BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

A BRIEF STATEMENT OF ITS EVER CHANGING HISTORY.

Its Present Appearance and Structures—Gondolas versus Horses—The Bridge of Sighs.

Venice, the city of one hundred islands, is the most unique town in Europe. It has a population of 130,000, but does not cover as much territory as a compact city of America with 25,000. Its canals and streets are narrow and meandering, and most of its buildings four stories high and crowded from water floor to garret. The islands were once mud deposits, unable to bear up the weight of stone or brick buildings. A leaf from their early history is exceedingly interesting. At first wooden houses were constructed by the fishermen who occupied these Adriatic bogs. That was in A. D. 407. Six years later it was destroyed by a fire. Then a church was build in honor of St. Mark, and the city commenced on a more permanent basis. They were invaded by the Huns in A. D. 453, and the year following Narses, one of the Generals of Emperor Justinian, came to Venice. They then became the allies of the Greeks. In 697 Paolucio Antifesto became the first Doge, and a treaty was soon formed with the King of the Lombards. A period of bloodshed follows, and the Greeks disperse, being defeated, and the Venetians take Ravenna. The Doge is executed for pride and treason. Venice then becomes the desire of kings and princes. Piles were driven into the lagoons, and solid foundations made, and large churches and palaces erected of stone and brick, and

VENICE BECAME THE GEM OF THE SEA,

And the ships of all nations in commerce exchanged with them the products of their toil. Palace succeeded palace, until it became the city of palaces; and because of its wealth and beauty, made the contesting war chariots jostle against each other in their aggressive race to conquer and possess it. Internal feud, and social and political corruption, later, unsettled the confidence of its citizens and soldiers, and made it an easy morsel for the lion that stood at the gate ready to consume. From the commencement of the seventh century to 1788, Venezia was continuously beleaguered by her enemies, and could no longer resist them. In 1797 it became an Austrian province. In 1805 it was ceded to Italy. Restored to Austria in 1815. In 1848 proclamation of the republic. The Triumvirate next control it. So it continued to be given and taken until 1866, at the peace treaty of Vienna it was annexed to Italy and Victor Emmanuel entered it on the 4th of November of the same year, and his successor Umberto now reigns.

Its past history has no equal among the provinces of the earth and the Venetians are nowhere in history excelled in cruelty, treachery, and heartless butchery. Her Doges were men of the meanest type; her civil and political Courts, merciless inquisitions, and her councils had neither justice nor judgment with equity. Corruption prevailed everywhere, and the plagues and pestilences of recurring visitations but increased her idolatrous people in all manner of superstition, and works of superrogation at the beckon of her vile priests, or the decree of her lewd and licentious Courts. As she increased in wealth and power, she alike decreased in the true worship of God.

VENICE OF TO-DAY.

To-day Venice is a city going to ruins but not so as it pertains to her commerce Her boasted antiquity will later be a matter of history. Those who desire to see this Adriatic metropolis as it anciently appeared must do so before the close of the century, or be content to be told where the old buildings stood. Some of the buildings, such as the palace, the prison and the church, built of solid material, will remain for many years by constant repairs. Venice is a city of fine arts. Once the great schools of painting were in operation, and no painter became famous who had not either studied here or adopted the system here taught. Lessons were given in oil-painting, velvets, tapestries and stucco work. Here labored Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Salviati, and others of equal note. To-day the great painters of the earth can be counted on the fingers of my hands. Venice has no painter even to retouch her faded facades, nor to supply deficient portraiture. But her glassware has astonished the world. The lost art has returned with new inventions and given employment to hundreds of artificers, and sent their cunning work into the cities of all lands. Also her gold and ivory work and her modern mosaics are patterns of durability and service such as will increase its demand and create monopolies to enlarge its manufacturing interests. Her future is great. When Italy shall have become a republic Venice will be greater than ever in all the records of her antiquity. Here one can meditate until he fairly revels in what was, and is, and is to come. Whether it be approached by rail or steamer, it stands on the unruffled bosom of the little archipelago like a fabled citadel, scarcely to be looked upon with other than visionary emotions. Whether you walk upon its narrow avenues or glide in its quaint gondolas, you have sensations depress or enthrill you that will never be forgotten. These impressions do, no doubt, differ with individuals as they differ one from another in emotional temperament, or look up the strange scene through the open page of history.

THE GONDOLA AND GONDOLIER

Are matchless affairs. The boats are very long and narrow, and many of them have carriage covers. Four persons are comfortably seated in one of the smaller size. It would be difficult to upset them. With what grace and apparent ease they row. The gondolier stands aft with a long oar resting on a zigzag oarlock and quietly submerges the paddle into the water, then with full weight of the body thrown against the stern, and a muscular thrust of the arms, darts the gondola forward from fifteen to twenty feet at a stroke, and raises the propeller as noislessly as he dropped it. The ride is simply grand. I did not see a horse in Venice, i. e., a living horse. They have none. The officers of the Italian quarters, I am told, have a few. A city of 130,000 doing business without horses, coaches, drays, etc., is a sight lacking what is omitted. So says the traveler, but not the Venetian.

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL

Is the finest among the twenty-two churches of the city. It was begun in the ninth century and completed late in the eighteenth. The Catholics tell us some very strange, but not weird, stories concerning the treasures deposited here. They say the body of St. Mark was brought here from Alexandria. The manner of securing it would now be severely punished in America. St. Mark had been dead a thousand years before the temporary Venteian chapel was built for his body. They showed me the original relics from the cross, and a stone from Tyrus, upon which the Saviour preached; and also a marble slab on which John the Baptist was beheaded, having on it the martyr's blood. A pillar from the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem was also pointed out to me. The only comment I desire to offer is to justify my silence on grounds of traditional incredulity.

