THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN IDLER. By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Sacramento: W. A. & C. S. Houghton. 1 vol., 8vo cloth; pp. 591; $1 75.

"Chevalier Wikoff" is a name familiar to the American public. In this volume he commences his reminiscences with his own youth in the staid town of Philadelphia, and this, with the recollection of college life in New Haven, and afterward at Union College with old Dr. Nott, and many quaint and curious notes of stage-coach traveling and travelers, and distinguished people of "that elder day" make an interesting series of pictures of American life fifty years ago. He gives us impressions of and conversations with Fanny Kemble, Lord Powerscourt, men of Jackson's administration, Edwin Forrest, Sidney Smith, Thiers, Guizot, Prince Woronzow, Commodore Porter, Wellington, Turkish rulers, William IV. of England, Baring, Joseph Bonaparte, Disraeli, President Van Buren, Bennett, Countess Guiccioli, Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, Marquis de Lavalette, Lady Blessington, General Scott, Lady Bulwer, Charles Sumner, Louis Napoleon and others, ranging from stage dancers and actors to rulers of nations. He gives also gossipy and very readable accounts of his travels in England, Russia, France, Italy, Germany, Turkey, Egypt, Greece and Holland, and anecdotes of adventures in court and field, and by land and water. The whole is a book which carries one, in the easiest possible manner, back to the earlier years of the century, and brings us familiarly into the presence of some of the most remarkable people of the age, in the fields of art, literature, drama, war and politics. The style is autobiographical. The writer in no place forgets or omits to make prominent his own personality, but his egotism is so naturally a part of the recitals that the reader does not find it offensive. There is no dullness about his book; it is, on the contrary, full of action and vivacity.

UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION. By Helen Campbell, author of the "Ainslee Series," "Chips from a Northwestern Log," etc. Cloth. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Sacramento: W. A. & C. S. Houghton. $1.

This new novel by Helen Campbell is a story of considerable strength. It illustrates by skillful characterization the principle of inherited traits, and dwells forcibly upon the effects of rigid early teachings on impressible and passionate natures. Mrs. Campbell is a graceful writer, of much experience, and in the present volume has not detracted from the credit already won by her pen. The location of the story is in the Lake Champlain region; the time of action some thirty years ago. The thread of the tale may be briefly outlined: A youth, gifted with personal beauty, fine talents, positiveness and strength of character, coupled with an underlying and often uncontrollable temper, which is in strong contrast to a disposition apparently amiable and gentle, was taught by his mother to believe that he was born under a curse, his father having suffered the full penalty of the law for a murder committed in a moment of passion. The gradual overcoming of the temper, and the rising above the superstition of the curse, form the chief motives of the story. Interwoven with these are other lives of interest, and sketches of characters of varied attractiveness, and of scenes of life in the woods, on the lakes, and in the mines and back country, showing the peculiar types some years ago abounding in border lands. These character sketches are not elaborate, but are free-handed. The story opens in shadow, but closes in sunshine. In all, it is a story considerably above the average.

THE PRODIGOUS ADVENTURES OF TARTARIN OF TARASCON. Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by Robert S. Minot. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a keen satire. It is fresh and breezy. It lacks the usual finish of Daudet, but it is unmistakably true to his style. It cannot be said that the originality of the satire is striking, but the manner of presenting it is original. It is claimed that the original of the work is not pure fiction, but that the book is an exaggerated biography of a hero still living near Tarascon. The translator very concisely gives the pith of the volume in these words: Tartarin is a would-be hero. "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the same man! You understand what an ill-assorted household theirs must be! What combats! What altercations! Tartarin Quixote, getting excited over Gustave Aymard's narratives, and crying, 'I go!' Tartarin-Sancho, thinking only of rheumatism and saying, 'I stay!'" Tartarin-Quixote persuades himself that he has been, and fought, and conquered. He tells the simple Tarasconians, who idolize him, grand stories of his achievements. "He does not lie; he deceives himself. He does not always tell the truth; but he thinks he does. His lie is not a lie; it is a kind of mirage." But the mirage will not always last. Tarascon tires of it. Makes fun of Tartarin, and, to defend his honor, poor Don Quixote drags Sancho Panza, amidst flourish of trumpets and admiring crowds, to hunt lions. The adventurers that follow should be read in the book. They are interesting, ridiculous, and always picturesque.

