HOFFMAN'S INVESTIGATION.

He Looks Into the Characteristics of the Grasshopper.

His Report Is About as Lucid as Many Other Public Documents—A Rambling Article on a Variety of Subjects—Taken for the Lady of the House.

[Special correspondence of RECORD-UNION.]

Early in January, 1885, I was requested by the Commissioner of Agriculture, and also by Professor C. V. Riley, United States Entomologist, to assist the United States Government in its efforts to become more thoroughly acquainted with the character, habits, construction and domestic relations of the various species of locusts inhabiting and indigenous to the Santa Clara Valley, in Southern California. I assured both the above-mentioned honorable gentlemen by letter that nothing would give me greater pleasure than the fulfillment of a duty which, by their request, I considered as unavoidable; that one's patriotism was best shown by one's attention to the needs of one's government; that one should hasten to labor for the benefit of one's country without being told twice to do so; that the ignorance of Uncle Sam concerning grasshoppers was very lamentable indeed, and that we should not allow Egypt to set herself up before us as the only nation on earth having an extensive and comprehensive knowledge of the subject. It should not be my fault, I added, nor the fault of the high authority which had so honored me, if in the future we could not give the world points and down the most learned savants of Europe on this subject.

It was only a matter of time, I said, when the grasshopper would become an international question. That national greatness was best achieved by studious attention to the small things which make up the everyday affairs of life, and that there was nothing which would bring out and illustrate the greatness of a nation more than the study of various insects, among which the locust, or grasshopper, occupied a conspicuous position. Next to the codlin moth and the scale bug, I knew of nothing more worthy of the patient study and investigation of learned men, and I would, by devoting my spare time to the subject, endeavor to discover something new in the grasshopper—something which would be appreciated by my Government and of infinite benefit to the world at large. At the earliest possible moment I would visit the Santa Clara Valley and get down to business. Such is the gist of my reply to the honorable gentlemen above mentioned.

Circumstances over which I had no control, or not very much control, prevented me, and I did not visit the Santa Clara valley until June 15th of the present year, at which time I suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in Ventura County, armed with a microscope and a surgeon's scalpel, ready for study and dissection, or vivisection, of all the grasshoppers from Montalvo to Camulos. Of course I did not get my report included in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1885, nor for any following year, and it is too late now, perhaps. But I have obeyed the request of the honorable gentlemen above mentioned, and my mind is at rest. I have, however, prepared a report and forward it to the RECORD-UNION, knowing that it will accomplish much greater good than if inserted in an agricultural report, sandwiched between a cut showing the evolution and transformation of the *Cicada septenrdecim* and a colored plate illustrating the growth of the swine plague in Missouri.

There are a great many people whose social duties compel them to forego the pleasure of reading the agricultural reports, and information derived from the columns of the leading journals is their only means of keeping posted. I sincerely hope and trust that after the publication of the following report no man who can read and write the English language will be found possessing much ignorance of the subject treated in this paper. Before beginning my report I will state that I am indebted to Capitan Owly Pamblo of Nevada County, and his relative, Augustus Hoopey, for much valuable information concerning the insect under discussion.

FILLMORE, Ventura Co., Sept. 12, '91.

To the public at large, also to whom it may concern: In obedience to a request made by the United States Commissioner of Agriculture and Professor C. V. Riley, United States Entomologist, I have visited the Santa Clara Valley, a part of Ventura County, Southern California, United States of America, for the purpose of studying the locusts, or grasshoppers, inhabiting and indigenous to that land. My arrival at Fillmore occurred on the 15th of June of the present year, as is attested by a long scratch made upon the debit side of the register in the auditorium of the Fillmore Hotel, and a dent in the front part of the Farmers' Stove, caused by my having stumbled over it when rushing forward to meet Mayor Grimes and other prominent citizens.

I began my labors immediately, merely waiting long enough to lay aside my plug hat and gold-headed cane, and replace them with a wide-brimmed Jesse James sombrero and a shotgun, with which I brought to earth many curious insects peculiar to this semi-tropical region. I had always felt that I had missed my vocation somewhere; that instead of laboring hard with brain and muscle for the edification of less worthy people, I should have been chasing butterflies with a musket, and now I am certain that this is what Providence intended that I should do. But it sometimes happens that we are forced by unforseen events to drift out of the lines of duty as laid down for us and pursue avocations wholly unsuited and at variance with our inner selves. When we are conscious of the fact that we have so drifted it behooveth us to make the best of a bad situation and live up, in theory, to what we cannot live up to in practice. I have never used this assertion heretofore, nor have I ever heard any other man use it. It is perfectly fresh and pure, and worthy of consideration.

