb or ring, enclosing the track for the horses. Now we use the dirt curbs. That was in the city of New York. I was thrown from my horse upon one of those curbs and terribly broke up. I was laid up for four weeks.

"My next and most severe hurt for many years was received in 1859. I had become what you might call a general utility man. I was capable of singing, dancing, riding, tumbling, vaulting, breaking horses, producing spectacles for the public, and could be equestrian manager, ringmaster, or clown. One day in Philadelphia I fell from my horse on to the curb. I was doing the act they called the three changes, representing England, Ireland, and Scotland. I was so badly bruised that I was laid up eight weeks, thought no bones were broken. I was completely mashed. I might say, as you would mash a boiled potato. One of my physicians was Dr. McClellan, brother of Gen. George B. McClellan. I had had my arm and shin bone broken before. I want you as a curiosity to run your hand down my leg."

Several inches of bone in the lower part of the leg seemed to be out from beneath the trousers some distance from the shin.

"I have broken my forearm twice, my upper arm once, my leg once, and my ribs twice. But my great accident this here," pointing to his armless sleeve, "was received in New York in 1881. I had charge of the equestrian sports and the teaching of the ladies to ride like men for the Kiralfys in the 'Black Venus.' I had been teaching thirty, and had selected fifteen who could ride 'up the rakes'—that is, up the stage lills, or, in theatrical parlance, the 'rocky passes.' I had been rehearsing for some days and nights, and on the evening in question Mr. Kiralfy said to me:

"Mr. Whittaker, we will put this rehearsal off, and you and the ladies will have time to get your suppers, or, as we will begin at 8 o'clock, and go through the whole of the piece, I don't missed them all, and started for my home at Seventy-second street and Third avenue. At the corner of Broadway and Houston streets I bought a cigar. I started up on the Bleecker side of the Bowery, and I went to the Bowery with the determination to take an elevated car home. It was a quarter of 8 when I got into the Bowery, and the snow—it was the 11th of January—was piled on both sides of the street car tracks. The cigar was a good one, and I concluded to take the street car and enjoy it. Just as I turned a wheel horse on one of Vanderbilt's freight cars struck me on the shoulder and I fell backward, stretching out my right arm to save me. The arm fell on the track, and a street car passed over it. That weakened me, and I fainted. A young fellow named Smith took me to a drug store in Houston street and the Bowery. Just as I was getting my wind I heard a man say, 'Let's cut off his coat.'

"'No,' I said, 'don't cut my coat off. Wait until you hear whether I have got another one to put on.'

"They took me to St. Vincent's Hospital, and there five days afterward I was sitting up in bed with my arm off. In three weeks and three days I walked out of the hospital, though they all thought I was crazy to do so. I told them it would make me crazy to stay indoors any more. Soon afterward I went out with my wife to see a lady friend who had the erysipelas. I caught that in my arm, and that laid me up eight or nine days.

"One night this season, some weeks after I had started out with Bill and Dr. Carver, I was bitten in my tent by a Western tarantula. We didn't have bedsteads then, and all kinds of things were flying and crawling about. My arm was dreadfully poisoned, and I had it lanced five different times, and still have to keep it bandaged. Finally I left the company and came home to my own doctor. When he looked at the case he said: 'Young man, it is time for me to save that hand. If I'd not that I would have had your hand off.'

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him feel serious. At a Southern mine in Mariposa, in 1858, Red Wash, a gambler, put a pistol to my right cheek and says: 'Are you heeled?' That was in the summer, but there never was a piece of ice at the North Pole as cold as that barrel. As true as I sit here, I looked into every chamber and saw every grain of powder and every ball. Orie Johnson, a stable keeper from San Francisco, knocked the pistol from my cheek. I never carried a pistol or a knife in my life for defence. That pistol was no sooner knocked from my cheek bone than a pistol was put in my hand by a friend. I looked at it, threw it down, and said: 'No, sir.' I took off my coat and said: 'Come on if you want to fight, but we didn't fight. At Calhawba, Ala., in 1837, I was with Waring & Raymond's circus and menagerie, playing clown, when some fellows started to gibe me, and I gave it back to them a little too strong, when a fellow drew a pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired at me.

