CITY OF ZACATECAS.

ITS ANCIENT SPLENDOR AND RICH MINERAL SURROUNDINGS

A Single Lode yields Over $600,000,000—Pawning Donkeys for Marriage Fees.

[Special Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

ZACATECAS, Mexico, November 11, 1886.

This old city of Zacatecas, capital of the State of the same name, is one of the most interesting in Mexico. Being remote from either border—situated almost exactly in the center of the republic, and until lately to be reached only by tedious stage journeys—it has thus far nearly escaped the influx of foreigners which has made such mongrel society in some places. Primitive Mexico is no longer to be found in its cosmopolitan capital or frontier towns; but in Zacatecas and a few other interior cities, where ancient manners and customs have been preserved almost intact, the tourist may still see the real Mexico in all its pristine quaintness.

Representations of some of the oldest and richest families on the continent reside in Zacatecas, whose "family tree," springing from some of the proudest houses of Grenada and Castile, was transplanted centuries ago to this portion of the New World, and engrafted with the blood of the Montezumas. Many of these ancient families can trace their lineage back to an ancestry who were in their palmiest days of civilization and affluence at a period when our remote progenitors were yet prowling around the woods in sheep's skins. One of the greatest pieces of injustice done to this country in the United States is

THE POPULAR ERROR

Of judging the whole nation by the peons, Indians and border "Greasers." True, these lower classes are in the vast majority as to numbers, especially along the frontiers; and being the most striking features, because of the singularity of their dress and customs, tourists and writers are prone to speak particularly of them as "Mexicans," without mentioning the superior class whose most prominent characteristic is reserve toward foreigners. In no country in the world are distinctions of caste more clearly marked, and the typical Mexican lady or gentleman has no superiors in the way of culture, refinement and true worth.

Fully fifty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon our northern shores, Zacatecas was a center of wealth and civilization. It received the title of "city" from Philip II. of Spain, as early as 1583; and more than half a century before that time Europeans had begun to work its exhaustless mines, which were even then old to the original inhabitants.

This ancient town, nestled in the heart of more hills than Rome sits upon, is surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of long-worked lodes, intersecting the hights in all directions. More than three hundred mines exist in the State—many of which, however, have been abandoned for lack of funds to carry them on. The highest known yield of any mine in the district of Zacatecas is $700 per ton, while the average yield is from $30 to $40 per ton. The cost of reduction, by methods now in vogue, is about $10 per ton, but in most cases the processes are primitive, being precisely those employed by the early Spaniards. Doubtless the introduction of our improved machinery would greatly increase the yield, but it is nevertheless true that the Mexicans' slower and less expensive ways (chiefly by man and mule power) are wiser under existing circumstances. There are no streams in this section by which powerful machinery could be run; coal there is none,

WOOD SELLS FOR A CENT AND A HALF PER POUND.

The gnarled and crooked branches of mountain bushes at that! The discovery of a coal mine in this section would be as much of a bonanza to its fortunate possessor as one of gold.

Within the last decade a number of American speculators have come here and proceeded as Americans usually do (i. e., rushed in "where angels fear to tread"), sneered at the ancient processes, and—wise in their own conceit, though knowing little of the peculiar character of the country and regardless of the experience of others—have set up costly machinery, expecting to get rich and revolutionize things in a hurry. Naturally the majority of these speedily

COME TO GRIEF,

For more wealth can be burned up—with fuel at a cent and a half per pound—than mother earth is willing to yield; not to mention the thousand other hindrances that beset the unsophisticated. Mexican laborers expect small wages, and are as tractable as children when properly managed, but, owing to national customs, insufficient food, effects of climate and constitutional "tiredness," it requires about a dozen of them to accomplish as much in a given time as one handy Saxon; while with the least mismanagement, or being injudiciously allowed to find themselves a dollar ahead, they give up the ship and sally off without warning, leaving their employer helplessly in the lurch.

