TENT AND VAN DWELLERS.

The Shockingly Degraded Romany of Great Britain.

Work of the Great Philanthropist Geo. Smith of Coalville in Trying to Save the Children of These Miserable People and Better Their Condition —Always Aided by the Press.

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CRICK, Eng., November 9, 1891.

In my last article from this quaint old English village, I gave a brief outline of the work of George Smith of Coalville in rescuing the children of the brick-yards and canal-boats of England from their former frightful condition of slavery, ignorance and misery.

The half of it could not be fittingly told in an entire volume. But when the social history of England is written, this unlettered and furiously persistent philanthropist must stand as the greatest and most practical child-saver of his time. After between twenty and thirty years of labor through penury, scoffing and cruel discouragement, with a few later years of generally recognized eminence and national respect, this is the record as it now stands. Alone and unaided he has emancipated thirty thousand brick-yard boys and girls from a condition revolting beyond contemplation or description; and he has also, alone and unaided, rescued more than forty thousand canal-boat children from a life of still more brutal slavery, inexpressible degradation, unnamable immorality and actual crime.

This has been accomplished, he believes, through divine aid, guidance and strength. But I find there has been in and through it all, the most practical and sensible methods ever persistently utilized in any great philanthropic work. There have been no committees, bureaus, canting officials or titles. There have been simply the everlasting presentation and iteration of enormous human wrong with the most direct and effective way of righting that wrong going along with it. Possibly no man ever lived England who has been so helped by the English press. The reason for this is that this George Smith of Coalville first finds a genuine evil to be abolished, but never clamors for its remedy until he has also found a practical, and in the end acceptable method of applying that remedy.

His career is the best illustration I have ever come upon of the splended willingness of the press of any country to hammer the proposed remedies of genuine philanthropists into the public's head and heart and compel adequate legislation to render them permanently effective. Besides, if this man cannot get all he wants for his cause, he takes all he can get, thanking God, the press, Parliament and the people, meanwhile pushing right on for what he has failed to secure; and he never ceases labor and clamor until he gets it. All of which as a policy is worth considering by social philanthropists everywhere. It is particularly worth the thought of those well-meaning but implacably impracticable people, the prohibitionists of our own very much irritated country.

The consistent and sequential character of his work has been remarkable. Scarcely had he succeeded in placing, on January 1, 1872, twenty thousand of the thirty thousand of the brickyard little ones in the public schools, than he began his crusade against the iniquities of child-life in the twenty-five thousand canal boats of England. As a boy-slave in the English brickyards, he had worked where the yards abutted the canals. His own eyes saw the horrors of their experiences and surroundings. In August, 1887, he had so thrilled England with his picturing of these outrages that Parliament finally gave him all he had asked. The bill provided for the registration of all canal boats by the sanitary authorities; abolished the disease-breeding and carrying character of these craft; limited their number of occupants, brought every boat under surveillance and inspection, placed three-fourths of the canal population in homes and brought every one of the little child beasts into the public schools.

Hardly had the practical workings of the enactments regarding the canal children become operative, when George Smith of Coalville began storming Parliament in behalf of another class of semi-savage British children. In the long nights of his boyhood, when watching the burning brick kilns, he had not only seen the slavery of brickyard and canal children around him, but he had stored away gruesome memories of another host of miserable beings that skulked in the shadows about him. More lost than all were these, the half-wild children of the gypsies and other tent and van dwellers of the English highways.

The first book he ever possessed—Oliver Goldsmith's "Natural History"—was stolen from him by these little foxes as he nodded by the kilns at night. They stole his clothing; they stole his scant food; they even stole the drinking water from his delft jug. For years these dreary nights were ceaseless efforts to outwit the swarthy outcasts in their pilferings and wonderful devices to supply their own dire needs. But in later life he remembered only their houselessness, hopelessness and utter wretchedness. The brickyard and canal-boat children once safe within humanizing influences, he began his last and most difficult struggle, that of molding public opinion to the point of securing laws which at one stroke should rescue the children of British gypsies and all British vagabond folk from their present squalor and utter wretchedness. Perhaps this is an impossible task. It is the present heroic work of this English philanthropist.

