FLOATING GARDENS.

THE HISTORIC RELICS OF THE ANCIENT AZTECS.

A Day on the Viga Canal—Fandangoing With Poppy-Wreathed Indians at Santa Anita.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]
CITY OF MEXICO, May 21, 1886.

One of the most delightful excursions that can be made anywhere in the world is up the Viga Canal. A covered boat, with awnings, movable benches, and two Indians to propel it, may be hired for about $3 per diem. But in negotiating with a thorough-going Mexican it is as necessary to "dicker" as it is with the traders of Jerusalem—not that these gentle people are sharp at driving a bargain, like their Yankee neighbors, but that they cling to the customs of their Moorish progenitors, expecting always to "come down" at least half on the original price. For example, if you are a novice here—which fact is evident at a glance—the first boatman you interview will probably ask you an enormous sum for the day's use of his craft. Should you take him up at the offer, he will regard you as lawful prey and proceed to cheat you unmercifully as long as you remain in his clutches. The proper thing to do is to shrug your shoulders and turn up your nose after the manner of a "pawnbroker," and contemptuously proffer him about one-tenth of his price. Then his vehement protests and gesticulations speedily collects a crowd of brother boatmen, who each puts in his oar—all offering at once—they gradually descending in the gamut of charges and you ascending, till at length a "golden mean" is hit upon.

For this excursion it is best to make up a party of congenial spirits (if they can be found in this far-away country), to provide generous lunch-baskets and to start at the first peep of dawn, that there may be ample time for picnicking among the floating gardens at mid-day and a glimpse of the evening festivities at Santa Anita. Leaving

THE GARITA DE LA VIGA,

(An old Spanish water-gate, at which toll is taken from the market-boats), before sunrise, one meets multitudes of canoes coming down to the city, each with an overflowing cargo of fruits, flowers or vegetables. Every mummy-like figure, wrapped to the eyes in rebosa or zarape, (for the morning air is chilly), murmurs a musical "*Buenas dias, Senores,*" as you pass, generally supplemented by the solicitous query—"*Como passe V. la noche?*"—("How did you pass the night?"). The poorest of these people are wonderfully polite. Among all manner of small craft the majority are *chalupas*—perhaps the very same used by Cortez's Indian spies more than three centuries ago—each managed by a single native, who stands upright in poses fit for a sculptor and plies his long pole with marvelous dexterity. Not uncommonly it is an Indian girl alone, and a very pretty figure she makes ensconced among her market produce. Scores of flatboats are piled high with fragrant alfalfa, and canoes are laden with tobacco, castor oil beans, freshly-gathered rushes with which to decorate the doors of pulque shops, or loads of poppies and marigold to strew upon the floors of some church for a fiesta or a funeral.

Gliding along under the bending willows the scene upon either side is surpassingly beautiful. The hills which environ the far-famed Valley of Mexico are still wrapped in their misty *robes de nuit*, but the first rays of the rising sun flush snow-crowned Popocatapetl and his dead twin, Ixtaccihuatl ("The White Woman"), stretched on her bier beside him. To the left rise those hights upon which the signal-fires of the Aztecs were kindled during the early days of Spanish invasion, and a little farther on is "The Hill of the Star," where the saguinary priests of Montezuma

SACRIFICED A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

Captive at the end of each cycle of fifty years, believing that the world would end in total darkness unless their gloomy gods were thus propitiated.

The few houses in sight are mostly of wild cane, thatched with Spanish-dagger leaves; while here and there a gray-walled or pink-tinted adobe villa, with private water-gates, is slowly moldering upon the banks, apparently uninhabited for centuries, and a proper prowling place for spooks. Numerous old churches, most of them now ruinous and disused, point their crumbling towers heavenward on both sides of the way—for the Catholic lawmakers of olden times granted lands and extraordinary perquisites to pious souls who erected churches. The shallow salt marshes stretching for miles along the right are a literal hunter's paradise, being blackened with wild ducks, millions of which winter and summer here. The lands not diked into gardens are kept submerged, a kind of duck preserve, and are leased for "happy hunting grounds." The Indians have a singular mode of committing wholesale slaughter, which at least has the merit of effectiveness. Several hundred musket barrels are planted along in hollowed logs, so arranged that half of them point horizontally along the water to sweep the birds that are sailing, while the rest are elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees to rake those that rise. The guns are all touched off at once by a fuse or electric battery, and the execution is terrific.

