WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Hop-Raising and Hop-Gathering in Southern England.

How the Hops are Cultivated—Field Labor by Women—Trepidation Over the Welfare of the Vines—Gathering and Curing—Vast and Vicious Army of Pickers that Annually Sweeps Down Upon the Hop Fields of Kent.

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MAIDSTONE, England, Sept. 30, 1893.

A traveler journeying through the magnificent garden shire of Kent cannot fail to be impressed with the amplitude and snugness of most of its country homesteads. They are very ancient, stone-built and exceedingly large; low but wide, with outspreading wings and "lean-tos." Centuries-old ash, lime or oak trees leading to and from them. The outbuildings are large and substantial. Great orchards are set about them. The groupings are pictures of rustic opulence, thrift and good husbandry. They almost cause the wanderer to long to know them and tarry within them. But a stranger not understanding one of the sources of the great wealth of Kent will curiously regard certain strange looking structures standing near every farmhouse in many districts.

They are round and tall and white. Some have red-painted cones, and these are in turn surmounted by white cowls, shaped like an arched fan, their mouths always opening in the direction opposite that from which the wind blows. Against gray and wintry horizons these odd structures form weird silhouettes. But wherever you see them you may know, at any time of the year, that you are in the long-famous hop country of Kent. It is to these quaint, and always picturesque old kilns, or "oasthouses," as they are here called, that the hops are brought for drying, or curing, after they are picked by the motley throngs in the odorous gardens and fields.

In all of England, perhaps, 80,000 acres are planted in hops. Nearly one-half of the entire area is within the shire of Kent. The system of hop-raising, picking and drying is simple and interesting. The plants, which are perennial, are set in hills one foot high, six feet apart and in rows, as we plant Indian corn in America. These hills, from being rounded, are called "crowns." There are about 1,200 to the acre, and each one requires from two to four poles from ten to sixteen feet in length, according to the variety of the hops planted. These poles are of larch, alder, ash, chestnut, and occasionally of oak, and owing to the scarcity of woods in England, in themselves represent a very large outlay.

Early in April the "crowns" are opened and trimmed of the last year's shoots which have been cut close to the ground, and these "sets" are used for propagation in nursery beds. The new bine or stem now springs from the bottom of the permanent setting. In the open winter months the hop-garden has been dug to a depth of eight inches with flat-tined forks. Shortly after the opening of the "crowns" and trimming of the old bines "polling" is begun. This is done by the acre, or by the hundred poles. The laborer's wife and children lay out the poles while he makes the holes with an iron "hop-pitcher." Women are solely employed in the next process, called hop-tying. The puny shoots must be trimmed away, and two or three of the hardy ones tied to the poles. This is done by the acre, and whatever portion of the hop-garden is attended to by one woman is called a "taking." For securing the shoots to the poles without injury, rushes are exclusively used, and these are harvested from marshes, haughs beside streams or wet meadows, and dried in a manner to render them tough, by children. The women must go over their "takings" many times, cutting out sickly or broken bines and tying in newer and healthier ones until the work is beyond their reach.

Then the men resume the work. They go over the "takings" as the women have done, standing upon short, rough stepladders, until they reach the top of the poles. Then "niggeting" season begins and only ends when the hop-gardens are in full bloom. The nigget is an implement with iron tines, something like a huge hoe slit into several narrow divisions. With this, the "alleys" between the rows, are kept as clean of weeds as a newly plowed field, and the soil is constantly broken and pulverized about the "crowns" that the roots may derive all possible nutrition, air and free moisture. These comprise all the necessities of cultivation, but the alarms, vexations and anxieties of the hop-grower are only fairly begun as his heaviest labors are ending.

