LONDON LETTER.

THE CRAZE OF ENGLISHMEN FOR FIELD AND FOREST SPORTS.

Grouse Shooting versus Duties in Parliament—Interesting Facts Concerning Gun and Game in Great Britain.

LONDON, September 6, 1883.

"The English," says Geoffray De St. Hilaire, "are born hunters, and there is nothing that swims, burrows and flies, runs or hobbles, that they will not pursue." "Englishmen," says Emerson, "think, with the Arabs, that days spent in the chase do not count in the length of life. They run, shoot, ride, row and sail from pole to pole. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed, and have written the game books of all countries." Just now, more than at any other season, one realizes the truth of these observations, for shooting is in full blast, and the Englishman consequently finds himself once more in the third heaven of his annual delights. His sport began on the 12th of August, when the law lifted its ægis of protection from the

RICHLY FLAVORED GROUSE.

This species of game finds its native home in the northern districts of the country, and flourishes in the greatest abundance on the moors of Scotland. The pleasure of shooting this bird is regarded as a sport fit, in Col. Montagu's phrase, "solely for the gods," but many mortals do not consider it above them, and, accordingly, when the embargo is lifted, there is a general stampede for the wild retreats of this feathered prize. The strong fascination of grouse shooting for the higher class of Englishmen can be inferred from the demoralizing effect which the advent of the 12th has upon Parliament. For some weeks previously the great question with the majority is whether or not the session will reach an adjournment by that time. This consideration is at the bottom of the numerous inquiries addressed to the Prime Minister in regard to the Government's programme, and of the eloquent statements he makes in reply. But whether the business of the country is finished or not, "My lords and gentlemen" must

SHOULDER THEIR GUNS PROMPTLY

At the time sanctioned by law, and off they go to the "land o' cakes," barely sufficient remaining at Westminster, out of the nearly one thousand who should be there, to constitute a quorum. This was notably the case in regard to the session just closed. Ministers were left almost alone for the last two or three weeks. In an important sense, however, they were not alone, for our Irish friends were there, and they showed themselves, as usual, quite willing to be heard from. To the superior attractions of grouse-shooting over ordinary matters of legislation, and its effects in emptying the benches of the House of Commons, must really, I suppose, be attributed the spirit of aggression manifested by the Irish party, as well as the spirit of half-toleration with which their performances seem to have been regarded by the few patriots who still remained to confront them. Doubtless, too, the dreadful

WICKEDNESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

In continuing its sitting on one occasion far into Sunday morning may be traced to the same cause. So that the innocent-looking grouse has much to answer for, and if a certain ancient city was saved from disaster by the cackling of geese, who can tell but that one of these days a great State may be brought to its ruin by these brown-winged sirens of the Scottish moors! With the first of this month partridge-shooting began, and the first of next month will mark out as proper prey for the sportsman's gun that queen of the English wild fowl, the pheasant. Everybody who can takes a pop at the partridge, but not all are able to pay the necessary

THREE GUINEAS FOR A GAME LICENSE,

And another difficulty is in securing grounds to shoot over. In this, as in all other matters, things in this country are managed on exceedingly straight-laced principles. You must pay $2 50 for the privilege of carying a gun, and I use the word "carrying" advisedly, for that is about all one can do with a gun under such a license. You are supposed to be at liberty to shoot rabbits and small birds, but the question is, how are you going to enjoy this freedom without getting into limbo? Use your weapon in the road and you will be arrested for "firing off a gun within forty feet of the highway;" go into the adjoining field to use it and the farmer will arrest you for trespass. An instance, showing how scrupulously

THESE GAME LAWS ARE ENFORCED,

Occurred recently not far from London, the starter at a regatta being brought up for the twofold offense of carrying a gun without a license and of discharging it within the prescribed distance from a public road. But the game laws are far less stringent than they were. It used to be the case that both the wild fowl and the ground game were sacredly preserved for the sport and profit of the highly privileged landlord, the farmer having to look on while his crops were ruthlessly destroyed by hares, rabbits and birds, without the right to raise hand or gun in self-protection. Now all ground game is the renter's lawful prey, and in many instances the occupiers of the land are able to make advantageous arrangements with the owner in regard to pheasants and partridges. Great care is shown here in

