MATTERS IN OLD EEXICO.

COMPLIMENTS WHICH SOUND WELL BUT SIGNIFY NOTHING.

Excessive Politeness and Tedious Etiquette—What is Said At a Ceremonious Call.

[Special RECORD-UNION Correspondence.]
GUADALAJARA, April 8, 1887.

The extreme politeness of these gentle *Mexicanoes* is sometimes but a short remove from the absurd, and though their manners are kindness personified, it sometimes strikes us that Spanish compliments are as tiresome as ridiculous. For example, in making a call: When ladies appear at the door of the *sala de recibo* (reception room)—having been admitted thus far by the porter, who sits at the gate of the *casa*—the hostess runs to receive them as fast as her high heels will allow. Mexican ladies, when they sit, have an air of great dignity and perfect repose of features. They are seen to best advantage in their carriages, on their sofas at home, or in their boxes at the theater. But on foot they simply wobble, and when in haste their ungracefulness of gait is, of course, intensified. This is no doubt largely due to the fact that they wear heels absurdly high, placed almost in the center of the foot, and always insist upon wearing a shoe at least an inch too short for the foot.

She embraces each of her visitors in turn, after a curious fashion that took us long to learn—not by an American's kiss or a Frenchman's hearty hug, but each of the *embrasees* (if one may be allowed to coin a word for the occasion) puts her right hand upon the other's shoulder, her left hand near the other's heart, and, leaning forward on her toes, just lays her cheek for an instant alongside the other's neck. It looks cordial, to say the least of it, but beginners are sure to make bad work at first, bobbing their heads to the wrong side, and bumping one another's noses.

After this ceremony has been strictly attended to all around—for neglecting to embrace one of the callers would be equivalent to giving her the worst kind of a "cut direct"—the mistress of the manse leads the way across the *sala* to the square of carpet at the further end, which is always bounded on three sides by the sofa against the wall, and two rows of chairs placed *vis-a-vis*. But before sitting down another ceremony must be gone through with *de rigueur*.

Says the hostess, "Pray be seated, ladies."

"Seat yourself, sonora," is the response.

"No, no, *passe V*," she replies; and so they keep it up indefinitely until it begins to look as though they never would sit down. Finally the deadlock is broken by the oldest and most consequential member of the party, who, with an air of dignified humility, remarks: "*Vaya!* well, to oblige you, without further ceremony; I dislike compliments."

The lady who is considered of most consequence, either by reason of age or social position, is invariably seated on the right hand corner of the sofa—a point in etiquette of great importance—and the mistress of the casa on the farthest chair. Then the following dialogue takes place, with never the slightest variation:

"How is your health, senorita? Are you well?"

"At your service, senorita; and yourself?"

"*Sin novedad* (without novelty); at your service."

"I am rejoiced. And how are you, senorita?"

"At your disposal. And yourself?"

"*Mil gracias* (thousand thanks); at your service."

After the entire round has been made of these polite inquiries and replies, they begin over again: "And the senor, your husband, how is he?"

"*Mil gracias*, at you disposal, without novelty," etc., through the gamut of all their relatives, from the grandmothers down to the babies. This takes some time, and if early in the morning, there is the additional question, which must be put to every one whom you meet before midday, "*Como passe V. la noche?*" ("How did you pass the night?"); to be invariably answered, whether well or ill, by the oft-repeated, "A thousand thanks; at your service; and yourself?"

All these empty compliments are merely tokens of good will, without serious meaning, and, in fact, there is little real etiquette here, but the most perfect *laissez aller* in the world. As everywhere else, even in Mexico, where the temperature scarcely varies ten degrees in course of a year, the weather affords a legitimate topic of conversation. The slightest change in the degree of heat or cold opens the battery, and the occasional surprise of dull skies or signs of rain is a perfect bonanza in that direction.

The visit over, the ladies re-embrace all around, the lady of the house follows her guests to the outer door, and again a thousand compliments are given and returned. Each refuses to "*passe V.*" ahead of the others, and after several minutes the friendly strife is at last ended as before, by the oldest lady, who says, "*Vaya*, to oblige you."

Once outside they turn again, and each remarks to the hostess, "Senora, you know that my poor house and all in it are at your disposal."

"*Mil gracias, Senora*," she replies, "and mine is at yours; and though useless, know me for your servant and command me in anything you may desire."

"*Adios, senora*; I hope you may pass a good night," the first responds, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. And then all trail off to another house, and repeat precisely the same performance. At first we found all this vastly amusing; but I must confess that in the course of months, repeated on an average of twenty times a day, it has grown somewhat monotonous.

As in the Orient, the gentlemen also embrace when they meet, and often actually hug each other. A not unpleasant sight it is to see two lusty fellows giving one another a hearty hug—though you know that within the hour they may be carving each other with their stilettos.

In Mexico all ladies address one another, and are usually addressed by gentlemen, by their given names. It is at first rather startling to a stranger to be so familiarly spoken to by those whom one has seen but once or twice—but things must be taken as they are meant, and no undue familiarity being intended, none should be imagined. To take offense would be to imitate the Italian mentioned by Lady Blessington, who, thought he had made a conquest of a fair Englishwoman, though somewhat shocked by her forwardness, because in an indifferent note to him she had signed herself "Yours truly."

As there is no "w" in their vocabulary, the Mexicans find my last name impossible to pronounce; and after a few struggles with "double v"—making it something like "*V Vahrrdah*"—I have been quite willing to concede the point and answer to Francesca, Panchita, or whatever else they choose to call me.

Foreigners here are apt to complain bitterly of what they consider Mexican insincerity—but the fault is chiefly on the part of the foreigners themselves for attaching too much importance to the common phrase, "*Esta a su disposicion de U*" ("It is at your disposal"). The words are as generally used here as "I am happy to see you," "I shall be happy to come," etc., at home when, likely as not, quite the reverse is true. Here everything is placed "at your disposal"—house, horses, carriages, servants, even the master and mistress themselves—figuratively speaking only. If you admire your hostess' gown, "It is perfectly at your service," she instantly replies; a picture, a child's trinket, a gentleman's diamond, ditto.

Fred Ober relates how, when he came here first, an exceedingly bashful young bachelor, these profuse offers embarrassed him considerably. Riding beside his guide, soon after landing, he happened to express admiration for the horse the latter rode, and inquired if it was his own. "*Si, senor*," replied the man, "and yours also."

