A VISIT EAST.

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF OVER THIRTY-TWO YEARS.

A Sacramentan's Trip Through the Siskiyou Mountains and Over the Northern Pacific.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1888.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: The trip across the continent has been written up by a great many, but as each one views from a different standpoint, I thought I might be able to contribute something that would be of interest to your readers.

Our party left Sacramento September 2d on the Grand Army excursion train. When we arrived at Davisville we coupled to the San Francisco portion of the train, and were detained there two hours owing to a hot box. We had seventeen cars and were drawn by three engines. We did not arrive at Redding until seven o'clock next morning, where we took breakfast. From Red Bluff to Sissons (at which point we arrived at three o'clock) we wind around the meanderings of the Sacramento river. One can hardly realize it is the Sacramento, it is so clear and sparkling. The scenery is one grand panorama to the eye, and of that wild and romantic nature, you do not get tired of gazing upon. Before reaching Sissons the train stops to allow the passengers to fill their buckets from a soda spring. It is the coldest and most palatable soda water I ever drank. At Sissons we were seven hours late. Here we took supper, and a better table on the line of railroads is seldom sat down to. While eating, you have a fine view of old Mount Shasta, which bows its snow-capped head at an elevation of 14,442 feet.

Leaving Sisson at 4 P. M., it soon grew dark, and we saw little of the country from there to Ashland. In the night they pulled out a draw-head, and we did not arrive at Portland until 9:30 A. M.—eleven hours late. Here we all marched up to the G. A. R. Hall, over a mile distant, where they entertained us with music, and a few short addresses were delivered by the Committee of Reception and General Goodman, who had charge of our delegation. At this point we changed to the Northern Pacific. We had one hour to remain in Portland, consequently we saw but little of the city. Instead, however, of getting away in an hour, we did not get to our car until 2 o'clock next morning (Wednesday), owing to the length of time it took to put in a new draw-head, and it was 4:30 A. M. before we left. The Oregon and Washington Territory G. A. R. went on in a separate division.

When we turned out next morning we were at Kalama, a small town on the north bank of the Columbia river, 40 miles from Portland. The first crossing of the Columbia is made on a ferryboat similar to the Solano, but not nearly as large. The Columbia is followed for a number of miles through a thickly wooded country.

Let me pause here with my description a sufficient time to remark that it is an easy matter to determine why land is so cheap in Washington Territory—it is so heavily timbered, and the expense of clearing so great, it does not pay to clear it, as there is no sale for wood, and also very little sale for agricultural products raised. It is a good stock country in some parts. It is also easy to see why Oregon gave such a large Republican majority at her July election, as upon every farm you pass you will see a band of sheep. Those farmers could not swallow free-wool doctrines. The dose made them sick, and the majority will be increased for "protection" in November. So her citizens say.

We went into Tacoma, upon Puget Sound, with the largest passenger train ever pulled in there. We remained there sufficient time for our purveyors to replenish their lunch baskets. The contents of them—owing to our getting to eating stations so irregularly—had diminished very greatly. Tacoma is very prettily situated. It is built mostly upon a high bluff, which overlooks Puget Sound. It is a much larger and prettier place than I anticipated, having a population of some 7,000. They have some very fine and elegantly built stores and buildings of modern architecture. The Northern Pacific Company is having erected a large hotel and a splendid building for its offices. They are undoubtedly intending to make this their leading seaport city and terminus. From this place the largest ocean steamers run to all points. From Tacoma to Green river a very rich farming country is passed through, and a great hop-growing district. Their hop-houses are much smaller than those in the vicinity of Sacramento. Some very thriving looking villages are also passed through along here, which are well and compactly built. The country is yet thickly timbered, and apparently will be sufficient for ages to come. Near dusk we came to Green river. Along here we fairly flew around the sharp curves, it being down grade, trying to make up lost time.

I have had the pleasure of seeing some grand scenery, but the scenery for a two-hours ride down Green river equals, if not surpasses, any I ever saw. The tall pine-clad mountains, the abrupt cliffs, deep gorges and canyons, with the clear stream rushing down through them, make one enraptured at the view, and it requires the pencil of one more gifted than I to properly describe it, but will I pause sufficiently to describe some of the personalities and daily routine:

One car was composed of a very agreeable and pleasant party, and by the third day out they were all well acquainted. Major Hubbard and A. Leonard were among the number and everyone did all they could to make the journey a pleasant one. Time passed more rapidly than I imagined it could. We had two Superior Judges aboard—Judge Gibson of Alameda and Judge Buckles of Solano. Judge Buckles is full of mirth, and he held Court on two occasions. The first was on the 6th, when he tried a young lady and gentleman. The charges were trumped up by a jealous rival of the young lady. The sentence was most severe, being that the prisoners should get married upon their return to California. The sentence so overcome the young lady that she fainted. Of course the young man caught her in his arms, which caused her to revive. If the verdict is not given exactly correct, the Judge can correct it.