THE CULTIVATION OF GAME,

The breeding and rearing of these targets for the sportsman's gun, being almost as much of a fine art with Englishmen as the steady nerve and sure aim which afterwards hits and bags them. It is gratifying to know, too, that the pains bestowed in this direction are rewarded, as a rule, with successful hatchings and large, healthy broods. Partridges this year are unusually abundant, the young birds varying in most districts from twelve to eighteen in a covey, and strong on the wing. Just now the crack of the rifle and the passing to and fro of men in sporting accoutrements, attended by the clean-looking English pointer, form the chief objects of note in the villages and hamlets, while in the towns and cities the sequel to these country scenes is pleasantly observable in the abundance of game the market affords. Among

THOSE ENJOYING THE SPORT

Are not a few Americans, and the wonder is that more compatriots, who linger here into the autumn, do not seek health and pleasure in this way. "Better," exclaims Dryden, "to range the fields for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;" and doubtless the American traveler would find a week's shooting over English landscapes in this bracing autumn atmosphere far more beneficial both to mind and body than the same time spent amid the gayeties of London, if not better than medicine. Why is it, I wonder, that transatlantic visitors loiter so long in this metropolis? Why do they not push into the interior? Are they so foolish as to think that when they have seen London, they have seen England? No notion could be further from the truth or more fatal to the objects of such as

WISH TO MAKE ALL THEY CAN

Out of their visit to this country. London life is artificial; it is the drawing-room life of the English family. If you want to know what the family are really like you must see them pursuing their ordinary avocations, not simply when they are dressed to receive company. My advice to all, therefore, is, go into the towns and villages and rural retreats. Take a look at London, but don't tarry there. Above all, do not expect to find in this city—not, at least, in their native simplicity—either the typical Englishman or the representative English home. To shoot under the most favorable circumstances you must get some English gentleman to invite you to his country seat—not the easiest thing in the world to do, but quite possible, if you come well recommended. The female society there will be of the most refined type. You may not see as many beautiful women as in your own country, but for the ruddy glow that rests on their plump cheeks, for grace of manner, and for the subtle charm of their sweetly modulated voices, these English women have no equals in the world. Most delightfully will your evenings pass in such company, and from their conversation regarding the sports of the day you will learn that the weaker sex here have almost as great a love for the excitements of the field as have their dog-and-gun worshiping brothers. But I was about to

DESCRIBE PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Oh, these bewitching daughters of Eve, how they will lead a fellow from his proper track, if he is not constantly on guard. I refer, of course, to women, not birds. Well, fall in, if possible, with half a dozen good marksmen, and be sure and have your pointers and drivers with you. The former will give the scent and the latter will chase the game into the open. Then, from the cover of the neighboring trees, or from under the hedgerows, blaze away at your unsuspecting victims, and calmly await results. This method is the most popular one both for partridge and pheasant shooting, not the least of its recommendations being that it gives the birds such a poor chance of getting away. Rare sport for the men, but sure death to the game! Recently, by the way, a spasm of pity was exhibited on this subject, but it only sought to prevent pigeon-shooting, and was not successful in even doing that. Strange that this proposition should have originated in the House of Lords, where

SPORTING INSTINCTS ARE SO STRONG.

Their lordships, however, were not long in putting a veto upon it, for the majority of them, like the majority of people outside, could not see why the shooting of pigeons should be any more wicked or cruel than the killing of other birds. But an old sportsman comes forward with an explanation upon this point, which will no doubt be read with as much interest on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. Being asked why he had given up pigeon shooting and not cover shooting, he replied as follows: "If a man were to wound pheasants, instead of killing them outright, he would be looked upon as a muff. Everyone at cover shooting does his best to kill, but if a man can kill pigeons at twenty yards he is handicapped, and put back ten yards, in order to reduce him to the level of those who are without his skill. This I regard as deliberate cruelty. What shocked me in pigeon-shooting, and led me to give it up, was seeing a number of birds sitting, wounded, on house-tops and other elevated places in the neighborhood of the shooting. They could not be got at and killed, and they were left to die. Such a thing could never happen at cover-shooting." Examples of the Englishman's

LOVE FOR THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD,

And of the courage and endurance he can display in gratifying that love, are seen frequently on our own far-away western plains. But such exhibitions are not confined to the two countries whose shores are kissed by the Atlantic. The national bent for recreations of this description is as far reaching as the nation's desire for conquest. No distance can discourage nor perils abash it. At the present time an English nobleman is on his way from the northwestern provinces of India to an inaccessible part of Tibet, from which, with one exception, no English visitor has ever yet returned in safety. This adventurous hunter has to carry his provisions with him strapped upon the backs of mountain sheep, each of which bears a load of 100 pounds, and is himself eaten when his cargo has been consumed. When his lordship left Peshawur he expected to traverse more than 1,000 miles on foot, and to ride over a pass of the Himalayas more than 17,000 feet high upon the back of a Tibetan ox. H. T.