According to existing international laws, machinery of all kinds comes in free of duty; and now that coal can be brought from the North by railroad,

ZACATECAS, WITH HER MOUNTAINS OF PRECIOUS METALS,

Is destined to become the great mining center of the continent. Prior to the year 1732 the mines of Zacatecas had produced the enormous sum of $832,232,880, on which a tax of nearly 47,000,000 pesos (dollars) had been paid into the treasury of Spain. During the previous century the mines of this State alone yielded a little more than $2,000,000 a year—about one-fifth of all the silver coined in Mexico. The famous lode called *El Vete Grande* ("the great vein,") near the city of Zacatecas, is a fair example of the mines of this section. It consists of three parallel veins running close together, which have been worked almost without interruption ever since the conquest. More than thirty shafts have been sunk along these veins, and not one has failed to strike a bonanza. The greatest depth yet reached is 1,300 feet, yet with this insignificant development the *Vete Grande* has produced *over six hundred million dollars' worth* of precious metal—far more than the celebrated Comstock lode of Nevada, which has been opened to a depth of 3,000 feet. And yet the *Vete Grande* shows no signs of exhaustion, but is to-day conceded to form one of the richest deposits in the world.

According to Bushhart, the city of Zacatecas lies at an elevation of 9,012 feet above the gulf—an altitude which, in the north of the United States, would verge upon the line of perpetual snow—while the broad plain spreading out below the hilly town has itself an elevation of more than 7,000 feet. In this mesa central plain, within a few miles of Zacatecas city, are nine small lakes containing much carbonate of soda, the salt from which is used in the neighboring silver mills. Humboldt compared the geological formation of this district to some portions of Switzerland—and certainly the Alps region is not more bare of vegetation. The city has a population of little more than 64,000, and its narrow streets straggle over the hills in the most picturesque manner—stony alleys rushing straight up the steep hillsides or descending almost as perpendicularly; sometimes by a series of steps cut into the solid rock, worn into hollows by the restless feet of countless generations, and overshadowed by adobe walls centuries old. The most distinguished land-mark of the vicinage is the

CONICAL MOUNTAINS, CALLED LA BUFA,

A precipitous hight towering 500 feet above the city, topped by a huge cross. This historic hill is composed of a remarkable conglomerate of igneous rock, which is thought to contain much gold and silver. But its treasures are safe from molestation for generations to come, because rendered sacred by the superstitions of the little church on the summit. The Faithful believe that the Blessed Virgin—here called "Our Lady of the Bufa"—once appeared in person to the early Conquistadores, and directed the building of her sanctuary. Upon the 12th day of December (the *fiesta* day of Santa Guadalupe, corresponding somewhat to our Christmas) many pious people climb the mountain, painfully and laboriously, on their knees, marking the rocky pathway with their blood. The number of these penitential pilgrims has grown smaller year by year, however, and now none but peons and Indians attempt thus to win heaven's favor.

About half way up this Catholic Mecca stands the ruined convent, San Merced; while at the foot of the mountain—on the other side, beyond the town—the oldest church of the section (built in 1552) is slowly crumbling, though yet in constant use. They tell us that in "the good old days," when the Church of Rome reigned triumphant here, the marriage fee was so exorbitant that none but the wealthy could ever hope to indulge in the luxury of that little ceremony. To the poorest it was altogether impossible, and even a hard-working mechanic could scarcely save the required sum out of his slender earnings in fifty years of closest economy. As a natural consequence the lower classes herded together without pretense of "leave or license." But, to their credit be it said that, as a rule, the Mexican poor, like most Indians, are instinctively virtuous. They generally live together, the one man with the one woman, till death divides them, rearing their children as conscientiously—according to their lights—as many of their betters who are bound by ties of church and State.

