RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

A GLANCE AT JAPANESE THEATERS AND STAGE TRAPPINGS.

Fire-Proof Buildings for Valuables—Christianity Versus Beer—Visits to Schools.

[Correspondence RECORD-UNION.]

A flatter and more uninteresting city topographically could not be found than Ozaka. There is no rise except where the castle stands, and that scarcely deserves the name of hill, though it is so situated as to give a fine view of the country back to the mountains and out over the bay. People who complain of the discomforts of Japanese inns and go to ill-kept, badly managed Eurasian hotels, certainly do not have little minds, if the words of the Concord Deity be true. With a bed of finest silk, with walls of gold paper crossed by black lacquer, a ceiling of age-darkened wood, with well-cooked, palatable, though unknown food, I found the most perfect comfort at the fashionable native hotel of Hanaya on the Naka no Shima, an island in the river Dojima. Rivers and canals are everywhere, but last year there were not water-courses enough to carry off the melted snow, and a disastrous flood was the consequence.

The streets of Ozaka are better, as far as pavement is concerned, than any we can show at home, and the highly decorated and begilt *kurumas* rattle along with a sound quite new to me. At the house of Mr. Araki, to whom I have a letter, I meet with a most cordial reception, and am ushered into a home-like room, where the first things which attract my eye, after a cup of cocoa is drank, is a hand sewing-machine and a parlor organ, and, as these people are Christians, a Bible printed in Japanese characters is on a small stand in the corner.

JAPANESE THEATRICAL TRAPPINGS.

My host is part owner in a large theater and presently a stir in the adjoining room announced the arrival of several large packages, which being opened, displayed some robes as bright as all the sunshine of a summer's day. I have never seen such magnificence, such dazzling combination of silver, gold and color; no part of the material of which the robe is formed is visible; actually every spot is covered with embroidery in hundreds of different stitches. Human figures, fully half life size, are wrought with fine silk thread over raised cushions, every muscle showing in symmetrical roundness, each nail perfect, almost even in texture; the hair is all but real. Pearls or painted shells form the eyes. Flowing water is represented, and flowers, leaves and sea weed, also dragons and fantastic figures of unknown position in zoology. These robes are all very old, but being of only pure material and best workmanship, their appearance is as bright to-day as when they come from the workman's hands, in that long ago when Japan was a sealed book. Near the house are several large

FIREPROOF HOUSES

Into which I went, and there was piled upon shelves or put away in baskets an unbelievable mass of rich stuffs, some of which were opened, and seemed to shed a light of their own in the dim place; others revealed part of their beauties by an uncovered corner or torn wrapping. These fireproof houses are found connected with every large establishment or house of a rich man; for the poorer people there are public buildings of the kind. Of course with straw, wood and paper for the common building materials, and with the high winds which are prevalent, fire is greatly dreaded and daily expected. These storehouses are built of stone or cement, and of great thickness in walls and tile roof; the few windows and doors are of iron, very thick and close-fitting; while, to prevent all possible danger, a sort of moist clay is conveniently near, with which to stop up the interstices. A conflagration passes over a whole city, leaving nothing but these grim edifices standing; but the fire god has been cheated of his prey, for inside these smoke-stained walls are all the valuables of the homeless family, ready to be used again, one bit at a time, to decorate the new box which will soon take the place of the old. The home life of a Japanese centers about his *hibachi*, or fire box, and that, unlike our cheerful hearths, being movable, a conflagration is not (serious as it must be) the awful blotting out of most sacred memories as it is in other lands.

THE THEATER APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

Going into the theater I experience that same feeling of half awe, half disgust, that the empty vastness and mysterious, dusky recesses of a deserted theater always produces upon me at home. The arrangement of this stage is quite like the arrangement in America, drop curtain and flies showing with familiar faces. The auditorium, of course, being devoid of seats, or rather chairs—since a floor is a seat in this happy land—is nothing more than a barn in appearance, as it loses the warm effect which is produced with us by rich upholstering.

When a Japanese has a foreign guest, he is sure to take him to the bazar the first place of all, for he has learned the foreigner's passion for buying, and knows that at the bazar, which every well regulated town possesses, money is gotten rid of more quickly, and after that sight-seeing may proceed uninterruptedly. Having thrown away all my ballast of *yen*, I started out merrily with empty pockets, and, as the Latin reader has it, "sang before the robbers."

CHRISTIANITY AND BEER.

At luncheon I had a very funny bit of information given me, and that was that a Christian could not drink beer. Such a notion had never entered my head before, until my Japanese friend refused a bottle of imported ale upon that ground. Some over-zealous missionary, one of those who narrowly look at our glorious faith as a matter of food, drink and dress, had told him so. I hastened to say that I knew but ten commandments and even had hard work to keep those, and those ten might be simplified by being given in the two upon which we are taught to "hang all the law and the prophets." I think his teacher had done better and been more to the point of truth had he told him that no Christian ever laced his shoes with red strings, for, much to my wonder, my friend sported vermillion latchets, which, to my knowledge, are not accepted as orthodox by any of the myriad sects.

STORY ABOUT THE MIKADO.

About the Kodzu Temple I was told a pretty story of the good Mikado, as my friend called him. The temple is upon a slight elevation, and the Mikado being there one day, observed that no smoke was visible in the village below; so he knew his people must be poor, and he removed their taxes for three years [bad landlord], and when his people were again prosperous they voluntarily offered their tithes and repaired the royal palace, which was sadly out of order. I like such stories of love between ruler and people—the old patriarchal; I wish it were again among us.

