ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

SWEETEST NAMES.

FATHER.

A name revered by all,
Richer than treasures of the sea,
Enchanted land of youth recall,
The homage it brings to thee.

MOTHER.

Holy, and most sacred one,
That guarded our infant hours,
And taught our little feet to run
When bloomed the fairest flowers.

SISTER.

Gentle name that brings sweet rest,
That smoothed our cares away,
Our little hands so often pressed
And taught our lips to pray.

BROTHER.

Playmate of our youthful sport,
Defender of our childish rights,
Who's lips ne'er framed a harsh retort,
And chased away our boyish frights.

The sweetest names of all are these—
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
That wafts to us on memory's breeze
Sweetest of all others.

ELLA MAUD JOHNSON.

Truckee, May 30, 1885.

ADELAIDE.

It was a lovely evening in early summer about the close of the last century. Snowy mountain peaks glistened in splendor, as the broad rays of the western sun bathed them in dazzling luster.

Not a cloud nor a vapor floated near the radiant summits to mar their wondrous outlines, clearly defined against a sky of purest azure. There in stillness and majesty rose lordly cone, rugged shaft and graceful pinnacle, upstretching into a world of golden light far above the veil of thin purple haze beginning to settle upon the fertile valleys. Through a break was described the calm blue surface of a lake bearing skiffs and other craft, with white sails like the wings of swans; somber pine woods, interspersed in lovely contrast with sloping meadows, clothed the side of the valleys, while chalets and humble dwellings added to the grandeur of the landscape the charm of human associations.

Signs of unusual activity were observable in the vicinity of one of the largest of the pine-built mansions; peasants bearing baskets went and came, and not seldom lingered to gaze at a group of lackeys in gold-laced liveries, specimens of human magnificence but rarely to be seen in a remote Swiss village.

These gorgeous menials belonged to the small retinue of a lady who was making a tour through north Switzerland, in search of health. One of the most illustrious of Germany's princely houses claimed her as a daughter, she being the Princess Louise of Dessau, a direct descendant of the brave Leopold, whose doughty deeds have adorned many a page of both history and romance.

Under a veranda, wreathed with luxuriant climbing plants, the Princess sat watching the day depart. Near her stood a maiden of nineteen summers, graceful, fair and slender, and dignified in her bearing as the noble lady she served. Intelligence and refinement shown in every lineament of her face, which was surprisingly lovely, while her dark gray eyes betoken a rare beauty of the soul.

The Princess, as if awaking from a reverie, turned toward her young companion, and, touching her caressingly upon the shoulder, said, musingly:

"Annette, does it not seem strange that so fair a world should be the abode of so much sorrow and suffering? Is it not a mockery for one heart-sick to be surrounded by joyous nature, whose very beauty is unsympathizing?"

"And yet, madame," answered the girl with diffidence, "poets love to dwell upon her gentle influence."

"It is a mistake, child!" interrupted Louise, "poets are wrong. They luxuriate in imaginary grief, and when most free from sorrow, they indite most lugubrious elegies; they speak of what they know nothing of, out of an unreal world existing only in their fancy."

Annette stood pensive and sorrowful, and did not reply. Presently the Princess continued: "Annette, heed not the jargon of poets; be not dazzled by the glamour they cast over things hollow and delusive. Nay!" added she, altering her tone. "I did not think to move thee thus, child. Why! thou silly one! thou art trembling and blushing, and a great terror is striving to escape! I spoke more to myself than to thee. There, child, attend me to my room, and then go and enjoy the sunset after thine own youthful fashion."

Ten minutes later Annette von Glafey was seated upon a bank of moss and violets among a group of fir trees—her favorite resort. She drew a paper from her bosom and held it between her clasped hands; her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled with tears half-born, tokens of some strange joy, some new and tender emotion. Her frame shook with agitation, as if stirred by some vision of bliss whose existence she scarce dared to believe. She unfolded the paper and read, and the color of her cheeks deepened. She was reading a love song: a song years after standing almost without its peer among the most perfect works of the greatest poets. The words alone would have stirred the ardent instincts of the girl's loving nature; but this was not all the cause of her emotion. A poet had written a beautiful song of love; it was the song of his heart, and it loved her! She had scarcely realized the greatness of her happiness, when a step upon the turf close to her made her start. The poet stood beside her.

"Annette!" he faltered.

