IN MEXICANA.

THE STATE OF MORELOS AND ITS HEROES.

A Theater of Stirring Events—Lost Art of Alhambra Preserved by Moorish Descendants.

[Special correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

CUANTLA (Mex.), November 1, 1887.

It will be a long time before the Mexicans recover from their astonishment at the rapid manner in which Americans build railroads. More than sixty-five millions of dollars have already been invested by American capitalists in the railway movements of Mexico. When a new road is to be made a swarm of engineers arrive—some young and full of theories, others gray with services elsewhere—and within a week succeed in transforming their raw recruits into hard-working bands, every man of whom labors as though he possessed an individual interest in the immediate completion of the enterprise. This is partly due to the fact that Americans pay higher wages than Mexican laborers ever before enjoyed, and have a disagreeable habit of promptly discharging those who do not "come to time," and partly, no doubt, because these people are great imitators, and ready to fall into the ways of those around them. The

MEXICAN MANNER OF RAILROAD-BUILDING

Is diametrically opposite to the American plan. First a "concession," or permission to build, must be obtained from the Government, and then some point sought out, far distant from any other railroad, and material transferred to that place. It would never do to begin near the coast, because that would establish a damaging precedent, contrary to all Mexican tradition. By beginning at the further end of the line, employment is furnished to a great many carters and teamsters—which, come to think of it, is really but simple justice, since the road will surely destroy the business they inherited from their fathers—a business that otherwise would descend to their children's children. Realizing this, these aggrieved citizens accordingly make stupendous charges, with the thrifty intent of making "hay" enough while their sun still shines to last them for years to come.

This method of construction requires time and capital, but if the builders manage carefully they will at least have the satisfaction of offending nobody's prejudices, and—what is of more consequence—of receiving the sympathy of mule-owners and *diligencia* proprietors, who otherwise might work great harm in a thousand sly ways. If dependent wholly on native workers, the road will approach completion so gradually that by and by it will seem to the good people as if it always had existed; and by that time the portion of road first built will need renewing—perhaps by descendants of the original workmen, even to the third generation. If Yankee railroad-projectors do not fancy this thoroughly Mexican manner of procedure, they may go ahead on the American plan—but run their own risk of escaping the bullet, the stiletto or the not less murderous obstructions that were so frequently piled upon the Mexican National and Mexican Central tracks during their earlier days.

Continuing our tour of observation via the Morelos Railway, which runs from the City of Mexico across the State of Morelos a distance of eighty-six miles—having lingered at Ameca-Meca three weeks, instead of three days, as at first intended—we find ample opportunity for studying this smallest of sisterhood of Mexican States. While Chihuahua covers 216,850 square kilometers, little Morelos has an area of only about 4,000; but in point of population she is less than 60,000 behind her largest sister, and her cities are centuries older. To the north and west of it lies the State of Mexico, which contains the Capital in a Federal district like our District of Columbia; on the south is Guerrero, and on the west the great State of Puebla. Being in the very heart of

THE VOLCANIC REGION,

It is extremely mountainous, and its people, like others who dwell among the hights, are patriotic and independent to a degree which has caused considerable trouble. Branching out from Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihuatl are several spurs and ranges, including that of Frio Animas, the peaks of Octalan and the Sierra de Ajusco, with its extinct volcano.

In the fertile valleys, especially along the Cuantla and Cuernavaca rivers, much sugar and coffee is grown, and tropical fruits and flowers flourish at their best. Though gold and silver are known to exist in the hills, mining industry is entirely dormant, owing to lack of energy and capital. Wheat, corn and rice are specially quoted among the products of the State, besides alcohol, marble, cinnabar and kaolin.

The State supports eighty-seven primary schools, with an average daily attendance of 14,000 pupils. There are besides a couple of colleges, electric lights and horse-cars in the principal cities, telegraphs and telephones, an admirable system of water works, and other adjuncts of civilization.

But for jaw-breaking nomenclature the villages of Morelos bear off the palm. Imagine yourself riding peacefully alone, through charming mountain scenery softened by tropical verdure, while a fiendish brakeman perpetually startles you by shouting such names as Yecapixtla! Jantetelco! Jojatla! Tlayacapam! Xochitepec! Tlaltizapan! Yautepec! Icazbalceta! Coahuixtla! and so on, through the 105 villages, twelve towns and five cities found within the five districts into which the State is divided.

The taxable property of Morelos is officially valued at five and a half millions. The capital and chief city is Cuernavaca (which we visited some time ago), one of the loveliest places in the republic. It has a population of about 15,000. The Governor's palace was once the abode of Hernan Cortez, and the celebrated Agricultural College occupies the residence of unlucky Maximilian.

Jonacatepec and Yautepec, each with about 6,000 inhabitants, and Tetecala, with 8,500, are important because of their sugar mills, which between them turn out 14,000 kilogrammes per annum, valued at nearly $2,000,000. While Government lands in some portions of Mexico sell as low as 4 cents per acre, that of Morelos is valued at 78 2-5 cents. One sunny October afternoon, bound for

CUANTLA AMILPAS,

The terminus of the railroad, we rounded a sharp curve where the Rio Cuantla forces its way through the mountains, and beheld it, white and glittering, in the valley below. This delightful old town, which was conquered by the Spaniards in 1521, has now less than eight thousand inhabitants, though four centuries ago it could boast twenty times that number. In the old days it was called *Quanhtli*—"beautiful hills," an appropriate name, given by its founders, the Tlahuicos.

