DRESS REFORM.

FIVE THOUSAND WOMEN WHO WEAR DIVIDED PETTICOATS.

Dress Clubs Sprouting Like Mushrooms—Gowns Which Annie Jenness Miller is Wearing.

[N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Annie Jenness Miller, the latest of the dress reformers, is watching for the ship of good sense to come in with the millennium on board, down on the Maine coast. While pretty things in silk and lace yet lay about her chamber in process of packing, I asked her how the crusade came on.

She said: "There is ten times the interest in hygienic dress now which I found a year ago, especially in the West."

Mrs. Miller has taken up her abode permanently in New York. She would be a pretty woman dressed anyhow; clothed according to her particular how she is beautiful. While she sits you say to yourself here is a woman who is well; when she walks you know she is buoyantly well; if she runs up stairs you do not even ask yourself why she does not stop, put her hand over her heart and palpitate.

ORGANIZED.

"Do you know," Mrs. Miller began, "that in a year or two we shall have in every State in the Union a body of women as compact and well organized as the W. C. T. U., wearing healthful clothing and preaching it to others? Women are beginning, of course separately, but they are beginning also in clubs. Dress clubs are forming all over the country. Before Christmas there will be, I hope, from 100 to 150 of them. Already Kansas has a dozen, Michigan has eight or ten, California has four, Colorado has two, Washington Territory has three or four, Indianapolis has one, and a great many others are waiting for me to organize them.

"The largest dress club, the one most thoroughly organized and the first in working order, is the Chicago club, which is only two or three months old, but has more than 200 members. It has adopted a constitution and by-laws, annexed itself as an auxiliary to the Chicago Woman's Club, hired comfortable headquarters, and arranged for weekly meetings with a regular course of study in physical science. Every member pledges herself to wear only hygienic clothing; nothing in the nature of a uniform, you understand, but such garments as commend themselves to health, comfort and the understanding. To supply themselves and to convert others they will open salesrooms for reformed underwear, and a dressmaking establishment where women can order gowns. Some of the best-known women of Chicago are in the movement, and the energy of the club is astonishing. The other clubs formed are many of them social organizations simply, without any aggressive plan of campaign, but the Chicago club will be a model for other cities. When we have 300 such organizations carrying dress improvement into every-day life then sensible dress won't look so chimerical."

DRESS IMPROVEMENT.

"Do you look for any great or sudden revolution?"

"No; the hope of the improvement lies in the growing up of the younger women. Wherever I go women meet me who say: 'I have worn corsets almost from babyhood. I could never take them off, but my little girls shall never put them on.' The Oberlin College girls wrote to me some little time ago asking if I would help them design a college gown which all the girl students could wear."

"How many women have actually adopted dress-reform clothing?"

"If you mean how many women are today wearing divided skirts under their gowns and no petticoats, there are several thousands. Somebody said recently that only twenty women in the country wore leglettes. Now I have reason to know with certainty that 5,000 do. It is no long time since the most richly dressed woman at a grand dinner, a woman whose point lace draperies were worth hundreds of dollars, turned to me and whispered: 'I am in a state of bliss, for the leglettes I have on this minute are perfection. No more petticoats for me.'"

"Will you tell me how you would dress a woman to keep her or make her well?"

"I would have no bandage whatever about her waist. The first garment she put on should be the prettiest knitted silk or gauziest gossamer combination suit she chose to don. Over this or next the skin, if she wore no flannels or substitutes for flannels in summer, should come the chemilette, which is chemise and drawers in one, and which can be high-necked or low-necked, of cotton or silk, plain or embroidered, as any woman fancies." And Mrs. Miller opened a bureau drawer and took out something in pale-blue surah, with fairy-like stitchings and edging of lace, filmy enough to make the lover of such like daintiness pine with envy.

LEGLETTES.

"Outside of this come the leglettes, which are substitutes for petticoats, and which are made plain, of silk or wool, for winter. For summer the fuller Turkish leglettes, or divided skirts, of muslin or surah or silk pongee, look very much like petticoats when worn, but are lighter and give one so much more freedom of movement that in case of accident the leglatted woman can extricate herself from danger much more quickly than she of the dragging skirts." More things in surah were shown exquisitely light, soft and cool.