No one ever knew of an American peach crop, good or bad, that was not a half-dozen times menaced by this or that, or ruined by something else altogether. So it is with the hopvines and hops in Kent. For nearly two months before they are secure from danger every true Briton who quaffs his "four ale" or "bitter," is subjected to qualms and starts and pangs through announcements of successive impending calamities to the braw bantling of Kent and every hop district of that shire is in perturbation and turmoil indescribable. The "mildew" has rotted the hop, the wet weather has drowned it, the drought has scorched it, the blight has taken the very life out of it, the smut has smothered it, the flies, from which it can only be rescued by millions of mysteriously arriving "lady-birds," are eating its head off, innumerable insects are preying upon its tendrils and body, and even the pestiferous fleas have made deadly assault upon its very stem and roots! Bulletins are posted at every alehouse in Kent. Nothing else is talked about in every parish of the shire. The London market is "feverish" while the hop is in its throes. In fact, all southern England is solemn and serious until the hop has passed from bine to bud and bloom and is ready for the tens of thousands of hands that are tingling to wring its neck for gain.

Picking and curing are the final processes. Perhaps from 80,000 to 100,000 souls could at one time be found in the hop-gardens of Kent. Half of these are from London, and comprise the most indescribable lot of "human warious" ever drawn together by a common interest in all the world. If a field of twenty acres is to be picked there will be from six to ten "sets" of pickers with from half a dozen to a score of pickers in each set. These, ranged along the entire length of the field, are each supplied with a "bin." The bin is a rude, low frame work of old poles, built after the fashion of an American settler's log-cabin, about three feet wide and six feet long, with elevated cross stakes at each end, supporting a stout pole above the pickers' heads, like the "rider" rail of an old-fashioned "stake-and-rider" American rail fence, against which the hop-poles and their feathery, odorous burdens are rested while the hops are being picked and flung into the sack, depending from the bin's corners below.

The pickers are supplied with poles of hops by "pole-pullers," employed by the hop-raiser. There will be one to a set, if the set comprises a large number of pickers, and often one man will supply two or three. He is provided with an implement called a "hop-dog." With this he not only cuts the bines or vines close above the ground, but also pries ("prizes" he will call it) the pole out of the ground and carries it and its downy fruitage to the busy pickers near. Women follow the pullers and stack the discarded vines for use by the compost-makers, or the mills where the cheaper grades of paper are made, and stack the poles into tidy piles against the next season's use. In this way a hop-garden is cleaned up as closely as if swept by an army of grasshoppers or an all-consuming fire.

In the meantime huge four-wheeled carts and wagons are gathering up the hops for the "oasts" or kilns. The "master" usually measures the hops from the bins. Pickers are paid on the basis of a certain agreed upon number of bushels to the shilling—four, five, six or even eight, according to the leanness or fatness of the crops. Precedent old as hops in Kent demands that he shall not have a "heavy hand," that is, that he shall not press together the hops taken from the bin, and an equally unimpeachable custom will not permit him to pack or heap the almost weightless stuff in the measures. Scores of keen and almost savage eyes are upon his every movement. "Th' ops must 'hover' in the bushel, or be dropped in it as slightly as can be, and were the bushels heaped an iota above their rims the master knows that instead of hops a series of strikes and riots would instantly be on his hands. Following him is always the tallyman who credits the measurement to each "set" in the "tally-books," and the custom is that the pickers may, at any time, draw in cash to the amount of three-fourths of what is due, the remaining one-fourth to be forfeited should the pickers leave the master before his crop is gathered.

All sorts of signals are used to bring the pickers together in the morning and afternoon. Some of the old farm-houses have belfries and bells. At others handbells are rung in and about the pickers' quarters and camps. Tin-horns are common and the conch-shell horn is not infrequent. Work begins shortly after dawn. The midday rest as well as quitting time at night are indicated by the master or the tallyman entering the field and shouting "No more poles!" This is in turn shouted by the pole-pullers, and, at once scores, and often hundreds, of pickers' voices will echo, frequently derisively, and always in mimicry, the order for temporary release from toil. In many fields the pickers wed their cry to improvised doggerel rhymes fitted to the air of the latest popular London music-hall ballads, and make much melodious clamor as they are leaving the fields.