"This is a new kind of life for me, this test life. The first time I ever slept in a hut was a few weeks ago out West, and the first night it rained and I woke up with three inches of water all round me. I said to Manager John Burke, 'I have had a little of everything, but this takes it. I am going to get up.'

"I have been directly interested in several circuses, but have never been fortunate enough to make a fortune. Thank God, I have always been well satisfied to live, never was penurious, never was rich, but have always had just enough to get along with, always pay my way, don't owe anything, and like everybody. I don't care who it is, and respect everybody. I don't drink, but I am a slave to smoking. I never allow liquor-drinking at any entertainment I have to do with. Whittaker has just got brains enough to say, 'Stop that or I will give you away to people.' They don't like it, but what do I care. I am catering to the people who have paid their money. I always get right up and go to work after I am hurt, because I have to. I have meat, and the clothes on my back have to be paid for. If I gave up now I would be gone. People would say, 'Pop is too old; he is no good any more,' and so I have got to keep at work."

CONCERNING RAZORS.

Where They are Made, How They are Used, and What Becomes of Them.

"Razors," said the expert, swinging one of the tools in his hand with a freedom that made the reporter shudder, "why, they're a field broader than the moral law. They are the touch to nature that makes all mankind kin, from President Arthur in his dressing room to his constituents at a penny-ante poker game in Thompson street. No, few razors are made in this country—none worth speaking of—say one in a million. The best come from England. The next best are Swiss. The French razors deserve a proud distinction as climaxing the worst, so far as I know. Some used to be made in Bridgeport, Conn., but I believe the enterprise was abandoned. Some are made yet in Massachusetts, at Worcester, but not many.

"In one respect we do better here than in England. We can give here a deeper concave grind than the English grinders can put upon a razor, consequently many thousand dozens of blanks are shipped here every year for finishing. The reason for this is that skilled and careful German grinders are in the business here. The business started in Hamburg and has drifted into German hands almost entirely so far as this country is concerned. Years ago the most famous Sheffield firm of cutlers in the razor trade imported two German grinders to show how their class of work could be done. It precipitated a general strike, and the employers had to come to the strikers' demands—the bouncing out of the Deutschers.

"The Sheffield grinders are Englishmen and will not readily accept the competition of men of other nationalities or adopt the methods of others. They are not fond of change. Razors ground to perfection over here have been shown to them as models, but do you imagine they would follow them? No, indeed. Primarily a razor, to be good, must be made of good steel, but it must also be ground properly to be fit for shaving. Everything, in fitting any edge tool for use, depends upon a correct understanding of the service it is expected to perform, and a nice adaptation of its edge to just that service. A carving knife, for instance, must be ground flat on one side and wedge shaped on the other; a pocket knife must be ground convex, and have a sufficient thickness behind its edge to keep it from breaking; razor must be ground thin and concave. See this one for instance. It is, as you will observe, thinner a little back of the edge than close to it, hardly thicker than a sheet of paper. Nip the end of its edge with your thumb nail and you will hear it ring like a little silver bell. Many razors are spoiled by improper grinding than in any other way. The only way to know positively whether a razor is good or not is to shave with it. The eye will not determine its quality. But even if a razor is made of the best steel and faultlessly ground, it may be spoiled and rendered quite unfit for shaving by improper stropping. A little too much stropping, or not quite enough, and you will have a bad edge. Then the razor, which is really not all to blame, is condemned as no good.

"Often, too, people who are not adepts in the handling of razors complain that their razors do not shave well, when the fact is that they scrape with them, holding the blade almost at right angles to the skin, or use them with a straight stroke against the lay of the hair. The proper way is to draw the razor with an easy gliding motion against the hair—so. Use it right, and even if it is not quite a first-class razor or in perfect condition, you can still get a good shave with it. But for luck of doing that, people get the sincerest notions about their razors—actually attribute to them whims and obstinacies as if they were sentient beings. I know one gentleman who affirms that his best razor, his pet when in town, will not shave him at all in the country. He actually believes that. The fact is that he is away from his ordinary conditions of being and surroundings when in the country, and, unconsciously of course, neither treats his razor nor uses it as he could at home. Many men affirm that their razors refuse to work well on the sea coast, as if the razor cared where it is used. Three-quarters of the people who shave themselves do not know how to use a razor, and consequently are liable to condemn a good one.