While our own country has for more than 100 years been depleting the ranks of English and Scottish gypsies, Mr. Smith estimates their present number to be about 100,000 souls. These are comprised in nearly 20,000 families. About 40 per cent. are of Scottish and the remainder of English descent. In my own judgment, based upon personal acquaintance with British gypsies in nearly every county and shire in England and Scotland, his estimate is far to small. I should unhesitatingly say there were more than twice that number.

However this may be, there are as many more humans who are not gypsies, standing in precisely their relation to the British public. These have perhaps intermarried with the real Romany, or, possessing no relationship of blood or marriage, have fully acquired the most objectionable traits and customs of British gypsy vagabondism. I use the expression "British gypsy vagabondism" because the average gypsy family among the thousands I personally know in our own country is no more like the average gypsy family of England than is the Americanized English, Scottish or Irish immigrant like the cringing, cowering and often squalid personality he left on the Liverpool, Greenock or Queenstown docks behind him.

Mr. Smith has no patience with sentimentalism over English gypsies. He is willing to admit that my tawny friends of the American roads and waysides, through their infinitely more favorable conditions, enjoy true gypsy prosperity and lead the Romany's genuine idyllic life. He simply sees the appalling degradation of the gypsy and van dwellers about him. It is the helpless, hopeless children of these he would save. He believes that it is a social crime that such menace to society should exist, and that society, represented by law, should itself right that wrong. And it may be depended on that, as in the case of the brickyard and canal-boat children, his clarion clamor will continue until Britain has rid herself of the plague spot. All his life he has studied their wanderings and ways, and since 1887 he has been almost constantly among them. I like his rugged, vigorous description of his rough experiences with those outcasts, and feel sure that a few of them, in his own language, will be interesting to American readers:

"I have visited many fairs, feasts, races, forests, lakes and wigwams in different parts of England and Scotland, and have eaten and chatted with the tent and van dwellers with the same sorrowful results confronting me. In many cases where parents attend fairs, feasts and races with cocoanut stalls and other initiatory gambling amusements, the children are sent early in the morning to pick up a living in all sorts of questionable ways, and up to 11 or 12 o'clock at night some of the children of both sexes, together with their mothers, are often kept hard at work brawling, banging and shouting with cocoanuts and balls in hand, while in many instances their fathers are drinking in the public houses, and as a reward for their hard day's toiling and drudging, Sunday and week day, the poor children are sent supperless and unwashed to bed. This is usually on some old rags, under a street stall, in hail, rain, snow, frost and fogs, and in fine weather with the gleaming moon and twinkling stars peeping through the torn apertures of their street curtains and gutter beds.

"I have seen these men, women and children drunk, 'all of a heap,' like so many dogs, while there were others, engaged in the vagabond's calling, ashamed of their position, who hung down their heads and hands and went with the tide and pellmell crowd down to ruin. In many instances I come upon parents with large families who have taken the wrong turning through their dislike of work, or the hardness of town life, and are now tramping the country lanes, towns and villages with carts, vans and donkey barrows, hawking, begging, lying, and, I am afraid, often stealing.

"Some time ago I visited with a friend Canning Town, and found scores of families of gypsies and other vagabond travelers living in a state that would shock the most filthy and degraded heathen. More than thirty children of school age clustered around us, not one of whom could tell a letter. In two small four-roomed cottages, into which the gypsies and travelers had crept for a few months in the winter, there dwelt, or pigged, seventeen families of men, women and children. Others were squatting about in filthy wigwams among the slush, filth, rags and straw.

"Among these folks, on the outskirts of London, in one wigman I have seen a poor woman dying; in another a man, who had taken to gypsying, was gasping for breath; in another tent a woman was at 'death's door,' and at another abode of death, into which I had to creep on all fours, there sat at the entrance, upon a brick in the mud, a poor lost, present-day gypsy girl of 7 years of age, but no heavier than a child of 1 year. Its legs were no thicker than drum-sticks. It could neither stand, sing, speak, cry nor hear.

"At a 'crow-pie' feast near Rugby I saw in five vans fifteen children, two of whom could only read or write a little. During the deep snow of the winter of 1887-88 I met with in the old Watling street, but a mile or two from our home here, nine men, women and children crouched together, whose only sleeping apartment was under an old donkey-cart. The man had worked honorably and well in my neighborhood for two years. The work gave out, and he forsook his trade to follow hedge-bottom creeping.

