HOFFMAN TAKES CHANCES.

He Partakes of Mineral Water and Watermelons.

Wiley's Lake and Surroundings--A Place Where Tourists May Enjoy Themselves and No Charge is Made --The Misery Caused by an Uncommon Name.

A few days ago I went up to Wiley's Lake, four miles from Fillomre, one of the young towns in the Santa Clara Valley, and filled myself with water from a sulphur spring which gushes out of the mountain and feeds the lake, and from an iron spring which does not gush at all, but just simply forms itself into a pool with a red scum over the surface and looks nasty. I drank deeply of both springs, and have felt like another man since. I shall go again soon, and the inquest will follow in due season. Also a post mortem examination.

My last will and testament will be found in the escritoire, neatly folded and inserted in the heel of a sock that was once worn by Joaquin Murietta. It will be readily recognized by its strength, which corroborates the statement that Joaquin always went well heeled.

Wiley's Lake is not down on the maps, nor is it given a place in the tourist's guides. Neither is it advertised as a health resort, nor even as a last resort. If I should be asked to designate its place in the catalogue of watering-places, I should place it at the very head of the list, with a scare head, a fist indicative before and after, and several exclamation points, and the old saw: "Be merry while you live, for you will be a long time dead."

I can conceive of no place where a man may go into a perfectly maudlin frenzy of merriment so easily as at Wiley's Lake, nor remain dead with greater deadness than after having absorbed a few gallons of the water that comes to the surface at that place.

The above was written with considerable venom, and refers to the water alone. It shows how the water affects the drinker; how it makes him lie outrageously, and causes the most sober, temperate and mildest of men—myself—to act like a woman scorned, or a married man who has lost his collar-button under the bed and has bumped his head on the slats. Now, that the spell has passed, I will hasten to record the fact that the sulphur and iron waters of Wiley's Lake are highly beneficial to the system. It is only the initiative effects which produce in the hearts of men a wild hankering for the scalp of Byron Wiley, the urbane and courteous gentlemen who owns the lake, the springs, and other things in that neighborhood.

Wiley's Lake, as a resort, differs from Lake City, in Nevada County, by having a genuine lake, with fish in it, and a boat with two paddles which is generally tied to a root with a shoe-string. The lake is not so large but that one may cast his eye over it, and is so deep that an ordinary fishing pole will not reach bottom in the middle. There is no outlet the water passing away by evaporation, percolation and so on.

The most singular thing about Wiley's Lake is its situation. It is located in a little hollow on the side of a mountain 3,000 feet high, and to reach it one must climb a mile up a road built at an angle of something more than 40 degrees, with dips, spurs and variations too numerous to mention. At several points along this road the traveler may sit in his buggy and look down over an almost perpendicular descent of 1,000 feet, and speculate on the hilarity of the occasion if a wheel should slip over, or the horse take a notion to back the vehicle into space. A dense growth of rank nettles at the very bottom of the mountain invites the weary pilgrim who may be so unfortunate as to absent mindedly fall over, or who wishes to shuffle off the mortal coil by leaping out and going into the shadowy land with a great whiz and a sad, soggy thud among their voluptuous stems, where, I am told, the slumberous rattlesnake lies in wait, and the low, meditative hum of the yellow-tailed hornet may be heard at any time.

In days of old, as I am told, the Greaser bold, when a horse he'd stol'd, got him straight way to Wiley's Lake, and nobody ever got up there after him, so that he waxed fat and sassy, and his deeds were limited only by the number of horses in the land about, and the time required for climbing up and down the mountain; but Byron Wiley, the present proprietor, has made the lake a perfect garden spot.

The beautiful grove of evergreen oaks has been thoroughly and skillfully pruned, and hammocks swing under them for the convenience of any guests who may drop in and call upon him for a few days or weeks.

It may be just as well to mention that lately visitors are expected to bring their own fishing tackle, tents, spoopju, antidotes, bedding and provisions. Also, their own hay, if they intend to keep a horse or a cow. Mr. Wiley used to keep all these things himself, and never refused to lend them, but his stock is now exhausted, and he keeps his horses and cows in private apartments, to which only members of his own family are given the password. Visitors need not be afraid to sleep in the grove, as the tarantulas are now mostly engaged in sitting on their eggs, the rattlesnakes are too lazy to climb up the hill, and tramps never come near enough to scare the children.

