NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"To be a good traveler," writes a favorite essayist, "argues one no ordinary philosopher. A sweet landscape must sometimes be allowed to atone for an indifferent supper, and an interesting ruin charm away the remembrance of a hard bed." We have no ruins to speak of in landscape, and there need not be any hard beds, for all hostelries of these days are near enough to centers of industrial production to lodge a traveler on any sort of couch he please. It was doubtless the fact that Sam Johnson liked public-houses better that his own that led him to declare "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

There is not the slightest doubt that, however we may differ as to ruins and inns, we now must have roads, for it is certain that we are about to enter upon a new era of travel. That any era of travel should be inaugurated minus the horse would have appeared to Don Quixote the very paradox of paradoxes. The horseless carriage is to be the vehicle of the new era. As it was a Frenchman who made the age of the bicycle by the invention of the pneumatic tire, it is France that is hastening in the era of travel without the horse. Last week a prize of $8,000 was given at the end of a race between the French capital and Bordeaux for a four-seated petroleum carriage, which made a trip of 736 miles upon an average of about fifteen miles an hour. Three other prizes were given for other horseless carriages. The new vehicles for the moment highest in favor used mineral oil or steam for motor power, but there are numerous working models of electric bicycles and four-wheelers, as well as tricycles, on the French and English test courses.

That we are on the threshold of a wholly novel dispensation is, therefore, manifest. As nature is fond of reversions to early types, the new horseless carriage, when brought to approximate perfection, will no doubt revive the leisure of the old stage coach, without its lumbering gait and its long delays at disagreeable places for fresh horses and refreshed men. The new horseless carriage will more nearly resemble the private coach with the deep box for the savory hamper of the lord of a manor, who could take his ease at his own inns all over his estate. If labor has grown too expensive for the luxury of a redundant retinue, the new motor, requiring little feed, less grooming, and least harness, will enable its users to enjoy life more thoroughly at far less cost than the horse and the hostler required.

But good roads are indispensable for a propitious entry of the new era of travel. As the wheels will have to depend upon the ordinary roadbed without the aid of rails, it will be necessary to adapt grades to the new motor's power of resistance. The roads of the old world are the best in the world. If convicts may not work at competitive industries within prison walls, why shall they not assist in hastening the new era of travel by making rural thoroughfares for the state? Organized communities may be trusted to keep streets in repair within municipal boundaries, but the long stretches of driveways between town and country involve for right construction and efficient maintenance an outlay which should not be charged to the local ratepayer. The state should use the men in its keeping to keep these roads fit for society and commerce. Nor is it likely that the prisoners would themselves object to such occupation in reasonable weather against the more dreary hardships of inclosure. Many questions will come in with the era of horseless transportation, and possibly one that will find a right solution thereby will be a partial use of state captives. As for the horse, he is to pass into poetry, paleontology, and, alack, the boneyard.

A Terrible Death.

A despatch from Lyons, N. Y., says:—Charles Bastian, a Wayne county farmer, died on Friday night as the result of a shocking accident. He was at work drawing in hay. He had a load at the barn, which he was unloading with a patent hay-fork. In passing from one end of the load to the other he fell from the wagon in such a manner that he struck with his chin upon one of the four sharp-pointed stakes at each corner of the waggon. The stake entered under the jaw, pierced through the chin, floor of the mouth, palate, tongue, and came out through his upper lip, dislocating several teeth. There the man hung suspended, so that his feet could not touch the ground. A young sister who was on the load was so scared that she could not speak. Mr. Bastian grabbed the stake, and by sheer force pulled himself up. Blood gushed from the wound in streams. He died in horrible agony.

And Several Others.

Whizly—One swallow does not make a Summer.

Sizly—No, but one grasshopper can make a Spring.

A True Saying.

Customer—Good gracious, how can you charge $300 for a watch like that?

Dealer—Time's money, madam.

TO REVIVE THE DROWNED.