"At Daventry I found a traveling showman and his wife and their seven children. Their only home and stock in trade consisted of a few sticks, old rags, knives, whistles and a cracked drum. At a Northamptonshire fair I found ten vans and carts and between thirty and forty children, only one or two of whom had ever been inside either Sunday or day schools. In three old tumble-down carts, tied together by canvas, string, straps and pieces of rusty hoop iron, there were nineteen children and seven men and women.

"Moses Holland, one of my oldest gypsy friends, knows about 250 families in the midland counties and thinks there will be an average of five children to each tent or van. In some tents he has seen as many as ten, and in other tents twelve, children. In his own tent his wife was ill, and a dead child lay by her side, which Holland 'laid out' himself on a few rags and some litter.

"At Broomsgrove Fair I counted over fifty vans and covered cart homes, connected with which there were nearly 150 children. But six could read and write. In one van, eight feet long, five broad and five high, there slept eleven men, women and children, whose night dresses were saturated wet clothes. Some time ago I visited a flower show at West Haddon and found in two vans and a tumble-down wagon eighteen children and seven men and women. Only two could read and write.

"On a recent Sunday in a Northamptonshire lane, near Buckley wharf, during a pouring rain, I came upon eleven present-day gypsies—six men and women and five children—whose home was a small, rickety donkey cart, tied together with pieces of cord, and a small sheet, full of holes, under which they crept at night.

"On the preceding Saturday night these gypsies were under this one rotten sheet for the night by the roadside near Weedon. A policeman told them to 'move on,' as on the following Sunday people would be going to church, and they would be an eyesore to all these good people. Driving the gypsies about the country with a policeman's truncheon and a 'move on' will not improve their condition. It can only be done by means of the sanitary officer's influence directly upon their homes, and by the schoolmaster's influence upon their heads and hearts. And if I live long enough this shall become a universal remedy for all manner of gypsy and other traveling vagabondism in England and Scotland."

These are the beings whom Mr. Smith has given the name of "Gypsy and Van Dwellers," and it is the 40,000 to 80,000 "Gypsy and Van Children" of these wretched, wandering vagabonds, whom he is endeavoring to rescue from their present condition of utter bestiality through the hoped-for passage of his "Movable Dwellings Bill." The provisions of this bill, if carried out, would cause the registration of all gypsy and other traveling vans; bring each one under constant surveillance and sanitary inspection, the same as with the lodging-houses of the great English cities; prevent the present horrible overcrowding of tents and vans, and, above all, bring everyone of these outcast children compulsorily into the public schools, but wholly free of expense to their parents, by a system of free pass-books for use wherever the gypsy family might be temporarily tarrying.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION—By Len.]

SAN DIEGO BAY.

Under the dome of a midnight sky
The blue bay is calmly sleeping,
While the stars, like countless eyes, keep watch
Till dawn o'er the hills comes creeping.

Then San Diego's beautiful bay
Awakes from a long night's sleeping,
As the morning breeze just kisses the waves
When they leap to its friendly greeting.

The slow pink flush of an early dawn,
O'er the rippling waters stealing,
Tinges with rose the sparkling waves,
Ever new beauties revealing.

Each bright drop reflecting the gold
From the sun god's palace teeming,
As he scatters it far o'er the lovely bay
Till the wavelets wake from dreaming.

With jewels of sapphire and emeralds green,
While white on the blue waves fleeting,
Are the pearl-tipped ripples that break on the beach
As the heart of the bay is beating.

And ever while memory can recall,
Will the beautiful picture stay,
Framed in its sunrise golden hues—
Fair San Diego Bay!

HOW ABOUT the prudence of allowing a cough to run on, rasping the pulmonary and bronchial organs, when that approved and speedy remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, can be obtained from any apothecary.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in coughs, colds, and the various throat troubles to which singers and public speakers are liable. Sold only in boxes.

IF you are bilious take Beecham's pills.

THE WOMEN OF MEXICO.

Love and Marriage in the Land of Montezuma.