"Then comes the gown. That must depend from the shoulders and one gets the most artistic lines by hanging the draperies on a princess gown form, but all the details are matters of taste. Nothing would ever make the ordinary basque and skirt graceful or dignified, but if a woman wishes to follow custom closely she can fasten her skirt on a low-necked, sleeveless waist, so avoiding the belt at the waist line and then put her basque over that."

LIGHT GOWNS.

"How much do your gowns weigh?"

"From one to five pounds. Only the winter dresses and a very few of those reach the higher figure."

Mrs. Miller's summer wardrobe, which represents some thousands of dollars, illustrates the results which a woman of art instincts can bring about when she studies the healthful and beautiful together. Not one of the gowns which were going to Maine with her confined or suggested any confinement of the figure, and not one of them but was more graceful than if it had.

A dinner gown which abounded in long flowing curves that would have pleased a Hogarth, was in a delightful combination of pale sea-foam silk and dark green velvet. Opening in a narrow point showing a touch of the throat, the loose silk front fell to the feet. The redingote side pieces of velvet were cut to the form more closely, finishing with a Watteau plait starting from the shoulders in the back. The puffed sleeves with velvet cuffs, the standing ruff of silk folds suited the swaying figure—the poetical ideal of a hostess.

EVENING GOWN.

An evening dress of pale pink satin might have come out of a Paris trunk. There was still the one piece gown form, low-necked, or partially so, short-sleeved, but hanging from the shoulders. Over this was hung a tablier of white point-lace looped with rosettes of pink satin. The over-bodice of lace was finished with a wide girdle of Roman pearls, giving the short Josephine waist, so much in vogue this season.

A gown of lavender silk hung with draperies of wrought mull—convent work and as costly as lace—was pretty to look at, and so was what Mrs. Miller calls her most successful gown, a robe of pink draped from the shoulder, with slight gatherings in the waist, straight to the ground, with puffed sleeves flaring below the elbow and ornamentation of Greek fret in silver. Terra cotta silk, brocaded with silver and relieved by pale blue, was the basis of yet another gown, with full, loose bodice gathered at the waist under a pearl girdle.

TEA GOWNS.

Watteau tea gowns with wide, laced half-belt, walking gowns with jacket and full vest fronts, and wash dresses in delicate chambrays with gathered waist, sash and sash draperies were going into trunks with the rest. Everything showed the appreciation of the Greek lines and long effects treating th figure as a whole. Everything showed a knowledge of soft and beautiful stuffs, without which no manner of cutting can make a gown pretty, no matter how healthful it may be. Mrs. Miller is an artist in dress for herself with the hygenie idea thrown in. Her gowns gave the figure pliancy and slenderness by giving it hight, making it a full-length body, instead of, as somebody says, dressmakers commonly reckon, dealing with it as a bust on a pedestal. The absence of petticoats made the skirts fall rather more closely, just enough to hint that a woman was human, though the cut of the draperies and a knack in hanging them to the gown form below the waist line easily made this difference as little noticeable as anyone chose.

THE REFORM.

"What is your idea of the ultimate dress of woman?" I asked her.

"Long, softly clinging skirts for evening toilet. For active duties and for the street, a short skirt not coming below the knees, with short picturesque waist clothing. But this is a long way off. For the present it would be foolish to advocate any change so radical. There is no use in shocking people, and for a beginning, so long as the essential principles of light weight, no petticoat, and the hanging of draperies from the shoulders are recognized, the best way is to concede a great deal to fashion."

AN OCEAN GROVE GIRL.

She Uses Cork Stays but has Considerable Trouble with Them.

She tripped down to the foamy edge of the surf and ran back, screaming prettily as the water ran up over her toes. And all the spectators smiled. And then she ran down again and danced on one toe and then on the other, and then on both at once as she got in all the way up to her ankles. Then she plucked up all her courage and as a big wave rolled in she ran to meet it.