"A razor is supposed to be better for a rest after it has been used for a good while. And it is. My idea about it is that an imperceptible rust gathers on it in disuse, and when that is honed and stropped of its edge is thinner and sharper than before. But you will not infrequently hear a barber speak of a razor as 'being tired' and needing rest. Many men avoid wearying a razor by constant use by the expedient of having several and using them in turn. Here, for example, is what we form a calendar case get up to meet the requirements of gentlemen who take that sensible view of their razors. It contains, as you will observe, seven fine razors, labeled on the backs for the days of the week. Such cases are sold at various prices, all the way up from $7 to $20. Why do I call it a sensible view? Because, naturally, seven razors, by such changing round will each do but one seventh of what would be required of one razor in constant use, and consequently the evil of the regrinding is put seven times further away. Some men have a great number of razors, and keep adding to their collection all the time. Joe Jefferson, the actor, buys at least a dozen per annum from a big cutlery house on Nassau street alone, and I know he also buys elsewhere. I should imagine that he must have a tank full of razors, if he does not lose them or give them away all the time.

"A good razor is worth from $1.50 to $2.50, but there are cheap kinds sold as low as $2 a dozen. Those are the kind generally employed in Turkish bath establishments. Many men have a razor in their pocket, ready to be used on any emergency, and, indeed, I know people who don't carry a razor. There are an infinite number of styles and sizes of razors. Some like a big, heavy blade; others a small, light, very narrow, and deeply concaved blade. I rather think the latter are the most liable to cut the skin. In all cases the blade and handle of the razor should balance perfectly when it is held in position for use."

It is a wonder to me where all the razors go to—what becomes of them, said the genial proprietor of a big cutlery house in Nassau street. "Now, I deal only in strictly first-class goods, in razors as in all other lines of cutlery, so my business is more restricted than some others, but last year I imported 2,167 dozens of razors, worth more than $20,000 to me. And that is about what the demand is every year. Some holes here and there are eight or ten prominent importers—do considerably more than I do, and it is not at all uncommon for me to sell five dozen a day. Every boy should be taught to shave. I would make it a part of his education, just as much as swimming, dancing, or carving all necessary accomplishments.

A Hack Swindler Captured.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Aug. 12. Geo. W. Burgess, claiming to be from Auburn, who attempted to pass a forged check on the Rochester Bank on Tuesday, and succeeded in obtaining $17 by similar means from the First National Bank of this city on Friday, was through the usual work up on the part of the Pinkerton force, and landed in Brooklyn on Saturday afternoon by the bank officials there and fully identified. Later in the day he was brought here to be arraigned and now is in jail awaiting examination. He denies being the man, but is evidently lying. It was learned that he also defrauded another jeweler of a forged check on the Auburn Bank, and used an Auburn hack as a cab. Burgess is a large fellow of medium stature, and had purchased a new suit throughout within a week. He admits that he has just been pardoned out of prison.

An Express Robbed and the Agent Killed.

FLORENCE, Ariz., Aug. 12.—Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express has been robbed between Riverside and Pioneer of $3,200 by two masked highwaymen. Express Agent John Collins was killed, and one passenger wounded. Both stage horses were killed.

Court Calendars This Day.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.—Adjourned until to-morrow.

IN A CEMETERY.

Curious Mementos of the Dead that Are Placed Upon their Graves.

A reporter strolling through the New York Bay Cemetery the other day saw a lady dressed in deep mourning sitting on a camp stool in front of an open tomb. She was knitting.