Free access to the springs may be had at any time, and the boat may be used, but Mr. Wiley hopes that guests will not insist upon his going out more than forty times a day to untie the shoe-string. He begs them to earnestly endeavor to acquire enough of the habit of industry to perform this labor themselves, especially as he always ties it with a bow knot. As he charges nothing whatever for the use of the grove, the lake, the boat and the springs, and allows the children to climb his trees and rock his pet rooster to death gratis, he should be recognized as a white man and a citizen. He also requests me to state that he does not keep rifles, shotguns, telescopes, petrifactions, candy, whisky, thread, buttons, nails, tobacco, ice cream, lemonade, elephants, nutcrackers, dime novels, nor any kind of crockery for sale or to rent. Neither does he have constantly on hand a supply of arnica, toothache drops, rheumatic liniment and red-hot poultices, and people who are likely to need any of these things are requested to bring them along with them when they come to his ranch.

I do not pretend to be a prophet, nor to be able see further ahead of my own nose than any other man, but it is my private opinion that at some future date Wiley's Lake will be a famous resort. Mr. Wiley uses the place simply as a home for himself and family, but people who behave themselves may have the use of his grounds for the summer days. Ultimately he will be compelled to charge for this privilege, and then everybody will go to his springs for rejuvenation, and then his fortune will be made. At present very few people go, because it costs them nothing more than an outlay for necessaries which they take with them.

In this little lake are multitudes of fish, many of them three feet in length, but uneatable. The water is extremely sulphurous, and the fish, when cooked, are as bitter as gall. But this bitterness does not make the sport any less exciting at all, and they may be caught, sent away to distant friends who will think they were spoiled in transit, lied about, and in other ways be used the same as the most ordinary edible fish.

At Wiley's Lake I met John Franklin Allgoose, a man who has passed through the ups and downs of more than sixty years, and is now on his way to Arizona, where he intends to remain. Mr. Allgoose has been a man of patience. All his life long he has waged constant war with his name. He has been jeered at and snubbed, and laughed at, and ridiculed by his neighbors. As he grew aged and his hair whitened people behaded his name, and called him Old Goose, Goosey, and by other aquatic titles. His wife, who had married him when he was young and was most generally known as John Franklin, and who had worked right along in the harness with him for thirty years, applied for and obtained a divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. She could not endure the sneering remarks of people who told her she was the better-half of the man who was all goose. At first she said she loved him, even if he was all goose, but along toward the latter end of life, when the shadows began to fall about her, and the courage of youth had entirely departed, she gradually gave up and surrendered, and her old partner jogged alone.

"I am going to Arizona," said Mr. Allgoose, "hoping that when my wife hears of it she will accept a reconciliation. In Arizona we might find some lovely spot where there would not be many folks learn my name, and we may spend the last few years of our lives in peace together. Ah, me!" he added, "this name of mine is an awful thing!" Nothing would ever induce Mr. Allgoose to drop his surname or adopt an alias. He said it was the name his ancestors "fit under in 1812," and he would not discard it now. Once he made an effort to have it changed by Congress, and sent in his petition all straight and regular. Then, while Congress was acting, he and his wife ren ained happily together. She had decided that they should be happier than ever before, and they arranged matters for a little gathering of friends with a nice dinner, to take place on the day that Congress granted the petition. The good old lady admitted to her husband that his name had always been a great burden, and she was glad they had no children to inherit it.

At last the day came, and this white-haired old man, through the beneficent action of a kind and charitable Congress, which reserves the right to rechristen those who seek a change of name, was enabled to walk proudly home to his happy and expectant wife and hail her as Mrs. John Franklin Halfgoose!

"It was too much," said the old gentleman. "I tried Halfgoose for a while, though, but being Halfgoose was worse than being Allgoose, and I just pulled up stakes and left the country, and took my old name back again."

The recent hot spell has ripened the watermelon crop, and I am rapidly getting fat, with a slight but charming tendency to *embonpoint* appearance. I have acquired a fondness for nocturnal rambles, and when the sun peeps over the eastern hills and looks down upon the corn-clad fields of the Santa Clara Valley, its bright rays shine upon the ghastly remains of many a proud and arrogant but succulent melon which has ceased to exist. But what is the use of being a man if one cannot live over again the most happy days of his youth? And what man who has not lost all the elasticity and dare-devil activity and pride of his boyhood could exist in a land of melons and feel not a desire to repeat the exploits of years agone?

But enough of this.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
And harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the coming guest;
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best;
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

OVERRATED HIS PROWESS.

He was a man of giant frame
And muscles wrought of steel,
Anteus, Atlas, Hercules
Did ne'er such strength reveal.

He could uproot a giant oak
With little strain or fuss,
Hold out in either hand a full
Grown hippopotamus.

He'd climb the Dhawalagerl,
And on his shoulders bear
A tierce or two of good old rye
And never sweat a hair.

