

AMERICAN REPORTING.

The manufacture of intelligence in times of stagnation is an important industry in the Western States of America, where the newspaper editors are often at their wit's end to find sufficient food of a stimulating nature to satisfy the voracious appetites of their readers.

Some interesting details are given by the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the ingenuity displayed in this line by a Mr. Bennet, now dead, but once editor of the *Cincinnati Inquirer*. It was Mr. Bennet's practice, when news was scarce, to make small imaginary children tumble from the Newport ferry-boat into the Ohio river, where they would have certainly perished but for the gallantry of a gentleman who happened to witness the occurrence and who plunged into the water and rescued them; this gentleman being always some personal friend of Mr. Bennet whom he delighted to honour.

Some of these heroes, however, at last became wearied of the distinction thus thrust upon them, and a certain Mr. Kellum, who had several times figured in the columns of the *Inquirer* as a saviour of perishing innocents, preferred a request that his name might no longer be used for this purpose. He was assured that his request, although it was a proof of a curiously sensitive disposition, should be complied with, and this promise was faithfully kept, for the next day Mr. Kellum read in the *Inquirer* that on the previous day a beautiful little girl, the child of a prominent citizen of Newport, had fallen from the Newport ferry-boat into the river, and that Mr. Kellum, who was standing close by and could have rescued the child from a watery grave, refused to render any assistance. Boiling with indignation, Mr. Kellum hurried to the office of the *Inquirer*, and uttered fearful threats of what he would do to Mr. Bennet if this plesantry continued.

That gentleman, however, calmly pulling off his coat, said, "See here, Kellum, you are not a bad fellow in your way, but I cannot stand any interference with my department. If I make any statement in the *Inquirer*, you must not come round here contradicting it. That isn't journalism." Mr. Kellum retired abashed, and thence forward submitted calmly to his fate.

"CONEY ISLAND."

Coney Island appears to be the popular watering place of New York, and is unique in its appearance, its patronage and its history. The island is the extreme western end of a great outlying sand bar, broken by inlets which extend along the southern coast of Long Island for nearly 90 miles, its different sections being known as Coney Island, Rockaway, Long, Jones, Oak Island and Great South Beaches, all having the broad Atlantic for their southern boundary. Six years ago Coney Island's fine stretch of beach five miles long, with its splendid surf, and its unequalled location in point of accessibility to New York and Brooklyn, was but a barren wast of sand, much frequented by the disorderly classes. All that time a single horse care line from Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, connecting with steam cars near Greenwood cemetery, and a boat carried passengers to the island. At the present time eight steam railways, one line of street cars, and nine lines of steam-boats, capable of carrying 200,000 persons to and from the beach daily are in operation. Selecting one of these boats and going on board at the Battery, the excursionist finds himself among a crowd of people of all classes. A band of music plays popular airs with a preponderance of brass and bass drum; with flags flying and whistles blowing, the huge steamer is swung into the stream and her head turned down the bay. Steaming slowly around the network of mast and spar, Governor's Island—the headquarters of Gen'l Hancock—is passed, and a view of Castle Williams and its other defences obtained; past the Atlantic Docks at Brooklyn, along the shore to Bay Ridge, thence down through the Narrows, with the gray walls of Fort Hamilton on the left side, and Fort Wadsworth on the other, and above the latter the green walls of the earth-works called Fort Thompson; in under the empty port holes of the ruined Fort Lafayette—where Jeff. Davis was confined immediately after the war of the rebellion—and out into the lower bay. Over to the right lies the low line of Sandy Hook, and nearer the Illinois, a dismantled hulk, and the floating small pox hospital. Coney Island soon comes in sight on the left, and we are landed at one of the two immense piers, constructed of tabular iron piles, each over 1,000 feet long, and projecting into the sea. On each pier are three two story buildings containing saloons and a promenade, and 1,200 bath rooms with stairways leading down into the water beneath. This is West Brighton and the scene is suggestive of a great fair ground. In the centre is a broad plaza with green grass and flowers traversed by wide, wooden pavements. The bathing pavilion at this point, those on the pier accepted, do not appear to be attractive. The concourse, which leads to Brighton Beach is a wide drive and promenade about half a mile long laid with concrete on the white sand. Path waggon and carriages continually traverse its length. The drive over the smooth hard roadway on the edge of the ocean is a fine one. You can go by the Elevated if you prefer. At the end of the drive is Brighton Beach and its great hotels, the latter nearly 600 feet long, three stories high, the front and sides with broad piazzas, constructed, it is said, for the purpose of allowing New Jersey girls greater freedom with her feet—