We arrived at Pasco Thursday, September 6th, at 7 A. M. This is the junction of the Oregon Short Line with the N. P. R. R., and is the most dismal, dreary-looking place I ever saw, being in the midst of a forlorn, sandy desert. We crossed the Columbia river for the last time just before arriving here. Little does it look like the Columbia we left at Kalama, and not a tree or shrub about it.

At Pasco we could not get a cup of coffee fit for a tramp, and a jack-rabbit would starve to death there. It would be a splendid place to ship the Australian rabbits; they would fall to killing each other in disgust. Leaving there, a desolate country is passed through for miles. Towards evening we come to the mountains again—a great relief after crossing the deserted plain. We cross between the arms of Lake Pen d'Oreille.

The lake is about 2,000 feet elevation, in Idaho Territory; a beautiful lake, sixty miles long and fifteen miles wide. We were eating supper in the dining-car, which was taken on between Portland and Tacoma and continued with us to St. Paul, as we passed by this lake. The cars ran along the border for some thirty miles. As we looked upon the lake and scenery surrounding it we were reminded of Tahoe—but it is not as pretty a sheet of water. Several good-sized steamers ply upon its waters. It was upon an island in this lake that we saw our first Indians of the trip. They were a fine-looking tribe, large and muscular—no Digger Indian about them—and probably of the Nez Perces or Shoshones tribe, which were a terror to the immigrant of pioneer days. This lake is only ninety miles from the British possessions.

On the 6th we passed through the city of Spokane Falls. It derives its name from the falls upon Spokane river, near the place. It is one of the most thriving cities we passed during our entire journey eastward. It has a population of some 4,500. Lumbering is the principal industry. It has a large number of churches and two very fine colleges. Everything about the place has a business-like air; street cars run upon the principal streets, and the hum of the saw and plane are heard on all sides. A great many fine buildings have been erected, and others are in process of construction.

On the 6th General Goodman and staff visited all the occupants of the cars. The drum corps headed the procession. Visiting was indulged in most every day by some portion of the delegations, and a general good time was had, which assisted materially to pass off the time.

On the 7th at 11:30 A. M., we passed Helena, capital of Montana, which has a population of 8,500. Being now fourteen hours behind time, they agreed to run us in from here to St. Paul at the rate of forty miles an hour, but they failed to do so. Helena is a very dusty place; is built at the foot of the eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains, and has a population estimated at 8,500, but it seems a small place for that number of inhabitants. It is the commercial center of Montana. There are four national banks, with an aggregate deposit of $3,000,000.

From Helena we moved along at a more rapid speed, it being down grade for several hundred miles. We passed hurriedly through several very fine villages, only stopping at the end of divisions, and when they take on coal and water. At Townsend we got the first glance of the Missouri river. We then began to realize that we were nearing "the States," as we call them.

They must have some terrible blizzards in this country, as all the hay-stacks are very small, and very securely fastened with poles and ropes, to prevent them blowing away.

We followed down the Missouri for several miles. Before reaching Gallatin, on one side is the Missouri river and on the other high, rocky ledges, the whole making a pleasant contrast from the country just passed through. The next place of importance is Livingston, a small place, but famous as the terminus of the Yellowstone Park Railroad. We remained here over an hour, and an amusing incident occurred. We had a gentleman aboard by the name of Ward, who was nicknamed "the cow-boy," from being always full of fun and hallooing at every thing of any interest he saw. An old cow was being driven along by a small boy. Ward espied her, and, before the boy could get her away, he had her milked, while the G. A. R. boys held her. On several occasions, when the train would stop sufficient time, if there was a cow within reach, he would see she was milked.

At this place I saw some of the finest specimens of taxidermy I ever witnessed, and a great many of our passengers made some handsome purchases.

Leaving Livingston the road follows down the Yellowstone river, one of the most beautiful streams of water in the United States. It flows very swift, forming many beautiful rapids, which are grand to behold. Passing through the large cattle range of Montana, on each side of the railroad are the snow fences, reminding of the intense cold winters and the immense mortality that occurs among the herds. Next we passed in sight of Pompey's Pillar—a huge rock of sandstone between 400 and 500 feet high. We also passed Custer, a small town only a short distance from where our brave and beloved Custer was cruelly massacred. We then soon crossed into Dakota, and into what is called the Bad Lands. They extend from the Missouri river on the north, to Black Hills on the south, and derive their name from early trappers, because they were hard to traverse, owing to their sandy and hilly nature. It is said they furnish ample feed for cattle ranges, and stock does well upon it.