Many years ago

THE MONKS OF LA BUFA

Married people for a more moderate bonus than would the priests in the city, and therefore it came about that, for economy's sake, multitudes went to the mountain-top to have that ceremony performed. But the fee even there was a crown, a sum often unattainable; and hence the holy fathers consented to receive any articles of value as security for future payment. Frequently the poor people had nothing in the world to pawn but the donkeys upon which they rode; so, many loving couples left their little beasts on deposit and trudged home happy, hand in hand on foot. By and by the sacristie became a novel sort of pawnbroker's shop—whose sign was a cross instead of three golden balls—stocked with so many and diverse commodities that the monks were in sore dilemma what to do with the continually increasing store. The donkeys, especially—being somewhat bulky on deposit and expensive to maintain—became a grievous burden, roaming about over the bare hill, and making the welkin ring with their unmusical braying. At length the thrifty friars concluded to put them to service in carrying water down to the city from a spring high up on the Bufa beside the little church. As it was the only good water in the vicinage, and as the people were assured that it gushed forth miraculously from the solid rock when the Virgin of La Bufa put her sacred foot upon that spot—it readily sold for two sous a donkey-load. The beasts being seldom reclaimed and constantly multiplying, their usefulness as water carriers was continued for a century or more, during which time the industry yielded the church more than a million francs!

EXORBITANT CLERICAL FEES.

The days are not long past when one of the greatest evils in Mexico was the exorbitant fees demanded by the Church for every service which they could induce the people to believe was essential to spiritual welfare. The "Amended Constitution" of the Liberal party—which came into power with Juarez—has greatly modified these abuses, making marriage a civil contract and suppressing ecclesiastical tribunals: yet the majority of the poorest—and therefore most ignorant—classes stick religiously to all the olden ceremonials of the Church, which still charges so much for its services that few can afford them. According to the ideas of these Catholic Indians, confession, absolution, confirmation, infant baptism and funeral rites are not to be dispensed with—though the form of a marriage ceremony may be omitted. As thousands of them are so poor that they cannot count with certainty upon enough to keep the gaunt wolf of hunger from their door, many a wretched soul has been compelled to go trembling into eternity without that absolution which is deemed necessary to future peace; and many a mourning mother has consigned her child to eternal torment (as she believed) because unable to pay for baptismal or confirmation fees.

We are told that to-day the baptismal bonus is $7; confirmation, $10; marriage ceremony, $17; and a funeral ceremonial, $19; a state of things which adds to death a double sting, and

INCREASES THE TERRORS OF MATRIMONY.

It is related that a man died last year in Zacatecas, whose family—having once been in better circumstances, but now "reduced"—could not raise money enough to pay for burial service without calling upon public charity, which would necessitate interment in Potter's field, and this they would not consent to. None can be buried in the consecrated ground of the Campo Santos without priestly services, and in doubtful cases the priests refuse to render them till the cash is in hand. In vain the relatives of the cadaver aforesaid offered to pawn their household goods or any of their belongings as security for future payment—the obdurate man of God would have nothing to do with the funeral under any such arrangement. The distressed widow and her daughters, not knowing what to do, shut themselves in the house with their dead, and thus matters stood till the poor corpse began to decay. At last the Governor heard of it, and, for the health of the living, was obliged to take the matter in hand. Not being himself a Catholic, but unable to persuade the widow to consent to any other burial, he finally ordered the dead man to be carried to the priest's own door and left there, after which, it is needless to add, a speedy burial took place, though minus the usual consideration.

FANNIE B. WARD.

The Manufacture of Hairpins.

For years the English and French controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last twenty years that the goods have been produced in this country to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which pins are sold necessitates the most rapid and cheapest process, which can only be secured by automatic machines. The wire is made expressly for the purpose, and put up in large coils, which are placed on reels, and the end of the wire is placed in a clamp, which carries it to the machine while straightening it; from there it runs in another machine, which cuts, bends, and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, these machines will turn out 120 hair pins every minute. To economize, it is necessary to keep them working night and day. The difficult part of the work is the enameling, which is done by dipping in a preparation and baking in an oven. Here is where the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pins must be perfectly smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particles of dust cause imperfections and roughness, which is objectionable.

A Neighbor

In your own community, wherever you are, can tell you—if you do not happen to know them yourself—of cases within his knowledge demonstrating that AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is an ever reliable and thorough purifier of the blood: one that will eradicate from the system every atom of the taint of Scrofulous, Mercurial, or Contagious Diseases; enrich impoverished blood; strengthen enfeebled vital organs; invigorate and build up the system, as is in the power of no other medicine.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Has been nearly forty years standing the test of the world's use, and the best proofs that it has successfully met the requirements upon it are, that

Leading physicians endorse it as the best blood purifier known;

There is a great annual increase in the demand for it;

Voluntary testimonials as to its efficacy are constantly offered in great numbers, by persons whom it has cured of diseases born of corrupted blood, even hereditary ones, and those of many years standing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

SCAT.

