OUR GRAPE PRODUCTS.

THEIR DISPLAY AT THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

Important Notice to Viticulturist—A Matter of Interest to the Development of the State.

The committee appointed by the State Viticultural Commission, for the purpose of securing an exhibit representative of California's viticultural products, has issued the following address, and solicit the co-operation of vine-growers throughout the State:

The following samples are considered desirable by the committee, to be the main features of the exhibit, which should be in every possible particular, typical of the viticultural industry of this State:

1. Collection of wines, brandies, raisins and fresh grapes.
2. Photographs of vineyard scenes, wine cellars, grapes, charts, pictures or maps illustrative of the extent and diversity of the industry.
3. Samples of soils from different localities, vines of different ages showing the branch and root growth; pressed specimens of the foliage; specimens preserved in solution.
4. Products made from the grape, such as grape syrup, cream of tartar, etc.
5. A register of varieties of vines for sale, with the price and peculiarities of each concisely stated; also, prices of vines for sale and by whom.

The committee in charge of this exhibit are Hon. M. M. Estee of Napa, Chairman; I. Landsberger of San Francisco, Captain J. Chamon de St. Hubert and D. C. Feeley of Santa Clara county, E. W. Maslin, W. B. West and H. P. Livermore of Sacramento county, F. T. Eisen of Fresno, J. H. Drummond and Hon. W. McPherson Hill of Sonoma county.

In order that efficient work may be done in Southern California, the following gentlemen have been requested to co-operate with the main committee, with respect to samples of wines and brandies, viz: Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles, Hon. J. F. Crank of Pasadena, and R. J. Northam of Anaheim.

The following named gentlemen have been requested to assist the committee in securing proper samples of raisins, illustrative of their different sections, viz: Robert McPherson, Orange, Los Angeles county; Col. L. M. Holt, Riverside, San Bernardino county; Geo. A. Cowles, El Cajon, San Diego county; T. C. White, Fresno; D. A. Jackson, Woodland, Yolo county; Hon. J. A. Filcher, Auburn (for the foothills).

The following extracts, from a letter addressed by C. B. Turrill to the editor of the San Francisco *Merchant*, serve to show more particularly the nature of the exhibits desired and should be adhered to as closely as possible.

ARRANGEMENT BY COUNTIES.

"A careful study of the subject induces me to adhere to my previous plan of arranging the exhibits by counties, and then grouping these geographically. Thus the visitor forms a pretty correct idea of the resources and advantages of each section. And when he passes from one county collection to another and sees the same products displayed in so many of these geographical divisions, he is amazed at the fact that so many things are produced nearly all over the State.

A GENERAL DISPLAY.

"Besides this general arrangement, I want to have sufficient of the exhibits to make general class displays. For instance, I want to get up a general viticultural and vinicultural display, which will clearly show the extent and diversity of this branch of our State's productive possibilities. I shall be glad to have all the charts, pictures, maps, etc., that I can get, which will throw light on these matters. Photographs of vineyard scenes, wine cellars, grapes, etc., are the interesting pictorial part of such a display. There should also be samples of soils from different vineyards. Vines of different ages, showing the branch and root growth. These should illustrate the growth of different varieties as well as the fertility of the soil. There should be pressed specimens of the foliage. The vines will have to be dried, and the leaves will have to be removed; they will simply show the canes and the roots. The foliage must be pressed. Then we need specimens of the different varieties preserved in solution. I have a large collection of such now. These are in a preservative solution of my own, and keep admirably, retaining bloom as well as color, form and size. I put one bunch in a jar; after the solution has permeated the berries there is no fear but what all will keep well.

WINES IN BOTTLES.

"It is important that I should have in this special display as full an assortment as possible of wines and brandies of different varieties, vintages, and from as great a number of localities as they can be procured. Two or three bottles of each would be ample for this. I would urge that for this part of the display, if no other, the bottles should be clear, so as to show the color of the product contained. I think it would be well to have these bottles accompanied by concise statements of the grapes from which made, and also by an analysis. There are other points which will suggest themselves. It is important that all these vine products be put up in attractive shape. One large display of wines that came for the New Orleans Exposition would have made a better appearance had the bottles been better. Some apparently were ordinary beer bottles, and the hight was not the same. This was unfortunate, and was the cause of much adverse criticism. Wine dealers urge me to impress upon our makers the importance of filling the bottles fuller, and making the capsule come down just below the top of the wine. Remember that our wines will be criticised. It is well to avoid grounds of complaint when possible.