Most experienced men are employed in the oasts or kilns. They get no rest during the season of hop-gathering except from Sunday morning until Monday morning. From six to eight small brick stoves are constantly burning in each kiln. Charcoal and smokeless Welsh coal are solely used, and a dash of sulphur is occasionally added, which gives the drying hops a slightly yellow tinge. About eight feet above the cement chambers, inclosing the stoves, is an open floor constructed of strips like laths. On this is laid a loosely woven covering of horsehair, and upon this horsehair cloth the hops are piled to about the depth of twelve inches. They are frequently gently turned and remain in the kiln for eleven hours, an hour being allowed for the change from a dry to a green "shift" of hops, each of which consists of about 500 bushels. The dry hops are then spread on the floor of the oast, not only long enough to cool, but also to regain a certain amount of atmospheric moisture, without which they would remain brittle and break into slivers and dust. They are now packed in "pockets" or long, strong bags holding a few pounds above one hundred weight, and are ready for the London market.

Of the 80,000 to 100,000 souls who secure nearly a month's lucrative employment in the hop-gardens of Kent, perhaps one-third are Kentish cottagers and villagers. The remainder are from the lowliest, and, one might say, the most hopeless classes of London and its immediate suburbs, although a sprinkling of respectability leavens the latter in a few broken-down folk who have seen better days, and invalids with lung and throat troubles who have been told that the country air and a long "smell o' the 'ops" would relieve their ailments. But this great army of pickers which each year takes possession of Kent, divides instantly and sharply into three grand divisions.

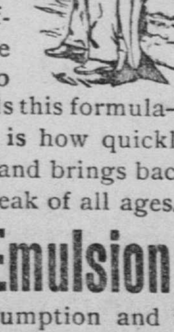
The first comprises the Kentish rural and village folk. These are favorites with the masters. They include the entire families of the farm laborers, the hedge-builders, the drain-layers, the hop-dryers, and all countryside folk, while from the village comes the painter, the shoemaker, the saddler, the carpenter, the bricklayer and stonemason, and all their families, while I have even seen the family of the schoolmaster and the poor country curate not ashamed to thus add to their yearly dole. Separate fields are nearly always given to these folk. Among them you will find most interesting groups; lusty youths, handsome lasses, fine and rugged old men and women, and some of the peachiest and prettiest children in all England. To these the hop-gathering days have a bright, genial, almost social aspect. When the day's work is over, as they trail along the lanes and highways to their village homes, they form wonderfully pastoral groupings, fitting so characterfully into the mellow and reposeful Kentish autumnal landscape, that it is a pity the near world's metropolis has no artist heart and hand to transfer to canvas their marvelous simplicity and winsomeness.

Another class numbering, all told, from 3,000 to 5,000 souls, whose guest I have always been whenever visiting the hop-gardens of Kent, are the London and suburban gypsy van dwellers. I have previously written extendedly of this class. Its members, living in vans or house wagons of every conceivable description, circle around and around the outer edge of the great city, hovering like birds of prey near race-tracks, outing resorts and all places where crowds of the lowly may gather. I am glad to say that while any dukkering and dickering among the hop-garden throngs is never overlooked by them, that they always come here for honest work. They travel in their creaking vans which contain all that may be required for food and cooking, pitch their hooded tents or "whummel" their single carts for additional housing; are adepts at all the little shifts and exigencies of outdoor living; are really the best conditioned of all the "foreigners" who sweep in upon Kent, and as to morality and common decency, which are generally utterly abandoned in the hoppers' camps, they are infinitely superior to all others who come. They are quick, deft, silent. They are the fastest, cleanest pickers in Kent, and I have frequently known a single large family return from their season's work with as much as £20 with which to assist them in tiding over the, to them, bitter winter months.

But oh, that other mob that comes down from the purlieus of London! Sometime I shall write a story about the pestilential lot. To truly tell of its awful hordes without the tender lights of romance with which to search out and reveal redeeming traits, would be to commit an unforgivably revolting literary crime. Bestial women, men more brutal than brutes, with few exceptions, are these. Among the exceptions I have come upon the most interesting phases of character met in all my years of wandering. In all the others no wanderer since the world began ever found more hopelessly sodden or desperately wicked animals in human frames. No wonder the masters herd them in the deserted sheds of their cattle, in straw huts behind the hills, or in tented camps that may subsequently be burned, by the roadside as far as possible from the peaceful old Kentish homes. Their aid is necessary. Their presence is a blight and curse. While such are here, it is only when you can shut them out of mind and sight, that you can realize that the air is full of odorous thyme; that the musk of the ten thousands of hop-gardens brings the sweetest of all repose, and that in no other land beneath the stars does labor and night invite the tired one to such wondrously life-giving and ever dreamless sleep as among the beauteous hop-gardens of ancient Kent.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Pure Norwegian



oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion — Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in *all* wasting diseases.