A NEW GAME OF CARDS FULLY EXPLAINED.

A Popular German Game—The Interest and Skill of Whist—Details.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

"Scat" is said to be the most popular game of cards in Germany to-day. It fills a want often felt for a good game of cards at which three persons can play, and has variety enough to make it interesting, and is capable of as much thought and skill as whist. Scat is played with a euchre pack of thirty-two cards—from ace to seven inclusive. It is played by three persons usually. Four may play, in which case the dealer each time deals no cards to himself. The cards are dealt, first, three to each player, then four to each, then two to the center of the table called the scat cards or scat, and finally three to each again. There are various modes of playing out the hand, and the modes in which each hand is to be played is determined by bidding, as explained below. The modes are denominated as follows, and rank in the order given, "scat diamonds" being lowest and "nullo ouvert" highest: Scat in diamonds counts 1, scat in hearts 2, scat in spades 3, scat in clubs 4. Tourne counts the same as solo. Solo in diamonds 5, solo in hearts 6, solo in spades 7, nullo 16, solo in clubs 8, nuello ouvert 32, grando 16. [See explanation of grando below.] They are played as follows:

Scat.—This is played by the winner in the bidding, called the "spieler," taking up the two scat cards into his hand without exposing them, and discarding two from his hand into the scat. The player to left of the dealer has first lead, and the winner of each trick wins the lead. The object of the play is for the spieler to make 61 points, and for his two opponents, who play as partners, to prevent him from making 61. The cards count as in sixty-six, viz: Ace counts 11, ten 10, king 4, queen 3, knave 2. The other cards have no value in counting. The rank of the cards for taking tricks is in the same order, i. e., ace highest, ten next, king next, etc., except that the four knaves are always trumps and rank at the head of the trump suit in the following order: Knave of clubs highest, knave of spades next, hearts next and diamonds next. This order of rank of the knaves is the same no matter which suit is trumps. Knave of clubs is always the highest trump. The 61 points must be counted by the spieler from the cards taken in his tricks and the cards in the scat. The points, if any, in the scat always count for the spieler. The players *must follow suit.* The only difference between the four modes of scat, i. e., diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs, is in the trump suit, which is declared by the spieler and gives the name to the mode, and also in the value of the modes as above given.

Tourne.—In this the spieler turns up one of the scat cards, and the suit of the card turned becomes trumps. He then takes both into his hand and discards two as before. The hand is then played and the rank and value of the cards are the same as in scat. There is only one mode of tourne in bidding, as the trump is not turned until the bidding is ended. But the suit turned determines the value of this mode, the values of the suits being the same as in solo, i. e., diamonds 5, hearts 6, spades 7, clubs 8.

Solo.—Between solo spades and solo clubs comes nullo. In this mode there are *no trumps* at all. The knaves and tens return to their ordinary places in their respective suits, and the rank of the cards in each suit is as follows: Ace, king, queen, knave, ten, nine, eight, seven. The players must follow suit, and the object of the spieler is to avoid taking any trick. If he takes a *single trick* he has lost. The play in this mode has nothing to do with making 61. The scat is not used in nullo.

Nullo Ouvert.—This is the highest mode, and is played exactly like nullo, except that after the first trick is turned all the players lay their hands down, face up, on the table, and the play proceeds with all the cards out exposed to view. The spieler must avoid taking a single trick.

Grando.—This is not a mode in bidding. But when the spieler decides to play in tourne and turns a knave or ace, he may, before looking at the other scat card, declare "grando," and the play then proceeds in this mode, after the spieler has taken up the scat and discarded. In grando the knaves are the only trumps, and form a sort of fifth suit by themselves. The players must follow suit, and when a knave is led a knave must be played upon it if possible. Otherwise the cards have the same value as in scat and solo, the ten ranking between ace and king, and the object of the spieler is again to make 61 points.