From I. K. Funk & Co., New York, we have received still other of their admirable "Standard Series," which is a cheap form of presenting choice literature, new and old. The volumes are quarto, printed in large type in leaded columns, and cost from 15 to 30 cents each. Those now at hand are: "Alfred the Great," by Thomas Hughes, the author of "Manliness of Christ." "The Salon of Madame Necker," by her great-grandson, otherwise D'Haussonville, and translated by Mary Stuart Smith. Madame Necker was a famous woman of her age, the mother of Madame de Stael, the wife of a Controller-General of France, who took a prominent part in the events which ushered in the Reign of Terror. "Out-door Life in Europe," being sketches of men and manners, people and places, during two summers abroad, by Rev. Edward P. Thwing. "Knight's Popular History of England," volume VII. Of this form of a standard work we have already spoken at length. At 30 cents per volume it is a remarkably cheap book.

From Billings, Harbourne & Co., San Francisco, we have "Lucie Rodey," a new novel by Henry Greville, translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood, whose success and skill in such work we have before had occasion to commend. The volume is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. All of Greville's novels have been good; she does not do poor work, but not all of her books have been of equal grade. The present we place among the better of her romances. The character drawing is quite equal to her best efforts. Those who have thought that the domestic virtues were lacking in France will find "Lucie Rodey" of deep interest, as it occupies the negative of such views.

The "Library Magazine" for June (American Book Exchange, New York,) presents a choice table of contents, including "Benjamin Franklin," from the Edinburgh Review; "Atheism and the Rights of Man," by W. H. Mallock; "Recent Events in Arabia," by Wilfrid S. Blunt; "The Pinch of Poverty," by James Payn; "Animal Intelligence," from the Westminster Review; "What is a Bank?" by Bonamy Price; "Variations of the Roman Church," by Dean Stanley; "Marcus Aurelius," by Ernest Renan; "Ernest Renan," by George Saintsbury; "Daltonism," by William Pole; "The Old Part of Naples," by John Peter.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have C. Gilbert Wheeler's "Elementary Guide to Determinative Mineralogy," for the use of the practical mineralogist and prospector and for instruction in schools and academies. It is based upon the method of Weisbach's "Tabellen Zur Bestimmung Der Miner Alien," applied chiefly to American species. Mr. Wheeler is a Professor in the University of Chicago, is an accomplished scholar, and his compact little book will be found an excellent aid to the mineralogist, assayer and student. The work is from the press of S. J. Wheeler, Chicago.

From J. T. White & Co., San Francisco, we have another of D. Appleton & Co.'s "New Handy-volume Series." It is entitled "Stray Moments with Thackeray—His Humor, Satire and Character," by William H. Rideing. The volume consists of many choice selections from Thackeray's writings, and is prefaced with a few biographical notes.

The "Virginia Bohemians" is a novel by John Esten Cooke, and is one of the volumes in "Harper's Library of American Fiction." We wish we could say that the novel is interesting or clever, but cannot, for it is devoid of much life, and altogether commonplace. Mr. Cooke is capable of much better work. The novel is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

We have from the publishers, New Haven, Conn., "Hubbard's Right-Hand Record and Newspaper Directory." It contains a complete list of all American newspapers, and all the leading newspapers of the world. Such is its claim, and there is no apparent reason to doubt its correctness. The volume is a large one, and each page has a blank column that changes may be noted. It will prove a very useful book in all publishing houses, and a desirable ready reference work for all newspaper men.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have of Harper's Half Hour Series a cheap and neat form for presenting current popular works in these volumes: "Fellow-Townmen," by the author of "The Return of the Native;" "The Diary of a Man of Fifty" and "A Bundle of Letters." The latter is a series of letters written from Paris, giving an insight into the ways of living adopted by foreigners in the "gay capital," and embodying also a pretty love story.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have the introductory volume to the "Science Primers." It is by Professor Huxley, and may be termed a collection of 67 definitions in science which it is essential the student and the general reader should understand clearly before entering upon a course of reading in science. It is a valuable little work and a model of conciseness. These "Primers" form the most compact series of which we have any knowledge.

STYLES AND FASHIONS.

The rage for gilt and glowing colors is at a frenzied hight, and everything is bright with gorgeous trimmings. Beads, iridescent and diamond-tinted, are on everything; and the Spanish marriage, which has had the credit of making fashionable the colors red and yellow, in combination, is not the real motive of their use. The change of taste from grave to gay, so marked in the last few seasons, is only another evidence of the exhilaration of feeling consequent on brighter business outlook. A few years ago a lady dressed as is the common custom now, would have been stared at in the streets as an escaped lunatic—or what is, according to some people, worse—a burlesque actress who had forgotten to remove her stage trappings. After all, why should we not wear the brightest and prettiest colors that nature shows? Woman has been always known as "bird of paradise," "butterfly,"—every name implying show without brain; and now that she is stepping forward in the van of intellectual development, she can afford to choose her array and make herself as bewitching as possible.

CAPRICES.