I sometimes surprise myself by formulating original ideas, which strike me very forcibly as worthy of perpetuation, and I immediately jot them down in a little book which I carry in my left-hand overalls pocket. There is no better plan than this for the security of ideas, which, like fleas, are perpetually and spontaneously hopping forth from one's mental incubator. Some day I shall find that my book is filled with bright, pithy, original thoughts, and I will have them published in an ornate volume suitable for birthday and wedding presentations, or a conspicuous position on the escritoires of the 400 of Fresno. The salvation of original thought, is, or should be, the highest aim of the literati of the present time. This, and an assiduous cultivation of the faculty of adhesiveness—the sticking to one subject until it has been thoroughly treated—is one of the most important things of life. I hope you understand me.

Bean-pulling has been in progress in the Santa Clara Valley for several weeks, and the crop, I am told, is very great. I did not think, when first I came to this part of California, that I should proudly tread upon soil holding in a mineral state those germs of thought which have made Boston peculiar, have given us a Chautauqua and created for us a Ward McAllister. I say created for us a Ward McAllister, because only a long continued use of beans could have produced that rare and brilliant genius whose great and throbbing brain has given forth light and heat to a world that yearned and hankered for just exactly what he gave it when his book came forth from the press.

By the way, what has become of this First Ward, this transcendental genius, this "*stat magni nominis umbra?*" Was he the reflection of some dreams, or has society retaliated by finding him and—but why go on?

Lately I have been watching the outcome of affairs at the residence of a friend. My friend lives just across the street, and he has a Chinese cook, a gentle-eyed son of Confucius, who is one of the most humane, generous, tender-hearted heathens I ever saw. His name is Ah Long Fat, and he is so fat that it is with extreme difficulty he can crawl through the keyhole of the kitchen door, or repose in the shadow of a clothes pole. A few days ago his employer took his wife away for an excursion into the hills, and left Ah Long Fat alone. Ah Long Fat stood in the door and watched them depart, his countenance wearing an expression so infinitely sad, and his eyes so suffused with tears of regret, and his entire body so bent with sorrow that I said to myself:

"Here is a poor misguided heathen who has a heart, a lost soul who has in him the elements of a true Christian; a maligned being whose inner self overflows with the milk of human kindness! Surely, on the last day thou shalt be saved."

When Ah Long Fat had seen his master's carriage disappear he turned away with a profound sigh, wiped the tears out of his eyes and relieved his feelings by building a box-trap for a skunk that had been killing his beloved master's chickens. This morning the skunk was caught. Ah Long Fat gravely carried the box and its inmate to the back yard, placed it in a sunny spot, and then began heating water. At first I thought the benighted soul was going to cook the animal. When the water was hot, scalding hot, he took the kettle from the stove, carried it to the box, and poured just a little bit of boiling water on the skunk. Fifteen minutes later he poured on just a little bit more. He has repeated the performance at intervals of exactly fifteen minutes all this day. He has done nothing else. He has not cooked a bite for himself, nor allowed anything to disturb him. He just sits there by the stove, keeping the water hot, and watches the clock, and at the expiration of each quarter of an hour he goes out and pours a little more hot water on the skunk. Sometimes he smiles a sad, plaintive sort of smile, and then looks at the clock again. How the skunk likes it I don't know.

Last night two strange gentlemen annoyed me considerably by coming to my hotel and prancing up and down the corridors in a very hilarious state. Then they called for the landlady and asked her if Mr. Smith roomed there. They were told that Mr. Smith was an unknown quantity at that house, and they went away. At 10 o'clock they returned and rang the bell again. The landlady answered.

"Beg pardons," said one of them, "but dosh Misher Smith live here?"

"No, sir."

"V'ry shorry, 'ndeed, v'ry shorry. Hopesh no harmsh done."

At 11 o'clock the bell rang again, violently. Enter landlady as before.

"Ashk pardonsh," said one, "dosh Misher Smith live here?"

"No, sir, he does not!"

"Exchuze me. Good evenin'."

At twelve there was a great racket in the hall, and somebody fell down all over himself. Then the bell rang again, and the landlady stuck her head out of the door.

"What do you want?"

"Want to know'f Mister Smi— (hic) Smith livish here."

"No, he don't! Git out!"

"Cert'nly, cert'nly. Allus respectsh zhe ladiesh. Goo-good night."

At 1 A. M. another racket, and another peal of the bell. The landlady did not answer this summons. My patience had given out and I said to myself:

"This sort of rehearsal has been repeated often enough. I'll just get up and fire these egregious asses out of the house!"

So saying I arose, clad in my lovely *robe de nuit*, flung open the door and confronted the two disturbing spirits who were after Mr. Smith.