WORKING A PASS.

"Are you the Superintendent of this road?" asked a fat, jolly man, clapping the functionary on the back and shaking hands with him enthusiastically.

"I am," replied the Superintendant.

"Come and have a bottle of wine," shouted the jolly man. "I want to know you! Come and join me!"

The Superintendent complied with a smile, and found himself in for a first-class dinner.

"What I want," explained the jolly man in a whisper, "what I want is a pass. I'm going about fifty miles up the road, and I want you to see me through."

"But I have no power," responded the Superintendent. "You should have seen the General Passenger Agent about a thing of that kind."

"Will you send him over?" asked the jolly man, with a look of disappointment.

The G. P. A. appeared and the programme was repeated.

"But I'm not the man!" exclaimed the G. P. A. "I can't issue a pass. You should have called on the Vice-President.

"Can you send him over?" inquired the petitioner, rather crestfallen.

The Vice-President developed himself, and was loaded with honors and high living.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but the President of our road is the only man authorized to issue a pass.

"Trot him out!" exclaimed the pertinacious pass grubber. "Let's have him right over here!"

He took the President out for a drive, wound up with a box at the theater, then put in his request.

"I'd do it in a minute," protested the President, "but your town is not on the line of our road. You'll have to go over the New York Central!"

And the unhappy man who had spent $75 trying to work a pass, paid his $1 50 for a ticket and went on his way ruminating.—[Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF GAME. Instantaneous photography is reproducing the animal world of the Bavarian Highlands to the very life, thanks to the ingenious system of a native naturalist near Oberammergau. The photographer puts up his camera at some place in the higher regions much frequented by game, and connects it with an electric battery hidden some distance away. He then posts himself by the battery with a telescope, and directly he espies a suitable subject, touches a button which communicates with the camera, and so drops the slide, obtaining an instantaneous impression. The slight noise of the slide falling causes the animals to look up, thus giving a more animated likeness.—[London Graphic.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, for alcoholism. Dr. C. S. Ellis, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the kidneys, diabetes and other diseases of the kidneys and liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time, and then make you many times worse.

GOV. BUTLER AND YANKEE DOODLE.

Here is what the Governor said to Yankee Doodle in Robert Grant's Phi Beta Kappa poem:

I think a patriot is one
Ez is by natur gifted
With sense enough to change his views
Afore the wind hez shifted.
For right and wrong are nothin' but
Inventions o' the Sophists;
A politician's ollers right
Pervided he gets office.

I think thet it is statesmanlike
To fool the mass and lead 'em,
And thet the right o' buyin' votes
Is what is meant by freedum;
For ef you're after princerple,
There ain't no use in huntin';
The only princerple I hev
Is what I save on buntin'.

I think a statesman ez is wise
Hez idees loose ez slippers,
An' thet it's prudent to tell lies
Pervided they be rippers.
Until the folks get used to it,
They will abuse you meanly,
But ef you only keep it up
You will bob up serenely.

I think it's cute o' me to try
To instergate the masses
Into hostility agin
The edducated classes.
I know respectibility's
The savin' o' the nation,
But thet air thought don't weigh a mite
'Long side o' my salvation.

I tell the poor and ignorant folks
Thet decent things is holler,
Jest ez I told 'em paper wus
Good ez an honest dollar.
Of course sech talk is bunkumpoop,
But I don't care a red cent,
Pervided thet I git their votes—
Enough to make me President.

I think thet youth should be brought up
The fattest thing to freeze on,
Nor let a job go beggin' for
A sentimental reason.
I'd rather hed a contract to
Supply the U. S. navy
With buntin', than hev writ "The Book,"
Or bin Sir Humphrey Davy.