From the temple to the famous garden of Kichisuke is but a short distance, and to wander about among his trees and have him show you about his hot-houses is sure to be a treat to be remembered. His orchid collection is world-known, and other plants have also received attention, chrysanthemums, of course, standing first. Some little cactus plants reminded me of home, but the sweet-scented fruit trees most of all.

The roofs of temples and many large buildings I at first thought composed of thatch, but learned that they were made of many layers of thin shingles, which from their closeness or solidity can not be so inflammable as one would suppose.

"FLY AWAY SWEET BIRD."

At the Ikudama temple were many women and children with caged birds of the sparrow kind. The birds are sold five for a cent and you let them fly away to freedom from your own hand. I had the pleasure of letting out a goodly number, and thus obtained a blessing; indeed, I felt the blessing come upon me the very moment that the first little fluttering captive lay for a moment frightened in my hand and then flew away. Here, also, I had another blessing. As I stood before a little temple some men with drums and other instruments came into it, and to their music a girl danced slowly some religious dance before the shrine; the dance being over she glided forward and holding a bunch of bells over my head shook them three times.

After a round of tiresome temples we took the train for

THE VILLAGE OF SAKAI AND THE TEMPLES OF SUMIYOSHI.

The place three hundred years ago was the headquarters of the Christians in this part, and they reckoned among their numbers two of Hideyoshi's friends. The grounds are wonderfully pretty and in good order, but the beggars are so troublesome as to drive away all enjoyment. Late in the afternoon I visited the girls' school of Mrs. Araki, where sewing and cooking are taught. I found them pouring over some fashion plates of "The Delineator" of 1886, trying their best to understand the mysteries of a European dress. These poor creatures asked my advice, and I gave them all the information I had, which was very little; but I did say a word for the beautiful native costume, and told them boldly what guys they made of themselves by aping us. It is of no use to try to stop the stream, for the Empress has just been here and has expressed herself (fool) in favor of foreign dress. Nothing in Ozaka has pleased me so much as the kind, motherly face of Mrs. Araki, in which the light of true Christian loveliness shows constantly. That her face and sweet manners charmed me, is very evident, when I say that against all my opinions and with all my love for what is beautiful, I could not see her so patiently studying the fashion plates and not promise to send, upon my return to America, what the ladies call "cut paper patterns."

VISITS TO THE SCHOOLS.

In the evening a visit to a night school where young men are learning English gave me the opportunity of making a speech in one syllable words. Everybody is studying English, and thus far in my travels in the country I have had more difficulty in understanding my own language than in understanding Japanese. My school visiting closed with the most charming visit of all to a Japanese kindergarten one of the four public institutions of the kind in Ozaka. In one room, having been shown the work of the children in colored paper weaving, straw and worsted, and having as usual exerted myself to find some adjectives of admiration for the work, I was at last introduced to the workers. A large, cheerful, one-story building, divided into school rooms where the different classes sit at desks as in America (I was rather disappointed at this, for I had hoped to see these little men and women upon the floor), and with the aid of their teachers put together blocks and bits of paper, and show the natural ingenuity of the nation often by discovering new combinations, such an event being a signal for great rejoicing. There is a garden and also a very large room, heated by an American stove, for use on sunless or rainy days, and in this room, through the glass sides of which the sunlight streamed, I saw several hundred of these little dolls ranged in rows.

It was the prettiest little army I have ever seen, and had it not been for the few transformed into very ugly monkeys by their so-called foreign clothes, the scene would have been without a blot. Soon the music began a lively air, as lively an air as an organ can be induced to give, reminding me somewhat of the "Miya Sama" of "The Mikado," which, by the way, is a Japanese song, and the little creatures began to sing. I do not like a child solo, but a child chorus is heavenly, and this was no exception. Presently they danced, the straw sandals making little noise, but the rough boots of the poor, little monkeys rasped my ears as well as the floor in a horrible manner. The singing still kept up, and what with the double exertion and the having to turn continually, to see how the foreigner liked it, the musical part suffered severely. I began to laugh, and at once all the seriousness of the whole proceeding was gone and a general tumult ensued, in which sandals were lost and quite hopelessly mixed upon the floor; they doubled up and screamed with merriment, their tiny patches of blue, shaved skull, seeming in constant danger of cracking. When the music stopped there was a truce, and the little army marched away in solemn silence as the teachers counted step, "ichi, ni, ichi, ni." A koto or harp was in one corner covered up, and I felt like transferring its cotton gown to the dismal parlor organ and letting its neglected strings give the music for these little feet, which too willingly leave the footprints of their fathers.

A VISIT TO THE MINT.

Along the river embankment, where the large weeping willows are in bud, the birds are holding a spring festival in the new warmth; the brightness of sunlight is half the beauty of the world. In the distance I see smoking chimneys, which is at the Mint. After three-quarters of an hour spent in signing my name to many papers, and the proving of something, I don't know what, to the satisfaction of everybody, I was at last admitted. The main building is of granite in Greek style, flanked by two red brick affairs in no style at all. After having seen stacks of gold twenties in the San Francisco Mint, it was difficult to wonder honestly at stacks of twenty-cent pieces, but I hope I succeeded. The machinery is mainly that of the old Mint at Hongkong, though many pieces are from Germany, and some of Japanese manufacture. Nearly 700 men are employed in the Mint and adjoining works, which cover forty acres. The Mint was started in 1871 under European management, but, like all Government positions, they are now, with one or two exceptions, filled by Japanese. From the Mint to the Castle is not far, and there I found machinery which did interest me in the shops where huge

CANON WERE BEING BORED

And guns made. Guns brought from Italy have been copied, and also many from Germany. The bronze castings here and the whole apparatus are large, and with every improvement to facilitate the work. A huge bronze *tori* is being constructed and the upper bar, sixty feet in length, made of bronze as thick as my hand, has already been furnished; it is to go to Tokio, where it will indeed be an ornament to the capital.