and unlimited hunting streaming from its various towers. The hotel is furnished with East-lake furniture and Axminster carpets, and of course has every modern convenience. Twenty thousand people can be fed at this hotel during the day. In a large pavilion, constructed with a huge sounding board, shaped like a clam shell set up on its hinge end, opening toward the front of the hotel, a band of sixty performers concertize in the afternoon and evening. This is where that famous horn-blower Arbuckle, the *bete noir* of the great Levy, later in the season, electrifies vast audiences with his wonderful execution on the cornet. From Brighton Beach eastward for two and a half miles extends the surf of Manhattan Beach, the centre of which is covered by a hotel seven hundred feet long. This you reach by light steam cars on a marine railway in just eighty seconds. At this hotel four thousand people dine at a time, and thirty thousand empty stomachs are filled in a day. Here are bathing houses containing three thousand separate rooms. The beach on the sides is fenced in and the inclosed space rigidly reserved for bathers. Large floats beyond the breakers afford resting and diving places for expert swimmers and life boats patrol the beach. An amphitheatre, seating 2,000 persons, overlooks the bathing grounds, and an interesting hour may be spent by one so inclined sitting well down in front on the corner next to the entrance leading from the ladies' dressing rooms to the beach and observe the procession of big pedals, hollow chested, skinny and bow-legged women—with here and there a pretty face and figure—emerge and crossing the little ribbon of white sand, enter the surf where, with many hundreds of other people in uncouth bathing dresses, are rolling, tumbling and screaming with delight.

Venus rising from the sea! The naiad that disport themselves in the shining water are myths! Behold fair and shapely women going into these mysterious regions beyond where the feminine toilet undergoes such a marvelous change! They await eagerly the advent of the supple graceful figure who disappeared a few moments ago. Something approaches. Is it she, whose entrancing figure captivated all eyes? Ye gods! see approaching with a gingerly gait the Misses of Dickens's imagination. Plump and beautiful Dolly Varden transformed in her lank serving-women, thin-chested, yes, absolutely knock-kneed. A slurrer, a drawing in of breath, supplemented by a slight scream, and the Venus of an hour before, sans bangs, sans palpaters, sans plumpers, sans every thing that rendered her the most enticing, is embraced by Neptune. This ancient god is welcome to his fair but frail burden. Women hold many secrets of the arts so deplored by the 19th century aesthetes.

The general features of the beach are novel and interesting. Frail and wooden pavilions for dancing, drinking beer, and eating clams and hot sausages abound on every hand and there is little to choose between them in point of excellence. Wooden chairs, with wide rockers, are strewn about the beach for several miles at intervals of a few rods, and should you happen to drop into one a small freckled-faced urchin will approach on a run and extending his hand demand a dime. That boy is the proprietor's agent, and in addition to having charge of 15 or 20 beach chairs will sell you a small wooden or tin pail, with which you can carry home a specimen of the fine sand washed almost white by the action of the sea. No charge is made for the sand. There are platforms upon which are orchestras, placed there for the purpose of attracting visitors toward some eating house, bazaar, or museum, and the tones of the pianos, made wheezy by salt air, mingle incessantly with the roar of the surf. Shooting galleries, bowling alleys, billiards, aquariums, captive balloons, flying-horses, swings and an observatory three hundred feet high afforded ample amusement for visitors of that taste. The sands are black with people. It is said that on one Sabbath day one hundred and fifty thousand people can be seen at Manhattan and Brighton beach. Coney Island is indeed a great place. —*Chaff.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, June 17.

THE *Uncle Tom* troupe, with the real freed slaves, are to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE object of the great Barnum, now in our midst, is to make arrangements for bringing into London "the greatest show on earth."