OTHER PUBLIC STRUCTURES.

A brief visit was also taken to the Frari Church of the thirteenth century. Its sculptures are the products of the most skilled workers of five centuries. Its paintings are fine; but above all, its sepulchral designs, aside from statuary accompaniment, are marvels of workmanship. I cannot describe them. When in the presence of the mighty dead, I am usually under the emotional influence of their achievement during life; but here I stood overwhelmed with the artfulness of the builders of these tombs. The Church of the Salutation also contains excellent specimens of painting and sculpture. The reader would tire of too numerous descriptions of the antique structures and their treasures. Here are churches, chapels, halls, and palaces whose adornings are illustrations of history and of the arts of men in the ages that have preceded us. It is a very novel act to see two bronze men on the clock tower strike the great bell with large metallic sledges each half hour. A clock mender some years ago, who forgot their office, was struck by one of them and dashed to death on the curb.

THE GRAND PALACE,

In which the various courts were held, is approached from the west. I first passed the statues of Adam and Eve. The artist evidently never saw either of them. I ascended the Giant's staircase between the statues of Neptune and Mars (1554). They are subjects of constant criticism. I commend them for enduring it unchanged so long. The ascent of the Golden staircase is never quickly made. It is, indeed, a staircase of gold. The fluted ceiling, with gold washings, and the embossed delineations of artistic designs in rich and varied profusion, the portraiture and frescoed reliefs, makes it seem unreal. The palace is in harmony with the golden entrance. Bible history looks from its numerous walls, and canopies almost speaking to you, and you to them. The protuberances covered with gold leaf; the gold-paneled walls; the sculptured centers and corners by the best and most elaborate labor of the progressive art, keeps the visitor in a state of strange anxiety, as though he desired to pronounce upon the most ingenious artificer the plaudits of his merited honor. They did compete to excel, and excelled their former selves, and some each other.

THE COURT-ROOM OF THE ROMANS,

And that of the Greeks, are indescribably grand. They remain intact as when used by them, and are decorated with Roman and Grecian work respectfully. Here were seated the stern jurists in an age when "justice and judgment" were not the habitations of the throne. And just opposite is the chamber of the "Council of Ten," and near it the "Lion's Mouth," a small open slot at the head of the public staircase, through which written accusations against the prisoner were passed into a lock box within. There were two keys to this receptacle, the one belonging to the civil, the other to the political Court. The accusations were addressed to the one against whom the culprit had committed the act of violence. Innocent persons, against whom the royal family had grievances, and law-abiding citizens against whom the accuser held feelings of antipathy, would be summoned to answer for crimes and conspiracies of which they were not guilty. False witnesses were easily secured to swear in support of the allegations, read in his hearing before the notorious Council.

But few escaped the torture and death of this iniquitous Venetian inquisition.

"O, Jealousy! Thou art
Cruel as the grave."

PILLARS AND DEATH CELLS.

The pillars of St. Mark and Theodore on the palace *piazzettia* have associated with them a narrative too extensive to be given here. L. Querci (1888) says St. Theodore is not the proper name. That it is the pillar of St. George. They were brought to Venice in A. D. 1130 from Tyrus by the Doge Domenico Michiel. Querici quotes Guilombardo as authority that is is the pillar of St. George. Between it gambling tables used to set. Later it was the place of execution before the public. But the prison opposite the palace, connected by the "Bridge of Sighs," was the dungeon of their heartless conduct. I descended the prison crypt under the palace. O, horror! Not a ray of light! What a contrast. A palace! A dungeon! A spectre! A golden bracelet of royalty! A black, damp arch, cold and dreadful. The thumb-screw rack of torture! And here is the revolting spot where thousands were beheaded, and through these grooves their warm blood ran into the canal, and their bodies, thrust through this door, were taken to open sea in a gondola and tossed to the carniverous ichtus. I stood on

THE BRIDE OF SIGHS.

After the awful experience below, and to me it was indeed the place of sighs. Here the prisoners who were conducted to the prison opposite the palace took their last leave of light and day, to enter their cell of midnight till death came to liberate their spirits and deliver their tortured bodies from further pining. I shrink from the sight. Space forbids speaking of the Lion of Venice, the towers, manufactories and the customs of the Venetians.

H. J. BECKER.

Conserve Your Force.

Hamerton says: "It often happens that mere activity is a waste of time, that people who have a morbid habit of being busy are often terrible time wasters; while, on the contrary, those who are judiciously deliberate, and allow themselves intervals of leisure, see the way before them in those intervals, and save time by the accuracy of their calculations."

Another writer, unknown, says: "Some men are in incessant action, early and late. and all through the day. They have no time for family or friends. As for holidays, the less for them the better. They have inherited a nervous temperament, and are doing just the wrong thing with it —allowing it to hurry them to an untimely end. They wear themselves out. Their brain is ever in a state of morbid activity almost like that of an insane man. A little careful planning, and a proper laying out of work, and especially doing everything in the proper time, would avoid all such hurry and worry, make work much easier, secure an abundance of leisure and greatly increase length of life."—*Scientific American.*

Tomatoes—Fixing Varieties.