The castle is really a ruin, but the foundations of the place afford to-day a stronghold seemingly impregnable. The cut stones which are used in this work are as enormous as any used by the old Romans, and it will probably stand forever.

THREE YEARS AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

A monastery and temple were built here, and for 100 years flourished till Nobunaga attacked the place; even then it would not have been taken had Nobunaga not appealed to the Mikado to order the fortress to be surrendered. Hideyoshi repaired the damage done by Nobunaga, and the most elaborate and costly buildings of all the empire were raised by him within the walls. Iyeyasu took the castle in 1615, and it remained in wonderful magnificence till our time, when in 1868 the Tokugawa burned it to the ground. The broad moat and embankments remain. Such in brief is the history of one of the grandest edifices the world has seen. As I passed into the first inclosure an officer of high rank passed in also and the sentry saluted. The officer was in a *jinriksha*, and the sentry in a uniform large enough for two. The sight was very ludicrous, about the same as if General Miles were carried into some of our "impregnable" fortresses in a baby carriage.

In America we brag of what is to be, and here they have what has been, but I am convinced of one thing, and that is, that Japan is passing into the stage from which America has just emerged, of not knowing what to wear when, or when to wear what.

CHAS. A. GUNNISON.

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MATTERS IN OLD MEXICO.

PRESIDENT DIAZ AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

The New Order Relative to Telegraphic Communication—The Governmental Machine.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

MEXICO, May 26, 1887.

Since President Diaz has so far succeeded in his ambition to remain ruler of Mexico for a indefinite period as that Congress has decided in favor of altering the Constitution to suit his ends, the rest will be smooth sailing for the great manipulator. But whether Mexico at large will acquiesce quietly in the scheme remains to be seen. Already the quidnuncs are prophesying a rousing revolution before November 30, 1888—at which time the present administration is legally at an end; yet the result is a foregone conclusion, and there is little doubt that Dictator Diaz will reign as long as he chooses—as long, at least, as he can hold the army and the Treasury in his tenacious grip.

Let us look at the personnel of the present Cabinet. The six "silent partners" of the Executive, who are supposed to lay their wise heads together and assist in the counsels, as well as share the confidence of their chief, are known as the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Secretary of War and Marine, Secretary of Public Works, Colonization, Industry and Commerce, and the Minister of Justice and Public Instruction.

When Bonita Juarez (who was the only truly patriotic President Mexico has ever had, the others having had their own interests mainly in view), entered the national palace, in his train came Matias Romero, Mexico's Minister in Washington; Ignacio Mariscal, the present Minister of Foreign Relations; Manuel Dublau, the present Secretary of the Treasury; General Ignacio Mejia, for thirteen years Minister of War; besides a number who have since become luminaries of more or less prominence in the reflected light of Diaz' successes. Among the latter may be mentioned Gen. Mier y Terau, present Governor of the State of Oaxaca, and General Mena, Mexico's financial agent in London, who has recently completed an arrangement of that nightmare of Mexican existence, the English debt. It is in the Minister of Foreign Affairs,

SENOR MARISCAL,

That Americans are most directly interested. This official is held to be one of the profoundest statesmen Mexico has produced. With long diplomatic experience in Washington and at the court of St. James, besides being an apt observer, with a keen penetration into the secret moves of diplomacy, he is able to meet the diplomatic agents accredited to his Government on the fullest equality and to unravel any knotty question presented. His management of Mexico's relations with the United States during the border excitement a few months ago, and his commercial treaties with France and Germany, are all marks of ability; but his management of negotiations with England for the renewal of diplomatic relations, which have resulted in the adjustment and conversion of the English debt and the restoration of Mexico's financial credit, after a quarter a century of discredit and non-intercourse diplomatically with Great Britain, is his masterpiece as a diplomatist.

Senor Mariscal is highly educated and extremely well read, speaking English and French as fluently as his native Spanish. He is as fond of a *bon mot* as of a good dinner, and his manners show that degree of polish which only those of the Latin race are capable of attaining. He is a great admirer of Americans (male and female), and though always watchful for the interests of his own country, his sympathies are strong with the United States. He frequently refers, with pride, to the fact that the Republic of Cure Hidalgo was modeled after that of Washington, and is a stanch advocate for the development of commerce and sister feeling between the two.

This reminds me of a pretty anecdote related of President Diaz. When Secretary Evarts ordered the American troops to follow the raiding Indians across the boundery into Mexican territory—without regard to Mexican troops, and without previous agreement with the Mexican Government—popular feeling here became so much exasperated that Diaz and his Ministers could with difficulty keep the military element quiet till matters could be diplomatically arranged. Discussing the question one day with an American, Diaz said: "While I want peace and commerce with the sister Republic, and am free to confess that from a military point of view she is as much stronger than we as fifty millions are stronger than ten millions, still if duty calls me, I will promptly put myself at the head of my country and face the bullets from the other side of the Rio Grande. The chances are that one of those bullets would strike me. But while it would be a glorious thing to die defending my country against an invader, yet it would be sad to contemplate the two foremost Republics of America slaughtering each other."