It flopped her bang up against the beach, knocked her sailor hat into shapelessness, and as it receded drew her out as if she had been a wooden ball. It was almost too much of a good thing, and she struggled and wriggled and spluttered. And while she struggled to get a foothold another wave seized her, and she flipped over the top of it as light as an eggshell. Quick as thought came a third, and she danced over the top of that also, and every time she tried to get on her feet she was whisked back.

Then she realized that she was beautifully floating out to sea, and she sent up a scream that startled the bathers near her. One of them, young and brave and strong, rushed—for it was too shallow to swim—to her rescue. He seized her by the shoulder, but her feet would not down, and being a wise and thoughtful lad, he towed her into shore. She scarcely stopped to say thank you, and with the red blood of confusion showing in her tanned cheeks, rushed away to change her garments. She might have escaped with that had she not imparted the secret of the episode to a friend.

And the secret was this: She was a prudent girl with a proper regard for her safety. She had taken out the whalebones of her corsets and introduced cork stays, and had put another layer of cork in her stockings. She had miscalculated the effect, only to find that the cork which kept her nicely above water, it quite effectually prevented her getting down also. The story came out and the girl left Ocean Grove simultaneously yesterday.—*Pittsburg Press.*

Queer Feminine Pockets.

A fashionable young lady thus reveals one of the mysteries of shopping:

"As I make small purchases I lift the back of my hat and shove into the crown such trifles as hairpins, lace, needles, gloves, thread, etc. You have no idea how convenient it is, for in warm weather one needs both hands for parasol and fan;" and here fashion's favorite raised her parasol of tulle and silk and gracefully swung it over her left shoulder. "Whenever I go to a picnic or boat excursion I get rid of my gloves and handerchief in this convenient place. I went home with Rosa M—— one day last week, and when she took off her hat there in the crown were two pairs of kid gloves and four embroidered handkerchiefs. The hatmakers have been thoughtful enough to make the crowns of the hats as large as a good-sized basket, and my basket, you see, I carry on my head, and not on my arm."

Many ladies out shopping have been seen to dispose of parcels of quite a large size in their chosen umbrella, the overlapping folds of silk entirely concealing them from public view. It is a notorious fact that shoplifters make use of their bustles to conceal purloined goods. A lady's gown is provided with but one pocket, while the tailor bestows upon a gentleman's outfit a dozen or more, and thus the gentler sex are forced to resort to some expedient to make up for this deficiency. During the reign of tiebacks even this one pocket was relegated to dowdies, as it destroyed the graceful, flowing outlines of the figure. A lady's glove, too, is a receptacle for small change, memoranda, etc., and the handkerchief is generally tucked in the belt. The nuns carry in their long, loose sleeves, their mouchoirs, and many an apple and juicy orange is drawn from its fold to be presented to the favorite scholar in the convent schools. A pocket sewed within the corset serves in traveling to stow away bank notes and diamonds, superseding the style of former days, when money was concealed in the shoe and the stocking. A chamois leather bag, too, is very often used en voyage suspended from the neck and in these the careful beauty places her finest jewels, unwilling to risk them in her trunks. The fashionable dame, too, carries at her side a full accouterment of necessaries, made of silver, and suspended by a richly-wrought chatelaine. Among the pendants the most prominent are the vinaigrette and bonbonniere, the latter of antique silver, filled with choice French bonbons.

An Old English Story.

There is a pretty old historical story that always comes up to me, writes "Bob" in the Philadelphia *Times*. They tell it with great pride in an old house where I once visited. When King Charles I. was fighting Cromwell and learning to his sorrow that gentlemen could be beaten by bullies, the oldest daughter of this very loyal house was engaged to be married to a Puritan neighbor. Love triumphed over everything and they were secretly wed. Often of a night the fair maid would wrap herself up and, attended by a trusty servant, would steal to the place where her husband was garrisoned and spend the night there. At last an over-zealous soldier reported that this gentleman was being visited by cloaked figures and that he believed, because his Captain was a well-bred man, that he might have a taint of allegiance to the royal family still left in him.

Cromwell sent down soldiers to watch. One night the enshrouded figures entered. An hour after the soldiers were at the Captain's door, demanding admission. He refused it. They threatened to break the door down. After a minute or two he called out: "You know that there is no way by which any human being can get out of this room. I promise to let you in provided you are perfectly quiet, march around the room and leave it." The soldiers scarcely understood this, but agreed to it. The door was thrown open. The first one who entered marched up to the bed and started to pull a coverlid from off a figure that rested under it. But the Captain interposed and said: "You promised to touch nothing." The soldiers insisted that perhaps one of the Stuarts were there; the Captain swore that it was not. At last, as they still remained unsatisfied, he said: "Gentlemen, I will prove to you that under that cover there rests one who is not only not a Stuart, but not a man." There was a roomful of soldiers. There was a silence like death; and it almost seemed as if the heart under the satin sheet could be heard beating. Going to the foot of the bed the Captain raised the sheet and slowly, carefully and exactly rolled it up, displaying to this company of soldiers a pair of the handsomest white legs, the smallest feet and the finest ankles that their eyes ever rested on. With one accord, every man raised his hat and quietly filed out. Long after the story was told, and when the tough Captain was an old man and his grandchildren were around him, when the Stuarts had their own, and the Guelphs didn't rule England, the greatest toast used to be—"To grandmamma's beautiful legs."

TO A BROWN LINNET.

A wild, sweet note
From a little brown throat,
As it the murmur of brooks were in it;
The song he sings
Of the wildwood rings,
And this the song of my little linnet!

Such ripples and trills!
Ah! my own heart thrills
As the quick notes hurry and hasten along;
That I too may share,
Sweet bird of the air,
Thy pure, wild melody, rich and strong!

No touch as of pain
In thy glad refrain,
Thou singest as if thy heart o'erflowed!
Nothing but gladness,
No hint of sadness,
Only joyously praising thy God!

Merrily ringing,
Cheerily singing,
Saying to the sad of heart "Be of good cheer!
God taught me to sing
The message I bring,
The bright star of hope draweth anear!"

A pure, clear note
From a tiny throat,
With the rippling murmur of streams within it;
The song he sings
Of the woodland rings,
And this the song of my little linnet!

—*Forest and Stream.*

Misquoted Lines.

It is a peculiar faculty of human memory to misquote proverbs and poetry, and almost invariably to place the credit where it does not belong.

Nine men out of ten think that "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is from the Bible, whereas Lawrence Sterne is the author. "Pouring oil upon the troubled waters" is also ascribed to the sacred volume, whereas it is not there; in fact, no one knows its origin.

Again, we hear people say "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." This is arrant nonsense, and the proverb says:

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof and not in chewing the string."

Nothing is more common than to hear:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

This is an impossible condition of mind, for no one can be convinced of an opinion and at the same time hold to an opposite one. What Butler wrote was eminently sensible:

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

A famous passage of Scripture is often misquoted thus: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." It should be: "Let him cast a stone."

Sometimes we are told: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth," whereas St. James said: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," which is quite a different thing.

We also hear that "a miss is as good as a mile," which is not as sensible or forcible as the true proverb: "A miss of an inch is as good as a mile."

"Look before you leap" should be: "And look before you ere you leap."

Pope is generally credited with having written:

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense;"

though it would puzzle any one to find the verses in his writings, They are written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.

Franklin said, "Honesty is the best policy," but the maxim is of Spanish origin, and may be found in "Don Quixote." *Philadelphia Times.*

Snakes in the Stomach.

There are a great many stories afloat of snakes having lived for months, or even years, in the human stomach. I quote the following from the Bucks county *Intelligencer*, Pennsylvania:

"A Connecticut lady tells us that, as a child, she knew of more than one person 'who had swallowed a snake's egg.' The snake grew, and, when hungry, would 'cluck' in the throat of its unwilling host. The only way to get rid of the uncanny tenant was for the person to fast until hunger compelled the snake to venture out to a plate of untasted victuals upon the table. This is a genuine myth that no doubt still exists in the central part of Connecticut."

A Massachusetts country girl told me of another case which she said she had never thought of doubting. A lady was long annoyed by the presence of a snake in her stomach supposed to have been swallowed while still very small, in drinking water. She finally decoyed from its quarters the unwelcome occupant by boiling a large dish of milk, over which she bent until the snake came out to feed. Similar myths are common in New England, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, in which eels or "lizards" (newts) take the place of snakes. In the "South End" of Boston there lives a man who is nick-named "Lizard" by the street-boys, because it is currently reported that he for many years unwillingly entertained one of these batrachian parasites. In every instance it is believed that the only relief possible is to coax forth the creature by some tempting dish of food or drink.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Unpainted Indian.

Of all misunderstood and misrepresented people I consider the North American Indian the most so. By some he has been painted an incarnate fiend; by others he has been represented as sage and stoic, his mind stored with philosophy, in demeanor grave, taciturn, and delighting in solitude; his body capable of great endurance, and his spirit sustained by unflinching courage. By such wresting, twisting and misrepresentation as would make a poem out of the multiplication table, or an allegory out of a problem of Euclid, his childish fetishism has blossomed into a sublime theology. His myths, which are like the dreamings of insanity, are remodeled to resemble legends of the lives of the saints, with a dash of the Arabian Nights. With a language of but little more than a hundred words he has become the author of sublime poems, dealing with the abstract and complex. Even gentlemen of the Masonic fraternity have discovered that he has anticipated the signs and secrets of their Order.

He is described as stoical, yet it is an every-day affair to see a full grown Indian buck sit down, lift up his voice and weep over the most trifling disappointment.

He is called taciturn and loving solitude, and yet he will chatter like a magpie; gossip is his principal business in life, and he will ride for miles to be the first to tell any news; while there are not sufficient inducments on this whirling globe to influence him to live solitary for a single month.

He is supposed to be naturally brave and physically strong, but he is not; nor does he pretend even to himself to be either.—*Forest and Stream.*

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember, a few years ago the word "malaria" was comparatively unknown—to-day it is as common as any word in the English language—yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called biliousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the liver, which, in performing its functions, finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel, is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, malaria, bilious fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous.

Urine as a Vaccine.

M. Bouchard claimed in 1884 that the urine of cholera patients contained the specific virus of the disease. He now, in a communication to the Academe des Sciences, announces that the urine in the "maladie pyocyanique," filtered and injected into animals, produces some of the symptoms of the original disease, and renders the animals refractory to subsequent inoculations of pure virus.—*Medical Record.*

Blessed be the thought that uplifts, whoever has spoken it.

MAGIC.

THE BLACK ART PRACTICED IN INDIA.

A Hindoo Gives Some Explanations and Illustrations of Witchcraft and Sorcery.

[The London Standard.]

There is scarcely a village in Eastern and Southern India that does not possess its witch, to whom terrible powers are attributed by the popular mind. The witches, they say, can suck the blood of healthy children; and the anxious mother, directly she sees the witch approach, takes up her child and mutters some charm to save the dear one from being sucked to death. Of course, the best antidote to the occult influence of the dreaded hags is the gift of a few copper coins or some sort of alms. But there are other means employed to counteract their malignity. They are detected by salt being placed on their heads, which causes them to turn round and mutter incoherent syllables. Sometimes the trembling mother spits on the head of her child, or gently bites his little finger, in order to render him witch-proof. No woman of the lower orders who lives in a village

INFESTED BY A WITCH

Would venture to leave her house with her child until she had made herself and her child safe by putting a certain mark on his forehead. There are various modes of treatment for persons supposed to be under the influence of a witch. The forehead of a child suffering from illness brought on by a witch's curse is sometimes marked with burnt turmeric. Often the mother, muttering some spells, sprinkles water over her child and rubs its forehead over with burnt wicks of earthen lamps fed with mustard oil. Sometimes branches of particular trees are waved over the patient, who is made to chew the leaves of plum trees. But should these simple remedies fail, as they often do, to produce any effect on the bewitched child, what would happen then to the poor sufferer? There is no need to be in despair in this matter; for, as the dock grows side by side with the nettle, so in India there lives close by the witch the sorcerer, the practitioner of the black art, who is always called in when the simple remedies fail. Like the witches, the sorcerers are believed to possess great occult powers; but, unlike the former, they often use their skill for beneficent purposes.

THE COMMON SORCERERS

In India are a people of very low caste, or no caste at all, belonging mainly to the aboriginal races who are still outside the pale of Hindooism. Their treatment, though often violent, does not in modern times result in death, as it did in some authenticated cases which happened years ago. The sorcerer, taking his place in front of his patient, with flowers in his hand and a lamp and incense burning before him, gives burnt turmeric and charmed mustard seed to the bewitched person to smell, and dashes cold water with violence upon his face. Sometimes the treatment of the patient at the hands of a sorcerer vicariously tortures the witch. Thus it is said that in one instance, upon the sorcerer squeezing the juice of a certain plant into the eyes of a bewitched child, the witch immediately complained of pain in the eyes, which she lost, and the child was cured.

THE MOST FORMIDABLE.

By far the most formidable magic powers are, however, attributed to a class of Brahmins, who are par excellence the professors of the black art in India. The Brahmin sorcerers are versed in the practice of the spells and charms which, with the accompanying rites, are described in the Sanskrit books, called *tantras*. The keynote of these is struck in a well-known couplet, which, done into English, runs thus: "The whole world is in the power of the gods, and the gods are in the power of magic; magic is in the power of the Brahmins, and therefore the Brahmin is himself the god." It must not be forgotten, however, that in spite of this oracular deliverance, and the systematization of the magical spells and charms in several Sanskrit treatises and their commentaries, the Brahmins themselves acquired the black art from the wild aboriginal races of India. Of the six modes in which the Brahmin sorcerer can influence his neighbors, four are malignant, one is doubtful, and one only is beneficial.

THE FOUR MALIGNANT OPERATIONS

Are the causing of death, the destruction of property or mental capacity, the stoppage of physical or mental action, and the causing of feuds between friends. The art of bringing an individual completely under the control of the expert is the neutral operation. The only branch of white magic discussed is the power of relieving a sufferer from disease or the hostile influences of the stars and other heavenly bodies. A severe and prolonged probation must be undergone before a man is considered competent to commence the practice of the magical art. He must go through a course of recitation of cabalistic words, consisting of unintelligible Sanskrit roots, and of repetition of the name of the Deity to be conquered about a million times. Special hours are assigned for the performance, special postures of the body, special diet, and a specially appointed space, beyond which the probationer is not allowed to go until the process of initiation is finished. Of course all this has to be accompanied with handsome offerings to the deities and the Brahmins, and substantial feasts to the latter. Of the six magical arts, the one most frequently practiced in India in modern times is that of the neutral "subjugation." Certain ingredients are prescribed for this operation. A small piece of the frontal bone of a man, the fruit of the poisonous plant dhatura, camphor and honey are to be taken in proper proportions and well mixed together, and the forehead is to be painted with the compound before the wearer may bring under his influence and control the mind of any person whom he fears or loves.

OTHER NOSTRUMS.

Similar to the ingredients in the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," increasing in complexity and gruesomeness as the higher departments of the black art are reached, are to be found in the Sanskrit treatises.

Now to give some examples of the practice of the dreaded art in India of the present day: A few days ago the father of a Government official in the neighborhood of Calcutta suffered from malignant fever, which increased so rapidly that he suspected the evil influence of some of the inmates of his family. He therefore sent for an exorcist, who, on arriving, told the sufferer that the culprit was a young man, living at the time in his house, and under great obligations to him. The patient, greatly astonished to hear of such base ingratitude, at first declined to believe the accusation. The youth, however, at once confessed his guilt, stating that he had at one time learned certain incantations which, when called to mind in the sight of any one suffering from illness, would infallibly aggravate it. The efficacy of these spells was, however, by the advice of the sorcerer, destroyed by their being whispered into the ears of a goat, and no obstacle then remained to the patient's recovery. The jealousy of rival practitioners sometimes leads to tragical results, as the next illustration will show. A man who had studied the black art at Kamroop, in Assam, with the most celebrated performers, witnessed a performance by a