CAPPING AND LABELING.

"Care should be taken in capping, and especially in labeling. In the collection above referred to some of the bottles had been put into the sheaths before the labels had dried, and they were rumpled up past recovery. Too much care and attention cannot be paid to all these little details. There are thousands to notice them, and much depends upon attractiveness. Then there is another point; there is a constantly present tendency to compare our wines with the French, not alone in quality, but in the style of bottling, labeling, etc. We must put our best foot forward in all particulars. Many here have objected that in our wines the bottles are not full; that is to say, there is anywhere from half an inch to nearly two inches between the top of the wine and the bottom of the cork. It is important that I be supplied with a sufficient number of duplicate labels for all bottles, in order to replace the labels in the event of their becoming soiled or damaged.

THE RAISIN EXHIBIT.

"I have not mentioned the raisin industry. This is very important. And all that has been said regarding neatness and care is applicable here. People are astonished at the beauty and quality of our raisins. I let them test them when I can. The taste thus cultivated for our products creates a local demand that must be supplied. Every one speaks of the superiority of our California products. This sampling creates the desire to purchase, and local dealers come for the addresses of those to whom they can write for goods and prices."

EACH MAKER'S MITE.

A series of exhibitions is contemplated, and the committee asks the earnest, active co-operation of all. Let no one hesitate because he can contribute but little, for his mite will help to make the mass, and in that mass his individuality will not be lost. Each man gets full credit for what he does, and all have the honor of doing something for California.

There should be a reasonable supply of important wines that may be tasted by those who will be specially interested in our viniculture. This can be so conducted as to do great good. It is not necessary nor advisable to treat every man that comes along, but a little experience demonstrates who are the parties who will be the ones to assist in making a market for our wines.

Exhibits should be properly placed at Louisville by August 15th, but it is probable that the collection may be added to subsequent to that date. It will thus be seen that prompt action is necessary on the part of all our viticulturists.

HOW TO FORWARD EXHIBITS.

All that need be done by exhibitors, after packing, is to deliver their packages at the nearest railway station with special tags attached to them. These tags can be obtained from any member of the Central or Local Committees, or from the Secretary. They are addressed to T. H. Goodman, care of J. T. Carothers, Station Baggage Master, San Francisco, and state that the package is an exhibit for the Louisville Exposition. Mr. Carothers has received instructions to forward all packages so addressed to their destination without delay.

As it is deemed desirable that a record of all the California exhibits should be kept for record at the office of the State Commission, exhibitors are requested to forward to the Secretary full particulars of the number and nature of their exhibits, in accordance with the above instructions, with detailed accounts of any special peculiarities pertaining thereto.

All exhibits forwarded through this committee will be merely on exhibition as a general State display, and not for competition. They will be forwarded free of charge. Further information may be obtained by addressing Charles R. Buckland, Secretary, 323 Front street, San Francisco.

GREELEY'S RIDE WITH HANK MONK.

The following poem was read by Joaquin Miller at the Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Conn.:

The old stage drivers of the brave old days!
The old stage drivers with their dash and trust!
These old stage drivers, they have gone their ways,
But their deeds live on, though their bones are dust;
And still many a camp-fire tale is told
Of these daring men in the days of gold.

Of honest old Monk and his tally-ho,
When he took good Horace in his stage to climb
The high Sierras with the peaks of snow,
And 'cross to Nevada, "and come in on time;"
But the canyons below were so deep—oh! so deep—
And the summit above was so steep—oh! so steep—

The horses were foaming. The summit ahead
Was as steep as the stars on a still, clear night,
And steeper and steeper the narrow route led,
Till up to the peaks of perpetual white;
But the faithful old Monk, with his face to the snow,
Sat silent and stern on his tally-ho.

Sat silent and still, and sat faithful and true
To the great, good man in his charge that day;
Sat vowing the man and the mail must "go through
On time," though he bursted both trace and stay;
Sat, silently vowing, in face of the snow;
But the way was so steep, and so slow—oh! so slow.

The bleak pines were black; the bright silver peaks
Were silver worlds, singing of heaven and home;
Great eagles swooped by with bright, shiny beaks;
The far waters called from their canyons of foam—
Then, sudden out-popping a head snowy white—
"Mr. Monk, I *must* lecture in Nevada to-night!"

