CROSSING LAKE TITICACA,

THE HIGHEST NAVIGABLE WATER ON THE GLOBE.

Dry Tortugas of Peru—A Visit to the Island Grave of Professor Orton, Late of Vassar College.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

PUNO, Peru, 1890.

Afloat on Lake Titicaca! How the very name recalls schooldays and geography lessons, though in that early time, when we located unpronounceable names on the map of a country which to our young imaginations did not exist anywhere but on paper, we had no idea of proving their reality by a personal visit. It is amusing to remember what incorrect pronunciation of most of these South American names the teachers laboriously drilled into us; and the fact remains that many of them are still called, in our best schools, by names which the residents of the places would hardly recognize.

However pleased the traveler may be to find himself sailing the highest navigable water on the globe, he must pay the price of many discomforts for his rare experience. Not only is there *sirroche* to contend with, which makes a nervous person feel as if grim death were clutching his heart-strings with icy fingers and piling a thousand pounds weight upon his chest, while all the blood in the body seems to fill the head to bursting, crimsoning the face and leaving the lower extremities cold as ice, but the most weather-beaten voyager is bound to suffer all the pangs of sea-sickness, though he may have circumnavigated the globe without a qualm of it.

Consulting a map of South America, you will find Titicaca about midway down the continent, but only 325 miles inland from the Pacific. It lies at an altitude of 12,550 feet above the level of the sea in an enormous basin whose eastern border is bounded by the loftiest cordillera of the Andes, an unbroken, untrodden, snow-crowned wall, several of whose peaks rival Chimborazo in hight and sublimity. In shape the lake is an irregular oval extending almost due north and south, 120 miles long, its greatest width being about 57 miles. It has an average depth of 1,000 feet, but in many places line and plummet have failed to find the bottom. Though many rivers, fed by mountain snows, flow into it, there is no visible outlet except the Desaguadero river, a broad, deep, swift but not turbulent stream, 170 miles long, which itself has many tributaries and a fall of 500 feet and discharges into Lake Aullagas, away to the southward. Of the latter lake very little is known except that it has no outlet to the sea unless it be subterranean, though receiving the drainage of the great upper basin and having several other powerful feeders besides the Desaguadero. During rainy seasons and dry its water always remains at precisely the same depth, though no fewer than nine considerable streams flow into it.

Lake Titicaca never freezes over, whatever the weather, though even in summertime ice frequently forms near the shore where the bays are shallow. This mysterious body of water exercises a very marked and important influence on the climate of this cold region, being always from 10° to 12° Fahrenheit warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Its islands and peninsulas feel this influence most perceptibly and corn and barley ripen upon them, though on the mainland hereabouts they never reach maturity.

The great basin which contains Titicaca has been estimated to be 600 miles long and 200 miles wide, with a total area of perhaps 100,000 miles, or three times that of the State of New York. The slope of the basin is gently towards the south, Lake Titicaca occupying its northern extremity and Lake Aullagas the southern, connected by the Desaguadero. Professor Squier, who studied the locality long and carefully, says: "The American hemisphere affords but three really notable examples of the interesting physical phenomenon to which the basin of Titicaca belongs. The first is the great Utah basin with its salt lake; the second is the smaller basin of Lake Itza, in Central America; and the third is the vaster, more elevated, and in all respects more interesting basin of Lake Titicaca. The latter possesses a fluvial system of its own, having no outlet to the sea."

The prevailing winds are from the northeast. Blowing continually, they often come with prodigious force, rendering navigation extremely hazardous by the frail *balsas* of the natives, and very disagreeable, if not dangerous, by the steamers. Before the comparatively recent introduction of the latter, the balsas, or rafts and canoes made of rushes woven together, were the only boats on the lake. Very pretty and picturesque are the curious little craft, when seen at a distance, but they are not inviting as a means of transit over ice-cold waters of measureless depth, especially in a storm. Each balsa is furnished with a square sail, also made of woven reeds, which can be furled, raised or lowered, at the will of the boatman.

The steamers, which by tight squeezing will accommodate twenty-four passengers each, are of one hundred tons burden. Being never heavily loaded, they roll and tremble and toss about on the stormy waves in a way calculated to appal the stoutest heart and upset the strongest stomach, while the winds howl, shriek and moan among the rigging like a legion of lost spirits, or as if the angry gods of Titicaca Island, whose temples the Europeans have destroyed were in revengeful pursuit. Going straight across from Chililaya to Puno, the trip is only one hundred and ten miles, and is usually made in twelve or fourteen hours; but one can get quite enough of it in that length of time, I assure you. The little steamers, that required ten years in building, were brought piecemeal over the mountains on the backs of mules, before the day of the railroad, much as Cortez carried his historic ships from Vera Cruz to the lakes of Tenochtitlan. Their state-rooms are the smallest that can possibly be made to accommodate human beings; and along the walls of the *salon*, which serves both for dining and smoking-room, are cushioned benches which "let out" into two tiers of tolerably comfortable berths.

Titicaca has several considerable bays extending inland, notably those of Puno, Achacache and Huancane. Puno bay is so shallow that the steamers could not come near the shore until a canal three miles long had been excavated. This work was accomplished when John Thorndyke, a well-known American, connected the lake with the sea by means of a railroad across Peru. Santiago (James) Beaumont, a gentleman from Paterson, N. J., who is still connected with this railway and Titicaca navigation, not only made the canal but ordered the steamers and put them together when the pieces arrived.

Though the Bolivian shore of Titicaca is rough and abrupt, the mountains on that side pressing boldly down into the water, the western and southern shores are low and comparatively level, the swampy edges overgrown with a species of tall strong reeds called *tortera*. These reeds serve the natives for as many purposes as bamboo does the Chinaman. They are used instead of lath for lining the walls of houses; for thatching roofs, bottoming chairs, filling beds, making baskets, boats and bridges. They are also an important item in the way of fuel, though they burn too rapidly to give off much heat. Cattle feed upon them, and at any time of the year cows and oxen may be seen nearly up to their backs in the marshes. For several years the Chililaya bridge across the deep and rapid Desguadero was made entirely of reeds supported by balsas below, until the fine new bridge was built a few years ago.

As that river is the dividing line between Peru and Bolivia, a Custom-house is located at each end of the bridge. If there were any hunters hereabouts they would find plenty of sport in these reedy marshes where myriads of water-fowl find shelter, among them black and scarlet ducks, snipe, herons, etc. These, together with a variety of fishes, contribute largely toward the support of the population in a region so cold that the corn crop is precarious, wheat will not ripen at all and potatoes, shrunk to their smallest size, are bitter as so many green olives, and where the only indigenous animals fit for food are the biscatcha (rabbit), the llama and the vicuna, the latter becoming yearly more scarce, having been hunted nearly out of existence for its valuable fur.

There are eight habitable islands in Lake Titicaca, viz.: Titicaca, Loati, Soto, Amantene, Taqueli, Aputo, Campanario and Toquare. The largest of them is Titicaca, six miles long by about four miles wide, high, bare and rugged in outline. This is the celebrated "Sacred Island" of the Incas, to which we shall make a special journey before many days. Another of the islands, which is also about six miles long, but not so broad as Titicaca, was formerly the Siberia, or Dry Tortugas of Peru, to which criminals were banished for life, or for stated periods. Besides a large colony of prisoners, there was, and still is, an Indian village at one end of it. This cramped but bleak and barren space must have been a perfect sheol upon earth in those days when criminals of all sorts, young and old, male and female, were crowded here together. A few cents per capita were distributed every morning among them, with which they might purchase food enough to sustain life from the Indians, paying the highest price for everything. They were allowed to build huts for themselves, the rudest materials being furnished, but no provision for fires was made at this freezing altitude, and as nothing grows on the island, fuel for cooking purposes had also to be bought of the Indians.

It is said that scenes of robbery, murder and violence were of daily occurrence, the young and weak having little chance of retaining the pittance given by the Government. Sometimes a number pooled their issues and cooked over one fire, but more frequently it happened that the strongest did not buy fuel at all, but drove away those who needed it most from the little blaze they had scrimped themselves of food to purchase, so true it is that common suffering does not tend to make good companions, nor wretchedness soften the human heart. So great was the penalty for assisting a prisoner from the island that it was never attempted, and to swim any distance in these icy waters is impossible.

On the main land nearest to this Tortugas is an Aymara village, which a few years ago numbered nearly 1,000 Indians. A philanthropic English physician, filled with a desire to elevate the condition of the Aymaras, went, with his wife and family, to live in this settlement. The latter, however, resented the intrusion, and one night caused the whole family to be murdered in their beds. The atrocity was not discovered for some weeks—not until distant friends, failing to hear from the good doctor, came over to see how he was getting on. As the most diligent search failed to discover the identity of the murderers, the Government sent a body of troops who massacred more than half the people of the village, to teach them better manners in the line of hospitality and as a warning to the other Indian settlements.

The saddest of all the islands in Lake Titicaca is one very near to Puno, called San Estevan (Saint Stephen), which has become a Protestant graveyard. Many years ago, from some unknown reason, a Spaniard who fell during the war for independence was buried here. A queer old monument marks the spot, built up of small, rough stones, in shape of a short, fat Cleopatra's needle. Close beside this is the grave of Captain Pemberton, an English skipper who commanded the first boat on the lake, and who, being a heretic, could not be buried in consecrated ground. It is said that even this barren rock was begrudged him for a burial place, the pious natives of the vicinage threatening to dig him up and scatter his bones abroad, which they doubtless would have done had he laid in a more accessible place.

The latest addition to this desolate cemetery was made when Professor Orton died. The well-known author and scientist, from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., died of consumption, brought on by over-work and the inhospitable climate of this far-away land, and when he knew that the end was near requested that his remains be laid on the top of San Estevan. We made a pilgrimage to the spot in honor of his memory, going out from Puno in a canoe, against the protests of the villagers, who assured us that we could not possibly land anywhere on the island, it being completely surrounded by an impassable marsh.

Paddling all around it, we found a place where the swampy soil was somewhat firm, and using a thick growth of reeds for improvised bridges, by dint of considerable leaping and the trifling inconvenience of going overshoe in the ooze, we succeeded in passing the barrier. The island is nothing but a high, rocky hill, rising so precipitously out of the water that hardly a goat could scale it, except on the farther side, where the ascent is not very difficult, though winding and pathless, and one is often compelled to stop and recover breath in the thin air.

To this day, poor Orton's resting-place is unmarked. Not long ago a friend and fellow-professor, from Rochester, N. Y., came here and inquired the cost of putting up a plain slab, or at least a cairn of cemented stones, like those which mark the graves of Captain Pemberton and the Spanish soldier. He was told that the lowest cost would be $300, not including the tablet, which must be sent, engraved, from the United States. The latter might never reach here; if it did, would probably never be placed unless somebody made the long journey to see it done—all of which would bring the actual cost up to a very large sum. The memory of Professor Orton does not need to be kept alive by such means. He lives in the hearts of his countrymen, and a more enduring monument was wrought by himself in the books and scientific researches which he has given to future generations.

Standing on the lonely island, with the graves at our feet, and the mysterious lake spreading all around its waters of unknown depth—the only link that connected us with the living world being the frail balsa of reeds propelled by an Indian—the words of another who, like Orton, spent the best part of his life in this strange country, came with new force to my mind, as perfectly describing the scene and its effect upon the beholder: "Viewed from the crest of the Cordillera, we have spread out before us a region unlike any other on the face of the earth—one which seems to be lifted above the rest of the world, in spirit as well as in fact; to be looking down upon it coldly and calmly as the winter stars, sharing none of its sympathies and disturbed by none of its alarms. The silent, wondering vicuna, gazing at us with liquid eyes, the gliding llama, and the condor, circling high in the air or swooping down toward us as if in menace; the absence of forests; the white clouds surging up from the plains of Brazil, only to be precipitated and dissipated by the snowy barriers they cannot pass; the clear, metallic blue of the sky; the painful silence—all impress the traveler with a feeling that he is no longer in the same world he has known before. There is nothing with which he is familiar, nothing suggestive of other scenes. It was on an island of Lake Titicaca that, as tradition affirms, the founders of the Inca empire had their supernatural origin. Scattered all its great basin are ruins of ancient architecture, singular in character, and having an antiquity greater than any other of advanced civilization on this hemisphere. Not an unfitting region, this, for the development of an original civilization like that which carved its monuments in massive stone and left them on the plains of Tiahuanaco, of which no tradition remains except that they were the work of the giants of old, who built them in a single night."

FANNIE B. WARD.

INFUSION EJUSDEM.

The drug clerk was sitting in slumber and clothes,
When a stranger came in to be waited on;
A prescription he handed to him of the doze;
With result that he ne'er calculated on.

The squill brewer stared at the paper he read,
As a child at a novel invention;
The first item called, and he scratched at his head,
For a half-ounce of "tincture of gentian."

But the next was something he'd ne'er seen before,
So he went to his boss and he buzzed 'im.
"Pray tell me, oh master, have we now in the store,
Such a thing as "infusion ejusdem?"

"Tincture of gentian, infusion ejusdem—
Half ounce of the first to six of the next."
The "boss" was cafuzzled, the doctors he cussed 'em,
And he and his clerk were sadly perplexed.

Then the "boss" told the purchaser, "Sorry, indeed,
But we're out of 'infusion ejusdem,'
If you'll call in the morning, we'll look to your need
And we thank you, kind sir, for your custom."

Then the clerk sailed away, with intelligent luff,
On a tack for "infusion ejusdem;"
Not a druggist he found that had heard of the stuff,
With confusion, th' infusion befuzzed 'em.

Then he wended his way to his boss and the store,
And the pharmacopœia was studied:
Not a bit of "ejusdem" was hid in its lore,
And the minds of the twain became muddied.

While in fearful dilemma the customer came
And demanded his hard to fix mixture;
"Good morning," said he, who was "out" of the "same."
"I am sorry to say we can't fix yer.

"We've asked every druggist and clerk in the town
For this wondrous 'infusion ejusdem,'
But nary a 'piller,' for paper or sl ler
Can produce it, tho' shelves they have mussed 'em."

"Well, this is amusing," quoth he of the buy,
And he laughed his suspenders to bust 'em;
"You're a beautiful lot. thus the people to guy,
With your blasted 'infusion ejusdem.'

"Infusion ejusdem's a tea of the same,
Of that 'same' you have plenty, 'tis gentian,
The law would do well if for you she'd prescribe
An infusion of Latin declension."

—*New York Sun.*

RARE RUSTIC MAID.

I saw her hastening o'er the sward
That skirts the shady lane;
Distress looked from her moistening eyes,
Her cheeks were flushed by pain.
She sped with footsteps light and quick
Along the dewy way,
And scattered pearls where'er her feet
In dimpled impress lay.

Panting she flew; the wanton breeze
Toyed with her streaming hair,
And boldly limned her rustic charms
Most beauteous and rare!
"Stay, maiden, stay!" I softly cried,
"I fain thy grief would know;
What sorrow heaves thy gentle breast,
And bids thy tears to flow?

"Has fate to thee been most unkind?
Or lover proved untrue?
Why flee ye from thy rustic roof?
Tell me fair maiden—do?"
The sweet maid's lips quick answer gave—
Lips opening as a bud;
"I'm scootin' fer the hoss doctor;
Our cow has lost her cud!"

—*Chicago Herald.*

HOMELESS ALEXANDER.

The Czar of Russia Entertained by a Cotton-Spinner.

It is a pity that a man with two dozen homes in one province should be homeless. Czar Alexander has, by actual count, no less than twenty-five Imperial palaces in and around St. Petersburg, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Yet he has not only had to seek lodging in the house of one of his subjects, but has had thus also to quarter his Imperial visitor from Berlin. Nor was this hospitality received from some great noble, but from a plebian commoner, who is engaged in trade. This is a singular exhibition of democratic equality, is it not? The two greatest Emperors and their families the guests of a mere cotton-spinner! Not only that, but they were in the very heart of the industrial village, with workmen's tenements all about them, and with the roar of spindles and looms constantly sounding in their ears.

It was thus that the Czar, the German Emperor, the Empress, her daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Michael, Alexis, Hesse Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, Schwerin and others, altogether eighteen Imperial and princely personages, with their suites, and the foreign military attaches, had to be lodged at Narva during the sham military maneuvers between that place and Krasnoe Selo. I say sham maneuvers advisedly, for they were dress parades arranged for the entertainment of the young German Emperor, and very different from the real army drill that is soon to be held, and to which no foreigners will be admitted save the representative of France. But William II. doubtless thought it was all real; just as though Alexander would show his military hand to his chief adversary!

The gentleman who entertained all these great personages is Mr. Polovtseff, who holds a State Secretaryship, but devotes his attention chiefly to his manufactories. The works were established by Baron Steiglitz, whose adopted daughter and sole heir is the wife of Mr. Polovtseff. After the death of Baron Steiglitz, Mr. Polovtseff greatly enlarged the works, and made himself a formidable rival of the Messrs. Coats of Paisley, who had hitherto enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Russian market. He imported a number of skilled English workmen as managers and superintendents, and boldly declared his ability to turn out just as perfect thread as the great English firm could. The rivalry between the two concerns is now very keen, and is watched with interest by the trade in both Russia and England.

Narva has thus been made an important industrial center, for there is also, on an island in the river, the great Krenholm mill of Baron Knoop, one of the largest cotton-spinning establishments in the world. This factory contains 400,000 spindles and 2,200 looms, employs 5,000 men, and produces 15,000 pieces of excellent print-cloth and 12,000 poods of yarn per week. Mr. Polovtseff has two huge mills for cotton, flax and jute, in which are employed nearly 3,000 men. This industrial importance of Narva is a remarkable vindication of the far-seeing policy of Peter the Great. He planned that it should be a manufacturing city, because of the splendid water-power there. For a long time the place languished, the rivalry of the German Hanse towns being too strong for it to stand against. But at last it has won great prosperity in exactly the manner suggested by Peter.

Bread from Wood.

A German scientist proposes to make loaves literally as abundant as leaves in Vallombrosa. His proposal is to make bread from wood, by chemically converting the fiber of trees into human food. The fiber of wood consists essentially of cellulose. Can this be made into starch? The author quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that this process can be improved. The production, therefore, of starch from cellulose, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would (it is argued) in reality signify the abolition of the bread question.

To OVERCOME the marks of age, all who have gray beards should use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best and cleanest dye made for coloring brown or black.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The October "Arena" is a credit to Boston. The table of contents embraces the names of many leading thinkers, among whom are Dr. George F. Shrady, who writes against the death penalty; Professor James T. Bixby, who discusses Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Reaction. The No-Name paper is on the "Postmaster-General and the Censorship of Morals." W. H. H. Murray pleads for an endowed press. Prof. W. S. Scarborough argues the cause of the colored people. Prof. Sheridan P. Wait. writes on the "Symbolic Characters of the Old Testament." General Marcus J. Wright describes the "Prorogation of the British Parliament." Rev. Edward P. Foster writes in defense of "Christian Socialism." Abby Morton Diaz contributes a paper on "Development of Character in Schools." Thaddeus B. Wakeman's paper is "Our Unchurched Millions." Rev. T. Ernest Allen contributes a story, which will not be edifying to believers in the Westminster Confession. A poem, by the wife of ex-Senator Grover, closes the leading papers. "Notes on Living Problems" are timely. Cyrus Field Willard calls attention to the evils of trusts; Edward A. Oldham contributes a paper on the "Great Political Upheaval in the South;" C. A. Seiders criticises Senator Hampton.

The "Magazine of Art" for October opens with "Sculpture of the Year" and among its reproductions of the more important work Mr. J. Donoghue's "Sophocles Leading the Chorus of Victory After the Battle of Salamis" is given. Claude Phillips writes of "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture in France." Perhaps the paper which will be the most generally read is the second, contributed by George du Maurier on "The Illustrating of Books." A full page is devoted to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Lady Acland and her children, which causes us to wonder if all the ladies and all the children of Sir Thomas' time were so very pretty and so very much alike. "Babies in Art and Nature" is by H. Arthur Kennedy. "Scottish National Memorials" is also an illustrated paper. A poem is from the graceful pen of Christina G. Rossetti. "Some Ancient Representations of Eros and Psyche" gives us numerous illustrations from the old masters. The third article on the development of illustrated journalism in England is equal in interest to its predecessors. As usual, the "Notes" are full, those on American art being particularly elaborate. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The contributors to the October "Magazine of American History" present a rare combination of eminence in the scholarly world. The number opens with a paper on the "Sources and Guarantees of National Progress," by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs. The second paper, entitled "The American Flag and John Paul Jones" is from the pen of Professor Theodore W. Dwight, of the Columbia Law School. "South-old and her Homes and Memories," is one of Mrs. Lamb's entertaining articles. "The Historic Temple of New Windsor, 1783," with a curious picture recently discovered, comes from the pen of Hon. J. O. Dykman. "About Some Public Characters in 1786" consists of extracts from the private dairy of Sir Frederick Haldimand. "The General Characteristics of the French Canadian Peasantry," by Dr. Prosper Bender. "The Mountains and Mountaineers of Craddock's Fiction," by Milton T. Adkins; "Anecdotes of General Grenville M. Dodge," by Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Story of Roger Williams Retold," by H. E. Banning. This important magazine is in close sympathy with current affairs, and an invaluable national journal. It is freely illustrated.

The "Popular Science Monthly," edited by W. J. Youmans and published by D. Appleton & Co, New York, is at hand. The leading papers are: "The Fall of Man and Anthropology," by Andrew D. White, LL. D., L. H. D.; "Barrier Beaches of the Atlantic Coast," by F. J. H. Merrill; "Ancient Dwellings of the Rio Verde Valley," by Edgar A. Mearns, M. D., U. S. A.; "The Earthly Tabernacle," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Liquor Laws Not Sumptuary," by Rev. George F. Magoun, D. D; "The Migration of Symbols. II.," by the Count Goblet d'Alviella; "Mothers and Natural Science," by Mary Alling Aber; "Cotton-spinning South and North," by Henry V. Meigs; "Invisibie Assailants of Health," by Samuel Hart, M. D.; "The Evolution of Chemical Truth," by M. Louis Oliver; "Irrigation in China," by General Tcheng Ki Tong; "Rice and its Culture," by L. W. Robarts; "Sketch of Rene Decartes." The regular departments are full and as interesting as usual.

The "Century Magazine" for October (Century Company, New York) is a number exceedingly rich in illustration and choice in matter. Among the leading papers are: "Joseph Jefferson's Biography;" "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia Gere Mason; "Meteorites and Stellar Systems," by G. H. Darwin; "In Dark New England Days," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "An Artist's Letters From Japan," by John LaFarge; "Why Patronage in Office in the United States is un-American," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Prehistoric Cave Dwellings," by F. T. Bickford, and "A Hard Road Out of Dixie," by W. H. Shelton. The departments are, as usual, full of interest and the open letters and bric-a-brac are especially attractive for their vigor, crisp criticism and genuine humor. "Out of the Ways in High Savoy" opens the number, and is a paper of especial attractiveness, revealing something of civilized life, of which little is generally known.

The numbers of "The Living Age" for September 20th and 27th contain "The Change of Government in Germany," Fortnightly Review; "Chairs by the River," Gentleman's Magazine; "Odd Foods," Scottish Review; "Chapters From Some Unwritten Memoirs," Macmillan's Magazine; "The Kings of Sweden and Holland," Leisure Hour; "Cardinal Newman," Spectator and Speaker; "The Lost Lakes of New Zealand," Gentleman's Magazine; "A Great Russian Police Officer," Times; "Robert Browning," Church Quarterly Review; "The Modern Spirit of Rome," Macmillan's Magazine; "Dryden and Scott," Temple Bar; "Eight Days," Cornhill Magazine; "Five O'clock Tea," Spectator, and poetry and miscellany. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The "Forum," edited by Lorettus S. Metcalf, is at hand for October, and has these papers: "Social Problems and the Church," Bishop F. D. Huntington; "The Decadence of New England," George S. Boutwell; "Formative Influences," Frederic Harrison; "The Working of the New Silver Act," Professor F. W. Taussig; "First Steps Toward Nationalism," Edward Bellamy; "The Future of Our Daughters," Hellen Ekin Starrett; "China's Menace to the World," Thomas Magee; "The Idea of Life After Death," Professor J. Peter Lesley; "Two Forces in Fiction," Mary D. Cutting; "The Zodiacal Light," Professor Arthur Williams Wright; "Climate and the Gulf Stream," Jacques W. Redway. The Forum Publishing Company, 253 Fifth avenue, New York.

The "New England Magazine" for October (86 Federal street, Boston) among other paper has these: "An Old Puritan Poet," by Helen Marshall North; "Sleep Hollow, 1890," by T. H. Farnham; "A Perfect Day," by Clinton Scollard; "The Cotton Industry in New England," by George Rich; "A New Study of Anne Hutchinson," by Edward E. Hale, D. D.; "John Henry Newman as a Writer," by John F. Genung, Ph. D; "Where England Legislates," by Ashton R. Willard; "John Toner's Scheme," by George Ethelbert Walsh; "Isabel, Elsie and I," by Annie Howells Frechette; "The Indian Question, Past and Present," by Herbert Welsh. Many of the articles are handsomely illustrated.

The latest issue (quarterly) of the "Papers of the American Historical Association" is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, and for sale by the Bancroft Company, San Francisco. It is Part 3 of Volume IV., and presents these interesting papers: "The Mutual Obligation of the Ethnologist and the Historian," by Otis V. Mason; "Historical Survivals in Morocco," by Talcott Williams; "The Literature of Witchcraft," by George L. Burr; "The Development of International Law as to Newly-Discovered Territory," by Walter B. Scaife; "The Spirit of Historical Research," by James Schouler; "A Defense of Congressional Government," by Freeman Snow.

The "Cosmopolitan" for October, Broadway and Fifth avenue, New York, is at hand. It is profusely illustrated. Among the more attractive articles are a new story, "Miss Devilett," by Macdougall Buel; "A Successful Man," by Julien Gordon; "The Executive Department of the Government," by G. G. Bain; Miss Biseland's "Flying Trip Around the World;" "A Glimpse of Guatemala," by F. J. A. Darr; "The Twin Cities of the Northwest," by Charles King; "Norsemen in the United States," by Kristopher Janson, and "Francisque Sarcey," by Brander Mathews.

"Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" for September 25th is an extra large number, in richly illuminated covers, with a 16-page supplement, devoted to exposition of the towns and resources of Texas. The regular pages are freely and richly illustrated. The leading paper is by Hon. Jas. R. Chalmers, and is entitled "Why an ex-Rebel is a Republican."

"The Mother's Assistant" is a monthly quarto published by the McCall Publishing Company, New York. It is devoted to fashions and articles of interest in the household. The September number contains twenty-two articles and selections of that order.

The "Philadelphia Musical Journal" (De Woolley, Philadelphia) is at hand for September. There are seventeen pages of music, instrumental and vocal, and a full complement of pages devoted to music, news, criticism and essay.

Living by Rule.

Oliver Wendell Holmes thinks that he owes his good health and the retention of his mental vigor, in his 81st year, to the extreme care he has long taken of himself. Never robust, he was still wiry in his earlier and maturer life; but since he reached 80 his hygienic vigilance is unceasing. The rooms that he daily occupies are equipped with barometers, thermometers, ærometers, every kind of instruments, in short, to prevent his incurring the slightest risk of taking cold. He knows that pneumonia is the most formidable foe of old age, and he is determined to keep it at a distance, if possible. He never gets up until he knows the exact temperature, during winter, or takes his bath, without having the water accurately tested. He lives by rule, and the rule is inflexible. His time is scrupulously divided; so much allotted to reading, so much to writing, so much to exercise, so much to recreation. His meals are studies of prudence and digestion. He understands the specific qualities of all ordinary foods, and never departs from the severest discretion in eating. One might think that it would be a serious infliction to keep up existence by such precise, unvarying methods. But the little doctor enjoys them, having settled firmly in these habits years ago. Philosophic as he is about death, he has an eager curiosity to see how long he can live by following the laws he has rigorously prescribed for himself. He has long had various theories on the subject of health and longevity, and he relishes experimenting upon himself. He thinks sometimes that he may attain 100, which he would dearly like, if he could retain, as he has retained thus far, the full possession of all his faculties.—*Chicago Mail.*

Not An Awfully Bad Business.

There is a young man here in New York, says the *Star*, who dabbles somewhat in artistic and literary pursuits, and who occasionally buys and sells a picture. Sometimes when he visits some of the interior cities he takes three or four pictures with him, which he manages to dispose of at a comfortable profit. The young man's father, who lives in an eastern Ohio town, and who has no sympathy with what he terms the vagabond pursuits of this son, often used to admonish him that he was getting to be such an age that he ought to settle down to "some legitimate business."

"Really," he asked one day, "are you making any money at all?"

"Oh, I can't complain," answered the son, "I manage to pay expenses."

Soon after the young man unpacked his valise and showed the old gentleman some pictures he was taking on out west with him. One of them particulary attracted the father, who asked the price of it.

"Oh, $300 for that, but if you would like to have it I'll make it $250."

The father gave a check for that amount and was greatly delighted with his purchase.

"I'm afraid, though, that you are not making anything on that picture?"

"Oh, yes, I'm making a fair profit on my investment."

The next day, as they walked to the train, the old gentleman said: "Now you know I feel the greatest possible interest in your affairs and your success. Tell me what you made on that picture I bought from you?"

"On that picture I made just $225."

The old man was silent for two whole blocks, and then he ejaculated: "Well, it isn't such a dreadfully bad business you are in after all. Almost as profitable as soliciting life insurance. I guess you will get along."

Hardships of Genius.

Homer was a beggar.
Spencer died in want.
Cervantes died of hunger.
Dryden lived in poverty and distress.
Terrance, the dramatist, was a slave.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.
Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.
Butler lived a life of penury and died poor.
Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with all.
Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.
Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.
Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger.
Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had erected himself.
The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.
Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at 18.
Savage died in a prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of $40.
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.
Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon without a stone to mark the spot.
Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $72, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.
Camœns, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad," the great Portuguese epic, ended his life, it is said, in an almshouse; and, at any rate, was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for him.—*Queries Magazine.*

Vote-Buying and Selling.

Scarcely a day passes but that some farmer comes into the *Bulletin* office and asks if any plan will be originated whereby the inordinate use of money in influencing voters in this county can be effectually stopped. These farmers are not all Republicans, neither are they all Democrats. They are representatives of both great parties, but they are men who are heartily disgusted with the traffic which yearly takes place in this county in the citizenship of men. They begin to look upon it as a curse to have the county so evenly divided politically, as it causes candidates and their friends to put forth every effort, dishonorable as well as honorable, in order to succeed.

The size of a prospective candidate's pocket-book is inspected before his merits and qualifications for the position pass in review. This buying and selling of votes has become such a curse to this county that some heroic effort must be made to stop it. Within the past few years it has grown until it has become an aggressive evil and men have come to hold lightly the sovereign rights of citizenship for a few dollars and buy them for the sake of personal and party supremacy. The most important question before the people of Van Wert county, is how to suppress this outrage on free government. That it exists is not denied, and its evil effects are admitted by all. What is needed is a quickening of the public conscience and a plan where by he who buys and he who sells, of whatever party, will suffer the full penalty of the law.—*Van Wert Bulletin.*

"Our next issue will be our last," writes a Georgia editor. "We are satisfied the people of this town can get along without us, for we have been getting along without the people for six months past. There are some subscriptions owing, but we will not collect them, as the citizens will soon need the money to defray the funeral expenses of the town."

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

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There are many so-called whiskies in the market, but it has been proven beyond a doubt that DUFFY'S is the ONLY PURE MEDICINAL ONE. It is an efficacious remedy for dyspepsia; an admirable cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chills, Malaria and the Grip. It tones the system and purifies the blood, giving STRENGTH TO MEN and RELIEF TO WOMEN.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4th,

At 10 A. M. sharp,

AT SALESROOM, 1009-1011 J STREET,

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ONE MILCH COW (DURHAM STOCK), Horses, Buggies, Wagons, Carts, Harness.

ALSO, three Houses of Furniture, removed to Salesroom for convenience of sale, consisting in part as follows: Two fine Parlor Suits, upholstered in silk plush and brocaded goods; one Sleepy Hollow; five Bedroom Suits, complete; Spring and Top Mattresses; three fine Bed Lounges; Extension Table and Kitchen Cabinet; Dining Tables and Chairs; Brussels Carpets and Linoleum; one Cabinet Organ; one Upright Piano, fine tone.

ALSO, a large lot of Crockery and Kitchen Requisites.

Sale positive. No reserve.

[B. C.] BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

AUCTION.

THERE WILL BE A SALE ON OCTOBER 15TH, 1890, at 12 o'clock M., on the premises, of the Enos estate, half a mile west from Florin, containing 80 acres, to be sold to the highest bidder for cash, to close an estate. Good two-story house of 7 rooms, large barn and outbuildings: 12 acres of vineyard in the celebrated Florin grape district. A very desirable home.

D. J. SIMMONS & CO., Auctioneers,
s18-td E. S. HART AND OTHERS, Owners.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN PURsuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, heretofore made in the matter of the estate of A. B. Nixon, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 22d day of OCTOBER, 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises hereinafter described, all the right, title and interest of the said A. B. Nixon, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired since then, in and to that certain real estate, described as follows: The west fifty feet of lot 3, in the block bounded by M and N, and Ninth and Tenth streets, city of Sacramento, together with the improvements thereon.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. on day of sale, balance on confirmation thereof by said Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

W. W. WASHBURN,
Executor of the estate of A. B. Nixon.
D. J. SIMMONS & CO., Auctioneers; office, 1005 Fourth street.
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Attorneys.

☞ The above-described property has been set aside to me as a homestead for a term of five years, by order of the Superior Court of Sacramento county. In order to give perfect title to the purchaser at above-mentioned sale, I will, if desired, convey my homestead to him upon payment to me of $2,750, in addition to the sum to be paid to the executor.

s30-td MRS. A. B. NIXON.

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