THE "FLOATING GARDENS,"

Or *chinampas*, as the natives call them, are generally disappointing at first sight to the tourist who has read much of Prescott. But, though the soil is now mostly solidified, time was when it actually floated, and in that condition bore crops. To this day, expanses are found which are kept in place by stakes, with four feet of water running below them, yet are strong enough to sustain grazing cattle. Farther on one meets many wandering strips of verdure, appropriately called *cintas* (ribbons), drifting about wherever the current carries them. We are told that in earlier times, these floating fields with their growing cargoes were sometimes wrecked like vessels, by being bumped together in gales of wind, or driven ashore; and that murderers and political refugees have been known to defy pursuit by diving under the illusive areas, to "bob up serenely" elsewhere. The gardens of to-day, which liberally supply the market of Mexico's capital, are formed by the division of what was once all water—but now made earth, with small, square patches, intersected by narrow canals. So tiny are the gardens that the owners, paddling around them in their canoes, can easily "irrigate" their estates by tossing on water with a gourd.

But though the celebrated *chinampas* no longer float, they are curious because of their origin. No human being knows how many years, or ages, after the roving Aztecs had wandered from their unknown "Aztlan, the country of Herons," they reached this valley of Mexico and settled first near Chapultepec, the "Grasshopper Hill" of their predecessors, the Toltecs. Being persecuted here by the Princes of Tlaltocan,

THEY TOOK REFUGE,

About the year 1245, in a group of islands to the south of Lake Texcoco. But here they fell under the grievous yoke of the Texcocan Kings, and soon fled to Texapan. At the latter place they assisted the chiefs in a war against other petty princes, and as a reward were set at liberty and allowed to establish themselves in a city which they called Mexicaleingo. But even here the Aztecs could not be contented, for their priests were still searching for that spot foretold by the gods, which their oracle had announced would be indicated by an eagle with a snake in his beak, perched upon a rock in the midst of the waves. The long-looked-for fulfillment of the prophecy did not come till 1325. And to-day a queer old monument in the heart of the modern capital marks the exact spot (then covered by Lake Texcoco) where believing Aztecs beheld the snake-eating bird which now figures upon the national escutcheon, perched on a prickly pear which grew out of a rock in the midst of waves, calmly breakfasting upon an enormous serpent.

During all their wanderings the Aztecs cultivated the earth and lived upon what nature gave them. Surrounded by enemies, and

IN THE MIDST OF A LAKE

Where were few fish, necessity compelled them to form floating fields upon the bosom of the water. They wove together the roots of aquatic plants, intertwined with twigs and light branches, till a foundation was formed strong enough to support soil, which they drew from the bottom of the lake, washed free from salt, and in it sowed their maize and chili. These floating gardens were about a foot above the water, in the form of a long square. Many of them held also the bamboo hut of the owner—his only habitation; and when the neighborhood was not to his liking (for the early citizens of Tenochtitlan lived mostly in huts erected on piles over the water), he had but to assemble the family upon his estate and paddle it away! So strong was this natural love for flowers that the useful was soon secondary to the ornamental, and the little gardens became gay with blossoms and aromatic herbs which were used in the worship of the gods or to bedeck the palace of the Emperor. Truly, that ancient city, with its watery avenues and floating fields, must have been far more interesting than the modern town—a charming place for tourists' visits, barring such inconveniences as the sacrificial stone and the insatiate appetite of old Huitzilopoctli for the hearts of human victims!

SANTA ANITA,

The first village on the Viga beyond the City of Mexico, is the universal rallying point on Sundays, both for natives and sight-seekers from the capital. There is always a *fiesta* at Santa Anita, and the Indians are forever fandangoing, pulque-drinking and ballad-singing. On arriving at this village, the first business of everybody is to secure a wreath of poppies and corn-flowers, which the women wear upon their tangled hair and the men upon their sombreros—though perhaps the "human form divine," thus beautifully crowned, may be but partially covered with scant and dirty rags. Lovely wreaths sell for a *madio* (six cents) apiece, and the woman, young or old, who is not wreathed before the day is over is either deep in disgrace or hopelessly out of fashion. This innate love of flowers is a direct heritage from the swarthy founders of the floating gardens. History tells us that the most valuable gift which Montezuma presented to the Spanish embassadors who came to his court was accompanied by a rare bouquet—and a strange anomaly it must have seemed, the love of the beautiful combined with their blood-curdling religion! Baron Von Humboldt remarked upon the same peculiarity centuries afterward, and so have all other writers on Mexico. To-day those who sit in the market-places must embower themselves in green branches garlanded with flowers, while some prosaic pulque barrels are wreathed with roses, and mugs and pitchers are similarly adorned. The poorest village church has its floor strewn with blossoms, and fresh bouquets are always arraigned upon the altars before service begins. The babe at its christening, the child at its confirmation, the bride at her wedding and the corpse in its coffin are alike adorned.

AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE

Next above Santa Anita is a rare old church, which was built by Cortez more than three hundred years ago, but is still in daily use. It is well worth a visit, and if the doors chance to be closed, a few cents will induce the custodian (who lives conveniently near) to produce the key and reveal all its treasures of antique ugliness. In the rear is a weed-grown graveyard, with rows of grinning skulls ranged along the arms of its central cross, which is surrounded by the usual heap of human bones. In front of the church, facing the plaza fountain where the women collect with their water jars and linger to gossip, as even Indian women will—are several blue painted adobe tombs. The vaults are mostly empty, except a few moldy bits of coffins (as any one may see by looking in), but each is graced by the owner's skull and cross-bones placed carefully on top. There is something charmingly grotesque in the idea that these long dead folk have come out to watch the little world they left and listen to the endless gossip at the fountain; and each eyeless "dome of thought" seems to wear a cheerful grin as if appreciating the situation!

Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than the evening home-coming down the Viga—the happy-hearted natives singing on shore and in their boats, or fandango dancing to twanging guitars, while the dusky gondoliers keep time to the music with their paddles; meantime the sleepy water is growing purple beneath the willows, and the soft twilight of this marvelous climate is throwing its glamour over all. Everybody, of whatever age or color, sex or station, wears a poppy wreath; and since it is "better to be out of the world than out of fashion," Betsy and I don them also and enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

FANNIE B. WARD.

The Pastime of Archery.

"Stout arm, strong bow and steady eye,
Union, true heart and courtesie."

The above is a very appropriate motto for the pastime on which Roger Ascham, great scholar as he was, did not disdain to write one of the most exhaustive treaties now extant. The subject has never since been more carefully and thoroughly dealt with, and if you are an archer you will know that the cupboards in which bows, arrows, etc., are kept, are now called after him, "Aschams."

Considering the enlarged population, the number of people who practice archery is not increasing, though the standard of proficiency has gone up considerably. It is so healthy and so enjoyable, and there are so few difficulties in the way, it is a pity that the art does not revive as a general amusement in the country. All that is needed in the way of implements is a bow, about six arrows, a quiver, an arm-guard and finger-stalls attached to a sort of glove.

Ladies' arrows are lighter than those men use, and must be selected according to the strength of the bow, which for the stronger is from 25 pounds to 80 pounds, and for ladies from 25 pounds to 40 pounds.

In selecting the ground, almost any grass field would do if it were mown. The great object is to get a level one, but if it cannot be managed, there is this consolation, that the majority of archery grounds are not level, and that consequently if you are always practicing on one that is, you will have more difficulty in your neighbor's territory which is faulty.

With regard to the size of such a ground, you must judge by the distances which I will now give. In the old-fashioned archery club meetings in the country, the men used to shoot at 80 yards for the long distance, and 60 yards for the short; the ladies, at 60 yards long distance, and 50 yards short; the number of arrows being determined by the rules of the club; now what is called the York Round is adopted by gentlemen. It was first used at the Great Northern Archery Meeting held at York in 1844, and is as follows: 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 yards.

The ladies adopt the National Round—48 arrows at 60 yards, and 24 arrows at 50 yards. The targets are placed at 85 yards distance, and the point at which the shooter is to stand is marked by a cork sunk in the ground, or some easy method of the kind, and the prevailing rule is that they are only allowed to extend it on either side to the length they can step from that mark in a straight line.

At prize meetings the gentlemen generally shoot in the morning, while the ladies shoot in the afternoon. There are two shooters to each target, and mostly three targets.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for June.*

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—It was a psychological treatment that was given to the inebriate son of a rich family, but it was so recently that the result cannot yet be given. A familiar trick of the New York rumseller, especially if his groggery is in Broadway, is to decorate it so oddly or sumptuously that it advertises itself to luxurious drinkers. A recently-opened concern is wonderful for its mirrors, which line its walls, take the places of screens, and confront the visitor with his own reflection at every turn. The glass is so clear and true that the shadows seem reality. The space back of the bar is panelled ingeniously with mirrors set at various angles, so that the drinker sees himself in the act of drinking in duplicate. Here it is a profile, there a three-quarter view, and yonder a full-face likeness, until with a sweep of the eyes along the wall he finds himself six times repeated. The dandy likes it, and the fellow anxious as to his appearance is gratified; but the father of this particular rounder endeavored to use the invention for reform. The youth was dilapidatedly drunk, almost in delirium tremens, when the parent insisted on drinking with him. They went into the mirrored saloon. The son raised a glass of whisky unsteadily to his lips. "Now look at yourself," exclaimed the father; "how do you like that row of exact portraits," and so on through a temperance lecture that—according to the report of Police Captain Williams, of that precinct, who chanced to hear it—was touchingly impressive. The bummer consented to be sent to an asylum to sober up. *Cor. Albany Journal.*

THE LADIES.