Seedsmen have often told us that it takes a long time to fully establish or fix, as they term it, a new variety of tomato, so that it will come reasonably from seed. A vast amount of labor and time have been wasted in this selection of specimens from year to year, in order to secure a pure strain or type of tomato, simply because the grower did not know there was a much better and more direct way to establish the variety. It is only necessary to take cuttings from the plant which we desire to perpetuate, and grow these in a greenhouse, and at the approach of spring increase the stock by cuttings only. The latter are then set out in the garden the same as seedling plants, and, as all are from one parent stock, they will be true to the original type. Seeds gathered from the fruit of such plants will usually show more fixedness of character than can be secured by selection of fruit in a half dozen years. Cuttings may also be started in a sunny window.—*American Agriculturist.*

Make the Kitchen Garden Beautiful.

The kitchen garden may as well have a charm of seemliness as of use. Bordered by rows of fruit trees and bushes, lovely in bud, flower and harvest, with edgings of sweet herbs and flowers for garnishing, the beds planted according to the hight of growing things, a vegetable garden might be pleasing to the eyes. Planted in long divisions, twenty-five feet wide, with Indian corn down the middle, in, say three rows, pole beans and tall green peas next on each side in double rows, artichoke or dwarf peas next, then triple rows of beet, parsnip, spinach and salsify, feathering off with carrot, chives, parsley and cress, with corners taken off for melon quarters, the tomatoes and peppers trimly trained, cabbage and cauliflower regularly set, the effect would be a great improvement on the patchy, straggling way when everything is stuck down as happens. If the back garden looks trim the boys and women will like to work in it better, and nothing improves it so much as a study of regular arrangement.—*American Garden.*

Some person is claiming that the "Mohawks" are a new and valuable breed of hogs. But a writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says it is not new; that the Mohawks descended on the sire's side from an old boar the Prodigal Son fed when he got disgusted and went home to his ma. And the ancestor on the mother's side was an old sow which climbed on a log and escaped from drowning when the herd ran down into the sea, when the devil was after them.

HOLY WEEK.

ITS PECULIAR OBSERVANCE IN MEXICAN-YUCATAN.

The Burial of Christ as Crucified Lord, and Execution of the Traitor Judas.

[From the RECORD-UNION'S Correspondent.]

MERIDA, Yucatan, April 20, 1888.

In this part of the world most of the sanctuaries, though very large, have a sorrowfully humble look, like the very *penitentis* of architecture, with their walls of gray adobe, roofs of red tiles, floors of hardened clay, bellfries like skeletons of bell-towers, no windows, and all their inner treasures of blood-stained Christs, lugubrious saints, and harrowing pictures of martyrs and crucifixions.

But during Holy Week the most melancholy church wears a bright and festive appearance. Their poverty and coldness, their inane sadness and silent miseries suddenly give place to warmth, fragrance and flowers. Silken banners, folds of lace and luxuriant foliage hide the dismal nakedness of the walls; palm trees, instead of bare pillars, appear to support the roof, and thousands of tapers drive the ghostly shadows out of the gloomiest corners.

Where the high altar stood, a great pyramid rises; and over the crimson cloth which covers it from top to base, is draped the most marvelous lace-work and embroidery—every yard representing years of labor by pious hands.

The steps of the pyramid sparkle with a thousand wax lights, burning in translucent globes of clouded glass, in silver candlesticks and golden branches, and in cups of brass and alabaster. Between the lights are fruits, flowers, herbs and shrubs, such as only the tropics can yield—for in this latitude nature more than compensates for the poverty of the people, and is as loving a hand-maiden to assist in their pious observances as she of Bethany who poured the ointment of spikenard upon the Divine head.

On Holy Thursday, in the old Church de Santiago, there was a representation of the Garden of Gethsemane. On the left of the nave, close to the porch, a space eight feet square was marked off with fences of palm-branches, bent and woven. Within this garden palm-leaves lay thick upon the ground, interspersed with berries, leaves and blossoms of the brightest evergreens, and the flowers of the palm, in their magnificent clusters, were arranged like fountains in descending circles.

Over these were strewn the sweetest flowers—*lobelia*, with petals of ruby and orange; lilies, white, pink and crimson; the canary-colored *plumeria*; pansies, large as the palm of your hand, and roses in every variety; mounds of violets and blue forget-me-nots; bowls and vases filled with earth in which young rice was growing; dishes heaped with aromatic herbs and ripening grains of corn; oranges, wild grapes, alligator pears, sweet lemons, pineapples and *granadellas*. In the midst of all this wealth and sweetness of the earth, against a broken tree, knelt an image of the Christ of Gethsemane, covered with a purple robe—blood oozing from the forehead, and the pale features stamped with an expression of anguish which the most irreverent could not witness without emotion.

Outside the church and crowded within its porch, stood soldiers on guard with arms reversed. The national flag hung at half-mast all day over the Government palace and other public buildingss. Shops, billiard-rooms, cafes, all were closed. Everybody, dressed in his best, was out from the sunrise of one morning to sunrise on the next, for all night long they visited the churches, carrying lanterns and humming *Paters* and *Aves* through the streets, going through the devotion of the stations, over and over in every sanctuary.

Next day — Good Friday — we were awakened at daybreak by the same monotonous rolling of muffled drums; and as on the preceding day, there was the same silent passing to and fro of veiled faces and graceful heads enveloped in silken shawls, the same display of drooping flags and profusion of lights and flowers in all the churches—in short, precisely the same solemn holiday as Holy Thursday.

Indeed, this was even quieter, or would have been except for the *metracas*, which everybody twirled to the top of his bent, from babies in arms to white-haired grandparents, from ragged Indians to proudest aristocrats. A *metraca* is small toy, in the form of a flower, a doll, a bird, a frying-pan, a musical instrument, and inside of it are wooden springs, which when twirled rapidly give for a harsh, discordant and most disagreeable sound, intended to typify the cry of the Jews, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Even the shadows seemed deeper on this day, and the birds ceased their singing; there was not the slightest sound of profane labor, and the great sacrifice of nineteen centuries ago was more impressively recalled by the deserted aspect of the houses, the flags at half mast and the reversed arms of the soldiers.

Soon as the sun was down and the short twilight of this latitude was over, the procession which commemorates the interment of Christ moved slowly and darkly from the great door-way of the cathedral, descended into the plaza and thence through the adjoining streets. The *aceras*, or pavements, of all these streets were planted with wild canes, around which were woven palm leaves and wreaths of flowers, while the carriage-way between was strewn with *siempra viva* ("always alive"), fine branches of the *uruca* and the wonderful *manitos* (little hands) of the *guarumo*. The latter flowers, strange to say, are in the exact shape of the human hand, with four fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

The balconies of all the houses along the line of march were overhung with curtains of white muslin, festooned with crape or white ribbons of black satin, and at the intersection of the streets stood catafalques covered with black cloth heavily embroidered, strewn with flowers, laden with fruits and luminous with colored lamps and cups of gold and silver.

First in the procession came Las Hermanos de la Caridad—"the Brothers of Charity"—clad in garments of white woolen—long, loose and shapeless as Mother Hubbards bed-gowns—each with a white handkerchief tied in a pig-tail knot above his head. These "Brothers" carried the various insigna of the crucifixion. The first two balanced upon their shoulders a pair of ladders, painted pea-green. One bore a tea-tray, upon which was a crown of thorns; another a sponge, in a stained napkin; another a hammer and three nails.

Then came a swarm of boys, with extinguished candles. Following them walked three young men, in ecclesiastical costume, the one in the center bearing a tall, slender crucifix, which was shrouded in black velvet; while the other two held aloft the thinnest of candle-sticks, whose tapers burned with ashy flame.

Close behind the candles and crucifix came four priests, marching abreast, each in surplice and *soutane* black cap. Over the cap was drawn a black hood, while a black train—the dorsal development of the hood—streamed along the leaf-strewn road, a yard or two in the rear. These were the heralds of a big black silk banner, which had a red cross emblazoned upon it, and was borne erect by a sickly-looking Senor in deep mourning.

Then came another swarm of boys, clearing the road for a full-length figure of Saint John, the Evangelist, which—in a cymplete suit of variegated vestments, with the right hand pressed upon the region of the heart—was shouldered by four young gentlemen, all bare-headed and in faultless evening dress.

Next to the Evangelist came a figure of Mary Magdalene. It was gorgeously roped in white satin, with luxuriant tresses of real hair upon its head, and the noble beauty of the life-countenance was heightened by an expression of intense contrition. As works of art, all these figures are admirable and are said to have been made in Guatemala by a native artist.

Now there approached another, loftier and far more stately than any that had preceded it. To the right and left of it glittered a score of lifted bayanets, around it thuribles rolled up their fragrant clouds, and pretty children in white dresses strewed flowers in front of it over the leafy pavement. It was the *Mater Dolorso*, sumptuously robed in purple velvet and costliest lace, and gems of largest size—diamonds, emeralds, pearls and opals —were lavished upon it. Rays of silver issued from the queenly head and the immensely long velvet train was borne by a priest.

Behind the priest walked many of the first ladies of the city, carrying tall wax candles, all dressed in black satin, their heads concealed in mantillas of Spanish lace. Some of them were young, graceful and pretty, and the matrons—though inclined to excessive leanness or fatness after the age of 30, with skins that wrinkle like dried figs—were, every one, dignified and saintly.

All this, however, was but a prelude to the absorbing figure of the pageant. This was an immense sarcophagus of glass, upheld by twenty of the most reputable citizens, who marched like practiced soldiers. Acolytes flanked and followed it, bearing smoking censers, inverted torches and palm branches covered with crape.

Within the transparent tomb were snowy folds of the finest lace, strewn with roses, a face streaming with blood, a crown of thorns and the outline of a prostrate image. As it passed a great hush fell upon the multitude. The spectators at doorways and windows, in the balconies and on the sidewalks, all knelt, with uncovered heads. The swelling and subsiding dirge, played by the military band that headed the column of troops whsch closed the procession, with colors furled and arms reversed, alone disturbed the breathless silence.

A few hours later there was a very different scene. It was the dawn of Easter Sunday. Suddenly the bells of all the churches broke loose. Again and again they rang out at their loudest, till the riotous air seemed to flash with the strokes, and the drowsy earth to reel and quiver. Then came the rumbling of drums —no longer muffled— the shrill chorusing of fighting cocks, the yelping of dogs and the bleating and lowing of flocks and herd in the suburbs. In less than half an hour every house poured forth its inmates—in ponchos and mantillas, zarapes and embroidered jackets, velvet-collared coats and shirt-sleeves—all bound for the plaza.

And there, as the sun suddenly leaped from behind the clouds that veiled the eastern horizon, a striking spectacle was presented! The plaza was packed with people. The steps and spacious esplanade of the cathedral was thronged to overflowing. The balconies and windows of overlooking houses were rustling and sparkling with spectators. Everybody was laughing and chattering, most were smoking, many on tip-toe, and all were nervous, impatient and excited. Clearly something was in the wind!

