LETTER FROM AUSTRIA.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE FROM A SACRAMENTAN.

Pointed Illustration of the Free Trade and Protection Question.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

VIENNA, May 16, 1888.

There is a marked transition noticeable even to the casual observer, in entering Austria from Italy via Venice. Pontaba is the frontier town of Italy and it differs little from other Italian towns. On the Austrian side of the boundary line is the town of Pontaffel, and though only a short walk from Pontaba, it in no way bears any resemblance to it. The houses are different, the signs are different, the language is different, and the dress, habits and customs are different, and as soon as the train leaves Pontaffel for Steirmark the most noticable difference of all will be oberved. The mountains which in Italy are generally barren are here covered almost to their summit with a thick growth of timber. The scenery between Pontaffel and Vienna may be ranked as among the finest in Europe.

THE CITY OF VIENNA.

Vienna's boast is, "S'gibt nur ein Kaiser Stadt; S'gbt nur ein Wien," and for aught I know the boast may be in order. The city presents the most orderly array of handsomely built houses to be found in Europe. If there is any defect noticeable at all it is in the monotony that even fine buildings will produce if uniformity in style and color is insisted upon. One street is generally a sample of many, and a stranger is apt to believe that he must be near his hotel when in fact he may be several miles away from it. So uniformly smooth and even do the buildings appear that one is apt to believe that they were constructed and designed by the same architect. The outside finish and material would, at first glance, appear to be of a yellowish limestone, or a brownish sandstone, but on a closer analysis it will be ascertained that the supposed blocks of hewn stone, the columns, bas reliefs and statues are made of a mixture of sand, lime, cement, glue and other ingredients. Attempts have been made to introduce this method of building into the Eastern cities of the United States, notably New York. After a short but disastrous trial, however, it was abandoned because it was found that this composition was far from being durable in the moist atmosphere of the East. I am of the opinion, however, that for California it would be found to be excellent, as our climate is even drier than that of Vienna.

Any of our enterprising architects or contractors may obtain a workman skilled in the art of its preparation and application at a salary of about $2 50 a day. The American Consul here would no doubt select a worthy and competent man on application.

Vienna, although as large as New York, presents the appearance of a holiday town. Music and soldiers are almost everywhere to be seen and heard. The heavy-laden trucks that are to be seen almost choking Broadway and the many arteries of the thoroughfares of New York are here conspicuous by their absence, carriages rattle over the well-paved street in innumerable numbers at almost all hours of the day or night, and a steady stream of people appear to fill the numerous "cafes" at all seasonable and unseasonable hours.

The "Prater" is a resort for the Viennese and the stranger. In the afternoon throngs of people come to the "Prater," and at the main entrance the crowd breaks up into two divisions, one going to the "people's" avenue, and the other to the "nobility" avenue. The "people's" avenue contains a series of dime museums, Punch and Judy shows, cheap restaurants, and beer stands. The "nobility" avenue is the chief resort for pedestrians, vehicles and horseback-riders. The chief attractions, however, are the three places of resort known as "Cafe Haus No. 1," No. 2 and No. 3. At these resorts may be seen thousands of people seated around small tables, on which may generally been seen a half dozen, more or less, of beer glasses, containing the principal beverage of the Viennese, viz: Vienna beer. There are almost constantly to be seen around these tables hawkers and venders of brown bread, cheese, and sausages, and they appear to be well patronized, although not near as well as the beer "Kelner."

Each of these "cafe" houses furnish first class music by military bands, and the people appear to appreciate it. No one seems to be in a hurry, and the chief aim is to get a good seat in one of the three favorite "cafe" houses. Almost everyone you meet and see is dressed neatly, and almost the entire population have an air of holiday style about them to be met with nowhere in Spain or Italy or even the United States. You wonder where all these holiday people get their living from—and after trying hard to solve this problem you "give it up." I have several times asked the guide to show me the poorer portion of the town, expecting, when there, to see somewhat of the "Barbary Coast" of San Francisco, the "Five Points" of New York, "Seven Dials" of London, or the "Plazas del Peopolo" of Italy, but I could find no such places here. Poor quarters there were, but all looked clean and respectable.

Occasionally a phase of humanity could be discerned, that indicated only too plainly, however, that behind this seeming Arcadia of placidity and abundance there is a hard, cruel and stern reality among the people whose misfortune it is to be in need of bread, and whose only means for satisfying that need is by daily labor. In feature they resemble more the carved wooden faces of some clumsy wood-worker than they do "the noblest work of God." There is scarce a ray of intelligence in their stolid, stupid look, and it seems to me that it would take generations of reclamation work before these people could be brought up to a "thinking point." The women who "carry the hod," the women and men who are employed in the fields, the day laborers, the factory hands—what of them? What? The Indians scalp their enemies; but the enemies of these people—what have they done? They have tapped their heads and extracted their brains; and these poor folk go around, "having eyes, see not;" "having ears, they hear not." Who are their enemies? Who, indeed! Soldiers to the right of you, soldiers to the left of you. Soldiers are the omnipresent grasshoppers that devour the brains and sear the souls of the poor. Whosoever has Emperor, nobleman and soldier, must be satisfied to be robbed and abused. It costs money to support these luxuries, and Emperors are not bashful.

