CUSTOMS OF HOUSEWIVES.

Kitchen and Cooking Utensils in the National Museum.

COMPLETE OUTFITS IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.

How They Feast in Samoa—No Two Nations Wash Their Clothes Alike—Bedrooms in the East.

I have spent this week among the housewives of the world, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. The National Museum has cooking utensils of every nation and every tribe, and you may see within it how women wash and iron, boil and bake, stew and steam all the world over. A picture of a Samoan kitchen has just been received, and there are complete outfits of Japanese and Chinese houses, with models of the women working away with them.

The Samoan range is a hole in the ground, and the cooking is done with red-hot stones. When the people want a feast they dig a hole as big as a cider barrel, fill it full of wood and cover it with stones. They light the wood, and when the stones are red-hot they pull them off to one side and clean out the hole. They then put a layer of hot stones in the bottom of it, and upon this layer bananas, chickens and vegetables wrapped in leaves are laid. Another layer of red-hot stones is put on top, and on this another layer of eatables, and so on till the hole is filled.

Upon the top a fire is built, and the whole steams and cooks away until the lightly-dressed Samoan lady pronounces the dinner cooked. It is said to be a feast for a king.

HOW TO WASH.

Every nation washes its dirty clothes differently from every other nation. The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they could come up to his neck, like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams, and there is here in the museum a Korean ironing-board and irons. The board is nothing but a block of wood, and the irons are two paddles. The clothes are laid on the wood and are pounded with these paddles until they shine like a shirt bosom fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The best dressed people in Korean are the men. They wear the most delicate colored gowns of cotton and silk, of red, light blue, pink, and green, and it takes a woman half her time to do the washing. You hear this pounding going on day and night in any Korean town, and it is one of the queerest characteristics of the Korean people.

The Japanese rip their clothes apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them out on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high, and is about as big around as the average dish-pan. She has never heard of a washboard, and she gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and she works away in her bare feet.

If the weather is warm she will pull her clothes down to her waist and will feel no shame, though the streets be full of people. No blueing is used, and as for boiling out the dirt in a tin boiler this is unknown.

The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way, save that there is not so much publicity about it. The pretty, short-haired beauties of Siam wear their gowns on them in the big river, and wash them while taking their bath. When they get through they trot up the steps of their floating houses, and wrapping a clean sheet around their bodies they slip off their wet clothes from under it and wring them out to dry. Many of the Indian girls bathe in the same way in the Ganges, and the washing in Egypt is usually done by the men.

The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes with the noise like the shot of a pistol on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

The Scotch girls tramp the dirt out of the washing with their shapely feet, tucking their dresses up above the knees as they tread the suds, and the French women pound the dirt out with paddles, often slapping the clothes upon the stones as the Egyptians.

KITCHEN AND COOK STOVES.

The Japanese kitchen is always supplied with running water, and the cooking stoves shown in the museum would be laughed at by an American housewife. They are little affairs, about two feet square, and the average stove cooks but one dish at a time. They are heated with charcoal, and in both Japan and China a great deal of cooking is done with little round balls made of coal dust mixed with mud.

The Chinese and the Koreans do a great deal of their cooking on kangs. The kang is an immense ovenlike ledge built in one side of the house, upon which the family sleeps during a cold night, and in holes in which the cooking is done by day.

I once stopped in a Chinese inn and took a notion to go into the kitchen, where my meal was being cooked. I found twenty dirty Tartars sleeping on one end of the stove, and, though the mutton was sizzling away over the open fire, my appetite rapidly disappeared at the sight.

The Burmese cooking-stove is a box filled with ashes, in which a fire is made and the food is cooked upon the coals. No meat is eaten, as the Buddhists fear they may be masticating the bodies of their reincarnated ancestors if they eat anything that has had animal life. The priests carry this to the extent of straining all the water they drink, and the chief diet is rice.

In both Turkey and Egypt the houses of the better class have a sort of cooking-range made of stones and consisting of a number of little holes under which fires may be built. The floor is always of stone, and the cooking utensils are of copper. An ordinary harem usually has two cooks, and the Sultan has about 500 cooks. The last Sultan before this one took his meals at all sorts of hours, and his chef was chained to the cooking-stove.

