SERMONS IN STONES.

A PENAL BUT PROSPEROUS "AT-HOME" COMMUNITY.

Masons vs. "Worm-Eaters"—The Testimony of the Rocks in the Folsom Quarry.

[RECORD-UNION Correspondence.]

Whether it is that the contemplation of misery in others adds a new zest to the satisfaction with which complacent respectability hugs itself, or that the condition of the unfortunate possesses an intrinsic interest for those who have the leisure for studying it, the fact is incontrovertible that our sympathies are much more easily excited by the seamy and ragged side of human nature than by its glossy and irreproachable obverse. For the sake of our common humanity, it is to be hoped that none of us experience an active satisfaction in the misfortunes of our friends; but that we experience a passive satisfaction in contrasting the troubles of others with those of our own, is so true, that the thought has been embodied in a French proverb. "There is," says Montaigne, "a feeling not altogether unpleasurable with which we regard the disasters that befall our fellows. Prosperity in the gross is odious to us, and, when not casting a direct reflection on our status in life, uninterrupted enjoyment of good things is held to be incompatible with the possession of those heroic traits and virtues found only in the breasts of those who have breasted the waves of adversity." "There is a soul of goodness in things evil," by which I mean to say that the happiness of the multitude is added to and its complacency hightened by the knowledge that thousands of its less happily circumstanced fellows are

GRUNTING AND SWEATING UNDER A WEARY LOAD,

Whose weight at times is all but intolerable. In this latter category we may fairly rank prisoners—that unfortunate class of beings who are taken in an evil draft, and who enjoy the anomalous distinction of being in the world and yet not of the world, and have no more part in assisting at the latter's enterprises, or molding its destinies, than if they were so many ghosts and shadows. As yet California has not seen fit to emulate any of the costly and convoluted systems of treating prisoners which are on trial in the East. I say on trial, and advisedly, for it must be born in mind that neither the experiment at Elmira or any other equal and costly one that I am familiar with, has as yet given any indications that it promises to be the model one for universal imitation. That some of them have achieved a dubious success is true, but penological authorities are far from being unanimous in their approval of any one system of prison discipline which has hitherto been devised. Under these circumstances, the authorities of our penitentiaries have acted wisely in introducing such new reforms into their prisons as have given unqualified evidence of success in other places, while refusing to take entire pattern by any one system in particular.

A description of the Folsom Penitentiary may not possess much interest for such of the readers of the RECORD-UNION as have paid it a visit, though even they may derive some entertainment from an account of its industrial economy as told by the pen of one who has had ample opportunities of studying it. Surrounded by a barrier of hills, the site of Folsom is as secluded and out of the way as if it lay at

THE BOTTOM OF SOME UNEXPLORED CRATER.

On all sides the prisoner's horizon is bounded, and while the breezes of heaven fan his cheek his view of its vault is as circumscribed as fortuitous combinations of rock and scar can make it. The sun is comparatively high in the heavens before the convict sees it, and when of an evening it has retired from his view there are at least three or four hours of daylight for the outside world. To some there is a sense of fitness in being cut off by natural as well as artificial barriers from a cold and unsympathetic world, while to others a contracted landscape and the sullen and frowning front of the everlasting hills only serve to intensify the depression which all must feel more or less who are expatriated to this unhappy valley. In few places does the face of nature look sterner or more forbidding than from the grounds encircling the prison quarry. Yet, in spite of an unpleasing appearance, Folsom is undoubtedly healthy, and atones for, by a torrid but fairly genial climate, what it lacks in picturesqueness and beauty.

The impression which the first sight of the prison buildings make on the chance visitor is startling rather than pleasing. Yet considering the uses they are devoted to, their tout ensemble is the reverse of gloomy, and the eye rests with pleasure on a style of architecture whose like is not often seen in these degenerate days of gingerbread and terra-cotta. Complaints are often leveled against Americans for their alleged want of fertility in the domain of architecture, but here may be witnessed a style,

UNIMITATIVE, SIMPLE AND ORIGINAL,

Which appeals with delightful freshness to those whose taste has not become corrupted by too frequent contact with the resurrected dry bones of Gothic and early English. The prison buildings constitute a long, irregular parallelogram, at the remote of which abuts at an obtuse angle the new wing, which has been constructed almost entirely from designs furnished by the present deputy at San Quentin, B. F. Chambers. The Warden's residence, office and commissary department are at the western end of the building, which here branches out into something resembling a contracted head to a capital T. Ascending a broad and commanding flight of stairs, the visitor enters a spacious hallway, on the right hand side of which is the commissary department, and on the left the suite of offices occupied by the Warden and his Secretary. The view to be had from the windows commanding the quarry here is spirited and novel, and the ring of steel on the stones that are being dressed by the masons makes a melody which harmonizes admirably with the panorama displayed before the visitor's eyes. The excavating and dressing of stone is the industry pursued at Folsom to which all others are subordinate. Under Warden McComb's regime it attained to vast dimensions, and notwithstanding that the extensive Mare Island contract is all but completed, there are no indications that under Mr. Aull's Wardenship the industry will be abated any. And here is a fitting place for advancing an argument against the insensate clamor raised by Trades Unionists against the employment of convicts at productive industry. It is

CONTAINED IN A NUTSHELL.