He'd swum across the sea and towed
A frigate in his wake;
He could, when healthy, tear in shreds
A hotel sirloin steak.

And yet, poor man, he met one day
A task that took his life.
He grew o'er confident and went
A-shopping with his wife.

The activity in the royal gun factories in Spandou, near Berlin, has almost ceased. A year ago more than four thousand workmen were employed in the factories. To-day less than one-tenth of that number remain. There is great discontent among the townspeople in consequence, although disinterested persons look upon the discharge of the laborers as a guarantee of peace. Spandau, by the way, is the scene of the famous well in which part of the money paid as indemnity by France in 1871 is kept.

A parrot on the canal boat F. V. North, which was run into and sunk in New York harbor, recently, sounded the alarm of danger. Just before the collision occurred the bird screamed, "Look out there! Murder! We'll be drowned." The cries were heard by the Captain and his family, and, running on deck, they had barely time to pick up the parrot and a few other pets and escape to a vessel that was alongside.

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep right on and a cure 'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "The *Christian Union* takes the occasion of young Brokaw's drowning to sneer at creeds as follows: 'We do not know what religion young Brokaw professed, if any; no one thinks of asking what was his creed.' We do know what religion young Brokaw professed, and that his six years of faithful membership in a Presbyterian Church, the church of his fathers, aided in developing the character which made him a hero when his opportunity came."

To a correspondent who asks: "Is it right to play church music on a musical instrument on the Sabbath day, the motive being purely intellectual enjoyment for the time being?" the *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) replies: "It is desirable to keep musical instruments under proper control on the Lord's day in the home. Children should not be allowed to go to them at random and play on that day. To play church music when religious duties have been properly attended to is, in our opinion, compatible with the day."

The *Christian Intelligencer* (Refd.) says: "A sensational preacher in this city said recently, 'There is no authority over us but the authority of God.' If so, and he surely ought to know, then his Church cannot be after the New Testament pattern, for we read (Heb. xiii, 17), 'Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves,' and the Apostle Paul, in the first epistle he wrote (1 Thes. v. 12), told his brethren about some who, he said, 'are over you in the Lord.' There are and always will be persons to whom the very name of authority is odious. Nevertheless it will exist. The Church of the Lord Jesus is not a mob nor a disorderly crowd, but an organized community, and as such has officers and they have authority."

The *Occident* (Pres.) says: "Events seem to be hurrying the Presbyterian Church beyond the fears of the most pessimistic or the aims of the most radical. The issue has suddenly changed. The supreme question is no longer, 'What about Professor Briggs?' nor yet, 'What about Union Seminary?' but this: 'Will the Presbyterian Church surrender that measure of control over its theological seminaries which such pains were taken to secure in 1369?' The fact that the demand comes, apparently, from a slender minority, is far from conclusive. It is just possible that the conditions of life and Christian work have so changed within a generation that the defiant attitude of a small minority should be accepted as the signal of Providence for a concerted readjustment of ecclesiastical method and a complete change of attitude touching educational agencies."

The St. Louis *Republic* says: "The *Republic* does not believe in pampering ministers or any one else. Let them make sacrifices. The man who cannot do that is not fit for much in this world, or any other; but give them enough to eat! It is a scientific fact that oxygen is constantly eating away their muscular tissue, and that if this muscular tissue is not constantly resupplied, chemical action soon impairs their usefulness. And when they are old, when they have learned that it is not eloquence to increase chemical action on their muscles by thumping the Bible and gesticulating in the pulpit, do not conclude that they are 'past their usefulness.' They know more than they did forty years ago, or than you are likely to know for forty years to come. Keep them, feed them, listen to them, and imitate them, whether it puts you in the fashion or not."

On the question of the authority of the Bible, the *Christian Union* states the argument thus:

"God is infallible.

"Therefore: a book of divine authority must be infallible.

"But this conclusion does not follow from this premise. God is infallible. But he might reveal his truth by means of impressions on the minds of fallible men; then the impressions would not be infallible. The fallible men might use fallible language to communicate these impressions to their fellow-men; then the communication would not be infallible. These communications might be received and interpreted by fallible men; then the resultant understanding and interpretation would not be infallible. In other words, an infallible book would require not only an infallible author, but also an infallible medium of communication. But the medium of communication is not infallible. Therefore, although the book is divine in its author, it is not infallible. The reader may indeed say that such a book is not, strictly speaking, a divine authority, but a divine-human authority. That is a true characterization of the Bible; the characterization which the Bible gives of itself. 'Holy men of old spake, moved by the Holy Ghost.' It is a book written by men, but by men who were inspired by God.