What a howl there is raised among our citizens at Sacramento if there is an issue before them of a raise of an extra quarter-cent for school, levee or street improvement purposes. Our interpreter (a well-informed Austrian) told me that in Vienna real estate is taxed 40 per cent. of its real value. "Forty per cent.?" I repeated. "You must mean 4 per cent." "No," he replied, "I mean what I said—40 per cent." I thought that the man was either ignorant or did not inform me correctly, so passing the United States Consul, Mr. Edmund Jussen, I asked him if my guide's statement had any truth in it.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "the average collected is about 40 per cent., but the amount desired is about 50 per cent."

"But how can the people afford it?" I asked.

"It is not a question of *afford;* it is a question of *must* pay," he said. This outrageous tax, it is true, is paid by the owners of buildings, but *some one* has to stand it. The "stander" here, as elsewhere, is the he or she who is compelled to sell his or her labor. It is thus the paying class get even, and the laborer is none the wiser; and as far as the Kaiser, nobleman, soldier or employer is concerned, he never need be.

Talk of free trade! A fine idea it would be—fine for Kaiser, fine for noblemen, fine for the employer in Europe—but it will be worse than "Rough on Rats" for the workingmen and workingwomen of America. If we want what is good for us at home, then we want no free trade. We of California should look sharp to this. I do not say these things from a view of partisan bias, for I am no slave to party, nor should any citizen of the United States be. I would not have free trade because I can see here in Europe, with my own eyes, that it is a wrong policy. There is scarce a day that I do not have ample evidences of the European itching to have us slip into the hidden noose of destruction in the shape of free trade. Yesterday I visited the establishment of Theodore Etti, who does an extensive business in canned goods, raisins, nuts, etc. I asked him if he handled California canned fruits, and he replied, "Yes, we take from 80 to 100 cases a season, but the duty is entirely too high, it is almost prohibitory. If it were lower we could sell many more."

"How does the California apricot compare in size and quality to those of Europe?"

"They are larger and finer looking."

He also said: "We did a large business in American corned beef some few years ago when the duty was six florins; but now it is forty florins, and that, of course, is equivalent to making the importation of these goods prohibitory."

This is only one side of the story; now for the other. I learned that active and efficient European committees were judiciously distributed in Washington and elsewhere in the United States who "lobbied" and caused to be "lobbied" sundry measures, with a view of obtaining a material reduction on imports, especially on fruits, nuts, etc. How these keen noblemen (?) must laugh in their sleeves at our forbearance or seeming stupidity. Our fruits, our corn, our pork, our canned goods are kicked out of their market, and yet they come to "lobby" their products into our territory on the lowest possible rates. No doubt free trade would suit them much better. Of course it would. No doubt the Massachusetts orator claimed that fruit at low prices is a blessing to the poor in the crowded Eastern cities. No doubt it is, but it is time that our California representatives should reply that cheap pins, cheap needles, cheap hooks and eyes, cheap buttons and cheap knives would be a blessing to the people of the Pacific Coast. Protection should be general if it is to be just.

DAVID LUBIN.

ROYAL SPOOK.

The "White Lady" of Death and the Ghost of a Royal Line.

[From American Notes and Queries.]

The "White Lady" is a legendary apparition in Germany that is said to appear mysteriously shortly before the death of any of the royal family to warn them of the approaching demise.

There is a curious legend, which is very generally believed, that the White Lady appeared to Frederick I. of Prussia while in his late illness. One night he was lying on his bed in a weak, half-unconscious condition; a lamp burning near his pillow, a valet asleep on a mattress at his feet. Suddenly he heard the hangings divide, and by the light of the night-lamp he saw a tall white lady with outstretched arms and flowing hair, inclining her head toward the bed, and turning from right to left, as though she sought something under the hangings. At last she discovered the King, and her steady eyes looked at him long in silence. William raised himself and made a movement. Her eyes followed him; she was unmoved. At that moment the clock on a pier-table near the bed rang the hour and stopped. The lady reclosed the hangings slowly and disappeared. At the same moment a violent crash was heard in the room adjoining, where were, and now are, placed on etageres, the plates and dishes used in the fetes of the Prussian King. All the silver and gilt and all the bric-a-brac of horn and of glass shook and fell with a crash to the floor.

The valet awoke; the King cried in accents of terror: "There! there! she went out there!" and with a bewildered look, his hand extended, he pointed to the door of the private room.

"Who?" asked the valet, half asleep.

"The White Lady, I tell you. Go and see which way she went."

The valet searched all over the palace, and found no other specter than a corporal in the act of awakening a sentinel.

"I saw the white Lady," said the King, as though speaking to himself, and covered his face with the bed covering.

Next day he ordered his coffin, and bade the Queen, his wife, to lie in it, in order to see if it were of the right dimensions. This was his last piece of cruelty. He died that evening.

The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns is by some authorities said to be the ghost of Agnes, Countess of Orlamunde, who murdered her children to please her paramour, Albert Burgrave, of Nurnberg; by others to be Kunigunde of Orlamunde, who also killed her children by running a silver hair-pin into their brains, and who forms the subject of a popular ballad. But most accounts make her Bertha, the daughter of Ulrich von Rosenberg, Burgrave of Bohemia, who captured the Catholic army levied against the Hussites. Of course, the identity of names has led to the adoption of this story. This Bertha was born between 1420 and 1430. She married John of Lichenstein, a Syrian noble, who cruelly maltreated her. On his death she returned to Bohemia to her brother, Henry of Rosenburg, and devoted her days to care for orphans. She always wore the then customary white mourning habit of a widow. She superintended the building of the Castle of Neuhaus, a difficult and hazardous undertaking, cheering on the workmen by her kindly words of interest, and when this was finished gave a grand feast to the masons, and founded a charity for the annual provision of a similar banquet, which is still given every Maunday-Thursday to the worthy poor. The Rosenberg family, by the way, is allied to that of the Hohenzollerns.