FAMOUS SORCERER

At another place some years ago, and, after it was over, he muttered certain charms through which his rival lost his way on leaving the house, fell down and vomited blood. But the occult powers of the latter enabled him to detect his opponent, and he determined to revenge himself. A few days afterward his enemy was entering a temple with some cobras around his neck, which he had caught in the jungle and charmed into quiescence. The sorcerer destroyed by incantations the influence of the charms, and the cobras bit his enemy, the Kamroop magician, fatally. Very recently the water in a certain pond belonging to a zemindar of high standing and wealth having run low, a staff of coolies under an overseer were employed to draw water into it from an adjacent tank. But, notwithstanding the use of the usual hydraulic apparatus and great exertions of the men, the water would not rise beyond the root of a certain tree on the bank. Further efforts were made without success. The contractor refused to continue the work, as he suspected sorcery. Induced to resume it, he shortly afterward lost his wife and one of his sons through fever. Finally he was himself seized with fever, and he dreamt that a Brahmin ghost was living under the tree, and that it was against the ghost's wishes that the water should rise beyond the root of the tree. The zemindar, on being informed of these facts, at once stopped the work. These well-authenticated stories will indicate the extent to which even educated persons in India are affected at this day by the dread of the black art.

The Panama Canal as It Is.

Among all classes, and especially among the foremen and laborers of the canal line, there is a lack of faith and confidence, and there is no such abundance of money on the isthmus as there used to be. The unavoidable impressions gained from four days spent in watching the work are of non-effectiveness, and that, in spite of the immense amount of costly machinery and plant which have been sent to the isthmus, the work is being done by hand labor. Most of the excavating and dumping plant is badly deteriorated, and, should the work continue a year longer, nearly if not quite all of it will have to be replaced.

As a result of the method of letting work in each section to many different contractors without (apparently) restriction as to dumping-ground, instead of letting an entire section to full depth and width to one party on carefully digested studies of where every yard of earth should be deposited, fully 90 per cent. of all material excavated is handled twice and three times.

There has been some work at Culebra since 1885, but, in comparison with the total to be done, the new cuts are like the furrows in a plowed field. Looking down from the highth of Culebra into the peaceful valley of the Rio Grande far below, with only a narrow drainage ditch in the center and a few isolated patches of fresh earth here and there—everything else having been already reclaimed by the ever-encroaching tropical vegetation—the colossal grandeur of the assertion that the canal will be opened in 1890 becomes oppressive.

There is a great deal of sickness on the Isthmus. One foreman at Culebra recently said that at his hotel a man died the previous forenoon, another in the afternoon, a third early that morning, and that two more would probably die during the day. M. Jabquier, the company's Director-General, had fever early in the summer and left for France when convalescent. M. Antoine Vanneau, his successor, died on June 27th. M. Benneval, the director of the works at La Boca, near Panama, died in the early part of July. The *Star and Herald* of Panama announces the death of M. Pierre Aubert, superintendent of work at Lock No. 5 in the Emperador section.—*Engineering News.*

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GENERAL NOTICES.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment has cured Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other Ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the Private Parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1 per box. Sold by KIRK, GEARY & CO., and JOSEPH HAHN & CO. TTS1y

A Flagrant Wrong.

To advertise in print or by word of mouth a dentifrice containing ingredients calculated to impair healthy teeth, or accelerate the decay of bad ones, is a flagrant wrong. 'Tis done every day. Use healthful, efficient SOZODONT only.

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

G. A. R. and W. R. C. Excursion.

To Columbus, Ohio, and back, $80. An excursion train, via Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (Santa Fe Route), will leave Sacramento SEPTEMBER 5, 1888, for Columbus, Ohio. Tickets good to return by any selected route up to OCTOBER 31st, with stop-over privileges within limit. This excursion will give parties desirous of going three days longer at home to attend to business, and reach Columbus same time as Department Headquarters. For full information call on G. W. RAILTON, 925 Second street, Sacramento. au22-to4

Dressmaking Rooms.—Lowest prices. Cutting and fitting a specialty. Your patronage solicited. Call at 1321 Ninth street, between M and N, up stairs. au20-12t

F. Baumle, 723 J street.—Lunches a specialty. Canned goods, ham, cheese, butter, Also, large variety of choice Sausage. my15-

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

The best place in California to save your printing dime. A. J. Johnson & Co's, 820 J St., Sacramento, Cal.