"Whatinhelldoyouwant?" I said, very coldly.

One of them bowed low, drew himself up again, surveyed my attitude, which was that of an enraged Colossus of Rhodes, and said:

"Eggschuze (hic), eggschuze me, but are you zhe lady of zhe houshe?"

The Santa Clara Valley is noted for the facility with which all sorts of flowers are grown, and there is scarcely a home in it which is not made sweet and cozy by a wealth of bloom. Flowers bloom here continuously, and the cukelbur, gympson and wild sunflower are found in profusion. Yours respectfully,

A. V. HOFFMAN.

Fillmore, Ventura County, Cal.

SENSIBLE SENTIMENTS.

Simplicity in Furnishing and Decoration Should Prevail.

If only people could be guided into simple habits and ideas as regards so-called comforts and ornaments, we should not only be more likely to develop nobler art, says the *British Architect*, but also to secure less of toil and trouble in the care and keeping of the useless gimcrackery with which the homes of all, from noble dukes to well-to-do tradespeople, at present abound. As a rule, it may be safely admitted that rooms are too much furnished and that the doors, windows, fireplace, floor, walls and ceiling have too little competent care bestowed upon them. Were the constructive features of a room properly looked after much furniture and upholstery would be as needless as it is troublesome to keep in order and move about. And this brings up another important point in house furnishing too often forgotten—the question of dust. Dwellers in town are particularly subject to this all-pervading evil, an evil arising not altogether from without.

Houses are more or less vibratory, especially where there is heavy street or train traffic in the vicinity, and we have not yet cleared our stock of smoky flues. So that in addition to paying particular attention to the fitting of doors and windows, we would urge the selection of only so much furniture as may be easily moved about, or so raised above the ground as to leave at least nine inches clear space underneath. Avoid useless side-tables and cabinets, which are so often dragged in for no other purpose in the world but to carry "art emporium" rubbish.

Remember that all furniture beyond what is really necessary for comfort and convenience only provides so many more traps wherewith to catch the dust. Avoid all woolen or fluffy material in such upholstery as it may be deemed necessary to have. These two or three simple hints can be acted upon by nearly everybody. To those whose means admit of it we would suggest the use of thin parquet over old floors; upon such a floor only one or two rugs in lieu of the usual carpet would be needed, which should be of a close, hard texture. Then we would substitute the grand or semi-grand piano for the dust-attracting cottage instrument where possible, and abolish, forever, the hideous practice of covering our furniture with all kind of drapery and frippery.

New Clearings in Frontier Settlements

Often give birth to miasma, as one of the first fruits of an upturning of the soil. Malaria is a relentless foe to the newly arrived emigrant if he be unprepared to meet it by the use of a reliable preparative and preventive. It, therefore, behooves those seeking the far West in search of homes, to provide themselves with a medicinal guaranty against chills and fever, bilious, remittent and ailments of kindred origin. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has for nearly half a century been esteemed the best. From Maine to Oklahoma, from Victoria to San Juan del Sud, its acknowledged superiority meets with no challenge in localities where it has been used. Medical testimony, the most positive and direct, backs up the general verdict, no less in regard to its virtues in case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney ailments, than in cases of malarial disease.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

CHOLLEY AND I.

A "Backwoods Belle" Plays Lawn Tennis.

Cholley Is Not Noted for His Intellect, but He Can Play Lawn Tennis—A Challenge to All Comers—Points on the Enticing Game.

[Special Correspondence of RECORD-UNION.

I had an Idea. One unbeliever suggested "holding on to it;" another skeptic, "passing it around." It was to play tennis, and was carried into effect. Watching the game from a veranda had not won me in its favor. To a disinterested onlooker it seemed that there was not enough life manifested. My resolution to quit my shady retreat and book met with approval from the players, who pressed me to take a racket and be initiated into its mazes at once. But, no; I would not dream of entering that field of sport without being fully equipped. I would not treat the game so lightly as to enter into it without a rig apropos, for to my eye it seemed verily that the esthetic get-ups of the players were half the battle. Sooner would I dream of flying without wings than trip across a tennis court in my citizen's dress. So, after a few moons of preparation, I advanced on the scene of action in a ravishing rig, fashioned regardless of expense, to say nothing of taste. It consisted for the most part of a perfectly "killing" monkey jacket of dainty flannel, a skirt verging on abbreviation at the bottom, a jaunty cap with State's prison stripes adorning, from under which my ringlets bobbed merrily with every coquettish wag of my head, and a pair of low-necked gum-boots with speckled tops.

I looked too cute for anything.

One of my companions was a pretty lad of some three-and-twenty summers, and my poor, feeble pen and Webster's "on-a-bridge" fail to amass adjectives and interjections to do him justice. He was so pretty and childlike and innocent. He had been some mother's dainty darling and had never outgrown it. He was so joyous and happy, "Cholley" was, and glad he was living. You could no more become impatient with him than with a beautiful, bright-winged butterfly. When I sat in the infant class at Sunday-school, dangling my little feet from a high bench, and swapping paper dolls with my neighbor surreptitiously, my good teacher battered into my brain that "God made all things; the good, the true and the beautiful." I have never doubted it. But on this day, while watching "Cholley, deah boy," the serpent twined its slimy folds around my brain, and I wondered what the idea had been in making "Cholley." He was so nice I did not dare to offend him, for fear he would take his rag doll and express wagon and go home and not play any more. I quit wasting good, healthy contempt on him, and finally got to spelling his representative pronoun "it," indulgently with a big "I." He was not tagged, and while one of my optics feasted on his smile the other looked around the corner for the pound man. I had a suspicion that the game law was in. I had captured a rare specimen of game, but yielded up to the delight of the moment, knowing it would more than recompense me for the relentless grip the law would fasten on me for illegal hunting. Under the silken sash he wore 'twas whispered he had a girdle of hearts he had stolen away from damsels who could not view that noble head and call their hearts their own.

Mine was not "in it."

His ears were only the regulation length, and his voice like the cooing of a woodland dove.

"Is this your first game of tennis?" he cooed with a heaven-inspired smile.

"Yes, oh yes," I cooed back, trying vainly to reduce my grin to a smile equally heaven-lit.

"I think it is perfectly lovely." (Smile).

"Oh, yes, indeed, I do, too."

Then I would smile at him and he would return it with double compound interest, until to a spectator it must have looked like a mutual admiration society. His costume was even apropos-er than mine. The round-about and pantaloons were of a summery material the color of unbleached muslin, a scarlet sash encircled him, and his chestnut sorrel curls played lightly on a marble brow under a jaunty cap. The outfit might be described as a cross between that of a pirate, a waiter and an imbecile.

But he looked cute.

We were a cute pair.

He was thoroughly conversant with the ins and outs of the game, while I, with a feeble suspicion of doing many things incompatible with the mandate of Hoyle, stepped with Balmacedan nerve into the arena. Through watching the game my argus eye had detected many things that were now useful. For instance, you must not go into it with a healthful step like you were climbing the ladder of fame, but just you gather up your racket with a weary, *blase* air like that of Cleopatra wielding the scepter when Anthony was absent, and daddle into the ring with an unconcerned, limpy-go-catchem gait. Do not forget yourself so far as to indulge in undue haste.

There is nothing so ungraceful as haste. The game is simple enough when explained lucidly. Now, for instance, when that other fellow in this other court knocks a ball into that other court over here and it don't hit on this other line in that there other court of the other fellow, and you don't knock the ball back across the other line to the other fellow in this other court, then the other fellow in that other court scores a few against the other fellow in the other court. Whereas: If that other fellow in this other court knocks a ball into the other court of the other fellow and it don't light inside of that other line in that other court of this other fellow, then the other fellow in the other court tallies a few.

Again, if you are serving in that other court and knock a ball on the other side of that other line in the other court and the other fellow in this other court don't hit it and send it back on this other side of that there other line in the other court then this other fellow in the other court—well, his name is Mudd, or words to that effect, as it were.

When the party of the first part goes to the bat the party of the second part coaches for the party of the first part, and vice versa. It kept the piratical sash and baby blue eyes in a state of perpetual motion chasing after the balls that I sent too far into the blue ether. But he did not allow himself to grow angry. He smiled at me sweetly and roamed around lackidaisically and imperceptibly against the green sward. Sometimes, growing weary waiting, I played fielder myself, and we came out neck and neck under the net.

Those tennis balls have not recovered from their surprise. Used to gentle little pats, they could not understand the hand that sent them flying skyward with a propulsion like that the boys throw into a game of "ante over" over the old red schoolhouse on the hill, and greatly to the delight of the row of bare-footed spectators perched on the fence; for as an exceedingly misguided ball lit a half block away one of this audience clapped his hands in wild glee, saying: "A home run, b' gosh, boys; her's a jo dandy."

Though I was criminally obtuse in the matter of comprehending the subtle niceties of the game, the Nonentity (a big "N," if you please,) did not lose his temper—he had none to lose. His intellectual capacity may have been deep as the sweat on an ice pitcher, but the odds are largely in favor of the frigid perspiration.

But he could play tennis.

At the beginning both players went into the air and a fine start was made. Cholley maintained a steady gait to the end of the heat.

The balls were tossed to and fro a few minutes over the seine and our opponent, Miss Step-and-fetch-it, announced "That's a game." Time, 2:19½.

Then we plunged into the giddy whirl again and again, and not till long, dark shadows fell on the grass and the crickets chanted their monotonous evening chorus did we retire from the scene of frolic.

From a perfectly dispassionate observer I have emerged a loyal exponent of this truly interesting pastime. Those who come to scoff will remain to play, just as sure as sure can be. My reeling brain has visions floating like downy flakes of snow of that summer suit vacillating over the surface of the United States, and in my ears, mingling with the music of the voice of the owner of the aforesaid summer suit, are the teachings impressed on me as to the rules of the game.

Prominent among them are "to lets," "loves," "biscuits," "half and half," "fifteen two," "smash ups," "knock downs," "high low Jack and the game," "deuce low," and playing the deuce generally. Cholley remarked that he was all broke up after the exhilarating chase, and a cruel bystander remarked that he was so simple it wouldn't be hard to get him together again. While the vernacular of the tennis court is more elegant than that of the prize ring it is certainly as enigmatical. If there be one among you who dare face us on the bloody sands, let him come forth, equipped with a striped monkey jacket and a jamboree, oh no, a "racket," Marquis of Gooseberry rules to govern, and we will squelch 'em—"Cholley" and I.

A. R. L.

Santa Rosa, September 17th.

MEXICAN NEWSPAPERS.

How the Press is Subsidized by the Mexican Government.

"Here's your daily paper of to-morrow!" This is the cry I hear at 5 o'clock every afternoon in the streets of Mexico City. Dozens of newsboys are crying it. Ragged, dirty little fellows, they look out under big hats and stick cheaply-printed newspapers under your nose while they yell out in Spanish the names of their papers and say that they contain all the news of to-morrow. In the morning they will cry the same papers as just from the press, and pretend that they contain all the news of the day. Mexican daily newspapers are always printed the afternoon before the date of publication. The editors and reporters are too lazy to think of night work, and they have no idea of the value of news. Telegrams are just as likely to be printed three days after reception, or to be thrown out entirely, as to be used at once, and a prosy three-column editorial often crowds out a big accident or good news matter. The Mexican reporters do not know what the word "scoop" means, and many of them will not take telegrams because they say they have not the room for them. Nevertheless, they are twenty-nine dailies in Mexico City. The most of these are subsidized by the Government. All have small circulations, and the biggest journal of the whole Mexican Republic runs out only about 5,000 copies daily. This is *El Monitor Republicano*, which is the great independent daily of Mexico City, which contains about 300,000 people, and which is bigger than Cincinnati. Still, *El Monitor Republicano* pays $40,000 a year, and it is the best newspaper property in Mexico. It gets no subsidy from the Government, and it is supported by the Conservative party. It is one of the most independent of journals in its advertising methods. It will not take an advertisement for any fixed time, but only for as long as it is convenient to publish it, and it will not make any reduction in price for a number of insertions. It has four pages, and sells for six cents a copy.

The editor of the *Republicano* is now and then too decided in his criticisms of the Government, and, like all other editors in Mexico, he suddenly finds himself arrested and given a few months, or a year or so imprisonment in the Penitentiary. There is practically no freedom of the press in Mexico. The editor of a newspaper who is obliged to sign his name to his matter never feels certain as to whether he will not be taken to Belem, which is the name of the Mexican Penitentiary. There is, in fact, a corridor in this prison which is devoted to newspaper editors, and which goes by the name of Newspaper Row. The most of the articles in a Mexican newspaper are signed, and the paper has to print in every issue the name of a man who is responsible for those which are not signed, and in case of trouble as to the unsigned articles this man goes to prison. In some of the newspaper offices here the attaches assume this responsibility turn about. *El Tiempo*, or the *Times*, is the organ of the Church party, and it often denounces the Government. Its editors are frequently imprisoned, but it makes about $10,000 a year and it considers itself doing well.

The leading Government paper is *El Universal*. This is subsidized by the Government, and it gets $1,000 a month from President Diaz. The editor has also been made a Senator, and he gets a Senator's salary. The *Universal* has about fifteen editors to every one reporter, and this is the proportion in most of the offices. The editorials are chiefly essays. The Mexicans do not know what the racy paragraph means. The first page of every Mexican newspaper is devoted to long-winded critiques and commentaries on current events or ancient history, and the only live papers that the city has are two dailies published in English, and patronized by the English-speaking people of Mexico. One of these is the *Two Republics*, which was established about twenty-five years ago, and which makes about $10,000 a year. The other English paper is known as the *Anglo-American*. It has been only lately established, but it is fast increasing in circulation and influence.