This is an ingineeriu' age,
The motto on the sign-post
Reads "Let the smartest feller win,
The devil take the hindmost."
I hev a solid grip upon
The throttle of the fu ur,
An' when I want to whoop her up
I yank the string and toot her.

In short, I am a demagog
Ez feeds on the "hoy polly,"
I cater to their prejoodice
An' fatten on their folly
The masses is ez green ez grass,
An' till their foot is in it,
Kin never see a hole in the groun';
Put thet in yer hat an' pin it.

MARTYRS TO VANITY.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance, her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left, if he is tall, or on his shoulder, if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing her attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction, there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation, just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity; and yet you may prefer her to Nora, whose feet are well-shaped enough, but who has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of a girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns but does not bunch them out, nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact, she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two others followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist. It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would make that nose white again, but what matters? Does it not belong to the smallest waist in London? One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obtrusive. Were it two yards round, it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as the advertise, in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well-distributed figure. As she stands talking to you, she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in, as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets, and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terrible colds in winter, because she will not wrap up. In fact, her whole existence is a burnt-offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout, her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interests of a small waist, a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it, she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it, she is quite a bore. If there is any wind, she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines, she is miserable, "because I tan so frightfully." If it is hot, she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold, her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture that roughness has never yet invaded them; tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dainty pink you ever saw; and in cold weather, a soft color rises in her face, and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why, then, all these excuses? Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to her own consciousness.—[London Truth.

Our very mercy has degenerated into such mawkish and puling sentimentality, that we have no longer the nerve to put down revolting wickedness by the infliction of wholesale pain. Every rogue must eat heartily and lie soft. Every whining tramp and idle beggar must be enabled to prey upon his neighbors. Every loafing drunkard must be supported by meal-tickets, instead of being made to earn an honest living. The shield of the law must be thrown over the maneuvers of the housebreaker. The genius of the advocate must be thrown over the offense of the assassin.—[Canon Farrar.

* For years Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has been contending with the terrible hydra known as Disease, with what surprising success many who were in the serpent's coils will testify. Often has the powerless victim been snatched from the open jaws of the destroyer. In smiting the heads of this monster Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is far more efficacious than the processes of potential and actual cautery.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Barley added to pea soup helps to give it an appetizing flavor, and it adds to its nutritive qualities also.

The filling for green pepper pickles is perfection if made from the recipe given in this column for chopped pickle. If you choose to put a very small cucumber in each pepper it is a good addition.

Batter cakes for dessert, to be eaten with wine and sugar, are made of a pint of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt; mix with flour to make a thin batter; drop from a large spoon in hot lard. Serve warm.

If the carpet in a bedroom or common sittingroom looks dusty after it has been thoroughly swept, you can brighten it a good deal by taking a damp mop and dusting with it; a flannel mop is best for this purpose.

Leather may have its color restored by an application of good blacking, a subsequent brushing, a very slight oiling, and an after dressing of gum-tragacanth. It is surprising what an effect this treatment has upon old and shabby-looking leather.

If one likes sweetbreads at all, the salad made with them will be found very palatable. Boil them until tender, then fry until brown in butter, break in small bits with a fork, and put them in lettuce; this may be cut or torn or sent to the table whole or in a dish by itself, and the sweetbreads be mixed with the salad dressing; in either case the dressing should be made thus: The yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of mustard rubbed with oil until smooth; a little sugar, pepper and salt are also required.

Nice apple butter is excellent with cold meat. Use tart apples, and to three pecks after they are peeled and quartered allow nine pounds of brown sugar and two gallons of water. Let the water come to a boil, then add the sugar; when it is dissolved put in the apples. Stir them constantly with a large wooden spoon. After they are soft let them simmer until they are thick and do not seem at all watery. If you wish to add any spices you may do so. Cinnamon, nutmeg, and a little ginger are liked by some people. When it is possible to get it, boiled cider makes a delicious addition; in this case less water should be used.

The vapor of tobacco juice has been tested in France as an insecticide with great success. Instead of burning or smoking the tobacco, which is a very offensive process to most persons, the tobacco is made into an extract by soaking or boiling, and the juice is then placed over a chafing-dish, a fire, or the flame of an ordinary lamp, and deposited in the greenhouse or conservatory. Delicate plants, which are very sensitive to smoke, are not injured by this vapor, and it leaves no offensive atmosphere, while it effectually disposes of thrips, lice, scale insects and slugs. One quart of tobacco juice vaporized in a house containing 350 cubic feet is an ample amount.