"She comes every day," said one of the attendants. "She sits doing needlework of some sort for a couple of hours. She is here on Sunday, too, but then she is not working. She did not be buried in that vault, where the body of her mother has been lying for ten years. They were all alone for a great many years before they were separated, and used to earn their living by sewing. Both of them grew pale and thin, and at last the mother died. A month after her mother's death a rich uncle in New York, who during his lifetime had refused to assist either his niece or his sister, was drowned in the bay, and it was found that he had left all his property to the girl. She built this vault, had her mother's remains laid there, and sits there every week day, doing the work by which they supported themselves, and selling it for the benefit of charity. People often take strange notions into their heads about honoring the memory of friends. If you will walk around the cemetery with me I will show you what I mean."

On one little mound, marked by no tombstone, were emblems telling a sad story. They were the toys and little garments of a very young child, a little iron stove, a headless doll, several spools bearing the marks of childish efforts to form them into wheels, an India rubber ball, and a pair of tiny worn shoes. Every toy and garment bore the marks of wind and rain, but they had not been moved since they had been placed there on the day of burial.

On another grave was a doll house, with little dolls in the windows. Its last owner had evidently been the child of wealthy parents, for the house was of expensive manufacture. The door was open and a doll party were gathered around a table in a room curiously walled with shells. The interior arrangements were precisely as they had been when, three years ago, a little girl went to bed, anticipating every one in the house to leave them undisturbed until she came down in the morning.

Some of the graves are singularly adorned, and it is impossible to trace the origin of the curious emblems over them. On one of them is a large frame of wood, on which was placed by an old man when he buried his child some years ago. He still goes once a week to see that that useful article is there. A dog house marks a neglected grave. On another is a glass house, the figure of a girl playing with a dog, and a garden seat.

Over another grave is a demijohn. There is nothing but rain water in the bottle now, but its purpose at one time is unmistakable. A battered and weather-beaten wicker cradle tells its own sad tale, and a glass case containing a pair of shoes speaks for itself to the inquirer.

The Chinese spot is small and very rude in appearance. On a white stone at the head the words "Chinese Company Benetong" are roughly painted. Pushed into the ground are two small colored candles that bear marks of having been alight at the last funeral. All over the plot pieces of paper, perforated in many places, are held on the earth by stones.

The Cunard Steamship Company's spacious lot is marked by a handsome monument, on which are inscribed the names of all the sailors buried therein during the year. The cemetery in New York Bay Cemetery is very damp, and it is said that bodies have sometimes been taken from its graves in a petrified condition.

The Base Ball Championships.

The following table shows how many games the New York team have won and lost in playing with other League clubs, and also how many games they have still to play with each.

NEW YORK

	Boston	Chicago	Detroit	Philadelphia	Pittsburg	Washington
Victories	12	8	8	6	7	7
Defeats	4	5	5	6	5	5
Games to play	4	6	6	6	6	6

The following table shows the position of the eight League clubs in the race:

Clubs	Won	Lost	Clubs	Won	Lost
Cleveland	43	24	Boston	34	32
Providence	42	25	New York	34	33
Chicago	40	26	Detroit	29	38
Boston	39	28	Philadelphia	14	56

The following table shows the positions of the clubs in the American arena:

Clubs	Won	Lost	Clubs	Won	Lost
Athletic	45	21	Eclipse	36	31
St. Louis	45	23	Allegheny	34	44
Cincinnati	43	25	Columbus	32	45
Metropolitan	39	26	Louisville	17	59

This table shows what the Metropolitan has done and has to do:

METROPOLITAN

	Boston	Chicago	Detroit	Philadelphia	Pittsburg	Washington
Victories	5	4	3	7	5	6
Defeats	3	4	5	2	3	2
Games to play	3	3	3	2	3	2

In the amateur arena the Commercials led in the Long Island championship series. The Bedfords are second, the Unions third, and the Star, Dauntless, and Monroe teams follow in order.

In the Brooklyn Association championship the Prospects lead in the race, the Atlantics second, the Eclipse third, followed by the Atlas Version and the Greenpoints.