SUBJECTS WHICH CONCERN THEM ALONE,

And Into Which the Gentlemen Have No Right to Make Any Inquiry.

With woman's natural love of beauty and color, added to the astonishing premium placed upon "good clothes" by society and the press, we are not surprised that the horizon of so many women's lives are bounded by dry goods establishments, and the dictionary of their language contained in the bazars of fashion. We have just tossed aside a recent number of one of the most influential journals of the East, twelve pages of which are filled with what purports to be a record of American society, past and present, and a list of names are given of women in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Louisville, who are to be handed down to posterity as famous for what? For their helpfulness to the age they lived in? For earnest work for the future? For an unselfish hospitality? For having developed and consecrated to friends their best gift of song or conversation? No! but for the quality of the dry goods they wore. Twelve pages and not a hint that one of these ladies gave utterance to a brilliant thought, a suggestive repartee, but that like a procession of wax figures they passed before the admiring world, habited as follows: Mrs. —— appeared in many elegant robes; her evening toilets were as follows, etc., etc., etc. In the name of womanhood, we protest, and for the sake of American girlhood, we beg the editors of our representative journals to put a premium upon something in the world besides dry goods. In every city, the homes which have become true literary centers—the rare places where genuine manhood and womanhood are recognized, despite the awkward setting of plain attire, are passed by in contempt, in making up a social record to show the progress of the last century, so long as women are content to be judged only by the amount of expensive dry goods they wear, so long will they be subject to much criticism. In a girl, however pretty, what is there to interest one if they read nothing in her face, from time to time, but that she is getting daily more worn and jaded in the search for a rich husband? But give her one genuine, one disinterested taste, and all is changed. Girls entering the world, determined to run the wordly course, I would say this to you. Try to win for yourselves one taste of a truer and deeper sort. Study Wordsworth and some parts of Shelley; open your sympathies, by their aid in one direction. Learn to love the woods, the wild flowers with all their infinite changes of scent, and color and sound; the rippling stream, the rolling mists. Let these things grow to haunt you like a passion, and then by and by go look into the looking-glass and study your own face. Hasn't some new look come into your eyes, and given them expression—a something they wanted before? Aye, more and more, dear girls, to-day intoxicated, enervated by the strange passion for dress, begin to study humanity; determine to do something toward making life brighter for other people, and get into the habit of sometimes studying the old gold and crimson, the lovely rose, and dreamy blue, or pearl-tinted gray of God's sunset clouds; lift your eye just above the shop windows, and honor the woman whose conversation is filled with pearls of thought, and rubies of wit, and diamonds of suggestions, and then shall you have filled one claim to a place in the record of America's true women.—*Hancock (Ia.) Observer.*

TIGHT LACING TO BE FASHIONABLE.

"Is it true," was asked one of our best-known modistes, "that tight lacing is coming into fashion again?"

"Yes, it is true. You see it is fashionable for ladies to be broad-shouldered and small-waisted, and customers of mine, whose clothes I used to make from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches, waist measure, now have them fully five inches smaller. Only a year ago a natural waist, measuring say from twenty-five to twenty-seven inches, was considered graceful and pretty, which it really is, but now it is not fashionable to measure more than from eighteen to twenty-three. Of course the lacing is done by means of the corset, but sometimes I nearly break my fingers trying to fit and close basques that are so tight they will not meet without an effort. While everything must be very tight in the waist, breadth and fullness about the shoulders and bust are striven after, as they serve by contrast to intensify the seeming smallness of the waist. Do I use padding? Oh, yes; lots of it. The hollows between the shoulders and under the arms are filled out with it, and in some cases one whole shoulder is made with it, notably where one shoulder is higher than the other. Everything must fit skin tight these days, and if one has not a good figure it must be made good. A favorite method of procedure is to fit first on the figure a lining, on which the figure is built out with cotton wherever needed. Over this is fitted a second lining, and then comes the dress material.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MAKING HER THINGS LAST.