SENOR MANUEL DUBLAU,

Secretary of the Treasury, is another substantial leader of Mexican affairs. Personally, he is a man of portly bearing and polished manners, of few words, but a deep thinker. He is an accomplished lawyer, and before entering the Cabinet had been many years in Congress—latterly in the Senate, representing his native State, Oaxaca. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that there is no little disatisfaction throughout Mexico because Oaxaca (Diaz' native State) has been called upon to fill so many high places under the present administration, while most of the States have no representation at all, except in the lower house of Congress, where—though one Deputy is allowed to every 40,000 people—everybody knows that the body is directly controlled by the President.

When General Diaz received the Presidency from Gonzalez, on December 1, 1884, the treasury was absolutely empty, and *vox populi* charged that the Gonzalez administration had been the most extravagantly ruinous one Mexico had ever known. At any rate Gonzalez entered the office a poor man—having been an obscure soldier of fortune till his own pluck and Diaz' favor brought him to the fore—and during his four years of "golden opportunity" he is known to have enriched himself to the enermous amount of $15,000,000. Not even his warmest partisans—and there are a few—dare dispute this statement. He is one of the most determined of the several candidates now in the field for re-election. During his previous term it is said that Diaz kept him well under control by a secret bargain they had made whereby one should help the other to occupy the office alternately—which might have been done, so far as law, is concerned, as the Constitution then stood. Since Diaz has broken the faith and wants all the loaves and fishes for himself, it is authoritatively stated that Gonzalez, who is now Diaz' bitter enemy, will raise an opposing army if he (Diaz) attempts the second successive-term business.

How it happened that certain prominent men of the Gonzalez Administration became so wonderfully wealthy in four years' time, may be indicated by citing only one of many well-known operations. War-widows and old pensioners, who were entitled by Act of Congress to draw a monthly stipend from the Treasury, were blandly informed that there was "no money;" but as a disconsolate widow, perhaps with little ones hungry at home, turned tearfully from the palace, she was met by a broker, who flippantly offered her 10 per cent. for her claim or pension. In almost every case her urgent necessities compelled her to sell $100 for $10. But within half an hour, before the widow could begin to feed her famished brood with the food obtained by the $10, the dapper broker had presented his claim at the Treasury and

RECEIVED THE FULL HUNDRED.

In those days operations of this sort were a marked feature in the corridors of the Treasury; and it was whispered that high functionaries of the Government, deep in the confidence of Gonzalez, were partners with these same "palace brokers," as they were called. This is only one of the means by which the Treasury was emptied, and a few men in high positions became enormously wealthy. And such was the condition of affairs when Senor Dublau became Secretary of the Treasury. He immediately issued an order suppressing the whole "palace broker" system, and thenceforth the widows and their children have been sure of the pittance allowed them by law.

Minister Dublau's first great measure was to suspend all subsidies to banks, companies, railroads and steamships, and to reduce all salaries nearly one-half, from that of President and Ministers down to the lowest employe of the Government. Though this went hard in many cases, to their credit be it said that the people submitted quietly, for they knew that the wholesale robberies of the Gonzale crewz had rendered "heroic measures" necessary. In the meantime the arrangment of the London debt, the interior debt, the railroad and other concessions were all revised by the indefatigable Minister. At the end of one year Senor Dublau declared that the Government could now resume payment of subsidies, restore the reduced salaries of the public servants and begin to pay the interest on the national debt.

The natural result of this wise course is that business has greatly improved. Looking over the revenue returns for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, we find the figures were a little over $29,000,000; while for the first eight months of the current fiscal year (up to February 28th) the revenue reached upwards of $27,000,000. On all sides the Mexicans attribute their increased revenues largely to the progressive development of trade with the United States, which the railroads have so greatly facilitated. In the matter of stamp duties, the increase in this source of revenue alone is nearly five million dollars during the above-mentioned eight months, over the whole of the last fiscal year. This certainly is a good showing for Minister Dublau and for Mexico's long-lost credit in the money markets of the world. But after all, what shall we say of a Government which realizes a large part of its income by conducting a "national lottery" and a "national pawnshop."

Just now the Secretary of the Treasury is engaged in amending the customary tariffs and regulations, so as to render them more favorable to the commerce of Mexico, by increasing some of the duties and making important reductions in others. In this connection may be mentioned that new

TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY SCHEME

So displeasing to Americans. The Mexican Government has recently issued an order to the several railroad and telegraph companies in Mexico limiting their telegraph privileges to the transaction of railroad business only, and forbidding commercial or news messages. It is alleged that the cable is the only telegraph system in this country which by the terms of its charter is entitled to the privilege of sending or receiving commercial or news messages. Of course the object of the order is to secure business for the Government lines, although the officials themselves acknowledge their inability to compete with the American enterprise, as the latter has been making a clean profit of 100 per cent. on all other than railroad messages.

By the terms of the edict, the Government also claims the right to fine and otherwise to punish correspondents for past transgressions—although as yet there is no law on the subject, and the charter recites no penalty, so that in such cases it is left entirely with the Government to fix the fine or punishment. There are usually two fines and then a forfeiture of the privilege.