All kinds of newspaper work in Mexico are poorly paid. Editors get from $10 to $25 a week in Mexican money, which is only from $7 50 to $18 a week in American money. The essay editors get the highest salaries. As to telegraph news, the papers seem to think nothing of quoting from their contemporaries telegrams which have been used a day or two before, and an event three months old will be put in with as much assurance as though it had just happened. Time, in fact, is of no importance in any affair of Mexican life, and neither the people nor the editors seem to care as to whether the matter is new or old. I found newspapers in every one of the big cities of Mexico I visited, and there is no perfecting press in all Mexico. The presses in use are of the old French style, made after patterns which have long since been abolished. The amount paid for telegraphic service in Mexico City ranges from $4 to $25 per week per newspaper, and only the leading newspapers pay anything for telegrams. In contrast to this the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* pays $6,000 per week for telegrams. As to newspaper correspondents, these are paid by getting a copy of the paper free, and the papers throughout are run on the economical ground. The printers get from 28 to 35 cents per 1,000 ems, and a good foreman receives a salary of $20 a week. Such printers as are on salaries get from $6 to $12 a week, and all of these sums are in Mexican money, which is worth only 75 cents to the dollar.—Mexico City correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Serious Objection.

A German peasant family had made all their arrangements to emigrate to the United States. The day before the family was to take its departure the eldest son, Hans, who was an enormous eater, intimated that he did not care to go West.

"Has some village maiden beguiled thee to remain behind?" asked the father.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why, then, dust thou not wish to go with us?"

"I've been talking with the schoolmaster, and—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He says that when it is 12 o'clock with us here in Germany that—"

"That what?"

"When it is 12 o'clock here with us that in America it is 9 o'clock in the evening."

"Well?"

"I don't want to go to a place where I have to wait that long for my dinner," and the poor fellow completely broke down at the mere thought of it.—Texas Siftings.

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.

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 *Churchman*, in commenting upon the announcement that Archbishop Plunket of Dublin recently ordained Andrew Cassells to the diaconate of the Reformed Spanish and Portuguese Church, says: "It is true that Archbishop Plunket has not consecrated a Bishop for Spain. No doubt he has had far too much respect for the ancient canons to perform an act of consecration in which he could not find two other members of his order, and in his own country not even one, to join him. But what he has done in ordaining a deacon for a Spanish Church is to assume to himself the functions of a Spanish Bishop—nothing less than that; and unless the newly ordained deacon is to be as autocephalous as the Archbishop of Dublin, he will remain under Archbishop Plunket's jurisdiction, which is only another way of saying that Archbishop Plunket will continue to exercise in Spain the jurisdiction which by this act he has assumed. This is popery without the historical excuses of popery; for who has ever heard of an Archbishop of Dublin exercising more than patriarchal authority in the Spanish Peninsula? Moreover, this act cuts away all right of objection on the part of the Church of England to the intrusion of popish Bishops into English sees. What is sauce for the *anser femininus* must be sauce for the *anser masculus* as well; and if the Archbishop of Dublin has a right to intrude into Spain, why has not the Pope of Rome an equal right to intrude his modern hierarchy into England?"

On the same subject the *Independent* says: "The real objection to Archbishop Plunket's action are two—for this objection of locality is hardly worth considering. One is that he is invading the sees of a sister church, the Roman Catholic Church of Spain. The other is that the constitution of the Reformed Church denies the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, and practically denies baptismal grace. This is very offensive to the High Churchmen. It is the invasion of jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Bishops which offends *The Churchman* of this city. It says men can find field enough for missions without intruding in the jurisdiction of other churches, and that 'whenever they attempt to enter Roman Catholic, Greek or other jurisdiction with a good intention of promoting reform they undertake a work which has never yet been performed, for no church was ever yet reformed from without.' Now, we do not care to go at length into any refutation of this theory; we only want to call attention to what it means. It means that all churches in the Anglican communion shall absolutely abstain from any mission work in any country where there are Roman Catholic Bishops, or Greek, or Armenian, or Nestorian, or Coptic, or Jacobite, or Abyssinian Bishops claiming jurisdiction. It makes no difference how corrupt any of these churches may be; it makes no difference how earnest the call of those may be who are looking for the truth. They may call with all Macedonian fervor for a pure gospel, but until their own ecclesiastics give permission—which permission will not be given—Anglican Christians are required to refuse to give them instruction. But if Anglican Christians refuse, other Christians will not; and as Archbishop Plunkett says, this means giving up Spain to the Presbyterians, and so with all the countries in which these various churches are established. One would think that it would be easy to see that there must be some flaw in the logic that would lead to such an astounding conclusion."