Every housekeeper knows how careful treatment keeps table-linen and household furniture. Girls do not always know or remember that great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to dress nicely on very little money. A lady says: "When I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for 'making her things last.' Her dress, hats, gloves and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she managed to make them last so without their looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered. Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with, the strings and laces being straightened and rolled out most symmetrically each time. Her gloves were never folded together, but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon the other, each time they were used, the tinist hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself. But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed upon her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the upper part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon from becoming limp and creased, but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon, and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh. That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely, and was unusually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it."—*Good Cheer.*

BAGGY HYGIENIC GARMENTS OF CRANKS.

"If the lecturers on modern dress," said a physician to me, "in relation to health and disease would only be a little more considerate of personal appearance, and not always upset their arguments by advocating 'combinations' and stockings of wool, a woolen union garment, with divided skirt and a dress, there would be some use in their preaching. But both men and women who deliver themselves to the scary instruction relative to the abandonment of fashionable dress always go a step too far. They will not be moderate. They will allow of no medium way for women to look graceful and pretty while conforming to these abominable hygienic principles. Women ought to be told that when they bare their shoulders below a certain point they expose the upper lobes of the lungs—the seat of consumption; that when they can not fasten their belts without their corsets they are laced too tight; that when they wear high heels on their boots they throw their weight on muscles that should never be strained, beside eventually distorting the shape of the leg. All this and much more it is well for silly women to be told, but they will not heed this knowledge so long as the only remedy offered be the baggy hygienic garments devised by strong-minded cranks."—*Clara Bell's Letter.*

NEW WHITE DRESS FABRICS.

We are to have a season of white fabrics. Muslins, lawns, cambrics, in all their varieties, have been bountifully provided; and silks, satins and crapes are in great variety. These, however, have all been shown in past seasons, and still there has been a need unsupplied. The changeable climate and cool atmosphere, more especially of mountain and seaside resorts, make thin toilets neither comfortable nor safe, and the beautiful silk fabrics are "too much dress," as women say, for many occasions. Cladette made its appearance last season, and was eagerly welcomed wherever shown. Feather cloth is a delicate armure, a little lighter in weight than cladette; snowflake has a glittering crape-like surface; convent cloth is a fine momie, and gypsy cloth, the lightest of all, a canvas weave with a shimmer of silk in its open meshes. It will be seen that all favorite styles of weaving are represented. An inspection of the goods show that they vary in warmth and that the varying styles are adapted to combination with all styles of trimming. They also come in two shades, the cream-white, for ordinary wear, and snow-white, for mourning, and each material is shown in a number of grades.—*Journal of Fabrics.*

SOFT AND WHITE HANDS.

A woman whose pretty hands are being ruined by washing in hard water writes to ask a remedy. Water can be easily softened with a few drops of ammonia, or, what is better, a small piece of lump borax. Warm water into which enough borax has been dissolved to make the water feel a little slippery when pressed between the thumb and finger is very good for washing the hands. Hands kept dirty are never smooth and white. Absolute cleanliness is necessary. Many people who do not work wash their hands but seldom. The day's accumulation of dirt is allowed to remain on the hands all night. Upon rising the hands are washed in cold water. The possessor wonders why, when she does no work, her hands do not look any better, if as well, as her chamber-maid's. The hands should always be washed in warm soapsuds before going to bed. White soaps are safest. Highly scented and colored soaps are almost invariably made from rancid and ill-smelling fats. After the hands are thoroughly dried use a few drops of mixed glycerine and camphor, which the druggist can prepare for you. Drop into the palm of the hand and rub on the hands. This will be all that will be necessary to show decided improvement.—*Good Housekeeping.*

CULTIVATION OF STYLE AND TASTE.

Style is a gift of temperament and carriage, cultivated by the clever use of one's eyes. It is the refinement of taste that does not wear cloth to an afternoon reception, or a jetted wrap on a shopping tour. It is difficult to some in velvet, and easy to others in plain cashmere. It furnishes the good sense that puts the woman of 50 into quiet colors or black. It would not permit a scarlet scarf drawn about the shoulders, and checked gaiters on the feet of a woman conspicuous in an opera-house, affording amusement to the occupant of the stalls. No blueness of blood nor insignia of caste nor aristocracy of intellect can palliate an offense like this against the laws of fashion. Style or good taste would not allow a woman well on in the fifties to invite the criticism of the same gay assemblage with full-blown pink roses indiscriminately stuck about her bonnet, giving it the look of a headgear for a burlesque performance. One could overlook the want of taste which prompted the roses better than the ignorance that made the wearer explain to the person at her side, when the massive head of "Romeo" as "Orion" appeared above the rocks, "That is Mr. Orion."—"*Puritan" in New York Star.*

BEAUTY IS "ROYALTY IN FORCE."