A handsome design for a patchwork cushion is to make a large fan of velvet, plush or satin. It should be so large that it should cover nearly or quite half of the cushion; put velvet or satin over the rest of the cushion; the handle should point toward one corner. Another pretty way is to cover half the cushion with one color; the material may be of silk, satin or velvet; put this on diagonally. The rest of the cushion should be covered with the crazy patchwork. Plain pieces of satin may be made very ornamental by working some little design on them, or simply by putting a small crescent of some contrasting color with fine button-hole stitch with sewing silk of a bright hue.

The *American Agriculturist* remarks that if a list could be presented of the deaths and frightful burnings that have occurred since the introduction of kerosene it would be appalling. Good kerosene—that is, of the legal standard of quality, and that is sent out by the best makers, is far in advance of the legal requirements—properly used, need be no more dangerous than the old-fashioned sperm oil, or tallow dips. But it is vastly more so. Why? If we observe the accounts of these so-called "accidents," as they are given in the daily papers, it will be found that they are due to one of two principal causes: (1) Using kerosene to light a fire, and (2) to filling a lamp already lighted. Only the most ignorant can be so stupid as to pour kerosene upon a fire, and as such persons do not read it would be a waste of time to caution them against it. Filling a lamp while it is lighted is something that ought never to be done. It can be avoided by always filling the lamps in the morning. This task should belong to some one member of the household, who should have a fixed and regular time for doing it; nothing ought ordinarily to interfere with or cause its postponement. It should be made a duty, to be discharged with all the regularity and punctuality of the daily meals. If good kerosene of either of the best manufactures be used there is little danger of accident. Glass lamps ought never to be carried about for the very reason that they are glass. This would hold, no matter what material they contain; even if it be sperm or lard oil, the breaking of a lamp is a disaster to be avoided. There is a chance that the one carrying it may slip or trip, or some other accident cause it to be dropped. With good kerosene even the breaking of the lamp and spilling its contents should cause no disaster in the way of burning; but all kerosene is not good, and the risk should never be taken. In "trimming" the lamps, only the small portion that is charred need be removed from the wick, and that is readily done by scraping it with a knife kept for the purpose. If any substance collects upon the wick tube, that should be carefully scraped off, leaving the brass or metal perfectly clean. After carefully scraping, wipe off the upper part of the wick tube (and the wick) with a very soft piece of paper, to remove any small particles left in scraping. A wick may become unfit for use long before it is burned up. Many quarts of oil are carried through a wick, and in time the pores of a fabric become so filled with little atoms of dust and other impurities that the oil contains that its inability to take up the oil as fast as it is burned becomes greatly diminished, and when this occurs a new wick is needed. If a lamp is filled quite full in a cold room, and then is brought into a warm one, the heat will cause the oil to expand and overflow, and lead to the suspicion that the lamp leaks. This should be avoided by not filling completely; knowing that this may occur, sufficient space should be left to allow for the expansion.

WHEN THERE WERE NO MATCHES.—Young and even middle-aged people, accustomed to the convenience of the modern lucifer match, can hardly imagine the time when the tinder-box, with its clumsy flint and steel and broad brimstone matches, was the only means of procuring a light. Some people were more skillful than others in striking a light and blowing the spark and match to a flame; but often on a wintry morning it was weary work with the servant who had to kindle the first fire if the tinder happened to be damp or worn out or the flint and steel "in a temper." Indeed, in many houses a rush-light was in some bedroom or other always burned, so that in case of sudden illness, or any disaster, there might be light ready. The rush-light, having, as its name implies, a rush wick, was about fifteen inches long, and was burnt in a huge perforated shade; it was the "farthing rush-light," which very poor people were said to use for other purposes than a night light. The picture of a half-starved seamstress in her garret would, in those days, have been incomplete without the thin rush candle; but its flame was so feeble that I can hardly fancy any eyes could have served to thread a needle by it.—[London Society.

The widow of President Polk celebrated at Nashville, Tenn., on the 4th instant, her eightieth birthday, many citizens calling upon her to congratulate her. The Nashville *American* says that she is exceedingly cheerful and bright, and is the highest type of a Christian woman.

HOW HE GETS A LOWER BERTH.