The New York *Evangelist*, discussing the revision question, says: "In our present confession there is one great mystery of impenetrable darkness, that hangs like a black cloud over the altar of atonement and forgiveness and salvation, viz.: the doctrine that God has from all eternity foreordained a portion of the human family to eternal suffering—a sentence of death which Calvin himself pronounced a horrible decree, *decretum horribile*, and which certainly is more fit for the Dark Ages, or for that Reformation period, which, coming after the Dark Ages, was still in the penumbra of that great eclipse, than to the ages of light into which we have been born. So, too, with the kindred horror of the damnation of infants, which for ages has caused even the Christian mother to shudder as she clasped her babe to her breast. The agonies caused by that dread fear can never be told. Thank God, the awful terror has at last begun to dissolve in the light and warmth of God's own love as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. Some may still cling to the old doctrine, or remain at least doubtful of any better hope, but against all their arguments, which are hard at the nether millstone, it is enough for us to set this one word of Christ: 'It is not the will of the heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.'"

The New York *Observer* says: "In the recent crisis in the Presbyterian Church, when the question related to latitude of instruction in a theological seminary, the highest and largest court of that body decided almost unanimously in favor of the old views of the Bible of the future, and of theology in general. How natural that remarks like the following should abound in some quarters:

"One of the most important effects (of the recent action of the General Assembly in the case of Professor Briggs) will be its influence upon the young men contemplating entry upon the Presbyterian ministry. It is highly probable that no small proportion of the more intellectual among them will be repelled and that the Presbyterian pulpit will suffer no inconsiderable intellectual deterioration.' This is from an influential Chicago journal. Here is another from a leading newspaper of this metropolis: 'There is another cause, in our opinion, far more strongly operative in keeping young men out of the ministry that either the financial sacrifices required or the fear of insecurity to tenure. This cause is dread of collision with conservative theology. A bright, intellectual young man finds it hard to bind himself in advance to accept a creed which seems to him cast iron, etc.' In the same spirit a New York religious weekly has remarked that if the number of students in a theological seminary should be diminished by changes in the attitude of the seminary, this loss would be compensated for in the superior intellectual quality of those who preferred its teachings. It is not necessary to multiply these quotations, for few who have discussed these subjects can have failed to hear this expression of opinion from those who are confident that it is high time for all the churches to reconstruct their Bible, their Confession and their Faith. Now what is to be said or done in view of this prospect of intellectual deterioration of the ministry that is thus set before us? Notwithstanding the invasion of higher critics and new theologians, the great denominations show no sign of being willing to haul down their flags, or even to broaden them so that they can fly all colors. Are they, therefore, ready to go on with their work of comfort and conquest without the bright, intellectual young men? Can they trust the Lord for an occasional Wesley, or Whitefield, or Spurgeon, or Moody, or some other gifted man who will turn to fight armies of the aliens in spite of his ignorance and incompetency? Perhaps it is not worth while to speculate on a contingency. We must wait and see whether these anticipations of intellectual failure are realized."

Effects of Swimming.

The effects of swimming upon the body vary according to the constitution of the bather, and are influenced by the manner in which the bath is enjoyed. If a girl, in the full enjoyment of good health, plunges into cold water and continues in it but a short time, the sensation on coming out is delightful. And when the body is dried a glow pervades the whole frame and the bather is invigorated and refreshed. But it is highly imprudent to remain any great length of time in the water. If this is done, the skin will become pale and assume that peculiar appearance the children call "goose-flesh." The lips are circled by a shadowy blue line. Numbness and shivering, and a feeling of weariness result. After the swim take a brisk run on the beach, then to the bath house.

SMILING THROUGH GRIEF.

In Spite of the Worries Which All Women Have, They Appear Well and Happy—How to Make This Apparent Happiness Real.

"Yes," said an eminent physician recently, "I do not think I exaggerate when I say that one-half of the suffering and sickness which exists among women might and should be avoided.

"How? Listen, and I will tell you. Pains and weakness and the little cares, which no man other than a physician suspects, frequently combine to make women more or less miserable. Yet they come up smiling nearly always, hiding beneath their seeming happiness an infinity of mental and physical torture. This is all wrong. Woman was born to brightness and happiness; she needs strength to resist her many trials. Her body, her mind and all her faculties and functions must be put into a healthy condition or she cannot secure strength; and where nature fails she must be assisted. Here is where stimulants prove so valuable.