Among the prettiest caprices of the time is that of wearing dress collars or capes of beaded netting, so flexible and graceful as to follow every movement of the figure, and to disclose and not conceal the perfectly-fitting dress which covers it. Some wraps from Berlin, shown at a leading house, are made of satin de lyon lined with gold, loaded with passementerie to the elbow, and below that a latticed netting of beads falls, a third of a yard in depth. The bead trimmings ars now extensively manufactured in this country, and at such reduced figures that the exquisites are casting about for something new again and less accessible to the common purse. In some bands of feather trimming as many as twenty different shades are shown, and these are so expensive, both in material and the care necessary for their dyeing, that they cannot become so generally used as to lose their value.

THE HUNGARIAN SPIKES,

(Popular in the place of tassels) with and without cord, are sometimes used to form fringes, and they, with the majority of shapes in costumes, are indications of a stiffer and more prim manner of dress which the aesthetics are trying to introduce—as witness some of the bonnets worn by young girls whose size and shape would suggest an older face to put inside them. The next person we meet is arrayed in scarlet and gold, tinsel and cashmere feathers, the charm of each bonnet lying in its being adapted to the face which is to wear it. Never has there been a time when the opportunity for excess was greater; and, on the other hand, never was there so good a chance for people to be, individually, well dressed without unwise outlay. Judicious choice always would be a medium in color as in shape, and the woman who sits down at home, her own dressmaker, can find much to comfort her in the fact, that she can obtain excellent and reliable patterns, can choose what shape will be becoming to her, and often can combine two or three partly-worn garments and have a unique and pretty dress. The old Turk satin—revived under the name of satin de Lyon—is one of the proofs of this, for many an old Turk satin wide skirt is packed away—if changeable so much the better—which will be the foundation now for an elegant costume. India silks are popular again, our early and intensely warm summers having shown the necessity for large preparation of thin dress, and these silks, with the foulards, can be worn at the seaside without the limpness of grenadines. They are often embroidered in varied colors, and are so cheap as to be a pleasant and possible addition to a moderate wardrobe.

FOULARDS, SATIN FACED,

Combine with their figured sisters in soft drapery, and form admirable foils in contrast with the flat costumes which have seized the popular fancy. One of two ladies on the street will be seen without a puff or plait in sight; and, by her side, her companion with high panier, plaitings and drapings indiscribably complicated—and both in the fashion. There is no limit to the caprice which can be indulged without being thought peculiar—as witness the "Jersey," ascribing its name to the fair Mrs. Langtry. In shape it is nothing till worn, when, as it is practically an elastic Guernsey shirt, it stretches close to the wearer's figure (which must be beautiful to make it a success), and when it forms the corsage with short drapery to cover its join to the skirt. After it, there would seem to be nothing which modern women will not dare and do to be differently dressed from their fellow-woman.

THE ORGANDIES AND SUMMERY CLOTHS

Are found in all the combinations and styles of silk and worsted goods—Watteau, Japanese and Persian figures, ground-work from black to white and in most exquisite tints. Muslins, dotted and plain, are made with lace Torchon, Breton and its varieties, and are often shown with under-slips of color accompanying—blue, pink, heliotrope; and in such case the ribbon bows nestling in the lace must harmonize as well as the flowers to wear at the neck or in the belt. All the little accessories of dress are so tempting that it is very easy to empty a well-filled purse just through these little tantalizing baits. Pocket handkerchiefs to match dresses, in India silk with palm and cashmere borders, in every kind and color, hang seductively before the eye in every store you enter; and lovely woman was always weak as regarded laces and fixin's.

POPULAR THINGS.

The parasols partake of the extravagance shown everywhere. Among the choicest, those hand-painted are most expensive. A spray of wild flowers appears to be laid on a black satin, with lining of cardinal; on another, little pansies at the center increase to large ones at the circumference, and the fringe is of flowers, with rubber stems and grasses. The linings are put against the outside silk, showing the ribs, whether for any purpose of wear or only caprice, it is too much to attempt to decide. Since fashion means novelty in everything, the careful critic dares not commit himself to the reason for anything. The less sense the better seems the rule.

Fans with handles a yard long, and the leaf five or six inches, are chosen by young ladies who wish rather to amuse themselves with coquettish gestures than to make practical use of them; these are Japanese, and some of them hand-painted on silk. A fashionable young belle was seen the other day using one for a walking-stick. Perhaps that is their destiny. Who shall say? Spanish fans, of feathers, or with many strips for easy folding in play with the hands, are gay with the bright colors which pervade everything.—[Morford's Monthly for June.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to June 5th.

705. Heaven.

706. Sentiment.

707. Cake, wine. (Thus: CoW, AlkalI, KitcheN, ErminE.)

708. Coyote, gazelle.

709. (1) C R I B / R I D E / I D E A / B E A M — (2) S H O W / H O W E / O W E N / W E N T

710. (1) Advocate. (2) Extensive.