The Mexican Central road will be the greatest loser by enforcement of the ordinance, as their office at the City of Mexico alone realizes at least forty thousand dollars per annum for its commercial work. The Associated Press of Mexico also receives its news by this line, and the new order will operate disastrously on this feature of Mexican journalism, as it will double the tariff on news messages. For instance, the ordinary tariff on two thousand words between the City of Mexico and the northern border will be nearly $700. Probably the railroads will contend for their rights; but as the Mexican Government wishes to secure the advantages for its own telegraph system, and as by special stipulations in the charters conceded to foreign companies and corporations all controversies of the kind are required to be settled in the Courts of this country, there can be no doubt of the issue.

THE MINISTER OF WAR.

General Hinojosa (pronounced Ee-no-hosah) has ably seconded all movements toward economy, which did not directly touch his own department. Since it is well known in Mexico that he who can control the army controls the country, it is a prime principle that whoever may be left in arrears as to his just dues, it must not be these substantial props to the Government. Gonzalez, being himself a soldier, understands this thoroughly, and during his administration the military favorites garnered a rich harvest. Though so universally hated, the strength which makes this ex-President so formidable a rival in the way of Diaz' ambition, lies in the fact that his soldiers are sure of a liberal share of all his stealings.

The present War Minister is a portly and affable old gentleman, whose sturdy honesty in a place where "pickings" are easy, is rare enough to cause much comment in a country where everybody who can helps himself from the public crib. War Ministers before him have built elegant mansions within six months after taking the office, and at the end of the term have left their posts rolling in wealth. Some years before entering the Cabinet, General Hinojosa began building a modest cottage in the suburbs of the city, and after occupying his office two years and a half, the house still remains unfinished, though its cost when completed will not be more than $10,000. He does not even own a carriage, but rides between his home and the palace in a second-class hack, whose legalized tariff is 50 cents per hour.

It has been said that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which cannot protect the people, should perish from the face of the earth;" and if this be true, the extinction of the present Government of Mexico is only a question of time. In truth, the Ministers are but the Secretaries of an absolute presidential will, which orders and directs all manner of things, from a bull-fight to a declaration of war. Yet, their intimate knowledge of presidential foibles and shrewd devices by which to mold the presidential mind gives them a power second only to that of the supreme ruler of the nation. Indeed, such autocrats are these officials under the present mis-called Republican Government, that people speak of them derisively as "The six Kings of Mexico," and of the President as Dictator Diaz.

In many instances a Minister may dispense with personal application to the Executive, and employ his own name with the same effect. This affords a latitude more than dangerous—a privilege synonymous with the

LEITRES DE CACHET

Of the old regime in France, and here even more formidable, because made use of with much less formality and greater frequency. Are you anxious to get rid of a troublesome fellow who is ogling your sweetheart, or has fixed his eyes upon some position which you desire, or stands between yourself and the same, or doing anything else you do not like? If you are a friend of any one of the Ministers, or, better still, a friend of some clerk in his office, you can easily obtain (either through friendship or a stipulated consideration) a Governmental order, dispatching the offensive person to the prison of Belam, or to some other place you may name, as a suspected revolutionist, or an enemy to the Government in some guise. To be sure, he may have a family of his own, or business which requires his constant attention; but such trifles matter not a straw—if you weigh more than he does.

The tricks to which some well-bribed Minister of the past, rolling in the wealth and rich presents which this corruption insured, have been known to resort in order to obtain the President's signature to some paper necessary to the success of their clients' cause, are as ingenious as they were effective. No matter how hopeless the case may seem, nor how much of a foregone conclusion it may be that the President will refuse to sign the document, the Minister never loses confidence in his ability to conduct the matter to a successful issue. He slyly slips the paper into his por folio, there to lie until he thinks the favorable moment has arrived—perhaps when the President is indisposed and disinclined for the details of business. He then craves permission to submit for the Presidential signature a few matters of ancient date. The President lazily assents. Perhaps the first harmless document or two are partially read before the mighty name is affixed, but this formality is dispensed with, in the midst of pleasant talk, before the important paper is signed and returned to the Minister's portfolio. The conversation is generally of that nature which Sir Robert Walpole said he always introduced after dinner in a mixed company, from finding everybody disposed to take part in it, such as the scandals of the town, matrimonial infidelities and slips of all sorts.

The present incumbent of the Presidential chair is reported to be more fond of gossip than any old woman over her tea.

Paradoxical as all this may appear, the events of the past few years prove the truth of it to those in position to observe closely. When some of the chief actors in social and political dramas now going on shall have been gathered to the Campo Santo, and the present motives for concealment shall be no more, there may be laid before the world a most astonishing expose of "wheels within wheels"—a singular complication of intrigue and counteraction, to be proved by undeniable documents.

FANNIE B. WARD.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

CRABBED HUSBANDS AND DISCONTENTED WIVES.

How to Give the Nerves a Rest—Esthetic Underclothing and Other Matters of Interest.

One often reads or hears it said that the peace and happiness of the household depend upon the wife or mother. The assertion is not strictly true. As the mother is or should be with her children more, her influence is greater than any one's else; but does not the father's daily example sometimes counteract that influence? Children, says *Golden Rule*, are close observers, and are apt imitators of their elders. Should the father be addicted to the habit of fault-finding, especially in regard to the food set before him at meal time, and the weary, discouraged wife—in the vain attempt to defend her reputation as cook—arouses his ire by making excuses, then the children of the family will be listeners to an angry tirade—or what is worse—a quarrel, if the mother has not complete control of her temper—and, of course, they will be apt to follow the example set before them, and discord will reign in the family. That is not an attractive picture of home life, yet in some families such a scene is enacted almost every day. Men often mar the happiness of wives and children by fault-finding, and surely they add nothing to their own peace of mind by indulging in it. It is just as much the husband's duty to sit down to the table with a cheerful, sunshiny face, and make the best of the food set before him, as it is the wife's duty to keep the house in order and prepare the meals regularly.