It was discovered that each house we passed, where there were no hills, had what they call a dugout. Where there are hills an excavation or tunnel is dug in the sides of them, where the families take refuge in case of a blizzard, and they are quite frequent. It is not to be wondered at that all wish to sell out and remove from this region, which is a sterile and desolate-looking country, and worth one's life to live in it. I can now realize why so many inquiries are made by Dakotians for California lands.

Before reaching Mandan a series of resolutions were drawn up, and signed by all on board, thanking General Goodman for the kindness and courtesies he had extended to all, and pledging the support of the entire G. A. R. delegation to him for the position of Grand Commander of the G. A. R.

At Mandan the train stopped a sufficient time to allow the company to form on dress parade, and permit the resolutions to be presented to General Goodman. He was taken completely by surprise, and could hardly respond to the eloquent words used by Judge Buckles in presenting him with them.

After leaving Mandan we crossed the great Missouri river bridge. It is 1,426 feet long and 56 feet above the highest water mark, allowing steamers to pass under it without opening a draw. Steamers run to this point from St. Louis at the lowest stages of the river, carrying immense quantities of grain. We passed Bismarck, the capitol of Dakota, which has a population of 4,000, and appears to be a very thriving place. It was dark soon after, so the country was hidden from us, but it is said to be a rich grain country from Bismarck to St. Paul.

At Brainard the road branches, one running to Duluth and one to St. Paul. We took the St. Paul road, arriving there at 11:30 A. M. on Sunday, September 9th, some two hours behind time. At this point I will leave you. I could have filled much more space but have described the principal points. In all the country I have passed over I have seen very few orchards. Without going farther, the population we have passed could consume most all the fruit now raised in California.

In my next I will give you some details of the Columbus Exhibition. You have published the principal points, which were furnished by telegraph. Yours, etc.,

E. K. A.

POWDERLY A PROTECTIONIST.

I am a high tariff man and a protectionist, for the reason that I am an American and a friend of American labor. No workingman has ever called for reduction, and no reduction should be made until called for by the people. We need no tariff tinkering. We want protection from one end of the country to the other. Touch not the tariff. Raise the duties so high that not a single article of foreign maufacture can come into the country.—*T. V. Powderly.*

He Hadn't Heard of It.

"Do you keep campaign flags here?" asked a little red-haired man of Levy the other day.

"Certainly we do, mine frent," answered the merchant; "all der best grades and qualidies, as well as der ladest styles. Vich was it you want, Republican or—"

"No, I'm a Cleveland man."

"Ah, of course you are. He was a goot man, dot Cleveland. All my family is Democratic excepd der hired girl; she is a muladdo. Und, any vay, she doan'd vode. Now, mine frent, here is a lofly banner, brand new, just mate yesterday, and only cosds you twelve shillings."

"Why, this is a Cleveland and Hendrick's flag," said the little man, as Levy stretched it out on the counter.

"Of course it is, mine frent; you vas a Cleveland man, ain'd you?"

"Yes, but I can't put that thing up; it's Thurman now. Hendricks is dead long ago."

"Vat!" cried Levy. "Headrigs det and I didn't knowed it? Poor fellow—poor fellow. Vell, mine frent," added Levy, struggling to overcome his emotion, "tak dot flag and put it up at half-mast, und I'll let you haf it for ninety cents on account of poor Hendrigses' death."—*Washington Star.*

It may be taken for granted that the President has not acted without previously consulting the leaders of the Democratic party and securing their approval. He and they have taken up again the old Free Trade policy of the South Carolina politicians.—London Saturday Review.

RAMBLES IN COSTA RICA.

THE OLDEST CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Life in a Spook-Haunted Abode—Dreadful Doings of Irazu, the Great Volcano.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

CARTAGO (Costa Rica), Oct. 17, 1888.

In his quaint book, "Mikrokosmos," Peter Heylin tells us that the Spaniards of the conquest called Nicaragua the "Paradise of Mohammed;" and, with equal right, a later wanderer has named Costa Rica "The Arcadia of the Poets." Rattling down into the Cartago valley on top of a rickety diligencia, one no longer wonders that those early adventurers forget their native land. The cold black and white of ink and paper can give you little idea of the grandeur of its mountains and the gorgeousness of tropical coloring at their base; of the emerald meadows serried with sparkling streams; the wave-like, wooded hills seamed with red cart-roads; the immense vermillion-tiled farm-houses, buried in rich foliage; luscious fruits growing wild by the wayside, blossoming vines rioting everywhere, and limitless stretches of those delicate floral favorites which require careful culture in Northern green-houses, here flourishing spontaneously; while environing all and dissolving in the mellow light, tower the lonesome peaks of the Central Range.