Every convicted man who is received at a State Prison was either a producer before he entered it or he was not. If the former, by working during his confinement he is no more a competitor in the struggle for existence than he was while free; and if the latter, his compulsory labor while in prison is nothing more than a happy method of wringing from him the payment of a debt which he contracted with society while the latter supported him in a state of idleness. If the community is advanced by maintaining a section of its members in a perpetual state of non-productiveness, why should prisoners, above all other men, be selected for this exemption? Expediency left out of the question, morality imperatively demands that if our prisoners are to be saved to the congregation, they must never be permitted to remain in a state of idleness. The latter does more to impede reform than any two causes combined, and it hardly requires the genius of old Watts to impress our convictions with the truths of how

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The work pursued by the convicts at Folsom maintains them in good moral health no less than it does in good physical health. It is open to none of the objections which are urged with only too much reason against the employment of prisoners at work which calls for an expensive and costly plant before it can be prosecuted. Work in prisons too often admits of being dishonestly done, and the charge that is leveled against the products of prisons that they are scamped, is too often a true one it is to be feared. The practice of

ALLOWING PRISONERS TO SCAMP THEIR WORK

Is a reprehensible one, and is demoralizing both to those who set the example and those who take pattern by it. How can the convicts be expected to practice habits of honesty and thoroughness in the world when habits of dishonesty and slovenness are winked at in the prison? I know as a fact that in one particular instance a San Francisco company contracted for the services of 300 convicts, whom the former employed at furniture-making, the company gave such an impetus to scamping that the men who exhibited the most proficiency at it were deemed the handiest in the establishment. Whether a man who is taught in prison that it is a praiseworthy occupation to imitate worm-eaten furniture which will be palmed off on a credulous public as antique, can be expected to entertain very lofty notions on questions of morality, I leave to the reflective public to decide. And here is shown the overwhelming superiority of employing our convicts on such work as dressing stone. The latter *can't be scamped*, and nothing will communicate a pleasing appearance to it but hours of plodding and patient industry. Veneers and varnishes are powerless to deceive in this case, and from first to last the lessons inculcated by stone dressing are healthy. It is work that above all things demands patience and industry, and as these are the very qualities in which convicts may be supposed to be most deficient, anything which serves to kindle them into life answers a two-fold purpose

The trade of a mason is honorable above all other trades, for the reason that it is the only one that does not admit of dishonest work. A man who learns it is in request all over the world. No times are so dull that he can't find employment, and as he can earn good money by the exercise of a lawful calling, the incentives to support himself by an unlawful one disappear. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" may be said of every convict who learns how to earn his bread by a trade picked up in the prison. He is a made man for life, and so far from his imprisonment being a misfortune to him, it proves to be the very means of regenerating him into a useful and productive member of the community.

The quarry is located on the lowest ground of the prison, and in appearance resembles

A LARGE NATURAL AMPHITHEATER.

Approaching it by a flight of steps which lead down from the road skirting the northern wall of the prison building, the visitor finds himself at the mouth of an artificial pit from whence the rock is blasted and hewn. At the bottom of this, or scattered around its brink in detached groups, are the drillers preparing the rock for the reception of the blast, which is fired at noon or when the convicts have quit their work at evening. The presiding genius is foreman Knapp, whose fifty years' experience of stone-quarrying, while it has whitened his hair, has by no means dimmed his eye or abated his natural vigor. The force of stone-cutters, which number about a hundred, employ themselves under a circular shed built more for shade than for any protection it affords from the rain. In close proximity to the stone shed is the blacksmith shop, where the masons' and drillers' tools are sharpened. From the good will with which these are used it requires twenty furnaces and as many hammersmiths and toolsharpeners to keep them in order. Mr. Luttrell superintends this department, and having an intimate knowledge of the requirements of masons, besides being a gentleman of kindly disposition, contrives to get out of his charges a maximum of work by a minimum of bulldozing. Facing the stone shed is a small office and barber shop, in the former of which "quantities" are figured out, and plans and computations made for

FULFILLING THE VARIOUS ORDERS ON HAND.

While from first to last the work is superintended by freemen, some of the prisoners have taken such an interest and exhibited such an intelligence in its performance, that to these has been confided a show of authority in watching and directing the movements of the less experienced. Gazing on the scene of bustle and activity presented by the quarry, a train of reflection is suggested which may well claim a moment to indulge in.

It is doubtful whether any penitentiary in the United States can afford an example of industry and discipline brought to such a high pitch of perfection as that which exists at Folsom. The convicts apply themselves to their work with a will and cheerfulness, in strong contrast to the sullen demeanor exhibited by the typical convict gathering. As far as moral impediments are concerned there is absolutely nothing to prevent the convicts from laying down their hammers and starting for the next county, for it must be remembered that the penitentiary is only partially walled around, an archway in the prison wall permitting a free egress to those who are willing to run the gantlet of the contiguous batteries. Escapes, however, at Folsom are rare, and not commonly undertaken, except by the weak and idiotic, Martin Ryan's affair being the illustration which proves the truth of the rule. This entire subordination of the wills of the many to the wishes of the few is the more remarkable, when it is taken into consideration that the numerical strength of the officers and guards is a low one. But what the force lacks in numbers is made up in ability, and throughout it is pervaded by an esprit de corps, which binds the various members in sympathy with one another, and

RENDERS DISLOYALTY IMPOSSIBLE.

The present Warden is no novice at the business, to which he brings an experience of convicts, acquired by a study of their habits extending over thirty years. The incidents of his career as a Wells-Fargo detective alone, would bear weaving into a romance, while his long tenure of the responsible offices of Turnkey and Captain of the Yard at San Quentin lend him additional qualifications for the important post he now dignifies. Mr. Robinson, the Deputy Warden, is a sagacious and quick-witted gentleman, who makes up for a lack of technical knowledge of the ways of prisoners by an all-round acquaintance with the weak points of human nature which will doubtless serve him in good stead. As to Mr. Murphy, the genial but astute Captain of the Guard, he is so well known to the majority of the residents of the Capital that it is hardly necessary to describe him. Not only is he a mine of information on everything connected with the past history of the prison, but the Captain possesses an unusually retentive memory; and a frank and engaging manner acts as a foil to qualities of sagacity and penetration, the existence in him of which those who are acquainted with his true character would never suspect.

On everything pertaining to the biographies of rogues he is peculiarly well posted, and this, together with his intimate knowledge of the Folsom countryside, render him a valuable *amicus curiæ* on all matters of local detail. While the last administration was deservedly popular, the present one promises to be no less so, and both officers and convicts are as contented with the new change of rulers as regret for the outgoing ones will permit. In a future paper I may give the RECORD-UNION's readers some account of another phase of life in the penitentiary. G. A. S.

THE DOOMED MAN'S RESIGNATION.—Sheriff—"Well, poor fellow, I'm sorry to say that your hour has arrived." "Don't feel bad about it. I'd just as soon die as live; in fact, I had rather die." "Your resignation this morning is quite remarkable. During the past few days I thought that you were weakening." "I did feel quite despondent until last night." "What braced you up?" "Why, the *Evening Barabbas* printed a picture of me, so Death has been robbed of his terrors."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

IN Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, there is more of this medicine sold than of all other blood purifiers. This is certainly a valuable home indorsement.

MADISON AND VICINITY.

A THRIVING SECTION OF YOLO COUNTY.

Some of Its Many Industries—An Excellent Locality For Profitable Investments.

Madison is a town of about 400 inhabitants, situate in almost the geographical center of Yolo county, and is twelve miles west of Woodland (the county seat), six miles east of the entrance to Capay valley and one mile south of Cache creek. Cache creek is a stream of considerable magnitude, and is spanned by a substantial wooden bridge, over a quarter mile in length. Capay valley is one of the most fruitful and picturesque in the world.

Madison, at present, is the terminus of the Vaca Valley and Clear Lake Railroad, but will not remain so long, for this road is to be extended through Lake and Mendocino counties. Work on the extension has already begun, the road during the past few months having been graded as far as the head of Cache Creek Canyon, a distance of twenty-five miles from Madison, and track laying is liable to be begun at any moment. When the road is completed Madison will be one of its chief shipping points, for this town to-day is the depot of a large scope of the surrounding country and is the nearest point of shipment on the railroad for the valley of Capay. As some of the large ranches near Madison are to be divided up and sold this will tend to bring in settlers and increase the importance of the town as a business center.

Madison was laid out in 1877, the town plot having been filed in January, 1877, and the first passenger train having entered it in May of the same year. The town at a first view does not appear very imposing to the stranger, yet it contains two general merchandise stores that do an extensive business, a drug store wherein is situated the postoffice, a barber shop, six saloons, a saddlery, a neat town hall, two livery stables, a meat and pork-packing establishment, a hardware store, machine repair shop, well-boring establishment, three large warehouses, a water-works system, a steam flour mill, three blacksmith shops, a lumber-yard, shoe shop, two laundries, a good public school, two churches, three lodges, a telegraph, telephone and Wells, Fargo & Co. express office. There is also a railroad round-house at Madison and last but not least, a very good baseball club.

The waterworks consist of two large wooden tanks that have a combined capacity of 15,000 gallons, the water being pumped into them by steam power. Pipes are laid throughout the town and water is always available for sprinkling, fire and other purposes. The three grain warehouses have a combined storage capacity of over 20,000 tons and as much more grain can be, and often is, stored unsheltered in the warehouse yards after the harvest is over, to await shipment. The warehouses are full after every harvest. This speaks volumes for the productiveness of the surrounding country, and demonstrates the importance of Madison as a business center. Another fact that demonstrates the importance of Madison as a business center and a shipping point, is the existence there of an extensive meat and pork-packing establishment, which has been there almost since the town started. It does a large business. During the year 1887 over two thousand hogs were slaughtered, and also many beeves, calves and sheep. Hams are smoked there, bacon is cured, and a quality of lard is rendered that cannot be excelled by any similar establishment in the world. The products of this establishment are shipped to various points in the State, and find such favor that the demand far exceeds the supply. At present the cattle and hogs that are brought there are those only that have been raised in the vicinity. Were the capacity of the establishment to be increased tenfold, it still could dispose of its products readily. F. N. Henrich, the proprietor of the place, informs us that it is his intention to enlarge it considerably this year. A butcher shop and sausage factory are combined with the establishmen. The steam flour mill at Madison has a grinding capacity of 80 barrels of flour and 500 sacks of ground feed per day. It usually runs night and day, and, until lately, has been doing a big business.

The soil around Madison, like that all over Yolo county, is as rich as any in the State. It will produce anything, and everything that it has been made to produce is remarkable for its size and quality. Notwithstanding the excellence of its soil the land values are not high. On the contrary, in comparison with some of the lands in the southern counties they are *preposterously* low. Only from $45 to $125 per acre. Land of an inferior quality in the southern counties, which must be irrigated to be rendered fruitful, sells readily for $200, $300 and $400 per acre. The land around Madison needs no irrigation whatever. The rainfall is ample every year. Fruits and vines thrive best without irrigation and it has been abundantly proven that grains also thrive best without irrigation. Water is used for alfalfa in some spots only, and the editor of this paper doubts whether artificial water is needed at all in Yolo county, or for that matter in Northern California.

The town of Madison itself is situated on the worst land in its neighborhood, which is eminently proper, for it leaves all the good land free for cultivation. As it is the surrounding country that maintains a country town, the founders of Madison displayed wisdom when they chose the inferior land for a town site. Yet the land upon which the town is situated is not worthless, for with proper cultivation it can be made to grow anything. It consists of a sort of alkali adobe which must be pampered and coaxed a little. Since orange and other fruit trees are now growing in the gardens of some of the citizens of Madison, it would seem as if the soil there had been successfully coaxed.

West of Madison, and out toward the foothills, the soil is simply unsurpassable in quality, and is mainly devoted to wheat raising. A few vineyards and orchards only have yet been laid out, yet the land is admirably adapted to fruits and vines. The celebrated Orleans vineyard is only a short distance from Madison and comprises from six to eight hundred acres of vines. A distillery and extensive wine cellars are on the premises, and the wines turned out are of a very superior quality. There are a few other vineyards near by, but of not so extensive a characte. There are also several fruit orchards near Madison, where wonderful fruits are grown, but there is room for many more orchards and vineyards too. Settlers are badly needed around Madison, and, as the soil is so rich, the prices of land so low, the scenery and climate so delightful, what more can people crave in this weary, all-too-prosaic world. —*Madison Review.*

The Christian Science Craze.

The latest craze in the art of healing is Christian science. It follows faith-healers, mind-curers, God's doctors, and many other similar afflictions. A New York correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* writes as follows:

Like all such crazes, it has come upon this city with a rush, and is talked about everywhere just as the Salvation craze dwindles away. We had no less than seven flourishing stations or barracks of the Salvation army here six years ago; to-day there is but one, and that one is in a desperate plight. Before that our flighty people were given over to spiritualism. For the last six months it has been Christian science under one of its many phases, and as no less than half a dozen deaths have occurred during the last fortnight, which are supposed by the community to have been brought about, possibly, by these fanatics, it is high time to consider the matter seriously. Unquestionably there is much in the notion that the mind does effect the body. We have endless instances of the strange results of bread pills, holy water, etc. Dr. Tuke, in his "Influence of the Mind on the Body," London, 1884, says that nothing is more certain than that a large number of persons have been healed of all manner of diseases by bread pills. Three-fourths, or perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say nineteen-twentieths, of the stories of cures of the religious class are undoubtedly myths, frauds, exaggerations, fallacies of memory or of reporting. But there is a certain percentage of cures which can be safely attributed simply to the mind force; probably the mind had a great deal to do with original diseases, and therefore was potent in doing away with it. For instance, a woman who imagines that she has a cancer inside of her, when there is no cancer, could be perfectly cured when persuaded that no cancer actually existed. Will-power is a tremendous force, of which all physicians are perfectly cognizant, and much of the success of certain physicians is due to their control or success in awakening will-power in the patient. Without the slightest question, from this modicum of truth has grown the mountain of fraud with which the community is now confronted.

IMPORTED GUINEA WORMS.

A Boy Afflicted with a Disease that is Attracting Attention.

In a little frame cottage at No. 409 West Twentieth street, is a 10-year-old boy who is attracting considerable attention from several physicians. There is nothing specially remarkable in the child's appearance, he seeming healthy and strong enough, though somewhat more pallid than usual. This boy, little Joseph Blakslee, is now under treatment for a disease, if disease it may be called, of which his is the only authenticated case in the United States. There is now being slowly removed from his body a specimen of the "Guinea worm," a very curious and little known entozoon native to the west coast of Africa, the marshy districts of Bengal, and certain portions of central Asia.

The house is that of William Blakslee, an Englishman by birth, who for several years has been in the employ of the Burlington railroad as an engineer.

"I don't know much about it myself," said Mr. Blakslee. "I am not at home much, and only know that the boy had a bad time of it with the first worm, for this is the second. The doctor says he must have brought them from India in him, for he is my nephew, my brother John's boy, not mine, you know. Just show the man Joey's foot," concluded Blakslee, turning to his wife.

Taking the child upon her lap Mrs. Blakslee removed a bandage and poultice from its left ankle, showing an inflamed spot about an inch in diameter. From the center of this protruded a yellow, thread-like body, wound on a small quill.

"That's the worm," said Mrs. Blakslee, pointing to the yellow thread, which was about the size of the E string of a violin- "It's been coming but about a fortnight now, and I think there must be six or seven inches wound on that quill."

"You see," continued the boy's uncle, "my brother John and me were both engine-drivers in the old country, or engineers, as you say here. He got a good offer on an Indian railway, went and married there. Two or three years afterward I came to America. About two years ago my brother's wife died, leaving him this child. He had done well in that country, but seem to feel that he should not last long, and wrote me asking that if anything happened to him I would take charge of his boy. About five months ago my brother died, leaving the boy quite a bit of money, and directing that he be sent to me. So little Joe came all that long way alone, and got to Chicago about three months ago."

"When did the worm first appear? The third week after Joey came," continued Mrs. Blakslee; "that is, the first one. As I was putting the children to bed one evening Joey said his right foot itched and kept pulling at it. I could find nothing except a small pimple right on the ankle bone. He went to digging at it with fingernails, and soon broke it open. A sort of little black head could be seen, and I got a needle and pulled it out. The next morning his ankle was swolen and hurt him so that he could not walk. It kept on getting worse and worse until we had to call a doctor. The child had a very bad time of it, but at last the sore began to run, and a sort of thread nearly two feet long came out. The doctor hadn't known just what to make of the case before, but when he saw that he said it was a 'Guinea worm,' and a very rare case. He told me that if another pimple like that come to let him know, and make the child let it alone. About two weeks ago this one appeared on the left foot. Before the doctor could get here it broke, and he just took hold of the tiny black head, pulled it out about half an inch and wound it round the quill, as you see. Since that it has come out about half an inch every day. The doctor says that if the worm is not broken there will be no swelling or pain, and it will come out little by little."

"Yes," said Dr. F. G. Barnard, "it is a genuine case of Guinea worm. The thing is well known, and yet almost unknown. As far as I can ascertain, this is the first authentic case known in this country, though others are said to have been observed in Louisiana in the early part of the century. The subjects were recently-imported slaves from the west coast of Africa. But the report is not well verified. Of course I don't exactly know, but I suppose the child must have gotten the worms lodged in him by wading in some marshy pool. The authorities say that the germs may be in the system as much as two years before reaching a full development. Though the attacks of the worms have sometimes caused death, I have no great fear in this case."—*Chicago Times.*

A CONSCIENTIOUS CUSTOMER.

He Wasn't Going to Begin to Rob People So Early in the Year.

Customer—"The coat is too large, I tell you, Isaac. Why, man, it hangs on me like a sack."

Clothing Dealer (second hand)—"Do you dinks this vas a coal yard or a grocery sdore, eh? Vell, it wasn't! I gifs you goot measure, mine vriends. I gifs you the vorth of your money. Vat you vants mit a goat dot fit you like de paint on a parper's bole, preezes blowing through mit your whiskers, eh? I guess node. I gifs you plenty of cloth to keep the cold wind owid."

"But, hang it, a man wants to be as near the fashion as possible. I don't wan't to look like a clothes pole wrapped in a blanket."

"Ho! ho! you vants to be a dude! Ho! ho! ho!"

"No, I simply want to be decently dressed."

"Vell, mine vriendt, dot goat makes you so. Let me see; turn rount. Ha! you looks like Bresident Cleveland in dot goat. No, you vas node so tall as Bresident Cleveland. You vas abound the heighd of the Brince of Vales, und py shiminy you looks shoost like the Brince in dot goat. Not kvide so sdoud, but shoost aboud id. Vot did I say vas de brice of dot goat?"

"Seven dollars."

"By shiminy gracious, I was rob mineseluf if I sells dot goat for seffen tolar. Dat vas a fifteen tolar goat—"

"But you offered it to me for seven dollars."

"Vell, vell, dake it, dake it. I dond go back on mine vort. But I vas rob mineseluf so helup me gracious."

"You are robbing yourself by giving it to me for seven dollars?"

"So helup me gracious!"

"Well, then, I will rob no man. I swore off all evil on New Year's Day and I am not going to begin to rob people as early as this. I won't take the coat."

"You wond dake dot goat? Dot goat dot make you look like the Brince of Vales?"

"Not if it made me look like John L. Sullivan. I will rob no man."

"Say, mine vriendt, vat you gif for dot goat?"

"I'll give you three dollars."

"Tree tolar! Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps you dink I keep a sharity bureau!"

"Three dollars." (Preparing to take the coat off.)

"Say fife tolar."

"Three dollars."

"Say four tolar."

"Three——"

"Dake it, dake it, dake it."—*Boston Courier.*

FOR allaying hoarseness and irritation of the throat, it is daily proved that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a mild remedy, yet very efficacious.

WONDERS OF CANADA.

SOME OF HER GREAT INLAND SEAS AND RIVERS.

Marvelous Distances in the Northern Dominion—The Watershed that Drains to the North.

The Earl of Dufferin thus combats some false impressions about Canada and its extent. He says:

Perhaps the best way of correcting such a universal misapprehension would be by a summary of the rivers which flow through them, for we know that, as a poor man cannot afford to live in a big house, so a small country cannot support a big river. Now, to an Englishman or a Frenchman, the Severn or the Thames, the Seine or the Rhone would appear considerable streams, but in the Ottawa, a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, an affluent, moreover, which reaches the parent stream 600 miles from its mouth, we have a river nearly 550 miles long, and three or four times as big as any of them.

But even after having ascended the St. Lawrence itself to Lake Ontario, and pursued it across Lake Huron, St. Clair, and Lake Superior to Thunder Bay, a distance of 1,500 miles,

WHERE ARE WE?

In the estimation of the person who has made the journey, at the end of all things; but to us, who know better, scarcely at the commencement of the great fluvial systems of the Dominion; for, from that spot, that is to say, from Thunder bay, we are able at once to ship our astonished traveler on to the Kaministiquia, a river of some hundred miles long. Thence, almost in a straight line, we launch him on to Lake Shebandowan and Rainy lake and river—a magnificent stream three hundred yards broad and a couple of hundred miles long, down whose tranquil bosom he floats into the Lake of the Woods, where he finds himself on a sheet of water which, though diminutive as compared with the inland seas he has left behind him, will probably be found sufficiently extensive to render him fearfully sea-sick during his passage across it. For the last eighty miles of his voyage, however, he will be consoled by sailing through a succession of land-locked channels, the beauty of whose scenery, while it resembles, certainly excels the far-famed Thousands Islands of the St. Lawrence. From this

LACUSTRINE PARADISE OF SYLVAN BEAUTY

We are able at once to transfer our friend to the Winnipeg, a river whose existence in the very heart and center of the continent is in itself one of Nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands, so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansions, and the tremendous power of their rapids. At last let us suppose we have landed our traveler at the town of Winnipeg, the half-way house of the continent, the capital of the Prairie Province. Having had so much of water, having now reached the home of the buffalo, like the extenuated Falstaff, he naturally "babbles of green fields" and careers in imagination over the primeval grasses of the prairie. Not at all. We ask him which he will ascend first—the Red river or the Assiniboine, two streams, the one five hundred miles long, the other four hundred and eighty, which mingle their waters within

THE CITY LIMITS OF WINNIPEG.

After having given him a preliminary canter up these respective rivers we take him off to Lake Winnipeg, an inland sea 300 miles long and upwards of sixty broad, during the navigation of which for many a weary hour he will find himself out of sight of land, and probably a good deal more indisposed than ever he was on the Lake of the Woods, or even the Atlantic. At the northwest angle of Lake Winnipeg he hits upon the mouth of the Saskatchewan, the gateway to the Northwest, and the starting point to another 1,500 miles of navigable water, flowing nearly due east and west between its alluvial banks. Having now reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains our "ancient mariner," for by this time he will be quite entitled to this appellation, knowing that water cannot run up hill, feels certain his aquatic experiences are concluded. He was never more mistaken. We immediately launch him upon

THE ARTHABASKA AND MACKENZIE RIVERS,

And start him on a longer trip than any he has yet undertaken—the navigation of the Mackenzie river alone exceeding two thousand five hundred miles. If he survives this last experience we wind up his peregrinations by a concluding voyage of one thousand miles down the Frazer river, or, if he prefers it, the Thompson river, to Victoria, in Vancouver, whence, having previously provided himself with a first-class return ticket for that purpose, he will probably prefer getting home via the Canadia Pacific.

THE CLIMATIC INFLUENCES,

Even in the extreme Northwest, are not unfavorable, and which is illustrated by the facility with which wheat is grown in northern latitudes, Lord Dufferin claimed that most of the streams he so eloquently described in the Northwest flowed their entire length through alluvial plains of the richest description, where year after year wheat can be raised without manure, and without any sensible diminution of its yield, and where the soil everywhere presents the appearance of a highly cultivated suburban kitchen garden. The wheat plant is supposed to be one of the most delicate of plants, but for the growth of wheat the climatic conditions most favorable to it seems in the north; witness the change within memory of man from the Genesee valley in New York to Ohio, then to Minnesota and Dakota, and now why not to the wheat areas of Northwestern Canada, where there is said to be 466,000 square miles of

WHEAT-BEARING TERRITORY.

Indeed, it is claimed, with considerable show of truth, that the wheat-bearing areas of Canada far exceed the wheat-bearing areas of the United States—a fact of vast significance when one contemplates the importances that attaches to this food of the world. One or two facts of great importance in relation to the production of wheat in these northern regions should impress itself upon you and upon the world. One of these is that, owing to the nearness of this wheat-bearing area to the North Pole, the sun, during the summer months, affords two hours longer of forcing power than elsewhere on the continent where wheat can be grown.

TWO HOURS A DAY OF ADDITIONAL SUNLIGHT

During a wheat-growing season is of enormous importance, and gives to these regions an advantage which the frost and cold of the balance of the year in no way lessen. But even the frost and cold, strange to say, afford an advantage in the production of the delicate wheat plant. This advantage is found in the fact that, owing to the depth in the ground which the frost penetrates, the earth is never entirely free from its influence, and deep down in the rich alluvial soil there remains a well-spring of moisture, which, under the long and strong sun's rays, constantly exudes, and keeps moist the tender roots of the plant. Hence droughts and absence of rain have no terror to the wheat-producer of the great Northwest.

The Scarcity of Potatoes.

The short crop of potatoes in large sections of New York, Pennylvania and this State last fall promises to have a very important bearing on prices the coming spring. Local dealers in produce seem to agree that the present high prices of potatoes are likely to continue indefinitely. Native, and especially New England, potatoes are comparatively scarce now, while the imported article is more common than usual. Ireland and Scotland furnish most of the potatoes imported, and Germany has also been sending over large quantities, but her stock for exportation is now running low and will soon be exhausted. Natives are now quoted at 90c and 95c a bushel, and Irish and Scotch magrums at about 92c. All appearances seem to point to an increased price soon, though opinions differ widely as to the highest prices that will be reached. If this rise takes place, however, large importations from the Provinces may be expected as the crop there was a good one, and dealers are only waiting a slight rise to be able to bring them in at a profit. Outside of Canada, Ireland and Scotland, however, no foreign country is likely to furnish any considerable amount of potatoes for the American market. Another element which will do much to keep potatoes high for some time is the need for seed potatoes with the opening of the spring season. A well-known dealer of this city quotes early seedlings as follows: Early Pearl of Savoy, $2 a bushel; aHmpden beauty, $2 50; stray beauty, $2 50; early king, $3; Charles Downing, $3; thorburn, $2; rural blush, $2; early Maine, $2; early beauty of Hebron, $2; early Essex, $2; and Seneca and red jacket, $2 50. The South depends largely upon Northern growers for its potatoes for planting, and is already ordering in large quantities. Early growers in the Middle States will plant earlier and more heavily than usual. The demand for potatoes for the table and the counter demand for potatoes for planting will very soon exhaust the meager supplies, and early new potatoes will command a high premium. Potato growers in this region are likely to raise early crops in the spring, and thus realize the benefits of the prevailing prices. The first early potatoes in the market will doubtless come from the Bermudas, but will fail to supply the demand. The South cannot produce potatoes that are suitable for transportation, and growers of the North and East will practically monopolize the market, at least so far as choice potatoes are concerned.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

About Mammoth Clover.

You have got me in trouble by stating that I raised mammoth clover and might have seed for sale. If I had seed for sale the notice would have been a valuable advertisement for me; but as I have not, please allow me space to publicly answer numerous correspondents.

I raised no mammoth clover seed in 1887. The extreme drought and hot weather of the late summer and fall of '86 nearly destroyed the whole crop; but the seed shattered off in harvesting the crop of that season made a beautiful stand last spring, and afforded an excellent pasture the whole season, going into winter quarters in great shape. I anticipate a good crop the coming season.

Now to answer a few questions of correspondents as to the character and habits of mammoth clover. Like common red clover, it is a biennial, but from its habits of heavy seeding, I believe on rich land it will prove eternal, the old plants being replaced by new ones from the seed. It only differs from common red clover by growing larger and maturing later, starts equally early in the spring. From my acquaintance with it, I consider it superior as a fertilizer and as a pasture. It matures with timothy, and therefore I think it is preferable for mixing with that standard grass for hay. I have never had any trouble in getting a stand. Have always made it a point to buy seed direct of the producer (several times sending nine hundred miles for it), unless I had my own raising. It is very important to sow fresh, pure seed. I would not pay half price for seed I had any misgivings about.

Sow at the rate of one bushel to six acres. Don't sow with grain. Mow with machine when weeds get to be eighteen inches or two feet high, and repeat the operation, if necessary, again during the season. Follow these directions and you will succeed, and you need not worry about it.—*Edwin Snyder in Kansas Farmer.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Strong vinegar will cure the hiccough; give a teaspoonful.

Alum or vinegar will set the colors of red, green or yellow.

Hams can be kept wrapped in paper and packed in a barrel of ashes.

Wash out oil stains on clothes in cold water; ink stains dip in milk.

Flannels should be dried in the shade, and, if possible, ironed while damp.

For coffee stains put thick glycerine on the wrong side, and wash out in lukewarm water.

Between the hotel squash and pumpkin pie there is rarely any difference and no distinction.

Dusting cloths must be washed often or they will carry more dirt into the rooms than they take out.

A severe but sure cure for corns is said to be creosote. Wet the corns several nights in succession.

Disease often lurks in a dirty dishcloth, a greasy sink, an unclean tea-kettle and a poorly ventilated oven.

To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick-dust, and see if your knives do not polish better.

Always have three or four bricks about the house, neatly covered with carpet, for placing against the doors to keep them open.

"Salad eggs" are hard boiled, then cut in two, and the yellow mixed with mustard, pepper, herbs, vinegar and salt, and then served cold.

At Newport they serve baked stuffed tomatoes for breakfast, and eat currant jelly on dry toast, possibly for the same reason that a cheap Englishman calls a cab a "keb."

Do not let growing children wear shoes with high heels; it is better for them to wear none at all, or only such an increase of thickness as is seen at the heels of common-sense flat-soled shoes.

A CALIFORNIA YEAR.

How do we know when the spring has come
In this pleasant land by the Western sea?
Why the rainy days grow further apart,
And the clouds before the north wind flee;
The gardens are blue with forget-me-nots,
And pepper trees scatter their berries red;
The hills with poppies are all aflame,
And linnets and meadow larks sing o'erhead.

How do we know when summer is here?
The sky is one vast, deep vault of blue,
Whence the sun pours down his golden flood
Unchecked by a cloud the whole day through;
Grain fields are waving and orchards bend low,
Roses and jasmines hold riotous sway,
While tents are unfolding on mountain and shore,
And the life of the camper is blithe and gay.

What is the sigh of the autumn time?
Oh, then the vineyards their splendor show—
Muscats and Hamburgs and Flaming Tokays—
Never were clusters like these, I trow!
But the road-side trees with dust are gray;
Yellow and sere lie the hills and the plain,
The water-courses are parched and dry;
All patiently waiting for the beautiful rain.

But the winter—Ah, that's the strangest of all!
Instead of the north, the south wind blows;
The sweet south wind that brings the rain,
The pattering rain, not wintry snows;
And then the rivulets sing once more,
The hills turn green and the dear wild flowers
Awake from their sleep, while the furrowed earth
Grows young again 'neath the welcome showers.
—*Mrs. M. H. Field.*

A Dish of Rattlesnakes.

Captain Clinton Packard has spent his winters in Florida, and will shortly return there in charge of D. A. Loring's steam yacht. Last night speaking of some of his experiences in Florida, he said: "Like most men who have followed the sea more or less for a living, I have had some queer experiences in eating, but if I live a hundred years I will never forget a dish of rattlesnake I had a few years ago. I was in charge of a camp of tourists in South Florida, and one evening one of the party, a Brooklyn broker, who is something of an amateur naturalist, shot a rattlesnake with a rifle, the ball cutting off the reptile's head as clean as though it had been a knife. Going up to it, he said:

"'I have heard that people on the plains eat rattlesnakes, and I'll cook this fellow and find out what he tastes like, if it's the last act of my life.'

"He took the snake to the camp, skinned and cleaned it and then cut into pieces, which he dredged in a fine batter and then fried to a turn. There were about fifteen in the party, and all but one of us partook of the snake. I ate just enough of it to say that I had done so, but I found the meat very palatable and nicer tasting than eel cooked in the same manner. The broker and his son made a hearty meal of the unusual food, and no unpleasant results followed the strange meal."—*Philadelphia American.*

THE FASHIONS,

AS REPORTED IN VOGUE AT GOTHAM.

Styles in Out-Door Garments—Spring Materials—New Kinds of Trimmings—Millinery—Etc.

[From the RECORD-UNION's Correspondent.]

Departures more or less marked from the Newmarket and Raglan types are shown in light quality, mixed cloth, trimmed for the most part with fancy braid patterns of darker shade, or applique work set in with embroidery stitch. In shape, the most notable innovation is that of angel sleeves, which appear in much variety of contour. Here comes in a potent element of mischief for stout persons. Angel sleeves, for them, will be the reverse of angelic; they are enough in themselves, and need no superfluities. Equally objectionable for the stout are garments of Newmarket shape, which are the special property of the slender; but the persistence with which stout people appropriate what was never meant for them is only equaled by the readiness with which thin people seize upon what causes them to look thinner. Mantelets and shoulder wraps do not greatly differ from winter outlines, but new features are given by new material and trimmings. The handsomest are trimmed by metallic mixtures that take the lead in every department of dress. Jet is also employed to a great extent, and fine, fancy silk braidings, crochet work, appears as a noteworthy element. Some attractive little shoulder capes are made entirely of it, and, with or without jet additions or elegant crocheted trimmings, are richly interspersed with jet sparkle. Cloth mantelets, trimmed with braid or applique, will be very fashionable. For young ladies, there are numerous tight jackets of cloth. In

DRESS GOODS

The combinations of color are very noticeable, this being due to the peculiar shades of the time, which show little positive but rather those blendings derived from the East. When placed together, therefore, in curious variety, the effect is Oriental rather than discordant, as would be the case were the colors more glaring. Cheviots are woven in stripes and bars of unwonted tone; light camel's hair goods evince similar peculiarities, while the large and beautiful family of challies present an especial field for coloring, stamped as they are with extremely varied patterns. Some are extremely bold, others are striped, or partake of the bizarre, as where palm leaf fans, bells, groups of spades, etc., are portrayed; or again, the stiff and careless are united by graceful vines that clamber about bars or columns. Satteens, with silky shimmer, display almost identical ideas; ginghams are woven with lace effects, either simulated or genuine—the latter of course in thick threads, and, according to Lord & Taylor—who also afford information on other points—last season's idea of plaited skirts, with plain waist, will be repeated this summer, but satteens will not, as formerly, be combined with plain goods.

TRIMMINGS.