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers all felt its influence, and they have bequeathed to us in their writings innumerable allusions of beauty, which show us that they, too, well know the power of it. One has told us that "a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be writ in your favor." Another calls it "a short-lived tyranny;" a third, a "silent fraud," because it imposes upon us without the help of language. But Carneades spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he calls it "royalty in force."—*Baltimore American.*

WOMEN WITH SILVERY WHITE HAIR.

Elderly women who rejoice in the possession of a good suit of silvery white hair, and have the roses of health and the fullness of mature ripe years, are permitted to wear their hair uncovered, a crown of glory, dressed in puffs, braids, curls, frizzes, bangs or waved Madonna-like over their foreheads, and blended with a pale blue, rose, green mauve or black velvet ribbon. For breakfast they may wear the daintiest bit of old lace or sheer muslin decorated with a black or colored ribbon bow, forming what the French woman would call a capeline and the American a head-dress. *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WAX SPOTS ON CARPETS.

Wax can be taken out of carpets by several very simple methods. Lay a thick piece of blotting paper over the wax, and apply a hot iron to it; the paper will absorb the wax that is melted by the heat. If, in doing this, any dark traces should remain on the carpet, rub a little benzoline carefully on, drying the same with a cloth. Another method is to drop a few drops of boiling water immediately on the spots, and dry after with a cloth; care must be taken that the colors in the carpet will stand hot water. Green is the most dangerous color to fear.

DISHWASHING FOR HEALTH.

There is no such certain cure for a poor circulation, the constant and varied exercise with hands in hot water sending the blood to the extremities swiftly and freely, and neuralgia will fly before it. A young lady who is an enthusiastic pianist, tells me her fingers are never so supple as on Monday morning, when she has a pan of hot water brought in the sunny breakfast room and "takes Kate's place washing up the breakfast things." Do not be afraid of it, only let your dishwashing be done decently and in order.—*Good Housekeeping.*

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good at parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the kind that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong?—*Home Visitor.*

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ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CAUSE AND CURE OF NOSE BLEEDING.—Bleeding from the nose is a very common affection. It may be caused by injury, by a rush of blood to the head, or by the stoppage of some other discharge, or there may be a passive draining of venous blood in consequence of obstruction in the circulation by reason of disease of the heart or liver, or the blood may be too thin, and the vessels too lax, as in scurvy, and sometimes in the last stages of severe fevers. In the red-faced and full-blooded who usually suffer more or less headache, this hemorrhage, confined within narrow limits, is salutary, as serious disease may thus be awarded off. Except in this condition, the bleeding should be arrested as soon as it can be done. It is a common practice to incline the head over a basin of water, which, while it is convenient, tends to keep up the flow. The best position for the head is an erect one. Cold water or ice should be applied to the forehead and back of the neck, and powdered nutgalls, tannin or matico snuffed up the nostrils. This treatment proving ineffectual, as it will in rare cases, the surgeon must be called, who can immediate y arrest the hemorrhage by plugging the nostril.—*Household.*

THE NORTH AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—Morocco is now the chief entreport of the north African slave trade. The Egyptians have by no means ceased to buy slaves, though they keep them under other names. The aristocrats of Tunis, Fezzan and Tripoli still keep serfs, and they all buy them at the slave fairs of Tafilet. There the long-haired darkies of Timbuctoo mingle with the ebony wool heads of the lower Senegal; trained dancers, singers, strong-fisted wood-cutters, boys, girls and old female cooks, can all be bought at cash prices varying from 125 to 350 francs—an average of less than $50. A correspondent of the London *News* inspected a place where slaves were fattened and bathed to hasten their recovery from the effects of the horrible overland trip that kills four out of every ten foot travelers. Next to good singers boys under 10 fetched the highest price, an average of 25 francs more than first-class field hands. "At the anoo-gheer, or great slave fairs," says the *News*, "from 2,000 to 5,000 slaves are semi-annually sold or exchanged, and as a heavy tax is levied on all sales, it yields a large revenue to the Sheikh of the district, as well as to his Majesty the Sultan.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BURIAL OF BOURDON.

HE IS DULY CREMATED WITH MINTO.

Some Lively College Bouts Between the Freshmen and Sophomores at the State University.

[Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]
BERKELEY, May 27, 1886.