He ventured but one more question that day, hours later, in the house of the *muchacha*, who prepared their supper, when he thoughtlessly asked the guide if she was his sweetheart. "Yes, my friend" (*amigo mio*), he answered, "and yours, also." That silenced him for a long time; until one day, chancing to see a mere child, with beautiful oval face and large, dark eyes, who could not have been more than fourteen years old—affectionately attending a baby, he asked in surprise if it was hers. "*Si, senor*," came the ready reply, "and yours, also!"

Upon receiving a letter from a Mexican friend, you are perhaps puzzled to see it headed, "*De la casa de V.*" (from your house), till you remember the universal *costumbre*. Some foreigners, from ignorance of the custom, and others from pure knavery, take advantage of these meaningless expressions of civility, much to the confusion and surprise of the polite offerer, who has no more thought of being taken at his word than have you, dear reader, when you sign yourself the "humble servant" of some great bore.

Mme. Calderon took a sensible view of the case when she remarked: "If all these offers of service in which it is Mexican etiquette to indulge, would be believed in, such as, 'Remember, I am here but to serve you,' 'Command me in all things,' 'My house and everything in it is at your disposal,' etc., we should, of course, be disappointed to find that, notwithstanding these reiterated assurances, we must hire a house for ourselves and even servants to wait on us! But take these expressions at what they are worth, and I believe we shall find that the people here are about as sincere as their neighbors."

She adds: "Never shall I forget the crest-fallen countenance of a Mexican gentleman who had just purchased a very handsome set of London harness, when, hearing it admired by a Frenchman, he carelessly gave the customary answer, 'It is quite at your disposal,' and was answered by a profusion of bows and ready acceptance of the offer. The only difficulty with the Frenchman appeared to be whether or not he could carry it home under his cloak, which he finally did."

I was present one day when a Mexican physician made his usual morning call upon a lady who had been some time ill with a low fever. The doctor—a little, leather-colored old man, dressed in a natty suit of pale lavender—seemed to be a harmless creature, for though he looked at her tongue and felt of her pulse, and stared at the head of his cane like a solemn owl, after the manner of medical men the world over, his chief mission in life appeared to be giving lessons in the art of polite conversation. The senora was greatly surprised because I expressed amusement at his words and manner, and gravely informed me that he never failed to say exactly the same things every time he came—adding, "He is such a gentleman!"

The dialogue which transpired, when he arose to leave, I give you verbatim:

"Madame (this by the bedside), I am at your service."

"*Mil gracios*, Senor Doctor."

"Madame (this at the foot of the bed), know me for your most humble servant."

"Good morning. Senor Doctor, *amigo mio*."

"Madame (here he stopped beside a table), I kiss your feet."

"Senor Doctor, I kiss your hand."

"Madame (this near the door), my poor house and all in it—myself, though useless—and all I have is yours."

"*Mil gracios*, Senor Doctor."

He turns around and opens the door, again turning as he does so, saying, "*Adios, madame*. Your most humble servant."

"*Adios*, Doctor; *amigo mio*."

He goes out, partly closes the door, but reopens it to put in his head and fire a parting shot: "*Adios*, madame; at your service."

Such long-drawn-out civility, as if the parting between the physician and patient were "sweet sorrow" indeed, seems rather misplaced.

In Mexico it is considered more polite to says Senorita (Miss) instead of Senora (Mrs.), even to married ladies; and the matron of the house, though bent with the weight of three score years and ten, is always spoken of as "La Nina"—("the little girl.") This last custom is still more common in Cuba, where the old negresses who spend all their lives in the family are accustomed to call their young misstresses *Ninas*, and never change the name at any age. In Mexico, however, the diminutive signifies rather a term of endearment than any reference to age or size.

Indeed, the terms of affection in common use here are as exaggerated as most of their expressions. Lovers address each other as "*Mi vida*" ("My life") "*Mi alma*" ("My soul"); mothers call their children, and other pets, by the same names, and children talk to their dogs and dolls in similar phrase. The diminutives *ito* and *cito* are frequently added to nouns, simply in token of affection. For example, if your name be Josefa, your intimates will address you as *Josefita*; precisely as the padre is universally called "*padrecito*" ("dear little priest") as a mark of extraordinary respect and affection, though probably he is bald with age and so fat that his *benedicte* is but an asthmatic gargle.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Dancing as a Means of Grace.

Two gentlemen, Colonel Codell and Mr. Portur, says the Calcutta *Pioneer*, have long been making heroic but ineffectual efforts to establish friendly relations with the wild inhabitants of Little Andaman Islands.

The inhabitants have always been in the habit of promptly "going for" any stranger who was rash enough to land on their shores. At the beginning of last year these gentlemen had reason to think that the savages were showing a less hostile feeling. Consequently they visited the island, and the natives came to the beach without their bows and arrows.

The Colonel landed, and after an exchange of presents, he proceeded to instruct the Jarawas in the sublime mysteries of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Highland Fling. They were so enchanted and bewildered by these delightful novelties that they at once entered into an alliance with their instructor, and became so amiable that he was able to travel several miles inland without the slightest molestation.

If such results can be achieved with the two dances named, what might not be accomplished in the way of civilization with the waltz. Missionaries may refuse to learn and imperil their own souls for the sake of saving those of their savage brethren. But in that case a splendid opening presents itself for the young man who finds all professions crowded. London is greatly over "mashered," but mashers could find a new career in those gentle climes, with no expense for an outfit. They need carry no luggage, as no evening dress would be required beyond a collar and a pair of pumps. The mental picture of a masher conducting a Jarawa dowager to the refreshment tent, between dances, to recruit on pickled missionary and mangoes, is touching in the extreme.

By Gentle Means.

There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase, and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands if they wished to sell them.

At first they refused, but finally, to please their "Father Onas," as they called Penn, they said that he should have as much land as a young man could travel round in one d y, and, as an equivalent, they should receive a certain amount of English goods.

Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried, for the young man chosen to walk on the tract of land walked so fast and far as greatly to astonish them.

The Governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.

"The walker cheated us," said the Indians.

"Ah, how can that be?" asked Penn. "Did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?"