To see the fashions of this section one should go to the Alameda of Cuantla about sunset, at which hour the belles and beaux, the solid respectability and the *demi-monde* of both sexes are wont to promenade under its ancient elm trees or lounge upon the adobe benches. Mexican ladies who can afford it have a great partiality for satin gowns, and it is no uncommon sight, upon a week-day afternoon or Sunday morning, to meet belles, both single and married, attired in pale blue satin, pink or lavender, as for a ball or the opera, with naked arms and uncovered head. One day in this Alameda I encountered a most remarkable baby, out on dress parade, in the arms of its Indian nurse. The tiny aristocrat wore two robes, one very short and the other very long, trimmed all around with very wide plaitings of yellow satin ribbon. Upon its head was an immense turban of white satin, with three white feathers upon one side, and huge bunches of pink roses and yellow ribbon on the other.

Until the recent completion of the Morelos railway there had not been even *diligencia* communication with Cuantla, and so the ancient customs have remained comparative uninterfered with. Among other objects of interest is a very quaint old church, in which is a distinctively Aztec Christ—hair, eyes, complexion, all perfectly Indian. Upon *fiesta* days this figure is decorated with a bull-fighter's cloak of scarlet velvet and white cotton breeches ruffled with lace.

The sugar product hereabouts is very large, this district being one of the great sources of supply for Central Mexico. The tourist should visit the Coahuixtla hacienda, not far from the city, the property of Senor Manuel Mendoza Cortina, and the sugar-mills of Santa Ines Rabanillo, belonging to the Robaldo brothers. The hotels of Cuantla are the "Haller," kept by a Texan of that name, and the "Nicolas Zayas," run by a German—and it is difficult to tell which is the worst.

In its day, sleepy old Cuantla has been the

THEATER OF STIRRING EVENTS,

For here it was that Curate Morelos—Hidalgo's immediate successor—shut himself up with a troop of insurgents, until Calleja, the Spanish General, besieged the place so effectively that the little party, in dire extremity for want of food, abandoned the position under the friendly cover of darkness. In the plaza, in front of the parochial church, is a great tree, which is somehow connected with that *noche trieste* of the patriot cure in 1812, for, like Cortez at the capital some centuries before, he was compelled to retreat at night, after a gallant resistance of sixty-two days to the siege by the Spanish army.

When the revolt broke out, in 1810, Padre Jose Maria Morelos was a curate under Hidalgo, established at Valladolid capital of the State of Michoacan. He followed his superior to the field, and after Hidalgo's execution came to be generalissimo of the Mexican forces, and later to have the name of his native city changed from Vallodolid to Morelia in his honor, and also to have this State named after him.

Without doubt, Morelos had the military gift. Born of humble parentage, he was ambitious for learning beyond his station, but was unable to attain it till late in life. Hardly had he gained his degrees (from the same college where Hidalgo was educated) when, immediately after the latter's execution, he sprang into his dead friend's place as leader of the revolutionary army. His defense of Cuantla is considered one of the most glorious deeds of Mexican history. It was Matamoras, the third in the trio of priests, Morelos' intimate and lieutenant, who broke the siege with a hundred horse and aided his chief's retreat. In due course Matamoras was captured and shot, by no other than Iturbide, the future "Liberator," as his countrymen now delight to call him, but who was then in the Spanish forces. To quote a bit of Mexican history, "In the service of Spain Iturbide had signalized himself by his repeated victories over the insurgents, and the excessive cruelty of which he made use on frequent occasions." He routed Matamoras at Puruapan, and put him to death when a prisoner of war. To revenge this, Cure Morelos butchered two hundred Spanish prisoners in cold blood.

Late one December afternoon, in 1815, at San Crestobal Ecatapec, Morelos met his fate. Courageous to the last, with his bandit handkerchief still wound around his head as when fighting the Spaniards, this man—then just in the prime of life, with the career all untried for which he had so laboriously educated himself, declared he was

CONTENTED TO DIE,

Since he had founded the beginning of an independent Government. Kneeling before his executioners, he prayed: "Lord, if I have done well, Thou knowest it; if ill, to thy infinite mercy I commend my soul."

It is curious that priests should have taken such a share in the struggle for independence, for the Liberal party, which came into existence through their heroic efforts, are the deadly foes of Catholicism. Their lives of sacrifice and tragic deaths recall those holy warrior-ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, who wore the secular as often as the spiritual armor. In an old convent of Cuantla, now adapted to use as a railway station, is a hall hung with pictures of Mexican heroes. Naturally, the portrait of Padre Morelos is most prominent in the State that is named in his honor. In all his pictures he appears the same, with the bold air of a bandit chief, and a red handkerchief tied around his head. To the disinterested foreigner it looks odd, typical of something curiously illogical in the Mexican mind, that the noted men of the past, to whatever party they belonged, are canonized alike. There is the first Iturbide, whom they shot as a traitor; and Gonzalez, who certainly ought to have met the same fate. There is Bravo, and Guerrero who shot Iturbide, and Matamoras whom Iturbide killed. There is Lerdo, whom Porfirio Diaz banished for the crime of wishing to serve more terms than one in the Presidential office; and Porfirio himself, who has so manipulated legislation and intimidated legislators that he has succeeded in making a bill pass both Houses of Congress, amending the Constitution so that he may enjoy the Presidential loaves and fishes for an indefinite period.