The Athens of Mexico and Its Pretty Girls—Courtship and the Bear Act —Home Life—Mexican Kitchens and Bed-Rooms—Rules of Etiquette.

Guadalajara is the Athens of Mexico. It is the art center of the republic, and though it is little known in the United States the city contains 100,000 inhabitants, and has one of the finest theaters on the American continent. It is one of the oldest cities of Mexico, and until a year or two ago it was several hundred miles from a railroad. It is a city of wealth and culture. It has the finest-looking men and the prettiest girls of our sister republic, and there is no better place than here for the study of the senorita in all her caprices and all her beauty. The women of Eastern Mexico have round, plump faces. Their noses are inclined to thickness, and their complexions are often sallow. The girls here have features of a Greek cast, and even in the markets and among the peddlers about the plaza you find faces that might have served as models for Praxiteles. Their hair is usually of a raven blackness, and it grows so luxuriantly that the average girl has locks which reach below her waist. The Mexican woman is very particular about her hair. She washes it several times a week and goes from the public bath with it streaming down her shoulders and over her back. You will see women with their hair hanging in this way in any Mexican city, and the custom is as common among the rich as among the poor. The eyes of the Guadalajara girls are large, dark, liquid and full of soul. They are frank and honest, but by no means bold, and the maidens have all the modesty and coyness for which the Mexican girls are noted.

Mexican girls have none of the freedom of our American maidens. Until within a year or so the daugher of a Mexican gentleman never thought of going out on the street alone, and you see few girls riding or walking about without their mothers, their aunts or some ugly old woman in a black shawl who acts as chaperon or duenna. The foreign residents of Mexico City have taught more freedom, but the girls still stick to their duennas, and none of them are allowed to receive gentlemen callers. They are backward in their presence, and they have neither unknown correspondents nor boarding-house flirtations. The girls are brought up at home and a favorite pet name for them is chickens. Young girls are called pollitas, or little chickens, and old girls are familiarly called pollas, or grown chickens. It is needless to say that the Mexican dude, as a rule, prefers the pollitas. The men have their nicknames as well as the girls, and they are known as gallos or gallinos, and this, strange to say, is a Mexican expression meaning young or old roosters. This, however, is not so much different from our own custom, for do we not contemptuously apply the name "old rooster" to the man we think but little of, and is not one of our most endearing terms for girls that of the duck?

MEXICAN COURTSHIP.

The senorita matures much earlier than her American sister. She is as old at 13 as our girls are at 18, and the law provides that she may be married at 14. At 25 she begins to verge at old maidenhood, and at 30 she is passee. Mexican women age very rapidly. Wives are old and fat at 35, and I see but few women with gray hair. Mexican marriages are often arranged by the parents, and a Mexican courtship is hollow mockery as far as the young man is concerned. His love has to be a case of love at first sight, and when he sees the girl whom he wishes to marry he lets her know his love by putting on his best go-to-meeting Sunday leather breeches, with a line of silver buttons down their legs, his $50 felt hat, with a rim as big as a butter bowl, and his swell coat, and takes his stand in front of the maiden's window. Here for hours he looks and sighs, varying his position by now and then strutting up and down the sidewalk, never letting his eyes turn away from the window. He does this day after day and night after night until the family take notice of his devotion and inquire into his bank account and his character. If they approve of the match the maiden shortly appears at the window, and as love grows hot she comes out and fans herself on the second story balcony. This, however, is never before the young man has been tantalized by a week or so of walking up and down before the window, and he has to continue this walking often for months before he gets inside the house. This walking and posing and sighing is known here by the phrase "playing the bear," and this bear act has to be done by every beau. The worst of the matter is the lost time that a fellow has to spend before he can know decidedly as to whether he is going to make any impression whatever. Once begun it has to be kept up day after day, whether it rains or shines, and a beau who would be seared out by a thunder storm would be sure to lose his sweetheart. As the acquaintance goes on the beau may bring on his guitar, or, if he is not a musician, he may hire a band. The girl, if she falls in love, may drop him a rose or so, or she may smile upon him, or finally, when he has worn his heels into his ankles, he may be invited to call. This indicates that the family like him. They like him so well that they stay in the room during his calls, and if he invites the girl to go any place with him he has to take her sisters, her cousins and her aunts with him. If he still perseveres he is given a chance to see the girl alone for an hour or so, and he knows that this means that it is time for him to propose. If he does not propose the girl tells him that he must ask mamma or papa, and upon doing this he finds that their conditions are decidedly practical ones. The question of dollars and cents enters into it, and the young fellow has to pay all the bills. He buys her wedding outfit and wardrobe, and gives her dresses and jewels. She does the selecting and sends the bill to him. If the young man is very much in love he may leave his bride carte blanche, but if he is at all a practical man he will fix a limit beyond which the bills must not go. The groom is expected to furnish the home, if the young couple go into an establishment of their own, and if not he is expected to go into his wife's family and live with them.