Just now the meals of the Sultan's palace are cooked about a mile from where they are eaten, and the average beauty eats her soup cold. There are no more hospitable people in the world than the Turks and the Turkish housewife always sets an extra plate.

I believe the Japanese women are the best housekeepers in the world. They are certainly the most cleanly, and a Japanese girl has more cleanliness in her little finger than the prudish woman of Holland has in her whole body. The Dutch are always scrubbing their floors and their pans. They tie up the tails of their cows at night in order that they may not get dirty while resting on the dusty floor where they sleep, and they are sticklers for clean linen and wood.

The Japanese girl makes no fuss about being clean. She takes a bath a couple of times a day in boiling hot water, and her floors shine so you can see your face in any part of them. She will not allow you to come into her house with your shoes on, and she covers her floors with the whitest and softest of mats. These mats are made of fine straw. They are an inch thick and they are pleasanter for the bare feet than the finest of carpets. Even the poorest of the people have something of this kind, and there is no woman in Japan too poor to be clean.

ORIENTAL BEDROOMS.

The bedrooms of the Orient are far different from those of Christendom. Fully half the women of the world sleep upon the floor or the ground, and even the richest of the ladies of Asia have never known the luxury of hair mattresses or spring beds. Most of these Mongolian beauties don't know what a feather pillow means, and there is in the museum a Japanese pillow consisting of a lump of wood about the size of a loaf of bread, with a piece of soft paper tied on top of it, and so made that it will just fit into Yum Yum's neck and prop her head off the floor.

The Japanese girl never needs to shake up her pillow, and it is her neck rather than her head that lies upon it. The same kind of pillows are used in China and Siam, and as to the average Indian woman of Hindoostan, she does not know what a pillow means. You could buy her whole wardrobe for a dollar and a half, and she sleeps on the floor while her husband cuddles himself up in spoon fashion on a bed.

The Corean pillow is about eight inches square and a foot long. I have seen some that were two feet long. They are as hard as though they were flatirons wrapped in cloth, and there is nothing comfortable about them. The Egyptians use larger pillows, and the beauties of the harems sleep on large divans, and these are often covered with Turkish rugs.

The richest woman in China, whose husband died worth fifty millions, had a bed fully six feet square. It is made of teak wood and it is covered with ropes instead of a mattress. The old lady lies on a canvas sheet stretched tightly over this and she does not know what springs are. The Japanese sleep on the floor. They have thick comfortables, which they spread on the floor at night, and which they pack away in cupboards in the daytime, and these constitute the bed. The Burmese also sleep on the floor, but they usually spread down mats instead of comfortables, and their pillows are of bamboo. The same discomfort of sleeping arrangements prevails all over the East, and there is not a washstand in any Asiatic bedroom.

HAPPILY EXEMPT.

There are many things, however, that the Asiatic girl is free from. The Burmese woman never has to wash dishes. There is one common dish for the whole family, and at the end of each meal each member takes his own bowl up to the water bucket and washes it out and lays it aside for the next meal. A Siamese woman has no trouble in making baby clothes. She lets her boys go naked until they are 10, and the little girls are clothed in a string and a piece of copper about as big as the palm of your hand.

The little babies of the poor of India are also naked, and the average Corean who is young enough to ride free in an American street car, if we could transport him to this country, wears nothing but a little shift that comes half way down to his waist..

Asiatic wives never have stoves to black, and Asiatic husbands are freed from putting up the pipes. Asiatic women have no windows to wash, and the Indian wife has, as a rule, no floors to scrub. If she is a good Hindoo, and she wants to add a new beauty and sanctity to her house, she gets a lot of the manure of the sacred cow and plasters it over the floor. There are no sewing girls to bother the average Eastern woman, and her back never gets weak from running the sewing machine. In many of the countries the sewing is done by men, and the Hindoos and the Chinese make good tailors. The Japanese women sew, but they use large stitches, and the fine embroideries of China are all the work of the stronger sex.