All these Cæsars and Brutuses, with dozens more, are especially honored in the picture galleries, and smile upon each other with greatest complacency. Verily, it seems as if some high court of inquiry and review ought to be constituted for apportioning out the merits and demerits of these dead worthies! Iturbide's private journal is interesting reading, and in it his account of these revolutionary leaders, whom he was so active in exterminating, is far from flattering. The Mexican national anthem—a most stirring and martial air—invokes among other things the sacred memory of Iturbide. If Iturbide, whom they shot as a traitor, deserved his fate, it seems much as if Americans should invoke the sacred name of

BENEDICT ARNOLD

In their "Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band"—for Arnold also had rendered excellent service to his country, and there was no better soldier than he before he became unduly intimate with the British.

A good deal of very queer pottery may be found in Cuantla Amilpas—most of it made in Cuernavaca, forty miles away. It is only common earthenware, but bits of stone and shell are somehow impasted into it, giving it the look of the old Roman mosaics. One may also find in the markets occasional pieces of remarkable iridescent ware, but where it is made I do not know. The ware is rude, and the articles extremely thin and brittle, but the luster is the true Saracenic—the ancient Gubbio luster—shifting colors in changing lights, ruby, green and blue. It is the genuine iridescence, like the tiles of the Alhambra. Is it possible that the long-lost art may have been preserved in Mexico through all the centuries, brought here by descendants of the Moors?

FANNIE B. WARD.

What Am I to Do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast-eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids, but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order, and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom, or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this, if not effect a cure, try Green's August Flower. It costs but a trifle, and thousands attest its efficacy.

A Fact to be Remembered.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask your druggist for Allcock's Porous Plasters, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute. Allcock's Plasters are a purely vegetable preparation, the formula of which is known only to the manufacturers. Their valuable curative qualities are due to the employment of the highest medical and chemical skill. They act safely, promptly and effectually. Over 1,000,000 persons have been cured by Allcock's Porous Plasters.

Returns from summer militia encampments award the first prize to the mosquito for unerring accuracy in target practice.

JAPANESE GIRLS.

PHASES OF FEMININE LIFE IN THE ORIENT.

Social Bliss Which Changes With Each Succeeding Meeting, and the Old is Forgotten.

[RECORD-UNION Special Correspondence.]

TOKIO, October 1, 1887.

For a tender-hearted person travel has its drawbacks in Japan—drawbacks is the most expressive word possible, for I refer to that feeling which possesses the male heart on parting with a pretty girl. If you are at all susceptible in that direction you can imagine the strain that would be put upon you by possibly three partings in a day, often more, sometimes less, but no day without leave-taking from the prettiest girl you have ever seen. Imagine the state a man would be in after a three months' tour in the land of lotus flowers. An average of three partings a day from your best girl makes the appalling sum of two hundred and seventy heart-felt good-byes and promises to return (I included February in my tour and thus saved six). Providence is wise and by some neat little arrangement manages so that the parting pangs of one day are forgotten in the next, otherwise the hardest-hearted man would break down under the accumulation and be obliged to give up eating and drinking to devote all his time to sighing. Providence averts such dire consequences by causing the last girl always to be the best and the only one; she absorbs all the others. You are not inconstant at all; you are true to your first love, and simply transfer her attributes to the next. There is a great economy in this, which fathers who foot their sons' bills will be glad to hear; it is less expensive to carry on railways or in *jinrikishas* ideal attributes than buxom lasses. Did I not keep a journal, I could tell only of yesterday.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

The brown-roofed village of Ashiwo is left behind and far below, as I climb the narrow path which leads through wild gorges and over that pass in the Mikkozan mountains which opens upon the chains of valleys reaching down to the Tokaido and the sea. The sky is gray; snow is falling noisily upon the dry leaves, and each flake shows distinctly in the air against the black forest of cedars. The path is very winding, steep and slippery, but I can shorten the distance by many a well-worn "cut-off." Nearing the summit I hear voices above me, and looking up see a train of pack-horses, loaded with strawbags, toiling slowly, fastened to each other by ropes, over the frozen ground, which is literally smooth ice; their straw shoes even do not keep them from stumbling, at which the driver cries "Aubnai!" (Take care!) There is a driver to every three horses, to attend to the pack and change the straw shoes, which are worn out in a few hours; the road is strewn with these shoes, and were it not for them, frozen fast to the ground, I should be unable to walk at all in the steepest places. As I pass a shabby tea house, a man comes out and calls across the ravine to the pack-train people, who have crossed by a sort of wicker bridge, "Do you remember? One *to* of millet and the Satsuma potatoes!" I am standing on the bridge now and I stop to listen to the answer, which comes distinctly through the falling snow, clear, musical and powerful: "Wakarimashta!"

A NOVEL ACQUAINTANCE.