New Tangles.

720. Puzzles, by Marius:

(1) 50 150 90x. (2) 1,000 U 16 0160,11 900 100,200,-100. (3) Oz 1. (4) One thousand begins it; one thousand ends it; five hundred in the middle is seen; the first of all letters takes up its station between. What is it?

721. Puzzles, by Amy:

(1)
100
0

(2)
My first is something very little—
A point, a jot, a tittle.
My second is found in a set,
A row that is often let.
My whole is a poet's name,
Beloved and known to fame.

722. Puzzle, by F. M. S.:

S
L

723. Sol Taire thus indulges:

If this world is all a fleeting show,
Who posts the bills? I'd like to know.

We give it up, but can tell him who foots the bills.

724. Charade, by Marius:

My first and second are found in belting.
My third and fourth are found in fattening.
My fifth and sixth are found in inkstain.
My whole is a city in Maine.

725. Charade, by F. M. S.:

My ears were stunned by the ceaseless roar
Of commerce passing from shore to shore;
I'd sat me down in a throne-like spot,
Viewing the rich products, though I owned them not.

Half passed full speed at forty an hour,
Half steamed to and fro with resistless power,
But both great burdens were onward marched
Over or through my wonderful arch.

Cut me in two—my first is an art—
The useful and fine I combine in part;
While many spend years to do me aright,
The ox is an expert, with his shoulders of might.

Next is well braced in the river's side,
And ages vast chasms I overtide;
I am part of a note; part of the face;
Surely, whole you'll in these outlines trace.

726. Crossword Enigma, by Casper:

My first is in spear, but not in lance;
My second in polka, not in dance;
My third is in elk, and also in deer;
My fourth is in quaint, but not in queer;
My fifth is in shower, not in rain;
My sixth is in ache, but not in pain;
My seventh is in writer, not in poet;
The whole's just mentioned—Ah, you know it.

727. Enigma, by Augusta Blake (dedicated to Hattie Heath):

Of all the families of the earth none dare with us compare;
All others are but secondaries, for we the gems do wear.
We flit amid the balmy air in varied beauties dyes,
While beaming Sol is shedding forth his radiance from the skies;
But when his robes from us withdraw and sinks into the west,
We from your sight will vanish too, and seek some lonely rest.
In springtime we will first appear with arms white and fair,
Till summer brighten all that is dull, then our gayest coats we wear;
The fairest belle we far excel in satin gay or silk as fine,
Or the royal "Shah" in his godly dress when diamonds make him shine;
But autumn changes all our forms—then we are reptiles of the nation,
Mean, dirty, nasty, locust-like, destroying vegetation,
Till winter calls us to retreat into our lonely cell,
Where in a trance we will lie till spring again breaks forth the spell.
We live, we die, we eat, we fly, we creep, we sleep,
We have head, horns, wings and tail, and a watchful eye we keep;
We change with every season, but summer surely we proclaim.
From all we have said you must ere now have easily found our name.

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

Trinity—711, 714, 715, 716 (good), 718. Trinity adds these lines after saying that 718 is intricate, and that the author deserves praise: "701 (Barbecue) can certainly be called right, but I don't think it can compare with 718, BAR BE CUE. If you add half of BE to BAR you make it BARE, and at a "bare" BAR no one can get drunk; but add the other half, making it BARB, you have a weapon that causes death very often—to fish. 703, as given, evidently is wrong. It is minus a 3 and has two 5's. I think it can be corrected, but it requires too much application for Trinity."

Rose—705, 706, 708, 709, 710, 714, 717, 718. Rose says: Somehow my "reversed words" appear in a more puzzling shape than I intended. Please state that the last four also give boys' nicknames. The answer to 701 (barbecue) cannot be incorrect, I think. Now I mean to growl a bit at your solution given my charade to Hattie Heath—699, "Spring flowers." A rose is a "summer flower," but we prefer it by its own proper name; so, therefore, when I wrote that charade for H. H. it was to remind her of the "trailing arbutus," which every Yankee knows and delights in, commonly called "May flower."

Trinity, receive my thanks, for you,
Superior to the mass of men,
Give honor where 'tis due.
And above the scepter, sword or pen
(As a loyal subject, well content),
Place "petticoat government."

The trouble about Rose's "May flower" was that the answer did not accompany 699, and hence 'twas guess work—and, by the way, not so bad.

CRIMES IN FRANCE.