These Eastern women have not the same trouble in taking care of their clothes that our housewives have. In the hill country of India, until a few years ago, there was a tribe known as the Leaf Weares. They wore no more than Eve did after she had had her interview with the snake, and it was not until the English forced them that they put on clothes. The Siamese woman has one strip of cloth which she wraps around her bust and over her shoulders, and another, which goes around her waist, is pulled up between the legs and tucked in at back. As a rule, she is not troubled with shoes and stockings, and she has never known the worries of the corset and skirt.

The Burmese girls are beautifully dressed. They wear the finest of silks, and they are the prettiest girls in the world outside the Japanese and our Anglo-Saxon beauties. The Japanese have large wardrobes, and many a woman in Japan has dozens of dresses which would be prized in America, and the cloth of which is hundreds of years old. These dresses are most beautifully embroidered, and the most costly thing about the Japanese woman's dress is her bustle. There are figures in the National Museum representing Japanese women. The dresses are always bound round at the waist with a wide band of silk or satin, which is tied in the back with a great bow. This band or bow is always of the finest material, and they sometimes cost as high as $100 apiece.

It Excels All Others.

[Galt Gazette.]

The RECORD-UNION is now one of the best papers in the State. It is printed on one of those lightning presses that prints both sides of the paper at once and cuts and folds each sheet to regulation size. We think the RECORD-UNION in size, form, dress, and general make-up, excels any other paper in the State. It is our ideal size daily—sufficiently large to give the news of the world—and not too bunglesome and blankety like the San Francisco dailies.

Wire Mattresses.

Woven wire is preferable to springs or other materials for mattresses. A thin hair mattress which can be easily renovated is sufficient in addition; thus a free circulation of air is allowed, which is not possible through two or three thicker mattresses. Some of the woven wire cloth is so fine that one or two layers of a thick comforter is sufficient to make an easy resting place.

"TRIED and true" is the verdict of people who take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The good effects of this medicine are soon felt in nerve strength restored, that tired feeling driven off, a good appetite created, headache and dyspepsia relieved, scrofula cured.

A negro woman of Dryline, La., named Anderson, recently gave birth to four children, who are all alive and doing well.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CONCERNING FRACTIONS.

An Uncle and a Nephew Engaged in a Fractional Match.

THE UNCLE PROVES TO BE VERY RUSTY.

Some Problems from Arithmetics that the Cruel Nephew Flung at the Head of the Unoffending Uncle—An Amused Mother.

"I can do any example in fractions, uncle," said Alan the other evening as he experimented with the cat to see if he could hold that patient animal near enough to the grate fire so that its hair would shrivel without any marked protest from pussy.

"Indeed," said uncle indulgently, lacing his fingers across his waistband and extending his feet toward the fire: "I used to be quite handy with fractions myself. In fact, I excelled in mathematics. Your poor father, now, had no faculty for them. It is singular how diversified talents are in the same family, singular, inded."

"Henry was considered the best mathematician in his class," said Alan's mother with a little flush.

"In pure mathematics, Mary, in pure mathematics only," responded uncle; "but in the applied article he was lamentably weak."

What Alan's mother might have replied to this was lost in interest in Alan's experiment, in which the cat suddenly ceased to be a passive agent. By and by, when Alan had bathed the scratches on his hand and convinced himself that the wound on his ear was only a superficial one, he said: "Give me an example, uncle."

"Certainly," said uncle, affably; "add two-thirds and four-fifths and subtract one-seventh."

Alan worked away for a minute and then asked: "What is the answer, uncle?"

"Er—I think you had better let me see how you have done it, my boy. That will do you more good. Um—ah—35, no, 105—yes, to be sure. Why, no; the one-seventh is to be subtracted. Fifteen, 10, 22, seven over; that makes one and seven-fifteenths. Now, let's see—yes, 105. How will that come out? Yes, that's right—one and thirty-four-one-hundred-and-fifths, Quite right. Alan, you have the answer, only your way of doing it is a little peculiar."

"It took you a long time to do it, uncle."

"Yes, the light was bad. I couldn't see the figures very well. You could improve on your figures, Alan."

"Give me another, uncle, please. Make up a tough one, can't you?"