It is a woman's voice, the strength cannot disguise it, and I am presently by the speaker's side. The pack-driver is a girl of scarce twenty years, short, but well formed, as her tight-fitting blue leggings show; a military cape is clasped on one shoulder, one corner thrown back displays the red lining and the blue cotton jacket and belt; a blue kerchief fastened about the head is held by two long brass pins. This little woman is scarce five feet high, but her rosy cheeks and bright, brown eyes tell that the work is not hard for her. She turns to me with a smile which shows white, even teeth. "Honorable foreigner has strong legs, but Nippon sandals will help. Saw you coming and untied these for you," she says. We are friends at once, and she stands eyeing me with curiosity as I fasten the sandals on with some difficulty, as they are made for the digitated socks of Japan. My knapsack is added to the horse's pack, and off we start and soon catch up with the men and women of the rest of the train. "White, pretty skin," she exclaims, pushing back my coat-sleeve and taking my wrist. It surely does look white as it shows between her brown fingers. Flattery will open any man's heart, and I take from my pocket a neat paper packet of sugar cakes which was presented to me by the little waitress at Ashiwo in the morning and give them to the new embodiment of all the girls I ever left behind me.

A NAMELESS COQUETTE.

"Tank you," she says in English much to my surprise, and laughs heartily at my evident wonder, adding "Good morning," while she leans sometimes against me, sometimes the horse to support herself in her paroxysms of merriment. "Some day shall marry honorable foreigner. Learn language now; have said all my English," she continues in her native tongue. "Will you marry me," I ask. "How old are you?" "Eighty," I reply, as I remember Koko and Katisha. "Will marry you to-morrow, when you are older." "What is your name?" I ask. "Kashikoi," is the reply, at which all the other girls laugh. Looking in my pocket dictionary I find one meaning—*sagacious*—given, which I suppose is meant and so understand the joke. The road is through the valley now, and it is dark as we near Irimachi; lanterns are lighted and I take my knapsack. The familiar roar of the Daiya river is heard again, and the ever-turning mill wheels are passed. Lights appear in the road ahead.

"Please tell me your name," I say.

"Will not tell you; call me Kashikoi."

"There is an American custom, Kashikoi, when two people bid good-by, they kiss. Do you like the custom?"

"Like it very much—to-morrow."

The last words come from the other side of the pack-horse.

"Am Kashikoi. Where are honorable foreigner's straw sandals? Thrown away as soon as he reaches the valley. Girls are straw sandals."

The lights prove to be Kanaya's sent out to meet me.

"Good-by, Miss Nameless; Kashikoi suits you well."

"Tank you. Good morning!" and she waves her lantern in adieu.

Vanity is not the property of woman alone, but her vanity is always so pretty and her manner of showing it so open amid the deceptions with which we are told she enfolds herself, that men are pleased to find this weakness so patent.

ANOTHER JAPANESE MAIDEN.

Little Yasu was not pretty, but her cheeks were round, her lips were red and hardly needed the dab of vermilion with which she was wont to decorate the lower one. Yasu's nose was one of the flattest and her hair of the coarsest kind; her clothes were not of the best, for she was a servant, but yet Yasu was intensely vain and fortunately for me, I discovered the point of her pride. It was her hand. I spoke of her pretty hand to Yasu, as soon as I learned her special vanity, and she served me well ever after. It was always a great pleasure to me to watch this bit of humanity as she sat on the floor of my room with her two pretty hands always spread out over the *hibachi*, or fire-box, the right one caressing the left, or the left the right, or both of them rested on the two iron sticks which were used to arrange the pieces of charcoal. I often gave her money to buy those artificial flowers which Japanese girls are so fond of, but she never spent the notes for that purpose but put them away, an act which rather displeased me. One day I remonstrated with her for her miserly hoarding, saying that in America we said the smallest coin could shut all the beauties of the world if we held it too close to the eye.

A GRIEVED EXPRESSION

Flitted over her face, but was followed quickly by a smile as she drew a *cash* (small coin with a square hole in its center), from her sleeve and holding it to her eye looked at me through it, saying: "Can see kind master; can see, honorable father far away in Ashiwo." Then she told me how for four years she had supported her old father, and what a great pleasure my gifts had given her, greater than a whole wreath of Kioto flowers. Thus it was that little Yasu had denied herself of all the adornments so prized by girls of her age, and lavished all her hungry vanity upon those two chubby hands. There are many Yasus I know in America, little women who, though they hold the coins close to their eyes, only shut out the beauties of the world that they may not be led from some duty by their attraction. Before I left, Yasu appeared in a brilliant new *obii* (sash), and a silk camellia showed in her black hair, but I know they did not give her the joy that the little white hand did when it transferred her purse of well earned notes to the sleeve of the withered, crooked old man, her father, who came over one day from Ashiwo, to see her, having had a "lift" given him by a friendly pack-driver. Yasu was truly proud of her hand, and she had a right to be.

ANOTHER FEMININE SUNLIGHT.

With the usual heart-twinge I left Irimachi and Yasu and in three days received an invitation to a musical evening at the house of a Japanese friend in Tokio, where the charming daughter of the host made the past become a nothing, as though I had bathed in Lethe. She was tall, for a Japanese, and the embodiment of grace, to whom the soft silk of her kimono seemed a gift of nature, like the feathers to a bird, so perfectly did it hang and change with every motion. Her complexion was white with the faintest tone of olive, and beneath the skin the rose color showed in her cheeks. Her nose was inclined to be acquiline and delicate in form. Her eyes were unusually large, but of perfect Oriental type, and the brows were arched and high; in either temple showed faintly the tracing of blue veins. Her brown-black hair was in the common "Pompadour" style, without ornament. This beautiful woman, although she had never been out of Japan, spoke French, German and English fluently, and was a good performer on the violin, while she was familiar with all the musical instruments of her own country. Never have I spent a more charming evening with music, the classical Chinese with its wonderful fascination of strangest sweetness, reminding me of some Hungarian dance music, and the popular Japanese songs making the time pass faster than I knew.