In the center of the plaza, high above the crowd, were four lines of gleaming steel, where the troops had formed a hollow square; and overtopping the lifted bayonets by twenty feet stood a monstrous gibbet. Fastened together by thongs of rawhide and bits of old rope, the rude contrivance looked gaunt and ghastly enough to frighten the boldest malefactor. From the cross-beam there dangled an effigy—that of the despised Judas Iscariot. It wore a waistcoat of yellow flannel striped with black, a red night-cap, a pair of torn, brown breeches, and its musty old boots were wonderfully down at heel and crumpled at the toes.

Poor Judas! Night-cap, boots and waistcoat—all were stuffed with squibs, crackers and Roman candles, while the breeches were burdened with a bombshell made of toughest pasteboard and swollen with combustibles. There in the dewy dawn, with the soft light of the Easter morning playing on his grotesque habiliments, hung the *similacrum* of the traitor in view of thousands—slowly turning half-way around at times, ignominously elbowed by vagrant breezes.

The trumpet sounded, a barefooted Corporal stepped from the ranks, and erect, emotionless, with the cold solemnity of an executioner, he approached the gibbet, carrying a long sugar-cane, at the end of which was a tuft of lighted tow. Instantly the hubbub of the multitude subsided and a profound calm set in. Even the *gamin*, frenzied as they were with fun and mischief, huddled together and held their breath.

Step by step marched the Corporal, till at last he came to an abrupt halt right under the cross-beam. The sugar-cane was lifted, it touched tho betrayer's left heel, and in the twinkling of an eye there was a terrific explosion. The boots flew into shreds, flames leaped from the stomach, the bombshell burst and split the brown breeches into a shower of rags, rockets whizzed from the ribs, the outstretched arms vanished from their sockets, the nightcap shot skyward clean out of sight—all in less than two minutes, amid the crashing of drums, the ringing of bells, the ear-splitting screams of the boys, and the hootings, *maldiciones* and uproarous merriment of soldiers and civilians, priests, paupers and patricians.

Half an hour later not a living creature was left in the plaza, for there were bull-fights and cock-fights, balls and gambling bouts yet to be attended to before the celebration of Easter Sunday was considered satisfactorily completed in a strictly religious manner.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Novelties in Instands.

A tiny ink bottle is set in the center of a silver knapsack.

A bronze bear scrambling over a fence has been made to do duty as an inkstand.

The "old oaken bucket," with its picturesque well-sweep attachment, is a favorite design.

A pear, made entirely of glass, is handsomely mounted in metal and has a space for holding ink where its core should be.

Devotees of the national game will appreciate an inkstand consisting of an ivory baseball, with the batter in bronze close at hand.

An attractive novelty is a grinning clown in brass, with the head stuck through a hoop of the same material. The ink is disclosed by lifting his peaked cap.

An appropriate desk ornament for a sporting man is a jockey cap in brass, with silver trimmings. It rests upon a couple of riding whips. The ink is hidden away under the topknot of the cap.

A genuine pearl shell makes a handsome base upon which is placed an ink bottle of colored glass in combination with a drove of sheep, a flock of geese, or some similar ornaments in oxidized silver.

For the girl who is afflicted with the yachting craze a nautical inkstand is by all odds the proper caper. By turning a windlass once around the well is disclosed and a drawer opens containing pens or stamps.

The pretty bamboo inkstands imported from Europe last season have nearly all been reproduced in this country in plush. They are so constructed that the perfume or odor bottles may be readily substituted for the ink well. Plush is cheaper than bamboo, but not nearly so serviceable.

A pleasing conceit for the library table is a clever representation of an open fireplace. It is made of polished brass, and red mica is placed in the back to imitate the glow of a real fire. The handirons serve as a pen rack, and a small clock rests upon the mantel.

The "Pale Faces."

This is the generic name of the white race bestowed by our copper-colored brother, the "noble savage." The Caucasian, though many shades lighter, is not necessarily pallid. But when his cuticle has the parchment colored tint, and his cheeks the hollowness indicative of a want of bodily stamina, he well deserves the appellation of "pale face." These facial indications should suggest a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an acknowledged rehabilitator of a failing strength and renewer of bodily substance. It is derived exclusively from botanical sources—is pure and efficient. Its invigorating action is prompt, thorough and speedily felt. Can the like be said of most tonics? Scarcely. Appetite, as well as the ability to satisfy it without subsequent discomfort, is renewed by it, and it effectually tones the liver and bowels. It fortifies the system against malaria and rheumatism, and remedies nervousness and kidney complaints.

JAPANESE STATISTICS.

The Empire Has a Population of Nearly Thirty-eight Millions.

The *London and China Telegraph*, referring to recent publications on Japanese statistics, says that on January 1, 1885, the Japanese empire had a population of 37,868,987, or an average of 99 inhabitants to each square kilometer, which is about the same average as Italy, and much more than that of Germany. But, if the large area of Yezo and the Kuriles, with its small population, be deducted, Japan proper has a population of 131 to the square kilometer, while Great Britain has only 114. For various reasons peculiar to the country and the people the distribution of the population is by clusters. In eight administrative districts the density reaches 220 per square kilometer, for these include the fertile rice plains and the most productive fisheries. Japan is a country of small peasant cultivation, rice being the principal staple, and hence the mountainous districts are very thinly inhabited. The average number of persons in a household is 4.91, while in Germany it is 4.7; but in urban households the average is much smaller than in the country or than those of European cities.