"We conclude, then, that the Bible possesses a divine authority, but it is not infallible. It is divine because its author is God; it is not infallible, because the interpreters of God are infallible men. Some truths they saw and interpreted imperfectly; others which they thought permanent principles were temporary rules; others of their utterances have been imperfectly and erroneously interpreted and applied by subsequent generations. But the great underlying principles of the divine life inculcated in the Bible, those which give to it a unique character and have conferred upon it a unique power, have had their authority tested by the experience of the centuries. Their divine authority is established by actual experiments—experiments on an immeasurably larger scale than any that have ever been used to test the authority of current formulæ in the world of natural science."

Dr. Leonard W. Bacon says, in the current *New Englander*, of the Presbyterian controversy: "Both parties are agreed that there is no existing edition or translation of the Scriptures, or any manuscript copy of them in the original languages of which absolute infallibility is to be asserted. The defense by the Princeton divines of their favorite thesis of the absolute inerrancy of Holy Scripture is rested, in the last resort, on the absolute impossibility of determining exactly and beyond question what Holy Scripture originally was and what it meant. For 'the Church has asserted absolute infallibility only of the original autograph copies of the Scriptures as they came from the hands of their inspired writers.' [Dr. A. A. Hodge, 'Outlines of Theology,' Ed. 1878, p. 73.] Armed with this qualification, the ingenuous young Timothys under training at Princeton for the Holy War are encouraged to plant themselves boldly on the doctrine of the infallibility of the Scriptures, and bid defiance to the armies of the aliens. In answer to profane allegations of 'discrepancy' in the sacred text, they are instructed to hurl into the teeth of the caviller the question 'How do you know it was in the original autograph?' and demand the proof—which it is safe to say that no mortal can give; and if, after such a knock-down as this, the uncircumcised Philistine shall come staggering up to renew the fight, they must be ready and let him have the next right in the forehead: 'How do you know that that is what it means?' The difficulty of this will be apprehended when we estimate the inherent obscurity of ancient narratives, unchronological and fragmentary, with a background and surroundings of almost unrelieved darkness. The condition of things * * * baffles all the ingenious efforts of the rationalist critic to demonstrate the 'discrepancy.' [Ibid., p. 76.]

"It will be seen that we do not depreciate the importance of the doctrine of 'inerrancy' as held by Princeton. Taken in connection with the two great and immutable principles of the impossibility of exactly knowing the original text, and the impossibility of exactly understanding it if you did know it, it constitutes an imposing and elegant looking rampart of the faith. The question whether its guns are not swivels that might be aimed as readily at a doctrine as at a discrepancy, so endangering the precious tenets of limited atonement and unconditional reprobation, we barely hint at, lest we might seem to disclose to the enemy the weak points in the towers and walls of Zion."

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

Henry Irving's two sons will go upon the stage.

Goethe wrote Charlotte von Stein a thousand letters in ten years.

General Longstreet will attend the reunion of the New Hampshire veterans next month.

The Duchess of Westminster is the fortunate possessor of the Nassau diamond, which is valued at £35,000.

Ouida thinks that every year adds to the pretensions and powers of the State while diminishing the personal freedom of man.

It is proposed to erect a monument to mark the landing of Hendrick Hudson on the shore of New Jersey on September 4, 1609.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has settled down resignedly to the conviction that rheumatism has made her a cripple for life, it is said.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the richest man in America when the National Constitution was signed. He was worth $500,000.

A. M. Henry, who owned the farm upon which the first battle of Bull Run was fought, still owns it. He was not at home at the time of the fight.

The proprietor and manager of the New Orleans *Picayune*, one of the best-known newspapers in the South, is a woman—Mrs. Nicholson. She personally supervises her business.

Mme. Barrios, the beautiful and wealthy widow of a President of a Central American republic, is spending the year in Europe, and it is rumored that she may give her hand in marriage to a member of the English nobility.

Only two English officers who fought at Waterloo were alive to celebrate the seventy-sixth anniversary of that memorable battle. They were General George Whichcote, who is 97, and Lieutenant-Colonel William Hewett, 96.

New Hampshire has the oldest living college graduate in the person of A. A. Parker of Fitzwilliam. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1814, and will be 100 years of age on October 8th. At last account he was in very good health.

Lyman S. Low, a New York dealer in medals, has among the collection several hundred medals presented to soldiers in the English army from 1793 to 1880 for deeds of valor and conspicuous bravery. With but few exceptions they were all pawned by their owners to meet the necessities of life.