SPECIAL OCCASION COSTUMES.

On the following day the University boat race was to take place at Whikojima, and the ladies gave me to understand that if I would go I should see something very fine in the way of costume, as they had some special dresses for the occasion. Next day I took my stand not far from the Imperial carriage of the Empress and awaited the arrival of my friends. They came soon, but my disappointment may be imagined when instead of the gracefully-clad girl I had admired so much the evening before, I found her transformed into a tasteless, dowdy-looking creature. A costume of scarlet satin made in European style, fitted or misfitted her tightly-laced figure, her hair combed down to her eyebrows and cut straight across showed an awful failure at frizzing, a little hat covered with varigated flowers crowned the whole. Her two younger sisters, dressed in the same absurd way, were with her, and the father, wearing a silk hat of the style of several years ago, filled his carriage corner, smiling contentedly at his fashionable daughters. My opinion being asked concerning the change, I expressed my utter detestation of it. The girls smiled at my warmth and said, although they did not think the foreign dress more beautiful, it was nevertheless more fashionable, "and see," said one, calling my attention to the Imperial carriage, "the Empress is dressed quite like us and her clothes are from Paris, from Worth!" I gave up at once; that talsmanic name from the lips of an Oriental beauty told me that all hope for the preservation of the native costume in all its picturesqueness must be abandoned, unless little Yasu or the handsome pack-driver and girls of their class save it, educated as their are in the conservatism of poverty.

CHAS. A. GUNNISON.

HOME HINTS.

The management of eight London theaters is in the hands of women.

Place a dish of water in the oven when cake is baking to prevent its scorching.

Dried seaweed has been a favorite means of bonnet ornamentation by the Parisians.

Salt sprinkled over anything that is burning on the stove will prevent any disagreeable odor.

If you drop soot on the carpet, cover thickly with salt, and it may be swept up without blacking the carpet.

Plaster busts may be cleaned by dipping them into thick liquid cold starch mixed with cold water—and brushing them when dry.

A delicious dish for breakfast is made by serving broiled tomatoes on broiled steak. Slices of cold roast beef may be broiled with tomatoes and served with them.

Beets are nice in mince pies when apples are scarce or dear. Boil, peel, chop fine, let stand half an hour covered with sharp vinegar and then use them like apples. Strong coffee is also a nice addition.

Sleeplessness at night is often caused by the air of the room having become close and vitiated. If you cannot sleep and your windows are closed, try opening a window. In many cases sleep will immediately follow.

The mixture of the yolk of an egg and glycerine is said to be an excellent remedy for burns. Put equal parts of each into a bottle and keep tightly corked. It will keep some time if put in a cool place. Shake each time before applying.

To prevent a felon, take a cup of cold water, put into it a teaspoonful of saleratus, set it on the stove, put the finger threatened with the felon into the cold water and keep it there until it is so hot you cannot bear it and the felon is killed.

Salt and water boils at a higher temperature than water alone, so a little salt should be added to the water in which all vegetables are cooked, even if the receipt calls for more seasoning at the last. A teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water is the right proportion.—*Chicago Times.*

In buying table-linen it is well to remember that the finer and smaller the pattern, the longer it will be likely to last. Tablecloths of any kind are said to wear much longer if a double-faced, thick canton flannel is first spread on the table. It smooths the edges, and is much softer and more agreeable than without it.

What to Teach Your Boys.

A New York paper puts forth the following domestic code:

Teach them how to earn money.

Teach them to be strictly truthful.

Teach them shorthand and typewriting.

Teach them economy in all their affairs.

Teach them to be polite in their manners.

Teach them history and political economy.

Teach them arithmetic in all its branches.

Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink.

Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run and swim.

Teach them careful and correct business habits.

Teach them how to get the most for their money.

Teach them by example how to do things well.

Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language.

Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order.

Teach them the care of horses, wagons and tools.

Teach them to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive.

Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A NEST.

The baby knew that the birdies used
Horsehair for building a nest;
So she snipped at the length of a golden curl,
Said she, "They will like this best."

Oh, how she laughed from the window ledge,
When a bird flew where it lay
Caught in the twigs of a lilac bush,
And carried some threads away.

'Twas a red-breast robin—not far his home
In the budding maple tree.
Our baby waited with patience sweet
The baby birds to see.

They came and grew, and flew away,
We captured the cradle rare;
And how we prize it, for in and out
Is woven our darling's hair!

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts.*

A CLEVER ORIOLE.

A wise little red breast, but what do you suppose an oriole wove into its nest? In the lawn of one of the prettiest homes in the State of Maryland a pair of orioles selected a tree in which to build. It was a large fir tree, about forty-five feet from the house. The lady of the house was sewing by one of the windows opposite this tree early one beautiful summer morning, and, on being called away to some other room, she placed her spool of cotton on the window-sill. When she returned she found the spool was gone, and, on looking for it, discovered it on the floor of the porch, which was just outside of the window. She found that a considerable length of the cotton was unwound, and, looking for the end of it, she traced it up to the nest of the oriole, and saw the bird busily weaving it into the nest. The lady placed the spool in the window, and it was shown as a curiosity to all who visited the house.