"It would take a day in the recital, and then fill a big book to tell of the incidents that enter into the daily life of a Pullman car," said J. W. Smittley, the resident Superintendent of the company in Philadelphia, "and then it would take another and a larger book to contain what hadn't been told."

"Are any of these stories true of fat men telling horrible tales about crashing through upper berths in order to secure lower berths?" was asked.

"It is true that facetious heavy weights tell the stories in the hearing of timid persons," was the reply, "and it is equally untrue that any upper berths ever break down. A well-known New York journalist, who tips the beam at 300 pounds—suppose you know him—can be credited with being the originator of that yarn. He loves a joke, and as he is known to almost every palace-car porter in the country, manages to carry out the sell very successfully whenever necessary. In case the gentleman reaches the train late and finds the lower berths occupied, he hunts around until he finds a nervous traveler in a place where he would like to be himself. Then he calls the colored porter, and asks him if he heard any further news of Rev. Mr. Smith. The porter, who is posted, replies, 'You mean de po' gemman what you mashed dat night you fell froo de berth? 'Yes,' replies the ponderous traveler, 'I've often thought of that poor man, Jim. I think I broke one of his ribs and one of his arms, didn't I?' 'Two ribs and bofe arms, sah,' replies Jim solemnly. 'And it was somewhere about this part of the car, wasn't it, Jim?' asks the heavy man loudly. 'No sah,' says the porter, 'you'se thinkin' ob de two orphans what you fell on dat night when we was near Buffalo. If you remember, sah, one of de boys died and de oder had his eye squashed out. De preacher, sah, was in de upper end of de car. He would'nt get outen de lower berth sah.' 'Unfortunate fellow,' sighs the fat passenger, 'and I wasn't as heavy by fifty pounds as I am now, either.'

"By this time you can depend that the nervous traveler is getting his pantaloons on. Usually he peeps out, and when he sees the mountain of flesh that is talking he is more than willing to take the upper berth than to run the risk of being crushed to death in the middle of the night."—[Philadelphia Press.

A NEW KIND OF LOCOMOTIVE.

The few people who were in the depot just before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon were considerably surprised to see the 2:48 train from Hartford come round the curve drawn by an engine which gave out neither smoke nor soot. It was labelled "C. Holland, No. 1," and on the tender were the letters "N. Y. H., L & P. Co.," which means New York Heat, Light and Power Company, who control the patent, the inventor, Dr. Charles Holland, of New York, who rode on the engine, being the largest stockholder. This locomotive uses no coal or wood whatever, merely burning the gas which it condenses from the 2,500 gallons of water which the tender holds, using 548 gas jets. It is the only one of the kind ever built, and was constructed about a year ago at the Grant Locomotive Works at Paterson, N. J., has a handsome exterior, and weighs thirty-four tons, being of the same grade as the Southern road's fast passenger engines. It differs from them merely in the construction of the fire-pot and boiler. There are four retorts in the fire-box, two for oil and two for water. When the engine is first started the gas is made from the cold water in the retort, but when the gauge registers from twenty to thirty pounds of steam the water is shut off and the steam is taken from the boiler, which process saves heating the water twice. Even should the fire go out the engine will continue to run for some time. This locomotive has been used on the Erie road about a year for an average of four days in the week. It is claimed that the use of this patent makes a saving of $600 in repairs on the locomotive and a large one on the cars, besides doing away with the possibility of setting fires alongside the track. The improved grate can be put into an ordinary locomotive at the cost of a few hundred dollars. The Southern road officials are much interested in the engine, and propose to test it thoroughly. The inventor is confident that they will adopt the locomotive, and that it will soon become indispensable in all passenger train service.—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A NEW FLYING-MACHINE.—H. C. Linfield, the inventor of a flying-machine, conducted an experiment with his invention on Wednesday between Colnbrook and West Drayton. The apparatus, which is described as a steam sailing machine, is constructed of light wood and is shaped like the frame of a four-wheeled carriage, with two large wheels in front and two small ones behind. Motive power is to be obtained by steam, which will work a nine-bladed screw, and the inventer's idea is to propel the machine by steam on land until it attains a speed of thirty or thirty-five miles—a velocity which he calculates will be sufficient to lift the machine into the air—when it will be navigated by means of the sails with which it is lifted. From the result of his experiment he is confident that it is possible to fly in the air at the height of a mile. By the permission of the Great Western Railway Company the experiment was made on the newly finished portion of the railway to Staines, between Colnbrook and West Drayton, and the inventor was accompanied by Mr. Trevithick, the locomotive Superintendent of the company at Paddington. The machine was placed on a truck and connected with an engine, from whence the steam is derived, and the gearing was manipulated from another truck. The operator succeeded in getting the machine lifted from the truck into the air and expressed himself fully satisfied with the result of the trial.—[Pall Mall Budget.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RAZOR