Count Alexander Keyserling, who died a few weeks ago, was one of the best-known authorities on geology and paleontology in the Baltic Provinces. When a young man Alexander von Humboldt honored him with his admiration and friendship. He was a classmate of Prince Bismarck in the University of Goettingen.

A London interviewer, who saw Mary Anderson recently, says that her figure was as queenly as ever, and her beautiful face was flushed with the healthy tinge that comes from outdoor life. Her eyes flashed with happiness and high spirits. She wore a close-fitting and elegant, but very simple costume of sage-green material.

Young Mr. Harrison, the Irish Member of Parliament who came over with the Parnell delegates, is the mildest mannered of men. He has made hosts of friends in America by his suavity, his intelligence and his modesty. The American girls pronounce him the handsomest Irishman who has come across the sea in a decade.

Ex-Governor Ames, one of the richest men in Massachusetts, is likewise one of the plainest in attire and manner. He wears an inconspicuous business suit of quiet coloring and his head is covered with a broad-brimmed, Quaker-like straw hat. The general appearance of the ex-Governor is that of a portly and benevolent farmer.

Gladstone is comparatively a poor man, and the occasional literary work he does for magazines and periodicals is not the result of any desire to add to his established fame as a writer. He takes a very matter of fact view of such productions, reckoning them simply as a valuable help to the liquidation of his heavy household expenses. For every article he writes he receives $1,000.

Professor W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, who has just published a monograph on the oyster, probably knows more about this favorite bivalve and its habits than anyone else in this country. He has made a special study of his subject in five different States, and has spent much time in wandering about in the Chesapeake to form a more intimate acquaintance with the shell fish.

Lady Dilke, the wife of Sir Charles Dilke, has been one of the prominent organizers of trades-unions for women in England. The things that have been done and the advances contemplated are described in an article which she has written for the August number of the *North American Review*. It may be remembered that Lady Dilke is said to have been the original of Dorothea in Middlemarch.

Carolus Duran, the famous artist, has all the exaggerated fondness for show and glitter that characterizes the natives of Southern France. He likes to load his fingers with rings and wear handsome silk linings to his coats. In addition to his distinction in painting, he excels in several minor arts, such as riding, guitar playing, and fencing. He is popular on the boulevards, and everybody in Paris knows him.

Foxhall Keene, who is just now spending thousands of dollars on the turf, is twenty-four years old, tall, thin, and of a fair complexion. Usually he wears a long gray or brown frock coat that makes him look taller and thinner than he really is. When buying thoroughbreds he usually stands behind the auctioneer and waits until the bidding has gone on awhile before he begins, and when he starts in he means to win.

Colonel G. B. M. Harvey, who has just been appointed managing editor of the New York *World*, is one of the youngest men in the country to hold so important a position. He is thirty years old and was born among the Green Mountains. While yet a raw-boned youth he began work in daily journalism on the Springfield *Republican*, and since then he has gathered valuable newspaper experience on leading papers in Chicago and New York.

John Hamilton Brown, the inventor of the segmental wire-wound cannon that bears his name, for the trial of which Congress has lately appropriated $10,000, lives in Greenville, N. J., where he is constantly busy in his shops over his inventions. Captain Brown will be remembered by the public as the long-range rifle shot, who, with his own standard military rifle, made the best score at 1,000 yards at Wimbledon with the American team in England in 1883.

Near Dayton, Ga., there is a well locally known as the "well of frozen air." In drilling the well a stratum of frozen clay and gravel was encountered at a depth of fifty-five feet. After passing through five feet of this numerous cavities were encountered from which the cold air came in gusts. The escape of the air from the well can be heard roaring for nearly 200 yards. A bucket of water set over the opening will freeze through and through within a few hours.

BOILS and pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Difficulty of Collecting Folk-Lore in Scotland.

Innumerable Traditionary Customs and Belief—The Luck o' the Bairn—Good and Ill Omens—A Peculiar piece of Witchcraft.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1891.]

HAWICK, Scotland, July 13, 1891.

Collecting folk-lore from the people of any country is attended with many difficulties. The Scotch are almost as evasive as the Irish, and delight in mystifying qualifications. The intellectual classes rather resent the possible uses to which such information is to be put. The average Scotchman of the middle classes feels aggrieved that so noble a race as his own should be suspected of possessing superstitions. And the ignorant and lowly have a well defined notion that the charm is lost if it be divulged to disbelievers.