THE PARISH MINISTER'S QUESTIONS.

The parish minister in a town not a hundred miles from Dunfermline, Fifeshire, was recently going the round of all the board schools in the course of systematic examination. The day was warm, and the minister, feeling exhausted on reaching the school, took a seat for a few minutes to cool down and recover his breath; but even while doing so he thought he might as well utilize the time in a congenial way, being naturally a bit of a wag. So he addressed the boys thus: "Well, lads, can any of you tell me why black sheep eat less than white sheep?" There was no answer to this question, and the minister, after telling them it was because there were less of them, with pretended severity said he was sorry to see them in such a state of ignorance as not to be able to answer such a simple question, but he would give them another. "Can any of you lads tell me what Bishop of the Church of England has the largest hat?" Here the children were again cornered for a solution. "What! don't you know," said the minister, "that the Bishop with the largest hat is the Bishop with the largest head? But, seeing I have been giving you some puzzling questions, I will now allow you to have your turn and put some questions to me, to see if I can answer them." Silence fell upon the whole school. No one, apparently, was bold enough to tackle the minister. At length, from the far corner of the room, a little chap of about 7 years got up to his feet, and, with an audacity that actually appalled the master, cried out, in a shrill, piping voice, but with the utmost *sang froid*, "Can you tell me why millers wear white caps?" The minister was perfectly astounded, and for the life of him could find no solution to the problem. He began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, while the master frowned with awful threatening in his glance at the undaunted young culprit, who stood calmly waiting a reply to his poser. "No, my boy," said the minister at length, "I cannot tell why millers wear white caps. What is the reason?" "Weel, sir," replied the young shaver, "millers wear white caps just to cover their heads." It is needless to remark that the roar which followed rather disconcerted the minister, and he had some difficulty afterwards in proceeding with his official examination.—*Scottish American.*

THE LEOPARD SEAL.

This is one of the most valuable of the seal family. His skin makes excellent leather straps to use where great strength is needed. You know that the skins of some seals are used to make cloaks. Seal-skins that are to be used for that purpose are cleaned and dyed by such slow, careful processes that they are quite costly when made into garments. When the seal is killed his coat is a rough, coarse-looking yellowish-brown. Careful, patient workmen pull out the coarse hairs and leave the bed of short hairs for the dyers to work upon. Seal meat tastes good to those who have been brought up to eat it; but it is not so nice to a stranger. Seals are generally fat; the oil is used for lamps, for cooking and to drink. Every part of the seal is used for some purpose by the people who live in the same country with them. The noise made by seals is a hoarse croaking, if good-natured, and a wicked snarl, if angry. Whales, although they belong to the same order, have no fur, but a shining skin; they live in warm climates as well as cold. They are also fat and of immense size and strength. Every part of the whale is valuable for some purpose, although there is not much food for men in his giant body. Dolphins have also a shiny skin; they are the smallest creatures in this order. They go in large numbers—sailors say "large schools." They are playful, but stupid. A rag fluttering on the stern of a ship with a hook under it will catch a dolphin, as he springs up to play with it, and then the passengers and sailors have a feast. Dolphin steak tastes like young pig, and the ship's cook knows how to cook it to a turn. —*Child Culture.*

Hints for Home Decoration.

Never hang a picture so that it will be necessary to mount a step-ladder to view it. Hang it so that the center will be about five feet and a half from the floor, a little below the line of vision of a person of average height.

Never select furniture whose "means of support" do not appear adequate. Chairs with spindle legs inclined too far inward or outward have an apparent tendency toward disruption, and are constant terrors to callers. Straight, substantial legs suggest strength and inspire confidence.

Never treat a hallway as though it were a dooryard, and no part of the house proper. A hall should be inviting, and hold out to the visitor a promise of the beauty of the inner rooms.

Never put a piece of furniture into a room merely because it is pretty and will fill up. Every article should have its real or apparent use; as a general thing the necessary pieces will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furniture.

Never permit a white marble mantel to disfigure an otherwise tasteful room. Cover it with a draped mantel board. White marble has a suggestion of cemeteries about it. It always looks crude in a drawing-room, even in the form of the finest sculpture.

Never forget that an open fire and judiciously selected pictures will make any room cheerful.

Never put paper on the walls of a nursery. It is better to either paint or calcimine. There is always danger of poison in the coloring of the paper, or of the paste becoming sour.

Never have a drawing-room so filled with frail and delicate bric-a-brac that the least movement is fraught with danger of costly and wholesale breakage. This does not conduce to ease.

Never have dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

Never use an inordinately large mirror with a bulbous gilt frame, planned with the evident purpose of getting rid of as much gold leaf as possible. Small beveled glasses in sconces or framed in rich plush of color harmonizing with that of the wall-paper are in better taste.

Never hang a picture from one nail. Aside from the mere question of safety, the use of two nails, the cord stretched across them so as to come down squarely to the corners of the frames, has a symmetrical effect and makes the walls look much more finished.

Never have a carpet pattern with gigantic roses or other actual flowers. They harmonize with nothing. The colors in a carpet should, in a great measure, complete the color scheme adopted for the room.

Never place a picture or a bit of decoration where it does not serve some artistic purpose. If a picture is intended to be seen in a strong light do not put it in an obscure corner, and, on the other hand, if it be painted in a high colored key, do not bring it within the direct influence of a brilliant sunbeam.