There are many correspondences between this Bertha and the goddess. Her white habit and her care of orphans are significant enough. At her annual banquet the viands are precisely those which once were sacred to the goddess Bertha, and which are still eaten in some parts of Germany at twelfth-night, or epiphany—which is there called Berchtentag, or Bertha's day.

Popular tradition asserts that one day, nightfall, Frederick the Great was alone in his library, which is at the extreme end of the castle, standing before a music-stand which he used when playing the flute. The door opened and the White Lady traversed the room without looking at him. For a moment the King was confused. He had, however, the courage to follow her; he opened the door through which she disappeared, but she had already crossed the next room, the door closing automatically after her. Frederick pursued her from room to room without reaching her, and finally stopped at the vestibule door. The apparition hesitated a moment, then, vaguely beckoned him to "come on," and disappeared. The ruler then locked himself in his room, the story goes, and remained motionless for long hours. His eyes were fixed on a corner of the room, while a gleam of expectation, not unmingled with fear, was visible. A few days after this adventure is said to have occurred Frederick the Great died.

Prince Jerome, son of Jerome Napoleon, former King of Westphalia, once told the following story of this historical visitant: "One very dark night, when every one was asleep in Stuttgart, a carriage with six horses rattled over the pavement and drew up before the palace. The steps were let down in the sight of the sentinels who looked down from the galleries; the White Lady stepped out. The gates did not open before her, yet she appeared within, passing through the doors as though they were nothing but a veil of fog. She paced with stately bearing along the great gallery. The sentinels did not dare to lay hands on her. What followed? Duke Ferdinand of Wurtemberg, the King's uncle, died January 20, 1834. At the time when my father was King of Westphalia, his Minister at the Court of Berlin wrote to him a letter, which I have kept as a curiosity. 'No news,' he said, 'at Berlin, except that the palace is in commotion because the White Lady has been seen. However, I think nothing of that, as every member of the royal family is now in the enjoyment of rude health.' However, not long after, in came a dispatch with different tidings. The beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia was dead."

A COIL OF WIRE.

How it is Made From What is Technically Known as "Bloom."

How are large cakes or lumps of steel made into fine wire? The process is interesting. How do the steel blooms become finely polished wire? The manufacture is peculiar. The bloom, as we follow it in the wire factory, is first cut into billets some twenty inches long and four inches square. These are brought red-hot from the furnaces and slipped between the rolls. In a moment the billet of steel becomes a stout, fibery serpent. A man at the opposite side of the furnace nips it around the neck with his tongs, and slips its head between the next and small pair of rolls, so that before the tail of the red serpent has emerged from between the larger rolls, the head had been squeezed to smaller dimensions in the second rolls. The same process is repeated again after the rod has passed through the second roll, workmen being ready to seize the serpent, twist his body around and let its head be caught by a third roll. Thus it is passed on, each time becoming longer and thinner, and the billet, after passing through eighteen rolls, becomes a wire rod. As the rod passes through the last roll it is conveyed through a pipe three inches in circumference. As it wriggles out of the pipe in twisted form it is thrown across the iron floor of the factory or wire mill.

The rolls are kept constantly at work, for one rod has no sooner passed through the first roll than another enters it, and as the rod grows in length one end may be passing out across the floor while the other is half a dozen rolls in the rear. Thus it twists its dull-red, thread-like length like a serpent in and out of the rolls, often near the ankles of the workmen ready with their tongs to guide it onward in its devious windings. When the rod is at last spun upon the floor the end is taken up and twisted upon its reel, which rapidly winds it into a coil.

After the rods leave the "blooming mill" they are taken to the "wire mill," where they are hung around wooden blocks, perhaps half a dozen coils on each block, which are lowered into huge tubs of sulphuric acid, and allowed to remain there until the acid has removed the impurities from the surface. The blocks are then raised by a pulley, and the rods are thrown upon the floor and washed with hose. Having been loaded on trucks and dried, one end of each rod is pointed by a revolving machine so as to pass into the die which is to draw the rods into wire. Having been removed to the wire blocks, the rods are then drawn by being passed through a tapering hole in a steel die.

The steel rod, having thus been transformed into wire, is taken to the annealing furnace, where it is annealed and polished by a secret process. The wire, which has hitherto been of a dull brown color, is given a bright polish by the annealing, and the cleaning which it afterwards receives. Having been removed to the galvanizing house, the wire is run over a series of wheels and slides which stretch it from the floor horizontally, and, working automatically, dips the wire in lime every time it reaches the floor. In galvanizing, the process consists of the wire passing through a solution of muriatic acid and gravel, next through a drying fuanace, and afterward through a metal bath of zinc. The wire next passes through a "wiping box," filled with mineral wool which is agitated by a number of rollers. The substance wipes off the surpius zinc and bestows upon the wire a smooth surface. The long line of wire, which now has a bright, silvery appearance, is then bundled up in reels ready for the market, each reel weighing about 100 pounds.—*Wheeling, (W. Va.) Register.*

Seed Postage Iniquities.