To illustrate: A certain eminent literator of advanced age in Edinburgh, himself an elucidator of the very heredity of Scottish superstition, when I applied to him humbly enough for his own verification of a very weird practice which I absolutely know still exists among the Highlands, told me in good round terms that the meddling with such matters by English and American intellectual tramps in general was a "most damnable impertinence." On another occasion I ordered a suit of clothing from a certain town oracle, the tailor, who, in many respects, was a second, though severe, edition of delicious old Mansie Wauch, for the sole purpose of securing the lore and superstitions of his own craft. With all the diplomacy possible I approached the coveted disclosures, but the moment this fellow comprehended the import of my wishes, confidences were at an end, and his dignity was so sorely tried that he declined holding further intercourse with me save through the chilling medium of a deaf and dumb assistant! Among the peasantry, and especially the crofters and coastwise fishermen, however much you may gain confidence and friendship, the "Touch me not with impunity!" of Scotia's national motto is a stubborn fact in character; and though it may be often overcome, on countless occasions, I have been met and baffled in folk-lore researches by the canny remark:

"Guid truth, gin I wad tell ye onything, ye wad shune hae it in prent; an' th' good o't ta me wad be dune!"

But determination, diligence and honesty of spirit in research will accomplish much in a year's time, even in Scotland. It is easy enough to find in the main striking affinities between Scottish, English, Irish, and even New England, omens, portents and superstitious beliefs of the more trivial and ordinary character. There is no end to these, and a few examples will illustrate their universality of adoption and adaptation.

A babe must never see its image in a looking-glass until all its teeth are cut. Bad luck always follows the removal of the wedding ring, If you find two spoons in your cup or saucer it is a certain omen that you will never wed. Some one is thinking of you when your nose itches. The omens connected with a burning sensation in the right or left ear are the same as with us. The itching of the right palm indicates that you will soon shake hands, and of the left, that you are to receive money, while, if the soles of your feet disturb you in like manner, you are to journey over strange ground. The potency of the horseshoe is the same the world over, but, in Scotland, if you find one you must throw it over your left shoulder in order to secure good luck during the month to come. The spilling of salt is unlucky, but evil may be warded off if you will toss a portion over your left shoulder. When the fire is blown, if sparks fly spitefully, strangers are to visit you. Even numbers are lucky, and odd ones are calamitous. In handing any object or article of food to another, if it falls or spills, it is a certain sign of much further intercourse, but, if by chance, any two persons wash in the same bowl of water they are certain to quarrel. Entering service, or beginning any enterprise or journey on Saturday, will compel an unfortunate outcome. The same superstitions regarding cauls, and children born with cauls, exist in Scotland as elsewhere in Europe. When a spider is found on one's clothing or person, money will shortly be received. A gift of a knife or other sharp-edged utensil is always to be avoided. There are countless weather omens and portents in Scotland which are common in England and Ireland, and which any student of American folk-lore will find have passed into usage in our own country.

Again, innumerable traditionary customs and beliefs of the simpler sort will be found peculiar to the Scottish people themselves, of which I give a few examples. If you first see the new moon with empty hands you will be unfortunate for a month to come. If you see a cow lick either of her fore feet you will immediately hear of a death. Seeing a snail on bare ground is a bad omen, but to find one on the grass is a sign of a plentiful year. In Roxburghshire those meeting black snails take them by the horns and throw them over the left shoulder in order to go on their way prosperously. The sudden loss of hair is a prognostic of the loss of children, health or property. To dream of one's teeth falling out is a certain sign of the death of a friend. The shrinking of meat in a pot while cooking presages downfall in life, and should it swell you will be prosperous. It is unlucky to be recalled, after having set out on a journey, to be told of something you have forgotten, but you can destroy the spell by at once partaking of meat and drink. When you first put on a new coat if you will place money in the right hand pocket you will not know want, but if, by mistake, you place it in the left hand pocket you will be in need as long as that coat is worn. To sweep a house by night is the greatest possible insult that can be offered to the fairies and the spirits of the dead; and to sweep out the dust by the front door is to drive away good fortune. A dock leaf will cure a nettle sting if you will incant

Nettle out, dock in;
Dock remove the nettle sting,

during the operation. Down about Yetholm, if any of the traveling tinklers or peddlers on setting out in the morning meet a person whose face they do not like, they turn back, for to have proceeded would have given an unlucky day. Highlanders to this day, at midnight of August 1st (old style), bathe in Lochmanur, Sutherlandshire, to cure themselves of all bodily ailments, repaying the Spirit of the Lake in coin for these benefits. Soap and salt are still smeared over cows afflicted with "the evil-eye." And coals and salt must be tossed into a new house, before taking possession of it, to drive out lingering evil spirits.