"Yes, I mean spirits, but not the spirits of the saloon; and while I recommend whisky as the best and most useful of spirits, I am always most careful to impress upon my patients the necessity of obtaining it absolutely pure, as impure whisky is worse than useless." It has been agreed by the leading scientists and physicians of the day that Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky is absolutely pure. The proper use of it will strengthen the nerves, blood and body. It is not a beverage, but is designed for medicinal use. It stimulates all the faculties of the body and mind, adds energy and strength and builds up waste tissue. It may be obtained from your druggist or grocer. In justice to yourself see that you obtain the genuine Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, and do not be satisfied with any substitute which may be offered as just as good.

Do not be Depressed

because you have been unable to rid yourself of that obstinate cough. You have been experimenting with new and worthless compounds.

Cheer up!

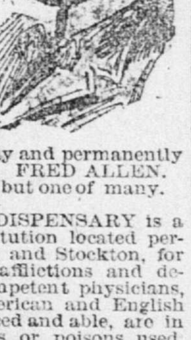
There is hope for you if you will try that standard preparation that has been in use for more than 50 years.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

It will Cure You. Sold by all Druggists.

BE A MAN.

THERE IS PROBABLY NOTHING AS disgusting as a sickly specimen of humanity. By this we mean those people who suffer from a disease which easily yields to medical science. They are miserable themselves and make others miserable. Because some doctors inform you that your case is hopeless does not make it so. It may be ignorance on their part. Take the case of Mr. Fred. Allen, a popular young plumber who has resided in this county for some years. He writes: "This is to certify that I have been ailing for some time with rheumatism and incipient consumption. I visited several physicians, who gave me but temporary relief, and one said I was incurable. In April I went to the Progressive Dispensary and took treatment, and can now assert that I am completely and permanently cured." (Signed) FRED ALLEN.



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SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the Board of Trustees of the Southern California State Asylum for the Insane and Inebriates, in the Farmers' Exchange Bank building in the City of San Bernardino, San Bernardino County, California, until 12 o'clock M., MONDAY, the 12th day of October, 1891, for performing the labor and furnishing all materials necessary for the construction of and completion of each of the following branches of work:

1. For performing the labor and furnishing all materials for the construction of a reservoir and pipe line.
2. For performing the labor and furnishing all materials for the construction of a sewer.
3. For performing the labor and furnishing all materials for the electric wiring of the buildings now in the course of erection.
4. For performing the labor and furnishing all materials for the gas piping and steam heating of the buildings now in the course of erection.

Separate proposals will be received for each of the above branches of work and a contract or contracts based on such proposals will be made.

Drawings and specifications for each of the above branches of work can be seen daily from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. at the office of the Board of Trustees, in San Bernardino, Cal.

Blank proposal forms and all information in regard to the manner in which proposals are to be tendered can be obtained at the aforementioned office of the the trustees.

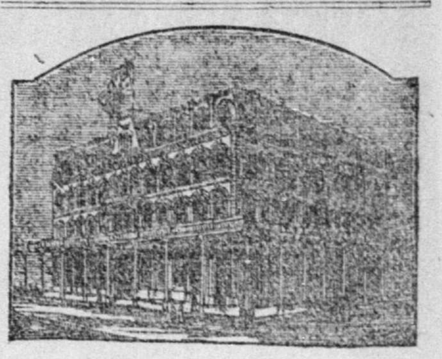
Each proposal must be accompanied by a bond of 10 per cent. of the amount of the proposal tendered.

No Chinese labor or materials manufactured by Chinese labor are to be used in any of the above branches of work.

The Board of Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids if found necessary, as the public good may require.

H. L. DREW, Chairman.
JOHN MORTON, Secretary,
For the Board of Trustees of the Southern California State Asylum for the Insane and Inebriates. s17-td

Hotels and Restaurants.



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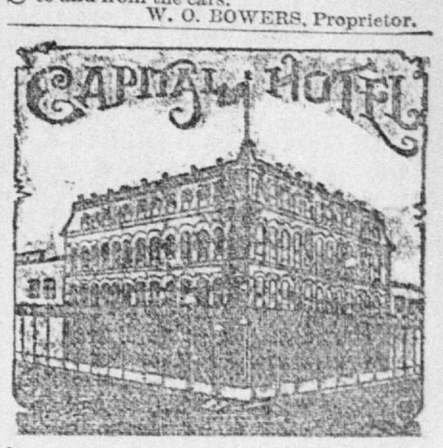

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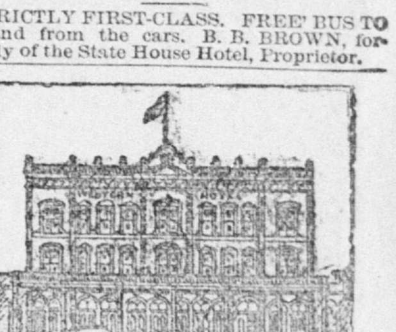

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