Notwithstanding the density of the population, the small number of populous towns is very striking. Only five have a population exceeding 100,000—viz.: Tokio, 902,837; Osaka, 353,970; Kioto, 255,403; Nagova, 126,898, and Kanagawa, 104,320. Six only have a population between 50,000 and 100,000. This peculiarity in distribution is due to the circumstance that Japan is not an industrial but an agricultural country. Another peculiarity is the proportion of the sexes. There were 19,157,977 males and 18,711,110 females, so that, reversing the rule in Europe, the males preponderate. This is said to be due to the fact that there is a great preponderance of female mortality between 15 and 40, Japanese statistics on this subject being wholly different from those of European countries. At the date of the census there were 8,898 Japanese abroad, their distribution being as follows: Corea, 4,356; China, 2,068; America, 817; Russia (mainly Eastern Siberia), 671; Great Britain, 264; France, 161; Germany, 129; and the remainder in other countries or on the sea.

Population of California.

The national census of 1880 credited this State with a population of 864,694. In 1885 a State census was made by estimate, and this gave California's population to be 1,079,000. Two years since that time have shown the greatest growth and development, in nearly all parts of the State, of any of the seven completed years of the decade. United States Surveyor-General Hammond, from facts and figures secured by him, estimates that on the 1st of the present month California's population was fully 1,350,000, with a floating population in addition of at least 300,000. Taking the census is a little outside the duties of the Surveyor-General, but in making up his annual report in November and December last he saw the need of knowing, as nearly as possible, the exact present population, that measures desired of Congress might better be urged, and so he set about securing the needed facts. Statistician Rhodes, employed in the office in this district, was intrusted with the task. All county great registers for recent elections were secured and overhauled, county books of statistics were examined carefully, and besides, circulars asking for latest school census reports were sent to all county School Superintendents. From these responses and from all other information accessible careful estimates were made. The result was an estimated population December 1st, last, of 1,250,000.—*Evening Bulletin.*

Mr. John Roach's Ship Yard

At Chester, Pa., has a Coppersmith's Department, and Mr. Geo. Nessenthaler, the foreman, says: About 1880 I was taken with kidney troubles. Of course, I tried home physicians but without obtaining relief. I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. The result is certainly a blessing to me and you are at liberty to say that I have been cured by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Redington & Co., Agents.

THE THROAT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat. Speakers and singers find the troches useful. Sold only in boxes.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Gums rosy and red
Teeth white and pearly,
When arising from bed
You should cleanse thus early.
Morning, noon and night
Pure SOZODONT the teeth makes bright. TTS

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o15-1y8

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 diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. MWF1y

John Eitel, Assayer and Chemist, corner Seventeenth and J streets, Also buys gold. tf

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

G. Potter, Manufacturer and Dealer in Harness and Saddles, 1114 Second st., K and L.tf

S. S. & E. L. Southworth, Dentists, Sac.

"NEVER QUARREL

With a woman." We almost forget this saying when we hear of a housekeeper who hasn't sense enough to use

SAPOLIO!

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly-washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seem light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to Sapolio. No. 23.

"SECURUS JUDICAT ORBIS TERRARUM."

Apollinaris.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

The filling at the Apollinaris Spring during the year 1887 amounted to

11,894,000 *bottles.*

Of all Grocers, Druggists, and Mineral Water Dealers.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

my2-WS

CITY MARKET.

No. 118 J Street.................Sacramento,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST favorably located Market for shipping of meats by either railroad or express, being but half a block from either place. Orders by freight or express are ready for shipping in twenty minutes after being received. Our meats are the best. Trade solicited and supplied at the lowest market rates

A. HEILBRON & BRO. Proprietors.

ap27-1plm

AUCTIONS.

Unusually and Exceptionally Fine

Auction Sale

OF TWO ENTIRE HOUSES OF

Household Furniture,

CARPETS, GLASSWARE, ETC.

BELL & CO...........AUCTIONEERS,

—WILL SELL—

ON SATURDAY.......................May 5th,

At 10 A. M., at Salesroom, 927 K street,

Two Houses Complete of Household Furniture, Carpets, Glassware, Crockery, etc. Also a large lot of Horses, Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, etc. NO LIMIT.

Sale positive. Terms cash.

my4-2t BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

W. H. SHERBURN,

Auctioneer.

SALESROOM, 323 K STREET.

REGULAR SALESDAYS,

TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS,

Owing to the great increase in my Auction business, I have determined to close out at private sale all of my large stock of CROCKERY-WARE, GLASSWARE, CUTLERY, etc., etc.

Bedrock prices on Plates, Cups and Saucers, Goblets, Fru Dishes, Hotel Ware, in fact everything in the above line. Call and get bargains.

No. 323 K Street.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

County Property.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN pursuance to an order of the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County, California, duly entered on April 7, 1888, that on

Friday, May 11, 1888,

At 10 o'clock A. M., at the door of the County Courthouse of Sacramento County, California, there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the old Bridge spanning the American River on the line of Twelfth street of Sacramento City, the Board of Supervisors of said county reserving from said sale the planking on said bridge, and further reserving the right to reject any and all bids for the same.

WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk of Said Board.

ap10-td

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

H. G. MAY & CO.,

428 AND 430 K STREET, CORNER FIFTH, Sacramento, Cal. Shippers of Fruit and Vegetables. Orders for the country carefully packed. P. O. Box 437. tf

S. GERSON & CO.,

General Commission Merchants

—WHOLESALE—

Fruit and Produce.