HOW THEY MARRY.

After a man has gone through the bear business, has wasted his substance in taking his future wife's relatives to parties and has gone through the inane custom of visiting her in the presence of her family he finds that he still has something to do before he can get married. Divorce is less common in Mexico than with us, and there is little chance for a fraudulent wedding. Two months before the wedding an announcement of it must be registered at the cathedral, and the priest must register it in the Civil Court. Outside the court door the names of the couple must be put upon a bulletin and kept there for twenty days preceding the wedding, and there has to be a wedding before the priest and then one before the Judge. At this last ceremony there must be six witnesses, and one of these must be the priest who performed the church ceremony. I found a number of Americans who had married Mexican girls, and an American has to go through a third wedding in addition to the above two. This is in connection with the American Consul, and at the close of it he is tied to his wife as fast as two countries and a church can make him. At some of the Mexican marriages a silver cord with two loops is fastened around the neck of the bride and groom, and the groom gives the bride money as a sign that she is to have her hand in the family pocket-book.

As soon as the wedding is over the couple go to the best photograph gallery in the city and have their pictures taken in their wedding finery. I have taken a good many pictures in Mexico, and I have to visit the galleries to have my developing done. I find the cases filled with pictures of girls in wedding veils, with uneasy men standing beside them, and I was for a long time at a loss to know the cause of the custom. After leaving the photographer's the bride and groom return home to the house of the bride's mother or to the establisment of the groom. There is no bridal tour, and the young people settle down at once to married life. It is not till now, however, that the man has any sort of an ownership to the girl. While he is courting her she did just as she pleased. During the interval between the civil ceremony and the church ceremony, which lasted, perhaps, a week, she remained at her home and he remained at his, and, though he was her legal husband, he did not even dare to visit her.

There is little home life in Mexico. There is no word in the language which expresses our idea of home. The Mexican house has no fireside nor base-burner stove around which the family gathers, and the elements among the Anglo-Saxons and the Germans. They are more like the French and the Italians than us, and Mexican morality is said to be considerably looser than ours. Among the lower classes it is notorious, and among the higher classes, while marriages stick, there is a fair proportion of both sexes who have their sweethearts outside of their own families. One of our missionaries in Zacatecas told me that sixty-five per cent. of the children of his part of the country were illegitimate, and the percentage in Mexico City was undoubtedly as large. Girls are so secluded before marriage that they do not learn how to take care of themselves, and after marriage they do as they please. Of course the majority of women are good in Mexico, as they are the world over, but their ideas of life and virtue are more those of a French girl than ours. Americans who have Mexican wives tell me that they make good helpmates. They are economical and very fond of their children. The most of them smoke after marriage, though they have not been permitted to do so in public before, and they take care of their houses in the true Mexican way.

MEXICAN ETIQUETTE.