"True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it; and if not, should be compelled to.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then, turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

The proposal gratified them, and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and the number of fish hooks with which they would be satisfied.

These were cheerfully given, and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SECRET OF DRESS.—It is the wearer who makes a success of a dress, and a great secret of the Parisian dressmakers' art is that they adapt their fashions to the individual customer, and happily, if the wearer be a French woman, they meet with hearty co-operation. There are few who do not understand what suits them. They make a study of face, figure and carriage, and, though their garments are costly, they do not have too many of them. They make each new dress a part of themselves, and realize its effect in motion and repose. They raise the "toilette" to the dignity of a fine art, and, moreover, succeed in producing a perfect result. The colors now worn in Paris are most daring in their combination, but they are so skillfully handled that they never produce a discordant effect.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

ANGOSTURA Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all drinks and cures dyspepsia, diarrhea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

WANDERINGS OF A CALIFORNIAN IN THE ORIENT.

A Visit to the District of Kobe—The Festivals of the Japanese—Surrounding of a Trip.

KOBE (Japan), February 20, 1887.

I am now writing in Kobe, where I arrived after a very tempestuous voyage of three days and a half, when the usual time is thirty hours. I shall not write of Kobe to-day, but will tell of some pleasant festivals I have just taken part in in northern Japan.

Utsunomiya is a small city, of about 18,000 inhabitants, at the end of the railroad from Yokio. It played quite a part in the war in 1868, at the time of the restoration; and the old castle of the Daimio has been destroyed, but the place remains quite a business center for shipment of rice and the copper from the mines of Ashiwo.

My room at the Shirokiya Hotel was well placed for a view of the main street and the square opposite the depot. The sides had large panes of glass inserted in the whole length, and each morning and evening a very interested crowd of country people, who had come down to wonder at the steam cars, found quite a pastime in watching me dress or undress. There were no curtains, and no possibility of obtaining any, but I grew quite used to this public life, and felt quite proud of the admiring comments which my home-knitted red underwear always called forth. Japan gave me so much in the way of interest that I did not grudge the little I was able to do to entertain the people in return. On the evening of March 5th my worthy host came to me and informed me that it was

THE INARI FESTIVAL,

And if I would like to go with him he would be honored, etc., to show me the sights. I had already become aware of the excitement in town, among the children especially, who were buying drums and artificial flowers at the booths in the main street. Inari is the name given to the god of rice, and there are at least five personifications of food goods bearing the name. The thousands of little temples seen everywhere in Japan, and called by foreigners "fox temples," are built to Inarisama, who manifests himself often in the form of a fox, playing fantastic tricks upon humanity. All day long people had been putting up before their houses or the fox temples in their grounds long banners of blue, yellow, red and white, bearing inscriptions; there was also as much floral decoration as the season would allow. The sun had scarcely set when I heard the rattle of a drum, then a second, and yet more, till one prolonged, deafening rattle, as if that which rolls around the world each day were merged into one long beat. The road to each shrine is marked by rows of lanterns bearing comic pictures representing the effect upon men produced by some of Master Fox's witcheries. One showed a man in the act of shaving another, and making use of a mallet to drive the razor through the stubby hair; some bore pictures of men evidently fallen down under the influence of sake, but a fox peeping from behind a tree told where the whole blame is to be laid when anxious wife and sympathetic neighbors find him. All of these transparencies are amusing, but quite unnecessary to tell the way to the shrines to any but deaf people, for upon a high stage hidden from view by draperies of red, blue, yellow and white are a dozen or more boys. A dozen boys in such a place, even if it were at a funeral, would make noise enough, but on this occasion armed with drums, bells, fifes and other ear torturers, they can be heard for half a mile. The large business houses which have one of these little temples in their inclosures give a public reception of which the whole town avails itself to see the usually novel decorations. Neatly designed and expensive tableaux of clay figures are given, the hands and faces of which are remarkably well executed. One was a beautiful representation of the famous story of "The Old Man who made Withered Fruit Trees Bloom," and being life-size, I at first took it for a real man in a real tree. A second tableau, in the rear of a large beer establishment, was of Fujiyama, which towered quite naturally with snow-covered peak, while in the foreground was a woman, a boy and a man, the latter working in his rice field, and the woman telling the boy the

STORY OF THE SACRED MOUNTAIN,

Which briefly is as follows: A very charming woman who came from the moon was loved by the Mikado, but when he was about to take her as one of his family, she was carried away to the moon again in a chariot. She left as a gift to the Mikado an elixir of life, but, like a true lover, he refused to accept eternal life without his moon girl, and burnt the elixir upon the summit of this mountain, and named it the Immortal Mountain—Fugi no Yama.

Another is a story where the wicked fox plays a prominent part. A peasant, seeing one of these sly creatures, follows it from the track into a dense wood, when it suddenly disappears and two lovely women are seen playing a game of chekers. Quite forgetful of the time, the peasant watches the game to the end, when he turns to go away, but, much to his wonder, finds himself an old, white-haired man. A hundred years at least have passed, and he can find none of his friends when he reaches his native village, and so goes away and is never seen again. I once forgot my dinner for half an hour watching certain young ladies play lawn-tennis, but I never have seen a game of any kind that could keep me for half a hundred years.

Lanterns were hanging from all points and often strung in pretty designs, while larger and brighter above all shown the moon—not full, but yet large enough to reveal a part of the man's face looking down full of appreciative jollity upon the festival. It is essentially a children's celebration, and they turn out in full force on these occasions, chatting away like little parrots. There seems to be no quarreling, and only such jostling as is unavoidable in a crowd moved by curiosity. This general politeness and deference to each other, in public as well as private, is characteristic of these people. The common beggars bow to each other, and even jinriksha men offer greetings in most courteous manner. A Japanese dress is an assurance of polite treatment; you may be robbed by these people in shop and restaurant, but the crime is done in the gentlest way possible. During my walk, however, I was treated with impertinence and unkindness—not by cartmen or the low boors from the country, but by boys from the school here, where they affect a European costume and hoodlumish manners. The annoyance was small, and from a petty source, but it served to show