With just one thought that the mail must go through;
With just one word to the great, good man—
But weary—so weary—the stage wheels drew
As only the weary old stage wheels can—
When again shot the head, and it shrieked outright:
"Mr. Monk, I MUST lecture in Nevada to-night!"

Just then came the summit! And the world below.
It was Hank Monk's world. But he no word spake.
He pushed back his hat from the high peaks of snow!
He threw out his foot to the great, strong brake!
He threw out his silk! He threw out his reins!
And the great wheels reeled as if reeling off skeins!

The eagles were lost in the crags up above!
The horses flew swift as the swift light of morn!
The mail must go through with its message of love.
The miners were waiting his bright bugle horn.
The *man* must go through! And Monk made a vow
As he never had failed, why he wouldn't fail now!

How his stage spun the peaks like a fair spider's web!
It was spider and fly in the heavens up there:
And the swift swirling wheels made the blood flow and ebb,
For 'twas death in the breadth of a wheel or a hair.
And so out popped the head, and the piping voice cried:
"Mr. Monk! Mr. Monk!" But no Monk replied.

Then the great stage swung, as if swung from the sky;
Then it dipped like a ship in the deep jaws of death;
Then the good man he gasped, as man gasping of breath,
When they deem it is coming their time to die.
And again came the head, like a battering ram,
And the face it was red and the words they were hot:
"Mr. Monk! Mr. Monk! I don't care a ——
Whether I lecture to-night in Nevada or not!"

The Wine Crop.

Recent official reports show how enormous has been the increase of wine production in this country in recent years. The average annual production from 1877 to 1885 was 18,954,459 gallons, or more than 78 per cent. of the whole wine consumption. From 1870 to 1876 the country's consumption was almost equally divided between the imported and the domestic wines, but the latter are rapidly driving the foreign wines out of the American market. In 1840 the total import of foreign wines was 4,748,362 gallons, or 97.4 per cent. of the whole consumption of the country. In 1880 the total import of foreign wines amounted to 5,030,601 gallons, or less than 18 per cent. of the whole consumption. While the country's consumption of wine has increased 400 per cent. since 1840, the foreign import of wine has increased only 17½ per cent. in that period. In 1880 the total area devoted to wine culture was 181,683 acres, and the total wine production of that year amounted to 23,453,827 gallons, valued at $13,426,175.

One reason of the rapid growth of the wine production in this country is the liberal policy of the Government. While spirits are taxed ninety cents a gallon and malt liquors one dollar a barrel, the production of domestic wines is not subject to taxation. Domestic wines are favored at the same time by heavy import duties on foreign wines averaging more than sixty per cent. While heavy taxation has greatly checked the consumption of spirits for drink, the exemption of domestic wine from tax has encouraged its consumption in still greater proportion. The statistics of the consumption of spirits, malt liquors and wines mark the great change for the better that is going on in the drinking habits of the people of the United States. Prohibitionists would do well to observe that their policy has done nothing to promote this reform. So far from promoting it, the chief effect of prohibitory legislation is to arrest its progress.—[Philadelphia Record.

Human Eye-Balls as Ornaments.

A correspondent in Peru, writing to the Toledo *Blade*, says: It is still fashionable to go on resurrection expeditions to dig in the Inca burying grounds for mummies and things that were placed in their graves. The Incas had the same mode of preserving the dead as the ancient Egyptians, and in each grave were placed articles of decoration, as well as utensils required by the spirits to set up housekeeping in the happy land. Rings and other ornaments of gold and silver, cups and platters of both metals in quaint designs, copper articles, strings of beads, weaving and cooking apparatus, water jugs, pots and jars, and all sorts of things were placed in the graves, as well as weapons of war and other curiosities that interest antiquarians nowadays. Prof. Romandi, a distinguished French scientist in Lima, has a collection of Inca relics for which he was offered $200,000 gold by the London Museum. He is writing a voluminous work on the antiquities of Peru, under the patronage of the Government, three volumes of which have been published, and five more are yet coming. Any one can dig up all the relics he wants by hiring a couple of men and going out into the ruins, which cover the whole country along the coast. There are millions of graves yet untouched. The most curious things are mummies' eyes—petrified eyeballs—which are usually to be found in the graves if one is careful in digging. The Incas had a way of preserving the eyes of the dead from decay—some process which modern science cannot comprehend; and the eyeballs make very pretty settings for pins. They are yellow, and hold light like an opal.