The Scotch baby is the subject and object of very many traditional superstitious safeguards and ominous portents. If, in praising the baby and calling it pretty, you do not add, "Save it!" your eye will "take on it." "Save it" wards away the "evil-eye." It is equally necessary, when praising your neighbor's cattle or fowls, to add, "My eye will not take on it!" Babes are at the mercies of the fairies before baptism. For a partial safeguard against their bewitchment some article of clothing belonging to the child's father should always be thrown over it. In Border shires it is believed that if a babe happens to be sitting on the floor and anyone should step over it, or walk entirely around it, it will become a weazened pigmy. If the babe takes a spoon first in its left, instead of its right, hand, it will be unlucky all its life. It is most unfortunate for a mother, after the birth of a babe, to appear out of doors until she is "churched."

The first babe baptized by a minister, after his appointment to a parish, receives the clergyman's Christian name; and if a male and female child are brought together for baptism, the boy must be first baptized, otherwise he will go through life barefaced, and the girl will be disfigured with a beard. During nursing mothers wear amulets of blue woolen thread, or cord around their necks, to avert ephemeral fevers from their babes. These are handed down from mother to daughter, are greatly prized, and their efficacy is in proportion to their antiquity. In the Border country a cradle is never rocked, as it will bring disease to a child. "The luck o' the bairn" is a curious outgrowth of tradition and custom. Whoever carries the babe to church for baptism must be provided with a piece of cake. This is given to the first person met, no matter whom, and if it be a man it is better "luck" for the child. All manner of ill comes upon whoever refuses, and such refusal also bodes ill fortune to the child. But a few months since the Scottish newspapers took notice of a graceless fellow who flung this luck-cake away, thus throwing away with it "the luck o' the bairn."

In the matter of courtships and weddings Scottish people preserve an extraordinary number of peculiar customs and fanciful superstitions. It is deemed unlucky to alter the first width of an engagement ring. Many troths have been broken as a result. The giving of brooches and pins by lovers is full of ill consequences. No young man or woman, in the tender relation, will take a pin from the other, without returning the same after use. Pins, needles, etc., are all emblematic of the cessation of friendship and affection. It is very fortunate for the bride to wear some borrowed article of apparel at her wedding. If swine cross the path of the bridal party before it, it is an omen of the direst import, but if they should cross its path behind the party it would be a happy augury. A wedding after sunset entails on the bride a joyless life, the loss of children, and an early grave. In the south of Scotland a rainy day for a marriage is an unlucky one. The bride is then called "a greetin' bride;" whereas, "Blest is the bride that the sun shines on." To "rub shoulders" with the bride is a sign of speedy marriage, the first among the unmarried female friends who succeeds in doing it will be the first to wed, and I have myself witnessed scrambles on the part of buxom Scotch lasses for precedence quite closely approaching fisticuffs. As a newly married wife first enters her new home some elderly person must throw a cake of shortbread into the door before her. One securing a piece of cheese cut with the bride's own hand before she has left the wedding feast is certain to be shortly happily married. And it is everywhere in Scotland as inauspicious for the bride's mother to be present at a wedding as it is unfortunate in our country to have the same individual arrive, to remain, at any subsequent period.

As with the Irish the Scottish people have some very interesting and occasionally mournful folk-fore and superstitions regarding birds and fowls. The song of the robin bodes ill to any sick person who hears it. A robin seen sitting upon a stone foretells the falling of snow. A black cock is highly prized, as its presence prevents the ravages of bogies and warlocks. To hear a cuckoo cry before breakfast is an ill omen. It is fortunate for a housewife if a brood of chickens all come off the nest cock-birds, as it is indicative of coming prosperity. The magpie is a particularly ominous bird to the Scotch.

One is sorrow, two mirth,
Three a wedding, four a birth,
Five heaven, six hell,
Seven the de'ils ain sel'!

The entrance of the thrush, any of the family of finches, or the little ox-eye tit into the open window or door of a house, is an omen that anyone ill within will regain health, and, if all are in good health, that some pleasant good fortune is in store for the household. When the starling ceases to follow the grazing cattle some witch spell is being wrought upon them, and if the raven hover near cattle or sheep "elf-shooting" is very likely to occur. When the robin will not sing in graveyard trees the place is held in unusual dread; and if you will keep the white hair you will find under your foot when you hear the first notes of the cuckoo in the springtime, the next name you hear spoken is of the one you will haply wed.