WHERE NEW JAPAN IS DRIFTING,

When a foreigner learns to look for incivility from the children of the upper classes who are to be the men of the future. The Inarisama festival lasts for two days, and all the little shrines receive some attention in the way of green branches and gay-colored streamers. There is a sort of assurance company connected with a temple of this kind which I know of in Kobe. Any worshiper, by paying a certain small sum at regular intervals, is given a funeral (when such an event is finally necessary), good or extra fine, according to the amount of his payment. Often the funeral does not take place for a year after the decease of the "policy holder," but he is sure to have one worth seeing when it does occur. The interest in this festival is dying out, they say: everything that is worth living seems to be now dying out in this country, and a miserable, mongrel mixture of manners, dress and all the faults of our civilization, without the few virtues, are taking the places

On our way home we passed several wandering amma—the blind shampooers—one of whom was being followed by some of these schoolboys, mocking his peculiar whistle and having their sport with his helplessness in a way that would shock even a child of barbarian America. These amma are almost all blind, and make a living by shampooing. They make themselves known by the use of a reed pipe, from which they draw the most plaintive notes; they are not generally poor, but gain a good income from money lending, and like all usurers, are hated thoroughly. One morning, in the train, I hurried away through plantations of tea, where the leaves in each hedge row glittered in the early sun; through tufted rice fields of a living green, and groves of bamboo, yellow as gold, until I reached the great capital again, to witness another festival of exquisite loveliness, a festival which when neglected will mark the decay of all that is true and pure and sweet.

The plum trees are now in full bloom, and the air is sweet with their perfume. They are trees which bloom for flowers only and have no fruit. They are cultivated for the god in man, not for the animal in him, and the charm they exert is felt by all. Near the Muko-jima is the largest garden of these flowering trees; there are 500 gnarled and sturdy trunks, which bear aloft a cloud of airy leaves, white and soft as snow-flakes, and falling slowly through the bars of sunlight, which find their way among the branches, they suggest autumn in the very beginning of springtime—it is the fall of the leaves of innocence, as sad an autumn as that which precedes winter. Bits of paper are seen fluttering from the branches, and on them are written poems supposed to have been evoked by the beauties of the scene; but, alas, in these degenerate days, the poet writes his lines at home and comes and hangs them where his true love will find them when she comes to walk and enjoy the first spring promises. One I saw was written in English, and by a hand not unknown

IN THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS OF SACRAMENTO;

But I shall say no more, except that the rhymes were good, the sentiment neat, and the author of it showed that he was not forgetful of California. If he reads this he need not tremble; I shall never tell. People make holiday to celebrate the coming of each loved flower, and the cherry trees will follow the plum, and then come wistaria, peonies, the iris, and in summer the famed lotus. In autumn the chrysanthemums hold the rule, and the display at Tokio in the Mikado's garden is a wonderful sight indeed, for that flower being the crest of His Majesty, receives greatest attention in cultivation, and hundreds of brilliant varieties are produced. In October, when the leaves of the maple trees are turning, there is another festival, in which the people all come out to commune with nature—to wish her a pleasant sleep, as it were, through the cold winter days. One finds sacred trees near all the shrines, and they are to be distinguished by the band or garland of straw which encircles them. In former days a jilted girl would at

THE HOUR OF "THE OX"

(Two in the morning), nail to one of these trees a straw figure, supposed to represent the false lover, and, with incantations, pray the deity of the place to avenge her. Those times have passed away, and nowadays I do not know what forlorn maidens do in vengeance, but I suppose it is something equally awful with the driving of a cursed nail into a sacred tree. I remember one tree in the Ueno which draws many a foreign pilgrim aside. It is a sort of magnolia tree, in an inclosure with no inscription near it, but all the people can tell you it was planted by General Grant when he visited Yokio, on his way around the world. I see his picture everywhere, and a certain native schoolmaster in Yokio has named his son for the General. Speaking of pictures of home people reminds me of having seen an engraved portrait of W. C. Ralston in a shop here, and his name is familiar to the boys at school, as his life has been written in Japanese, and he is held up to them as an example to follow. I once saw Ralston's picture in a house in the very heart of the Austrian Tyrol.

CHARLES A. GUNNISON.

About a Lucky Star.

The "Brandenburg Lucky Star"—so called because it appeared the night in which Elector Johann Sigismund, of Brandenburg, was born—is, by German astronomers, expected to make its appearance again within the next four years. In 945, during the reign of Emperor Otho I., say the German papers, a new and brilliant fixed star was seen in the constellation Cassiopeia, which has the shape of a W. In 1264 a similar star was seen in the same place, and again on November 11, 1572, when Tycho Brahe noticed a brilliant star of unusual magnitude in a spot where he had only seen small ones until then. It had no tail, nor was it surrounded by a haze, that might lead observers to take it for a comet; it resembled, on the contrary, the other fixed stars, and shed a more brilliant light than the stars of the first magnitude, excelling in this respect Sirius, Jupiter and Vega. It could only be compared to Venus, and was visible also in the daytime, even at noon. At night, with a covered sky, while all the other stars are invisible, it was repeatedly distinguishable through the clouds. Tycho was convinced of its complete immovability. Its light began to fade in November, 1572, and after having shone for nearly seventeen months it disappeared entirely in 1574. In vain the astronomers have looked for it in its wonted place since; but now, after the usual period of about 300 years, it is expected to show itself again.—*Exchange.*

BIRDS OF YESTERDAY.—A number of large and interesting birds have become extinct within recent times. Of these, the Epiornis, of Madagascar, was probably the largest. Fossil fragments indicate that this creature was at least 12 feet in hight, with a weight five or six times as great as that of the ostrich. Specimens of its eggs have been found, and measure nearly thirteen and a half inches in largest diameter by nine inches in smallest diameter, with a capacity of nearly eight quarts. The Moa, or Dinornis, of New Zealand, was also larger than any bird now living, its hight having been 10 or 12 feet. Its "drumstick" was 30 to 32 inches long; and its eggs so large that a hat would make a good egg-cup for them. The famous Dodo, a 50-pound bird of Mauritius, was once well known to the Dutch, but has not been reported as seen during the last 200 years. The Solitare is another exterminated bird of the same island. The Great Auk, of the North Sea, is supposed to have become extinct since 1884. These are a few of the latest disappearances of the bird world; other large species are fast diminishing in numbers, and soon the Australian Emeu and New Zealand Apteryx, for example, will have passed away also.