Annette held her face in her hands and trembled violently. The young man cast himself on the ground beside her, in agitation great as her own. "Adelheld, Adelheld," he murmured, "beauteous idol of my dreams, peerless gem amid the paste and tinsel of a court. Oh! say, say that you love me? Whisper it low, close to my ear, lest envious winds should bear the heavenly words away. Speak, love, thou noble by birth as well as nature, speak the words that my soul hungers for, forget that I am obscure; Annette, tell me that you love me, or give me that little hand in token that my prayer is heard!"

Slowly, timidly, the hand was put forth; and Annette von Glafey therewith bestowed upon the poet her whole heart, in all its dignity, faithfulness and strength, once and forever.

Late that night, when the stars shone, Annette lingered at her casement, her lips murmuring the words of her lover's poem:

"Einst, O, Wunder! erblüht auf meinem Grabe,
Eine Blume der Aesche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen,
Adelaide!"

* * * * * * *

Summer had passed away. Cold winds swept through the mountain passes, whistling rudely among the pine woods and ruffling the surface of the lake. The chalet recently tenanted by the Princess Louise von Dessau was deserted.

Miles away, in a German castle, Annette von Glafey was looking upon the changing lights and shadows of a breezy November morning. She stood there in all the grace of early womanhood, gazing from her mullioned window; but though her tall, slender figure was faultlessly erect, her eyes were full of wistful sadness, and the wan hue of her once blooming cheek spoke of weeping and nights of sleepless vigil:

"Then, O marvel, shall bloom from out my grave,
A floweret, springing from the ashes of my heart,
Shimmers clear on ev'ry blood-red petal,
Adelaide!"

The entrance of a groom of the chambers caused the maid of honor to turn. He came to summon her to the presence of the illustrious chatelaine.

"Annette, my child," was the greeting of the Princess as Fraulein von Glafey entered, "I see by thy pale cheeks and woe-worn eyes that no change has taken place in thy father's resolve."

"None, Madam," was the response.

"Poor child!" said the princess pityingly. "I spoke to him at some length last night, but he remained firm. The pride of blood is strong. He is indignant that the son of simple parents should have dared to lift his eyes to a maiden of noble birth. Annette, thou art young now, and poetry and romance have a wondrous charm for the springtide of life; but say, my child, wilt thou for one youthful dream relinquish the solid happiness of fortune and position? Thy father has made no secret of the alternative to which he condemns thee."

"Madam," said Annette, lifting her noble countenance to the Princess, while a haughty smile sat upon her pale features, and a new-born dignity upon her clear, fair brow, "Matthison has honored me with his love; he has conferred on me a position which I would scorn to exchange for that of an Empress. That he should have deemed me worthy of this gift will be my pride and glory until I die. The day will come when Germany will ring with his fame, when the fatherland will render just homage to his genius; and if I may not share his laurel crown my heart can at least offer its incense of eternal fidelity."

"I pity thee in my heart, Annette," answered the Princess, "and although perhaps I am wrong in telling it to thee, yet I am a woman, and I sympathize with thee most truly, and honor thee for thy courage. But alas! I have promised to send thee to thy father, to hear his final decision; he is waiting for thee now. Go, and God pity thee, poor child!" she added to herself, as Annette, with a courtesy, withdrew.

Herr von Glafey was a man of middle age, stout, choleric and dictatorial. He had prepared an impressive speech with which to receive and crush his intractable daughter; but something in her manner as she came into his presence cut short his resolution, and when she respectfully kissed his hand he merely said, abruptly, "Well, daughter?"

Annette was silent.

"I have sent for thee Annette, merely to demand a promise, a mere matter of form, of course; but I have been displeased at certain foolish proceedings which have taken place, as I have been informed, during her highness' summer tour. It was hard indeed to credit the tale, and to believe that my daughter could have lent herself to the schemes of an adventurer, who, by a clever knack of tacking rhymes together, has exalted himself for a time to a post in her highness' household. I pass over thy folly, Annette; girls are never over wise; and merely claim thy word that thou wilt forget this plebian verse-maker and bestow thy thoughts on a worthier object. Well, Annette?"

While he was speaking Annette once or twice made a sudden movement, as of pain, and drew in her breath, but restrained herself from speaking. As he concluded his address, she replied, "My father, I cannot." She spoke firmly, clearly, distinctly.

Herr von Glafey stood aghast. He had expected tears, prayers, protestations—not this calm, deliberate refusal.

"Madness, disobedience," he shortly exclaimed in great excitement, for he was choleric, after the manner of other German barons famous in legend, and not in the habit of being thwarted. "Doest thou not know," he almost hissed forth, "that I have the means of forcing thee to comply with my commands?"