HUMOROUS CULLINGS.

THE MOTHER.

These beautiful lines on "Maternity" are from *Life*:

A mother—yet not wife nor maid,
For days she sat, nor spoke nor stirred;
She could not, would not bow her head,
The sharp-closed lips gave forth no word.

The father of her children came,
But left her there, to live or die:
And yet her cheeks flushed not with shame,
No tear bedewed her weary eye.

Men came and looked. She reared her head
Nor flinched before their questioning gaze.
"Let time fulfill its work," they said,
Then sped them on their several ways.

One day her place was vacant. Men
Found near it the untasted food—
And proudly our old speckled hen
Led forth her downy, callow brood.

Girl at P. O.: "Any mail for me?" Gentleman: "Yes, a postal card; but you can do better than I if you can read it."

A chicken with a clipped wing made several ineffectual attempts to fly over a fence. An Irishman, who witnessed the efforts of the "chick," laughingly exclaimed, "Begorra, she has a defective flew."

An eccentric man, living on a farm on the edge of Rhode Island, was very averse to taking life. When asked why he didn't slaughter his fat pig, he replied, "I haven't the heart to kill it, for it seems so much like one of the family."

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat while eating turn its head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

An Irish Judge had the habit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the Court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on a prisoner as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I beg his pardon—bring him up."

"I'm sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another. "Do ye ken the reason o' thot?" asked the other. "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said the first man. "Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a singing in your ain head, John?" "No, never," answered John. "And do ye no ken the reason o' that? It's because it's crackit."

Witty the rejoinder was of Thackeray's reply to Montalembert at the Derby, the race which is run annually at Epsom. The Frenchman noticed on the course several men dressed as fancy sailors, not the genuine article. "Ah," said Montalembert, "these, I suppose, are some of what you call your British tars?" "No," said Thackeray, promptly, "they are only Epsom salts."—[Every Other Saturday.

SALT AS A DIET.

Some Interesting Facts About Its Use and Disuse.

No one will question that chloride of sodium (salt) is capable of doing serious harm if taken in any but small quantities. It is a mineral substance, an antiseptic, and, to some extent, a disinfectant, which indicates its antagonism to living things. A larger dose than that to which a person is accustomed produces great thirst and other discomforts. A still larger dose produces great nausea and vomiting. The continued use of large quantities produces one of the most serious diseases due to dietic errors, viz., scurvy. The popular belief that an appetite for salt is universal among lower animals is without foundation in fact. A certain class only, and that a very small class when compared with all other classes of the animal kingdom, evinces any special fondness for salt. Dogs, cats and other carnivorous or flesh-eating animals, show no fondness for salt. The same is true of all classes of frugivorous animals, of which the monkey is a representative, and in natural habits and constitution the nearest approach to man to be found in the whole animal world. Even herbiverous animals do not take salt daily with their food, as do human beings, but only at intervals, perhaps but a few times a year, or at certain seasons only, which suggests the thought that probably they take it as a medicine rather than as food; possibly as a vermifuge, as its occasional use is said to prevent certain intestinal parasites to which these animals are subject. That salt is not essential even to the health of herbiverous animals is evinced by the fact that in certain parts of the wourld where salt is utterly unknown as a natural product, antelope of all kinds abound in countless numbers. This is the case in Central Africa and in other parts of the world, and it is asserted by travelers in South Africa—even where salt occurs in abundance naturally—the various classes of antelope show no fondness for it. We know of many instances in which flocks of sheep and herds of cattle have been successfully reared without salt.

It is a well-known fact that in certain parts of the world salt is even more scarce than gold. In certain parts of Central Africa to say that a certain man eats salt is equivalent to saying that he is very rich. Yet these people have existed for all ages, and have enjoyed the very best of barbarous health without a taste of salt from infancy to old age. We have also been informed on creditable authority that in Siberia salt is not in use as a common constituent of food; and the same was true of numerous North American Indian tribes at the time of the discovery of this continent and for some centuries after, and is still true of the Pampas Indians of South America. In ancient as well as modern times there were non-salt-eating people, as we learn from Homer, who, in the Odyssey, refers to a nation who ate no salt. We are confident that chloride of sodium was never intended to be eaten as an article of diet. On theoretical grounds, it would be just as reasonable to add to our food quantities of phosphate of lime, powdered chalk, silica, magnesia, chloride of potash and other salts which are found in the body, as to add to it common salt. Indeed, the elements mentioned, or the most of them at least, are found in the body in much larger quantities than is common salt. It is not questioned that in an organized form, that in which it occurs in almost all our foods, salt is useful in the body; but it is certainly reasonable to suppose that the same wise Creator who knew just how much of phosphates and carbonates and other elements to put into our food, should also have known precisely how much chloride of sodium was best for us, and that the admixture of this one necessary ingredient was not left for the hap-hazard and uncertain judgment of man.—[Science Monthly.

