LETTER FROM YUCATAN.

IN TERRITORY OF THE SAVAGE CHAN-SANTA CRUZANS.

A Rare Old Town Whose Glories Have Departed—The Doings of a Demon.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

VALLADOLID, Yucatan, July 8, 1888.

This rare old town, one celebrated in song and story, and the most flourishing center of trade on the peninsula, now possesses only the melancholy interest of "some banquet hall deserted," because of its almost complete destruction in the Indian revolution of forty years ago. It lies on the line of the railroad, 100 miles southeast from Merida. Here, half a century ago, the first cotton mill in Yucatan was erected, and manufacteries of various kinds flourished in the vicinage. Here the Bishop made his residence, and some of the proudest Castilian families in New Spain, whose coats of arms may still be seen emblazoned upon the fronts of crumbling casas.

The uprising referred to, of the *raza indigena*, grew out of Mexico's struggle for independence from Spain (1821)—for in Yucatan, as in other parts of the country, there were two sides to the question, many of the largest landed proprietors being opposed to separation from the mother country, while the bulk of the population who owned no property were universally in favor of it. Later another agitation arose as to whether Yucatan should become part of Mexico, or remain independent, and again local feeling ran high between two parties, pro and con. Both factions invoked aid from the aboriginal race, placed arms in their hands and filled their ears with promises. When quiet was restored, however, all these offers of rich rewards were forgotten, and the Indians were dismissed to their homes empty-handed. Not quite empty-handed, for they retained their arms and the knowledge they had gained of civilized warfare, all of which they proposed to make use of at the first opportunity.

In 1847, when the embroglio arose between Merida and Campeche, the sullen and revengeful Indians descried their chance. With fire and sword they swept the eastern part of the peninsula, obliterating the town of Tekax, with its 5,000 inhabitants and nearly destroying Valladolid, which then had a population of 15,000. Recollecting the centuries of wrong endured by their fathers, they entered upon a war of extermination. Step by step they possessed themselves of all the northern, eastern and southern portions of the peninsula, ravaging the country, pillaging, burning, murdering. The terrified Creoles, huddled together at Merida, appealed to the United States for aid, then to Spain, and at last to Mexico. The latter country, having concluded her war with the United States, sent troops to the scene of her Yucatecan neighbors, and gradually the Indians were driven back into the interior. By thus calling on Mexico for aid, Yucatan lost her autonomy as an independent republic, and soon afterwards became one of the States of the Mexican confederation. But it was years before any semblance of peace was patched up, and the thousands of miles that are desolated and hundred of towns in ruins bears witness to the valor and persistance of the *raza indigena*.

Still unconquered, they hold all the southeastern portion of Yucatan, and for more than forty years there have been Indians with their war-paint on, in armed rebellion against the Government. Numerically, they are not strong—probably numbering less than a thousand—but what they lack in numbers is made up in ferocity. They are not of the same race as the timid Indians of Merida, whose ancestors probably built the magnificent temples whose remains are scattered all over the country; these are doubtless descendants of the Caribs, a race which once possessed the Mesquita coast, the Spanish main and the Southern West Indies. The wildest stories are told of their atrocious cruelties, and they seem as hard to find as were the Seminoles of Florida, and much more difficult to deal with. If a stranger penetrates to their country it is said they hack him to pieces with their mechates, without listening to a word of explanation; or they reserve him for the most diabolical tortures, tying him, by a ring through his nose, with a long rope to a stake. To them, every pale-face represents a Spaniard—one of the abhorred race—who inflicted untold torments upon their ancestors through 300 years, to be safely disposed of only by death.

They hold guarded intercourse with the English of Belize and Honduras, but no white men has ever lived to return from their chief city—Chan Santa Cruz—where it is supposed that the arts of their ancestors are practiced and the aboriginal customs still retained. Year by year their territory increases, and that of the whites and agricultural Indians is correspondingly diminished, as towns and villages, ranches and haciendas are destroyed by the insurgents and added to their possessions. Now and then they make raids in the direction of Merida, causing the stoutest hearts to quake with terror. Late as 1881 it was rumored that all the Indians of Yucatan and Central America were about to unite in a general uprising, and the terrorized whites prepared to leave the country. Every year the Chan Santa Cruzans issue invitations to all the tribes for a grand war-council and send threatening messages to the Capital, promising to make Merida's street run with blood and to massacre the last inhabitant, and every year the people quake in their boots—but nothing is done about it. Why does not the Government clean them out, root and branch? For the same reason, perhaps, that has permitted savages in our western wilds to go a long time unpunished after having committed all manner of atrocities. Once in a while the few Federal troops with which Yucatan is garrisoned march out into the country in search of Indians. The Indians retire to their fastnesses behind the ridge of hills that lie a few miles south of Merida, and the troops return triumphantly—but with no insurgents.

To return to Valladolid. From its geographical position as the center of a vast, unoccupied territory, it should be the most prosperous and populous city in Yucatan, but since the terrible injuries inflicted in 1847 its population has dwindled away to less than 10,000 and Government lands close by are valued at less than 20 cents per acre. Having been founded at an early period of the Spanish conquest the city was built in a style commensurate with the lofty pretensions of the *conquistadores*, and still bears marks of ancient grandeur. But no pen can portray the desolation that now reigns over it. The central plaza, ankle-deep in sand, has a few crumbling benches, overrun with scorpions, centipedes and lizards, set under ancient palms and elms, too ragged by reason of their great age to even cast a shade. At one side of it is an enormous parochial church, with convent and cloisters, fast falling into decay. There are also the churches of Sisal, San Servicio, Santa Lucia, San Juan de Dios, Santa Ana and La Virgin de la Candelaria—all more or less dilapidated. The private houses show the same melancholy tokens. In the principal street—the Calle de Sisal—stand many large buildings, roofless and without doors and windows, with grass and bushes growing from crevices in their walls; while, as if in mockery of human pride, upon their tottering fronts are blazoned the coats of arms of forgotten families.

Among these time-shattered structures there is one in striking contrast because of its neat and business-like appearance—the celebrated cotton factory of Don Pedro de Berando, the very first one established in the Mexican republic, and for that reason named *La Aurora de la Industria Yucateca*—the dawn of Yucatecan industry. But alas! its morning was not followed by the high noon-tide of prosperity, and its wheels and spindles have long been silent. Cotton grows wild all around Valladolid, and were it not for those troublesome Indians this section might become the greatest cotton producer on the continent.

Thirty miles to the westward lie the largest group of ruins in Yucatan, and the most important next to Uxmal. They are those of Chichen-Itza, the ancient capital of the Itzaes, after their expulsion from Itzamal, and occupy an area of about ten miles square. Though so easily reached—scarcely 100 miles from the capital, with the main highroad passing close to them—the vicinage is unsafe, on account of the warlike Chan Santa Cruzans, and it would be fool-hardy to attempt explorations without a strong military escort.

I did not visit them, but for a better description than I could possibly have given, permit me to refer you to Frederick Ober, John L. Stevens, Norman, and Dr. le Plongeon. Various attempts have been made to reconstruct the history of the Itzaes from the shattered fragments left by tradition, and from their hieroglyphics and mural paintings, but without much success.

The most magnificent ruin of the group is called "The House of the Nuns," and is very rich in sculpture; while that called "El Carcel," or the tower, is the grandest and most conspicuous. Another structure, which modern travelers have dubbed "The Gymnasium," contains a number of great stone rings, set in the walls, each ring being four feet in diameter and bordered with sculptured serpents.

The hieroglyphic carvings of Chichen-Itza are among the most wonderful ever discovered, and there are beautiful mural paintings, representing warriors in battle, and events in the lives of various rulers. One of the buildings has its cornice adorned with a procession of lynxes or tigers. Slabs and pillars, elaborately sculptured, are scattered everywhere over the ground, and all this carving is most artistic in execution.

It was here that Dr. C. Plongeon—that energetic archæologist who learned the Maya language and studied the hieroglyphics of Yucatan, with his courageous wife to help him—brought to light that splendid statue of Chacmol, the "Tiger King" of the Chichens, which he unearthed in a dense forest, eight meters below the surface. The Indians believe that he discovered it by his powers of divination, but the doctor says that he learned of its existance by the hieroglyphics on the walls of near-by buildings. The statue was over nine feet long, representing the monarch half reclining on a slab of beautifully cut and polished stone. By almost superhuman exertions he raised and transported it to what he considered a place of safety; but in his absence the precious "find" was seized by the Mexican Government and put into the National Museum.

Think of it! Within less than a fortnight's journey from New York lie miles and miles of unoccupied country, thickly strewn with these wonderful relics of unknown ages—treasures that would enrich the museums of the world—unnoticed, unsought and uncared for. Year by year, as the slow centuries go by, the solitude deepens and the forests grow denser above and around them. Yet such is the dog-in-the-manger policy of the Mexican Government that, though its own indolent people never have explored these regions themselves, and probably never will, it has enacted stringent laws forbidding foreigners to take out of the country any relics they may find. Few scientists are disinterested enough to labor here for the sake of enriching the museums of a people who are too lazy to look for themselves.

According to historical accounts, Valladolid has been the theater of remarkable events in days not very distant. It is asserted, on the authority of the church, that the place was once haunted by a demon of the worst character, called a *demonio parlero*, or talking devil, because he held nightly discourse with any who chose to question him, answering like a parrot. Though never visible, he seems to have been a merry sort of devil, dancing, laughing, playing on guitars and castinets. After a time he took to throwing stones into houses, pelting people with eggs, slandering honest folk; in short, getting the whole town by the ears to such an extent that the Bishop of Merida was obliged to interfere and forbid any one to speak to the demon, under pain of severe spiritual punishment. It is related that when the people abstained from any further communication with him, the demonio wept and wailed, and finally took revenge by burning houses. At this alarming juncture the Cure was compelled to seek Divine assistance, and after a long tussle succeeded in ousting this devil, who fled to the woods. In an official report, the pious Dr. Sanchez de Aguilar says:

"An aunt of mine one day, vexed with this devil, said to him: 'Go out of my house, thou evil one,' and she gave him a blow in the face that left his nose redder than cochineal. Forty years afterwards, when I was Cure of the same city, the demonio returned to infest some of my annexed villages, especially that of Yulcoba. He always came at midnight, or at one o'clock P. M., with a great whirlwind—dust and noise, as of a hurricane. Stones swept over the entire pueblo, and, though the Indians promptly put out all the fires in their kitchens, even this did not avail, for, from the flames with which the devil himself was tormented proceeded flashes, like mighty comets or wandering stars, which did fire two or three houses at once, and spread so rapidly that there were not people enough to put them out. I being sent for to come and drive him away, conjured the demon with the faith and zeal that God gave me, and commanded him not to enter that village again. Whereupon the fires and the whirlwinds ceased, to the glory and honor of the Divine Majesty, which has given such power to the priests."

Being thus banished from Yulcoba the demon returned to Valladolid with new burnings; but was finally barred out altogether, by setting up consecrated crosses on all the surrounding hills. These he could not pass, and to this day hundreds of them stand guard around Valladolid.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Cattle in Zululand.

The average weight of the Zulu ox is about 400 pounds. The flesh is seldom eaten, the average diet being sour milk and mealies made into porridge. The milk is never taken fresh, being considered indigestible; consequently three milk jars are necessary to the native—the first one for sweet milk, the second one for sour milk and the third one for "amasi," which resembles clotted cream, and is the residuum of the sour milk after the water fluid is poured off. The whites dislike "amasi" when first tried, but soon acquire the taste for it, and then prefer it to milk in any other form.

There being no horses until they were introduced by the white settlers, the oxen are used for equestrian purposes, and also as beasts of burden. The natives, as a rule, contrive to ride the oxen barebacked, balancing themselves upon the sharp, ridged back, and guiding their steed by means of a string, tied to the stick passed through the nostrils. They are not good riders, and jog awkwardly along, their arms jerking about in the most ungraceful manner; but, as the ox seldom moves beyond a walk, it does not matter so much, and but little harm is done by a fall, owing to the horns being trained in the peculiar manner described. There are several cases on record where a man, riding an ox with untrained horns, has met with a stumble, and, falling forward, has been impaled or gored with the horns in their natural state.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Cutting the Knot.

There are heroic methods of cutting red tape. Would that we all had the courage to adopt them. At the beginning of the war the armory gate at Richmond was closed, and a sentinel was stationed there to deny admittance to intruders.

One day an old negro approached.

Sentinel—"Halt!"

Negro—"What I gwine halt for?"

"No one allowed in there."

"But I'se 'bleeged to go. I got a note for de boss."

"No one allowed to go in there without a pass."

"But I tell you I'se 'bleeged to go in. Mr. Annerson he sent me."

"Can't help who sent you; you can't go in."

"Well, den, you gimme de gun, and you take de note!"—*Youth's Companion.*

PIMPLES, boils and other humors of the blood are liable to manifest themselves in warm weather when the blood gets heated. To prevent or cure them, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 doses $1.

BEAUTY PUT ON.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF NATURE BY SUPPOSED HIDDEN ARTS.

Some of the Methods Adopted by Women of Fashion to Increase Their Attractiveness.

"Do you bleach hair here?" I asked on entering a well-known Chicago hair-dressers establishment.

"Certainly," said the smiling attendant. "What color do you wish?"

"I am rather undecided between a blonde and the new auburn shade," I replied unblushingly.

"You had better decide in favor of the red. That is the shade just now, and your hair would take it splendidly. I wouldn't have to touch the ends at all, just here next the scalp, where it is so dark."

"How many applications would be necessary?"

"You could do with two, I should say. Of course some ladies have to have a great many more. I'll give you two good applications for $5.

"Do you do much of this sort of work?"

"Oh, yes! Nine out of every ten customers have their hair regularly touched up."

"Don't you consider it dangerous?"

"Well, I've had my hair reddened for six years now, and it hasn't hurt me," she said smilingly. "There's not so much risk with the red dye as with the extreme blonde."

"Can dark hair be bleached white?"

"Not on the head—at least not in this country. I have heard it could be done in Paris, and a lady buyer for one of our large dry goods firms is going to try and discover the secret for me when next she goes abroad."

"To redden very dark hair would require a great deal of work, I fancy?"

"Yes, indeed. I have as many as three applications in one day on one head, but that tires out both the customer and myself. Generally the lady prefers to take it gradually, as it isn't so noticeable. I have reddened hair as black as this," pointing to a coal black wig. "It makes a lovely Titian red. The lady in question has blue eyes, with black lashes and brows, and the combination is beautiful and striking."

I said I would think it over and would call again. While I sat in another fashionable hairdresser's shop, waiting for my hair to dry, I idly watched a little woman through a glass partition as she made up her face. She rubbed her entire face with some fine white powder until she looked like a clown at the pantomime; then she took a chamois skin and carefully rubbed and smoothed it until only the suspicion of the powder was visible.

Next she took a small hare foot-brush and, dipping it daintily into a box of rouge, proceeded to redden her cheeks. This was then carefully toned down with another dash of white. Then the eyes. She penciled her brows and drew black lines close up to the under lash. Then daintily wetting her finger, she drew it over her eyebrows, the moisture emphasizing, as it were, the blackening process. Then she took a hand-glass and regarded herself from all points of the compass. The result evidently was satisfactory, for she came out with a gratified smile. She had gone into the little room a dark-skinned, rather tallow-faced person; she emerged with the pink and white complexion that should belong to a radiant blonde. This process had been gone through with in plain view of the rest of the people in the room, and with a serious and business-like air that was quite astonishing.

"Do you have much of that sort of thing done here?" I asked the young woman who approached me and took up my hair to see if it was quite dry.

"Oh, yes," she answered, in the most matter-of-fact way. "Lots of ladies come in here and get their faces made up. All the young ladies from"—mentioning one of the most prominent dry goods stores in the city—"and some of them look just beautiful. You ought to just let me fix you up now. You'd look so lovely you wouldn't know yourself."

But as I was not an enthusiast on that subject, as she evidently wished me to be, she did not press this easily-obtained beauty upon me.

"Do you make up many society ladies?" I asked. "Yes, indeed; though not here. We are sent for and go to their houses to dress their hair and then make up their faces for them afterward. O, yes, we have a great many regular customers in the make-up line."

"I suppose you have actresses, too?"

"Well, not so many. You see they know how to do their own make-up. That's part of their business, just as much as fine dressing; but ladies generally make a botch of it—either get too much on, or too little—so they save themselves the bother and fuss by having it done for them, as hair-dressing or manicuring. There, your hair's done—now better let me touch your face up a little; you've no idea how nice you'd look. No? Well, good-day."

I went into another fashionable hairdresser's shop. She was applying bleaching to the long dark tresses of a lady sitting there. The hair-dresser had gloves on her hands to prevent the stuff from touching her skin.

My Turkish-bath attendant tells me that she has seen the frightful ravage which cosmetics and dyes have produced.

"I wish ladies would see the results of such follies as I have," she said, "they would not try every vile cosmetic and hair wash in the market."

Hairdressers say that the yellow bleach is not much in demand now. The lemon haired blondes are not in vogue. The red haired girl is the rage. The hair that looks brown in the dark and turns red in the sun is also very desirable. I know a lady who has such hair, or, at least, her back hair was that color. Her bangs were much darker than her back hair, and the contrast was not pretty. Her hairdresser suggested doctoring them a bit.

"I don't dare," she said.

"I have stuff that will do it—positively harmless," he urged.

"Drink some of it and I'll believe you," she said, and he complied. She argued that if it couldn't hurt his stomach it ought not her head, and allowed transformation to take place. Nor has she ever experienced any ill results. But it is generally very unsafe to tamper with one's hair. Blindness and insanity are often brought about by this folly. This has been told women again and again, but they pay no heed and rush madly in where angels would fear to tread. There is no risk a woman will not run, no pain she will not suffer, if she thinks thereby she can be made more beautiful.

I know a woman who has used cosmetics all her life, and those, too, of the rankest and most poisonous kinds. Now she is paying for it. He skin is something terrible to see. Physicians tell her it is her stomach, but those who have seen her daubing on lotions, pastiles and powders know better. She was a handsome woman, too—she had no need of these accessories. Her friends often remonstrated with her, but to no avail. Now she is reaping the whirlwind.

I know of another lovely woman who was sensitive about her freckles. She took some powerful cosmetic and removed them. She never seemed strong after that and died before she was 30.

I knew another who would take infinitesimal doses of arsenic. She died with some unknown stomach disease.

But the saddest case I know of was one of a most beautiful, dashing society woman. I remember seeing her one night in her sumptuous, glowing beauty, the queen of an ice carnival, surrounded by flatterers and admirers. I did not see her again until three years afterward—and then she was being led along the street by an attendant, totally blind from the excessive use of cosmetics—and worse than that, continually subject to terrible epileptic fits.

These are "awful examples," but true ones, and still in the face of these and kindred warnings women will insist upon painting and powdering and dyeing themselves.

Now, if they fancy men admire this sort of thing they are awfully fooled. Men have a harsh opinion of women who paint their faces. Men do not like to be seen on the streets with rouged and powdered faces.

"Your little friend is bright and interesting," said a man to a woman in my hearing, "but why does she make up her face in that senseless fashion?"

"Miss Blank is a charming girl," I said to a friend of mine.

"I can't see it," he said sulkily.

"Why not?" I asked.

"She rouges too much," he said bluntly.

"Oh, fie, for shame," I answered, "how can you tell?"

"I can tell," he said, frowning blackly, "if the girls think they can fool us about that they are mightily mistaken, I'll give them a straight tip."

"She's a very pretty woman," said a gentleman, speaking of a handsome widow, "but she uses too much 'Spanish brown' on her face."

His little son heard the remark, and a few days later, when the same widow was calling on his mother, went and stood in front of her chair and deliberately scrutinized the pretty face.

"Why are you looking at me so sharply, Tommy," asked the visitor.

"Why, papa said you would be quite pretty if you didn't use so much Paris green on your face," said the cherub.

I suppose about this time the curtain fell with a dull, sickening thud.—*Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.*

A GROWL AGAINST TIPPING.

Why Waiters Should Not Be Paid Extra by Customers.

It is to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of the rich that the growth of "tipping" is mainly due. But, while the result is not oppressive to them, it has become a serious tax on persons of moderate incomes who travel much or take their meals in restaurants. The man who can afford to pay anywhere from $2 to $5 for his dinner, does not miss the quarter, which is the lowest amount that he will give the waiter. To the man or woman of moderate means, who takes three meals a day at a restaurant where the service is sufficiently good to be agreeable, the necessity of paying thirty cents a day for "tips," is a serious addition to the expense of living. If his three meals cost from $1 50 to $2, the increase is from 16 to 20 per cent. Over $100 a year compulsorily spent in "tips" is a sum which, if saved, would make to many people the difference between continual pinching and a fair degree of comfort. Ten cents is the lowest "tip" that can be given in a good second-class restaurant. Now, if a man has a chop and a glass of beer, or a cup of tea or coffee for lunch at the cost of thirty-five or forty cents, he is paying 25 per cent. additional for the privilege of giving the restaurant-keeper a large profit, as the cost of the meal, with all expenses added, is at the highest not more than two-thirds of the amount charged.

The necessity for "tipping" is on the increase. Even at the lunch counter down town, where the hurried eater sits upon a swinging stool, it is customary to "tip" the waiter, and some patrons also "tip" the carver. In the cafes of large hotels, where an abnormally high charge is made for liquid refreshments, the waiter who carries an order from the bar to a table now expects a tip. If the system extends much further the bartender who draws a glass of beer will want ten cents instead of five.

The public has become so accustomed to the necessity of "tipping" that while there is much private grumbling there is no organized public opposition. Persons who really cannot afford to "tip" either do so and stint themselves in other directions, or patronize cheap and uncomfortable restaurants where "tips" are not expected. There will be no public move against this practice, because people who banded themselves in opposition to it would foolishly fear to be called mean.

Hotel and restaurant keepers claim it is impossible to stop the system, because some selfish people would always try to get the better service by continuing the "tip," and therefore they (the proprietors) are only acting wisely in taking advantage of the public's weakness. This is a worthless argument, for the experience of nearly all the best clubs where "gratuities to servants are absolutely forbidden" is that equally good attention is paid to all members. Selfish people would be the first to cease giving "tips" when they found that so doing did not bring any advantage.

Reform is only to be hoped for through the action of hotel and restaurant keepers who will possess enough intelligence to see that larger profits can be made by ridding the public of this, to many, intolerable burden. Any man who will start a good restaurant or hotel in which there shall be a strict and rigidly enforced rule against "tips" will almost assuredly have more patronage than he can accommodate. It would need only a few such entering wedges to relieve the public of this irksome and unnecessary tax.—*The Epoch.*

Value of Woodlands.

The Pennsylvania Forestry Association, in a recent publication, desires every farmer and every owner of woodland to know:

That his wood lot contains a valuable crop which it will pay him not only to cut down and slaughter but to maintain and utilize judiciously.

That it is possible to utilize the old trees in such a manner that a new, valuable crop is produced, instead of the inferior crop which now so often takes the place of the virgin forest after indiscriminate cutting.