"All right. John and James—you'd better write this down—John and James had 20 cents between them; John bought three apples at 1⅓ cents each; James bought a jackknife with four blades; for the big blade he paid 4 cents; for the little blade, 1½ cents; for the file blade, 5 cents; for the blade with a nick in it, 3½ cents, and for the handle, twice as much. How much money did they have left?"

"Twice as much as what?"

"Twice as much as—why twice as much as for the little blade, of course. That is what I said. Now, how much did they have left?"

"Nobody ever bought a knife that way."

"Probably not, but that is applied mathematics, applying principles to every day transactions such as you will engage in when you get older. Still, perhaps that is a little too far along for you?"

"Oh! I can do it easy enough," said Alan, and he went to work. In a few minutes he began to look puzzled; then he asked, "What do you want to know?"

"How much they had left?"

The puzzled look grew as the figures multiplied. Why," said the boy finally, "they wouldn't have anything left. They would owe, or James would owe, 1 5-6 cents on the knife, or John would have to give up some of the apples."

"Eh?" said uncle, with a start; "how's that?"

Alan went carefully over the problem step by step, and, as he proceeded, uncle's confidence in himself disappeared, and in its wake ran embarrassment and humilition. But uncle had not lived two score and more years in this world of perplexities for nothing, and when he was led to see that Alan was right uncle was himself again. "Ah, yes," he said, "you are quite right, my boy, entirely right. I was wondering if you would find it out."

"But I don't understand how there can be anything left."

"There isn't," said uncle, composedly. "I didn't intend there should be. You may remember that I told you this was applied mathematics—applying principles to every day transactions were, I think, the words I used. It is nothing uncommon for men to buy more than they can pay for. In this simple problem you have gained an insight into one of the great principles of business life. It is well for you to mingle theory with practice, an excellent idea, indeed."

The paper behind which the face of Alan's mother was hidden was shaking, and there was a look on her face of merriment struggling with mild indignation. Uncle settled back in his chair, laced his fingers again, and realized that he had crawled through a very small hole and saved all the buttons on his waistcoat.

"Let me give you an example, uncle," said Alan thoughtfully, "not a made-up one, but one from the book. I'll come to them pretty quick and I would like to know how to do them."

"Er—perhaps you had better wait till you get to them," said uncle. "It is just as well not to cross a bridge—" Just then the eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the top of the paper and looked straight into uncle's. That gentleman cleared his throat and said hastily: "All right, my boy, all right; let's have it."

Alan turned the leaves of his arithmetic and then read:

"A father left his eldest son three-sevenths of his estate, his youngest son four-sevenths of the remainder, and his daughter the remainder, who received $1,723⅔ less than the youngest son; what was the value of the estate?"

"Please read that over again," said uncle, nervously. Alan did so.

"Well, the first thing to do," said uncle, "is to find out what is the value of the estate."

"That's the last thing in the book."

"Eh? I am afraid I did not understand the example. You should learn to read more plainly, young sir."

Alan read the example again, and uncle said: "Oh, yes, I see. Please get me some paper and a pencil; you might get several sheets of paper, so we will be sure to have enough." While Alan was getting the paper, uncle said: "You don't mind my lighting a pipe, do you, Mary? I can always work better when I'm smoking. It's a habit I acquired in college. It seems to brighten my reasoning faculties,"

"Not at all," sweetly said the lady addressed, "I believe the reasoning faculties should be as bright as possible."

Uncle did not say anything in reply; in fact, it was some time before he uttered a word. Then he looked up from a sheet of paper crowded with figures and said impatiently: "There never was an estate in this world divided in such an idiotic fashion. A man who would make such a will would be declared insane in any court on earth, and the will would be broken."

"Perhaps that is pure mathematics," suggested a voice behind the paper.

Uncle broke his pencil point in some way just then, and when Alan sharpened it he got up on his knees in the chair, with his feet tucked under him, and took a fresh sheet of paper. When that was nearly covered he said: "There! there's your answer; $1,324 9-77, and a pretty small estate that is to put into an arithmetic."

"Why, uncle," said Alan, "I don't see how that can be, for the daughter got $1,723⅔."