Much excitement prevails in Berkeley and in the surrounding country over the the struggles which accompanied this year's "burial of Bourdon" by the freshman class of the University. This burial is a ceremony of ancient origin, and is observed in diverse ways by all the colleges in this country. Bourdon is to college students the personification of the dreaded study of algebra; his burial or cremation is the symbolical method of announcing the completion of that dreaded branch of their college work.

This year the freshman class—the class of '89—with the enthusiastic spirit which has marked its first year's career, voted unanimously to bury Bourdon, together with another hateful book—Minto—and set about it by making elaborate preparations, not only to render the ceremonies imposing, but to resist the customary aggressions of the freshie's enemy—the sophomores. The sophomores each year do all in their power to defeat the plans of the lower class, their mode of antagonism being the kidnaping of their speakers, the destruction of paraphernalia, and the annihilation of the procession. Last year the freshmen were eminently successful, though their procession was demolished, for Hiram Johnson, the only speaker stolen, was rescued, and the coffin was retained and finally burned.

FRESHMEN CAPTURE THE SOPHOMORES.

The night of Saturday, the 22d instant, was the night set for the exciting event. Several days before the sophomores decided to wreck the whole affair, but the spirited freshmen were too much for them. All Thursday night the young class spent in watching for prominent and dangerous members of the upper class, but none of them appeared. Friday afternoon the freshmen early gathered together for the purpose of doing what a freshman class had never done before—to take the aggressive, and, without waiting to repel the attack of the sophomores, to attack them, take the best of their men, and thus insure the safety of all their intended acts. At 1 P. M. they captured Kip and Elsworth, and shortly after Koshland. This so alarmed their class that the remaining members retired to the library, which the freshmen invested. After a short parley, the sophomores marched in a body out of the building, through the grounds, out into the road and proceeded to the Chi Phi Club house, where Hiram Johnson, their leader, and several others of their men resided. The freshmen, with the view of securing in the expected melee, Johnson, as well as several men in the approaching body, hurried ahead to the club house, and waited. As soon as the sophomores reached the steps, the younger class sprang upon them. Man to man, they rolled in the dust and grass, and for a few minutes the result seemed doubtful, but gradually the freshmen began to clasp their enemies' wrists with handcuffs, and after a half hour's contest, which was the greatest fight that ever took place in Berkeley, the sophomores retired into the house, leaving the freshmen masters of the field, and having four of their men prisoners, in handcuffs. Of these, Reed, Ellis and Stoney were the most valuable acquisitions.

IMPRISONMENT OF STUDENTS.

The seven captives were now taken in a wagon to a vacant house about three miles from Berkeley. Reed and Koshland, however, effected their escape, much to '89's consternation. During the evening men of less importance were captured and liberated on parole. Meanwhile the Chi Phi house was besieged, the trains were watched, and a student dance was guarded. Despite the besiegers' vigilance, Johnson continued to escape, and managed to gather eight or nine of his classmates at Zeta Pri Club-house, where they were discovered by a spy. The freshmen now raised their several sieges and concentrated their forces at Zeta Pri Hall, where they lay in ambush an hour and a half. Here again they were outwitted. The sophomores escaped unseen and started out to release their classmates at the vacant house. Their departure was announced by a scout, and fourteen freshmen started in pursuit. When they arrived the '88 men had failed to effect an entrance to the house, and were in consultation. They were desperate, and, on the approach of the '89 men, charged and fought with fists and clubs, but the freshmen clapped on the handcuffs, and placing Johnson, Reed and Beard in the company of the previous captives, marched the others back to Berkeley and imprisoned them there.

PRESIDENT HOLDEN INTERFERES.

The next morning two more men were captured, and the freshmen held the town and felt that they had succeeded gloriously. But in the afternoon the President called for the two Presidents of the respective classes, and because of the publicity and fierceness of the contests, ordered the release of the prisoners, with the understanding that the ceremonies and procession should not be interfered with by the sophomores, since they would be able to do so only as the result of his intervention. The freshmen also promised not to attack the "Bourden" of next year.

That evening at 8 o'clock the procession of white-gowned freshmen formed at Clapp's hall, and to the solemn strains of an Oakland brass band began its mournful march. The procession was led by full Ductor Exsequiarum, Franciscus Somerius, followed by the band, behind which marched the freshmen's friends—the white-plugged juniors. The bier, borne by six grieving freshmen, headed the long column of their class-mates, who bore fireworks, torches and appropriate and ingenious transparencies.

The sophomores cheerfully complied with the President's request, and the funeral procession marched up Bankroft way, on which street many of the houses were decorated. The Chi Phi Club House was the most brilliantly illuminated, and was saluted by cheers and sky-rockets as the grieving class moved on. Countermarching in front of the Zeta Pri Hall, the procession returned, and amidst the shouts of the people, songs of students and the whizzing of rockets, marched upon the campus and made a circle around the blazing funeral pyre.