That, as an intelligent manager and husbandman, he would do better to see to a natural reproduction of his wood lot, to cut with regard to the spontaneous young growth, rather than to clear indiscriminately.

That the time has come when forest destruction must give way to forest management, for timber is becoming more valuable every year as it grows scarcer in the country at large.

That in the woodlands in proper proportion lie to a large extent the conditions of a favorable climate and successful agriculture.

That upon forest growth depend healthfulness and equableness of climate.

That the forest breaks the force and tempers the fury of the northern and cools and moistens the breath of the southern wind.

That by its own cooler and moister atmosphere in summer and warmer atmosphere in winter it tends to equalize temperature and humidity over the intervening fields.

That while the open, treeless, heated prairie prevents the fall of rain, allowing moisture-laden clouds to pass over undrained, we must thank our forest-clad hills and mountains for our more frequent, more gentle, more useful showers, and, above all:

That the forest cover of the mountains preserves the even waterflow in our springs, brooks and rivers, while its destruction or even deterioration increases the danger of floods, washes off the fertile soil into fertile valleys, lowers the water level, and, in general, throws out of balance the favorable conditions for agriculture.

That while we advocate the cutting and using of the wood crop as we need it, we must not any longer, as we have done, squander and waste it; we must not clear where clearing produces danger to the surrounding country.

May to Bell.

Dear Bell: I'll write you a short letter
To say I'm wonderfully better;
How much that means you ought to know,
Who saw me just one month ago—
Thin, nervous, fretful, white as chalk,
Almost too weak to breathe or talk;
Head throbbing, as if fit for breaking,
A weary, ever-present aching.
But now life seems a different thing—
I feel as glad as bird on wing!
I say, and fear no contradiction,
That Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Is grand! Why, I'd have died without it!
Ma thinks there's no mistake about it.
It's driven all my ills away.
Just come and see! Yours ever, MAY.

Grover Cleveland has done more to advance the cause of free trade than any Prime Minister of England has ever done. *Loudon Spectator.*

FASHION FOR FEET.

STOCKINGS MUST MATCH THE COLOR OF THE SHOE.

Black Silk Hose All the Go—Endless Variety in Shoes and Stockings.

[From the New York Sun.]

Fashion in Paris has issued an edict declaring that ladies' stockings shall match the color of their shoes rather than that of their gowns. In obeyance to a previous manifesto or proviso respecting the styles in shoes, thin colors in slippers are permitted upon the street—plain black shoes, suede-colored half-shoes, with black foxings and bronze-colored undressed kid ties, as well as dark tan-colored seaside shoes, while for full dress driving in the park bronze half-shoes and ecru slippers are allowable. Accordingly the popular stockings for summer wear are black, bronze and suede, colored creations of cotton, lisle thread and silk, varying in quality of fineness, and correspondingly differing in amount of price only in inverse ratio—the finer the stocking the greater the cost.

More black stockings are worn than any other color, and the prices of the great variety shown range from 60 cents to $30, and even $40. Plain black silk hose of ordinary quality for ordinary wear may be bought in good quality for $2, $3 or $4, and more of this kind are sold than any other.

A pretty fancy of the season is to have the foot and ankle of stocking black as far up as it is supposed to be shown even by accident, and the rest of the leg some light or bright tint matching in color the prevailing hue of costume worn—pink, purple, with green, terra cotta, pale blue, and even flesh color, the line of division being concealed by a band of embroidery or the two colors being dovetailed together with serrated edges cut in deep Vandyke points, the effect of which is very striking when some particularly disgraceful puddle threatens the dainty skirts and the wearer lifts them high out of danger, or when some especially venturesome little breeze tosses the flounces and frills aside for an instant.

Another new fancy in black is to have the upper part of the foot woved like lace, while underneath a scarlet, blue or gold lining is woven, gleaming through the lace meshes.

In morning stockings there are novelties shown ornamented with what is called pique embroidery, a raised sort of heavy stitching in white lines extending perpendicularly on the ankle of the stocking, terminating in points at the shoe top. Sometimes three or four of these lines are arranged together, thus making a broad white stripe, alternating with an equally wide black one; again only one line separates narrow stripes of black, but in any case the stripes only extend up and down the ankle, the top of the stocking being plain, with a broad white band on the edge. The suede and bronze stockings are usually in varying shades to match the shoes, but for house stockings are frequently worn with open worsted lace feet and ankles. Some bronze stockings for evening wear have delicately tinted tips of pale mauve, shrimp pink, Nile green and light yellow, and a few of them are ornamented with pique embroidery on the ankles.

For evening and dressy house stockings, black stockings are ornamented with what is called the Vandyke clock, which is a band of embroidery in bright colors extending up and down the ankles on either side of the leg, sometimes nearly two inches broad in the center, and terminating in a sharp point at either end.