Though the Senate has passed two bills granting reduced postage on seeds, the House has so far failed to take action on them. It is confidently predicted, however, that the desired reduction will be obtained ere long. As an example of the present unfair condition of things, American seedmen are required to pay 16 cents a pound postage on their goods (and this, of course, comes out of the pockets of the consumers). By agreement with Canada, the United States carries all mail matter from that country directed to points in the United States at the same rate of postage as prevails in Canada. The rate on seeds in that country is only 4 cents per pound; consequently a person can mail a pound of seeds from Canada into the United States for 4 cents, while if the recipient in the United States desired to send them back to the same place it would cost him 16 cents.

James Vick of Rochester, who has taken an active part in having our postal rates rectified, especially as regards seedsmen, brought this matter very forcibly to the minds of some of our Congressmen at Washington by sending them packages of plants from Canada on which the postage was three cents (three-fourths of a pound). When the wife of one of the Representatives, on their receipt, finding them in excellent condition, endeavored to mail them to her home with only a three-cent postage stamp they were sent back to her from the postoffice with a statement that nine cents more postage was needed. It was a cute scheme on Mr. Vick's part, but a very forcible argument.

By a similar agreement with that country, to send a pound of seed or plants to England, it would cost him 8 cents, while if he were sending them anywhere in the United States, the same package would cost 16 cents. For only 12 cents a pound seeds can be sent to Jamaica and registered, which would cost 26 cents in the United States. To regulate such charges and place American citizens on the same footing in their own country as foreigners, is one of the important aims of the American Seed Trade Association.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Saloons in Southern California.

The Ontario *Record* thus reviews the situation as regards saloons in Southern California: "Pasadena's noble anti-saloon fight that culminated in the approval by the Supreme Court of a prohibitory ordinance, is bearing fruit rapidly. Elsinore is the last town to wheel into line with a prohibitory ordinance, and even saloon-cursed Colton is agitating the saloon question, with good prospects of at least decreasing the number of her gin mills. Southern California now has six towns with municipal prohibition: Pasadena, Riverside, Monrovia, South Pasadena, Orange, and Elsinore, in the order of their adoption of the prohibitory ordinance. Ontario, Glendora, Coronado and some other smaller places are protected in a greater or less degree by a prohibitory clause in deeds and a strong temperance sentiment. All these towns are good places to settle in. The saloon is doomed in Southern California, and we have demonstrated pretty conclusively that it forms no essential factor of our boom. It will take time to rout the rum power in the larger towns and cities, but meantime the examples of the benefits of local prohibition are multiplying."

Marriage in Zululand.

A marriage among the Zulus is as binding as any nuptial ceremony in England, and a man can not put away his wife without a valid cause, approved by the Councilors of the tribe. Infidelity is punishable by death both to wife and partner in guilt. Constant and systematic disobedience or incorrigible idleness, is punished by divorce. If the woman thinks she is at all ill treated, she can return to her father, who can keep her by repaying the number of cows paid for her, the children, being regarded as solely hers, going with her. If a wife proves childless, she is divorced without further payment. In that case, if the sister have children, the first two of her offsprings are transferred to the first wife, and are considered as her children. When twins occur one is always sacrificed to avert ill luck. If a man wishes to take more wives he must always obtain the consent of the first or queen wife. In fact, the Zulu laws of marriage resemble the old Mosaic laws, and their social condition is very similar to that of the Israelites when the Divine law was first given them. *London Figaro.*

THE FASHIONS.

LETTER FROM THE "RECORD-UNION'S" CORRESPONDENT.

To Seem and to Be—Studies of Style—A Summer's Outfit—Boating and Tennis Costumes.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1888.

To seem is now as easy as to be—perhaps easier, since puffings weigh less than pounds of flesh, and are preferable in locomotion on a warm day. Thin arms grow more than symmetrical under inflated sleeves and corsages afford unheard of opportunities for deception. Puffed out vests and all manner of kindred bagginess are so fashionable as to merit a special paragraph. Skirts increase in circumference as bustles diminish, while pronounced figured patterns and large plaids go to complete the attenuated woman's stock of ammunition, the liberty of to-day admitting moreover, if need be, of plentiful frizzes around the face and full dressing about the neck. Nor should my readers imagine the above words written in a spirit of satire. The woman to whom addition is an addition, ought to add, as the woman who should substract, ought to substract.

TO UNDERSTAND ONE'S OWN STYLE

Is, indeed, the corner-stone of good dressing, and, as a celebrated music teacher headed all his exercises with the words, "Practice slowly," so would I head, if practicable, each article on fashion with a caution as to the importance of knowing one's defects and counteracting them. But yesterday, in a Broadway car, were two notable examples of the force of what has been written. Two ladies were seated side by side—one extremely pale and thin, the other stout and florid. Example 1 wore a dress of large plaided pattern and decided color, made with bouffant skirt, full sleeves and puffed corsage. Result—An agreeable-looking woman. No. 2 wore a close-fitting black wool dress, made with straight, falling-skirt draperies. Her case was the more difficult of the two, since it is easier to point the scissors outward in cutting cloth, than in an opposite direction, for the taking off of inconvenient avoirdupois; but she felt that she had done her part.

A word as to color—it is of such consequence and in regard to it such mistakes are made. There is no greater snare than an undecided color. It is fatal, unless the complexion be perfect, and equally so if the wearer is stout. A dress of undecided color can, it is true, be relieved by a combination or trimming of opposite character, but the experiment is hazardous, and had best be avoided—the more so, as decided colors are always obtainable. But to return to

THE LANGUAGE OF DECEPTION.