Woman's efforts to please in the matter of cooking are rarely appreciated, or, if so, she hears no word of condemnation. Men do not seem to realize how much a woman's heart hungers for words of praise from her husband's lips. If she prepares some dainty dish to tempt his appetite, he is too careless to note how eagerly she waits to know if he likes it. Appreciation is one of the best incentives the world affords. After the labors incident to the preparation of a meal, how it seems to rest a wife to hear her husband say: "How nice and light your biscuits are," or, "Wife, this meat is cooked to suit my taste," or other words of commendation A few words of approval repay her for her trouble.

Just try this for once, careless husband, and see if your wife's face doesn't light up and all traces of weariness disappear on the instant. Oh, think of the many things you can do to brighten her life. A little appreciation by one she loves goes a good way toward making a woman happy. Many a weary wife drags out her life unappreciated, scarcely finding a word of sympathy from her husband.

"He has careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But oft for his own the bitter tone,
Though he loves his own the best."

That such a man's home is unhappy is mainly his own fault.

RESERVE YOUR NERVES.

A writer in *Good Housekeeping* advises a habit of "wholesale negligence" in the following pleasant fashion, and it is advice worth pondering upon. The too exacting housekeeper is sometimes a greater trial than a sloven:

Although we know there are many women who do work entirely alone, it is very hard indeed for one woman to take down bedsteads and shake carpets and move heavy furniture, not to speak of taking down and moving stoves, yet I have known women to do all this and more, but to some it would be physically impossible, and many who do it ought not to do it. They may suffer all the latter part of their lives from abuse of the inexhaustible energy which leads them to overtax themselves. To women so situated and so constituted, I would give the advice which I fear they will not, perhaps cannot, follow. Cultivate a wholesale habit of negligence. It is better the stove remain up all summer, if heavy, than you should move it; better a dusty carpet for a few months than that you should lay up for yourself an early old age.

Not that housework, scrubbing, cleaning, even beyond what is looked upon as a woman's limit, is hurtful, if not carried beyond your strength. If you can trust yourself to cease when you are really and heartily tired, when rest is refreshment; but too many women work just to finish this or that, long after fatigue has set in. Their bodies may not feel much more tired than they were an hour or two earlier, but instead of cheerful physical fatigue, when it is real comfort to sit down and rest, and laugh and talk perhaps, and read something pleasant; instead of this good feeling has come nervous fatigue, a very different matter; the least word irritates us, and when we finally cease it is not to rest with cheerful talk or reading, and a delicious sense of work done and repose earned, but we sink down too tired to rest, feeling worn out, ill, and ready to cry rather than laugh.

We may get over once such abuse as this, or two or three times, but by degrees this nervous irritability will become, not a rare experience consequent on a rare fatigue, but will follow even very little exertion, and the result be the shattered, pallid woman, faded and worn out long before life's prime, and probably the time will then have come for her when she not only is not able to do very much, but she is unable to refrain from trying to do. Therefore I say, if the work that seems so necessary causes more than a healthy fatigue, let it go. Keep the house "broom clean;" do just what must be done and reserve your nerves for your husband and children. It is your duty.

GOOD TASTE IN THE HOME.

Don't swamp your homes, is Rose Terry's advice to women. No, not even your parlors with all kinds of home-made finery, splint wall-pockets, crotcheted waste bags, patchwork tidies, dead leaves, empty bird's nest, alum baskets, vases made out of flower pots, paper flowers; all these are too flimsy, too utterly without "excuse for being;" try and make the colors of your house harmonious; if you have a red and yellow carpet don't make a yellow rag rug of green and red to adorn it. A glass of flowers, no matter how simple the vase is; a branch of glittering green leaves, a bunch of ferns from the woods, these are tasteful ornaments; and when one can get an autotype from some celebrated picture for seventy-five cents, or some colored chromolith from an English Christmas paper for fifty cents, do not fritter away your wall space with Christmas cards or hideous photographs of your dearest friends.

Before me, as I write, hangs an autotype of a pretty little English girl from Milais; a bright, spirited, colored chromo of two children from the London *Graphic* is pinned on the door; a Madonna of Gabriel Max is behind me, and also an autotype and various others, none expensive, but each striking and full of character.

There is nothing costly in here, but it is cheerful and tasteful, and everybody says, "How pleasant!" You can do just the same, my dear girls, for your homes, and illustrate them still further by gentle, cordial good manners.

FEMALE UNDERCLOTHES.

The latest foreign fashions in chemises, petticoats and nightgowns, according to the *Court Journal*, are studies in high art. Most of them are convent made, and the good sisters must have a good many sighs over the worldliness of womankind.

The chemises are made with very short sleeves, the necks variously trimmed, some square, some round, with work and lace insertion, through which narrow colored ribbons are run, and sufficiently ornamental to serve for dress bodices almost. The drawers are made to match, and very large in the leg. Valenciennes is the leading lace employed, but there is also a new guipure, in which the finest tatting unites the embroidery. Quite the newest idea is alternate squares of lace and work, an inch square. The skill of French fingers is by the clever way in which the trimmings on the chemises display the neck off to the greatest advantage. ("Display the neck off" is *Court Journal* English, you know.)

The nightgowns are no longer simple garments, but pretty and becoming. One of soft pink silk, for example, made with a Watteau plait at the back, had a tucked yoke trimmed with lace, a thick lace frill down the front and around the neck, lace ruffles at the wrist. Some of these Parisian nightgowns have quite shallow yokes, composed entirely of lace insertion, the sleeves to the elbow of stripes of the same, and from elbow to wrist silk tucks alternate with insertion; the lower parts on many sleeves are all tucks, while others again have rows of insertion going round the arm. In the white nightgowns much fine veining work is introduced, all made by hand. The old-fashioned frills worn on our grandfather's shirts are now adapted to nightgowns, which are a tribute to the skill of modern needlewomen.

The new dress petticoats are made short—a marked improvement, for, elaborately trimmed as they are, the trains could hardly be worn many times. They are made often with three-inch wide lace insertion in horizontal rows, and a new kind of lace called point de Paris is employed. Like all the laces used in lingerie, it is of a yellow cream tint, not ecru; it has a wire ground, with large, bold flowers. A good deal of imitation and real Mechlin is also used on these petticoats. The trimmings on back and front are mostly different; the lace and insertion are placed horizontally in the one and perpendicularly in the other, but frequently divided by narrow tucks. Feather stitching heads most of these tucks, and the edge of the skirt is composed of row upon row of lace. Wide ribbon is threaded sometimes through the insertion, and sometimes the petticoat itself is made of spotted muslin; indeed, all and everyone of these elaborate skirts would serve as dresses with a fashionable tea jacket or matinee.

DISCONTENTED WIVES.

"Why is it that so many women of social culture are unhappy in their married life and discontented with their husbands?" asks the New York *Sun*.

"Is it not because the pursuits and occupations of husbands are apt to unfit them to share the tastes and pleasures of wives who have the ambition and leisure to perfect themselves in the graces and accomplishments of our elegant society? As many a foreigner of cultivation has observed, and as everybody familiar with our social life must be aware, the women here are generally superior to the men in polish, nicety of adaptation to their surroundings, and even in education, especially so far as concerns the more refined tastes in art and literature. This is because the women have so much more time and so many more opportunities to acquire what is requisite to cultivation and refinement. The husband must rush down town early in the morning and spend his day in the rough-and-ready contest for money, while the wife remains at home with ample leisure to expend the money he wins for her use, in gratifying her desires for solid or superficial accomplishments and social pleasure and experience. Of course, he is likely to fall behind her in such cultivation, and the longer he delves and she profits by the opportunities his wealth secures for her, the greater the gulf between them in that respect. She is an elegant woman of society, and he only a hard-working man of business, whose daily toil leaves its mark on his mind and his manner. Society is the sphere in which such a woman would shine. Her only chance for a brilliant career is there, and the impulse which drives a man to seek fame in politics or affairs is in her an ambition for power and consequence in the social world. But when she seeks to gratify it, she may find that the purpose is balked because her work-a-day husband has exhausted his energy before the hour of her activity comes. He is tired out at the end of the day, and not until the day is over does the great business of social pleasure begin. With us, too, men are apt to have satisfied their desire for such occupations at a period of life when social excitement may be most attractive to women. Is it surprising, then, that conjugal discords occur in a social sphere where the men are absorbed in work and roughened by affairs, while the women have acquired the tastes and aptitudes of an elegant leisure?"

CLARA DE VERE.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRK.

With fingers that never knew toil,
With nose-tip swollen and red,
A delegate sat in his easy chair
Eating the laborer's bread!
"Strike—strike—strike!
Nor dare return to your work!"
And still, with his swaggering, insolent air,
He sang the "Song of the Shirk!"

"Strike—strike—strike!
Till the children are crying for bread!
Strike—strike—strike!
Till the roof is torn from your head."
It is oh! to have a king,
And dwell away over the sea,
Where Knights and bosses are still unknown,
If this is Liberty!

Shirk—shirk—shirk—
The duty we owe to man;
Shirk—shirk—shirk—
As only a delegate can!
Fine and assessment and due,
Due and assessment and fine,
Such is the stuff on which delegates live,
And swagger and drink and dine!

"Strike—strike—strike!"
The delegate passed this way!
"Strike—strike—strike!"
He orders—you must obey!
And ask not the reason why
Nor murmur against their decree,
For none must work when they say "No!"
In this country of the free!

O men with children dear,
O men with daughters and wives,
It is not the rich ye are starving out,
But your hungry children's lives!
Strike—strike—strike!
To please your mas ers still,
Ye are slaves to a band of plundering knaves,
Who will bleed ye as long as ye will!

Shirk—shirk—shirk—
The duty you owe to man,
Shirk—shirk—shirk—
As only a delegate can!
It is strange that laborers choose
As champions of their cause
Men who were never know to use
Anything save their jaws!

—*Puck*.

A Pitiful Sight.

What sadder sight can be imagined than that of a noble man, whom the world can ill afford to spare, stricken down in the prime of a useful life by consumption. Thousands are yearly filling consumptives' graves who might be saved by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a positive cure for consumption in its early stages. It is the best alterative and pectoral in the world. All druggists.