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[For the RECORD-UNION.]

TO L. E. W.

[On her eighteenth birthday.]

Just eighteen and childhood past!
Just eighteen and now at last
The girl to woman fairly grown
Sees all of childish fancies flown.
Life spreads before her far and strange—
Her thought speeds o'er a wider range.

A woman! yea, and woman's part,
A woman's life, a woman's heart
Henceforth is hers. Will life be fair
Without a trial or a care?
We may not see what lies before—
What breakers beat on Life's great shore.

What need to know? Far over all
He who doth heed the sparrows' call,
With love unerring guides the way
That leads thee into perfect day.
But, though He points the way for thee,
Though He would have thine eyes to see

And choose His way, He'll not compel—
Thou art the child of freedom still.
Before thee lie two roads. Apart
They lead, together at the start,
The one to selfish ends is given—
The other leads to God and heaven.

Which wilt thou take? 'Tis thine to choose,
'Tis in thine hand to win or lose.
Earth lends thee pleasures rich and rare.
Alas, she too gives many a care,
With ne'er a comfort to repay
That thou hadst chosen to go her way.

So, e'er thou choose, to thee I bring
A message, in thy heart to sing
And cheer thee all the way along.
Mayhap 'twill make thy courage strong,
If thou life's choicest gifts would have
From out thy storehouse freely give.

Give of thy service—give thy love—
The soul's best gift from heaven above;
Give willingly of all thou hast,
Into such deeds thy whole heart cast,
The little deeds of every day,
That cheer and bless us on our way.

And so as all thy years move on,
Thou wilt a treasure great have won,
That through eternity shall last;
For when, thine earthly journey past,
Thou come again unto thine own.
Thou'lt reap the harvest thou hast sown.

For in God's treasure-house above,
Each kindly act, each deed of love,
Each thoughtful word some heart to cheer,
Yea, e'en the sympathizing tear,
Thou wilt find stored, a treasure vast
To crown thy journeyings at last.

For by the great Creator's word,
The treasure that thy life has stored
Is changed, for as each worthy deed
Upon the earth like precious seed
Is dropped by thee, His angel bands
Descend, and in their loving hands

Bear it to heaven; there by God's will,
Though it is thy creation still,
It blossoms, and its fruit doth bear
A wondrous harvest ripened there—
Gathered and with thy name enrolled—
God's blessings rich and manifold.

October, 1893. A. G. G.

JEWISH BLOOD IN ROYAL VEINS.

A Semitic Strain in Nearly all the Reigning Families in Europe.

A remarkable feature in connection with the ancestry of all the reigning houses of Europe, says the New York *Tribune*, is the fact that nearly everyone of them has strains of Semitic blood in the veins of its members. Alberia, Queen of Sicily, from whom almost everyone of the now reigning families is descended, having been a daughter of the old Hebrew banker, Porleoni, who was the first of his race to be admitted to the ranks of the European aristocracy, Pope Leo XI. ennobling him in the year 1116. Later on one of his sons, who became converted to the Roman Catholic church, ascended the papal throne under the title of Anacletus II. This, however, by no means constitutes the only source of Jewish blood in the royal and imperial veins of to-day. There are others of a far less remote character. Thus, King Ferdinand of Portugal, the grandfather of the present King, had, himself, as grandfather, a Hungarian Hebrew named Kohary, whose daughter and heiress married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. King Carlos of Portugal is therefore of indubitably Jewish descent, and so, too, is Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose features are remarkably Hebraic, and who is a grandson of old Kohary's heiress. A second of the latter's grandsons, Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg, is wedded to the eldest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, while a third, Augustus by name, married a daughter of the late Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. It is one of the grand-daughters of the Kohary heiress who is wedded to the Archduke Joseph of Austria, while another has become the wife of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, the brother of the Empress of Austria and the ex-Queen of Naples. Queen Victoria's favorite son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenburg, is a great grandson of a converted Jew named Hauke, established in Poland, and whose son won his way into the favor of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia.