Mexican social customs are much different from ours. At every railroad station I have stopped I have seen grown men rush into each others arms and press their cheeks together, while they hug most frantically and pat each other on the shoulder. I see women embracing and rubbing their cheeks one against the other. They throw kisses at one another as they part, and they have a way of putting their forefingers and thumb to their lips and throwing a whole handful of kisses at once, which is very pretty when the lips are like ripe cherries and the girls are young. When you call upon a Mexican family the lady does not rise to receive you, and the strangers here make the first calls. The people you call upon drop their work the moment you come in, and they are full of polite expressions. They always refer to their house as yours, and an invitation I got yesterday requested me to come to see a Mexican at my house, at some street, the name of which I had never heard before. The Mexicans give few dinner parties, and teas and luncheons are usually confined to the family. Every woman of the better classes, however, wants to have her box at the opera and her carriage, and you can see all Mexico City every afternoon driving on the Paseo. You know that half of the carriages are not paid for, but you enjoy the sight all the same. The Mexican woman is fond of dress, but she does not waste much time on her morning toilet. After a breakfast of a cup of chocolate and a roll she puts on a Mother Hubbard and a pair of slippers and loafs about until dinner or the second breakfast, which comes at noon. I don't think, as a rule, that she is the best housekeeper in the world, and she is by no means averse to paint and powder. I see dark faces covered with flour in every crowd I enter, and there are many red cheeks made so by other means than those of nature. It used to be that only the mantilla was used as a head-dress. This is a scarf of white or black lace, and it is used as a head-dress and a shawl combined. You see thousands of them in Mexico City, and they are still the common head-dress here, but at the capital Paris fashions are coming in, and ugly Paris bonnets and hats are taking its place. These Mexican girls wear their hair low on the forehead, and I am told that the "bang" came from Mexico. They dress it up in a sort of Greek knot on the back of the head, and sometimes let it hang in long braids down their back. They are very proud of their hair, but they are especially proud of their bands and feet. They have beautiful hands—soft, plump and finely formed, but they ruin their feet by putting them into tight, little shoes with heels in the middle of the sole, after the most approved Paris fashion. These shoes make the Mexican walk a mincing one, and the result is you find but few good walkers among them.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Housekeeping is carried on here in a much different style than with us. It is necessary to have about three times as many servants, and the servants are as particular about the work which they do as if they belonged to the castes of India. Your cook will never make the bed, nor will the chambermaid go into the kitchen. If you can get her to wait upon the table you will do well, and your cook would leave you if you would ask her to do the washing. The cooking is all done with charcoal, and the kitchen has a little ledge of bricks built into the wall, with a number of holes sunk into the side of it, and with others meeting these let into its top.

The holes at the top are for the fire, and the side holes furnish the draught and form a receptacle for the ashes. You light your charcoal at the top and fan away at the front, and thus keep the coals burning. There is not a bit of iron about the stove, and the cooking utensils are of clay. In this city of 100,000 people I don't suppose that there is a single iron cooking stove, and I doubt whether there is an iron pot, pan or skillet. Water is boiled, soups are made, meats are fried, and, in fact, a first-class dinner is gotten up on charcoal by means of pans of red clay of the color of bricks, and these pots and pans range in size from a butter plate to a dish-pan, and from an egg-cup to an apple-butter kettle. Many of the stoves have half a dozen openings, and in these a half dozen charcoal fires will be burning. It is possible to cook only on the fire, and there has to be a fire for each dish, if the cook wishes to have a number of dishes at the same time. The Iturbide Hotel, which is the biggest hotel in Mexico, does all its cooking this way, and such a thing as our big cooking ranges would be a curiosity. The Mexican cook usually has a great number of friends. She keeps her family with her in the kitchen, and a man can rely upon keeping a sort of an Aztec boarding-house when he enters into his contract with his cook.

The other rooms of the house are quite as queer as the kitchen. The houses are, you know, all built around a court which serves as a stable for the horse and the place for keeping the carriage, or which may be a beautiful garden. There are often galleries running around this court, upon which the second story rooms open, and in some houses you will find a fountain playing in it. The rooms are frescoed instead of papered, and their floors are all of tiles or bricks instead of boards. If they are brick the brick is painted, and you will find but little carpet upon them, only a strip in front of the bed perhaps, or running along in front of a sofa. You would be interested in the dining-room, which has a floor of the same kind, and in the corner of which there is a wash-stand, which you may use in the place of your finger-bowls at the close of your meals. At your breakfast you will do well if you have a tablecloth, and you will find the meal consists of little more than chocolate and bread. Your dinner will be soup and half dozen boiled dishes, beans and dessert, and you will be expected to eat the beans whether you take anything else or not. After dinner you will smoke a cigarette with the family, and after supper, if you follow the example of the family, you will go to bed. You will find your bed as hard as a board, and you will look in vain for spring mattresses. You will go to bed with a candle, and the chances are that you will be troubled with fleas. With all this you will, nevertheless, sleep like a top, and you will find so many pleasant things mixed up with these little inconveniences that you will say that Mexican life is, after all, as pleasant as any in the world.