The maiden stood pale, cold and speechless.

The court functionary delivered his ultimatum.

"Marriage with a man of rank equal to thine own, or life-long seclusion in a convent! I give thee an hour to choose?"

"My choice is made, my father. I will enter a cloister."

Forty years had elapsed since Friedrich Matthison had wooed and won the courtly maiden amid the enchantments of mountains, forest and lake. Annette's prediction of fame and glory had been fulfilled. Germany had recognized the poet's genius, crowned him with laurel, and had even added to the guerdon of applause the most substantial boon of worldly advancement. When all too late his country had bestowed upon him that rank the want of which had kept him from his adored Adelheid. His fevered race was run, his heart and brain were cold and silent, and the hand that had penned many a noble inspiration and soul-stirring anthem was mingling with the dust of the tomb.

The autumn sun was shining upon stately forests of oak and beach, undulating meadow and rich pasture. A spacious mansion rose in imposing proportions from the bosom of carefully laid out grounds, while a neat, picturesque village completed the cheerful aspect of the landscape. The village was that of Mosighau, a little distance from Dessau, and the mansion was the seat of a semi-conventual society founded about a century before by Wilhelmine, one of the daughters of the famous Leopold, for the reception and maintenance of a few ladies of rank, whose private means were inadequate to the demands of their position.

Upon a smooth, graveled walk winding between flower beds, gorgeous with autumnal bloom, a lady considerably past middle age was pacing to and fro. Her dress was modeled upon a singularly antiquated pattern, and the velvet dress, heavy with drooping plumes, seemed to belong to another age. The unbent figure was full of dignity, and the features were delicate, bearing the impress alike of natural and ancestral nobility. Her gesture, as she acknowledged the salutations of villagers as they passed, was that of a queen; and it was manifest that the habit of command belonged to her as much by right as by custom.

This remarkable personage was the lady abbess of Mosighau, and she was at this moment awaiting the arrival of several distinguished visitors, invited to assist at a concert which was to take place that evening in the great hall of the castle.

The clattering of horses' hoofs and the rolling of carriage wheels presently announced the arrival of the first guests; others came in rapid succession, until the number of the audience was complete, and the hour for the commencement of the concert was fast approaching.

With Old World stateliness, the abbess led the way through tasteful apartments, rich in choice works of art, to the music room.

The concert began. A violinist from Dresden enchanted the listeners with his masterly strains, and a charming variety was given to the instrumental element by the efforts of some of Germany's most eminent vocalists.

The evening was drawing to a close, when the principal tenor of the Dresden opera stepped forward and sang. At the conclusion he was rapturously applauded by the assemblage of distinguished persons present. In answer to the repeated acclamations, he bowed low and whispered to the accompanist.

Immediately strains fell upon the still more delighted ears of the audience, familiar to most present, but until now never before heard by the abbess. The rich voice of the opera tenor was warbling the exquisite music composed by Beethoven to Matthison's "Adelaide." An almost ghostly stillness pervaded the room; the spirit of true music was here, and all present felt its divine power.

The song was finished. The last thrilling note ceased to vibrate upon the air of the silent room. The singer himself remained for a moment rooted to the spot, spellbound.

"The abbess!" exclaimed several voices in accents of terror. Every eye was turned toward the aged lady. She had swooned.

* * * * * * *

The tender and faithful heart had succumbed beneath this sudden chord struck upon its fibers so long tried in secret. In a few days her soul took flight from its earthly tenement and sped heavenward, free and rejoicing, to join once more and forever the soul of him whom she had loved through all her long life—the love of her girlhood.

Those who attended her found within the bosom of her dress a small silken case. Being opened afterward, it was found to contain a paper, worn with age, in almost obliterated writing, on which there were still discernible traces of the poem—

"Einst, O Wunder! erblüht auf meinem Grabe,
Eine Blume der Aesche meines Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen,
Adelaide!"

—[Tinsley's Magazine.

*The name under which Matthison sang of his love, chosen with reference to her rank: Ade in German meaning noble.

A Remedy for Lung Diseases.

Dr. Robert Newton, late President of the Eclectic College, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients now living and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

"BROWN'S Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for bronchitis, hoarseness, coughs and throat troubles. Sold only in boxes.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

The country has no quaintness left;
Of old time ways and ways bereft,
With railroads every farm is cleft.

With rustic ways are planned and grooved
The well-sweep from the yard is moved;
And not one spot is left unimproved.