BIDDING.

The right to declare the mode of play belongs originally to the player at left of dealer, who is called the *fore-hand.* The second player to left of dealer, called the *middle-hand,* then opens the bidding by declaring, or offering to play, in a certain one of the above modes, as say "spades" (meaning scat spades when no distinguishing word is used), or "tourne," or "solo hearts," or "nullo," etc. The fore-hand then replies whether or no he is willing to accept the offer. If he accepts it the middle-hand gets the play from him. If he refuses he is bound to play in as high a mode as he has refused. If his offer be refused the middle-hand may offer to play in a higher mode or pass. When the right to declare the mode has been determined between the fore and middle-hands, the next player to left of the middle-hand, called the after-hand, then makes his offers to the successful party, which may be accepted or refused as before. The person who in this way wins the right to declare the mode in which the hand shall be played is called the spieler. He then declares the mode in which he will play, which may be the higher mode which has been offered by either of the others, or any higher mode; but he cannot declare a lower mode. The values of the different modes given in figures above, have no connexion with the bidding. The bidding goes according to the rank of the modes, which is in the order given above.

COUNTING THE HAND.

The value of a hand is obtained by multiplying two factors. First—The value of the mode in which it has been played as given in the first table above (i. e. diamonds 1, clubs 4, tourne in spades 7, solo clubs 8, nullo 16, etc.) as multiplicand. Second—Multiply this by the number of highest trumps in uninterrupted succession from the knave of clubs down, which the spieler originally holds in his hand and in the scat, or the number of highest trumps in uninterrupted succession from the knave of clubs down, which are wanting from his hand and the scat (according as he held or did not hold the knave of clubs), added to the value of his *game,* determined thus: If his tricks and the scat count up 61 points it counts 1 for game. If 91 points (called a double) 2 for game. If all of the 120 points (a triple) 3 for game. If he announces in advance his intention to make a double and succeeds, it counts one more, i. e., for game. If he announces a triple and succeeds, it counts two more, i. e., 5 for game. If he announces a double and makes a triple, it counts 4 for game. If the spieler's tricks and the scat count up less than 61 he loses one for game; if less than 31, two for game; if he has no card of any value in his hand or the scat, three for game. If he has announced a double or triple and failed to make it he loses the same amount for game as he would have made if successful. Example: Suppose the play to have been made in solo hearts and the spieler to have held originally in his hand and in the scat the knave of clubs, spades, and diamonds, and ace of hearts, and the cards in his tricks and the scat count up 80 points. His count would thus be: 2 (for the 2 highest trumps) + 1 (for game) =3 multipled by 6 (the fixed value of solo hearts)=18= the value of his play in that mode, and is to be added to his score as he has made his 61 points. If he had failed to make 61 this 18 would have been substracted from his score. Another example: Suppose the spieler to play in tourne and turn up a spade, making spades trumps, say he held in his hand originally all four knaves and ace and ten of spades, and announced in advance his intention to make 91 points. If he succeeds his count will be: 3 (for game) +6 (for the 6 highest trumps) =9 multiplied by 7 (for solo spades) =63, the value of his play, which is added to his score. But if he makes less than 91, having announced a double, then this 63 is subtracted from his score. The count would have been the same if the four knaves and ace and ten of spades had been held by his adversaries, as he would then have played without them. In grando the *multiplicand* is always 12. The value of a play in nullo or nullo ouvert is always 16 in the former and 32 in the latter, without any multiplying.

RAMSCH.

Should all the players pass, i. e., should the forehand receive no offer from either middle-hand or after-hand, and not willing to become spieler himself in any of the modes, the hand is then played out in a new mode called "ramsch." In this, as in grando, the knaves are the only trumps, the other cards retaining their usual value in scat. The object in ramsch is to make as few points as possible. The player making the most points looses 10 from his score, or 15 if one of the players takes no point.

THE SCORE.