RAPID, INTELLIGENT AND PERSISTENT ACTION REQUIRED.

Do Not Abandon the Supposed Drowned—In Very Many Instances Suspended Animation Is Mistaken for Death—What Will Cause Cramps—Artificial Respiration—A Most Remarkable Rescue.

The boating and bathing season is here, bringing in its train the inevitable annual crop of drowning accidents. Boating and bathing have numberless followers, but it is doubtful if drowning gratifies anybody but coroners and coffin makers. Nevertheless the three are so intimately associated that Death may be said to grin over the gunwale of every pleasure craft afloat on summer waters.

There are several ways to avoid death by drowning. The principal and most potent method is to hang your clothes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water. Another favorite way to cheat death is to wear a life preserver. Outside of these methods there is no sure guard against the grim destroyer. Yet, even after he has apparently laid his icy hand upon you there is a chance that he may be driven off provided your friends are at hand, and provided also that they know when and how to act.

WHAT WILL CAUSE CRAMPS.

Bathers' cramp is one of the most fruitful sources of drowning accidents. The chief conditions under which it befalls a bather are a peculiar individual susceptibility, a penetrating shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body, or a prolonged and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities.

This form of cramp is known as "tonic" spasm, in which the contraction of the muscles is uninterrupted. There is no certain way of avoiding it. Generally speaking however, physicians condemn the practice of cooling off before going into the water. Probably ninety out of a hundred bathers go through a process of "dabbling" before immersing the entire body. Medical authorities say that the body should undergo a sudden plunge, because the maximum warmth is needed to give a vigorous reaction. If possible the bather should get the inevitable shock evenly distributed all over the body. This is probably the best safeguard against bather's cramp.

The death of a drowned person usually arises from asphyxia. Syncope or collapse of the heart action is much rarer. Help for the drowning should comprise stimulation to the nervous system to restore sensation. Do not abandon an apparently drowned person because he does not breathe, or because you can distinguish no perceptible heart beats. In many cases this is mere suspended animation, very deceptive to the inexperienced. Successful reanimation depends on rapid, intelligent, and above all, persistent action. Every known means should be exhausted, and should be kept up for an hour or more without cessation.

Persons who are apparently drowned have a strange habit, after a long interval of deathlike repose, of gasping and coming to life again. Immediately upon the removal of an apparently drowned person from the water, work should be promptly begun. In the first place, convey the patient to the most convenient dry spot. Lift the body so that the head may hang downward for a few seconds to allow the water in the lungs and stomach to escape. Then place the patient face upward, on a dry blanket, if possible, in the open air. If he shows no signs of resuscitation raise his shoulders slightly and support them with anything that may be available. Now let one person standing at the patient's head grasp the tongue firmly with his fingers covered by his handkerchief. Draw the tongue out beyond the lips, and either hold it or press the under jaw up so as to retain the tongue protruding from the mouth.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

At the same time other persons should compress both sides of the chest with their hands applied to the lower ribs, slowly and firmly. After each pressure relax suddenly, repeating the operation about twenty times a minute. This will produce a semblance of breathing, although it may not be of the patient's volition. The first consideration is to get air into the lungs When this is accomplished the battle is half won. Therefore, keep up artificial respiration even after other means have been given up. Sometimes an application of ammonia to the nostrils will induce breathing.

Some years ago M. Laborde, the noted French physician, wrote to the Paris Academy of Medicine, giving an outline of a most remarkable rescue made by him during a summer vacation. After lifting the body of an apparently drowned boy from the water he opened the mouth of the patient, pushed a spoon into the pharynx, and got hold of the tongue Drawing it out, he began a rythmical traction, which lasted for the better part of an hour.

In the meantime, an assistant had placed hot towels on the heart and anterior portion of the chest. After half an hour's hard work the patient gave a faint gasp, followed by others at regular intervals. In forty minutes some very faint heartbeats could be discerned. It was four hours before the patient showed signs of intelligence or recognized those around his bedside. Next day beyond a slight weakness he was as well as ever. The traction of the tongue in this case undoubtedly had a marvellous effect on the relex respiratory system.