Where one may sit at ease and dream,
Not knowing much the age of steam,
But simplest ways the sweetest dream;

May ask the knitting grandam's views,
Of church or state, or sweeter Sue's;
And gather store of neighbor's news.

I miss the log in ingle side,
The huge fireplace at eventide,
Where grandsire loved himself to hide.

The shadows cast by Tom and Prue,
The apple peel that lovers threw,
To prophesy what each one knew.

The parched corn and chestnut burr,
Of twirling wheel, the pleasant whirr,
The smell of savory thyme and myrrh.

The feather bed, where sinking deep,
Embraced at once by drowsy sleep,
No midnight vigil well could keep.

There stood the bearing apple tree,
That stooped so low for Tom and me,
We clambered up it hand and knee.

But most the spelling school I miss;
The sidewise look, the wafted kiss;
And then an after spell of bliss.

The quilting and the paring bee;
The husking match, with luncheon free;
The Maypole and the wishing tree.

Across the field no longer race
The well-whet scythes with even pace;
The reapers bowed with sturdy grace.

The pumpkin pie has lost its savor,
Of cook books it has now its flavor;
And doughnuts fashion does not favor.

Nor do they know the sweetest part,
Connected with the sugaring art;
The syrup stirred with Cupid's dart.

Ah, well I joyed to stand beside
The knee of him at eventide,
Who taught me with parental pride.

With fewer books, but better art,
To take the story teller's part,
And win a way to boyish heart.

Come back sweet days of simple ways;
The charm of romping household plays;
The morning prayer, and evening praise.

LOVE OF THE HEART.

My best beloved—the spring is fair,
The woods are green and life is good;
Will you not come with me and tread
The tangle-covered paths and wood?
The wind-flower blanches all the copse,
With hyacinth the hedge is blue,
And every weakened leaf seems fair—
But not so fair as you!

While blackbirds sing on hazel twigs,
Through the dim arches of the trees,
The cuckoo's distant cry is borne
Across the meadow by the breeze.
The thrush's song is sweetest far,
But saddens as the hours go by;
You hear?—the nightingale's in love—
But not so much as I.

Will you not listen to the spring?
What tender voices do you hear?
Have violets no speech for you?
Is not the nightingale's song dear?
Yet, somehow, though you catch the sound,
You miss the meaning of the strain;
Ah! why not have more joy from love,
With not so much of pain? —[Argosy.

FINGER RINGS.

Their Origin and Uses Among Tribes, People and Nations.

When, where, by whom rings were first worn—on the fingers, not, after the manner of the barbarians, in the ears, nose, lip, and around the ankles—it is not possible to assert definitely. Because Homer does not mention them in his poems, Pliny, the historian, imagines them unknown prior to the Trojan war, 1144 B. C. The Old Testament, however, conclusively proves that they were in use among the Egyptians many centuries before this date. From Asia they were introduced into Greece, where they were originally of iron. Later they were made of gold, and, later still, were set with precious stones. A long time elapsed ere they came into vogue among the Romans, with whom, as with the Greeks, they were at first made of iron. Then they were of various metals, according to the rank of the wearers.

In the early days of the Roman republic only embassadors to foreign countries were allowed to wear gold rings. This privilege was eventually accorded to senators, chief magistrates, knights, and, finally, to emancipated slaves. By degrees the ancient Roman beaux and belles were not satisfied with a single ring, and came to wear one or more on each finger, as frequently do the fine ladies of modern times. In imperial Rome the craze reached such a hight that there were rings for different occasions and seasons of the year. The cruel and effeminate Heliogabulus, who reigned from the year 218 to 222, never wore the same ring twice, however costly. This extravagance ceased so soon as it had become customary to adorn rings with precious stones, after which period women alone could wear more than one ring without fear of being censured or ridiculed.

When the Roman hosts invaded Britain, in 55, they found the natives wearing rings of iron, and embellished with bits of glass. The ring has served many purposes other than for personal decoration. As mentioned in Scripture, it was an emblem of authority. Pharaoh passed a ring to Joseph when he made him rule "over all the land of Egypt." A similar custom prevailed in Greece, and Alexander the Great, on his deathbed, gave his signet-ring to Perdiceas, thus indicating him the next occupant of the throne. Among the Turks and Saracens, a ruler was wont to present a ring to whomsoever he appointed to an office. The same is true with reference to the earlier kings of France.