LOVE AMONG THE AZTECS.

The common people—the peons or peasants of Mexico—have customs of their own, and, as far as I can see, they have as strong a love for each other as any people in the world. I meet many a young man and woman everywhere I go walking along hand in hand, or with the arm of a man thrown around the waist of the woman, and the two looking into each other's eyes as lovingly as ever Romeo gazed at Juliet. Some of the Indian girls are very pretty, and their fine Aztec features shine like the face of the Madonna out of their blue rebosas which they drape so picturesquely around their heads and shoulders. They do not care much for dress, but their costume, consisting of this shawl, chemise and a skirt, though very plain, is by no means unbecoming, and they form one of the most attractive features of the population. The women are said to be very true to the men, and though marriage is often too expensive a luxury for them to indulge in, they live together as true to one another as though they had been tied by the church and the court. Both man and woman work to support the family, and here, as in America, the woman often does the most of the work. She literally makes the bread of the family, and a great part of her life is taken up in bending over a stone and rolling or grinding tortillas. Out of Indian corn soaked in lime water she makes the mush for the corn cakes of the family, and her life is certainly one of hardship, though it seems to be one of love.—Frank G. Carpenter in St Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEWSPAPER WIT.

Tommy—What part of speech is "woman?" Papa—"Woman" is no part of speech at all, my son. She is the whole of it.—Judge.

Mrs. Parloh—So you don't like those orange fritters? Why, my first husband used to eat ten or a dozen of them at a time. Mr. Parloh—Well, he's dead, isn't he?—West Shore.

Belated Traveler—How far is it from here (hic) to the Boston and Maine depot? Codgkins—Fifteen minutes' walk. Belated Traveler—For (hic) me or for (hic) you?—Boston News.

The young melodramatist, telling the story of his play to the manager, said: "As the robbers crawl in at the window, the clock strikes one." "Ah," said the manager, "which one?"

Marietta—I know that Ann Teak's age is not within five years of what you say, because I saw the entry myself in the family Bible. Laura—Goodness! That must have been the revised edition.—Puck.

Teacher—Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction? Tommy—"See the goat butt the boy." Butt is a conjunction and connects the boy with the goat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What the teacher told Robbie—When Rome burned the Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle. What Robbie told his mother the teacher said—Emperor Nero was playing a fiddle, so they burned Rome.—Truth.

Frances—It is that tiresome Mr. Cobalt, with his everlasting gabble on art. Laura (hotly)—I think he amounts to a good deal. He is quite wedded to his art. Frances—A case where marriage seems to be a failure.—Life.

Mrs. Major Murgatroyd—And you like being a soldier's wife? But then he has not yet been in active service. Mrs. Lieutenant Creme—Oh, yes! You have no idea how hard Percy has to fight to be retained in Washington.—Puck.

"I can't give you the money on this check unless you get some one to identify you," said the paying teller. The stranger took back the check and went out without a word. He knew it was a hopeless case. He had once been Vice-President of the United States.—Life.

Conductor (after a collison in which everybody got bounced half way acros the car, but no one was hurt)—"Gentlemen, I find that no great harm has been done. We ran into the rear end of a freight train, and if some of you will come out and help clear the track we will proceed on our journey." Fat passenger—"Conductor, are there any more freight trains ahead?" "Oh, I suppose so." "Well, let's stay where we are."—Good News.

WOMAN.

There's magic in dear Woman's smile
When love is beaming in her eye,
A wealth of language in her look,
A world of meaning in her sigh.
'Tis woman and her winning ways
That render sweet the social hour,
That add fresh beauty to the scene
Already decked with many a flower.