The score is kept in a separate column for each player. If the spieler of any hand wins, enter the value of his play figured as above in his column with a plus sign. If he loose enter it with a minus sign. Each number is played separately and no score is changed except that of the spieler. There is no definite amount to be played for, but the game may cease whenever the deal has been held an equal number of times by each player. When the game is closed the score is reckoned up as follows: Find the algebraic sum of each column; from each sum subtract each of the other sums and add the algebraic remainders. The results will show the state of the score. Thus suppose the respective columns to foot up:

19	−10	50	−25

Subtracting as above indicated we have:

+29	−29	31	−44
−31	−60	60	−15
+44	+15	75	−75

Adding the remainders we have:

42	−74	166	−134

which show the result of the game. Those with the negative signs have lost, and those with the positive signs won. The plus and minus signs balance one another. The players who have minus signs pay the amount of their respective scores into the pool, and those with plus signs receive their amounts from the pool.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Fore-hand always has first lead; fore-hand never bids, but simply accepts or refuses the offers of the other; ditto middle-hand when he has won the play from fore-hand. When only three play, the dealer becomes also after-hand; when four play middle-hand is opposite the dealer. The knaves are always the highest trumps, ranking above the ace, and always in the same order. But in nullo and nullo ouvert there are no trumps.

Suit must be followed in all the modes. When four play the dealer must not speak to either of the players, nor see the cards of either.

The safest plan in the long run for a beginner, unless he holds a very good hand, is to "stand in with the opposition" each time, i. e., not make any offer himself, or, if he be fore-hand, accept the first offer made, so as to be one of the two who play as partners against the spieler. The spieler usually has uphill work, as in cut-throat euchre.

The foregoing is a mere outline of the game, but contains all the necessary rules and principles. The points constituting fine play are to be learned by practice, and will rapidly suggest themselves to experienced card players, and the game will admit of a great amount of calculation and forethought.

WOMAN NOT A THROWER.

She Is Not Built That Way, and No One Wants Her Modified.

A girl will sing, and a girl will dance,
And a girl will work crochet;
But she can't throw a stone and hit a church,
Because she ain't built that way.

Had Paris seen Helen attempt to shoo a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to state that the Trojan war would never have been waged, and Homer would have been obliged to take the Haymarket riot for an epic. Had Antony seen Cleopatra chase a street-car down a dusty avenue of Cairo it is also safe to state that he would have fled disenchanted back to Octavia, and the Divorce Court lawyer—"decree quietly secured; no publicity"—would never have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice fire a half-brick at the vandal hen which prospected for seeds in her flower bed every spring, it is again safe to say he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse penwiper, the lava smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stern, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in a poem called "The Inferno."

In the three situations given above, the average woman is grand, massive, Titanic, incomprehensible. The man who witnesses the feminine moods from the weather side of a high board fence and does not stand with head bared, hushed and awestricken, has no poetry in his soul. In all she is great, but in the brick-throwing act she is greatest—and most dangerous. There is a physiological reason for this. It is not her fault that an ambulance wagon has to be rung up after her brick-throwing moods, nor that this kind of exercise always creates a flurry and an upward tendency in the window-glass market. She cannot help aiming at the hen and bringing down the usually inoffensive citizen in the next ward. Her shoulders were not rightly constructed for ball tossing, and in the hurry incident upon laying the citizen she frequently forgets to consult her handbook on throwing, and makes the left hand do all the labor instead of the right, as laid down by the authorities. Nor is she mentally constituted for a baseball pitcher. Many husbands who are not right-minded sneer at their wives' weakness of mental grasp in not being able to distinguish between a mutilated and jumped-on umpire and a three-base hit. These nice subtleties of the game may be thus lost to her, but it is not her fault. Her gray brain matter is not put up that way, architecturally speaking, any more than her shoulder is built to bring confusion and death to cows.