Going Up-Stairs.

Many persons complain of the fatigue of mounting long flights of steps, and feel that they are failing before their time. There need be no anxiety on this score. Going upstairs is simply performing so much work in a given time. G. Farmer, who has investigated this subject, says: Just for curiosity I sent my assistant, who weighed 152 pounds, to climb the stairs at the Forty-second street station, to note the time in seconds which was required to climb them leisurely. He counted the stairs, 36, and it took him 34 seconds to climb them. The rise of each step was 8 inches; total rise, 8×36=288 inches=24 feet. Now, his weight, 152 pounds, multiplied by the total rise, 288 inches=43,786 inch-pounds=3,648 foot-pounds of work done in 34 seconds. Now, one-horse power does 550 foot-pounds in one second, and 34 seconds will do 34×550=18,750 foot-pounds; now divide 3,648 by 18,750, and we get 105, almost 1-5th of a horse-power, which this young man exerted while he was climbing these stairs leisurely. He said he usually went up two steps at a time when in haste. Now let us compare this work with that done ordinarily while walking on level ground. His average step when walking rapidly would be not far from 26 inches, and the distance from the ground to the thigh-joint would be not far from 33 inches; thus at every step he lifts his center of gravity 2⅔ inches—all, or nearly all, his weight above the knees will be raised 2⅔ inches at every step. Assume that 130 pounds would be lifted 2⅔ inches at every step, this would equal 341 inch-pounds per step. Now, divide 43,776 by 341, and we get 128.4 steps, which multiplied by 26 inches, gives us 3,338 4 inches=278 1-5 feet as the distance he would have to travel in 34 seconds to do work equivalent to climbing those stairs.

$$\text{This is } \frac{287.2\times3.600}{35\times5.280}=5.58 \text{ miles per hour.}$$

which I think is an under estimate. How few invalids—ay, how few tired persons could maintain this pace even for half a minute without great fatigue.—[Exchange.

"No One to Love."

I heard a curious story yesterday in regard to the well-known song—

No one to love! none to caress!
Traveling alone through life's wilderness.

The author of this song lives here in Washington and he boards at a hotel within a square or so of the White House. He is now a man of perhaps forty, and he wrote the song many years ago. He was in love with a beautiful girl, and the day was fixed for their marriage. In the interval between the engagement and this day the war broke out and the young man enlisted. He was on the field when the time approached for the wedding. It was on the eve of a great battle, and that the first battle in which the young man was to take part. He wrote to his sweetheart asking her to postpone the day of the marriage until after the fight. This she refused to do, and said if he did not return and keep his part of the engagement she would consider the engagement off. The young man preferred to trust to luck in regard to the engagement to being considered a coward in running away from his first battle, and remained on the field. His lady love, however, was so piqued at the refusal that she persisted in her rejection of his suit and married another man. Inspired with the feeling of the desertion the rejected wrote the song which has had such a wide run. He not only wrote the song, but he remained true to his first love and for some time, the story goes, he has been living here with his mother. Not long ago, however, his love's husband died, and since that time he has renewed the acquaintance of the widow, who, though older than when he went to the war, is still charming. The old flame has, it is said, revived in the fair widow's breast, and there is a fair prospect of a match.—[Cor. Boston Traveller.

A Boa Constrictor Sheds His Skin.

The big boa constrictor in Central Park shed his skin yesterday afternoon. When the first spring weather came he was placed in the great glass cage where the sunshine could warm him into life. All winter he had lain coiled up in a box near the hot steam pipes, his twenty feet of snakeness huddled into a small heap. He is so heavy it required two men to lift him back to the glass cage again. The sun shone on him and his mate, a boa nearly as big, for many days without effect. But yesterday morning he lifted his head sleepily and looked about the big den with his bright, gimlet eyes. Then he yawned and tried to stretch himself.