It is said that unless the Eclipse team of Louisville can score a good catcher and one or another good man in the outfield they will be in a bad fix. The club is one of the eight American Association clubs. On account of the hard luck the experienced Philadelphia Manager Barkley of the Eclipse said: "Do you know anything in the world that would be certainly the cause of the great luck the Louisville club has been enjoying? Well, I don't either, but I think it must be certainly that we have had a hard time of it. Brouthers has not been able to give us any of his great batting strength, owing to his injury, and he has been laid up with a bad leg, and his not being able to play has cost us games, and we lost several games, and we had to let the latter go, and now Whitney has swiped the chance by being spiked in Cincinnati in a game of ball. Catcher Peltz is doing good work, and we shall be able to get along somehow or other, and we shall probably finish in the race."

Yesterday's game in Colombus, Ohio, resulted:

Columbus	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	3	1	7
St. Louis	0	4	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	8

Speed of Brooklyn Club Pigeons.

Thirty homing pigeons, owned by members of the Brooklyn Club, were liberated in Philadelphia, Pa., yesterday morning at 8:05 o'clock, home time. The people in charge of the birds were Ballard, one at 11:07 A. M., distance, 100 miles; average speed, 1,304 yards per minute. Brooklyn, one at 11:25, distance, 100 miles; speed, 1,250 yards. Two ten seconds later, one at 11:26, distance, 100 miles; speed, 1,250 yards. Twenty seconds later, one at 11:26, distance, 100 miles; speed, 1,250 yards. The twenty eighth and entered in the race at ten minutes to 12 o'clock, speed, 1,000 yards. All other birds were sold in the city, and entered in the race was Brooklyns, 12; Ballard, 10; Evans, 2; Hall, 1. The next journey will be from Pine Grove, Pa., 135 miles next week.

Racing in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—The fall meeting of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association began yesterday with a dash for five eighths of a mile, which was won by Jim Renwick in 1:01. Premium was second, and Rebecca third.

The second of six stakes for two year olds, three-quarters of a mile, resulted in a dead heat between Dr Pale Alto filly (Jim Biggins) and Castle guard. A drawing heat was won by the latter. Time, 1:16¾ and 1:17¾.

The Visitor stake for three year olds, 1 mile and a quarter, was captured by H Higgins's Belle Marion second, and Lou Spencer third. Time, 2:12.

The handicap race, a mile and repeat, was won by Hattie in two straight heats.

Anger and O'Donnell Win.

Five rowboats started in a race from the foot of Pacific street to and around the second buoy at Governor's Island and return yesterday afternoon. The race was made to discover the best pair among the Brooklyn boatmen. The nominal stake was for a $20 medal, rowed by James Keegan. The distance is about five miles. Half a dozen other boats were named by Jerry Angier and William O'Donnell, John Lynch and John McGann, Michael O'Rourke and William Taylor, John Mack and Francis Taylor, Martin Rooney and William Hanlon. Angier was a clear winner of the race, when the start was made. The race was won by Anger and O'Donnell by a unofficial yards. Dunn and McGann second.

The Revolution in Mexico.

GALVESTON, Aug. 12.—A despatch yesterday from Laredo to the Newsers: A reporter comes direct from Quereteo, Vera, which is about 10 miles below Laredo, that Corlino was in that place on Tuesday last with 300 revolutionists. From trustworthy reports it is probable that the revolution of Mexico will be in a state of revolution before the year is out. The complaint seems to be against the manifest usurpation of power by the general government at the City of Mexico. Only a few days ago a band of revolutionists crossed into Laredo, Texas, and in a large one became of their removal of city officers against the wishes of the government.

Withdrawing from the Bradford Association.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 12.—Commodore William Bradford Whiting of this city, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Bradford Union Association, organized at Cleveland in May last to the black descendants of ex-Vice President Wm. H. Lake, for the purpose of educating their share of their deceased ancestor's estate, estimated at $122,000 is withdrawn from the association. He says in explanation of his withdrawal that the President of the association is guilty of duplicity, and has recently made statements contradictory to those he made in May. The commodore thinks the actions of the association are prompted by sinister motives, and he will have nothing more to do with it. He adds that he has just been pardoned out of prison.

HONEY MAKERS IN THE CITY.

A REPORTER'S VISIT TO A HUGE COLONY OF BEES ON A ROOF.