HAS BEEN INVENTED BY THE QUEEN'S OWN CO. of England. The edge and body is so THIN and FLEXIBLE as NEVER TO REQUIRE GRINDING and hardly ever setting. It glides over the face like a piece of velvet, making shaving quite a luxury. IT IS CREATING A GREAT EXCITEMENT in Europe among the experts, who pronounce it PERFECTION. Two dollars in buffalo handle; three dollars in ivory. Every razor, to be genuine, must bear on the reverse side the name of NATHAN JOSEPH, 641 Clay street, San Francisco, the only place in the United States where they are obtained. Trade supplied. Sent by mail, 10 cents extra, or C. O. D.
THE QUEEN'S OWN COMPANY, having enlarged their factory, are now making PEARL and IVORY CARVING KNIVES, TABLE and POCKET KNIVES, HUNTING KNIVES and SCISSORS of the same quality as their marvelously wonderful razor. a7-tfWS

TRUNK FACTORY

A. LONGSHORE, 510 K ST., BET. FIFTH AND Sixth, Sacramento. Trunks, Valises and Bags Wholesale and Retail. Sample Cases made to order. Repairing done at short notice. au15-4plm

WANTED, LOST AND FOUND.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents, or 75 cents per week.

WANTED—A GIRL, FROM 14 to 18 YEARS of age, to assist in general house work; wages good. Address, with reference, "W.," care RECORD-UNION office. s24 3t*

WANTED—GRAPES! GRAPES!—ITALIAN and other Wine and Brandy Makers, please send your orders to the CITY SCALES, Ninth and J streets. Probably 200 tons required. Grape-growers send prices. s22-1w*

DAIRY COWS WANTED—PARTIES having large or small lots of Dairy Cows for sale, will do well by sending their address, with particulars, to E. J ARTHUR, Grafton, Yolo county. s22-1w*

WANTED—INFORMATION OF THE WHEREabouts of JAMES HENRY COATS and BENJ. FRANKLIN COATS. Address, GEO. W. COATS, Etna, Cal. s6-1m*

WANTED.

A GENERAL BLACKSMITH, $2 50 AND board; also, 8 men to clear land, $30; also, 6 ranch hands, $26 to $30; men to milk, $30; a waiter for the country, $30 to $35, fare paid; men to chop wood by the cord; 3 men to team and scrape, $30. Female—8 girls for housework, $15 to $25; also, girls to wait and take care of children; also, girls for various other work. Apply to HOUSTON & CO., Employment Office, Fourth and K streets. je13-1ptf

TO LET OR FOR SALE.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents, or 75 cents per week.

TO LET ONE SUITE OF ROOMS, NEWLY painted and furn shed, south windows, on the first floor. Conveniences for cooking if desired. Apply at 1115 Eighth street, between K and L. s25-1w*

TO LET—A NEWLY FURNISHED FRONT room, with bay window, gas and bathroom, centrally located. Apply this office. s24-3t*

$9,000.—FOR SALE, STOCK FARM of 113 Acres, four and a half miles from Sacramento; 35 Acres Tule Land, under cultivation; 25 Acres in Alfalfa, balance fine Grain Land; good improvements and fences. Inquire of CARL STROBEL, No. 321 J street. s24-6t*

FOR SALE—200 CORDS ROUGH LIVE OAK wood, suitable for steam purposes. Inquire NATOMA WATER AND MINING CO., Folsom, Cal. s22-1w

FOR SALE,

RESTAURANT, FIXTURES AND OUTFIT. Location, driving agricultural town on Western Pacific Railroad. Reasonable rent of building. Good established business. For particulars, inquire of CARL STROBEL, No. 321 J street, Sacramento. s22 6t*