In the middle of the valley a broad lagoon glitters in sunshine, and along its reedy margin tall white cranes stalk composedly, and scarlet-breasted flamingoes lazily pursue their fishing. Beyond this shallow lake are the oblong pasture-grounds called portreros, into which the remainder of the valley is divided, each marked off with hedges of coral-bean, cacti and pineapple.

Beyond the portreros are the low mountains of Agua Caliente (warm water), and overlooking the latter are the Candellaria groups, while far beyond the Candellarias rise the sapphire hights of the Andean chain—shadowy at this distance, but grandly asserting their sovereignty. The Agua Caliente hills derive their name from the tepid springs that bubble at their base from a crevice of quartz and oxyhydrate of iron. Being situated within two miles of the ancient capital, from time out of mind these springs have been frequented by Costa Rica's distempered aristocracy, the bitter waters having been found efficacious for gout and rheumatism.

Though now a dismal wreck, the old city of Cartago must once have been charming. Founded nearly four centuries ago, it became a royal capital under the Spanish crown, second to none in the new world. Musty records are still preserved in its archives, which prove it to have been flourishing in great splendor as early as 1550. That redoubtable Briton, Thomas Gage, who visited these parts in 1636, and declared himself to be the first Protestant who ever came here, says in his queer "Book of Travels" that in his time the opulent Cartagoans traded directly with the Peninsula.

But if ever a place was swarmed with ghosts of vanished greatness, it is the Cartago of to-day. Its once magnificent streets—wider than those of San Jose—are now cold, drowsy and deserted. Scarcely a soul is to be seen in them, except when, at rare intervals, some Egyptian-like figure glides slowly along amid the sepulchral silence, carrying an overflowing *tinaja* balanced upon its head. Monstrous masses of lava stone, hurled about in every direction, heighten the forlorn aspect and testify to the terrible temper of Irazu, the great volcano which overshadows the town.

Before the traveler has fairly set his foot on Costa Rican soil he hears a great deal about this awe-inspiring volcano, at whose base Cartago is builded, and of the mischief and terror it has caused. He hears how, in 1773, for more than two months, it never ceased roaring and rumbling, as with the rush of subterranean river, opening its fearful jaws now and then to roll forth billows of smoke; how dwellers on the near-by slopes and in the valleys far below were stifled to death by its sulphurous exhalations; and how, at dead of night, it sheeted the skies with flame and hurled balls of fire aloft, till for miles around it grew more fiercely bright than ever in the hottest day at noon; how at one time a vapor rose out of the seething gulf, white as cotton and shaped like a bended bow, till at the hight of two lances above the crater it assumed the form of an enormous palm-leaf, remaining suspended in the air while one might say an *Ave Maric*, then slowly returned to the shape of a bow and sank into the witches' cauldron beneath. Had this phenomenon occurred on Palm Sunday, what a fund of tradition it would have afforded. As it was, however, the good priesthood of the vicinage did not misimprove the opportunity to point a moral and adorn a tale for the benefit of the superstitions.

They tell us that the rumblings of the volcano grew louder and louder, till they struck the bewildered ear with the force of ten thousand forges all at work. Then red-hot bowlders—scoriæ, multiplied in volume—gushed from the fiery furnace, turning all the lakes and rivers to seething mud, uprooting trees and buildings from the palsied earth, and burying almost completely the scorched and backened city beneath burning dust. If one wishes to read the minute particulars of these dreadful happenings, they may be found in the official report (bearing date March 14, 1723) made by the Royal Governor, Senor Don Diego de la Haya.

The earthquakes caused by this voracious monster, Irazu, have been frequent and severe. There was one in 1756 and another in 1822, both of which overthrew Cartago. The last of consequence was in 1841, when (so testified Senor Telesforo Peralta, Governor of the Province) fully one-third of the population of the city—which at that time was computed at 17,500—lay buried for hours beneath the wreck of their homes. Astonishing to relate, only sixteen persons were killed outright—a statement not so incredible, when we remember that the one-storied *casas*, made of adobe, easily resolve themselves into the parent dust. At that time every house in the town but one was demolished. The one that was left deserves to stand forever, for in its court-yard is still flourishing, green and beautiful in its old age, the parent coffee tree of Costa Rica, planted there in 1819 by Padre Valvorde.

Irazu has four distinct mouths. In one of them sturdy oaks are growing, so gnarled and lofty as to lead to the conclusion that not less than two thousand years have elapsed since this crater first opened—at least, that is Baron von Humboldt's opinion, given in his account of the volcanic phenomena of Central America. Another of the mouths now forms a considerable lake, the source of the river Reomtazon, the *embouchure* of which, according to Thomas Gage, was a resort of great commercial importance as far back as 1636.