There are many variations of the above named methods. Sometimes the entire body is rubbed with coarse, crash towels, hot cloths or hair gloves. Massage, kneading of the limbs, beating, hot water, bricks, etc., are also resorted to on occasions. It is a general rule, however, to give the patient nothing to drink until he is conscious except a few drops of brandy.

THE "SYLVESTER METHOD."

The "Sylvester method" is a modification of that adopted by M. Laborde. It consists in laying the patient on his back, grasping both arms just above the elbows and repeatedly raising them until they nearly meet above the head, and then lowering them until they press firmly against the sides of the chest.

The method of rolling the body of an apparently drowned person over a barrel is a useless one. If it is done for the purpose of emptying the lungs of water the same effect can be obtained much eaiser by raising the body and lowering the head. The traction of the tongue after the fashion of Laborde seems, on the whole, to be the most feasible method.

In any event, do not abandon the patient until it is ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt that death has taken place.

A LARGE FAMILY.

The Proud Record of a French Canadian Family in Worcester.

Worcester, Mass., has many families of from eight to fifteen children, but so far as heard from, Francis Gervals, a carpenter, holds the palm. Gervals has the distinction of being the father of twenty-four children, twenty-one little blessings having come to him and his wife, Louise, in twenty years of married life. Only nine of these survive, the others having died in infancy. The nine are rugged-looking children, and they make the little home on Oak Hill resound with their hearty sports. Their names and ages are as follows: Frank, aged eighteen; Arthur, seventeen; Roch, fourteen; Henry, ten,; Louise, nine; Eugene, five; Edward, four; Eva, three years, and Albert, nineteen months.

Gervais was born May 26, 1847, in St. Roch, a village about thirty miles from Montreal, on the River Chembley, which separates the towns of St. Roch and St. Ours. His father was and is now the villag carpenter, and of him Gervais learned the trade at which he has worked since reaching manhood. His father was one of nineteen children, and Gervais is one of seventeen, so that it would seem the tendency toward large families is a family trait. Gervais first married Melvina Tellier, in North Attleborough, Mass., in 1870, Three children blessed the union, but all died shortly after birth, and Mrs. Gervais died in 1873. Gervais then returned to St. Roch. He was soon attracted by Louise Berard, one of the prettiest girls in the village of St. Ours. Louise was eight years his junior, but she admired Gervais, and they were married in St. Ours, Nov. 20, 1875.

Their lives since then, to judge from their conversation and appearance, have been very happy. As regularly as the year came round a new member was added to the household, and one year three came, but they lived only a short time. Despite the expense of caring for this large family, Mr. Gervais has prospered, and is the owner of his home, a neat little cottage on Oak Hill, overlooking the Union Station and the busy valley around it. He is a stockily built man, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, about 5 feet 6 inches in height. He has a smooth, broad forehead, denoting more than ordinary intelligence; blue eyes, that lend to his features a plesant cast, and a handsome, square-trimmed brown beard. His complexion, despite his forty-eight years, is as clear and his face is as devoid of wrinkles as a boy's. His disposition is cheerful, which may account for his scarcity of wrinkles.

Mrs. Gervais is a slight, girlish-looking little woman, about 5 feet 4 inches in height, and would weigh perhaps 110 pounds. She has a light complexion and a pleasant face. She does not look a day over thirty, although she confesses to forty years. They have lived in Worcester fifteen years, Gervais being constantly employed at his trade. Mr. Gervais is temperate and uses very little tobacco. He is never found away from his family, except while at work. It is a happy and hearty looking circle from the parents down to the youngest member.

THE LEVEL OF THE LAKES.

The Highest and Lowest Fluctuations Are of Periodical Occurrence.