The ring once formed an important part of the apparatus of the Romish Church, and when a Bishop was buried his ring was burried with him. Kings, on occasions of their coronation in England, were formerly invested with a ring that had been blessed by the Pope. To this day, at Westminster, a book may be seen in which is the form of "hallowing" a ring before the monarch received it from the Archbishop. The wedding ring antedates the Christian era, and, supposedly, symbolizes a fidelity as endless as the ring itself. In most countries the bride has received it from the groom; in some the reverse has been the case. In not a few each has given the other a ring. It has been placed on the third finger of the left hand, because "it thereby pressed a vein that was believed to communicate directly with the heart." To certain rings magical powers have been attributed, which protected their possessors from sickness and danger, or gained for them honor and distinction. Particularly efficacious were the "hallowed" rings.

The most wonderful talismanic ring of which there is any record—the only one of which space admits our consideration—was that of Gyges. One legend is to the effect that, when wearing it, he was invisible, and enabled to roam about his realm and, unseen by them, learn how his officers conducted themselves. A more sensible legend, as narrated by an Eastern scholar, is: While young, handsome, talented, ambitious, Gyges consulted a philosopher as to the manner in which he could most readily win success. "Read this every day at sunrise," replied the sage, handing him a leaden ring, bearing the following inscription: "Of two individuals, one rises at 6 o'clock, the other at half-past 9 in the morning. If both live fifty years the former will have some six years of active existence more than the latter." Gyges immediately comprehended the significance of the inscription. He rose much earlier than his fellows, labored industriously, became an officer under the King, and finally himself ruled over Lydia.—[Argosay.

Flower Weddings.

Flower weddings grow more and more in favor. Last summer their popularity was assured. This year they promise to be the rage. This week a pretty little church wedding took place, which was called a "daisy wedding," the bridesmaids, five in number, all wearing these "wee, modest, crimson-tipped blossoms" as garniture. The bride wore the regulation orange blossoms, mingled with white lilac, the groom's *boutonniere* being composed also of a tiny spray of each of these flowers. June will usher in any number of "rose weddings," in which each bridesmaid will not only wear roses of one particular kind and color, but the dress itself will be in harmony with the chosen floral decoration. One already planned is as follows: The first bridesmaid—a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl—has chosen tea-roses, and her dress is a dem'-trained one of a lovely cameo tint, most becoming to her complexion. It is to be trimmed with flounces of white lace, headed by bands of plaited silk, heavily fringed on the edges. These bands are graduated, and when plaited up are set on one upon another. The silk of which they are made is shaded, the last very narrow one being of the deepest shade of pink, and the widest band of a creamy flesh tint. The effect of this very artistic trimming is very beautiful, the downy mass closely resembling the shading of the roses which will adorn the dress. An artificial flower is selected, and each toilet is made subject to the coloring of the various contrasting roses to be chosen for each toilet. When the day of the wedding arrives natural foliage will be worn, which flowers shall resemble as possible the tinting will match as closely as possible the tinting of the artificial models studied in the creation of each dress. Of the various rose toilets to be worn by the six bridesmaids the "white rose" dress, in preparation for the second bridesmaid, a very tall and beautiful blonde, will probably find the greatest number of admirers. The train dress will be made wholly of white lace, over a princess slip of pure white surah, and clusters of white roses will decorate both skirt and bodice. The fair wearer will carry a slender wicker basket laden with the same pure white blossoms heaped upon a background of maiden-hair fern. Above her coronet of wavy golden hair will be arranged a half wreath of partly open white roses, intertwined with feathery and delicate greenery of the palest shade. No sort of ornament in the shape of lace-pin, earrings or bracelets is to mar the effect of this emblematic and beautiful "rose wedding."

Domestic Felicities.

When Miss Welsh and Carlyle were engaged to be married, the former induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them and share the advantages of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by insisting that "two households could not live as if they were one, and he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she were all his own," adding that "the moment he was master of a house, the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders." Married people should be left alone at least for the first year. "Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble." After the honeymoon, husband and wife too often renounce not merely those pretty arts to please which belonged to the time of wooing, but even common politeness towards each other. And yet politeness, like charity, should begin at home. The honeymoon is over, and the young couple have exchanged their chrysalis condition for the pleasures and duties of ordinary married life. Let them begin by forming a very high ideal of marriage. Now and on every anniversary of their wedding-day they should seriously reflect on those vows, which are too often taken either in entire ignorance of their meaning and import, or thoughtlessly, as though they were mere incidents of the marriage ceremony.—[The Quiver for June.

A FISH WITH WINGS.—Wednesday afternoon, while Peter Heckner and F. A. Heineman, of this borough, were fishing in the Manatawny Creek, in the vicinity of the P. S. V. Railroad bridge they observed a queer sort of a fish spring from the water and fly through the air for a considerable distance. When it landed in the water again young Heckner quickly struck it with his fishing rod, which stunned it, when Ed. Guest, a lad who was there, was prevailed on to swim in the creek and fetch it out, which he did, and a most wonderful creature it appears to be, being a veritable flying fish, having legs as well as wings. That night the above-named party brought the fish to the *Chronicle* office for inspection. It is about ten and a half inches long, quite stout toward the head, very much resembling a catfish in general appearance, but instead of a smooth, slimy skin, has scales, small but harsh. The wings, which grow out from beneath the gills, are three or four inches long, and appear and feel much like bony feathers. But the strangest thing about it is its legs and feet—one on either side, beneath the end of the jaw, just in front of the wings. They project downward about two inches, and each have three long toes. They are very slim, closely resemble the legs and feet of little chicks; they are not web feet. The nose and mouth is cut square off and is very peculiar. In fact, it is a curiosity well worth an examination.—[Pottsville Chronicle.

NOVEL SYSTEM OF DRAINAGE.—Albany, Ga., has been ingeniously relieved of what has long been a troublesome nuisance to her in the shape of a stagnant pond of water, which covered from one to two acres. The *News and Advertiser* says that it was all cleared off and the bottom made perfectly dry by Captain J. G. Stephens, the faithful and efficient Chairman of the Street Committee of the present city council, who had a derrick and windless erected near the edge of the pond, and put a force of hands to drilling a hole into the ground on the same principle that artesian wells are bored. His object was to find a subterranean stream or passage into which the pond could be drained. Such a passage was found at a depth of thirty-three feet, and then a square well was dug down to it and curbed all the way. Everything being ready, a ditch was dug and the water from the pond was turned into the well. It run in through a twelve-inch terra cotta pipe at the rate of about 600 gallons per minute, and disappeared as fast as it reached the bottom of the well.—[American Enquirer.

PERSIAN BATHS.—There are two remarkable restrictions in every Persian city. No Christian is ever permitted to enter one of the public baths. These baths are on the plan of what are called Turkish baths in America. The women bathe in the morning and the men in the afternoon. After the bath the bathers lounge in an outer room and gossip and smoke. For the women, especially, the weekly visit to the bath is like resorting to a woman's club. They take their sewing and embroidery, and after bathing sit for hours chatting, sewing and smoking the water-pipe. When the woman returns home from the bath she is full of gossip of the neighborhood, and has plenty to talk about for a week to come. In Turkey all sects can visit the bath, but the Persians allow no one to bathe with them but the faithful followers of the Prophet.

HOW TO MEND A MEERSCHAUM.—A smoker of the place happened to drop a handsome meerschaum pipe from his knees to the floor, and the stem parted in the middle. His friends immediately expressed their sympathy with him, but the man was not in the least disturbed by the disaster. He simply drew his knife from his pocket, extracted blood from his arm with one of the keen blades, and rubbing the broken ends of the pipe in the fluid, placed them together, and laid the article on a table to dry. It was a novel experiment, but it is said that it will work successfully every time, and that if a pipe is once broken and cemented with blood it will never again part in that place.—[Biddeford (Maine) Journal.

SEASONS PREDETERMINED.—Some time ago the discovery was made by Monsieur Ch. Montigny, by means of a beautiful instrument called the scintillometer, that blue largely predominates in the twinkling of the stars when there is much water in the atmosphere, and that the preponderance of green or violet is indicative of great dryness. A late series of tables by this Brussels savant indicates that he has hit upon a law by which a wet or dry season may be predicted with great certainty. Perhaps the best test of the soundness of his views is found in the fact that his scintillometric forecasts of the increasing drought in Belgium of the years 1883 and 1884 were fulfilled to the letter.

The forecasts of the weather bureau of France were verified last year in ninety cases out of every hundred, the percentage having steadily risen from eighty-one in 1881 to eighty-three in 1882, and to eighty-seven in 1883. Out of 189 alarm signals sent to the ports, 128 were fully verified, twenty-four were fairly correct, thirty-seven were incorrect, and only two gales were not foreseen.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of 20 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts; nothing else. Sold by druggists, and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1. For sale by KIRK, GEARY & CO. and JOS. HAHN & CO., Sacramento.
o11-1yTuThS

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR

Man and Beast

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

Buy no Machine until you have seen the Light-running, Always Reliable

DOMESTIC

Sewing Machine!

USED BY MOST ALL SEAMSTRESSES AND TAILORS, and by over 1,000 families in Sacramento. Cannot become noisy or heavy running, because it has no cogwheels; has connecting positive feed motion. The only machine with vibrating foot motion for Braiding, Embroidery, Quilting, etc. Positively Automatic Tension; need not be changed in sewing from light to heavy work. Self-threading Shuttle (larger than any), Self-setting needle, Tucker, Ruffler, Hemmers (5 sizes), Binder, Feller, Shirring Attachment, Lace Hemmer, Corder, Quilter, Bias-cutter. Neither thumb-screw nor screw-driver used to set any attachment. The only machine using Under Braiders. On demand, we will deliver a "DOMESTIC" to you, city or country, on trial. Do not buy **if it does not suit.** Old Sewing Machines taken in exchange. Write or send for illustrated Price List.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., New York.

A. J. POMMER, Agent.

505 J Street, Sacramento.
m2-8ptfMWS

A PERFECT SHOE

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

OUR PRODUCTIONS REPRESENT THE PERfection of Shoemaking. Look for our Name on the Soles: J. & T. COUSINS, New York.
m6tojy6&s1tojs1MWF&S

METALPOISON

I am a coppersmith by trade, and the small particles of brass and copper from filing got into sores on my arms and poisoned my whole system. Mercury administered brought on rheumatism, and I became a helpless invalid. I took two dozen bottles Swift's Specific. My legs, arms and hands are all right again. I use them without pain. My restoration is due to S. S. S.
PETER E. LOVE,
January 9, 1886. Augusta, Ga.

MALARIAL POISON.

We have used Swift's Specific in our family as an antidote for malarial poison for two or three years, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.
W. C. FURLOW.
Sumter county, Ga., September 11, 1884.

ULCERS.

For six or eight years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg. I was treated with Iodide of Potassium and Mercury, and I became helpless. Six bottles of Swift's Specific made a permanent cure.
M. D. WILSON, Gainesville, Ga.
February 28, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y. f6-1y&w1y

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.
The Original. Beware of Imitations.
Paris Medal on Every Bottle.
Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1878.

s30-1yTuThS

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For the Cure of all diseases of
Horses, Cattle, Sheep
DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
Used successfully for 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R.R., &c.
Endorsed & used by the U.S. Governm't.
Pamphlets & Charts sent free.
HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,
109 Fulton St., New York.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

DR. PIERCE'S
Electro-Magnetic Belt.

The Grandest Remedy ever discovered for the relief of suffering humanity. This appliance is a perfect GALVANIC BODY-BATTERY and capable of generating an electric current with or WITHOUT ACIDS. Entirely different in construction from all others. It will positively cure all diseases and weaknesses of male or female that it is possible to cure with Electricity or Magnetism. Hundreds cured. Call or address MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 704 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal. If ruptured send for our new illustrated book on rupture. mr21-4p3mTuThS

McMUNN'S ELIXIR OF OPIUM

Is the pure extract from the drug from which all the hurtful properties are removed and the medical ones retained. No headache, costiveness or sickness of the stomach attend its use. Price, 50 cents. All druggists. s28-1yTuThS

SKIN DISEASES WAYNE'S OINTMENT CURES
Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Scres, Pimples, Eczema, all Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. At Druggists.

This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., Washington street, Chicago, Ill. fe7-1yTuThS

SACRAMENTO PLANING MILL

MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, Windows, Blinds, Moldings. Finish Door and Window Frames. Brackets and Turning Stair Work a Specialty.
Corner Front and Q streets, Sacramento.
HARTWELL, HOTCHKISS & STALKER.
m22-4pim

CANDY FACTORY.

MRS. E. M. WIEDMANN, NOS. 418 J STREET and 419 K street (Metropolitan Theater Building), Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Candies and Nuts.
m12-3ptf

$5 BUYS A CORD OF STOVE WOOD, OR a TON OF COAL, at the C. O. D. Wood and Coal Yard, No. 401 I street. All orders promptly delivered to any part of the city.
je2-tf

DAILY RECORD-UNION.

—THE—

DAILY RECORD-UNION

Is the only paper of general circulation published outside of San Francisco in California.

THE RECORD-UNION

Is a consolidation of the business, circulation, good-will and news franchises of the SACRAMENTO DAILY UNION, established in 1852, and the DAILY RECORD, established in 1867.

As the successors to the circulation and long-established business of the two great dailies mentioned, it takes rank as

—THE—

OLDEST

—AND—

BEST

ESTABLISHED

JOURNAL

Published in the interior of all the Pacific States and Territories.

It is the only paper outside of San Francisco receiving the full Daily Telegraphic and Special Reports of the Associated Pres of New York.

It is the only paper published in the Capital of California that has a general coast circulation. As a Political, News and Literary Journal it occupies the front rank of journalism on the Pacific Slope. It is distributed in all the cities and towns on the Coast, and has the largest home circulation. It is the acknowledged leader and exponent of public opinion in the Pacific States and Territories.

It is the BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM on the Coast. All Postmasters are authorized to act as Agents for it.

Terms: $6 per year; $3 50 for six months; $2 for three months. Postage prepaid.

ADDRESS

Sacramento Publishing Co.,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR CITY AND country; $4 to $6 per day; no experience needed; 613½ J street, Room 1. je3-1w*

WANTED.

A MAN AND WIFE FOR A RANCH, $50, steady employment; a milker and butter maker, $30; also, 2 men to hay; also, men to drive header wagons; a man cook, $35; also, 2 waiters, $30. Female—A waitress for the country, $25, fare paid; a woman to cook for a ranch, $30; also, 6 girls for situation in the country, $15 to $30; also, 5 girls for housework in the city, $15 to $20; also, girls for various other work. Apply to HOUSTON & CO., Employment Office, Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. m13-1ptf

FOR SALE—TO LET.

TO LET—THE MODERNLY CONstructed House, with latest improvements, situated northwest corner Fourteenth and O streets. Inquire of JOHN EITEL, 317 J street, or W. P. COLEMAN. je5-3t*

ROOMS TO LET—IN SUITES; FURNISHED or Unfurnished, or for Housekeeping. Parties wishing the same will please call at 518 M street. je3-1w*

TO LET—ROOMS AND SUITES OF ROOMS, suitable for Doctors or Dentists' offices. Apply at 421 J street, Sacramento Gallery. je2-tf

FOR RENT—A COTTAGE HOUSE OF five rooms; hard finished; in good condition; rent, $15 per month. Apply at 1325 G street. je2-1w*

FOR SALE OR TO LET—HOUSE AND lot; house, 1218 F street; six rooms and bath; house newly painted; large Yard and Barn in rear; abundance of Fruit on premises. Inquire 817 K street. je2 6t*

FOR SALE.—A THOROUGH-bred Jersey Bull (registered), six years old, will be sold at a bargain, as the owner has no use for him. Apply at this office. m21-tf

FOR SALE, ETC.

FOR SALE,

HORSESHOE, STAR, CLIMAX, AND ALL other leading brands of TOBACCO, at 50 cents a plug. Best and Cheapest CIGARS in stock. Also, "FIRE DEPARTMENT" 5-cent CIGAR—best made.

METROPOLITAN CIGAR STORE,
CORNER FIFTH AND K STREETS, SACRAMENTO.
m15-1plm

Land zu verkaufen.

Einwanderer, Colonisten oder Leute, welche Land in großen oder kleinen Stücken kaufen wollen, werden es vortheilhaft finden, bei mir anzufragen.—Auskunft über Regierungs-Ländereien frei.
Carl Strobel, 321 J St., Sacramento.

$5,000.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR, STOCK, GOOD Will and Rights; clears $2,500 a year; cause for selling, death of partner; best investment in the State. Inquire at Factory, Petaluma, or address PETALUMA INCUBATOR COMPANY, Petaluma, Cal. je4-1p6t

25 FARMS
FOR SALE.

Large and small, in the Valley and Foothills. Best quality for Alfalfa, Grain and Fruit, from $1,000 upwards.

—ALSO—

9,000 Acres Patented Valley Land, all black soil. Best Horse and Cattle Range in Northern California.

Also, 40 CITY DWELLINGS For Sale and to Rent, all desirable locations. Rents and Bills Collected for a fair commission.
Send for Circular.
MONEY LOANS on Real Estate negotiated.
B. N. BUGBEY, Agent,
Office: "Mike Bryte's Building," southwest corner J and Seventh streets (upstairs). m20-1ptf

FOR SALE,
Two Ten-Acre Tracts!
FOUR MILES FROM THE CITY.
PRICE, $75 PER ACRE; Half Cash.

Apply to SWEETSER & ALSIP,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
m31-1m2p No. 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento.

FRUIT FARMS
FOR SALE,
—BY—
Sweetser & Alsip
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS,
No. 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento.

No. 52, of Catalogue.
For $7,000, a splendid Fruit Farm of 120 acres, with 2,000 bearing Vines and Nursery Stock; 1,