"What kind of an arithmetic is this, anyway?" growled uncle. "It's an outrage to make such books. When I was a boy we had sensible school books and—"

"That is your old arithmetic, Robert," said the lady behind the paper. "When I found they were using that kind I told Alan he might as well take yours as to buy a new one."

Uncle got down from his chair, walked slowly around the table, climbed up again.

"Is that to change your luck, uncle?" asked Alan. "They say it will do it."

"Mary," said uncle, indignantly, "you ought not to let Alan get such vulgar superstitions into his head. Mathematics, sir, are not to be conquered by luck."

Fresh sheets of paper were taken and a maze of figures grew under uncle's hand. Around the edge of her paper Alan's mother saw experiments in proportion, alligation, arithmetical progression, and here and there a dash of algebra. The domain of mathematics was ransacked from center to circumference, and victory came at last. "That estate," said uncle, impressively, "was worth exactly $2,111 13-32," and he said it in the tone of a man ready to fight if his word was disputed.

"I presume that is right," said Alan. "Anyway that is the answer in the book. Now, here is an easy one—at least, our teacher says it is easy," and he read:

"If 20 men in 21 days, by working 10 hours a day, can dig a trench 30 feet long, 15 feet wide and 11 feet deep, when the ground is called 3° of hardness, how many men in 25 days, by working 8 hours a day, can dig another trench 45 feet long, 16 feet wide and 18 feet deep, when the ground is estimated at 5° of hardness?"

As step by step the features of this problem were presented to uncle, that gentleman slipped further down into his chair. When the voice of the reader stopped, he looked like nothing in the world so much as Grandfather Smallweed, if that amiable old person could be imagined as deprived of even the presence of the "Brimstone Cat." The eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the paper; and the abject appeal they saw in uncle's eyes could not be resisted.

"Alan," she said, "it is your bedtime—uncle is tired."

Alan gathered up his books, kissed his mother, and bade the figure in the chair good night, and said cheerfully: "We'll try pure mathematics next time, uncle."

Neat as a New Pin.

[Petaluma Argus.]

The Sacramento RECORD-UNION has just got a new perfecting press and new printing plant throughout. The paper looks as neat as a new pin. The RECORD-UNION is one of the best papers on the Pacific Coast, and we are glad to see this evidence of its continued prosperity.

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez, while the boat was running in close to the left-hand bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell that he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on the promenade deck, and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks, and one was quickly tossed up.

"Now see me startle him," said Smart Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet, and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as to how he did it, but in about three seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled a revolver as long as his arm, and fired at Smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat, just above his hair, and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. When we restored him to his senses he carefully felt of the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers, or only one?"

Eruption of the Skin Cured.

Ed. Venney, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, says:

"I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-bilious remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different blood remedies, but, although gaining strength, the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take a thorough course of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night, with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear, and has been so ever since."

His Mistake.

Amy—"Young Mr. Dolley has proposed to me."

Mabel—"Of course you accepted him?"

Amy—"Well, no. I had expected to, but in his proposal he used an irreconcilable figure of speech, and I thought I could not risk my life's happiness with him. He said, 'Amy, will you walk with me down the stream of life?' If he had said wade down the stream of life, I could have accepted him, but the idea of walking in the water!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

KEEP up that rasping cough at the peril of breaking down your lungs and throat. Rather let the afflicted immediately resort at once to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which cures all coughs and colds, and ameliorates all lung complications and throat ails.

BEECHAM'S pills cure bilious, nervous ills.

SHE IS SHRINKING.

Strange Case of a Girl Who Loses Her Height and Weight.

A case which baffles the oldest and most distinguished of the disciples of Æsculapius is now being treated in one of the principal hospitals here, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Mercury*. Owing to the wealth of the patient's relatives, and the fact that they belong to one of the old faubourg families, the case is treated privately by a few experts, in apartments specially engaged for the extraordiaary individual whose malady they have attempted in vain hitherto to check. The case is so remarkable a one that its description seems to suggest the fabulous rather than the real.