IT is an extraordinary sight, and a very pleasing one, to see in the dirty burial ground of old St. Paul's, splendid bushes of rhododendrons in full blossom.

IT is stated that Colonel Chambers, the Englishman to whom Garibaldi gave his sword, has offered to return it to his family for presentation to the Municipality of Rome.

MRS. LANGTRY'S success on her recent tour is declared by her London friends to be financially equal to Mr. Irving's. It is said that in four weeks Mrs. Langtry has cleared £3,000.

MADAME ALBANI GYK gave a children's party on Saturday, June 3, at her residence, 16,

The Boltons, South Kensington, in honor of the birthday of her little son, who was three years old on that day.

IT is estimated that the Duke of Hamilton's collection will realize £300,000. A memorial has been presented to the Prime Minister asking for a special grant to enable the National Gallery to purchase largely from the Hamilton Palace collection.

A DEFINITION was given by a high ecclesiastical authority, in an appeal case at Westminster recently, which may be of service on some future occasion. "What," asked Lord Coleridge, "is a nobleman's chaplain?" "A nobleman's chaplain," replied Dr. Phillimore, "is a spiritual luxury."

IT seems that the marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill would have been carried in the House of Lords had an arrangement to carry on the debate until at least eight o'clock not been departed from. The result was that about a dozen peers who intended to vote for the Bill arrived at the House too late for the division.

NEARLY two hundred members have already subscribed a guinea to the memorial window which it is proposed to place in St. Margaret's Church to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish. The proportion is pretty equally divided among members on both sides of the House. The two front benches are largely represented in the preliminary list.

TRICYCLES grow in favor, and are to be seen daily, ridden by either sex, in the most crowded parts of the city. The Rational Dress Society recommends lady tricyclists to wear their new "divided skirt," both because it allows freer use of the legs, and because it offers less resistance to the wind—an important consideration.

THE Strangers' Gallery is not usually filled in the Lords, but on the night of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill it was crowded the moment the doors opened, many of those present being in clerical garb. In the galleries there were something like a dozen ladies present, amongst whom were the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Albany.

MR. G. R. SIMS, with the terms he has retained for his new drama at the Princess's, the *Romany Rye*, can afford to smile at the critics who say such hard things of him. He receives ten per cent. of the drawings, and the house holds £400. In other words, Mr. Sims will pocket during the time this piece may run £30 to £40 a night.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT does not forget the romantic associations attaching to her marriage. One of the first things she did on arriving in England was to send the vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells street, by whom the knot was tied, an order for a box, and the rev. gentleman not only accepted it, but was present at the first performance at the Gaiety.

IN many of the London churches the innovation has been introduced of retaining the seats for the persons to whom they have been allotted till the bell stops ringing, and then treating every unoccupied seat as free. It is said that the West-End clergy intend to make a vigorous effort to have this arrangement more generally adopted. It has been found that the best filled churches are those where the practice prevails.

NO fewer than 800 guinea catalogues with photograph illustrations have been supplied of the Hamilton Palace collection, and the demand is by no means exhausted. Messrs Christie's rooms have been crowded this week by connoisseurs and virtuosos eager to witness the matchless display. Exceptionally high prices are expected to be realized during the sale, which commences to-day. The Earl of Dudley, who has in past years been a liberal purchaser of pictures, china, and works of art generally, was present on Tuesday, accompanied by the Countess of Dudley.

MISCELLANY.

SAYS the New York *World*: "It was rude in Mr. Belmont to allude to Mr. Blaine as a bully and a coward, and the incident reminds us of a little story of the meek and mild witness who had been bullied by a blustering Blaine-like lawyer, until finally he got righteously mad and retorted to a certain impertinent question, 'Is none of your dash-bluff business!' Then the lawyer ran and thrust his head under the Judge's arm and demanded the protection of the Court with the fervor of Mary's little lamb. And the Judge said sternly unto the infuriated witness, 'Witness, do you wish to withdraw or qualify that answer?' 'No, I'll be blank-dashed if I will,' roared the witness. 'Very well, I wouldn't either, if I were in your place,' said the Judge."