220 J Street,

SACRAMENTO..............................CAL

W. H. WOOD & CO.

(Successors to LYON & CURTIS),

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND WHOLESALE Dealers in California and Oregon Produce and Fruits. Potatoes, Beans, Apples, Oranges, etc., a specialty.

Nos. 117, 119 and 125....................J Street.

THE SACRAMENTO MARKET

CARRIES THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF Fruit, Produce, Fish, Poultry, Game, etc., to be found in the city.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.,

308, 310 and 312 K street, Sacramento.

Telephone 37. [tf] Postoffice Box 335.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.,

General Commission Merchants and Wholesale Dealers in

Fruit and Produce.

308, 310 and 312 K st., Sacramento.

Telephone 37. Postoffice Box 335. tf

CALIFORNIA MARKET,

No. 712 K street.

Garzoli & Genis,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in Butter, Domestic and Imported Cheese, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Fish, Fruit and General Produce. Orders delivered to any part of the city. Telephone No. 188. 1m

EUGENE J. GREGORY. FRANK GREGORY.

GREGORY BROS. CO.,

(Successors to GREGORY, BARNES & CO.),

Nos. 126 and 128 J Street........Sacramento,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND Fruit. Full Stocks of Potatoes, Vegetables, Green and Dried Fruits, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. Orders filled at Lowest Rates. tf

W. R. STRONG & CO.,

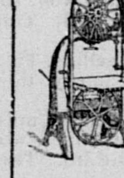
—WHOLESALE—

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

DEALERS,

SACRAMENTO...................[1p]...................CAL

ROSEDALE MARKET, 721 J STREET, SACRAMENTO, Cal., ATTAMA, WATSON & CO., Proprietors—Wholesale and retail dealers in Vegetables, Fruit, Eggs, Produce in General, Poultry, Game; Fresh, Smoked, Salt and Dry Fish. Hotels, restaurants and families supplied. Goods delivered free of charge. ap5-2m



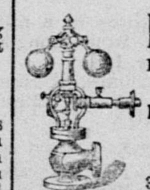
Wood-working

MACHINERY

Of all kinds, of Best Make, an LOWEST PRICE.

SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY,

Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, etc.



ENGINE GOVERNORS

Iron-Working Tools,

Crosby Steam Gauges

ENGINES and BOILERS

OF ANY CAPACITY, Etc

TATUM & BOWEN,

34 & 36 Fremont st., San Francisco.

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LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

THERMALITO COLONY.

THERMALITO!

The Home of the Orange, Olive and Vine.

$20,000 Hotel Only $360!

THE BEAUTIFUL PIONEER COLONY OF BUTTE CO., CAL.

THERMALITO WAS SURVEYED INTO TOWN LOTS, 50X150, AND 90X 160 feet, and in 1, 2, 5 and 10-acre lots, in June, 1887. Of these lots, 940 were offered for sale direct at $100 per acre. Terms of sale, one-third cash, one-third in one year, and balance in two years at 8 per cent. per annum. Over one-half of these lots have been sold to bona fide purchasers, who have personally examined the land, soil, location, and water-power and supply, on all of which

THERMALITO CHALLENGES COMPARISON.

500 LOTS..................THE ASSOCIATION OF..................500 LOTS

OFFERS THE FINEST CHANCE FOR A SURE INVESTMENT IN THE STATE.

These 500 Lots were set aside from the 1,440, to be improved with the purchase money paid for them, and to be distributed in the following manner: 500 purchasers buy the whole of the lots at $360 apiece, paying $30 in cash and $15 per month, until $150 is paid on each lot.

WITH THIS MONEY A

$20,000 HOTEL!

Is now being erected, and will be the LARGEST HOTEL in the State north of Sacramento. It is 104 feet wide, 1?8 feet long, and has an extreme elevation of 80 feet. Standing on a bluff 80 feet above Feather river, with Marysville Buttes in plain view, its situation is at once grand and impressive. Next, a $5,000 BRICK STORE AND HALL is being built. Also,

One $2,500 Cottage, one $2,000 Cottage, two $1,500 Cottages, two $1,000 Cottages, four $875 Cottages, and $1,000 worth of Ornamental Trees Planted.

Also, the streets adjoining the lots are being graded, and water is now piped, and being brought in pipes to each lot under a PRESSURE of from 100 to 150 FEET, to be used FREE FOR THREE YEARS, and at a low rate of Ten Cents per miner's inch for twenty-four hours' flow.

These improvements being made, the 500 owners of the land and improvements will come together and draw for choice of selection of lots among themselves; the FIRST CHOICE taking the HOTEL, or whatever he or she desires, and so on until each owner or holder of a certificate entitling him to a lot has made a selection. After the selections are made a deed will be given upon the payment of the balance of the $360, either in cash or installments of $15 per month.

THE 500 LOTS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

TEN	10-ACRE LOTS.
NINETY	5-ACRE LOTS.
FIFTY	2-ACRE LOTS.
FIFTY	1-ACRE LOTS.
ONE HUNDRED	90x160 LOTS.
TWO HUNDRED	50x150 LOTS.