Never imitate a rich material in a cheaper one. The use of glossy paper laid off like squares of marble for hall decorations has fortunately been done away with, but the use of bogus stained glass still continues to charm the tasteless.—*"A. B. C." in New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Stronger Sex.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard, common sense than a man. Because she makes less bluster about her rights, and quietly maintains them better than a man. Because she won't give $1 50 for an article that she knows very well she can get for 75 cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord $2 for her dinner and then pay the head waiter $1 to send her a waiter who will bring it to her for 50 cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good little right hand for two hours until she first gets a receipt for it from the fellow who made her husband pay the same bill five times last year. No "just give you credit for it" with her. Because one day a Pullman porter complained to me, "No money on this trip; too many women aboard. Don't never get nothin' out of a woman 'ceptin' just her regular fare." I had just paid him 25 cents for blacking one of my boots and losing the other. And, when he said that, when I saw for myself the heroic firmness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare and refusing to pay the salaries of the employes of a wealthy corporation, I said: "These women have a right to vote. To vote! By all that is brave and self-reliant and sensible, they have a right to run the Government." *Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

Welsh Wisdom.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook flood.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof and a scolding wife.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, chimney and housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller—a good memory, a bold face and fools for an audience.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst and a great coat in cold.

Three things that are seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief and the voice of a devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife and the contents of thy purse.

Three warnings from the grave—"Thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in everything that is done.

It Is Well To Remember.

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes that ride with the Emperor.

That correction is good when administered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That you will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Strong and Hearty

Who have once been weak, but are now grown vigorous by the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, are as plenteous as "autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." Striking examples are they of the benefits conferred by the great invigorant. Not less numerous are the quondam sufferers now freed by the Bitters from the yoke of malaria, dyspepsia, bilious, nervous and kidney troubles.

ELECTRICAL FILAMENTS.—Some interesting electrical experiments have been described to the London Physical Society by C. V. Boys. If sealing-wax, india-rubber, Canada balsam, or any sticky substance, be poured from a cup in a melted state upon the conductor of an electrical machine, it will begin to throw out threads in an extraordinary manner. When the resinous matter is very hot, the fibers are large and sometimes they may be so small as to be almost invisible. Each fiber shoots out as a cylinder with remarkable speed, then breaks into minute beads, which can be made to patter against a drum-head with the noise of falling rain. The cup should be turned away from both operator and machine, or both will be covered with a wonderful sticky web. When a candle is held near the filaments shoot into the flame and sometimes cover the candle, though sometimes they return to the cup after approaching the flame, in consequence of discharging their electricity into the latter. Miles of these sticky threads may be drawn out in a few minutes and the breaking into beads offers a ready means of powdering substances not easily pulverized in ordinary ways.

CURE FOR WARTS.—It is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Aubert cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.—*Medical Press.*

HEALTH HINTS.—It may be safely asserted that seven if not eight of every ten young ladies would be improved in face and figure by the addition of ten or fifteen pounds to their weight. To increase your weight eat cakes, puddings, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible. Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn bread and butter, and those vegetables that grow under ground. Breathe all the fresh air you can get, and avoid foul, stuffy air, especially at night. Always breathe through the nose. Take frequent warm baths before retiring, or cold sponge baths in the morning, followed by brisk friction with a towel.—*Epoch.*

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm,"
So is many a youth cut down by the gnawing worm *consumption*. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if taken in time, effect permanent cures, not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

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.

AVOID the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often sold as purgative medicine, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayers' Cathartic Pills. They are invaluable as a family medicine.

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—DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Iron, Steel and Coal.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SPORTING SUPPLIES.

MECHANICS' TOOLS, AND BUILDERS' HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS.

Sacramento..........[1ptfTuThS]............San Francisco

WHEN YOU OPEN THE PACKAGE, *Notice the Delicacy of the Tobacco, the Superiority of the Workmanship, and the* Exquisite Aroma *from the Lighted Cigarette.*

The best and most expensive Cigarette in quality ever offered the public for the money.

They are mild, pure, sweet and soothing to the nerves.

Awarded Grand Silver and Bronze Medals at Mechanics' Fair 1887.

Each package contains Handsome Photographs of all the Leading Actresses, Baseball Players and Pugilists. Ask your Tobacconist or Dealer for them.

SALES—TWO MILLION IN SEPTEMBER.

It will pay Dealers to correspond with us.

Albert Mau & Co., S. F., Cal.

n3-1pMWF

MISCELLANEOUS.

"NOW-A-DAYS TRUTH IS NEW.

Have you heard the latest news

"Everybody praises

SAPOLIO."

It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next house cleaning.

In common with other things in this big world reliable advertisers suffer because other advertisements are found unreliable. Wise men, however, know that bold advertising is a good measure of the manufacturer's enterprise, and large outlays in this line show confidence in his own goods. The large sums spent every year in advertising Sapolio lead thousands of women who are wise enough to read the advertisement to reduce their hours of labor by the use of that well-known article. No. 27.