THE CEREMONIES

Now began. After a mournful dirge the Pontifex Maximus, Phillipus Tortonus, consoled the students for their loss. A hymn was sung, and the Bourdonis Laudator Cliffordus Barneus, praised the deceased Bourdon; another hymn and the Bourdonis Maledictor, Johnnus Sandus, announced with joy his departure as the coffin was hurled into the flames and consumed. Fredricus Stonus, the Minto Damnator, consigned that spirit to the shades, and after several college songs and yells the 2,000 spectators withdrew, and the students, after short congratulations, retired to make up for their great loss of sleep.

An account of these events might be made which would lead to a very bad view of the students and influences of our University. Any one, however, who understands such matters—and has ever become familiar with university life in any country—knows that the very best feeling is evinced by the seemingly bitter enemies. At no time during these wild days was there any drunkenness, individual fights or lawless violence, either to students or private persons. No house was entered and no premises were injured. Many acts of generosity and words of commendation were exchanged. The good-natured bantering between the prisoner and guard before the burial and since evinced the true nature of the whole affair. This, however, will in all probability prove the last "Bourdon" contest. Hereafter such ceremonies will be celebrated undisturbed. Z.

BEER NOT INTOXICATING.—The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says: We saw a man last night who doesn't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on Vine street to say: "Mos' harm'ss bev'ege in er 'orld. Man can drink fif'y glasses an' never feel it more'n (hic) I am this min't. A man drinks whisky an' he shows it. Drinks lage' beer'n don't sh-sh.-ow it, an' al'ys did! Look at't noble Germ' pop-pop'lssh'n. Never see'm tos-toscated, don't ye, so am I! Lager beer has no more 'fect on me'n so much wa'er. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er or see crack in er sid'alk well's an'ov'er man. Bet yet two dol'nr'n half ican. My house'n find his way home with (hic) hole keg beer outsi'f us. Y' say beer 'stroys mem'ry. 'Slie. 'Member better to-day than ever I did to-mor'r. 'Rah for—who's that ge'mn we nom'na'd at—where was our Conve'tion held? What am I—who are you, an'how? Please tell me'f Seven stree' runs down stree' ra'road, can get a (hic) hack'n go my way. If don't, who has?"

THE OHIO DOW LIQUOR LAW.—The new liquor law of Ohio, passed a few days ago, which goes under the name of the Dow Liquor Tax Act, provides that every dealer in intoxicating liquors shall be assessed yearly the sum of $200; or, if only vinous and malt liquors are sold, $100. The assessment is to constitute a lien upon the real property upon which the business is conducted. Assessors are required to return to the County Auditors the names of persons engaged in the business, together with a verified statement as to the character of the liquor sold by them. Upon the refusal of any dealer to furnish the required information to the Assessor, his assessment shall be increased to $400. If a false return of the kind of liquor sold is made, a fine of $250 is imposed. The sale of liquors to minors or habitual drunkards is prohibited under a fine of from $25 to $100, and an imprisonment of from five to thirty days.—*Exchange.*

A SINGULAR CURE IN SILESIA.—There have been all manner of odd health resorts; places where people could eat grapes, drink skim milk, or where they could bathe or walk themselves into health. But the most singular cure in Europe is that of Lindewiese, an obscure village in Austrian Silesia. People troubled with the rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, and allied disorders, throng this place, and many declare they are benefited. Six weeks effect the cure, during which time no water is drank and nothing but dry bread eaten. The patients are subjected to frequent packs in ice-cold water, which induces profuse sweating. There are three days in the week when drink is allowed, but it is a fermented mixture native to the country. Every patient, of course, loses weight, often as much as fifteen or twenty pounds, but very many are benefited by the entire change of life and what they call the "blood sweat."—*Democrat's Monthly.*

SOLOMON IN TENNESSEE.—A certain Justice of the Peace, who lived in Tennessee, was once trying a negro for stealing. Among the defendant's witnesses was a girl. It was very evident that she was not telling the truth. The magistrate stopped her in the midst of her testimony and said, "Do you know what you'll go if you swar a lie?" "Yes, sir," she replied. "Whar?" "I'll goter torment!" "Torment? You'll goter jail, en from thar you'll goter the plenipotentiary, that's war you'll go!" During the rest of the trial she spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, for the jail had more terrors for her than "torment."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, in debility. Dr. W. H. Holcombe, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

TUTT'S PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness,