IN MEXICO.

TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN PORTION OF THE REPUBLIC.

San Luis Potosi — The "City of Churches"—Appearance of People and Worshipers.

[Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

SAN LUIS (Mex.), February 14, 1888.

It seemed a pity, when so near this great city, to leave the gulf coast without coming to see it, over the brand-new branch of the Mexican Central Railroad. Not that San Luis is so near to Tampico—being nearly 300 miles away—but the distance seems nothing now as compared to the wearisome and dangerous journey before the day of railroads. Then one was obliged to make more than 100 miles of it on horseback, over lonesome and robber-infested roads, and thence by the even less comfortable *diligencia*.

San Luis Potosi, capital of the State of the same name, is considered one of the finest cities in Mexico, and is destined to become the great railroad center of the Republic, as in the old days it was the central station for *diligencias*. It was settled two centuries and a half ago, by proud old Spanish families, and to this day is more essentially Castilian than Mexican. It lies on the eastern side of the great plain of Anahuac, distant from Mexico City about 340 miles; from Monterey 275 miles, and from Zacatecas 150 miles.

As seen from the south—after the traveler has ascended the plateau and passed the hacienda de Bocas—San Luis presents a most beautiful appearance. The well-shaded city is situated in the center of an immense level valley, 45 miles wide, and its innumerable towers of antique shape and scores of domes remind one forcibly of Constantinople and other Oriental capitals. Within the girdle of the near-by Sierras—which to one in San Luis appears unbroken—are several small villages and pueblos.

The land is well tilled and exceptionally fertile, and just now everything is green and beautiful. But here they have nine long months without a drop of rain, and constant irrigation is a necessity—else, under the strong rays of the tropic sun, nothing would grow but cacti, snakes and chaparral.

The population of "San Luis," as it is more commonly called, omitting the unnecessary "Potosi," is not less than 60,000, including the suburbs of Tlaxcalla and adjoining hamlets. Like all Mexican cities, the streets are narrow and stony, laid out at right angles, with barred windows and high adobe walls. It is often called "the city of churches," and might with equal propriety be called one of plazas. One's first impression is, how monotonous are the former and, after a short stroll about the streets, how beautiful are the latter.

There are more than fifty churches in San Luis, many of them splendid models of architectural beauty, and others rich in historic interest. Besides these, and one of the most most magnificent cathedrals on the continent, there are no less than twenty-seven old convents and monasteries, some of them covering acres of space. The facade between the twin towers of the cathedral is adorned with a valuable clock, presented to the city by the King of Spain more than a century ago. The glorious view of mountain and plain, smiling valleys, Egyptian plains and Alpine hights, which the tourist obtains by ascending one of these towers, is worth coming all the way to Mexico. This grand cathedral is said to equal that in the City of Mexico, and, like the rest of its kind, is elaborately carved and sculptured without and within with walls and buttresses of surprising thickness. It contains untold wealth in the way of old paintings, rich vestments and jeweled adornments, and has more than a dozen bells, large and small, which at all hours of the day are rung in a deafening manner by means of short ropes tied to their clappers.

There is a pretty legend connected with one of these bells, which I believe was the gift of a former Emperor of France. Many years ago it hung in an old French convent, and—as a well-conducted bell should do—it tolled the passing hours and called the jolly fathers to their prayers. But one memorable morning, although its iron tongue was swung by lusty arms and struck the time-worn rim with all the force that could be brought to bear—not a sound came forth! Could eyes and ears deceive—was everybody gone daft as well as deaf? When the strongest man in the village swayed the rope with all his might, only a ghostly, soundless vibration was the result. So the good people concluded that a devil had surely possessed the bell, and called upon the Bishop to re-bless it. He did so, but repeated blessings did no good whatever; and finally the senseless metal was solemnly cursed and its tongue removed—for by this time strange rumors were afloat, that invisible hands caused uncanny tones to sound over the village at midnight, filling honest folk with terror.

After years of silence, the French King—whether wishing to try change of climate upon the bell, or to rid himself of as many devils as possible—sent the infirm old thing to Mexico, presumably with his compliments. At last it was rehung in the tower of this cathedral—overlooking the national "Palacio" and the pretty plaza de Armas and again re-blessed.

Of course its story had preceded it, and when a lusty Indian swung its now rusty clappers people held their breath to await the sound or silence that would follow. It sounded, to be sure, ten times as loud as an ordinary bell—the first stroke cracked the metal from top to bottom, and it was only an unmusical clash. Strange to say, the people take more pride and pleasure in its discordant voice than in all the music of their silver chimes; and now, at midday and midnight, its hideous racket makes unbelievers wish that the curse had never been removed.

At the extreme southern end of the city is the Sanctuario de Guadalupe, a beautiful structure and apparently more modern than any of the others. It is approached by a *paseo*, or walk, nearly a mile long, shaded by rows of fine trees, and with a carriage drive on either side. Here the people throng on all *fiesta* days, and in the early morning scores of lovers stroll along the *paseo* or ride up and down on horseback, to catch glimpses of their sweethearts on the way to matins.

The soldiers' barracks, prison and asylum, face this *paseo*, sandwiched between the one-story adobe houses of the poorest classes.

The Alameda occupies a space of 25 acres, laid out with walks and flowers, and in every shady nook are seats and fountains. The whole is surrounded by a wide double drive-way, bordered by rows of trees, with pavements for pedestrians between. For three hours during the afternoon of every Thursday and Sunday, the 33d Military Band—one of the best in Mexico—renders excellent music here, to the assembled beauty and fashion of the city, who ride in their carriages, promenade, or prance about on horseback.

Near the Alameda is the old church *del Carmen*, formerly a convent, but now a sad-looking wreck, for a street has been cut through the middle of it and the broken walls remain mute witnesses to the outrage. The main building, however, is still in good shape and is the largest in San Luis.

Opposite the postoffice, across the plaza of the same name, is the San Francisco convent, in an equally dismembered state. Part of it has been converted into factories, a college occupies several acres, and but a small portion of it is now used, as originally intended, for divine worship.

And so we might go on, enumerating churches by the score which still retain their old-time grandeur. None of them are small, and numbers are of vast dimensions, with finely-ornamented spiral and fluted columns, heavily carved fronts and beautiful towers and cupolas. Every one of them has from ten to twenty bells, and a wonderful clatter, they make, you may be sure, at noonday and during fiestas.

Up to the time of Juarez, the Indian President, the Church held supreme sway in all parts of the republic, and especially here in San Luis. It was really the Government, owning thousands of leagues of the richest lands, all the finest mines—in short, nearly everything in the country that was worth possessing. It erected hundreds of useless buildings—huge piles of masonry, any one of which would have held whole populations of the hungry poor who were heavily taxed to support them.

I think it was in the year 1872 that, under the plea that these possessions had been unjustly accumulated by working on the superstitious feelings of the people, to whom they rightfully belonged, it was decided by the Government to confiscate all the real estate of the Church, the convents and many of the churches.

Hard as it seemed in many cases—especially in the banishment of the nuns and monks—this period was really the beginning of Mexico's prosperity. It must, indeed, be trying to the fathers of to-day to note the changes which a few short years have wrought. The Custom-house now occupies one of the churches; others are converted into schools and public offices; in one lumber and oil are stored; a swarthy blacksmith forges iron in one that is so thick with legends and lichens that the sooty smoke leaves no stain in the gothic notches. In one is located a tombstone-maker, and the inscriptions he carves seem like so many monuments to its own demise. In others worldly-minded people have made their homes, and many of them have met with even worse usage, having streets cut through their sacred precincts, exposing naves and architraves that once sounded only to the low footfalls and prayers of sad-faced nuns and hooded friars to the rude noises of passing traffic.

Though there are thousands of good Catholics yet in Mexico, the priests say that neither is attendance nor revenue nearly so large as in the old days of compulsory church-going; and they do not hesitate to declare that consequently the whole country is rushing to ruin. To Americans the people still seem marvelously devout. On passing a church door the *peon* immediately removes his hat and crosses himself with reverence; and repeats the performance always when the noon-bells ring, as do all within the sound of the same, while many kneel. This is the rule for the poor and ignorant—somehow riches and education seems to modify one's religion wonderfully in this country. Not long ago, in Leon—the sacred city in Mexico, with a population of 150,000—the priest told some Mexican ladies, who happened to come in during mass, to "take off those ungodly hats or leave the church." This was just before the railroad had reached that place. There is a great change now—and not by any means for the better, so far as picturesqueness is concerned—for ugly American hats and bonnets have become more common on the streets than the Indian reboso and graceful Spanish mantilla.

Although the Plaza del Colegio is much more beautiful, and the Plaza de Armas equally so and central, yet the Alameda is the fashionable resort of San Luis, especially on Sundays. There are two market plazas of importance, in which strange sights are encountered at every step; twenty others for business or pleasure, most of them bearing the name of some saint. For example: there is the Plaza of San Juan de Dios ("Saint John of God;") and, stranger still, that bearing the name of the gentle Virgin Mary is devoted to the brutal sports of the bull-ring.

San Luis Potosi is too great a city to do justice in one short letter—we must reserve the remainder of its attractions for another week. FANNIE B. WARD.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

AT REST.

Written in memory of A. J. Stevens, General Master Mechanic of the Southern Pacific Railroad, who died February 11, 1888.

Rest, calmly rest, in dreamless sleep,
With folded hands and life-work done,
While loving friends above thee weep,
Whose tears of grief can ne'er recall
The heart-throbs to thy pulseless breast,
Or wake thy deep and silent rest.

In peaceful slumber rest thee now,
Freed from the cares of earthly strife,
Thy soul hath sought its sweet repose,
Hath passed through death, hath entered life;
Friend, counselor, guide, in peace sleep on,
The cross you've borne, the crown you've won.

A faithful friend, kind, just and true,
Esteemed by all who knew his worth;
He won a name more valued far
Than heritage or pride of birth;
A silent, tireless worker in the field
Of science—one that ne'er would yield.

Ye, who now weep beside your dead,
With hearts oppressed with grief and care,
Know that the saddest tears you shed
Bring no relief—naught but despair.
Could tears but bring thy loved one back to thee!
Ah! if they could! but yet that ne'er can be.

Bring flowers, kind friends, and deck his tomb,
Bring flowers whose fragrance fill the air,
And place them on his lonely grave
With gentle hand and loving care;
Though here ye greet him nevermore,
He is not lost, but "gone before."

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

West Oakland, February 20, 1888.

SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY.

John A. Benson has not yet been able to secure bondsmen.

A provision, adopted as a part of the new Oakland charter, provides that the tax levy shall never exceed $1 upon the $100.

Editor Norman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is so pleased with San Francisco that he intends to remain there longer than he had anticipated.

Governor Waterman and Director Depue visited the San Quentin prison on Thursday to take observations of the improvements in progress.

C. Meyer, the millionaire, has returned to San Francisco after a tour of many months in different sections of the East. He was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Henrietta Meyer.

Miss Minnie C. Smith, a correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and Harry S. Hull, proprietor of the Steuben *Courier*, Bath, N. Y., and correspondent of the *Mail and Express*, are in San Francisco.

Alexander Badlam and Miss Maud Badlam left for Boston (Mr. Badlam's former home), New York and Washington on Thursday afternoon's overland train, and will be absent from the State a month.

It is now generally conceded beyond question that F. J. Shattuck, who was Mayor of Oakland about twenty years ago and a candidate for Sheriff at the first county election ever held in Alameda, will be the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty.

Articles of incorporation of the Huntington-Hopkins Company, formed to carry on the mercantile firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co., were filed on Thursday. The Directors are W. V. Huntington, Albert Gallatin, W. R. S. Foye, Charles Miller and W. H. Quinn.

John T. Fogarty has followed the example set him by Patrick Connelly and has begun suit against W. R. Hearst for $150,000 damages alleged to have been caused him by libelous articles which appeared on the 11th, 12th and 14th of this month in the defendant's paper. Mr. Fogarty considers himself injured $50,000 because of the publication of each of the articles. The articles referred to implicate Fogarty in the opium smuggling frauds.

Something About Cold Feet.

A word about cold feet, of which very many complain, and such people almost invariably suffer from indigestion and other derangements. An abbreviation of one of the ancient laws of health is "head cool and feet warm." An observance of this is certainly one of the primary essentials. If a person wears woolen stockings, as all ought to do in the winter, the most common cause of cold feet is sweating of the same, and it is the consequence of wearing shoes which are too tightly closed around the ankles. While the walking permits them to do so, people suffering from the trouble in question should wear low shoes and top gaiters. In very inclement weather arctics, worn over cloth shoes, are the best for them; when their feet are so dressed, they can walk in snow for hours without feeling the cold in the slightest degree. It ought to be unnecessary to add that a person should never go to bed with cold feet, for sleeplessness is one of the common consequences. Those who can bear it safely should, before retiring, immerse their feet in cold water for a moment, and then rub them briskly with a coarse towel until they are warm. For those in whom circulation is deficient a hot brick or flat-iron, wrapped in flannel, is often essential, and should always be placed in the bed when needed.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

RID yourself of the discomfort and danger attending a cold by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-established curative for coughs, sore throat, pulmonary affections.

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

THE END OF A WEEK'S SPORT IN CEYLON.

The Manner in Which These Giants of the Forest are Captured—Interesting Incidents.

It is the last day of the hunt. The elephants have been driven bit by bit into a patch of jungle not a quarter of a mile from the yawning entrance to the kraal, which has every right to be inscribed with the motto over Dante's famous portal. It only wants a vigorous effort to thrust them into it, and that effort is about to be made. We take a tempting position up a patriarchal tree that commands both the jungle prison and the kraal-mouth. It is curious how extremely brave you feel at a kraal when you are safely astride of a firm branch; how you criticise the operations of the beaters and musketmen, and courageously chaff your friends below whose want of activity has deprived them of a similar excuse for bravery. But there is a terrible obstacle in the way of final success in the shape of what is fondly called "the high road," though it is merely a sandy track, remarkable for the undetermined depths of its ruts. This lies right across the line of march. Can the elephants be got over it in broad daylight? for we have had enough of night attacks and torchlight failures. The struggle is soon raging beneath us; and for a good hour we can trace the

EVOLUTIONS OF THE "HEADY FIGHT,"

And the movement of the enemy and their pursuers, in the swaying of the tree tops and the crashing of the jungle, and the shrill trumpetings of fear and rage, and the shouts and shots of the dusky army. Closer and closer it comes, up to the very verge of the road, but nothing will persuade the giants to break through the fringe of trees; again and again they break back, facing fire and smoke rather than publicity; only to be driven forward again, by volley upon volley of blank cartridge and an ever-increasing ray of beaters, until at last a great head, with sensitive trunk outstretched, comes peering out of the thick bushes, and a tentative foot paws the sandy rut. The prospect is plainly not encouraging, for the monstrous body is on the point of turning round again; but luckily the beaters guess, or are told of, the state of affairs. Pandemonium let loose could not have excelled the outburst of triumphant hubbub; the die is cast, and the crossing of the Rubicon commences. The enemy are led by an enormous bull, who scorns to burry, and proudly marches, as though with the honors of war, from the evacuated fortress; then follows a female, perhaps the queen of his harem, much occupied with the

PROTECTION OF HER TWO TINY CALVES;

And it is touching to see how carefully she guides and guards one with her trunk, while the other holds on lustly with his trunk to her stumpy apology for a tail. The rest of the herd are less interesting and less dignified; there is no attempt to defend the rear, which is seized with the sentiment of "*sauve qui peut*:" helter-skelter they rush over the blinding sand, and are lost to view in the thick trees that guard and conceal the fatal entrance. They are given but a short repose in this last shelter; just long enough for the attacking army to eat the mid-day rice, but sufficient for one more despairing effort on the part of the besieged. We have left our coign of vantage and are standing on the road, chatting to a hungry musketeer and rejoicing with him over the success of the morning's efforts, when suddenly there is heard the rush of a heavy body through the trees close to us, and outbursts the great bull into the open, his trunk curled up tight for striking, his tail in the air, and a look of desperate wickedness in his rolling eye. But the besiegers are ready for him, even at rice-time; guns are seized in an instant, and a

FIERCE VOLLEY GREETS AND STOPS HIM

Ere he has time to pass the watch fires; he hesitates, and the elephant, like the man, who does so, is lost. Two bold sentries step forward and pepper his feet and trunk with small shot: the line closes on him, firing as it closes; a great shout runs down the length of it, and the champion, finding the better part of valor in discretion, retires with uncurled trunk and drooping tail.

The battle is practically over. The entrance to the kraal is rendered more and more inevitable by gradually closing lines; the herd wanders into it almost unconsciously; a stockade, corresponding to the one at the farther end, is run up and lined with guns, and the prisoners have begun their captivity. The scene at the summit of the amphitheater (if one may apply such a term to an oblong) is picturesque in the extreme. Spectators from every village in the neighborhood have been pouring in all the morning, and the fairer (or shall we say gentler?) sex is at last allowed to appear, now that the danger is over. Brilliant and dazzling are the colors scattered over the black volcanic rock that rises from a sea of jungle; wild and terror-stricken are the rushes of the huge captives in the toils; most audible is the buzz of contented conversation above, most pitiable the

TRUMPETINGS OF IMPOTENT RAGE BELOW.

But the wild herd is weary at last of tearing up and down the narrow arena, for the heat is very great, and the new jungle is trampled down sufficiently to admit of successful operations. The stockade at the entrance is opened, and the four tamed elephants march stealthily in. Each carries two mahouts and plentiful store of strong rope, while by the side, or rather under the cover, of each walk two men armed with sharp spears and two nooses. The leader of the tame gang is a mighty tusker, on whose courage and coolness everything depends, for the other three are but novices, and five to one is long odds in a mammoth battle. The object to be gained is to approach the captives so quietly as not to startle them into a series of wild gallops, to cut off one of their number by a well-timed flank movement, and to hem him in. Then will the clever nooser do his work, and slip a deft loop over the hind foot directly it is lifted, while his comrade fastens the other end to a neighboring tree, and—"*actum est de elphanto*." But there is many a slip between the lasso and the elephantine foot. All goes smoothly at first. The decoys steal knowingly along the side of the rock-wall to within ten yards of the herd, stopping or advancing according to each sign of apprehension or confidence, when suddenly

THE WILD ONES SCENT DANGER.

And, escape being impossible, determine on resistance. The huge champion of the herd challenges the tusker in knightly fashion, to single combat, and advances on him with stooping head and a reverberating roar. You can almost hear the great skulls crash together, so near do they approach, when out step the spearmen in the nick of time, and strike the keen spears into the soft flesh of the trunk, and the charge is averted. But the champion's followers are bent on mischief in spite of discomfiture; charge follows charge with furious frequency; one of the tame ones is in full flight for the rear, and the tusker and his satellites have all they can do to save the retreat from turning into a fatal rout. An exciting incident happens just below us. A spearman has delivered his thrust at a charging foe, but the spear breaks short off near the head, and remains sticking in the elephant's trunk. He retires disarmed, to the shelter of the tusker, trips over a root and falls prone. His enemy is upon him in an instant, bending his head to crush him. It is

A SICKENING MOMENT.

One can not breathe. Suddenly the beast starts back with a shriek of pain and rushes up the arena. The spear-head in the trunk caught in the ground as he was delivering the fatal blow, and gave him such a wrench as he will hardly forget in a week, and the man is saved.

It takes some time to bring up the tame elephants to the attack again, for the first defeat was demoralizing in the extreme, and it is not until a plentiful feed, numerous incantations, and the arrival of the fifth ally have restored their courage that the perilous game recommences. But the wild ones are by this time exhausted with their very wildness, and gather into detached, weary knots; their charges are mere feints, and at last a straggler is hemmed into a likely corner. One moment of suspense as the nooser creeps noiselessly up to him; a wild, abortive struggle with the unyielding tree, and the first fruits of the hunt are securely reaped. The remainder of the work is comparatively easy. Success breeds success, and one after the other the victims fall to the wiles of their pursuers. The moon rises over the strange scene as we leave it for the camp; the rocks are alive with little fires that form the centers of chattering, hungry groups; the sea of jungle is very calm and pale; the grim prisoners below are straining hopelessly at their fetters, and sniffling sullenly at the food thrown to them; and a glorious week's sport has reached a happy end.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Amo, Amas, Amat.

The warm June wind blows lightly through the open school-room door.
The shadows of the elm boughs lie quivering on the floor,
The class of bright-faced urchins are repeating o'er and o'er—
"I love, thou lovest, he loves,
We love, you love, they love."

The elm leaves softly rustle, by the wandering breezes stirred;
Through the open window float the hum of bee and song of bird;
And fainter still and fainter grows each oft-repeated word—
"I love, thou lovest, he loves,
We love, you love, they love."

But the teacher's thoughts have followed the flight of bird and bee,
And her eyes behold a picture that no other eyes can see.
While the monotones accompanies a sweeter melody—
"I love, thou lovest, He loves,
We love, you love, they love."

Still the shadows flicker, quiver—wanders the June wind at will;
Little knows the weary teacher why her heart grows strong and still—
Knows not why new peace and beauty seem the sweet June day to fill—
"I love, thou lovest, He loves,
We love, you love, they love."

—*S. L. Arnold in Journal of Education.*

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game where he need not run.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him in his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two wrongs, and no more talent than before.—*Exchange.*

JACK HORNER.

Almost every child has been early taught to repeat the lines:

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a brave boy am I!'"

And Jack has generally been regarded as a nice, fat little boy, who, having pleased his mother by his good conduct, has been rewarded by a pie of his own. And we have thought of him as sitting quietly in the chimney-corner, enjoying his pie; and when he pulled out that plum, wondering if it were full of plums.

But among the many "investigations" of the present day, it appears that Jack Horner, though a boy, was a "defaulter" to a serious amount, and the plum which he pulled out of his pie cost the life of another.

A tradition which had its rise in the county of Somersetshire, England, has at last found a place in history, and seems to be looked upon as reliable.

During the imperious reign of Henry VIII. he procured by an Act of Parliament the abolishment of several hundred monasteries, and a court was established for the management of their revenues and their silver, all of which he ordered granted for his benefit.

When the Act came in force, at the monastery at Wells it was determined by the abbot that the title-deeds of the abbey estates, and the valuable grange attached, should not be confiscated by the king, but sent to the Commissioners of London.

The abbot, wishing for some safe method of conveying them, finally hit upon this curious device: To avoid their being taken, he thought the safest method would be to put them in a pie, which should be sent as a present to one of the Commissioners. The trustiest messenger, and one little likely to excite suspicion, was a boy named Jack Horner, the son of poor parents living in the neighborhood of the monastery. He set out on foot carrying the pie.

It was a tiresome journey, and the road probably had few attractions, so selecting a comfortable corner on the wayside, Jack sat down to rest. Like most boys on such occasions, he began to think of something to eat; and, having no well-filled bag to go to, he thought he might take a little from the inside of the pie, and it would never be missed.

So "he put in his thumb," when to his astonishment he found only papers. This was poor satisfaction to the hungry lad, but he had wit enough to conclude that papers sent in such a manner must be valuable, so he determined to pocket one, which he did, and pursued his journey.

Upon delivering the pie, it was at once discovered that the chief deed was missing, and as it was thought the abbot had withheld it, an order was at once sent for his execution, for not the slightest suspicion seems to have fallen upon Jack.

Years after, the paper was found in the possession of Jack's family, which, being the deed to abbey estates, was a "plum" of some value.

Notes About Old Folks.

Mrs. Sarah Elens, of near Finlay, Ohio, died February 4th, aged 98 years.

Captain David Lombard, the oldest resident of Truro, Mass., died February 3d, aged 92.

John Goff Hall, the oldest citizen of Vassalboro, Me., died February 6th, aged 96 years.

Mrs. Sophia Lane, probably the oldest woman in Warner, N. H., is dead at the age of 94.

John Stanley, a native of Ireland, died in Philadelphia, Pa., recently, at the age of 90 years.

Joshua Conant, of Brookline, Mass., died February 4th. He was born in Alfred, Me., August 1, 1796.

Count Farilone, one of the last survivors of Napoleon's wars, has died at the age of 96. Like the Emperor, he was a Corsican.

Simon Mabee, formerly elder of the Church family of Shakers, at Lebanon, N. Y., is dead at the age of 92 years. He had lived in the family eighty-two years.

Mrs. Sarah Benedict Stevens, of Rochester, N. Y., on February 4th, celebrated her 93d birthday. Her only infirmity is deafness. All other faculties seem to be unimpaired.

Tomah Witch is the oldest member of the Passamaquoddy tribe. He is 107 years old. He worked last season, raised a good crop, and in the fall trapped and hunted. He is now very feeble.

Mrs. Agatha Enper, of Fort Smith, Ark., celebrated her 87th birthday February 5th, entertaining her friends and relatives, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren with great vivacity.

"Those interested in notable ages," says the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, "will find in a report of recent deaths of Charleston, S. C., a remarkable record. Since 1880 no less than twenty-four persons are down on the list as having reached the age of 100 or over, thirteen of them being women, and a majority colored people, we presume. Mollie Rolin, who died in 1884, is said to have been 137, and five were 107 or over. It is also claimed that Hannah James, who died back in the 40's, was 127; but such longevity as that claimed for Mollie Rolin and Hannah James, will not be accepted without credentials."

THE FARM.

MATTERS PERTAINING TO AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

The Value of Hen Manure—Salt as a Fertilizer—Other Topics of Interest.

The editor of the poultry department of the *Prairie Farmer* has the following concerning the value of roost-droppings from hens as a fertilizer:

Director Goessman, under the head of "Care of Hen Manure," says that the value of hen manure depends not less on the care which is bestowed on its keeping than on the kind of food the fowls consume. The excretion of birds, on account of their peculiar character, undergoes a rapid change, a large amount of ammonia is soon formed, which reduces materially its manurial value in case it is allowed to escape. A liberal use of plaster, kieserite, or good loam, is highly recommendable for the absorption of the ammonia. The safest way to secure the full benefit of the droppings is to gather them quite frequently, and to add directly any of the previously-mentioned materials. A sandy soil is of little use as an absorbent.

A New York farmer gives his opinion in the *New England Homestead*. He says: "Years ago I came to the conclusion that the droppings of a hen for a year, saved and mixed with an equal quantity of plaster or gypsum, and put into the hills of corn, would increase the yield of that corn as much as a hen would eat during the year." Next comes the letter from an Ohio farmer, who says he allows that the droppings of poultry will, when taken care of so as to preserve their full manurial value, pay for all the time devoted to the care of the fowls, and the rent of the fowl house and yards.

Dr. Dickie's evidence comes next, and it reads thus: "The most fertile part of many farms is that largely occupied by poultry. It is true that these portions are usually near buildings, and seldom utilized for growing crops, but when they are so used the effects of the poultry droppings are plainly observable." The doctor also said that he had grown six good crops of corn in six years in his poultry yard, the only fertilizer used being that deposited by the fowls themselves. The next piece of information comes from a Massachusetts farmer. He says that he keeps 62 hens on his farm, and they make two barrels of manure in the same time that eight head of cattle are making one cord, and the two barrels will grow just as much corn as the cord of manure. Figuring on that basis it appears that the manure from eight hens in one year would be as valuable as that from one cow during the same time.

Finally, I came to the record of an experiment that was made on our farm several years ago. The manure saved in one year from the houses where 150 fowls roosted was mixed with nearly a ton each of plaster and road dust; this mixture was used for the corn and potato crops, and the result was such that neighboring farmers declared our home-made fertilizer was quite as valuable as the commercial which cost, delivered at our station, about $40 per ton. There! that is all I have to say about hen manure this time, except to remark that while I do not believe the poultry droppings will pay the whole cost of keeping the fowls, I do think they will at least pay for the time given to the care of poultry. Anyway it will certainly pay any farmer in the East or West to save and use the poultry manure.

SALT IN THE GARDEN.

Thirty years' successful use of salt upon all kinds of crops have proved its value to me. It should not be used on cold, heavy or moist soils, and if anyone does he will be disappointed in the result, as its tendency is to keep the ground cool and moist. It will do such soil more harm than good. It should not be cast upon very young and tender plants of any kind, as it will be very sure to kill them. Judgment should be employed in using so strong an agent. I had a friend who heard me recommend salt on onion beds, when I strictly urged that it should be dragged or worked in before the seed was sown; but forgetting what I said, he did not salt until the onions were about two inches high, and it killed them all; but sowing another crop properly it turned out splendidly. Had he waited until the tops were as big as a large pipe-stem, he might have covered the ground an inch deep and his onions would have done finely. Onions should be sown on the same ground year after year as they continue to improve. There are yards a hundred years old, and their yield would astonish the common grower. The tops when cut off should be scattered over the ground (do not leave them in lumps,) as they make the best food for the growing onions; then sow salt, and then put on a coat of manure. Salt is not much of a fertilizer in itself, though plants take up as you can tell by tasting, and by the stiffening and glazing of straw of a plant grown in salted ground. I think it acts upon and assimilates the gross matter in the soil, so as to make it available food. It should be in every garden.—*Cor. London Horticultural Times.*

RAISING CALVES WITHOUT MILK.

L. A S., St. Jacobs, Ill., writes: "In *Prairie Farmer* of February 4th, I see an article on feeding calves by hand on skimmed milk. I ship all my milk to St. Louis, and others of your readers doubtless do the same. We have no skimmed milk, but would like to raise our calves. The past two years I raised mine as follows and they are nice and sleek: At three days old I take them away from the cow, tie them up in a box stall well bedded, and give them three quarts newly-drawn milk with one tablespoonful of oil-cake meal boiled in one pint of water. At two weeks old double the meal and water, add one-half-pint shorts or corn meal. At three weeks gradu ally doublethe oil meal until you have three-quarters of a pint of meal, one pint of shorts, boiled in one gallon of water, but need no milk. Be careful to have temperature lukewarm. All changes should be gradual. At one month old calves will lick some bran. Fed this way they will all be gentle and a pleasure to handle, and will come at your call."

GRAFTING GRAPE VINES.

A grape-grower of Atlantic, Iowa, according to the *Prairie Farmer*, in propagating hard wood varieties of grapes, like the Delawares, makes cutting with two or three buds, and fastens them with thread and wax to two-inch pieces of the roots of hardy varieties, like Concord or Ives. The roots are taken from the young, thrifty vines. These grafted cuttings are packed in the cellar until spring, and are then set out. The roots start from the callused portion. He made his cuttings in December. Those from ordinary vines are tied in bundles of 100, with the butts all one way. These bundles are inverted, put in a trench and covered with four inches of mellow soil, and the whole covered with a mulch of manure. In the spring they are taken up, soaked twenty-four hours in water and stuck in the ground three inches apart, in rows three feet apart.

Two Kinds of Pride.

A young man employed as teller in a bank in one of our seaboard cities, at a moderate salary, after a year or two established his family in a luxurious home. His wife dressed in the extreme of fashion and gave expensive social entertainments; his children were sent to fashionable schools, while he drove some of the finest horses in the city.

The suspicion of the officers of the bank was at length aroused. He was proved to have embezzled large sums, was tried, convicted and sentenced to a long imprisonment. When he was asked what tempted him to commit an act of such egregious folly and crime, he replied:

"Because I was resolved that my family should move in society. I would rather die than live in a town where they could not belong to the first circle."

Contrast this incident, which is a literal fact, with the story of an old family of France under the Bourbons, taken from private memoirs of that time.

The house of Rohan had been for centuries one of the noblest in Europe; its chief, the Prince de Guemenee, held a high office under Louis XVI., and his wife was *gouvernante* of the Queen's household. They both left Paris one day, taking with them 30,000,000 livres which were not their own, and more than half of which the Prince held in trust for poor working people.

Owing to their rank the money could not be recovered nor the thieves punished. The sister of the Prince at once sacrificed her private fortune to pay the poor who had been defrauded, and retired for the rest of her life into a convent. Three other noble heads of the family withdrew from court, lived in seclusion in the country and devoted their incomes to make up the sum which the Prince had embezzled.

These sacrifices were made, not out of consideration for the criminal, but avowedly "that the honor of the family of Rohan might remain untarnished in history."

Family pride is undoubtedly a strong defense and safe-guard in a young man's character. But there are different kinds of family pride, and he must be careful to choose the right one.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Bond Purchases.

The President's attempt to throw doubt upon the right of the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase bonds because the authority was given in an appropriation bill, and was therefore intended to be temporary in its operation, was well met by Senator Platt in his second day's speech on the message last week. The provision authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to apply the surplus money in the Treasury to the purchase or redemption of United States bonds is contained in a section of the sundry civil appropriation bill of June 30, 1882. If this is outlawed because a part of an annual appropriation bill, by so much more, as Senator Platt points out, is the provision injected into the legislative appropriation bill of 1873 raising the salary of the President of the United States from $25,000 to $50,000 yearly out of date and void. That provision is the only legislation which warrants the President in drawing $50,000, but it is understood that he does draw it from the Treasury regularly and promptly in monthly installments. It is characteristic of the President's bull-headed, ignorant way of going for things that he publically challenges the legality of legislation contained in appropriation bills without considering or konwing that he is thereby throwing a doubt on the legality of his own action in drawing twice the salary of President Lincoln and each of his predecessors in the Presidential office.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Well-Prepared Farmer.

"You don't fool the farmers of Wayne county very much," said a citizen the other day who had just returned from Nankin.

"What was your game?" was asked.

"I had none, but along towards night I broke down about three miles from anywheres. I pulled the buggy out of the road, hitched the horse to a fence and hoofed along to the nearest farm-house. When I had told my story the farmer said to the hired man:

"'John, he may be honest or he may be after our pork. I'll hold him here with the shotgun while you go and see if his horse and buggy are there.'

"He ordered me to sit down, and then he took a seat in front of me with a gun across his knees, and my every movement was watched until John's return. Then they half believed in me, but as I went to bed my door was locked on the outside, and when I got ready to leave in the morning, the farmer took me aside and said:

"'My friend, if you're all right you needn't be afraid. If you've got an eye on my horses, however, I want to say that I set two bear-traps every night, turn out my three dogs, and John and me sit up all night with shotguns. We are all ready, and jist aching to make somebody seasick!'"—*Detroit Free Press*

Brokers' Technicalities.

A bull is one who operates to raise the value of stocks that he may buy for a rise.

A bear is one who sells stocks for future delivery, which he does not own at the time of sale.

A corner is when the bears cannot buy or borrow the stock to deliver in fulfillment of their contracts.

Overloaded is when the bulls cannot take any pay for the stock they have purchased.

Short is when a person or party sells stocks when they have none, and expect to buy or borrow in time to deliver.

Long is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stocks.

A pool or ring is a combination formed to control the price of stocks.

A broker is said to carry stocks for his customer when he has bought and is holding it for his account.

A wash is a pretended sale by special agreement between buyer and seller, for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

A put and call is when a person gives so much per cent. for the option of buying or selling so much stock on a certain fixed day, at a price fixed the day the option is given.

Events That Have Occurred On Friday.

An enterprising Chapel street, Philadelphia job printer, who began business on a Friday, is circulating the following list of events that have occured on Friday:

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastille destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
King Charles I. beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.

—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The Real Train Robber.

Once, after we left Denver, a train robber boarded our car. He didn't get all that we had. He only made us pay $1 50 for a dozen California oranges, which sell for 50 cents in Brooklyn, where oranges are scarce and high. We asked him why California fruit should cost so much more as we drew nearer California. He first said it was caused by the enormous surplus lying idle in the vaults of the Treasury, but the next time he came in he said it was caused by the present tariff on wool and the uncertain attitude of Congress on the subject of tariff reform, but by and by confessed that the Pennsylvania coal barons and iron kings caused it by withholding production until they forced the market up to unnatural figures. He then offered us a pamphlet containing six pressed flowers, a wild rose, honeysuckle, golden rod, purple aster, anemone and columbine, for $3, but seeing it was us, and expecting to get another whack at us with guide-books for New England, he'd make it $3 75 to us, we pledging ourselves not to look at it on the train.—*Burdette.*

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach, of course. Why? Because if it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance, and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening, and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right; if you are troubled with heartburn, dizziness of the head, coming up of the food after eating, biliousness, indigestion or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

When the average office goes out to seek the man it never needs to carry a lantern. *Nebraska State Journal.*

A SLIGHT cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief.

OLIVE CULTURE.

THEIR VALUE AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

Their Essential Qualities and the Substitute They Afford for Other Sustenance.

Dr. J. P. Widney, writing on the subject of the olive for food, in a recent issue of the *Practitioner*, remarks as follows:

Fat as a food is the essential in some form to the physical well being of man, and nature seems to have provided for each climatic zone a supply of fatty material best suited to it. The Esquimaux finds in the blubber of the walrus or the seal the strong animal fat, rich in hydro-carbons, which he instinctively craves, because of the system's need of a strong heat-producing diet to enable him to keep up bodily temperature and thus do battle with the rigorous Arctic colds.

The animal life of the polar region is marked by a tendency of the abundant formation of fat. In the warmer regions of the world, on the contrary, animals possess less fat-producing and fat-storing power, and men lose their appetite for animal foods. Yet even in the tropics fat in some form is a necessity in the food of man. Corn and wine and oil were ever symbols of earthly well-being, not only in the promised land of the old Hebrew, but to all the races clustering about the shores of the Mediterranean. And it is the vegetable oils that replaced the grosser animal fats of the more northern climates as being better adapted in their dietetic uses to the higher temperature.

The animal fats, if used to any great extent in the warmer climates, seem to develop disease in the human organism. It took the English colony of India a century to find out that the strong meat diet of the north used in the climate of India invariably produced a diseased liver and death. Now that they are learning by experience, and adopting the light vegetable diet of the natives, they endure the climate much better.

The oil which in southern latitudes has most generally taken the place of the animal fats is the oil of the olive. It is lighter and less heat-producing than the oils or fat of animal origin. It is used in cookery, is an ingredient of every salad, and, in the shape of pickled fruit, takes somewhat the place of meat upon the table. Its higher nutritive value is shown by the fact that the laborers of the Riviera perform the severest toil upon the diet chiefly of black bread and olives.

One who has never personally tested the olive as an article of food can hardly understand its value. The writer has frequently for days at a time in warm weather almost lived upon bread and olives, feeling as well nourished as upon a meat diet.

The culture of the olive seems to be almost coeval with the races of the Orient. Under the shade of its fruit-laden branches rested the old patriarchs in the old tent of Syria. It accompanied the Græco-Latin in his migration along the shores of the Mediterranean. It passed with the Roman arms to Gaul and Hispania, and crossing the ocean with the Conquistadores adds its pale-green foliage to the verdure of every old mission orchard from Vera Cruz to Monterey.

Whenever we find a plant thus accompanying man for a thousand years in his migrations across oceans and continents, it is because of a positive utility or food value which it is proved to possess for the human race.

Somewhat of the extent of that economic food value as estimated by one nation may be surmised from the fact that in Italy the number of olive trees under cultivation is 100,000,000, covering 1,000,000 acres.

It is a safe rule to follow that the foods which a people have adopted after inhabing for generations any especial belt or climate, are the foods best suited to the requirements of the system in that climate; that back of it is the working of some general law.

If, then, for thousands of years the races dwelling within this climate belt which the Anglo-Teuton is now, for the first time in his race's history, making his home, have thus proven the economic food value of the olive and its especial adaptability to the dietic demands of the climate, he, if he would accommodate himself to his surroundings, would do well to learn a lesson from their experience, and test in his dietary the olive. And, indeed, we can already see in the rapidly-multiplying olive orchards and long rows of barreled olives at the groceries, indications that the lesson is not unheeded.

But what will be the physical effect upon this meat-eating Anglo-Teuton of the isothermal of 50 degrees as he moves southward to take up his abode in the isothermal belt of 60 degrees, and abandons the animal diet of his fathers for the olive of the Græco-Latin?

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Strange Turn of Affairs in the California Raisin and Fruit Business.

"Now when you talk of fruit I am at home," said J. K. Ormsby, the heaviest handler of California goods in Chicago, if not in the United States, to a reporter yesterday.

"Do you know it's perfectly wonderful what a demand there is now for California goods. As late as '72 the entire consumption of Pacific coast fruit and salmon both did not exceed 70,000 cases. Now our own sales last year to people in the United States were over 400,000 cases, and the consumption of the United States was about 500,000 cases of salmon, and between 500,000 and 600,000 cases of fruit.

"As late as '79 the consumption of California raisins East was less than twenty-five carloads. In '87, it is claimed, there were 800 cars shipped east of the Rocky Mountains, and there probably were between 500 and 600 cars. The value of the cars was about the same in '87 as in '79—say $1,500 a car—so that while there was shipped $37,500 worth in '79, there was $900,000 worth in 1887. I know what I am talking about, for I bought the first carload ever shipped East from California.

"The California raisins have driven the Malaga raisins almost entirely out of the market. Five years ago the United States imported about 1,700,000 boxes of Malaga raisins. Last year there were not over 300 000 imported.

"More than this, in Malaga a great many of the old vineyards have been pulled up, and wine grapes substituted.

"A strange thing has happened in the raisin business. It is not three years since we were accused—probably truthfully—with putting California raisins into Malaga boxes, and now we are accused of putting Malaga raisins into California boxes, as was done last year.

"The whirlgig of time brings about his revenge in the raisin business, I assure you.

"The public taste has changed in favor of the California product. Spain yet produces a few, and very few, raisins better than ours, but our average is a great deal better. Will we ever reach their finest products? Just as sure as can be; getting better and better every year. Yes, sir; pretty soon there won't be any foreign raisins sold here at all.

"What is the demand generally for California raisins, peaches, pears, apricots, prunes and so on? Growing, all the time. Last year there was a heavier proportionate demand than usual, owing to the general shortness of the crop East. There will be a good demand for California goods this year, but not so heavy as last, if the usual rule works here, because generally when we have a poor yield the one year, we have a good one the next.

"I want to tell you one thing. It is all nonsense, this talk about the flavor of California fruit not being as good as that of Eastern fruit. I have eaten California fresh fruit here year after year, as well as East, and I maintain if you bring Eastern fruit here, it won't taste any better than yours does there, if as good.

"I tell Eastern people that right along. Fruit has to be picked green in order to stand shipment, and, with the possible exception of pears, it don't taste quite so well east of the Rockies as it does here, but there will always be a heavy demand for everything California can raise.

"Why, California fruits will sell on the fruit-stands on their beauty, and the United States can take 1,000,000 more boxes of California raisins than the State has yet produced. As for olives, too, we can east of the Rocky Mountains eat all California can produce. Therefore, I say to the fruit-growers of this State, go in and raise all you can. The people will buy what you raise, because it is of better quality all around than can be got elsewhere."

GENERAL NOTICES.

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

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Unless teeth show ample care;
Gums so healthy, hard and red,
Lips like roses' fragrance shed.
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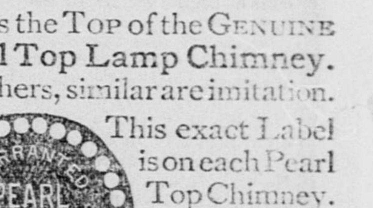

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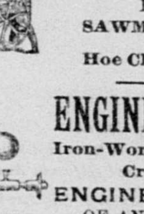

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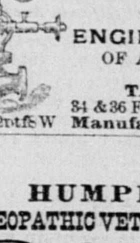

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