Never Put Off

Till to-morrow, to-day's duty. If you have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, or any form of Throat or Lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

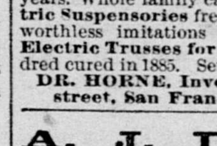
Two years ago I took a severe Cold, which, being neglected, was followed by a terrible Cough. I lost flesh rapidly, had night sweats, and was soon confined to my bed. A physician was called, but the medicine he prescribed afforded only temporary relief. A friend advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began taking this medicine, and before finishing the first bottle was able to sit up; four bottles effected a perfect cure. —Geo. W. Dick, Newton, Mass.

In several cases of Bronchitis, caused by exposure to damp and cold weather, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is an anodyne expectorant of great value and usefulness to patients of all ages. Its certainty of action, and its safety as a household remedy, are forcible arguments in its favor. No other cough preparation does its work so quickly and satisfactorily.—C. E. Hoyt, M. D., New Orleans, La.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE



And others suffering from nervous debility, exhausting chronic diseases, premature decline of young or old, are positively cured by DR. HORNE'S famous Electro-Magnetic Belt. Thousands in every State in the Union have been cured. Electricity instantly felt. Patented and sold ten years. Whole family can wear same belt. Electric Suspensories free with male belts. Avoid worthless imitations and bogus companies. Electric Trusses for Rupture. Seven hundred cured in 1885. Send stamp for pamphlet. DR. HORNE, Inventor, No. 702 Market street, San Francisco. s4-3p&wtf

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Wholesale and Retail.

Having purchased for cash, I am enabled to offer goods at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. City and country orders solicited. Prompt attention will be given to all orders sent to me.

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o15-1p1m Southeast cor. Seventeenth and K sts.

EBNER BROS.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS,

116 and 118 K st., bet. Front and Second, Sac'to.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

POMMERY AND GRENO CHAMPAGNE.

1p1m

PORK PACKING!

ODELL & HERZOG

ARE PACKING PORK NOW, AND HAVE constantly on hand a large supply of Spareribs, Tenderloin, Pigs' Feet, Pigs' Heads, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Shoulders, Smoked Beef, Cooked Meats, and a full supply of Choice Sausages of all kinds, at 1020 and 1022 K STREET. o5-1m1p

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JEWELRY, WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS, No. 506 J street, between Fifth and Sixth, have always on hand a choice variety of Fine Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, etc.

DR. A. E. BRUNE

HAS RETURNED FROM HIS TRIP TO Europe, and can again be consulted at his office, southeast corner Eighth and J sts. n1-tf

The best place in California to have your printing done, A. J. Johnston & Co's, 410 J St., Sacramento, Cal.

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

ORDINANCE NO. 19.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF SACRAMENTO county do ordain as follows:

Any owner or occupant of land adjoining a public highway in this county, not less than three rods wide, may plant shade and ornamental trees in and along said highway, on the side contiguous to his land.

The trees must be set in regular rows, at a distance of at least twenty feet from each other, and not more than five feet from the boundary of the highway. If the highway is more than eighty feet wide, the row must not be less than six nor more than eight feet from the boundary of the highway.

Whoever willfully injures any such trees is liable to the owner or the occupant for the damages sustained. And to encourage the planting and cultivation of such trees, the Supervisors of this county shall pay for each tree so planted and cultivated, that shall be living at the end of four years, the sum of one dollar.

Dated November 8, 1887.

F. F. TEBBETS, Chairman of the Board.

Adopted by unanimous vote of the Board November 8, 1887.

Attest: W. B. HAMILTON,
n10-4tnetw2t Clerk of the Board.

NOTICE OF STREET WORK.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IT IS the intention of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento to have Fifth street, from the south line of L to the north line of M street, and from the south line of M street to the south line of N street, inclusive of the intersection of Fifth and N streets, improved by grading and graveling to the official grade, constructing redwood curbing, paved gutters, stone crosswalks at the intersection of Fifth and N and at the alleys, and Oregon pine plank aprons to crosswalks. Said improvements to be made in accordance with a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees on the 7th day of NOVEMBER, 1887, to which all parties interested are referred for further particulars.

n9-5t JOHN RYAN, Street Commissioner.

NOTICE OF STREET WORK.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IT is the intention of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento to have Eleventh street, from B to I, improved by grading to the official grade, constructing redwood curbing, Oregon pine plank crosswalks, drainage culverts, and filling in behind the curbing to the line of the sidewalks, said work to include the improvement of the crossings of C, D, E, F, G and H streets with Eleventh street. Said improvements to be made in accordance with a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees on the 7th day of NOVEMBER, 1887, to which all parties interested are referred for further particulars. JOHN RYAN, Street Commissioner.

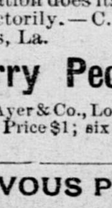
n9-5t

Occidental Building and Loan Association.

Settlement with holders of First Series Stock will be made MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1887, at the office, 1015 Fourth street, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. EDWIN K. ALSIP,

n10-4t [B. C.] Secretary.

HUMPHREYS'



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SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

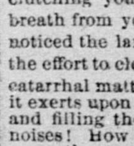
Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the horrible sensations of an assassin clutching your throat and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest? Have you noticed the languor and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrhal matter? What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mucus all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How difficult to protect the system against its further progress towards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease, and cries out for relief and cure.

The remarkable curative powers, when all other remedies utterly fail, of SANDFORD'S RADICAL CURE, are attested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fellow sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and reliable references.

Each packet contains one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and an IMPROVED INHALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all druggists for $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



KIDNEY PAINS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-subduing Plaster. Absolutely unrivalled as an instantaneous and infallible antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.