In the fall of 1889 the patient, Miss Lefevre, who was a young and attractive-looking lady about 25 years of age, was taken sick with a fever, which confined her to her bed for a week, after which she slowly convalesced and resumed her normal health.

A short time later she commenced to complain of strange pains in her bones and throughout her body, and she became slightly emaciated in appearance. She was taken to a physician, who, after a thorough examination, pronounced all the vital organs sound, but pronounced her disease to be atrophy, caused, he believed, by bacilli. He stated his belief that the disease would locate itself later, when he would be able to determine better what should be done to combat the malady. There were no remedies applied except an ordinary tonic, which was given merely with the hope of toning up the system generally. It was found that in two months the patient had lost about ten pounds in weight and the decrease had not taken place in the usual manner, the lady having lost two inches in her hight, while her waist measure had decreased but one inch. This remarkable fact was first discovered by the length of her dresses, which the young lady at first thought had increased. Upon measuring herself it was found, however, that instead of an increase in the dress it was a decrease in her own stature.

Since the discovery of this remarkable fact the decrease in size of the paitient has continued with a clock-like regularity, and, remarkable enough, has been accompanied by no pain whatever. On the contrary, the young lady seems to have completely recovered her vivacity, and to be stronger than she was ever known to be before. To her consternation and the surprise of her physicians, however, she seemed resolved to entirely undo the work of the years which were occupied in growing up.

On the 17th of November, which was a little over a year from the time when the symptoms of her disease first manifested themselves, Miss Lefevre weighed eighty-five pounds, having lost exactly thirty-five pounds in the interval. From being a young lady four feet four inches in hight she had descended to three feet six inches, losing in the twelve months just ten inches in stature, with a corresponding decrease in measurements elsewhere. It was found, however, that the wasting process decreases in speed, and on this account some of the physicans are inclined to think the atrophy, or whatever it is, will cease at a certain stage.

Others can see no reason why the mysterious wasting should not continue until ultimately Miss Lefevre altogether disappears, which she should do in about four years, according to the computations of one of the physicians. The most remarkable feature of the case is the absence of any manifestations of specific or acute disease, although an analysis of the patient's blood shows the presence of microbes of a character which seem as yet to have received no classification. In appearance Miss Lefevre now resembles a healthy, well-formed girl of 12 or 14 years, although her countenance would probably indicate that her age was slightly in excess of early maidenhood. Should the wasting continue unprevented, it will be interesting to note how minute a human creature can become and still retain all the faculties of an ordinary being. As the microscopical woman, Miss Lefevre would doubtless make an interesting feature of a freak exhibition, although there is no chance of such a possibility. Science, however, should lose no opportunity to investigate this remarkable phenomenon, which, so far as known, has never had a parallel.

The Reason Why.

A well-known newspaper man of this city, whose custom it is to take long walks in the country, was out last Sunday, says the Washington *Star*. As he passed an orchard he noticed all the trees but one well filled with apples.

"That's strange," he remarked to his companion.

"What's the reason, do you imagine?" saked the other.

"Here comes a boy. I'll ask him," and the journalist tackled the boy.

"Fine apples you have for an off year," he said, with an air of freedom and acquaintance with the facts.

"Kinder," replied the boy.

"Where do you sell them mostly?"

"Mostly don't sell 'em. Make cider."

"Ah, are they cider apples?"

"Course; couldn't make cider if they wasn't."

"Very true. By the way, my boy, I notice one tree over there by the fence hasn't an apple on it. Do you know why that is?"

"I reckon."

"Well, my friend here and I are a little curious and would like to have you tell us if you will."

"Certainly. It's cause it's a plum tree, mostly."

The man of inquiring mind hung his kodak over his shoulder and went on.

Soft Pillows.

Much is said nowadays against soft pillows, since they tend to produce early wrinkles in fair faces, and a round pillow placed under the neck is recommended. This would also have the effect of bringing the shoulders and lungs into a better position.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Before they got Sapolio. the proverb ran—"The pan says to the pot, Keep off or you'll smutch me."

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO, send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils.——It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

Meeting Notices.

REV. A. T. NEEDHAM WILL SPEAK FOR us THIS EVENING at 515 K street. 1t* W. C. T. U.