He was stiff from the long winter's sleep, and as his head swayed from side to side the mottled skin began to break just back of his neck. The head swung from side to side more violently, and the rent back of his neck grew larger. A piece of skin, transparent and looking like pure honey comb, dropped off and fell to the bottom of the cage.

By this time a great crowd of curious visitors pressed about the glass inclosure, watching the boa's efforts to peel off the old skin. Sidling up to the wooden sash that held the panes of glass, he pulled his length along, scraping the old skin off against the sharp partition. Very slowly the sinuous folds moved by, and it was fifteen minutes before a strip of flaky skin, somewhat like the scales of a big fish, was peeled off. This showed a strip of new skin beneath. But the strip peeled off was only about two inches wide, so the lumbering snake turned around and began scraping off the flakes in the same way on the other side. So the process was kept up until he finally emerged, looking fresh and slimy and glistening in his new mottled dress. The other boa has not yet parted with its last year's skin. While the snake was writhing in its efforts to clear itself a lady in the crowd fainted and was led out. [New York World.

Indestructibility of Gold.

Gold may be said to be everlasting, indestructible. The pure acids have no effect upon it. Air and water are alike prohibited from working its destruction; while to baser metals they are decay, to gold they are innocuous. Bury it through long ages, and when the rude tool of the excavator again brings it to light, while everything around it, and originally associated with it, has returned to dust from which it sprang; while the delicate form which it adorned has become a powder so impalpable as to be inappreciable; while the strong bone of the mighty warrior crumbles as you gaze upon it; while his trusty sword lies a mass of shale rust, the delicate tracery in gold which adorned it, or the finely wrought tiara which encircled the lofty brow of the fair damsel is there in its pristine beauty, perfect as when it left the workman's hands and became the joy of her fleeting moments. Yes, days, years, centuries upon centuries have rolled by, mighty empires have risen and fallen, dynasties that dreamed their power was to be everlasting have passed away; armies have marched, conquered and become nerveless with decrepit old age; cities teeming with population and commerce have become the dwelling place of the owl and the bat; the very pyramids themselves, raised in the pride of power, and destined to be forever, have crumbled and crumbling; and yet that thin filament of gold has stood unchanged through all these mighty changes; it has withstood triumphantly the destroying hand of time; it is to-day what it was 3,000 years ago. Surely it is a noble metal worthy of all admiration.—[Sir Henry Vivian.

NICKNAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES.—Bell City, Racine, Wis.; Bluff City, Hannibal, Mo.; City of Churches, Brooklyn, N. Y.; City of Elms, New Haven, Conn.; City of Flour and Sawdust, Minneapolis, Minn.; City of Magnificent Distances, Washington, D. C.; City of the Plains, Denver, Col.; City of Rocks, Nashville, Tenn.; City of Roses, Little Rock, Ark.; City of Spindles, Lowell, Mass.; City of the Straits, Detroit, Mich.; Corn City, Toledo, O.; Cream City, Milwaukee, Wis.; Crescent City, New Orleans, La.; Delta City, Alexandria, D. C.; Falls City, Louisville, Ky.; Forest City, Cleveland, O.; 'Frisco, San Francisco, Cal.; Garden City, Chicago, Ill.; Gate City, Keokuk, Ia.; Gem City, Quincy, Ill.; Gotham, New York city, N. Y.; Modern Athens, The Hub, Boston, Mass.; Monumental City, Baltimore, Md.; Mound City, St. Louis, Mo.; Bluffs City, Kansas City, Mo.; Paper City, Holyoke, Mass.; Quaker City, Philadelphia, Pa.; Queen City, Porkopolis, Cincinnati, O.; Railroad City, Indianapolis, Ind.; Shell City, Mobile, Ala.; Smoky City, Pittsburg, Pa.; Star City, Lafayette, Ind.; Tusselburg, Alton, Ill.; Tunnel City, North Adams, Mass.; Zenith City, Duluth, Minn.; City of the Angels, Los Angeles; Splinterville, North Braddock.

ILLEGAL SILVER COINAGE.—A New York *Herald's* Washington special says: That there was much more silver in the treasury and in circulation than had been coined by the United States Government, and consequently that some private enterprise must be engaged in making standard silver dollars and fractional currency of good silver of proper weight and fineness, which cannot be distinguished from those issued by the Government, has been for some time the subject of investigation by the Treasury Department, and the impression is given out that such a thing is quite possible. The Government buys $24,000,000 worth of silver bullion per year, and with that coins from 27,000,000 to 28,000,000 standard silver dollars, making a profit of from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 per year. A private establishment, possessing itself of counterfeit dies made from a proof piece from the mint, might easily make this, or a greater profit, if they could secrete themselves beyond detection. It is believed that a great quantity of the silver current is the unauthorized production of some private establishment.