FOR SALE,

A CHEAP ONE-STORY AND A HALF Frame Building, hard-finished, containing nine rooms, all in good order. The house will be moved to any part of the city. Inquire of G. J. CROSS, House Raiser. Office at SWEETSER & ALSIP'S, Fourth street, between J and K. Call immediately. s22-tf

TO LET—A FINE SUITE OF FURNISHED rooms, with or without use of kitchen, at No. 1111 Eighth street, between K and L. Inquire in the basement. s20-1w*

TO LET—ELEGANT FURNISHED ROOMS, with the use of Bath-room. Parties without children preferred. Inquire 604 J street, between Sixth and Seventh. s20 1w*

FOR SALE—HOP POLES IN ANY QUANTITY delivered at Grey's Bend, Sacramento river, at any time before the rainy season sets in. Address GEO. T. HENNAGIN, Woodland. s14-2m*

FARM FOR SALE—ON MERRITT ISLAND, Yolo county, near Courtland, containing 72½ acres of the best land, fit for planting fruit-trees on the front of it; can be greatly improved. The front land is in alfalfa, with an excellent levee which stood the last big flood. A purchaser can have horses and farming implements if desired, as the owner is leaving the country. A bargain will be given for cash. Apply on the premises to JAMES McCREDIE, Proprietor. s8-1m*

ROOMS! ROOMS! ROOMS!

THOSE VISITING THE FAIR AND DESIRING good cool rooms, single or in suits. Street cars from the depot pass the door every five minutes. CLUNIE HOUSE, northeast corner Eighth and K streets. je27-tf

NEARLY NEW

CHICKERING UPRIGHT PIANO—HAS all the modern improvements. For sale cheap, at Warerooms of L. K. HAMMER, 820 J street. s1 1ptf

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN PURsuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, made 11th September, 1883, I will sell at private sale, for cash, subject to confirmation by said Court, on or after MONDAY, the 1st day of October, 1883, all the right, title, interest and estate of LORENZE HEUBLEIN, deceased, at the time of his death, and which said estate has since acquired in and to all the one undivided one-half of the west 20 feet of Lot No. 3, in Block No. 35, of the town of Folsom, Sacramento county, California.

Bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left with me at my residence in Folsom, or may be sent by mail to A. P. CATLIN, Sacramento, Cal., at any time after the publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. MICHAEL DOLL, Executor of the Estate of LORENZE HEUBLEIN, deceased.
A. P. CATLIN, Attorney. s14-td

200 HEAD

OF HIGH GRADE AND THOROUGHBRED SPANISH MERINO RAMS for sale; one and two years old. Apply at MRS. E. M. WILSON'S Ranch, one mile north of McConnell's Station. Postoffice address: Elk Grove, Sacramento county. s10 1plm

FOR SALE.

THE WELL-KNOWN RESTAURANT, BAKERY, Ice Cream and Confectionery Establishment of HENRY FISHER is for sale. This is one of the best investments for an enterprising business man to be found in the State. Call at 503 J street, and see for yourself. My object in selling is to retire from buiness. [au31-1m] HENRY FISHER.

S. L. HOGUE, Notary Public. E. H. TUCKER.

TUCKER & HOGUE,

Real Estate and Loan Brokers,

OFFER FOR SALE CHOICE

Vine, Fruit & Alfalfa Lands,

LOCATED IN THE

FAMOUS FRUIT BELT OF FRESNO COUNTY,

In Tracts of 20, 40, 80, 160, 320 and 640 Acres or More, WITH OR WITHOUT WATER, at from $10 to $20 for UNIMPROVED, and $20 to $30 for IMPROVED, WITH WATER. Field of operations, Selma, Fowler, Mendocino and Wildflower.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

TUCKER & HOGUE,
au30 tf SELMA, FRESNO COUNTY, CAL.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE, AT A LOW RATE OF INterest, by PETER BOHL 825 J street. je16-tf

IF YOU WANT

"The most popular and satisfactory Corset as regards Health, Comfort and Elegance of Form," be SURE and get
MME. FOY'S Improved CORSET AND SKIRT SUPPORTER.
It is particularly adapted to the present style of dress. For sale by all leading dealers. FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.
jy7-3mWS&w3m

Crossman's Specific Mixture

WITH THIS REMEDY PERSONS CAN CURE themselves without the least exposure, change of diet, or change in application to business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, $1 a bottle. m10-1yWS

M. J. KING & CO.
224 J Street, between Second and Third.

WHO