The variations in the levels of the great lakes have been the subject of study for many years past, and various theories have been advanced to account for them. Upwards of thirty years ago all available data regarding the fluctuations were compiled, showing the more important changes in the lower lakes between 1838 and 1857, with a few facts as to exceptional phenomena in earlier years. The highest known level occurred in 1838, when Michigan and Huron rose 26 inches above ordinary high-stage and Erie and Ontario 18 inches. The lowest level was in 1819, when Erie fell about three and a half feet below its usual plane. The fluctuations apart from those which are annual and those caused by the winds are of periodical occurrence, and are characterized by a remarkable approach to regularity. Since the highest water in 1838 there have been

ALTERNATE PERIODS

of descension and ascension of the levels, either five, or seven, or eight years in length, the seven years' period being most frequent. As we have said, various theories have been advanced to account for these changes. The winds, of course, cause temporary and local fluctuations. Erie, the shallowest of the lakes, has been known to have its level raised seven or eight feet at one end and equally depressed at the other by a gale blowing east or west for several days. Irregularities and variations of atmospheric pressure also cause changes of level, and there are tides on the lakes as well as on the ocean—the highest known spring tide rising about three inches. Sunspot influences, too, have been assigned as a cause of the fluctuations. It seems, however, to be well established that the periodical and general changes of level are due to the variations of the rainfall. A succession of wet years produces exceptionally high water; a succession of dry years extremely low water. There is a limit, however, to such cumulative effects, for when the water is high its outflow is more rapid than when it is low, and an automatic check is thus provided.

SUMMER SMILES.

"Willie, have you been in another fight?" "No, mamma. This feller outclassed me and I wasn't in it."

Hoax—"That story of yours reminds me of a tramp." Joax—"How so?" Hoax—"It won't wash."

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now your honor. They make such a row."

"Are you the man who runs this newspaper?" "No, sir; I'm only the editor; the citizens run the paper."

Lulu (who has been very ill and suddenly awakens)—"Am I in Heaven, mamma?" Mother—"No, dear, we are still with you."

Anna—"I wonder what makes Mr. Droopley down in the mouth to-night?" Gaybelle—"Force of habit, I suppose. He's a dentist, you know."

"Papa," asked little Willie, "isn't a cynic a man who is tired of the world?" "No, my dear; a cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

Fuddy—"I was talking to Johnson last night—" Duddy—"Yes, I saw him this morning. He was in a terribly demoralized condition."

Judge—"You say you have some means of subsistence?" Tramp—"Yes, your honor." Judge—"Then why is it not visible?" Tramp—"I ate it."

Briggs—"You say the phrenologist who examined your head wasn't very complimentary?" "Hardly. He told me I was fitted to be a leader in society."

"I'm going now; yes, I'm going, going," murmered Steigher. "What an excellent auctioneer you'd make," said the heartless but tired Miss Nycegerl.

In languid summer when each tree
In lazy cadence rustles,
The blithe mosquito seems to be
The only thing that hustles.

The teacher—"Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?" Johnny Bright (promptly)—"Heat of course. Anybody can catch cold."

Tramp—"Do you know what it is, sir, to be shunned by all; to not have the grasp of a single friendly hand?" Stranger—"Indeed, I do. I'm a life insurance agent."

Principal (to new apprentice)—"Has the bookkeeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir; I was to waken him when I saw you coming."

First carpenter—"I can't see what you are driving at." Second carpenter (howling with pain)—"Well, I can now; I was driving at the nail, but hit my thumb."

Stout lady (at street crossing, to policeman)—"Could you see me across the street officer?" Policeman—"Sure, madam, I could see ye tin times the distance, easy."

First cycler (nearing a road-house)—"Do you suppose we can get anything to drink there?" Second cycler—"Just look at the enormous aggregation of wheels in the carriage shed."