A PARROT GOES TO CHURCH.—Children's day was celebrated in the Methodist Church at Rexford Flats yesterday, and the church was handsomely decorated with flowers, while numerous canaries in cages suspended from about the edifice added their sweet music to the singing of the children. One lady, not having a canary, brought an accomplished but not genteel parrot to church. The parrot behaved well for a time, but finally when a little boy of his acquaintance stood on the platform and began a recitation the bird commenced to mock him, causing considerable amusement to the congregation and greatly annoying the boy. Finally the parrot screeched out: "Hey you little devil!" which had the effect of completely breaking up the young declaimer and demoralizing the congregation. The bird was led out of the church in disgrace. [Schenectady Star.

GRANT.

Waiting, waiting, calmly waiting,
Sat the hero in his chair,
As he saw the end approaching,
With his mind serene and clear;
Day by day and hour by hour,
And through silent watch of night,
Hoping, praying for the breaking
Of the bands that held his flight.

He had sat as calmly watching,
'Mid the rain of shot and shell,
As he saw contending legions
Fill the ranks of those who fell.
Man to man he saw them struggle,
Hand to hand with nerve of steel,
For the right, with hearts unflinching,
Knowing well 'twas death to yield.

Once again we see him waiting,
'Mid the wild applause of men,
As they raise him to the highest
Place e'er known to mortal ken:
Kings and peasants, saints and sages,
Bowed in honor to his name;
Yet midst all the princely splendor,
He, our Chief, was still the same.

While, alas! our noble Chieftain
Leaves a nation bathed in tears,
Grateful hearts in saddest requiem
Chant his praise for coming years;
E'en while seasons run their changes,
With the ebbing of the tide,
Through the roll of endless ages
He'll be crowned Our Nation's Pride.

—[Israel Luce.

Sacramento, July 30, 1885.

Three New Ideas in Styles.

Said the barber: "The imperial is going out of style and is now never worn by young men except to lengthen a moon face or hide a deformity. Even the elderly men are having them cut off. The fashion for perfectly smooth faces is constantly getting a foothold. The style was set by actors and kept in motion by esthetic school girls, who complain that the mustache tickles. As a rule, the growth of hair on a light-complexioned person is more luxuriant than on the dark skin. The rage for banging the hair in front of the ears has lost favor in dude circles."

Said the shoemaker: "Young men are wearing shoes with much thinner soles than formerly. Many of them prefer what is known as the paper sole, so long in vogue among women to shop in of an afternoon. The fashion is coming around gradually to pointed toes again. Patent leather is not so much used for street shoes. Yellow, pink and maroon-colored kid is liked better. The yellow shoestrings are seldom called for except by colored persons or rustics."

Said the notion dealer: "Bright colors in cravats will be most sought for. The fashion will be plaids of black and yellow and crimson, or purple and pink. The coming cravat will be of the pattern worn by our forefathers—the kind that ties in front in a knot and falls down carelessly over the shirt bosom. The shirt-hider is in exile."—[Baltimore Herald.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION.—Parties when asked what they would charge to furnish corn enough to cover a checkerboard, placing one kernel on the first block, two on the next, four on the next, and so on, have answered from $5 to $10. Local mathematicians have figured it up and find that it would take 8,680,760,438,824¾ bushels, estimating it at 200,000 kernels to a bushel, which at sixty cents per bushel amounts to $5,208,402,203,294 85.—[Ithaca Journal.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

mr2-1yMWS&w1y

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WALLACE A. BRIGGS, M. D.,
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No. 2—800 acres, with valuable improvements, at $40 per acre. Of this 160 acres are in cultivation; 10 acres in Orchard with choice fruit, in full bearing; 18 acres in Hops (a heavy crop); the remainder in Alfalfa, Oats and Barley, etc.; 100 acres of this orchard, hop and alfalfa land is protected by a large and substantial levee, front and rear, with pumping apparatus to remove surplus rain and spage water in wet winters, and to irrigate in very dry summers; this 100 ac