And apropos of this Jewish descent, let me add in conclusion the astonishing fact that the country which is distinguished above all others for its animosities toward the Jewish race, namely, Russia, is precisely the very one where the strain of Hebrew blood is the strongest in the blue blood of its aristocracy. There is not a single family of the higher grades of the nobility in the Czar's empire which has not at one time or another during the last two centuries affiliated or intermarried with the four great princely houses of Bragagion, Davidoff, Imerietinski and Muskranski. Now, each of these claims to be descended in an unbroken and direct line from the Biblical King David, and, like the Georgian princely family of Guriel, are proud above everything else of their Jewish ancestry. Under the circumstances their undisguised antipathy to the unfortunate Hebrew subjects of the Czar appears, to say the least, to be illogical.

Which Birth Stone is Yours.

The stone associated with the first month of the year is the garnet, which means constancy.

February claims the purple amethyst, which is said to bring the virtue of contentment.

March claims the bloodstone, which means courage.

Those who are born in April must wear a changeable, dazzling diamond, the meaning of which is innocence.

May is represented by the emerald, which is supposed to bring success in love to those who wear it by right of their birth month.

June claims for her children the pearl, the meaning of which is purity.

Those who are born in July must wear a ruby, which brings to its children nobility of mind.

August claims the moonstone, which is said to bring conjugal felicity.

To those who are born in September the sapphire brings success and prevents evil.

The opal, supposed by many to be unlucky, belongs to October, and to those who are born in that month it is said to bring happiness and hope.

November is represented by the topaz, which means that those who wear it rightfully by reason of their birth may claim fidelity in friendship.

To those born in December the turquoise is said to bring a prosperous life.
—Notes and Queries.

One cannot go far without feeling that where tenement houses grow instead of trees, and ragged children instead of blossoms, the need of higher standards of living and thinking is greater than even that of rest and comfort.—Kate D. Davis.

Among the most interesting of the pieces of gold plate used at the recent royal wedding breakfast at Buckingham Palace were several magnificent flagons taken from the flagship of the Admiral who commanded the Spanish Armada.

A FOOLISH AFFAIR.

The southeast lion at the base of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square turned slightly. He looked down Parliament street at the light which, from the top of the clock-tower, was staring steadily at London with its four bright eyes. The southeast lion snorted.

"Still sitting," he said bitterly: "still sitting."

"I don't see so much of the House as you do," remarked the Camberwell 'bus lion. He shifted round to look in the direction of St. Stephen's. "It's rather an imposing affair, don't you think?"

"Yes," said the southeast lion thoughtfully; "yes, it is an imposing affair."

They looked up to see whether Nelson was coming down for one of his usual chats. There was no movement.

"Got the silly hump about something, I expect," said the southeast lion.

"He don't come on in this scene," said the other; "he's dead in this act. But he's all right, bless you. He's 'armless."

"I wish you'd keep your waggery for your tail." said the other crossly; "it makes me feel tired."

"Talking of tales," went on the Camberwell 'bus lion, "did ever I tell you that one about Professor Lumley and his young wife?"

The southeast lion stifled a yawn. The other began:

"Professor Lumley was a clever professor at South Kensington, who knew more about minerals and chalk and sandstone than any one else in England had forgotten. Having always told everybody that he was a confirmed bachelor, he quite early became engaged. Miss Agatha Downing copied Murillos and things at the National Gallery here at the back of us, and these two—the young Professor with his pince-nez and the neat cream-frocked girl—used to stroll round the Square after 5 o'clock on students' days. I've heard a good deal of courting since I've been here, but I declare to goodness I never heard such courting as the Professor went in for."

"Warm?" inquired the southeast lion with interest.

"My dear lion," replied the other, "icebergs were sultry to it. I don't believe he ever said a single word of love. I don't really. He used to talk about his work at the museum, he used to talk politics, and he used to talk about the weather, but there was none of your sweet nothings and dear fooleries that the average girl pants to hear."