It will be observed by all who take the trouble to attend a baseball game, in the interest of science, that the best throwers have very square shoulders, and the shoulders of some are higher at the corners than at the neck. In these latter the clavicle tends upward as it leaves the spinal column, a circumstance which allows free play of the arm in any direction. Whereas, as seen in a lady's skeleton, the shoulder-blade slopes down like a toboggan slide, and overlaps the arm-socket in a manner which prevents her lifting her arm without cracking her shoulder-blade or bursting out a seam in her basque, either of which is calculated to discourage good marksmanship.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A REMARKABLE GATHERING.—The social life of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific, is too cosmopolitan to permit the survival of those petty distinctions of caste which still exist and are strong in more provincial communities. Last evening, for instance, at our most fashionable restaurant, a little party sat down to a feast where professional and social lines were ignored in a manner that would excite astonishment, not to say horror, in such backward cities as London and Paris. The host was John L. Sullivan, the renowned pugilist, and among his guests were R. B. Mitchell, a lawyer, and the Chairman of the Democratic County Committee; Christopher A. Buckley, the Democratic Dictator of San Francisco and California; Jeremiah Driscoll, Under Sheriff; Maurice Schmitt, the capitalist; and Patrick Sheedy, Mr. Sullivan's business manager and confidential adviser. Such another gathering of muscle, brains, money, official dignity and political greatness must be looked for in vain anywhere else on earth. Our glorious climate, the intermingling of many races, and our unequaled contempt for empty conventionalities, are jointly evolving a civilization which causes the hair of the commonplace and conservative to stand on end, but which claims the admiration of all who like it.—*S. F. Post.*

FOR the cure of pain St. Jacobs Oil is unsurpassed. The world says so.

THE STARS ARE IN THE SKY ALL DAY.

The stars are in the sky all day,
Each linked coil of Milky Way,
And every planet that we know,
Behind the sun is sinking slow:
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,
Venus the fair and Mars the red,
Saturn engirdled with clear light,
Or Jupiter with moons of white,
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst;
Not even the smallest star is missed
From these wide fields of deeper sky
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,
As if God's outstretched fingers must
Have sown them thick with diamond dust;
There are they all day long, but we,
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.
The stars are in the sky all day;
But when the sun has gone away,
And hovering shadows cool the west,
And call the sleepy birds to rest,
And heaven grows softly dim and dun—
Into its darkness one by one
Steal forth those starry shapes all fair—
We say steal forth, but they were there!
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,
Climbing the sky from east and west.
The angels saw them where they hid,
And so, perhaps, the eagles did,
For they can face the sharp sun-ray,
Nor wink, nor need to look away;
But we, blind mortals, gazed from far,
And did not see a single star.
I wonder if the world is full
Of other secrets beautiful,
As little guessed, as hard to see,
As this sweet starry mystery!
Do angels veil themselves in space
And make the sun their hiding place?
Do white wings flash as spirits go
On heavenly errands to and fro,
While we, down-looking, never guess
How near our lives they crowd and press?
If so, at life's set we may see
Into the dusk steal noiselessly
Sweet faces that we used to know,
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,
Dear hands stretched out to point the way—
And deem the night more fair than day.

—*Susan Coolidge, in the Congregationalist.*

Origin of the Deadhead.

"Just mark that D. H.," said General Manager J. W. Schrange, of the Erie express, the other day as I brought in a package to be sent to New York. "You see you're a deadhead as a newspaper man, and it won't cost you anything."

"That doesn't approximate to deadbeat, I hope?"

"No, not at all. A deadhead is another kind of an individual. You know how the term originated. No? You have heard of D. H. Colvin, of Chicago?"

"Yes; he was Mayor of the town once."

"That is the man. He was at the time agent for the United States Express Company, and he used to receive a great number of personal packages which were, of course, free. Well, he got so many of them that the clerks got tired writing on them, 'D. H. Colvin, free,' and they would just chalk down 'D. H.' Everybody around the office knew that that meant it was for D. H. Colvin, and that nothing was to be charged. Finally all free packages came to be marked 'D. H.,' and at last some smart chap translated the letters as standing for 'dead head.' It is a very expressive term, too, isn't it?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Lost Faith in Physicians.

There are innumerable instances where cures have been effected by Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for all diseases of the blood, when they had been given over by their physicians. It is one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, and as it is prepared with the greatest care as a specific for certain diseases, it is no wonder that it should be more effectual than hastily written and carelessly prepared prescriptions. Take this medicine for all disorders arising from impure blood. It is indorsed by leading professional men.