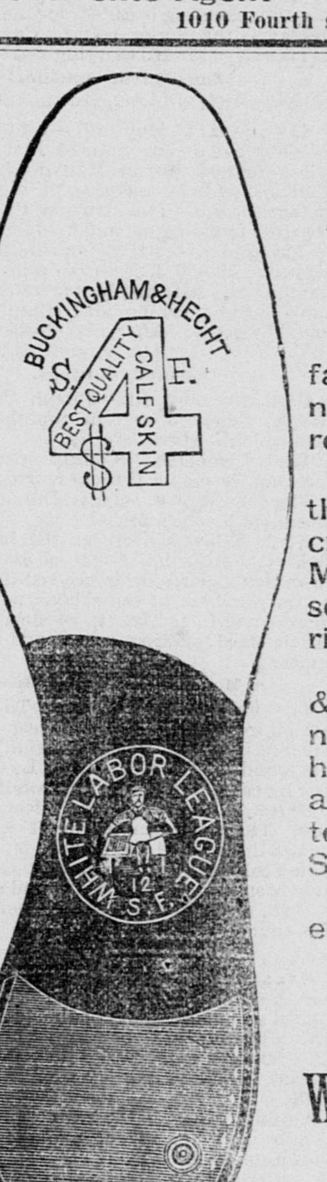
THE ASSOCIATION SHARES are being rapidly sold, improvements are going on, and selection of lots will be made as soon as the last is sold.

THERMALITO

ADVERTISES NOTHING that is not to be seen on the tract. It has now FIFTY acres of Orange Trees from two to ten years old. By JUNE 1, 1888, there will be planted in the colony between 250 and 300 acres of CITRUS FRUITS. The healthy location, magnificent view, fine water supply are vouched for. Soil from ten to twenty feet deep, covered with large oaks or cleared to suit purchasers.

Sacramento Agent..................NEWTON SEWELL,

1010 Fourth street, between J and K. TTF



A Splendid Shoe.

People will not leave tried and favorite brands of SHOES for new ones unless there are strong reasons for so doing.

Hence a new make of SHOES that at once springs into favor, crowding out old brands, MUST OF NECESSITY possess strong points of superiority.

Such is the history of the B. & H. $4 SHOE. Although a new production, it has already had a large sale, and is probably just what its makers intended it to be--the BEST Shoe of its kind in the market.

It comes in all sizes and several styles.

FOR SALE IN SACRAMENTO ONLY BY

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

mr15-tfTTS

CURE OF

CANCER and ULCERS.

Judge T. C. McLendon writes to the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga., under date of February 14, 1888: "About three years ago, Jerry Bradley, a colored man, had a cancerous sore on his face, near the right eye. It caused him a great deal of pain, and he lost the sight of the eye, but was finally cured of the cancer by the use of Swift's Specific. This case is well known in Wilkes Co., Ga, where he lived (near Danbury), and of this case, I, myself, had personal knowledge."

Mr. L. Cox, of Arkabutla, Tate Co., Miss. writes, February 24, 1888: "I suffered a great deal from old ulcers for six years. Your medicine was recommended to me, and after using six bottles, I was completely cured. I never saw its equal as a Blood Purifier. My neighbors will use no other. Your medicine does even more than you claim for it. I have known it to cure cases which were thought to be hopeless. It is the best medicine made."

Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith, No. 674 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes, February 22, 1888: "I commenced using S. S. S. about three years ago. I had suffered with a sore throat for over a year, when I commenced using your remedy. I used a great many other remedies with no good results. My little girl, also, had sore fingers; it commenced from the quick, and then the nails would come off. We doctored her for over two years, and when I commenced using S. S. S. I thought I would see what it would do for her. I am thankful to say that it entirely cured her. It is the best remedy I know of for the blood. I really believe it was the means of saving my life. The doctor told me I had a throat disease similar to General Grant's. I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from disordered blood. I use it now as a tonic whenever I think I need it."

Mr. B. F. George, Milford P. O., Ellis Co., Texas, writes: "I had a cancerous wart or mole on my eyelid, as large as the end of my thumb, which had the appearance of cancer, causing me much pain and inflammation, from which I suffered a long time. Seeing the S. S. S. advertised I commenced using it, and after the use of a few bottles the sore dropped out, my cancer was gone, and I was entirely relieved."

Mr. G. W. Pettis, of Aikin, S. C., writes: "I was a sufferer from cancer of the breast, and had been under the treatment of three physicians, but it did me no good. It was so bad that I had to stop work. After taking a course of S. S. S. I was entirely cured."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He tood Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

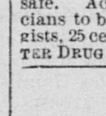
100 Doses One Dollar

A Word about Catarrh.

"It is the mucous membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitals, and renders life but a long-drawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammeling the powers of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath, and killing the refined pleasure of taste. Insidiously, by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membraneous lining and envelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply procrastinated sufferings, leading to a fatal termination. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, by *Inhalation* and by *Internal* administration, has never failed; even when the disease has made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered, and the disease thoroughly driven out."

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, neatly wrapped in one package, with full directions; price, $1.

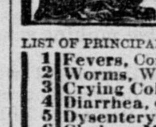
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



EVERY MUSCLE ACHES.

Sharp Aches, Dull Pains, Strains and Weakness, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a perfect antidote to pain inflammation and weakness. The first and only pain-killing Plaster. Instantaneous, infallible, safe. Acknowledged by druggists and physicians to be the best yet prepared. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. MTh

HUMPHREYS'



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Cloth & Gold Binding

144 Pages, with Steel Engraving,

MAILED FREE.

Address, P. O. Box 1810, N. Y.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
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19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
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SPECIFICS.

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

AT ONCE. IT WILL CURE YOU. TRY IT

Coughs, Colds and Consumption are the dreaded C's which seize upon our health. They can be cured by the use of

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

which cures all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS," on the wrapper.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, BOSTON, Prop'rs.

IT IS VERY PLEASANT TO THE TASTE.

SEND FOR A PAMPHLET TO ONE AND ALL.