Perhaps it is to atone for the severely high necks that fancy runs riot in additions on the fronts of corsages. Folds are in formal lines or loose, or the fabric may lie carelessly, the broken outlines running every way, but adding greatly to the apparent development. Vests give unexampled opportunity, and their immense popularity presents room for perpetual variation. On dresses of every material they find appropriate display, and are used not only to afford amplitude to thin figures, but in flat styles for short persons, often bring about fine effects of contrast or harmony.

Waistcoats are akin to vests and each day become more fashionable, the jaunty, loose coats to which they are adjuncts being another weapon in the hands of thin beauties. Elegant waistcoats are of rich white or pale colored silk, beautifully embroidered by hand, the coat being of fine black or dark colored cloth; but less expensive waistcoats are of thick white cloth covered with metal braid. Sometimes the coat cleeves have a cuff to match, which gives to the wearer a military air. Mixed cloth coats are not unfrequently worn with metal-braided waistcoats, but should not have the ornamental cuffs. Metal-braided hats may match, since cloth hats or bonnets are stylish.

A SUMMER OUTFIT.

A lady desiring advice in spending $300 for a summer outfit, and as she is past thirty, a black silk costume should come first, and for this she might allow $75 or $100. Next an India or foulard silk dress, $40; a thin wool dress, $25; a gingham and a sateen morning dress, $30 for the two; a cashmere or combination of cashmere and silk, with touches of metal trimming. The remainder might be spent for shade hat, parasol and minor articles, while a drapery net dress might replace the cashmere or cashmere and silk. Drapery net would of course require a silk combination or lining, and for combination moire would be stylish, but a cheap silk would serve as a lining.

FLANNEL DRESSES

For tennis, boating or yachting attract much attention by a pretty jauntiness, while independent blouse waists of flannel are to be worn with flannel skirts, thus forming a combination suit, or with any kind of thin wool skirt, spare the making of a special costume. Silk blouses are extremely tasteful and may replace those of flannel, while *negligee* morning dresses may be rendered more comfortable by independent blouses of cross-barred muslin, percale or linen. Some most attractive flannel costumes are in preparation for Shelter Island, that lovely summer resort, where one looks from green grass, trees and hillsides to health-restoring salt waters. Yachting, boating and bathing are recreations for everyone, while the young people enjoy evening dances. I hope myself for a sojourn there this season.

ROSALIND MAY.

A TRANSATLANTIC BALLOON.

The Huge Contrivance to Start From New York in August.

The Paris *Matin* gives full details concerning the projected transatlantic balloon trip of Captain Jovis, a Frenchman, who proposes to start from New York some time in August. The balloon, which has been named the Atlantic, has a cubic contents of 25,000 cubic meters, a diameter of thirty-six meters, and a circumference of 110 meters. It will be the largest balloon ever built. The fabric is to be double, made especially for the purpose, and will be covered with a new varnish, supposed to make it practically air-tight. The covering and its varnish are so light that the enormous balloon, as high as an eight-story building, is to weigh but 4,000 pounds. The car is four meters wide by three meters and a half long. It is provided with two enormous floats of basket-work, covered with oil-skin, in order to keep it above water at sea. The hold of the car will contain the ballast, which, in this case, will be bird-shot instead of sand. There are two cabins, each one provided with air mattresses, which will also serve as life-rafts in case of need. As the voyage will last three days or more, provision has been made for cooking. A stove, inclosed in wire gauze, such as is used in the Davy safety-lamps, will be used. Attached to the car will be a steam-launch provided with fuel and stores. The rest of the equipment consists of ropes, life-preservers, anchors, instruments, photographic apparatus, etc. The car will be lighted by electricity from storage batteries.

The Atlantic will be filled with hydrogen gas, which, having a lifting power of 1,150 grammes per cubic meter, will give a carrying power of 27,000 kilos (54,000 pounds). As the balloon, its car, its passenger, etc., will weigh in all 10,000 kilos, there will remain a margin of 17,000 kilos with which to make the trip. According to calculations based upon a number of experiments, the loss of gas will amount to about 1,000 cubic meters a day. If the trip last eighty-five hours, as computed, the speed being estimated at 150 kilometers, about 4,000 kilos of ballast will have to be thrown overboard. Captain Jovis is confident that even should he come down in the middle of the Atlantic no harm will come to his party. In the last ten years he has descended at sea no less than twenty-nine times, twice by accident and the other times intentionally. Once he remained seven hours floating around before help arrived. The Captain announces that four persons, including a sailor, will accompany him. One of the persons he mentions, Paul Arene, a Paris journalist, writes, however, to the *Gil Blas* to say that he has no intention of risking his neck in any such enterprise.—*New York Post.*

A Question of Double Personality.

The fact of sleep may of itself have already suggested the idea of two distinct persons, for we certainly are not the same sleeping and waking. Yet, in sleep, we have recollections from the waking state, and we can remember from sleep when awake. There is, therefore, an essential connection between the two states. There are in natural somnambulism at the same time more or less of analogy with the wakeful condition. In one respect it more resembles wakefulness; for while, in natural sleep, the dream is absolutely incoherent, the somnambulist plays out his dreams; that is, he executes a system of co-ordinated movements having a beginning, a middle and an end, or a certain coherence. On the other hand, somnambulism is further separated from wakefulness in the fact that the man awake wholly loses the recollection of what the sleeping man has done, while the somnambulist can remember what he has done in a previous sleep. There are, then, in some fashion, two lives, and the hypothesis dreamed of by Pascal is very near to being realized; "If we dreamed every night the same things, it would affect us as much as objects that we see every day; and if an artisan were sure to dream during the twelve hours of every night that he is a king, I believe that he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream for twelve hours that he was an artisan." Pascal speaks here only of dreaming, but it must not be forgotten that somnambulism is composed both of dream and reality. The somnambulist performs actions that take place in the real world; he walks, he writes, he does nearly everything that he does while awake, and is even able to speak and reply. Hence we have only to represent to ourselves somnambulism gaining more and more upon the waking condition, encroaching upon it, and at last becoming a second waking alternating with the other, and retaining only one feature of somnambulism—the loss of recollection on waking. —*Paul Janet, in the Popular Science Monthly for July.*

Origin of Pottery-Ware.