A singular and interesting table of statistics has just been published in Paris. The budget of French crime has been brought out, and the political economy of punishment supplied with a fresh installment of facts and figures. A criminal budget extending over five years supplies us with a rough average from which we may make our own deductions. The Chancellor of this criminal exchequer points to his budget with pride, and, like other dealers in figures and tables, is anxious to show that there is no cause for alarm or despondency. The population of France may be roughly stated at about 37,000,000, and the annual average crop murders is about 200, of infanticides about 190, and of unjustifiable homicides about 123. It is curious to find how very little variation there is in the annual harvest of crime. Thus, in the gravest charge, 230 was the greatest return of murders, and 195 the least, and there is the same equality of proportion in the other categories. The return gives emphasis to this fact as explaining the singular circumstance that in the course of five years there was almost the same number of capital sentences carried out. At the last census the population of Great Britain amounted to 33,500,000, but the number of murders was by no means so uniform. It would be a consolation for a Frenchman to know that only one in a million of his fellow countrymen is guillotined, were it not that "extenuating circumstances" leave a wide margin of doubt.—[London News.

EBENEZER CRONK, a midget, 42 years old and 41 inches high, on exhibition with Barnum's circus, died a few days ago. His mother at Cold Spring, N. Y., who has been suffering with heart disease, died suddenly last Saturday when the body of her son was brought to her house. Among the family which mourns the loss of mother and son, is a daughter a few years younger than the son, who is even smaller than her late brother, measuring less than 40 inches in hight.

CASCA SAGRADA, or Sacred Bark, is the great medicine which forms the basis of Hammer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters.

HOW AN OHIO GIRL BECAME A DENTIST.

The number of new occupations in which women are finding—or making—their way is almost phenomenal to the devotees of the old regime, who cannot conceive of a woman's holding any stronger implement than a needle.

It is reserved for an Ohio girl to take a leading role in a profession that is comparatively a new one for women—dentistry.

For some weeks the passers-by on Seventh street have observed on the block opposite Shillito's a sign that read, "Adelia Riley, Dentist." Drifting in to see Miss Riley, one finds a pleasant, graceful young lady, with a story to tell you about the way she became a dentist.

Miss Riley is from Hamilton, O., where she first studied her profession under Dr. Howells, the father of Dr. May Howells, of this city. The family of the Howells are all somewhat remarked for invincible energy of purpose. In W. H. Howells, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, this energy became the motive power of literary work. In Dr. Howells, of Hamilton, and his daughter, Miss May, one of the lady physicians here, it has impelled into professional life. Two other cousins, Misses Emma and Corinne Howells, are teachers in the public schools of St. Louis, and very superior teachers these young ladies are. After finishing a school course, Miss Riley went to her home in Hamilton, and, like Clara Vere de Vere, felt time hang heavily on her hands. There was absolutely nothing for her that was worth doing.

"I think it is the worst thing in the world for a girl to have nothing to do," remarked Miss Riley, "and I began to grow uneasy over it. The most that I attempted was to read novels." And entertaining as this may be, the young lady found she could hardly make it a serious business of life.

One day her father asked her if she would not like to study dentistry. She caught at the idea eagerly.

"I went into it with all manner of enthusiasm," said Miss Riley, "and I think it is a beautiful work."

One could not but think of horrible clamps and instruments of torture, but evidently these had no part in the young lady's visions. After studying at Hamilton under Dr. Howells she came to the Ohio Dental College, on College street, and took the course, setting up herself as a professional dentist only last month. The pleasant parlor, with its bay window, its book-case, writing table and easy chairs, is more suggestive of a lady's room than of an office, save for the great dental chair that tells its own story.

"Do you find that you have the strength to pull teeth?" was inquired.

"Yes, if necessary," she replied, "but really it is very seldom that it is necessary. Dental science has discovered so many ways that are better, and we restore the imperfect tooth rather than extract it."

Miss Riley spoke with appreciation of the kindness of experienced dentists who are located in that vicinity, to her, and that in any case of indecision or of unusual intricacy she could turn to them for any counsel and aid.

Next year Miss Riley intends to enter upon a thorough medical course, not with a view of relinquishing dentistry as a profession, but of perfecting it. She believes the general state of the system so closely affects all dental operations that an understanding of it is essential to the best success in her chosen profession, in which she is an enthusiast.

It is the women who quietly go to work, and do their work well, who are proving the possibilities of womanly work. One such practical demonstration is worth a dozen platform lecturers that grow eloquent over "the cause." And yet, looking backward and over the noble women of the lecture field, one cannot speak lightly of them. When Miss Susan B. Anthony was in Chicago, about to address a large audience some time ago, Mrs. Sullivan, of the Chicago *Times*, was invited to present Miss Anthony to the audience. Mrs. Sullivan replied that she could not, as she was not a pronounced believer in suffrage. It was a subject she held in reserve, as an important one, but regarding which she had no fixed convictions. The committee said that for that very reason they wanted her to introduce Miss Anthony. To which Mrs. Sullivan replied that it would give her great pleasure to do so, and in the introductory words she said that here—in Miss Anthony—was the woman whose brave words and fearless energy had pioneered the way and made special work possible to the women who came after her.