HARRISON AND MORTON!

"We believe in American labor, American industries and American capital against the whole world."

HON. M. M. ESTEE
WILL OPEN THE CAMPAIGN AT
SACRAMENTO
Saturday Evening, September 1st,

And address the people on the issues of Protection against Free Trade. The County Committee will please make the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee. [s30 3t] W. R. DIMOND, Chairman.

CONSCIOUS WORTH.

"My John says I'm too neat a girl by all odds for this house, and he's right. The idea! A house where they don't use Sapolio!"

Everybody knows our old friend

SAPOLIO,

And 'tis said truly: "A well-known friend is a treasure." Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in house-cleaning.

No. 2. [Copyright, March, 1887.]

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

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

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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Are the pioneer journals which, from early years in the history of the coast, have maintained the

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The only papers on the coast, outside of San Francisco, which receive the full Associated Press Dispatches and Specials.

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Has the largest circulation of any paper on the Pacific Slope, its readers being found in every town and hamlet, with a constantly increasing list in the Eastern States and Europe. Special attention paid to the publication of truthful statements of the resources of California and the entire Coast; Best methods of Agriculture, Fruit and Vine Growing.

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—WHOLESALE—
Fruit and Produce.
420 J Street,
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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.
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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.
Garsoll & 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

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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

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—WHOLESALE—
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
DEALERS,
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WM. M. LYON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND WHOLESALE Dealers in Produce and Fruits, including Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry,
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San Francisco Office: 416 Front st. tf

FRESH FRUIT.
FOR CHOICE PEACHES, APRICOTS, APples, Blackberries, Plums, Prunes, Grapes, etc., also fine Family Groceries, go to
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The STATE FAIR of CALIFORNIA
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SEPT. 3RD TO 15TH
INCLUDES
A COMPLETE EXHIBITION OF THE PROGRESS MADE IN ART, SCIENCE & INDUSTRIAL PURSUITS. A SUPERB DISPLAY OF FARM PRODUCTS MADE BY SEPARATE COUNTIES
GRAND PARADES OF SHOWY LIVE STOCK.
NINE DAYS OF RACING, OTHER ATTRACTIONS TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.
Edwin F. Smith, SEC. L. U. Shippee, PRESIDENT.

PROPOSALS

Invited for the Construction of the Text-Book Warehouse at Sacramento.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the Superintendent of State Printing, in the State Capitol, on the 11th day of SEPTEMBER, 1888, and be opened at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, for the construction of a fire-proof Warehouse for the storage of School Text-Books at the city of Sacramento, in accordance with the provisions of an Act of the Legislature, approved March 15, 1887.

Each proposal must be in writing, and addressed to the undersigned, and be accompanied by a bond of the proposer equal to ten per cent. of the proposal, with two sureties, conditioned that if the proposal be accepted the party proposing will enter into a contract to faithfully perform his contract, and also execute a bond in double the amount of the contract price, payable to the State of California, with two sureties, conditioned for the faithful performance of his contract, according to the provisions of an Act of the Legislature, Statute Cals, 1875-6, p. 427.

In lieu of the bond accompanying the proposal there will be received a certified check of the same amount, drawn in favor of the Governor, to be forfeited in case the proposal is accepted and the proposer fails to enter into a contract and execute the bonds required for the performance of the contract.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Specifications and plans will be found at the office of N. D. GOODELL, Architect, Sacramento, and can be seen upon application.

J. D. YOUNG,
Superintendent of State Printing.
au9-4w2p&w4t

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

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an inter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. For sale by JOS. HAHN & CO., Druggists, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento, Cal. d8-TTh8Sly

Life Renewer
Patented October 11, 1887.

A NEW INVENTION! LATEST AND BEST!
IT CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE!

Dr. Pierce's Galvanic Chain Belt
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