Now and then, to this day, the grim Cyclops, frowning overhead, grumbles and emits puffs of smoke, as if to assure the world that his is by no means a pipe of peace. One would think that the Cartagoans would heed his threatenings and choose some safer site, but, as Governor Peralta writes: "Such is the attachment which the people of Cartago feel for their own soil, that they bear with patience all these evils, and as often as it is thrown down, out of its ruins they rebuild the beloved city." This remarkable spirit of stick-to-a-tiveness seems to be strangely true of the dwellers near all volcanos, especially of those living at the foot and up the slopes of Vesuvius. In his paper on Naples, Leigh Hunt remarks: "They have always persisted in building their homes above those that have been buried, thus keeping up forever an obstinate struggle with one of nature's most fearful powers." It may be a wise provision of Providence to keep the most forbidding spots on earth inhabited, but, between ourselves, dear reader, I believe that with the good people of Cartago it is merely a matter of sheer laziness, they being constitutionally too inert to strike out and take root elsewhere.

Coming in from the smart modern Capital, this oldest city in Central America looks ancient indeed, with its imposing but ruined churches, empty streets and tumble-down palaces, whose yard walls were built as high as themselves. Having seen better days, the place wears an aspect of shabby gentility, appropriate to its changed circumstances, but truth compels the admission that its latter-day denizens are a somewhat stupid aristocracy, out at elbows and hopelessly gone to the "demnition bow-wows"—perhaps rendered the more haughty, sullen and useless by recollections of ancestral grandeur. It is difficult to see how they manage to exist, being altogether too proud to work, though mostly poorer than Job's typical turkey. The bluest blood of old Castile is not singular in this peculiarity, however, for broken-down gentility in other parts of the world, has been known to live—the Lord knows how—mainly on the pleasures of memory.

The oppressive quiet of the town fills one with superstitious fancies. Riding up a very long street, probably without encountering a single person, you come at length to the alleged hotel—which has but one merit, that of observing the "eternal fitness" by matching its surroundings. Architecturally, the Cartago inn is a pretentious affair, but ruined, comfortless and infested with vermin. Its long, narrow passage-way, is paved and arched like a funnel and smells like a tomb. Mounting a trembling stair-case in the dim and distant rear, you find a vast, moldy interior, whose gloomy halls and shadowy rooms seem full of spooks. Warm and healthy flesh cannot endure such uncanny company—to say nothing of the execrable cuisine and lack of the commonest necessaries.

Therefore, expecting to remain some time, we rented one of the partially repaired houses just above the plaza, on an elevated terrace which rises with the slope of the volcano. With the assistance of a sleepy mozo (man servant) and a sleepy female, we soon transformed this rookery into a delightful home—a beautiful blending of the partical and practical, of Southern sloth and Yankee energy, Old Spain and New England. Our casa—which, by the way, is one of the best in Cartago, yet rents for only $6 per month—has been built nearly three centuries. Though destitute of every convenience and literally overrun with lizards, centipedes, scorpions, et al., it has overbalancing charms which make us loath to leave it. In reality we have but little to do with the house, except at night, by daylight writing, reading, or "dreaming the happy hours away" in the cool and shadowy garden.

Life never seems real here, but as if we and the sculptured faces upon the outer walls were in an enchanted slumber together, waiting for some gay Prince Charming to come along and awaken us. Fancy the lagging hours of endless summer-time, spent in a hammock, curtained from the sleepy sunshine by the palms and pomegranates of a Moorish *patio!* No wonder we sometimes feel ourselves surrounded by an imaginary throng of dark-eyed beauties and Castilian hidalgoes, who went to dust a century or more ago; especially when evening breezes rustle the leaves and ripple the fountain, it requires little stretch of imagination to hear whisperings in the air—to see the carven faces assume new expressions with their interchange of reminiscences; or in the deepening twilight under the olive grove to distinguish "Ave Marias, or the muttered exclamation; "San Juan Bautista y San Jago!"

One may easily ascend Irazu, if so inclined; but there is little to render it worth while—a tedious horse-back journey of two days, to desolate hights and the brink of an awful abyss. The main crater is described by those who have seen it as an amphitheater, with broken walls, 7,500 feet in circumference, descent of which should not be attempted, for though going down would be easy enough, like falling from grace in a moral sense, to ascend again would be impossible, on account of constantly-shifting lava sands.