"'Agatha,' he said one afternoon. It was Friday, and she had under her arm a stretched canvas.

"'Frederick.'

"'I think we might be married next month.' They were both perfectly composed about it.

"'Very well, dear—next month.'

"'Next month.'

"And the next month they came down the steps of St. Martin's over the way. Married. I didn't see anything of them for some time. Afterwards I heard that the Professor was engaged in some experiments in regard to a newly-discovered coal vein, and these were taking up nearly all his leisure. He read papers at the Royal Institution and he lectured on his subject in different parts of London and the country, and he was away from Cromwell Road a good deal. Mrs. Professor came down one day to the Square and walked twice slowly round just as she had used to do in her engaged days, and she looked at me for a few moments with so sad an expression that if I had had a heart it would have made me weep. Then she went into the gallery. When she came back en route for the Underground Station at Charing Cross she was not alone.

"'I think,' she said to her companion, 'I think I would rather you said good-by here, Mr. Vernon.'

"'Must I say good-by, Mrs. Lumley?' He was a good-looking boyish fellow, and straightforward, and he spoke slowly and lazily as one who is not pressed for time. 'You won't let me see you to the station?'

"'No,' said Mrs. Lumley.

"'Very well,' said Mr. Vernon. 'I'll go for a loaf round the clubs (I think he meant a drink, but he said a loaf). And, Mrs. Lumley?'

"'Yes.'

"'If you should come across anybody who has any influence at Whitehall I wish they'd use it on my behalf. I've asked one or two people, but nobody seems to know anybody. I should be so glad to get away.'

"'I won't forget you, Mr. Vernon; but I scarcely know a soul.'

"'There's a job falling vacant at Loindici in a month or so,' went on Mr. Vernon. 'I could do that very well: but these confounded berths are purely a matter of—er—birth, don't you know.' He spoke as though he were a son of the soil fighting his way against barriers of caste. 'I wish I'd chosen a Cabinet Minister for a parent.'

"'I'm sure you deserve to succeed,' said Mrs. Lumley, encouragingly.

"Mr. Vernon looked thoughtfully at his boots for a moment, as though he were going to say something deprecatory in reply to this. Then he took Mrs. Lumley's hand, and said good-day. They met pretty often afterwards—mainly at the gallery, where, indeed, the pictures hear perhaps more in the way of whispered conversations than is good for them. I expect this is why they so often want restoring. Each students' day they said good-by just here; and each students' day they said it with increasing warmth. Of course I'm no judge of these things, but I really don't think they were in love with each other. I suppose it was pleasant for poor little Mrs. Lumley to meet some one who was amusing and who sympathized with her woes; and as for Vernon, why, until that consulate came (and it seemed a long time on the way), he had so little to do that this was to him a delightful way of filling up the time.

"She told him all her troubles; how the Professor was absorbed in his studies; how he was frequently absent on his lecturing duties; how, despite the fact that he was a good fellow and all that, yet she was beginning to feel for him something like aversion. She upbraided herself for it in good set terms. Why was it, she asked, that the mere sight of the red dent on either side of the Professor's nose, made by the pinch of his glasses, irritated her beyond bearing? Why was it that she felt no inclination to talk with him as she did with others? Vernon would try to answer her and find excuses for her, and it was agreeable for Mrs. Lumley to listen to him.

"But it was a risky game to play. There came an end to it. They were standing here one afternoon. It was a sunshiny afternoon, and the bright rays made the water of the fountains sparkle and the titles of the hotels shine again as though they thought they were gold. The carriages were busy, the 'buses were full; just down the avenue a scarlet coach, with an enthusiastic posthorn, had rereturned from a trip into the country. Mr. Vernon was in the best of good spirits.

"'Do you know, Mrs. Lumley,' he said. 'I am exceedingly sorry to have to say good-by? It has been very jolly to see you, and we have been such very good friends.'

"'Such very good friends,' repeated little Mrs. Lumley sadly.