Specialties in life are now fashionable, to use a weak word where one might use a stronger. Women who are not working for a living still work for its own sake, and find, after all, that it is well to get work, and better than what they work to get. [Cincinnati Commercial.

THE FREE GERMAN CITIES.

A very fair idea of the issues involved in Prince Bismarck's latest raid upon the German free ports may be gathered from an inquiry into the relative prosperity of those places which are still enjoying the advantages of free trade and those which are included in the German zollverein. Taking Bremen for an example, it will be found that, whereas in that contented little place the prices for foreign products rule at pretty much the same rate as they do in England, the inhabitants of Oldenburg, scarcely half an hour distant, are almost strangers to the advantage of enjoying articles not produced in Germany at anything approaching a reasonable price. Cotton goods, sugar, tea and coffee are there charged at nearly three times the amount asked for them in the free town; such fruits as raisins, figs and almonds—the latter a very important ingredient in many a German confection—are almost too dear for common people to purchase; while tobacco, almost a necessary to the Teuton, is quadrupled in value directly it enters the customs union. As a result the inhabitants of Oldenburg are almost uniformly poor, while their brethren of Bremen are rich. Operatic performances and other expensive delights, unknown in the first-named place, are common in the latter. The unhappy people who have the misfortune to be under imperial taxation regard their more lucky neighbors with the profoundest envy, and sorrowfully compare their superior lot with their own. Very naturally, those who boast the advantages, therefore, of living in a free town are anxious that no step should be taken toward depriving them of their good fortune.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

ELECTRO-DEPOSITION AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CASTING.—We find, in London *Nature*, an interesting reference to the process of electro-deposition lately referred to in this department of the *Journal*, and which, in the hands of an electro-metallurgical company of Brussels, promises to become a practical substitute for casting in the production of bronze statuary. Our contemporary confirms our previous statement that this company had succeeded in producing a colossal statue of Van Eyck by the deposition of copper electrically upon the clay model. The same authority notices a simple procedure by which the production of bronzes on a small scale may readily be carried out. Take any plaster figure or group, boil in stearine, then coat well with black-lead, and place in the copper bath as in ordinary electrotyping. Attach a very weak battery, and deposit very slowly a thin coating of copper. Then remove from the bath and bake in an oven until the plaster model shakes out in dust. There remains now only a thin copper shell of the model. Varnish this on the outside, to prevent further deposition there, and replace in the bath, with a much stronger battery power. The copper will now deposit on the inside, and when the same becomes thick enough, the process is finished.—[Engineering Journal.

FOR FOWLS.—The "Douglas mixture" for fowls when sick, and which has been heretofore referred to, consists of half a pound of sulphate of iron and one ounce of sulphuric acid dissolved in two gallons of water, and is added in proportion of a teaspoonful to each pint of water in the drinking fountain.

SECRETS OF THE PRINTING OFFICE.

One Class of Men who were Never Known to Betray Professional Confidence.

[London Printer and Stationer.]

Printers have never, we think, received due appreciation for the honorable confidence which they have preserved in regard to the secrets with which they have necessarily been intrusted. Such a case as this often happens. An article in a newspaper or magazine makes what is called a "sensation." It is entirely anonymous, and public curiosity is excited to the utmost to discover the name of its author. The writer may be a cabinet minister, a high official, a courtier, or any of the thousand and one persons who, if he were suspected of writing for the press, would at once lose his position, his office—perhaps his reputation. On the other hand, the writer may be a struggling author, a hard-working journalist, or a mere literary amateur. In any case his secret is preserved; his anonymity is safe as long as it is confined to the printers.

Some years ago there was a great stir made about a book entitled "Ecce Homo." It was a clever work, and had an unexampled success. "Who is the author?" was the question on everybody's lips. Some scores of persons were named, and they repudiated their participation in it. All sorts of conjectures were hazarded, and no doubt large sums would have been paid by several conductors of journals for authentic information as to the name of the author. Yet that name was known to a master printer, his overseer, and at least some of the compositors, but it was never revealed. When the name was published, it was not through the instrumentality of the printers, but entirely independent of them. They had faithfully kept their secret.

Going back a few years, the authorship of the "Waverly Novels" may be referred to as a remarkable incident of literary history. Sir Walter Scott's authorship, although known by twenty persons, was so well concealed that the great novelist could not, even in his matchless vocabulary, find words of praise sufficient to express the sense of his grateful acknowledgment and wondering admiration for the matchless fidelity with which the mystery has been preserved.