Every man, no doubt, used his gourd as a gourd alone. But as time went on he began at last, apparently, to employ it as a model for pottery also. In all probability his earliest lessons in the fictile art were purely accidental. It is a common trick with savages to put water to warm on the camp-fire in a calabash or gourd with wet clay smeared over the bottom to keep it from burning. Whenever the clay thus employed was fine enough to form a mold and bake hard in shape, it would cling to the gourd, and be used time and again in the same way without renewal, till at last it came to be regarded almost as a component part of the compound vessel. Traces of this stage in the evolution of pottery still exist in various outlying corners of the world. Savages have been noted who smear their dishes with clay; and bowls may be found in various museums which still contain more or less intact the relics of the natural object on which they were modeled. In one case the thing imbedded in the clay bowl is a human skull, presumably an enemy's.

In most cases, however, the inner gourd or calabash, in proportion as it was well coated up to the very top with a good protective layer of clay, would tend to get burned out by the heat of the fire in the course of time; until at last the idea would arise that the natural form was nothing more than a mere mold or model, and that the earthenware dish which grew up around it was the substantive vessel. As soon as this stage of pot-making was arrived at, the process of firing would become deliberate, instead of accidental, and the vessel would only be considered complete as soon as it had been subjected to a great heat which would effectually burn out the gourd or calabash imbedded in the center.—*Grant Allen, in the Popular Science Monthly for July.*

The Civilizing Potato.

The potato has been a great civilizer. It commenced its work 300 years ago as a native American, and it hasgone all over the world, doing its work in all lands quietly yet steadily, and in two ways—first, by being so cheap and abundant that everybody came to like it; next, by failing until everybody missed it and went to hunting all over the world for it. In 1880 this country produced about 170,000,000 bushels of potatoes. To-day we are importing potatoes from Germany, Belgium, Scotland, England, Ireland. Our potato crop failed in a great degree last year because of drought in the West and long continuous rains in the East. Hence, we are importing potatoes and paying a duty of 15 cents per bushel on them besides freight. If there had been a total failure of the potato crop we would have ransacked the world for them, for now we must have them however high they come. This shows how the potato has become a civilizer. We are short 20,000,000 of bushels, and must call on the world to make up that shortage. Generally, England is short on potatoes. Luckily this year she and all Europe have a surplus. Next year the situation may be reversed. Ireland ran out of potatoes in 1847, and commenced starving until we supplied her. Six years ago we had a great failure, and Ireland supplied us. But the year before that England and Ireland had to import potatoes. The potato appears and disappears, to teach the world mutual independence. The original potato still flourishes in a island off Chile, a gnarled and diminutive tribe, the ancester of a long and prolific and beneficent line.—*Exchange.*

A Dog to Climb Trees.

A few years ago Attorney-General T. T. M., of my State, was with his family rusticating for a short while in the country at the house of a hospitable Southern planter, a relative of my own, where I was also a guest.

We had fine sport shooting partridges (*Ortyx virginianus,* I believe the savants call them) over my good setter Noggs, of happy memory, who, poor fellow, died of a well-defined case of consumption at the age of seven, after a most useful and honorable life. We also had very good squirrel shooting in all the small creek bottoms, where they greatly abounded that season.

One evening near sunset the General picked up his gun and strolled down to the "spring," about three hundred yards from the house. He was accompanied by his young hopeful, D., aged about five, and by the dog Noggs. Several squirrels were discovered in the trees near the spring, and the General emptied five or six shells without bringing one to the ground, much to the disappointment of the boy and dog.

As they strolled up the hill they accidentally kicked up a rabbit (so-called), which ran into the jaws of Noggs and was captured. After the momentary excitement was over and the rabbit secured, little D., who has a comical trick of stammering in his speech, thus delivered himself: "Father, d-d-don't you wish o-o-old Noggs c-c-could c-c-climb a tree and c-catch a squirrel!"—*Forest and Stream.*

Panthers in California.

Panthers are very abundant on the McCloud river and very destructive to stock, especially to pigs, and from the experience we have had with them here, I should say that in this region at least they very seldom climb trees. They are perfectly well able to, but they can jump into a tree so much quicker and easier than they can climb into it that they very seldom, if ever, resort to climbing. I think they would consider it slow work.

The hunters here assert very positively, and stick to it, that panthers can jump to the limb of a tree twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and as all the trees about here have limbs nearer the ground than that, it is obvious that our panthers would have very little occasion to resort to the slow process of climbing. But in other parts of the country, where the trees grow to a greater hight without branches, there is hardly a doubt, I think, that panthers climb up the trunks of the trees when necessity for it occurs. But even then I fancy that they jump the first twenty feet or more up the tree. They must certainly be able to climb trees whenever they want to, for their claws and limbs are much stronger compared with the weight of their bodies than is the case with our common house cat, which climb trees easily enough.—*Forest and Stream.*

NICKNAMES OF STATES.