THE EXPULSION OF RATS.—A writer in *Chambers' Journal* relates his experience in ridding the house of rats. He first tried the well-known remedy of pouring tar into the entrance of their holes, and also of placing broken glass by their holes; but neither remedy did he find effective. But bound to get rid of the rat nuisance, if such a thing was possible, he tried another well-known remedy which proved more satisfactory. He caught a couple of large rats in a trap alive, and then besmeared them all over, except their heads, with tar, and let them loose in their favorite run. "But," he says, "I could not follow those two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortunes which had so suddenly befallen them, or that they had frightened their brethren away; for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day, in 1875, till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats, and I believe that that there is no remedy equal to this one."

DINNER'S DELIGHTS AND DISCORDS.—A dinner should appeal to every one of the senses. Flowers to look at and to inhale, exquisite dishes to please the palate, music in the distance (not too loud), a room not too warm, everybody in their best attire (in body and mind). Then every one should be in his or her best talking condition; the quips and quirks of excited fancy come gracefully; society brings about the attrition of wits, one is comfortable, well fed, in his best mood; his dinner card has started on a long journey of apt reminiscence! All this sounds very exalted. The fact remains, so deep is the discord in humanity, that not one grand dinner in ten is a success. Perhaps the room is too warm, perhaps you have not taken in the woman you prefer, perhaps—and this is a very common fault—the dinner is too long. No dinner should last more than two hours, and ten courses are better than twelve. The feverish sensation of chill and suffocation, known as fashionable society, civilization and luxury, with their false growths, miserable suspicion, tendency to brag, mushroom vices, born of miasms—all these things make people cross, dull, and impossible to amuse, sometimes.—*Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.*

A REMARKABLE PEOPLE.—A curious anthropological discovery is announced from Spain by Prof. Miguel Marazta. In the valley of Rebas, at the end of the Eastern Pyrenees, there exists a somewhat numerous group of people called Nanos, or dwarfs, by the other inhabitants. They are less than four feet tall, are quite well built, with small hands and feet, and are given an exaggerated appearance of robustness by broad hips and shoulders. All have red hair; the face is as broad as long, with high cheek bones, strongly-developed jaws and flat nose. The eyes are somewhat oblique, like those of Tartars and Chinese. A few straggling hairs take the place of a beard. The skin is pale and flabby. Men and women are so much alike that the sex can only be told from the clothing. They are without education, and, being ridiculed by the other inhabitants, live by themselves, and continue to reproduce their peculiarities by intermarriage among themselves.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE LATEST STYLES AND MATERIALS IN VOGUE.

All About Head-wear—Out of Doors Garments—Lace Dresses and Trimmings—Notes—Etc.

[RECORD-UNION Fashion Correspondent.]
NEW YORK, April 9, 1887.

A notable feature in millinery is the union of velvet and tulle, not only in trimming but in the making of bonnets. As, for example, where the crown is of velvet, with tulle front, or the front is of shirred velvet with crown of puffed tulle. The most marked innovation is, perhaps, however, an introduction of lace or embroidered kerchiefs, which serve both as material and trimming; for the latter purpose, one being caught by the middle and arranged with the four corners bristling in front as an adjunct to the tall bouquet, or where a second kerchief in great part composes the bonnet. Lace is constantly disposed likewise in the high rising piquancy of front garniture, the central thought to which all other thoughts subordinate, and for the production of which, whether in direct or roundabout fashion, they minister. Both lace and embroidery are freely used, to say nothing of ribbon—the satin-faced velvet, faille, moire, satin, velvet with feather edge, fancy striped, plaided or checked, gauze with picot edge or metal. But every trimming takes a secondary position when compared with beads. From bonnets, entirely of beads, to those where slight admixtures glitter, there are all gradations, but cluster them never so thickly, bespangle them never so lavishly, you cannot overdo the matter.

THE SMALL WRAPS,

Very short at the back, with long mantilla ends in front, are another evidence of how many beads can be put on a limited expanse of material. For the most part they are of velvet that is seen in such glimpses as remain after the placing of front pieces that touch shoulder pieces, and shoulder pieces that are made akin by the extended back piece—the *chef d'œuvre* of the display, and effectually preventing the comfort of support against anything. It must not be touched too roughly for fear of injury. Rich and broad passementeries sometimes do duty on the much-enduring velvet wrap, and there are wraps of passementeries so inwrought by beads that no inch of space looks forth. But colored velvet, heavily trimmed by colored beads, takes first position, although black velvet, ornamented by jet, is in great demand. Jackets, newmarkets and raglans complete the list of out-door garments.

COLORED BEADS

Take the lead in trimmings, and like jet, are brought out in plastrons, shoulder pieces, long side pieces, passementeries, independent ornaments and sweeping networks that drape skirts. But combination costumes are in such remarkable vogue that trimmings suffer. One may have a costume or two elaborately garnitured by beads, but the unitings of checks, plaids and stripes with each other, or with plain goods, afford so much of the unique and novel, that fashion goes off to them as to a feast of fat things. For wools, nevertheless, there are open work woolen galoons, while tailor-made dresses have lost nothing in prestige—the idea extending to silks where heavy surahs, woven diagonally and with hair lines, are made up in the severe simplicity of tailor suits.

LACE DRESSES

Will be very much worn, and this is not surprising, since they are becoming to every one, are lasting, graceful, capable of much redraping, vail conveniently the worn silk of a former season, or cause the cheap silk below to look the handsome thing it is not. To many a female heart there is fascination in this fact, and women will spend more in the endeavor to make a cheap or worn out thing "do" than a new and good thing would cost, as some thrifty housekeepers will spend more in utilizing stale bread in the form of pudding than a fresh dessert from the pastry cook's would cost, time and trouble thrown in. Be that as it may, lace dresses have a high stand, and with lace parasol to match, will compose stylish outfits for summer hotel piazzas. The more so since lace parasols are very fashionable, though less numerous, because more expensive than the checked silk which are all the go. Every variety of color is shown—grave tints for the grave, gay for the gay, and with long ferule and ribbon bow on the handie, they form, when closed, pretty walking sticks.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Fashion in china runs wholly in color, but prices are now very moderate since a complete dinner and tea set of French china, prettily decorated, costs only fifty dollars. At higher figures come sets of cream and gilt, and royal blue is handsome and fashionable. At the Stewart sale, besides the silver service, there was a medallion set, one of royal blue and a third of French china gilt. Mattings this spring are brought out in cheerful colors, and patterns almost as elaborate as carpets. There are squares outlined by crimson, blue or green, with circular figures of the same inside; less complicated designs show colored cross-bars, and taken altogether there is a marked advance in the direction of ornament. Green is in most favor, because cool looking. Ingrain carpets are woven in small patterns and subdued colors, producing far greater refinement of effect than formerly. Rugs were never in so great demand, and the finest kinds bring almost fabulous prices.