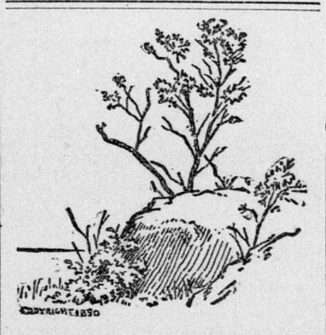
When troubles come, and when the world
Looks coldly on nor heeds our grief,
There may be friends whose kindly words
Will yield us solace and relief;
But naught can equal woman's love,
In darkness it but brighter glows,
Age never can its luster dim
But forth a brighter halo throws.

Who could the ills of life have borne—
Its toils, its strife, its countless woes—
Without her loving heart to share
And soften sorrow as it rose?
Her sunny look hath oft dispelled
The darkest clouds of gloomy care—
Hath cheered the hearth whence joy had fled,
Where hope lay buried in despair.

She hath a sigh for sorrow's tale,
She hath a tear for deeper woe,
She hath a balm for many a wound
To soothe our pilgrimage below.
When cast upon the shoals of time
By rude Misfortune's surly blast,
When Death's dark billows foam around
Still, Woman cheers us to the last!

—COLIN RAE BROWN.

A vegetable cartridge shell, which is entirely consumed in firing, is now coming into general use in the French army. The cartridge has scarcely half the weight of one with a metal shell; the cost is considerably less, besides the inconvenience of removing the shell after each shot is avoided. At present the composition of this military novelty is kept a secret.



An imitation of Nature —that's the result you want to reach. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, you have it. They cleanse and renovate the whole system *naturally*. That means that they do it thoroughly, but mildly. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective—sugar-coated, easiest to take. Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and gently laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. As a Liver Pill, they've been imitated, but never equaled.

Miscellaneous.

IN 15 MINUTES.

I suffered severely with face neuralgia, but in 15 minutes after application of ST. JACOBS OIL was asleep; have not been troubled with it since. No return since 1882. F. B. ADAMS, Perry, Mo.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

It penetrates (goes through) the skin
Stops pain
Other plasters are not absorbed

THAT'S WHY IT SUCCEEDS; WHY WOOD'S PLASTER IS WORTH TAKING TROUBLE TO GET.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "Nerve Seeds," the wonderful remedy is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which soon lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up convenient to carry in vest pocket. $1 per package by mail; 6 for $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address Nerve Seed Co., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale at JOSEPH HAHN & CO.'S, Druggists, Fifth and J Sts., Sacramento

TAXES. 1891. TAXES.

State and County Taxes
(FIRST INSTALLMENT)
WILL BE DELINQUENT
—ON THE—
30th day of November, 1891,
At 6 o'clock P. M., after which 15 per cent. will be added.
LEE STANLEY, Tax-Collector.
n16,21,28

The Original and Genuine
(WORCESTERSHIRE)
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Beware of Imitations;
see that you get Lea & Perrins'
Lea & Perrins
Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed, is
Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

TAKE THE HINT!
All Whiskies Are Not Alike.
JUDGES SAY
BUFFALO

BOURBON
Is Absolutely the Best.
Price, $3 a Gallon.
Geo. E. Dierssen & Co., Sole Props.

DR. MARSTON'S Treatment for the cure of Lost Manhood, Impotence, Lack of Development, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Emissions, Varicocele, etc., without stomach medicines. No failures or relapses. Cures assured. SEALED TREATISE FREE. MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

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TOBACCO
—AT THE VERY—
Lowest Market Prices.
TRY
—OUR CELEBRATED—
La Pinariega
Key West Cigars,
Which have a wide fame. They are the best Key West goods obtainable in the market. n4-tf WS

The most popular brand of smoking tobacco in the United States. It is made from tobacco at least three years old. Its rich, mellow smoke has never been equaled.

Seal of North Carolina is now packed in Patent Cloth Pouches, as well as in foil. n10-2mTTS

GAS ENGINES!
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TATUM & BOWEN,
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TANSY PILLS
are perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Never fail to afford speedy and certain relief. More than 10,000 American women use them regularly. Guaranteed superior to all others or cash refunded. If your druggist doe'l keep "Wilcox's Compound Tansy Pills," accept no worthless nostrum said to be "just as good," but send 4c. for "Woman's Safe Guard," and receive the only absolutely reliable remedy by mail. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa. Sold by KIRK, GEARY & CO., Sacramento

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