By-Names Given Residents of Different Commonwealths.

The following are the popular nicknames for the States:

States.	By-names.
Alabama	Lizards
Arkansas	Toothpicks
California	Gold Hunters
Colorado	Rovers
Connecticut	Wooden Nutmegs
Delaware	Musk Rats
Florida	Fly-up-the-Creeks
Georgia	Buzzards
Illinois	Suckers
Indiana	Hoosiers
Iowa	Hawkeyes
Kansas	Jay Hawkers
Kentucky	Corn Crackers
Louisiana	Creoles
Maine	Foxes
Maryland	Craw Thumpers
Michigan	Wolverines
Minnesota	Gophers
Mississippi	Tad Poles
Missouri	Pukes
Nebraska	Bug Eaters
Nevada	Sage Hens
New Hampshire	Granite Boys
New Jersey	Blues, Clam Catchers
New York	Knickerbockers
North Carolina	Tar Boilers and Tuckoes
Ohio	Buckeyes
Oregon	Web Feet and Hard Cases
Pennsylvania	Pennites and Broad Brims
Rhode Island	Gun Flints
South Carolina	Weasels
Tennessee	Whelps
Texas	Beef Heads
Vermont	Green Mountain Boys
Virginia	Beachers
Wisconsin	Badgers

Ideal and Real St. Bernards.

Before I saw one I always imagined the St. Bernard to be as large as a lion and strong as a bull. The picture in my youthful geography had made these impressions. When a dog that I supposed to be an overgrown setter was pointed out as one of the celebrated Alpine breed, my cherished imaginative structures went clattering to the ground. Many a time had I in my early boyhood on a winter's night, when it was snowing hard outside, sat before a cheerful fire and thought that was the kind of weather when the sagacious St. Bernard patroled the mountain passes on the lookout for storm-bound travelers. When some poor wretch half perishing in the snow was found, his freezing blood would be thawed by the dog's warm body and the brandy flask so conveniently attached to the collar. After regaining strength I supposed the traveler would mount the dog's back and the animal trot off with him to the monastery. But it was plain that this St. Bernard (he was a crack too), had he been large enough to carry a man, could not trot; he was entirely too straight in the stifles. It is doubtful if he could have even have walked fast enough to keep himself from freezing to death on a real cold night.—*Forest and Stream.*

Fish Poles.

We are sometimes asked where a good fish pole can be bought, and if it occurs in the course of a private conversation and we are familiar enough with the questioner to warrant it, we refer him to any of the shad fishermen who drive down entire trees to string their gill nets on in the Hudson river. Then, as the talk goes on we suddenly learn that it is a rod that is needed. There are poles and rods, but an angler who owns a fine piece of workmanship, made by his favorite maker, every inch of which has its true taper and bears its own proportion of the strain and contributes to the elasticity of the whole, feels his heart sink when an acquaintance picks it up and says: "That is a good pole!" A pole, forsooth! as if it might be used for supporting a clothes-line when not in other service. If you speak of his fine breech-loader as a "musket" he will not be more hurt, so please spare him when you have occasion to mention the excellence of his rod.—*Forest and Stream.*

A Marvel in Steel.

There are one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway in the United States; three hundred thousand miles of rails—in length enough to make twelve steel girdles for the earth's circumference. This enormous length of rail is wonderful—we do not really grasp its significance. But the rail itself, the little section of steel, is an engineering feat. The change of its form from the curious and clumsy iron pear-head of thirty years ago to the present refined section of steel is a scientific development. It is now a beam whose every dimension and curve and angle are exactly suited to the tremendous work it has to do. The loads it carries are enormous, the blows it receives are heavy and constant, but it carries the loads and bears the blows and does its duty. The locomotive and the modern passenger and freight cars are great achievements, and so is the little rail which carries them all.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Reducing Flesh.

Every physician has his own idea as to the best method of reducing flesh. Bismarck, once very stout, reduced himself according to the Schwenninger method. The plan consisted essentially in dry diet. He was not allowed to drink anything during meals nor for two hours and a half afterward. At the expiration of that time he was allowed to drink freely. By that time his food was digested and the fluids were readily absorbed and carried to the kidneys, and served to wash out the system. Schwenninger also restricts the patient to one food at a time in case of extreme obesity. For instance, if he should take meat he could have nothing but meat. If he took bread nothing but bread, and so with potatoes or anything he chose.

Gun-Cotton in a Blaze.

Gun-cotton constitutes the best military explosive known, for, while its explosive force vastly exceeds that of gunpowder and approaches that of nitro-glycerine, it is the safest and most staple explosive we possess, since it can be stored and transported wet; and while in this state, though it may be detonated, it cannot be exploded in any other way. As much as 2,000 pounds of wet compressed gun-cotton have been placed in a fierce bonfire, where it has gradually dried, layer by layer, and been consumed without exploding. Besides, gun-cotton is the only military explosive which can be detonated with certainty when frozen.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia, diarrhea, colic, and all kinds of indigestions, will find immediate relief and sure cure by using Angostura Bitters. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

THE FLYING DOVE OF PEACE.

A richly-frosted, quivering, flying Dove. A Dream of Life screen calendar. An imported ideal head. An imported frosted snow scene and a full set of magnificent floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to any one who will buy from a druggist a bottle of

Ivory Polish FOR THE TEETH.