Occasionally the fancy is reversed, the foot of the stocking being embroidered in little bright flecks of color, into which the leg extends in long points of plain color on either side. Some stockings are shown in this style composed of gay contrasting colors, as Nile green with black clocks. Gobelin blue with yellow clocks or pale pink pique stripes, pink and black or terra cotta combinations, and pale lavender with darker heliotrope embroidery, but these are for fancy dress and not often sold. For full evening dress dainty cream white and tinted hose are shown in all shades and hues to correspond with the dainty shoes and dresses worn, but none are so lacy and silky and beautiful as the bridal hose, the plainest of which are $5 or $6, and the more elaborate costing sometimes $35 and $40. The whole top of the foot is often made of Valenciennes or point lace, from under which the stocking is cut away to show the bare white foot through the lace net; sometimes a series of diamond or oval-shaped medallions are inserted, surrounded with heavy embroidery in silk. One pair has a series of point lace butterflies embroidered with dainty stitches up the ankle, and when worn the pretty flesh-colored foot showing through the lace gives them a pretty flash of pink. Another has a line of lace leaves, all the filmy tracery of veins outlined in the threads of point applique, and still another has a diamond of point lace extending from the toe to the calf of the leg, containing an exquisite tracery of flowers and leaves designed especially for the place in which it is used.

Gauze flesh-colored stockings are also sold to be worn under the colored hose, many ladies disliking to wear even the most expensive colored hose next to the skin, for the least perspiration or dampness will cause even the best of colors to stain. Usually silk stockings and the higher priced balbriggans do not discolor the feet much after having been once laundried, and the stain can be easily removed with ammonia, but still, most ladies will be glad of a change in the fashion of hose, nothing being so pretty or making a shapely leg and tapering ankle so effective as the old-fashioned flesh-coloring hose, with fancy clocks of white.

By a somewhat recent amendment to the code of fashion's laws, gloves are permitted to slide down in loose, soft wrinkles about the wrist and hand, but no by-laws yet constructed release a maiden from the strict regulation trimness of her hose. All the sweet girls fasten their stocking high above the knee as taut and tight as a ballet girl her tights, out of sheer self-respect—a wrinkled stocking being the unmistakable evidence of a slattern in the code of girlhood. Some of them make assurance doubly sure by hitching the long silken stockings up over their shoulders by an arrangement of clasps and straps and buckles extending from the hem to the waist line, where a belt fastens and straps crossed behind go over the shoulders. This is very nice on ordinary occasions, but when a visionary summer-dress is worn or an opera-girdle is fastened on the shoulders with a sash of gauze, the cotton or webbing straps are decidedly in the way, so another device has been adopted of a white satin circular yoke, buckled tightly around the waist, from which depending straps of silk elastic with silver clasps fasten the long, thin stocking up over the shapely knees. Then when every one had nicely adjusted this arrangement to their comfort, along comes some prophet in Israel and announces that the straps are extremely unhealthy and all wrong, and that garters of coiled silver are the only correct and proper stocking supports, for they give with every motion of the muscles and do not stop circulation or pull from the hips. "They may be very nice and healthy," says a pretty girl, "but a person has to have a different shaped leg from mine to make their stockings stay up; mine would be turned down to my shoe-tops before I had walked half a block." Sometimes a strap breaks, a clasp-slips, or a buckle loosens, and then there is a panic, and flight is the only resource.

Last of all there are the jeweled clasped silken garters displayed at the jewelers' costing $500 or $600. While enambled daisies, blue forget-me-nots, with diamond centers, diamond buckles of wrought gold, fourleafed clovers in beaten gold and silver, black enameled flowers for mounting, and plain gold clasps with diamond initials. Sometimes these are worn simply for ornament below the knee, with the straps doing the real work above, and sometimes they really fasten the stockings in place by being strapped tight above the knee. They are very rich and artistic, but, after all, a really pretty leg is never so graceful as when covered by thin silk stockings pulled up tight and fastened by the straps out of sight, the pretty curve below the knee unbroken by any band or buckle, however ornamented.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A few trays of charcoal placed in a damp and musty cellar will make the air fresh and sweet.

Immense numbers of stoats and weasels are being imported into Australia in the hope that they will destroy the rabbits, which are a dreadful pest.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a thermometer so sensitive that its index needle will deflect two inches upon the entrance of a person into the room where it has been placed.

The use of water meters in restricting waste limits the average daily consumption of water in Berlin to twenty-five gallons per head. Every house has its water meter, the landlord paying the water rent.

A Mrs. Farnham, of New Orleans, has invented a "car-starter and combination brake" for street cars. From the description it appears that the brake winds up the starter, and relieves the horses of the strain of starting the car.