Gathering Honey from Central Park and from the Atlantic Ocean and Other Trees in the Streets—Queer Adventures of Swarms Astray—Cross and Good-Natured Bees.

An irregular yellow ball of strange appearance, several inches in diameter, appeared a few days ago on the weather vane of the Park place station of the Sixth avenue elevated railroad. It seemed to be constantly changing in form, and the station employees, on examining it closely, discovered that it was a swarm of bees. A messenger was sent to the office of Mr. A. J. King, editor of the *Beekeepers' Magazine*, and it was found that the swarm was from Mr. King's aviary on the roof of the building at 11 Park place. Mounting by means of a ladder to the roof of the station, Mr. King sprinkled the bees with sweetened water, after which he shoved them into a new hive, and returned with it to his aviary. A reporter, equipped with gloves and a thick veil, went a few minutes afterward among Mr. King's bees. More than a hundred hives were scattered about the roof of the building. Mr. King said they were all workers, and all making honey for the market.

"You must have some strange experiences in hiving your swarms here in the heart of the city," the reporter said.

"Oh, yes," Mr. King replied; "it is not a great while since one of my swarms entered the time-ball up there on the flagstaff of the Western Union building. The people in the building discovered it and drove the bees out, and they came straight back again. On another occasion a swarm attempted to settle in the wheel of an express wagon here in Park place. Whenever they attempted to settle the driver started up his wagon. Then they began to settle on the street cars, some being carried up the street and some down. Finally they got thoroughly disorganized, and within an hour had all returned to the hive. Their intelligence seems almost human, but they are thorough monarchists and devotion to their queen. One day I discovered a swarm leaving the hive, and watching the entrance I captured the queen as she came out, and placed her on a piece of honeycomb under a small strainer-like cap, the shape of a thimble, which we use for such purposes. When the swarm had all departed I placed her in the hive again. The bees settled on an Italian's fruit stand in Broadway, but were suddenly thrown into consternation by discovering the absence of the queen. They at once returned to the hive. A large swarm once settled on a flagstaff and the summit of the lofty Garner building at Hudson and Jay streets. The janitor of the building got ladders and ropes, put a veil over his face, and, taking a new box, climbed up there and carried the swarm down. He lost them on the roof, and in the next three months they stored over 100 pounds of honey."

"Where do your bees gather their honey?"

"Everywhere, even going to Central Park for it, though they cannot work profitably outside of a radius of two miles. They find many flowers in which to work without going so far. They get much honey from the ailanthus blossoms, and from the rose of Sharon, the European linden, and the basswood. But they never visit two different varieties of flowers on the same trip."

"Why is that?"

"It seems for one thing to be a wise provision of nature to prevent the hybridization of plants by mixing the pollen of their flowers. The gathering of honey and flowering is an important part of the work of the bees. But, whether gathering pollen or honey, the flowers from which they first call is the only variety they will visit until they have returned to their place with the insects. They carried portable stoves on which they roasted their curious game. Other Chinamen greedily devoured the grasshoppers, paying a penny for ten.

At the head of all meats Chinamen put, of course, pork. In their opinion, to the hog belongs the first place in the list of domestic animals. If you ask a Chinaman why, he will answer you promptly, "Because it was the hog from whom the Chinamen descended!" Don't you see, the Celestials have beaten Darwin on the theory of the descent of man. It is only natural, then, that among Chinamen hogs should enjoy full rights of citizenship. Like dogs, they wander wherever they please. A Chinaman without a number of hogs is an impossibility. Are there many hogs in China? I should think so. On a single holiday in memory of their ancestors—not the original ancestors, the hogs, but merely human ancestors—the Celestials eat fully 650,000 hogs. I must admit that Chinese pork is superior to any found elsewhere on the globe. Poor Chinamen who cannot afford to buy pork eat meat of dogs, asses, horses, rats, mice, cats, hares, goats, and sheep. But I never saw them eating cats.

Of birds the Chinese eat silver pheasants, ducks, geese, chickens, jackdaws, crows, and many others. Curiously enough, the so-called Cochin-China fowls are very rarely seen here. Salt eggs are in great use here.