ROSALIND MAY.

Consumption Cured by a Car Platform.

"You see this car platform?" inquired one passenger of another on an Illinois Central suburban train. "Well, that platform cured me of consumption and saved my life. You think that's strange, don't you? Well, it is a little strange, but it's a fact. You see, I come of a consumptive family. My mother died of consumption, a sister and two brothers, and a year ago I expected to go in the same way. Don't look like it now, do I? Well, all thanks are due to this platform. It was in this way: As soon as I saw that I was going down I made up my mind to take some desperate means of salvation. I wasn't financially able to go to California, or to travel anywhere except to and from my work. So I did the next best thing. Every morning, in riding into town, I stood out on the platform, and, drawing long breaths, filled my lungs full of the fresh air from the lake.

"At first I couldn't inhale much, but by and by my lungs gathered strength, respiratory cells that had been long unused began to open and admit nature's life-giving oxygen, and in a few months I was surprised at my own strength and good health, as were my friends. Four times a day—for I rode home to dinner and back again—I stood on the platform and inhaled as much of the air as possible. The weather made no difference to me—rain, cold, snow, blizzard—for more than a year I haven't sat down in a railway coach. Now I can draw a longer inhalation than any man I know, and a long inhalation simply means filling with air all the cells of the lungs, bringing the whole system into service, as it were—and I have no more fear of consumption. People who work indoors, and who never, under ordinary circumstances, get their lungs more than half filled with air, had better try my prescription. It is a wonder."—*Chicago Herald.*

Woman's Ambition and Duties.

Everywhere the great advance and intellectual growth among women is astonishing. Except those who devote their time and energies to society and its frivolities, women generally are working like Trojans to elevate the sex and equalize the sexes. In the intellectual world they are certainly on equal footing with men. Nor do men dispute their claim.

In all good work for the moral and physical improvement of the race the women are the most interested and work the hardest, and, what is better still, are always ready to supply the necessary funds or see that they are supplied.

In domestic affairs women have always reigned supreme, and yet it must be confessed that here they do their poorest work in certain ways. Upon them rests the responsibility of bringing up and training the future generations of men and women. And still, as a class, they work harder to save young men from ruin than they worked to train their own sons into habits that should require no reformation in manhood. Half the time and labor spent upon their own children, they agreeing as a body upon a line of moral conduct and teaching, would make the after labor comparatively light, for nothing so influences character as early surroundings, although, of course, the argument holds that excellent men were in childhood unhappily, perhaps viciously, surrounded, and had no training to speak of, or the worst; but such cases are rare indeed, and men and women usually carry with them in some way the effects of early training or influence.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Unnatural Tendency of the Times.

Let not our virtuous young girls rush into the arms of dissolute or dissipated young men without the warning of reason and of experience. Let them be taught to recognize such characters at sight, and to loathe them as they deserve. Then we should hear less of innocent girls being offered up to the unworthy, and nothing of young girls marrying impure young men with the thought of reforming them. Young men are not encouraged to take that class of women as hopeful subjects for reformation; no more should pure young girls be allowed to so pollute themselves. Let like consort with like, and if a young man wants a spotless bride let him keep himself spotless for her sake. And let not young men too long delay their marriage because they are poor. Of this comes largely the vicious system of France and the growing celibacy in England. The sexes are said to be growing away from each other in these countries—to have few interests in common, no society, so to speak, the men avoiding intercourse with their equals and seeking only a low grade of female society, and the women more and more obliged to devise and to carry out their own separate schemes of amusement. This has also begun to be noticed in our fashionable society, and Jenny June accounts for the rage for afternoon receptions by saying that the ladies cannot attend evening gatherings as it is impossible to secure escorts. Late accounts of fashionable assemblies in Boston, where the young men are mostly Harvard students describe the young men as huddling together and not trying in any manner to entertain the ladies, and as appearing excessively bored with the whole thing. All this is unnatural and shows a vicious tendency of the times. Young men would delight in the society of their own social order and be as pleased with youth and beauty now as they have always been if they kept themselves fresh and pure for the society of their equals. It is because they indulge in a too free and easy intercourse with their inferiors that the dignity and restraints required of them in good society are so irksome.—*Hattie Tyng Griswold in Chicago Tribune.*

To Remove Dandruff.

Take a piece of gum camphor as large as a chestnut and place in it one pint of alcohol. This camphorizes the alcohol. The mixture may be perfumed to suit the taste. Wet the scalp with this daily. It will stimulate the scalp, promote the growth of the hair, and in many instances prevent it from falling off. German women are noted for their luxuriant hair. Once in every two weeks they wash the head thoroughly with a quart of soft water in which a handful of bran and a little white soap had been dissolved, then the yolk of an egg, slightly beaten, is rubbed into the roots of the hair; this is allowed to remain a few minutes, and then the hair is washed and rinsed carefully in soft water. It is then wiped and dried thoroughly, combed from the forehead and parted with the fingers. After drying apply a little pomatum made of beef marrow boiled in a small quantity of olive oil and slightly perfumed. Do this near the fire in winter or in a very warm room. Almost all curling fluids are mere impositions; but with a weak solution of isinglass a firm and lasting form may be given to the hair. This solution is inoffensive. The hair should be brushed every day in order to keep it in perfect condition. Always use the best brushes. They are the cheapest in the end. Use the brush very rapidly and for about five minutes. A celebrated beauty said the hair should receive one hundred strokes a day, and they should be applied in three minutes' time. A good and the safest wash for the teeth is pure soft water and the finest quality of castile soap. Apply with a moderately stiff brush morning and evening. The above receipts are worthy of a trial, especially for those who desire beautiful hair.—*Exchange.*