AN African lawyer once had an important case, and the decision depended on the way the

jury would regard the testimony of one lady. He lost the case because the fair witness swore positively to an occurrence which she witnessed at a distance, although there were many persons who stood much nearer than she that saw nothing whatever of it. The lawyer looked rather blue when the jury brought in their verdict, but revenged himself by rising and telling the Court a story of a lady he once knew who was very near-sighted, but always declared her eyesight to be excellent. Accordingly, one day a neighbor stuck a darning-needle in the side of a barn, and, placing her on the opposite side of the road, asked her if she could see it. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I can see the needle easy enough! But where's the barn?"

"IMMIGRANT CHILDREN."—Mr. John T. Middlemore, the founder of the Orphan Children's Emigration Charity, London, Ont., left Liverpool on the 1st inst., in the S.S. *Polynesian* with a party of 23 girls and 39 boys between the age of 3 and 13 years, who are brought out to this country for adoption or hire, chiefly among farmers. They are expected to arrive at the Guthrie Home, near the city, on or about the 14th inst. This will be Mr. Middlemore's 10th annual visit to these shores with juvenile emigrants from Birmingham, England, since 1872. Already many applications accompanied with good references have been made for the children expected to arrive, but more are required. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. H. Gibbens, Manager of the Guthrie Home, London, Ont.

WHEN Faure's discovery of the storage of electricity was made known, many novel uses were claimed for the new discovery, but no one ventured to think it would be likely to increase our fish supply. Yet this it may do. The French Government have just sanctioned the experiment of fishing by electricity. It is well known that light at night exercises an irresistible influence over fish. The new apparatus consists of a globe of glass, attached to a weight below, and a float above, so that it can be lowered from a boat to the required depth. Insulated wires, connected with a Faure storage battery, ignite the carbon in the glass globe at the will of the operator in the boat, and the fish may be seen in shoals, disporting themselves in the unaccustomed brightness, little dreaming of the sinister purpose with which the little fete has been organized. The work is completed with nets drawn round the unconscious victims by other boats, and "there you are, don't you know."

THE following is a good story about a well known professor, which may go to prove that even great physicists are liable to error: The professor was showing a party of ladies and gentlemen over some large works at Birmingham, chiefly engaged in the manufacture of complicated optical instruments. The party came across a very ingenious instrument, the working of which the professor proceeded to explain. In the midst of his exposition, a roughly-dressed young man, standing near, struck in, and civilly pointed out that the man of science was quite mistaken in his notions as to the instrument in point. The professor, whose weak point is not an excess of humility, angrily maintained his own view, but did not succeed in convincing his opponent, who finally shrugged his shoulders and walked off. "Who is that—that person?" asked the professor, indignantly, of a workman standing by. "Oh! that is Dr. —" was the reply; "he invented that instrument you have been looking at!" Tableau.

A SHORT time ago, a lady and gentleman were married in the neighborhood of Nottingham and proceeded in their carriage to the honeymoon among the Cumberland Lakes, the gentleman giving strict orders to Murphy, his Irish footman, on no account to state to inquirers that they were newly married. When leaving the first inn on the road, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and, pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him! that's the man!" On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must certainly discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret. "An' pray, yer honor," inquired Murphy, "what is it yer complains ov?" "That you told the servants at the last inn we were a new-married couple." "An' it's not thrue, yer honor," replied Murphy; "I told the whole kit that yer honor and yer honor's lady (God bless her!) wouldn't be married yet for a fortnight!"

PORK AND BEANS.—One quart of white beans; wash and pick them. Some house-keepers soak their beans over night, but I find it less trouble to boil them at once, putting them in three quarts of cold water and letting them come slowly to the boil. Cook full three hours, and do not boil too rapidly, or they will be cooked unevenly. Season with a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white ground pepper, and as much red pepper as the cud of a penknife blade will take up. Put them in a deep baking-pan. If the beans have not absorbed all the water, keep some of the water they were boiled in, as they will require it when baking, if too dry. Take one and a half pounds of bacon; it is nicer than salt pork. Skin and score it. After the beans have been baking in a slow oven for four hours, put on top of the beans the bacon, and let it all bake two hours longer. If it gets too dry, add the water, which should be boiling.