Among the choice delicacies of the Chinese must be mentioned the fins of sharks and the nests of swallows. The latter, I infer the latter is understood not the whole nest, but only the mucilaginous inner coating of the nests. It is believed that the swallows who build their nests on the sea rocks cover their nests and glue them to the rocks with the juice of sea cane, which, on being dried, forms a very nutritious membrane. On the market these nests are found in the shape of a hemisphere of the size of a half orange peel. The nests are sold here at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per pound. They are used principally for making broth, to which they give a peculiar aroma and taste, much valued by gastronomers.

Rice stands, of course, at the head of vegetable foods. Without rice gruel no meal is served here. Tan means both "to have a meal" and "to eat rice gruel." The brown rice, which is common, that has been hulled and musty, is much liked. There is also a red variety of rice.

Honey is much used here, but chiefly as a cosmetic. After being mixed with flour it is used by the women in their hair dressing. With their hair saturated, sticky and shining with honey, they must be indeed sweet.

As everybody knows, the Chinese are passionately fond of tea, which they cultivate for the rest of the world. They drink it at every meal, at business, at work, while idle and at work, in shops and in offices—in short, everywhere and at any time of day or night. The red, black, and green sorts of tea they prepare only for export, while they themselves use exclusively yellow tea. They take tea in small cups, and without sugar.

Though in China there are excellent sorts of grapes, yet no wine is prepared there. The Chinese make two kinds of whiskey, of sargo and of rice, and drink a good deal of it. Women also drink and smoke here. A big gill of the shape of an hour glass is used for whiskey drinking. They had no glass works here until recently, when an American gentleman taught some Celestials to make glass. During my thirty years' residence here I have never seen a single drunken Chinaman on the street. No coffee or chocolate is used here.

The unusually fertile soil of this country yields products enough to satisfy the appetite of all the Celestials, and in view of their prodigious consumption of the latter they ought to be able, all of them, to reach the blissful state of satiety. Yet how many of them are lean, hungry, with wistful eyes and hollow stomachs! What a heartrending tragedy each of those thin fellows presents, whose all-absorbing idea is to be thick! When I look upon the crowd of hollow-cheeked Chinamen and then upon the few who are in the blissful state of corpulency, I cannot help thinking of the lean-fleshed and the fat-fleshed kine of Pharaoh.

Daring Rescue by a Coast Guardsman.

From the London Telegraph, July 27.

Last evening, at Perranporth, near Truro, the weather was so fine that a large number of people had come down to the beach to enjoy the cool breeze. Wandering on the cliffs, one lady, who had left her husband and children on the beach, found herself at a spot where the ground had given way, and she was hung between two projecting rocks and descent certainly fatal. The ledge of which she was the occupant was about 20 feet from the one foot and 40 feet from the ground to which, to climb down were two loose and crumbling. For some hours he endured this position, the tide rising and the sea dashing above. The news spread and a crowd congregated, but none dared venture along the slight ledge by which alone the unfortunate could be reached. Ropes were used, and men were lowered, but the effort to catch it would certainly have caused the poor fellow to fall.

A coastguardsman named Richard Hearn volunteered to be let down for over an hour, amid the cheers of the crowd, and while he was so doing the excitement was quickened tenfold. The man took with him only a hold and a little longer and the least disturbance of the earth around him would inevitably cause his destruction. In breathless eagerness the spectators saw the one man near the other.

At a sudden effort the coastguardsman clasped the man he had endeavored to save with a sudden and strong grip, and they swung off the ledge together. Even this delicate feat was not so easy, but ultimately it was safely effected to a ledge below, whence access to the summit was gradually gained.

The spectators were now overcome to cheer, but they did what was better—collected a good round sum for the gallant coast guardsman.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Reunion of the Peerless Osterle, Cold Spring Grove, to-morrow.

Excursion of Rankin Post, G. A. R., to Point View, Aug. 22.

The Pleasant Valley friends of Justice John Henry McCarthy will make their annual excursion to-morrow, going to Point View.