I have several times gone up the mountain far as the highest hut—a pleasant day's climb, starting early and returning before nightfall. Passing down Cartago's principal street, you cross directly in front of the Cathedral, and immediately the ascent begins. Soon a hight is reached which commands a glorious view of village, valley and river. A long way up the sides of the volcano are particularly favorable for cattle-grazing, and, strangely enough, while the plains below are almost unappropriated, these steep pasture-grounds are divided into patches, each with its hut, occupied by people in charge of the cattle. I cannot tell you the altitude of the highest hut, but it is near enough to the sky to set your teeth chattering with cold, however hot the day may be below. The mud hovel, clinging like a bird's nest to the edge of a wild ravine, has no opening but the door, and no furniture but a rude table, a bench, a big picture of the Blessed Virgin, and two ox-hide stretchers which serve for beds. Yet a happy husband and wife live here, and with them abides love—the heavenly guest. Their children play contentedly near the brink of the precipice, and a wee baby creeps to the door and gives you a smiling welcome.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Fashions in Mourning.

Black worn for parents should not be dispensed with for at least eighteen months, during which time no place of amusement can be visited and no invitations to dinners, lunches or parties accepted. No one wearing mourning should ever think of going to a theater. It is incongruous. Mourning may be mingled with white at the begining of the second year and finished with the various tints of purple.

For a widow no mourning can be too somber. Henrietta cloth is the best material known. The veil, during the first half year, is four yards long and nearly covers the figure in front and back. It is fastened to the bonnet by mourning pins and may be shortened one-half or even more toward the end of the first year, when it is thrown back from the face. The bonnet should be small to show the widow's cap. Jewelry, feathers, fringes, silk and velvet trimmings are all in the worst of taste. Jet is admissible.

After laying aside crape, black bunting and grenadine are appropriate. Black ear-drops should be worn, if any, and a black silk guard-chain for the watch, while handkerchiefs and note paper show mourning borders, either wide or narrow. Crape is not an absolute necessity in the mourning garb except for husband or child, and it should never be used by the young, who wear simple black for a year, then quiet hues for the next six months.

Those who wear black consider it a protection from many occurrences and inquiries that might otherwise be difficult to encounter. It tells its own story, needing no explanation and demanding only silent sympathy.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Florida Orange Crop

"The orange crop of Florida is estimated at 3,000,000 boxes for the year 1888," says the Ocala *Free Press*. "A box of oranges weighs 80 pounds, making the weight of the crop 240,000,000 pounds. This would load 14,000 cars, or 1,000 cars a month during the year, at 33⅓ every day of the year, as there are really but four orange shipping months, it will require 3,000 cars a month to remove the crop. This will be 100 cars a day, or five trains a day of 20 cars each, for removing this crop the roads will get 60 cents a box, or $1,800,000. The orange crop of Florida is no little thing for the railroads, to say nothing of the immense crop of vegetables, etc." A correspondent of the *Florida Dispatch* writes as follows: "We have had a big rain, which seems to cause the oranges to split badly, a great many are splitting on the seedlings, something I have never seen before. My impression is the rain has been the cause."

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear.
And likewise for Poetry and Prose:
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose.
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relive your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently and thoroughly.

THIRD PARTY FOLLY.

A GREAT LETTER BY A LEADING METHODIST CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Dr. Dorchester Tells Why, as a Temperance Man, He Remains a Republican.

Rev. Dr. Dorchester, one of the greatest lights of the Methodist Church at the East, has published an open letter upon the question of a third party at the present time, and the duty of temperance voters in the matter of casting their ballots in the line of intelligence and conscience at the approaching election. His letter is attracting wide attention and will be read with deep interest by members of all church denominations upon this coast. Dr. Dorchester was Chairman of the Temperance Committee of the late General Conference, and formulated the report on temperance made to that body. He discusses the reasons that impel him to remain a member of the Republican party, and closes his letter by saying that in this campaign he is for Harrison and Morton. When a man of commanding ability and sterling character like Dr. Dorchester speaks, the influence of his words will not be nullified by the party sneers of cheap men.

Following is a full abstract of the letter referred to:

To an Intelligent Public: Many inquiries have been propounded to me during the past three months, a few of which I desire to answer in this letter.

First—I am asked why, as a temperance reformer, I remain in the Republican party, while other temperance people have left it? I answer:

1. I am not aware that many temperance people have left the Republican party. Not 3 per cent. in 1884, went into the third party, and probably 90 per cent. of all in the North who favor the more radical temperance measures are now in the Republican party. It is not likely to be so lonesome a place for temperance people as the third party. I prefer to remain in the old ranks and work with the greater mass of temperance people, who are more concerned to promote temperance than to build up a party. That the solid temperance sentiment of the Northern States is in the Republican party, notwithstanding it has not done, and cannot at once do, all that over-sanguined agitators ask it to do, I will proceed to show.

2. The only Prohibition States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Iowa and Kansas—are reliable Republican States.

3. The portions of the aforesaid States where prohibition is well enforced are the parts which are most strongly Republican.