Death tokens and funeral tokens are very numerous. When abroad at night one should never turn about on hearing footsteps. They are likely to be those of the dead who are seeking human companionship. The howling of a dog with its head toward the house for a near, and away from the house for a distant relative, or beneath the window of one lying ill; the croaking of ravens on the thatch; March roosters crowing before midnight; the sound of spirit-bells in the night; circles of flame in the air; a hen bringing off a brood which are all hen-birds; magpies preceding you on your way to church, are a few of countless Scottish presages of death, If, at a funeral, a shaft of sunlight shines with special brightness on some one person, that one will be the next of those present to be buried. In the Border shires it is believed that any person meeting a funeral cortege who fails to bear his head, turn about, accompany the procession, and, if the corpse be borne by bearers, "gie a lift," he may, after bowing to the attendants, resume his way without harm—otherwise he will be the next one buried.

In the north of Scotland a peculiar piece of witchcraft—fairly the only genuine bit of malicious and barbaric *diablerie* to be found in the entire kingdom—is still practiced. Where a cowardly, yet deadly hatred is cherished by one for another, a "body of clay" (Gallic, *corp creadh*) is made as nearly as possible in the image of the one sought to be harmed. This is placed with the greatest secrecy in the stream of some shadowy burn. The belief is that as the *corp creadh* wastes away by the action of the water, the victim sought to be cursed will as surely waste away to death. "I shall make a body of clay for you" is the most terrible and withering threat known among all Highland folk. The origin of this truly devilish practice can be found in ancient Egyptian witchcraft, and its almost exact congener, the burning of the pin-pricked wax image of one sought to be voudooed to death, is of common secret practice among the blacks of our Southern States, the West Indies and Africa.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

to wash-day, unless you wash with Pearline. It's the washing in the old way with soap and rub, rub, that makes the holes in your clothes. You can't get them clean without rubbing; you can't rub without wearing them out. A month of ordinary use won't make the wear and tear of one such washing.

Try a little Pearline—*without soap*. The dirt comes out easily and quickly without rubbing. There's no need to drag it out by main strength—there's nothing to hurt your clothes, no matter how delicate. There's no hard work about it either. It's *easy washing*—both for the woman who washes and the things that are washed. It's *safe* washing, too. Pearline removes the dirt, but won't harm anything else.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back*.

186 JAMES PYLE, New York

COMMERCIAL.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, July 25C.

FRUIT—Lemons—Sicily, $8@8 50 ₱ box; California, $4@5; Limes, $11@12 ₱ box. $1 75@2 ₱ 100; Bananas, $2 50@3 50 ₱ bunch for Island; Cocoanuts, $7@8; California Oranges—Riverside, $3@3 50 ₱ box; Pineapples, 60c each, $7 ₱ dozen; Peaches, 40@60c ₱ box; Blackberries, $1 @1 25 ₱ case and $1 50 ₱ crate; Strawberries, $1 40@1 50 ₱ case; B. T. Cherries, 75c; Apricots, 50@75c ₱ box; Currants, 50c ₱ box, and $5 to $5 50 ₱ chest; Raspberries, $1@1 25 ₱ case; Plums, 50c@ $1 25 ₱ box.

CANNED GOODS—Assorted table, $2@ 2 10; Apples, $1 60; Apricots, $1 90; Blackberries, $1 95; Cherries, $2 40@2 60; Currants, $2 25; Gooseberries, $1 80@1 90; Muscat Grapes, $1 55@1 60; Plums, $1 60; Quinces, $1 95; Raspberries, $2 70; Strawberries, $2 70.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour, $5 25 ₱ bbl; Oatmeal, 10-lb sacks, 4c ₱ lb; $3 75 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Cornmeal, white, $3 50 ₱ 10-lb sacks, yellow, $2 85 ₱ 25-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $3 ₱ 10-lb sack; $2 75 ₱ 100-lb sack; Hominy, $4 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $3 75 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Graham, $2 80 ₱ 10-lb sacks; $2 62½ ₱ 100-lb sacks.

VEGETABLES—Onions, Silverskins, 75@ 85c ₱ cwt; red, 80@85c; Egg Plant, 10c; Tomatoes, $1 25 ₱ box; Corn—field, $1, sweet, $1 50 ₱ sack; Cabbage, 50@65c ₱ 100 lbs; Carrots, 50@60c ₱ 100 lbs; Turnips, new, 75c ₱ sack; bunch vegetables, 12½c ₱ doz; Parsnips, $1@1 50; Beets, 75c@$1; Horse Radish, 10c ₱ lb; Garlic, 10c; Artichokes, 40@60c ₱ doz; Dried Peppers, 20@ 25c; Green Peas, common, 2@3c; do, sweet, 3@4c; Potatoes, Early Rose, 65@75c; Peerless, 90c@$1; Burbanks, 85@95c; Centennial, $1@$1 10 ₱ ctl; Celery, 75c ₱ doz; String Beans, 2@2½c; Summer Squash