There is another species of secrecy—that relating to the careful supervision of confidential public documents, books printed for secret societies, and the authorship of articles or pamphlets, as already referred to, which has been most honorably maintained. When treaties are prematurely published in newspapers the copy is obtained from some leaky or venal official, and not from any of the printers who set up or work off the original. A case of this kind occurred a year or two ago, wherein a convention between this country and another power was revealed to one of the evening newspapers. In the foreign office, at Whitehall, there is a regular staff of printers always at work, and if these men liked they might let out secrets of the most momentous kind, any one of which would, perhaps, in these days of journalistic competition, be worth a few hundred pounds. But such a dereliction of duty has never yet occurred; it was a clerk, and not a compositor, who betrayed his trust.

Most honorable to the profession is the story of Harding, the printer, who bravely bore imprisonment rather than reveal the authorship of the celebrated "Drapier" letters. The printer sat in his cell calmly refusing the entreaties of his friends to divulge the name of the writer, Dean Swift, a church magnate, and a great wit, who dressed himself in the disguise of a low Irish peasant, and sat by, listening to the noble refusal and the tender importunities, only anxious that no word or glance from the unfortunate printer should reveal the secret. Swift was bent solely upon securing his own safety at the expense of the printer; he cowered before the legal danger which Harding boldly confronted. The world has unequally allotted the meed of fame to the two combatants. The wit and the printer both fought the battle for the liberty of the press, until the sense of an outraged community released the typographer from the peril so nobly encountered.

In thousands of other instances similar fidelity has been exhibited. In short, it is part of the professional honor of a printer not to disclose, either wantonly or from venal motives, the secrets of any office in which he is employed.

There is also the allegience which printers pay to their chief, in not divulging important intelligence. In some cases a compositor is necessarily intrusted with an item of news which would be negotiable immediately, and worth pounds to him. Seldom or ever is there a betrayal of trust in this way. The examination papers, printed so extensively in London, are of the most tremendous importance to certain classes, who would pay almost any sum to obtain the roughest proof the night before. An instance of this kind occurred quite recently. A printer was "got at," and promised a considerable amount of money for a rough proof. What was his course of action? He simply informed the authorities, and the tempter was punished. It was another and a creditable example of how well and honorably kept are the secrets of the printing office.

NO DIPLOMA.

In Sheffield a well-known witch-doctor was recently brought up before the Coroner to explain how he treated a patient who had died under his hands. The doctor was of middle stature, with ruddy face and hands, closely-shaven drab hair, and a common-place look. He felt quite at his ease, and the following dialogue ensued:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mr. Brearly."

"Your name is not Mister, is it?"

"Yes, it is. Mister John Brearly is my name."

"Who are you?"

"A doctor."

"To what college do you belong?"

"To no college."

"What trade were you brought up to?"

"I have doctored eight-and-twenty years and was brought up to nothing else."

"What did you do to the deceased?"

"I put my hand on his breast, and told him his chest was full of water and his heart was in the wrong place. I gave him a small bottle to take, and a box of pills."

"What did the bottle contain?"

"Nothing but oil of juniper. The pills were anti-bilious."

"What are they composed of?"

"I don't exactly know what the anti-bilious is made of. I buy 'em of Doctor Gowarth."

"You say the deceased had water on the chest; what did you do to him?"

"I put a plaster on his breast, and telled him to keep it on."

"Did you think his lungs were affected?"

"Yes, and drowned with water."

"We shall have the man opened, and see if you placed his heart in the right place."

"Well, if his heart has gone back out of its place, it's nothing to me. I told him to be gentle with it. I have a thousand patients, and they bide a good deal of looking after. I don't charge anything for fee, only for medicine—sometimes 6d., 1s. 6d., and half-crown, according to what they want."

"I understand you were thrown out of your gig last night. Were you much hurt?"

"Oh, no, only had three ribs broken. I set 'em myself this morning and plastered them up. I once fell down three stories and had my shoulder broken, and I set that myself."

The learned doctor made his cross at the examination, not being able to write, when the inquest adjourned for a post mortem examination. It is singular that in a country having such stringent laws such an ignorant quack should be permitted to kill off deluded patients *ad infinitum*. This fellow was as well known in Sheffield as Dr. Faustus or Dr. Syntax, and drove his gig.

THE problem of living in a malarial district is solved by using Hammer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters.

ZLOBANE.*

As swayeth in the summer wind
  The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the seried Zulu shields
  That day on wild Zlobane;

The white† shield of the husband,
  Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
  Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
  Secure as if they slept,
While close in front and either flank
  The live black crescent crept.

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
  Upon the British ears,
With whir of bullets, glare of shields,
  And flash of Zulu spears.

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled,
  'Twixt sun and summer scene,
They thickened down as the locusts
  That leave no living green.