4. The localities in the North where no license prevails, under local option, are almost wholly Republican.

5. Where license prevails under local option, the great bulk of the no-license vote is cast by Republicans.

6. In the States where heavy "tax laws" have been enacted against the saloons, because it was felt that public sentiment would not enforce prohibition, this aggressive move for temperance has been led and sustained chiefly by Republicans, who will gladly hail still more radical measures when the people are ready for them.

7. To that extent that, in the North, the Republicans have a sufficiently controlling influence, the saloons disappear or are seriously crippled. There are some sad exceptions, but not numerous.

8. The present Maine law was given to that State by Republicans in 1858.

9. In New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as in Maine, the original "Maine laws," by the influence of Republicans, have been kept on the statute books ever since they were enacted.

10. All the most radical temperance legislation in the North, for a third of a century, has been proposed and enacted by Republicans.

11. In Congress the only members who have assailed the liquor traffic and attempted measures against it, with the exception of Messrs. Colquitt, of Georgia, and Reagan, of Texas, have been Republicans.

12. The constitutional prohibitory amendments are favorite measures of Republicans. In the twenty Northern Legislatures where these amendments have been acted upon, Republicans proposed them, championed, sustained and voted for them.

13. My chief concern in this matter is to help the cause of temperance, which I think can be done more effectively and more widely in the Republican party than in the third party. So far as I can judge, after long, close and candid observation, there is more practical, effective work to promote the cause of temperance among the ardent temperance men in the Republican party than in the third party, where the preponderating aim of the leaders seems to be to build up a party autonomy. And I think the chances for the solution of the temperance problem are fifty-fold better in the old party of great achievements than in the third party, which, after twenty years of extravagant promises, has no practical temperance results to show.

14. I advise those who have gone out of the Republican party, because impatient on account of slow temperance progress, to return and strengthen the cause within the old lines, now so rapidly advancing.

Second—I am asked if I was not disappointed in the temperance plank of the National Republican Convention this year? Not at all.

1. Party platforms are often merely convenient makeshifts, deftly shaped, for popular effect. This is notably the case with the third party utterances on the woman's suffrage question in 1884, and its tame quasi-expressions on other topics this year.

2. With a consistent, reliable, life-long temperance man like General Harrison as our candidate, we have the largest and best kind of temperance plank.

3. It should be kept in mind that this is the first time either of the two great parties have said anything in favor of temperance in their national platforms.

4. We could not reasonably expect that the first utterance of a National Convention upon so complex a question would be of the most radical character. In the language of General Harrison, "it is not so much the length of the step which is taken, as the direction."

5. The plank adopted by the Convention, when broadly and discriminatingly viewed, is evidently wise and strong for a national body.

6. While our national platform has been silent until this year, almost every year and for many years the Republican State Convention platforms have contained emphatic temperance declarations.

7. The work of enforcing the liquor laws has incalculably advanced within a decade by law and order leagues and other agencies; and whoever does anything in this line of action but Republicans?

Third—Would it not be better to have a political party distinctly committed to a temperance policy and to its enforcement? By no means.

1. They do not duly consider that this problem has many elements entering into it which political action can not solve.

2. If I could have my way, no political party would champion specific temperance measures. I would have party Conventions strike the saloons sharply, and stimulate action against them as a means of making strong and influential sentiment, but no party shibboleth of specific legislative measures should divide the reform forces.

3. Matters so vital to the best welfare of our common life ought not to depend upon the accidental fortunes and fluctuations of political parties, with the jealousies, bickerings and reckless ambitions incidental thereto.

4. Thus far in its history the actual influence of the third party has been to handicap temperance legislation.

5. In a republic no party can long retain the ascendancy, and when a party goes down the interests identified with it suffer a decline and possibly a collapse. So must it be with a political temperance party.

6. Moreover, it is a mistake to presume that only those questions which are made issues in party platforms are settled at the polls. The prohibitory legislation in Kansas, Iowa and Maine was not enacted by any party organized on that issue.

7. Besides, it is a matter of common observation that strictly partisan legislation can be enforce only in limited localities.

8. The idea of a Prohibition party to enforce a prohibition policy, which third party leaders reiterate, sounds well, and is very misleading to those who have not thought the matter through. Professor Bascomb, the ablest expounder of this theory says: "The State must be officered from top to bottom" on this basis, "electing the officers, from judge to justices of the peace, governors, mayors, aldermen and policemen," and must "hold the power for a dozen years or so," then "it can enforce prohibition."

This is the ideal scheme the third party is entertaining. And some such machinery through all the towns and cities of a State will indeed be necessary to justify their theory of a prohibitory party behind a prohibition policy to enforce it.