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INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM

POWERFUL PROOFS.

A Sufferer for 15 Years.

Kankakee, Ill.

My mother has been a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism for the last fifteen years. Her limbs became so swollen that she could not get about. I gave up all hopes of her recovery. As a last resort I tried St. Jacobs Oil. The first application gave her relief; and six bottles has performed a cure. J. J. SCHUBERT.

Had Become Chronic.

De Pere, Wis.

For five years I suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, which became chronic. Tried various preparations, consulted the best physicians, but all without avail. I was compelled to use crutches. I had given up all hope of obtaining relief, when I heard of St. Jacobs Oil. Used only three bottles and am now a well man. JOHN RILEY.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

New Alexandria, Ohio.

I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for several weeks to such an extent that I could neither feed nor dress myself without assistance. I purchased a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and after using two-thirds of it I was entirely cured. I consider it worth its weight in gold.

C. E. JONES.

Suffered Untold Agony and Cured.

Amesbury, Mass.

For two years I have been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism in my foot, the pain being so great that I was unable to touch it without suffering untold agony. I tried everything without obtaining any relief, when I began to use St. Jacobs Oil. With the first application, the pain almost instantaneously ceased, and continuing its use I was entirely cured and have felt no pain since.

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Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: "I now sit down to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I am now sixty-five years of age, and I have been troubled with the falling of the womb forty years, and have spent hundreds of dollars doctoring with different doctors, but got no relief. I got discouraged and quit, and suffered on. I have taken various medicines, but received no benefit. Last Fall I was so bad that I employed another doctor that was recommended to me as one of the best for such complaints. I took his medicine two months but to no effect. Then I had tumors and kidney complaint very bad, and was confined to my bed. Then I saw your Compound so highly recommended that I thought I would try once more. I have taken ten bottles of your Compound and two boxes of pills, and am now able to be on my feet the most of the time. I have no bearing down pains, *and can walk a mile easily.* I never expect to be a sound woman, but I am so much better than I ever expected to be that I want to recommend it to any one suffering with the same complaint."—Mrs. E. A. W. Napoleon, Jackson county, Mich.

A Lady Says, "It Saved My Life."

A lady living near Haverhill, N. H., writing to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., says: "I have been taking your Compound and Liver Pills six months. I was very low when I commenced; *without question it has been the means of saving my life.*" my11-1yTuThS&w1y

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Briggs, Wm. Ellery	Oculist, 429½ J	9:30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M.	1304 I	81
*Brune, A. H.	8th and J	10:30 A. M to 1, 2 to 4, 7 to 8 P. M.	14th and K	
Cluness, W. R.	2d and K	9 to 11 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M.	805 H	
*Gardner, M.	426½ J	8 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 8 P. M.	M'trop'n b'dg	
*Huntington, T. W.	426½ J	12 M. to 2 P. M., 7 to 8 P. M.	515 13th st	13,91 and 103
Laine, J. R.	913 K	9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 P. M.	913 K	
*Magill, Mary J.	627 J	10 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M.	627 J	
Merrill, E. R.	628½ J	10 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 P. M.	628½ J	
Oatman, I. E.	627 J	9 to 11 A. M., 1 to 3, 7 to 8 P. M.	1027 G	
*Parkinson, J. H.	429½ J	9 to 11 A. M., 2:30 to 4:30, 7 to 8 P. M.	1030 I	81 and 168
Simmons, G. L.	212 J	9 to 10 A. M., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 P. M.	N and 10th	67 and 128
Simmons, Junior	212 J	11 A. M. to 12 M., 4 to 5, 7 to 8 P. M.	N and 10th	67 and 128
Snider, A. H.	S. E. cor. 2d and K	8:30 to 9 A. M., 12:30 to 2, 7 to 8:30 P. M.	1804 J	
Snider, T. A.	S. E. cor. 2d and K	9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M.	913 M	
Tyrrell, G. G.	N. W. cor. 5th and J	12 M. to 1, 2 to 4, 6:30 to 8 P. M.	617 N	
Voeller, H.	521 J	9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 P. M.	701 N	
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