Uprose the British; in the shock
  Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
  And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
  In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
  And calm disdain of life;

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
  Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet was left
  An open chance to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
  Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
  Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
  Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
  To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed
  And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
  That way, my darling ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
  Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon his flank,
  That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
  With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
  Clanged o'er the stony way.

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind,
  From where in ancient fray
Rome grappled Tusculum, the slain
  Mamillius' charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!"‡ The sire,
  As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
  And pang that knows no word.

Once, each, as do long-knitted friends,
  Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
  A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
  The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
  The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
  Bright with unflickering flame;
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
  By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
  He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
  Each on the other smiled.

* Zlobane is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the whole British corps only one Captain and six men escaped.

† Among the Zulus the married men carry white shields, the bachelors black.

‡ When the Zulus rushed on the small detachment of Colonel Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Colonel Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of thirteen who was with him, on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for his life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said, "Father I'll die with you!" The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.—[Z. B. Gustafson.

LIGHTNING TYPOS.—The following is from the San Francisco *Bulletin* of June 17th:

In the composing-rooms of the *Bulletin* there are at present a quartet of printers whose equal in rapidity and correctness it would be difficult to find. These men are W. G. Armstrong, Z. Torres, R. Collins and J. C. Collins. The latter two are brothers. The four men can set type at the average rate of 1,600 ems of solid nonpareil per hour. J. C. Collins, who is regarded as one of the most rapid type-setters in the country, has set as high as 575 ems of solid minion in 18 minutes. The "copy" used was reprint. It would be very difficult, perhaps, to get such rapid work with manuscript as "copy." "Copy" has been known to be presented to the craft of which it would be difficult to set 200 ems an hour. The quartet in question feel so confident of their superiority over their fellow-craftsmen that they have issued a challenge to a friendly contest at the case. It will be soon enough for any lightning typo to talk business with the quartet named when he is sure he can turn out 2,000 ems or more of solid nonpareil in an hour.

DIRECTORY WOES.—A writer in Chicago says: "I meet the directory canvasser in my rounds and occasionally pluck a few interesting secrets out of him. A weary, wayworn wanderer he is at best, but this year he is full of unspeakable trouble. 'It's tough work,' he remarked, swabbing the perspiration from his brow, 'tough, tough work to get people to give up.' 'Give up what?' I said. 'Give up anything,' said he. 'Why, do you know there are whole rows of good families that try in every way to dodge away from us, and when they can't dodge us they go to the company and almost go on their knees to have their addresses kept out.' 'What's the object?' quoth I. 'Blest if I know,' said he; 'but I can tell you I have just been offered, right here on Ohio street, by a lady, a $10 bill to keep her husband's address out of the directory. Maybe the husband's in debt, or they're afraid of their granger cousins swarming in upon them at the Conventions. Don't know, of course, all the reasons, but I know it's like drawing eyeteeth to get a name out of 'em. They make me feel like a personal-tax man. I've got to fish up neighbors all the time, and poke into family secrets like a detective.'"

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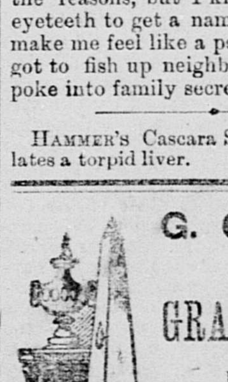
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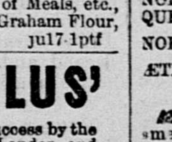
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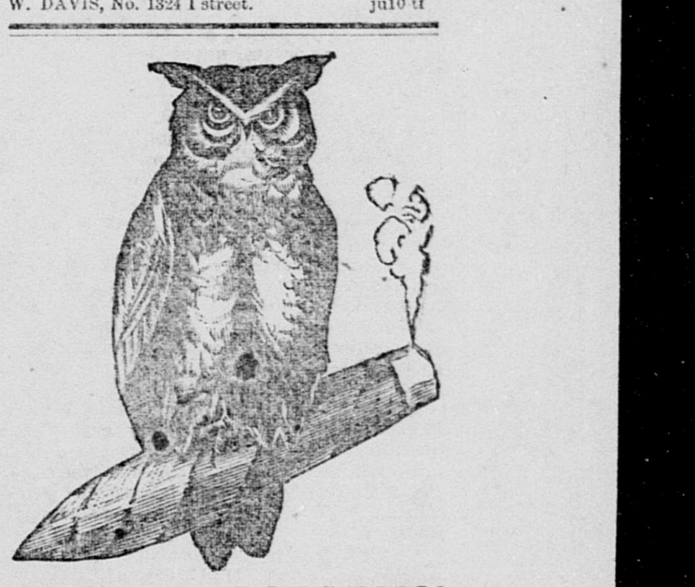
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