A RECORD OF CHILD GROWTH.—The Woman's Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C., has undertaken a work in connection with the growth and training of children which promises to be of great value. It desires that mothers shall keep a faithful record of the lives of their offspring. Among the suggestions made is that there shall be noted in a book the date of birth, previous health of the mother, number of her other children, whether the child was fully matured, physical peculiarities, "mother's marks," weight, length, girth of chest, color of eyes, color of hair, health of child at birth, whether quiet or active, feeble or vigorous, good tempered or fretful, how fed, breast or bottle, how frequently, character of food, at what age did it manifest pain from prick of pin, etc., appear sensible to sound, follow a light with eyes, show a like or dislike in taste, distinguish between odors, notice its hand, recognize its mother, when it sat alone, began to creep, reached out its hand to take a plaything, or appear to be right or left handed, when it first stood by a chair, first stood alone, walked alone, spoke, and the first word it uttered, the colors which gave it most pleasure, whether restful or wakeful at night, average hours of sleep day and night, general health, date of cutting first tooth, last tooth, noteworthy speeches, age at which it first entered school, amount and nature of exercise, sports, etc., any marked artistic capacity, memory, whether good or bad, and incidents indicative of character.—*Herald of Health.*

THE POLE AND ITS TORCH.—When located by Sir James Ross, in 1831, the north magnetic pole was on the west side of the peninsula of Boothia Felix, some 1,400 miles nearer to us than the geographical pole or earth's axis. Since then, however, its position must have changed some hundreds of miles, as, from some unknown cause, it is not stationary, but is moving westward at a rate which takes it around the earth on a particular parallel in 1,000 to 2,000 years. The needle of the compass now points due north on a meridian passing through western Dakota or eastern Montana, and turns to about northwest in England, though at the time the mariner's compass was brought from China the needle pointed nearly north from England. The aurora borealis, like other magnetic phenomena, follows the same westward course in its given latitude, and is manifested to a certain distance from the magnetic pole. It does not reach Pekin, on the opposite side of the earth from us, though the display is often very brilliant at Philadelphia in about the same latitude; but as the magnetic pole passes onward the aurora will be seen further south in the opposite hemisphere, and further north in this, thus favoring each northern country in turn with its beautiful effects.

PICKING OUT A WIFE.—I always was partial to the ladies, and did a great deal of gallanting them around and making them have as good a time as myself. But when I came to the age at which most young men fall in love I was very careful to single out a lady of my own age, and one who had an extra amount of common sense and good breeding—one who was always considerate of others' welfare, and was not ashamed that she kept house for three younger children left orphans when quite young. Now, after three years of married life, I have never seen my wife untidy. She makes it her business to keep herself looking as neat as her house, and I have yet to see her out of humor or in the least way cross, and although I do not make anything like big wages, yet she manages to keep the house in all necessaries, and I have more money in my pocket at the end of the month than I ever had or could manage to save before I was married. I think if more young men would look on the practical side of matrimony there would not be so many disappointing unions. Common sense is the thing. Never mind the pretty face, bright eyes or small feet. Has she a good supply of common sense? It beats music and drawing far enough.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

BUCKWHEAT.—There is a diversity of opinion regarding the origin of the name of the grain from which our buckwheat cakes are made. Daniel Webster, the great statesman, who was said to be inordinately fond of this particular kind of "slap-jacks," derived their name buckwheat from beechnut, because of its resemblance to that species of fruit. Noah Webster, the dictionary-maker, gives the Scotch buck, beech and wheat. There is a tradition that the name buckwheat arose from the fact that the first specimens of the grain itself were brought from the East hidden between the leaves of a book, so that it was not "beech-wheat," but "book-wheat." That buckwheat came into Europe from the East seems to be well established. The French call it "Saracen wheat" (ble Sarassin); the Germans, beech-wheat (buckweizen).

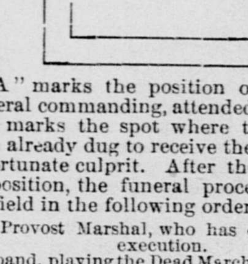
FITS!—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHOT UPON HIS COFFIN.

THE WORK OF COURTS-MARTIAL IN THE ARMY.

Reminiscence of the Execution of Dixon, the Deserter, in Front of Petersburg in 1864.

Looking over my diary I find this entry, made December 24, 1864: "No Court today. Attended execution of Dixon, deserter." This was the case to which I have previously alluded. One day there was brought before the Court a well-built, bright-appearing, good-looking soldier, apparently about twenty-five years of age, charged with desertion. The evidence was as follows: His regiment, which was stationed below Petersburg, had been sent out on picket. In the night, which was very dark, he was posted as a vedette at a tree some distance in advance of the main picket line. Some time in the night he left his gun standing against the tree, ran and jumped into a rifle-pit in which were a Sergeant and half a dozen men. "Well, I've deserted 'em," he exclaimed. "Deserted whom?" asked the Sergeant. "The damned Yanks," he replied. "What did you desert them for?" was the next question. "Because they didn't use me right," he said. The Sergeant then asked him his name, company, and regiment, which he gave. His regiment was the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. As soon as he had obtained this information the Sergeant said to him: "We are Yanks, and you will go back to division headquarters with me." He took two soldiers, escorted him back, and delivered him up to the Provost Marshal. At the point where he had been stationed our picket line made quite a curve, and in the darkness of the night and his own excitement the fellow had taken the wrong direction, and instead of reaching the rebel line, had jumped into a rifle-pit of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment of his own brigade. At his trial, which took place a few days after, when asked what he had to say in his defense, he had nothing to say, except that he had been a soldier in the British army, and showed to the Court an honorable discharge. This, however, instead of helping his case, had the opposite effect, for it proved that he must have known the consequences of his attempt if he failed. It was but a short time before the findings and sentence of the Court were approved, and execution of the sentence ordered. A military execution is a solemn event, and nothing is omitted which can add to its impressiveness. Every man and every officer in the division who is not engaged in necessary duty as guard or picket is obliged to be present. On this occasion the three brigades, forming our division, were drawn up in double line, facing each other, at a distance of about twenty paces, and forming three sides of two squares, as in the diagram:



"A" marks the position of the Major-General commanding, attended by his staff. "B" marks the spot where the grave has been already dug to receive the body of the unfortunate culprit. After the division is in position, the funeral procession enters the field in the following order:

The Provost Marshal, who has charge of the execution.
The band, playing the Dead March with muffled drums.
The firing party of twelve men of the provost guard.
The provost guard, with fixed bayonets, between whose sections march four soldiers, bearing the coffin, and followed directly by the prisoner, attended by the chaplain.