Here it is that especial opportunity is found for a display of metallic mixtures, the three kinds most used being gilt, silver and steel, though colored spangles are wrought in as effective adjuncts. Splendid passementaries, marked $50 the yard, are composed of metal threads and the designs are pointed, with long metallic fringe, so that if desired they can be cut apart and worn independently. From such limit they graduate down to bands at moderate prices. Other metallic trimmings are worked on foundations of fine, white woolen cloth, and pretty Eastern designs are portrayed with the aid of colored spangles, while other bands, on a groundwork of thin gold thread, show unmistakably Oriental unions of color. Silk braid in fancy patterns is also extremely fashionable, and in black will be placed on colored fabrics. Handsome braids are of fine cord, curiously interwoven, and a feature of the season will be a wide, flat trimming around the bottom of skirts, with narrower for belt, corsage and drapery trimmings. Plain wools are brought out, with a border on the edges, intended for similar purposes. In

MILLINERY

Metallic mixtures are the leading feature. Large and finely worked flat ornaments resemble rich passementeries, and will illumine the sides of bonnets, while metal in every other imaginable way is conspicuous. Fine crepe lisse, plaited and heavily embroidered on the edges, is made into bonnets, and metal in the material sparkles with varied luster. Such features in general, however, belong to the more expensive styles. In medium-priced millinery there are Milan straws, but to a limited extent when compared with chip, which in all stylish shades—mahogany, terra cotta, old rose, old red, reseda, metallic and gobelin blue, golden brown, and the conservative, dark colors—will be very largely worn. Leading shapes are capotes and small pokes with low crowns and high trimmings. Ribbon will be in demand, of course, but less novel than strings of colored tulle crossed at the back and tied in front. Roses and foliage are most popular.

ROSALIND MAY.

DRUNKENNESS!

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For sale by JOS. HAHN & CO., Druggists, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento, Cal. d8-TThSly

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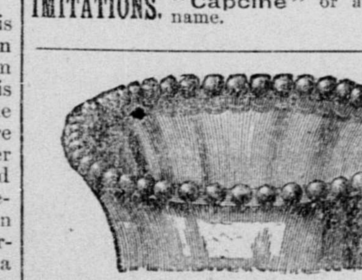
For Localized Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Lung and Chest Difficulties, Backache, Spine and Hip Disease, Lumbago, Sprains, Kidney and Liver Affections, Nervous Action of the Heart, Cramps, Lameness, Stiffness or Weakness of the Joints or Muscles, Severe Aches, Pains and Stitches, Inflammation, and all maladies for which Porous Plasters, Liniments, Medicated Oils, Salves, Ointments and Lotions have been found useful. Beware of imitations and worthless substitutes that may be offered. Ask for a "Benson's Plaster" and take no substitute under names similar to "Capcine" or any other name. TTS



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Insist upon the Exact Label and Top.

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AUCTIONS.

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BELL & CO. .... Auctioneers,

—WILL SELL ON—

SATURDAY, February 18th,

At 10 o'clock A. M. sharp,

AT SALESROOM, 927 K STREET,

BY ORDER OF MR. BURKE, FOUR GOOD Work Horses, 2 Sets Work Harness, 1 Four-horse Wagon, 1 Thoroughbrace Wagon; also, other Horses, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Furniture, etc; also, 1 Solid Black Walnut Portable Electric or Vapor Bath.

SALE POSITIVE. TERMS CASH.

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AUCTION SALE

BELL & CO. .... AUCTIONEERS,

—WILL SELL—

TUESDAY, February 21, 1888,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M. SHARP, ON THE premises, the elegant and almost new Furniture and Carpets of residence No. 1316 Fourth street, between M and N, on account of departure from city, consisting in part as follows: One elegant Plush Parlor Set, late style: Center Tables: Lace Curtains and Cornices; Engravings and Parlor Ornaments; 4 elegant Bedroom Sets—2 Cherry, 1 Walnut, 1 Ash Marble top, late style, with Plate-glass Mirrors; Spring and Top Mattresses; Feather Pillows and Bolsters; Blankets, Comforts, Spreads, Sheets, Pillowshams; 2 Wardrobes; 6 elegant Body Brussels, Tapestry and Ingrain Carpets; 3 fine Toilet Sets; 1 Walnut Hat-tree; Hall and Stair Carpets. Also Dining-room and Kitchen Furniture; Crockery, Glassware, etc. The above goods being late style and almost new and without reserve, should command the attention of all buyers.

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Life Renewer

Patented October 11, 1887.

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Dr. Pierce's Galvanic Chain Belt is one of the Greatest Electro-Medical Appliances of the Age and contains vast improvements over all of the old style belts now in use. Electricity from this Belt can be instantly felt. It is a complete Body battery and will cure the following diseases when all other remedies fail: Nervous Debility, Kidney Complaint, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Constipation, Disease of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Female Weakness, Spinal Diseases, Impotency, Weakness of Sexual Organs, etc. Double Strength Electric Suspensory for men free with every Belt. For Price List and full information, call or send stamp for Pamphlet No. 2. Address:

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704 SACRAMENTO STREET, San Francisco, Cal., or 304 NORTH SIXTH STREET, St. Louis, Mo.

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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, SAVE time and money by learning the best system, SLOYAN-DUPLOYAN, simplest and most rapid system in the world. MISS J. E. BABCOCK, late of the Sloyan-Duployan Institute, St. Louis, Mo., will instruct pupils, either in class or by mail. TERMS for full course of instruction, $25, including books. Call or address 1223 G street, or Woodland, Cal. fe17-2t*

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FLEMING BROS.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

BEFORE HIS EXCELLENCY, R. W. WATERMAN, Governor of the State of California. Notice is hereby given that on the 21st DAY OF MARCH, 1888, the undersigned will apply to his Excellency, the Governor of the State, for the pardon of R. W. SHAW, he having been convicted of the crime of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the State Prison at San Quentin, at the October term, 187 , of the District Court of Plumas county, State of California. R. W. SHAW.

February 17, 1888.

TAYLOR & HOLL, His Attorneys. fe17-30t