Walk O. Nights—"Doctor, what is a simple remedy for sleeplessness?" Doctor—"Let the person count until he is asleep." Walk O. Nights—"He can't count. It's the baby."

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years." "Was he in that business when he married you?" "Yes, indeed." "I thought so."

"You can always guess a woman's age if she'll give you three guesses," remarked Sinnick. "I don't believe it." "It is true, though. It's bound to be sixteen, twenty-six or sixty."

"Baker got into a rumpus with a policeman the other night," said Pinkney. "He offered to bet the policeman he didn't dare arrest him." "What did the copper do?" "Took him up."

"Begob," said Mrs. Dolan, "that b'y Pat of ours'll soon be knowin' more than his father does." "Oi'll niver moind thot," replied Dolan, "if he'll go ahead an' know it for sure instid av only thinkin' he does."

"You made a slight mistake in my poem this morning," said the poet. "Sorry," replied the editor, "What was it?" "Well, I wrote, 'The clouds hang murky o'er the west,' and you make me say, 'The crowds hang turkey over my desk.'"

Upguardson—"I had a singular experience last Tuesday. You remember it looked like rain and the weather prophets predicted rain?" Atom—"Yes." "Well, I brought my umbrella, raincoat and rubber shoes downtown that morning." "Yes." "Well, it rained."

Friend Perrichon, accompaniedby his wife, took a trip to the outskirts of Paris. Very tired and hungry, they entered an eating-house. The proprietor declared that he had nothing but a chop to offer them. "Only one!" exclaimed Perrichon; "then what is my wife to have?"

Edward—"Isn't Dick going off in his writing?" Forrest—"I haven't noticed it." Edward—"It seems to me that he has lost that exquisite delicacy of touch he used to have." Forrest (ruefully)—"By Jove! You wouldn't think so if you had seen him work me for ten this moning."

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller nervously. "Oh, well, you can't have it," said Herrick, "I'm not doling out my daughter on the installment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl, you may call again."

The Salmon Caten.

The salmon run in the Fraser and Columbia Rivers this season has been excellent and it is declared by the oldest fishermen on the rivers that the quality of the fish was never so fine. The weight of the salmon is increasing yearly, and this year averages fully 28 pounds per salmon. Buyers and distributors say that a large proportion of the public of this continent have only recently begun to be consumers of canned salmon, a result ascribed to the recent innovation of packing perfect steaks of fish in oval cans. About 100,000 cases of Columbian River salmon have been bought for the British Isles this season, as against 30,000 cases last year.

A Hint for Hubby.

Mr. D'Avnoo (hotly)—I should think you'd know better than to leave your seal coat in such an exposed place. The first thief that comes along would see it.

Mrs. D'Avnoo (calmly)—No self-respecting thief would be seen with a seal coat so out of style as that old thing is.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

To Can Vegetables.

The manner of canning one kind of vegetable applies to almost all kinds except corn, and by mixing corn and tomatoes no difficulty is experienced with those. Tomatoes are the easiest to can, and are invaluable in a household. They make delicious soups and sauces. Mrs. Henderson gives the following recipes:—

To Can Tomatoes.—Let them be entirely fresh. Put scalding water over them to aid in removing the skins. When the cans with their covers are in readiness upon the table, the red sealing wax (which is generally too brittle and requires a little lard melted with it) is in a cup at the back of the fire, the teakettle is full of boiling water and the tomatoes are all skinned, we are ready to begin the canning. Put enough tomatoes in a procelain preserving kettle to fill four cans, add no water. Let them come to the boiling point, or let them all be well scalded through. Fill the cans with hot water first, then with the hot tomatoes, wipe off moisture from tops with a soft cloth and press the covers on tightly. While pressing each cover down closely with a knife, pour carefully around it the hot sealing wax from a tin cup. Hold the knife still that the wax may set. Put the blade of an old knife in the fire and when it is red-hot run it over the tops of the sealing wax to melt any bubbles that may have formed. There will be juice left after the tomatoes are canned. Season this and boil it down for catchup. Self-sealers are very convenient, but many think that heat hardens the rubber rings so that they are unfit for use in a year or two, and for this reason they prefer the cans or jars with a groove around the top for sealing with wax.