But what a vain delusion. Where is the State, especially if it has any large cities, which is "officered from top to bottom," and in all its municipalities, by the party that holds the State offices? Not one can be mentioned. The Democrats are now in the ascendency in the State of New York, but large areas of the State are Republican; and when the Republicans have held the State offices in New York the Democrats have held New York city and many other towns and cities. The same is true of all other States.

And yet these ideal party builders would postpone the great interests of the temperance reform, would hedge up and obstruct the efforts of those who, by unpartisan methods, seek to protect the home against the saloon, until this impossible political conception can be realized.

On this visionary basis they make extravagant promises and predictions—their principal stock in trade. It is an old trick of bankrupts that they are lavish with promises to pay; so a political party that is built upon a hallucination can never be solvent, either in present or prospective results. It costs one nothing to offer "all the kingdoms of the world" when he does not own a rood of land.

For these reasons I am a Republican, and support Harrison and Morton in the present campaign.

DANIEL DORCHESTER.

Boston, September 28, 1888.

A Desperate Man.

"Papa," said a pale but beautiful girl, "I refused Mr. Sampson last night and as he got up to go he said:

"'Miss Millinton, your refusal has made me desperate; all the colors of my life are changed; look in the papers to-morrow morning,' and with a groan he was gone. Oh, papa, see what dreadful thing has happened."

"Was his first name George?" asked the old man, scanning the paper.

"Yes, papa."

"H-m—George Sampson. Yes, he has been sent up for ten days."

"Sir," he said to the old man, "for months I have worshiped your daughter with a passion which I had every reason to suppose was reciprocated."

"Well?"

"Last night she cruelly refused me, and in the depth of my despair I overestimated my capacity, and this morning was fined $10."

"Well?"

"I think, sir, in view of all the exciting circumstances, it would be no more than right for you to reimburse me the fine."—*New York Sun.*

The Tomato in Bright's Disease.

When Thomas Jefferson brought the tomato from France to America, thinking that if it could be induced to grow bountifully it might make good feed for hogs, he little dreamed of the benefit he was conferring upon posterity. A constant diet of raw tomatoes and skim-milk is said to be a certain cure for Bright's disease. General Schenck, who, when Minister to England, became a victim to that complaint, was restored to health by two years of this regimen. With many persons the tomato has much the same effect upon the liver as a small blue pill, and whether it is as a people we are less bilious than in former years, or that the doctors of the new school practice less severe remedies than did those of the past, it is certain that mercury is prescribed with less frequency than of old.

Beautiful Heroism.

Acts of heroism in medical life are so frequent and appear to be so natural a part of it that they are not chronicled as often as they should be. One such deed, however, recently found its way into the *British Medical Journal*, where it is mentioned as an illustration of the self-sacrifice of medical men in behalf of suffering humanity. It is the case of a surgeon in the British army, named Landon. Mortally wounded himself, and with the grasp of death rapidly closing down on him, he heard a wounded soldier crying out from the sharp pain of his hurt. Forgetful of self he crept with difficulty to where the man lay and gave him a hypodermatic injection of morphia to lessen suffering, and, having given it, lay down and died by the side of the soldier.—*Medical News.*

Courting in Canada.

Canadian girls it is said, allow their lovers six months to make a decision. If the youth is particularly bashful and the young lady is indulgent she may give him a place on the sofa and accept contributions of the sap of the maple with which he comes laden to her fresh from the forest for another three months. But unless somewhere in that time he asks her to be his own he must seek other firesides. She doesn't weep at the parting or make any time over it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, she argues, and in that reason she finds consolation for the misspent time. Canadian girls are not only pretty but they are all trained to make good housekeepers.—*Exchange.*

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

It is evident from the events of the past few weeks, that the progress toward Free Trade in the United States has been much greater than was generally expected.—London Iron and Coal Trade Review.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
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It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, N. Y.

ONE QUIET DAY.

"My poor, exhausted friend, you write.
The season's ding-dong at its hight,
You're nearly done for, if not quite—
I'm here to say
Come down to us, and spend the night
And one long day.

Give up for once the early call,
The long, long dinner, late, late ball;
The 'private view' and 'first-night' stall;
Park, lounge and band;
State festival in courtly hall,
Gay four-in-hand.

The dress, dress, dress, from morn till night;
The talk, talk, talk, from dark till light;
The toil, the hurry, and the fright
(Most potent spur)
Of being absent from the sight,
Where others were.

Put by for once St. James' airs,
The eye-glass and the freezing stares,
The suit just fit for easy-chairs,
Two fingers numb;
Be as you were in other years,
Old fellow, come—

What? You have 'long engagements made?
Notes to be written, visits paid?
Business that cannot be delayed?"
Not really? What?
Your 'friends would miss you,' you're afraid—
Why should they? eh?

You say you'd like our quietews,
Our grass