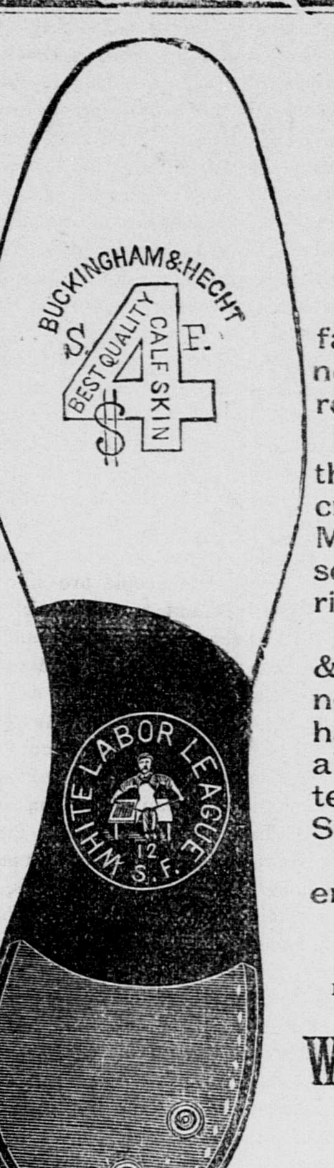
A delightful Tooth Preparation. Brightens the teeth, hardens the gums and perfumes the breath. Try it and mail us the ticket which is found in each box, with your address and 4 cents in stamps.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Preserve Your Teeth. Perfume Your Breath. Ivory Polish is Absolutely Pure.

$2,500 DWELLING AND LOT FOR $475, IN OAK PARK.

See Advertisement To-morrow.

EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., Agents, 1015 Fourth st......[MWF-2ptf]........Sacramento



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

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR JOHN L'S STONE GRAHAM FROM THE CHOICEST WHEAT OF WHEATLAND.

BREAD, GEMS & MUSH!

MISCELLANEOUS.

POND'S EXTRACT

INVALUABLE FOR BURNS, SUNBURNS, DIARRHŒA, CHAFINGS, STINGS OF INSECTS, PILES, SORE EYES, SORE FEET.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

For Piles, (Use with Pond's Extract Ointment,) it is the greatest known remedy.

For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Bruises and Sprains, it is unequaled—stopping pain and healing in a marvelous manner.

For Inflamed and Sore Eyes.—Its effect upon these delicate organs is simply marvelous.

All Inflammations and Hemorrhages yield to its wondrous power.

For Ulcers, Old Sores, or Open Wounds, Toothache, Faceache, Bites of Insects, Sore Feet, its action upon these is most remarkable.

Caution.—*POND'S EXTRACT has been imitated. The genuine has the words "POND'S EXTRACT" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having POND'S EXTRACT. Take no other preparation. It is never sold in bulk or by measure.*

Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75. Sold everywhere.

OUR NEW PAMPHLET WITH HISTORY OF OUR PREPARATIONS SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N. Y.

VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER.

PILES. POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

It's remarkable specific action upon the affected parts gives it supreme control over *Piles,* however severe.

Also for *Burns, Scalds, Eruptions, Salt Rheum &c.* Testimonials from all classes prove its efficacy. Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only by POND'S EXTRACT CO.. 76 5th Ave.. N. Y.

SUMMONS—STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNty of Sacramento, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The people of the State of California to ELLEN ROBINSON, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by the filing of a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 18th day of APRIL, 1888, in which action A. C. SWEETSER is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree that you set forth your claims of title to the real property described as the east quarter of Lot Number Two, in the block bounded by H and I, Sixth and Seventh streets, of the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, and that it be adjudged that you defendant have no interest, title or estate therein, and that plaintiff's title thereto is good and valid, and that defendant be enjoined from asserting any claim thereto. And for cause of action it is alleged in the complaint that plaintiff is the owner of and in possession of said real property, and that defendant claims an estate and interest therein adverse to plaintiff, which claim of defendant is without right; all of which fully appears from the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento: and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff take default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Wm. B. Hamilton, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court, this 18th day of APRIL, A. D. 1888.

[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.

By JOS. J. GUTH, Deputy Clerk.

CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Plaintiff. je23-9t8

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG. Advice Free! How to Act! Lost Vigor and Manhood restored. Premature Decline and Functional disorders cured *without* Stomach Medicines. Sealed Treatise sent free upon application. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

ja24-1yTTS&w1y

FRUITS, SEED, PRODUCE, ETC.

W. P. THOMAS, Pres't and Gen. Manager. | A. L. LUTHER, Secretary and Treas.

SACRAMENTO FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMPANY, COMMISSION Merchants, and Jobbers in Green and Dried Fruit, Produce and General Merchandise. Correspondence solicited.

120 and 122 J street, Sacramento, Cal.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.

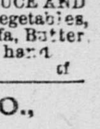
Nos. 117, 119 and 125..........J Street.

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

WM. M. LYON. (Established 1863.) W. B. SHERMAN.

WM. M. LYON & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND WHOLEsale Dealers in Produce and Fruits, including Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry, 121 and 123 J street, Sacramento. San Francisco Office: 416 Front st. tf

FRESH FRUIT. FOR CHOICE PEACHES, APRICOTS, APples, Blackberries, Currants, etc., also fine Family Groceries, go to C. EHMANN'S, 1028 and 1030 J Street........Sacramento.tf

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

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.