GERMANIA BUILDING AND LOAN ASsociation.—The monthly installments and interest are due and payable TO-DAY (Monday), January 19th. The Secretary will be ready to receive the same at 1011 Fourth street from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and in the evening from 7 to 8.

L. NEUBOURG, President.
H. J. GOETHE, Secretary. 1t*

ATTENTION EXEMPTS!—THE The regular election of officers of the Exempt Firemen's Association of Sacramento will be held on SATURDAY, the 24th day of January, 1891, at Firemen's Hall, Eighth street, between J and K, Sacramento. The officers of the election are ELI MAYO, Judge; C. M. FOLGER and J. W. M. SMITH, Inspectors. The polls will be open from 3 to 7 P. M. All members three moths in arrears for dues and fines cannot vote.

Sacramento, January 12, 1891.

HIRAM COOK, President.
WM. AVERY, Secretary. [B. C.] ja13-11t

Wanted.

PERSONAL—NEAT BACHELOR, AGED 29, of genteel appearance, good looks, pleasing address, some means, and first-class business ability, wishes to form the acquaintance, with view to matrimony, of some young lady or widow, possessing in her own right and name property, means or business that she feels requires the love and assistance of a good husband to protect and attend to for her, or one that would furnish means to assist her husband in business after a thorough investigation. No others or triffers need apply. All letters returned if desired, and references given and required. Address BUSINESS, care Box 24, Rochester, N. Y. ja19-tf

BOYS WANTED—APPLY TO C. A. FISK, 408 J street. ja19-2t

SALESMAN—AN ENERGETIC MAN wanted to push our manufactures on this ground. One of our agents earned $5,200 in '89. Address P. O. Box 1371, N. Y. ja19-5t*

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply at 1605 H st. 1t*

WANTED—A GOOD SHOEMAKER ON repairing at 817 K street. ja19-2t

WANTED—BY YOUNG MAN; HAS HAD some experience in groceries; situation more of an object than salary; good reference given and letter of recommendation. Inquire at 1313 G street. ja18-5t*

WANTED—SITUATION BY A LADY AS sick nurse or housekeeper in small family; good cook. City or country. Address, 708 D. ja17-3t*

WANTED—GIRL TO DO LIGHT HOUSEwork; must sleep at home. Apply at 719 M street. ja16-3t*

WANTED—BY A JAPANESE COOK, A situation; understands all kinds of business. Address JAP, this office. ja16-4t*

WAANTED—A 52-INCH SECOND-HAND bicycle, or a safety bicycle. Must be in first-class condition. Send full description and price to B. E. W., this office. ja13-7t

WANTED, AGENTS!—GOOD ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies for something entirely new; light and profitable; takes with every one. Apply 1033 Eighth street, from 1 to 9 P. M. ja4-tf

WANTED—PARTIES TO TAKE AN INterest in the Sectional Giant Quartz Mill, of meritorious qualities; patented. JAS. A. SCOTT, Golden Eagle Hotel, Sacramento. d25-tf

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEyards, dairies and all kinds of labor. Women and girls for cooking and general housework. Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth street, K and L.

WANTED—AN ACTIVE, RELIABLE man—Salary, $70 to $80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a responsible New York house. References. Manufacturer, Lock Box 1,585, N.Y. fe24-1yMTh

Lost—Found.

LOST.—A GOLD GLOVE-BUTTONER, with a quartz charm; initials, B. R. B. Return to 1228 O street, and receive reward. ja18-3t*

To Let or Rent.