String Beans.—Next to tomatoes the vegetable easiest to can is the string bean. Remove the tough strings at the sides and break the bean in two or three pieces. When ready throw them into boiling water for 10 minutes and can like tomatoes.

Canned Watermelon.—Cut rind of ripe melons into small pieces 3 inches long, first cutting off all green; boil till tender enough to pierce with a fork. Have syrup made of white sugar, by allowing ½ lb sugar to 1 lb fruit. Skim out melon and place in syrup with a few pieces of race ginger; put in can and seal hot after letting it cook a few moments.

Corn and Tomatoes.—Scald, peel and slice tomatoes in proportion of ⅓ corn and ⅔ tomatoes, put on in porcelain kettle and let boil 15 minutes and can immediately in glass or tin. Some take equal parts corn and tomatoes, preparing them in the same way. Others after cutting corn from the cob, cook it 20 minutes, adding a little water and stirring often, cooking the tomatoes in a separate kettle for 5 minutes and then adding them to the corn in the propotion ⅓ corn to ⅔ tomatoes, mixing well till they boil up once, and then canning immediately.—Mrs. Buxton.

Canned Corn.—The following process is the one patented by Mr. Winslow and is the best for preserving the natural flavor of green sweet corn. Fill the cans with the uncooked corn (freshly gathered), cut from the cob and seal them hermetically; surround them with straw to prevent them striking against each other and put them into a boiler over the fire with enough cold water to cover them. Heat the water gradually and when they have boiled 1½ hours, puncture the tops of the cans to allow the escape of gases, then seal them immediately while they are still hot. Continue to boil them for 2½ hours. In packing the cut corn in the can the liberated milk and juices surround the kernels, forming a liquid in which they are cooked.

Whole Tomatoes.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe, sound, whole tomatoes, add a few cloves and a sprinkling of sugar between each layer. Cover well with ½ cold vinegar and ½ water. Put a piece of thick flannel over the jar, letting it fall well down into the vinegar, then tie down with a cover of brown paper. These will keep all winter and if mold collects on the flannel it will do no harm.

Lovely Homemade Rugs.

A rug for the parlor can be made by stamping or tracing a pattern upon a material in tan. This looks like the common oats and bran sacks, only it is more closely woven and substantial. It is called sacking. Work in cross-stitch with bright-colored worsteds, lining the same with cotton flannel to keep from slipping if placed upon a carpeted floor. Sew together all but one side, turn right side out, and catch the open end by hand. Finish the edge by raveling out a bright colored shawl, or buy a fringe which costs but little.

A very pretty and warm rug may be made as follows: Gather together all pieces of cotton and woolen goods, having an equal quantity of bright and dark colors. If same pieces are faded and dirty, wash and dry them. Then select your favorite colors to dye, following the directions carefully, using woolen dye for some and cotton dye for the cotton scraps. The diamond dyes are the best. Old rose and black, gray and pink or blue, cardinal and seal brown, pale green or olive and pink are pretty combinations. Still, all depends on the color of the pieces used, as in dyeing a shade darker must be used. When all is ready, cut up strips three inches wide, if the goods will allow. Gather the strips through the middle, or fold together and gather, leaving the folded edge, to be up when sewed on the foundation. A very good and substantial foundation can be made of old ticking, or even oat sacks. If something very nice is wanted, it can be lined with any colored material in contrast with the prevailing color on top. Sew alternately the bright and dark colors. You will be surprised at the beauty.

Some lovely designs can be made to represent a pond lily, using dark green for the leaves, cream for the petals, with a little dash of pink under the petals, and a little yellow or raveled worsted to form the pollen. Roses and pansies in their own colors are grand and quite easily made.