A new coal mining company, known as the Electric Motor Company, which has a patent for mining by electricity, will establish a plant at Phillipsburg, Pa., for the mining of an area of ten miles. The plant, as a whole, is to consist of a central dynamo, conducting wires, coal-cutting machine, electric lamps and motor attachments for hanging the mining cars.—*Electrical Review.*

The conduct of the Signal Service, as disclosed by its annual report, is criticised at some length in an article in a recent number of *Science*. It seems to be established by trustworthy statistics that the reliability of the weather prognostics furnished by the service has fallen off noticeably in the last few years, the year 1883 showing 80 per cent. of successful predictions, while in 1887 the percentage had fallen to 74.

According to the British Consul at La Rochelle, since the failure of the vineyards from phylloxera, an imitation of claret is made there by steeping raisins and currants in water and mixing the compound with cheap Spanish wine. In other districts of France a spurious brandy is made from a mixture of beet-root and cheap German spirit. This, having been sent to a port of exportation in its true character, is re-marked and sent abroad as cognac.

A material for fastening knives or forks into their handles is much needed. The best cement which is used for this purpose is made by melting one pound of colophony, bought of any druggist, and eight ounces of sulphur. It may be kept in a bar or reduced to powder. Take one part of the powder and mix with iron filings, fine sand or brick dust, and fill the cavity of the handle; heat the stem of the handle, then heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert. When cold it will be found to be firm in its place.

Floridians are excited over the discovery of a valuable textile fiber in a plant of common growth, and which can be grown on waste lands. The plant is known by the name of mangney, and the fiber is described as silver-gray, and each fiber strong enough to use as sewing thread. The plant is perennial, and from once it takes root becomes as firmly attached to the soil as Bermuda grass. A cord made of the fibers, twisted to the size of an ordinary lead-pencil, will sustain 2,000 pounds suspended for any length of time.

Steam pipes of copper are now made by electro-deposition from sulphate of copper solution. The pipe is formed on an iron core in the depositing bath, and the deposited copper is pressed by a moving tool as it is deposited, so as to give a fibrous strength to the crystalline copper. After the pipe is thus formed it is subjected to hot steam, which expands the copper shell, or pipe, clear off the core, thus separating the two. These pipes have no joint, and are said to be very strong; tests showing that they break with strains of from 27 to 41 tons per square inch.

Some experiments have lately been made at Cape Town in transmitting messages by flashing electric lights upon the clouds at night. The signals are read like those of the heliograph, and besides being available at night the system has the advantage over the heliograph of not requiring night stations. The terminals may be below each other's horizon, while the heliograph requires considerable altitude, strong light and clear air for operating over long distances. Under proper atmospheric conditions messages were transmitted from a vessel forty miles off shore to the land in the experiments referred to.

Mental Effects of Hot Weather.

One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his personal discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot it is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others.

On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conditions on a hot day. His purpose is to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator, and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfiture. In this busy season hundreds of New England farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted from the roadside and reminded that it is a terrible hot day, he will generally reply with true Yankee drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promises of good crops.

What is true of man is true of beast. One of the most painful sights to a person of kind heart is to see the distress of the horses that pull the street-cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best of care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not overtaxed so far as mere work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not prespire much. It is the tremendous strain upon the nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth paving when starting the car that chiefly induces their sweat and semi-torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.—*Boston Globe.*

Potato Starch.

The Pacific *Tribune* says that the experiments of making starch from potatoes, tried by August Weiss, of Willapa, have been entirely successful, and if he can secure enough potatoes he will enter quite extensively into its manufacture. The sum of twenty-five cents per bushel can be paid for potatoes, and at this price it would seem that some profit could be realized by those raising them.

A SOUND mind goes very seldom without a sound digeston, and nothing contributes toward it more than the use of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

A LUXURIOUS draught of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient removes all ill effects arising from indiscretions in eating or drinking.

BILL NYE'S ADVICE.

SOMETHING THE YOUNG MEN SHOULD HEED.

The Advantages of the Great West as a Country to Grow Up In.

[From the New York World.]

For many years past, and no doubt for many more to come, the vital question with the young American, "Where can I do the best and soonest succeed?" has been and will continue to go right on in the vital business. I select the following letter for replying purposes rather than any other in my possession, because it is earnest, personal and pertinent:

William Nye, Esq., World Office, New York City—DEAR SIR: I write to ask your advice as a Western man as to the advisability of a young man of Eastern parentage going West to grow up with the country. I am at a loss what to think, as there are so many contradictory stories allout in the various Eastern papers relative to the West, and especially as so many Western men who crack up the Western country as being the place to live in are continually coming East, investing their surplus or engaging in business with Eastern concerns. If the West offers such a broad field for advancement, why, then, do Western men such as you leave such fertile fields and pastures new? With kind regards