TO RENT—A FRONT SUITE OF ROOMS nicely furnished. Terms reasonable. 507½ J street. ja17-7t*

TO LEASE—FOR A TERM OF FOUR years, house of eight rooms, with all modern improvements. No. 1395 L street, fronting State Capitol grounds. For further particulars call at T. H. COOK & CO.'S, Tenth and K streets. ja17-tf

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY ROOM, FURnished, suitable for one or two persons; 1214 H street. ja16-7t*

TO LET—HOUSE ON THIRD STREET, BEtween Q and R, containing six nice rooms; has large yard with fruit trees and stable. Inquire at 304 J street. S. ROSENFELD. j16-7t

FOUR NICE ROOMS TO LET AT 1213 Ninth street, between L and M. ja16-tf

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS from $5 upwards. Inquire at 609½ I street. ja15-7t*

TO RENT—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT rooms, for one or two gentlemen, at 814 Seventh street. ja14-7t*

TO LET—A PARLOR, AT 715 I STREET; also a carriage barn. Inquire at the above number. ja13-tf

TO LET—THE ICE AND COAL YARD formerly occupied by the Union Ice and Coal Co., 1009-11-13 and 15 Third street, between J and K. For further particulars inquire of J. D. Tate, 1011 Third street, up stairs. ja13-7t*

TO LET—A HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS AND closets, neatly finished, at No. 1412 J st. Inquire of A. COOLOT, 812 J st. ja8-tf

401 COR. L AND FOURTH—ROOMS BY the day, week or month. LANGHAM. d19-1m

TO LET—SMALL TENEMENTS AND also unfurnished rooms, cheap; suitable for housekeeping. Apply to D. GARDNER, at wood-yard, Fourth and I streets. my17-tf

FURNISHED ROOMS AT CENTRAL House, from $5 per month upwards; also family rooms at low prices. HORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors. mr19-1y

TO LET—A FURNISHED FLAT OF FIVE rooms. Inquire at 1128 Ninth st. ja7-14t*

TO LET—A HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS, newly painted and papered throughout, corner Thirteenth and F streets. Apply at Brown House, Fourth and K streets. MRS. A. GLEEMAN. ja9-tf

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A HORSE SIX YEARS OLD, perfectly gentle, suitable for lady to drive. For further particulars, address Box 09, this office. ja17-3t*

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR OTHER property, a good patent right. Money in it to the right party. Address, INVENTOR, Sacramento. ja17-10t*

FOR SALE—LODGING-HOUSE WITH lease; house doing good business. Apply at 1221 Third street. ja15-7t*

FOR SALE—HORSE, DELIVERY WAGON, business, buggy and harness; will sell the outfit for near what the wagon is worth. Inquire 2210 H street. ja15-7t*

FOR SALE—GENUINE ENGLISH CLUSter Hop Roots, in quantities to suit, at lowest market price. Address T. B. FLINT, one mile below Sacramento, or P. O. box 438, Sacramento. ja14-14t*

NOTICE—HAVE YOU ANY INTENTION of investing in 2, 4, 6 or 10 acres of rich land just outside the city and only short distance from terminus of New Electric Railway? If so, it will pay you big to see me and find what I have to offer. M. J. DILLMAN, 1420 O street; at 305 J street between 12 and 1. ja6-tf

FOR SALE—A HANDSOME BUGGYhorse, perfectly gentle; especially suited for lady to drive; rapid traveler, and one of the best saddle-horses in the city. A. O. GREGORY, Fifth and J, Sacramento. ja9-tf

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST AND largest saloons in the city; extra family entrance; best location; stock and lease. Inquire at this office. o5-tf

CHOICE LOT OF CANARY BIRDS FOR sale, 1112 F street. d21-1m*

FOR SALE—CHOICE AND RELIABLE fruit trees. Call on O. O. GOODRICH, Riverside Nursery, three miles south of city. P. O. address, Sacramento. d31-tf

FOR SALE—GAS LAUNCH "NITA;" ONE man can handle her; needs neither pilot nor engineer license; simplest and safest engine made. Inquire OFFICER MAY, Washington, Yolo. ja8-14t*

General Notices.

MADAME BELL, RENOWNED IN TELling life's future events, fifteen years' practice in India and Australian colonies; late of San Jose. Young people should know their future. Fee, 50 cents and $1. 1010 Third street. d9-tf

MONEY TO LOAN—ON CITY AND country property. MUDDOX & FEE, 606 I street. ja8-tf

SACRAMENTO COUNTY POULTRY Yards; leading varieties for sale; eggs for hatching; for further particulars send for catalogue. GEO. E. DUDEN, proprietor. Box 376, Sacramento. ja3-tf

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