The procession enters the division at the point marked "R," marches slowly between the lines, the band playing continually to the point marked "B," where the coffin is placed upon the ground in front of the grave. The prisoner is blindfolded and made to kneel upon his coffin, and the firing party is drawn up in front of him at a distance of some seven or eight paces. Previously to this the inner line of the division has been faced about that all may see. The Provost Marshal has loaded the guns of the firing party, eleven of them with ball cartridges and one with a blank cartridge, but no one knows which one has the blank, so that each soldier may think, if he pleases, that he did not fire a fatal shot. When the preparations are all completed the Provost Marshal gives the order: "Make ready; take aim; fire!" and before the smoke has cleared away: "Recover arms; order arms; inspection arms." He then inspects every musket to see if it has been fired. I have been asked what would happen if he should find that a man had not discharged his piece. I never knew such a thing to happen, but if it should happen intentionally the offender would stand a good chance to face a firing party himself. It is the duty of the Provost Marshal, if the prisoner is not killed, to end his sufferings with his pistol, but, thanks to the care exercised, I never knew of this being necessary in the Army of the Potomac.

Never was there a greater exhibition of pluck on the part of a person condemned to die than the case I have mentioned. As Dixon, on the march through the division, recognized his comrades, he spoke to them cheerfully and bade them good-by. When he reached his grave he refused to be blindfolded and kneel on his coffin, but wished to stand up, face the firing party, and meet his fate like a man. But it was of no use; stern military usage could not be varied, and it seemed to me at the time that it took the Provost Marshal ten or fifteen minutes to persuade him to submit. I heard that he yielded only after the Marshal told him that he should be obliged to use force. His death was instantaneous. Immediately the division was put in motion, the band played its liveliest tunes, and, as we marched off the field with a quick step, the burying party were shoveling the earth upon the coffin of "Dixon, the deserter."—*Boston Herald.*

Death and Burial in Turkey.

Emile Julliard, in his article on "Life Beneath the Crescent," in the April *Cosmopolitan*, says: If a Turk dies, or looks as if he were dead, no physician, no inspector comes to make sure that death has really taken place; but if it has not the fact will soon be established, thanks to a procedure more efficient than all the gentle and refined means in vogue in the West to make sure that the deceased is not hoaxing his heirs.

Scarcely has the last breath been taken when the corpse is lifted up violently by vigorous arms, the clothing snatched off, laid on the flag-stones of the mortuary chamber or vestibule, and besprinkled with hot water, which is thrown upon it by the imam, provided with a large pail. The sprinkling is repeated two or three times, so that the family runs little danger of seeing the deceased resuscitated.

Thus scalded as a preliminary step, the body is washed and dried. Then it is bepowdered with camphor, and after being covered with a cloth embroidered with verses from the Koran, it is exposed for several hours in the courtyard. Afterwards the imam returns, and accompanies the corpse to its last resting-place.

The flat, covered bier is usually carried on the shoulders of friends of the deceased, or upon those of hired pall-bearers. Sometimes strangers assume this duty gratuitously, looking upon it as a pious and meritorious act. The cortege is made up only of those that carry the coffin by turns, thus relieving one another without stopping. The coffin is made of cedar, and it is seldom varnished, but it is covered with a rug or a shawl, and there is placed at the head a turban or fez, if the deceased is a male.

The procession always moves hastily, not for the purpose of getting rid of the dismal burden, but to hasten the moment when the deceased shall enjoy eternal repose; for the Mussulman believes that the soul is restless and unhappy as long as the corpse is unburied. This is why three or four hours only elapse between death and burial.

On arriving at the cemetery, the *imam* so places the bier that the face of the deceased is turned toward Mecca; he then approaches the brink of the grave and utters a very long prayer, the conclusion of which is as follows: "Draw near, Mounkir and Nekir, angels of death and ministers of Allah. Great and blessed God, we humbly beseech Thee to make the earth light for Thy servant. May we find grace and mercy with Thee. Amen." A Christian's prayer does not say anything more nor any better.

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the *cause* of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cents, large bottles.

HARVEST THE WORLD OVER.—January is harvest time in Egypt and the Indies. In Australia, New Zealand, Chile and several countries of South America the harvest is gathered in January. In India it commences in February and ends in March. In Asia Minor, Algiers, China and Japan it is in May. In June for California, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, Sicily, and in some parts of the South of France. In July the harvest begins in France, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Russia and New York. In August comes the turn of Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Holland and Canada. In August Scotland, Sweden and Northern Russia.

GENERAL NOTICES.

The Bottom of the Sea
Yields no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable dentrifice, the fragrant SOZODONT. Nor is coral rosier than the gums in which such teeth are set. So say the ladies, who are the best judges in such matters. jy1-1yTuThS

Faded hair recovers its youthful color and softness by the use of PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures inward pains. mr5-1tS

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mr15-1yMWS

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o17-1y8

Carriage Painting by J. E. Parmeter, at 916 and 918 Eleventh street, between I and J. tf

Catarrh.—A cold of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester. fe8-1y

If you want a Number One Carpet woven on short notice, send it to MARY S. COWGER, 802 M street. mr8-1m*

The Glory of Man Is His Strength, and for the many ailments arising from nervous prostration and physical weakness, such as loss of vital energy, nervous debility, seminal weakness, impotency and the various ills caused by Indiscretion, Excess and Abuse there is no more effectual remedy than **Dr. LaMars' Seminal Pills.** They build up the entire system, renew the wasted energies, giving strength, vigor and vitality to all the organs. The feeble and infirm find in them a veritable fountain of youth. Price, $2 50. Sent C. O. D., by express, or by mail, on receipt of price. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, P. O. Box 1952, San Francisco. ja8-6m

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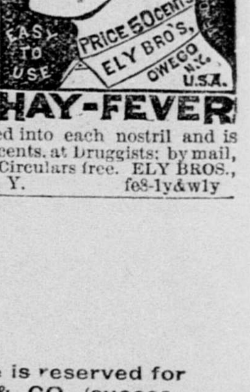

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y. fe8-1y&w1y

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