NO DANGER OF OVER PRODUCTION.—Some people on this coast are inclined to believe—or affect to believe—that the fruit-growing business is in danger of being overdone. The same thing was said ten years ago, when the industry was in its earliest infancy. How groundless such fears are may be quickly discovered by any unprejudiced inquirer who will investigate. The United States imports annually about 60,000,000 pounds of prunes, 7,000,000 pounds of figs, 53,000,000 pounds of raisins, 5,000,000 pounds of almonds, 18,000 carloads of oranges and lemons, 250 carloads of preserved fruits, 250 carloads of olive oil and 650 carloads of other fruits, representing a total value of over $20,000,000; then add to this the immense amount of wine which is imported and which can be made here, the export trade in canned and dried fruits, wines, etc., already large, which may be almost indefinitely increased, the natural growth of our population and the equally natural growth of a demand for fruit, as it can be supplied cheaper—viewing all this, who can say that the possibilities of Pacific coast fruit business have not yet been imagined, even by the most sanguine friends of the industry?—*Pacific Fruit Grower*.

DRIED APRICOTS.—A prominent fruit-grower recently received from Chicago an account of sales of dried apricots. They were sold in that market for 20 cents a pound. He could probably have sold many thousand pounds more at the same price. When the commissions and freight were deducted it left him as a net result about 17 cents a pound for his dried apricots. This is just about equal to 3½ cents a pound for the green fruit, which is about 63 per cent. more than the ruling price paid at the canneries last year. This result sustains the opinion expressed in this paper many months ago that the true way to avoid gluts in the local market, both here and on the other side of the country, is to dry all the surplus fruit. In the instance here quoted the fruit-grower had bleached his fruit by a very simple sulphur process. He sent it to market in good order. Now, if the fruit-grower can obtain better results by drying his fruit, he will finally adopt that method. It involves extra work and considerable care and skill. But in the instance cited there was this special advantage. The apricots were soft—they would not bear transportation. He could not have sold that fruit at 1½ cents a pound.—*San Jose Herald*.

A man can submit to considerable suffering and not complain, but no part of him can stand so many blows as his nose.

Tutt's Pills

To purge the bowels does not make them regular but leaves them in worse condition than before. The liver is the seat of trouble, and

THE REMEDY

Must act on it. Tutt's Liver Pills act directly on that organ, causing a free flow of bile, without which, the bowels are always constipated. Price, 25 cents.

Sold Everywhere.

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'Tis SOZODONT which purifies
The breath and mouth, and dirt defies.
'Tis SOZODONT for which we cry,
Sweet SOZODONT for which we sigh,
'Tis only SOZODONT we buy. jy1-1yTuThS

The popular favorite for restoring and beautifying the hair is PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC strengthens the lungs. mr5-1tS

For all forms of nasal catarrh, where there is dryness of the air passages, with what is called "stuffing up," especially when going to bed, Ely's Cream Balm gives perfect and immediate relief. Its benefit to me has been priceless.—A. G. Chase, M. D., Millwood, Kansas. fe8-1y

I have used Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh in the Head, and have been greatly benefited by it.—Mrs. Susie Morgan, Connor Creek, Or. fe8-1y

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversations, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. ap16-3mS

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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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IN CASES OF 50 Bordeaux Bottles.

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Dated May 21, 1887. S. B. SMITH, Administrator of the estate of John P. Rogers, deceased. my21-5tS

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The Springs are famous and well-known throughout the State. The Sulphur Springs are a great attraction, and these alone have great value. As the property is a partnership, and the owners reside in different States, to make a sale they have decided to sell the property to close out the divided ownership.

For a company or private club to take hold of this fine property there is a fortune in it. The tract outside the hotel grounds could be divided in building lots, as there are hundreds of business men who would like to have a summer residence for their families near such a pretty and attractive spot, and being so near to San Francisco and Oakland, taking less than two hours' time to reach the Springs. We are certainly going to have a great boom in Northern California, the same as our friends are now enjoying in the southern portion of the State, and affairs are shaping themselves to that end. It is almost on us, and then properties will so increase in value that it will astonish us all. This fine estate can now be purchased at the exceedingly low price of

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my28-2plmTuThS

An Act to Enforce the Educational Rights of Children.

[Approved March 28, 1874; Statutes 1873-4, page 7017.]

SECTION 1.—EVERY PARENT, GUARDIAN or other person in the State of California having control and charge of any child or children between the ages of eight and fourteen years, shall be required to send any such child or children to a public school for a period of at least two-thirds of the time during which a public school shall be taught in each city, or city and county, or school district in each school year, commencing on the first day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, at least twelve weeks of which shall be consecutive, unless such child or children are excused from such attendance by the Board of Education of the city, or city and county, or of the Trustees of the school district in which such parents, or guardians, or other persons reside, upon its being shown to their satisfaction that his or her bodily mental condition has been such as to prevent attendance at school or application to study for the period required, or that the parents or guardians are extremely poor, or sick, or that such child or children are taught in a private school, or at home, in such branches as are usually taught in the primary schools in this State, or have already acquired a good knowledge of such branches; provided, in case a public school shall not be taught for three months during the year within one mile of the nearest traveled road, of the residence of any person within the school district, he shall not be liable within the provisions of this Act. je1-3wis

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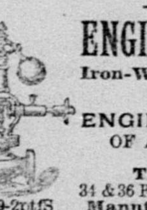

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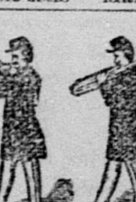

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