On Thursday, annual excursion of Washington Light Battery to Hudson River.

Excursion of the Young Men's East Side Republican Association to Mount Pleasant Grove to-day.

In Jones's Wood to-day, picnic and games of the United Cabinet Maker and Other Makers.

Excursion and clam bake Nineteenth Ward Cannon Club, Norwalk, Conn., Wednesday.

Sons of Benjamin Grand Lodge festival, Spiller's Harlem Park, Aug. 21.

Yatim Literary Union at Washington Park Tuesday.

The Thirteen Club dinner to-day at the Neptune House, New Rochelle.

Regatta of the Nonpareil Rowing Club on the Harlem River to-morrow.

WHAT CHINAMEN EAT.

The Philosophy of the Stomach in the Celestial Kingdom—Strange Food Products.

From the St. Petersburg Messenger.

PEKIN, June 1.—To be able to eat well means, in the Chinaman's opinion, to be happy. All his cares, troubles, and desires centre in the same point, namely, good eating. True, everybody the world over takes care to satisfy his appetite in the best possible way. But the Chinese differ from other people in the philosophy of the subject. They hold that only the satiated man can be wise, and those who cannot make themselves full are surely fools. Their most sacred philosophical and medical treatises deal with the stomach as the principal source of the spiritual, moral, and physical life of man. The head, in their opinion, is a poor dependent on the bounty of the stomach. Not the head, but the stomach, ought to be crowned. They hold as a cardinal axiom that the stomach is the spring of every thought, feeling, and impulse in man. He who does not eat loses all energy. Man differs from wood and stone only because he fills up his stomach. They look upon Dr. Tanner's forty days fast as a clever trick. They assert that the American people deceived the public by drinking some colorless nutritious substances dissolved in water. Otherwise, they argue, he would necessarily turn first an idiot, and then a corpse.

When we ponder on some difficult subject we often touch or rub our forehead. Under the same circumstances the Chinaman puts his fingers below his belt. By touching his abdomen he facilitates his mental process. In view of the supremacy of the stomach the Chinese came to the conclusion that the better it is filled the wiser is its possessor; hence fatness and corpulence are the best mirror of the mind, the best indication of superior intellect. And, as wisdom brings man to a blissful state and to a heavenly beatitude, therefore the Chinamen regard extraordinary stoutness as a symbol of the future heavenly state. The idol of Buddha Shakyamuny, the ideal of supreme beatitude, is represented as an abnormally fat man, with a smile of perfect satisfaction. There is no need to put any sign under that idol, for without words everybody would read in its looks that "I am quite full." The superior spiritual advisers of the Buddhists are distinguished for their corpulence. I am told there are divines among them who devour a whole sheep for breakfast! No wonder they regard the severe fasting of the Christian hermits as a useless folly.

Now, what are the agencies which bring the Chinaman to his blissful state? They are manifold; yet beef, milk, and dairy products in general are strictly excluded from the list. About twenty centuries ago in the Celestial Empire there was established a law, as a reward for the great assistance in agriculture rendered by that horned animal. Then it was forbidden to kill either ox or cow. It became also a sacred habit to leave the cow's milk exclusively for the calves, to whom it rightfully belonged. Chinamen do not drink cow's milk of sheep or she goats, though they are very fond of the meat of these animals. But, then, they are exceedingly fond of woman's milk. The world-to-do parents often hire nurses for their children up to the seventh and even fourth year. Chinamen, even men of age, and particularly old men, resort to woman's milk either as an article of luxury or as a dietetic means. Among rich Chinamen it is a point of pride to keep a number of wet nurses. The Celestial is not ashamed to be truly said that "he is worth so many wet nurses," as of the rich Mohammedan that "he is worth so many wives," or of the American that "he is worth so many dollars." No Chinese woman would milk a cow for such practice, in her opinion, would stain forever her chastity.

Excluding beef and dairy products, Chinamen eat everything that is edible, horse and ass flesh, snakes, rats, mice, dogs, grasshoppers, spiders, worms, cocoons, sea-cucumbers, swallows' nests, and so on. Once, while living in a villa near Pekin, I