"'I had nearly given up, you know, when the news came. If I only knew who had interested themselves and run the thing through—I'd—I'd—have them canonized. I would really. I'd buy them a halo. I'm sure that if it were ever possible for me to repay them for their kindness, I'd do it if it cost me my life. And now, I suppose, we must say adieu.' The young fellow spoke very earnestly. Mrs. Lumley choked a little sob and held out her hand. He held it for a moment.

"'I wish I could have spared myself this,' he said thoughtfully; 'I shall think of you so much over at Loindici. I declare—' he took her hand again, and flushed and spoke hurriedly—'I declare that I'd give anything if only you——' He looked at her eyes and bent his head, half ashamed.

"'If only I were coming with you,' cried little Mrs. Lumley impetuously. She regretted the words the moment they had left her lips.

"Vernon turned quickly to her. He was flushed and excited.

"'Do you mean that?' he demanded.

"She did not answer.

"'You do mean it. You are miserable here. Together we should be so happy. Don't say a word to me.' He spoke lower and faster. 'I'll not come further with you now, but listen. Meet me at Charing-cross Station to-morrow morning. I start for Brindisi by the 11 o'clock train, and I will take you away; I will take you away to share and to double my happiness.'

"He bent as though to kiss her white face. But she turned quickly and hastened across the road.

"The next morning Mr. Vernon drove up to Charing-cross Station. For a young fellow who was about to elope he looked singularly joyless. He was anxious, too. He did not know whether Mrs. Lumley would come or not, and in his heart of hearts—which really wasn't a bad heart after all—he wished to goodness she wouldn't. But she did.

"Mr. Vernon stood in the station near the barrier. The 11 o'clock train was at the platform; large, excited, corpulent foreign ladies were being dragged about by frantic little dogs; moustached gentlemen were gesticulating; there were mountains of luggage being wheeled off by perspiring porters. Mrs. Lumley, in a dark-blue traveling dress and a coat, came from the booking-office—a determined look upon her pretty face, in her hand a book of coupons. They shook hands, he and she, without a word.

"'By your leaf!' shouted a porter. They had to stand aside to avoid the Juggernaut trolley.

"'And the Professor?' asked Vernon. Mrs. Lumley pulled down her veil and seemed anxious not to be seen. They were to all appearances the unhappiest couple on the station.

"'He has been lecturing down in Kent,' she said brokenly. 'He will be home this evening.'

"They sighed.

"'Shall I see to your baggage, sir?' said a porter respectfully. 'You've fifteen minutes to wait.'

"Mr. Vernon turned to give the man his orders and found his hand grasped with extreme cordiality. The grasper dropped his pince-nez in his excitement.

"'My dear fellow, I'm so glad just to have caught you. Let me congratulate you on your appointment. I happened to be able to do something the other day for Sir Richard, and I mentioned your name, and the thing was soon done. But I didn't want to say anything to you before it was settled.'

"Mr. Vernon's boyish face went very red.

"'It is to you, then, Professor, that I am indebted——'

"'Not at all; not at all. There is no indebtedness. I owe you much for all your kindness to myself and to——'

"A groan escaped from Mr. Vernon's lips. 'Scott!' he muttered to himself, 'what a bounder I am!'

"The blue-serge figure turned.

"'Professor!' she said.

"'My dear Aggie,' cried the Professor with an earnestness quite unusual to him; 'now this is thoughtful of you. You got my wire, and you have taken the trouble to come up here to meet me. I was afraid there wouldn't be time.'

"'There was just time,' said little Mrs. Lumley slowly.

"'There was just time,' repeated Vernon, looking vacantly at the bookstall. He went to buy papers.

"'My dear,' said the Professor softly.

"'Frederick!'

"'I heard a most painful story down at Hastings last night, and it has made me think. A man I once knew neglected his wife, and she, poor woman—she has just run away from him. When I heard it first I took no notice of it. Thinking over it afterwards, I asked myself whether I had always paid you all the attention you had the right to expect.'

"The face of the Professor looked quite distinguished. The red dents on either side of the bridge of his nose didn't seem to matter in the least.

"'Let's begin to-day. I'll leave my bag in the cloak-room and we'll go down to St. Albans by coach.'

"Mr. Vernon returned with an armful of papers. The porter stood there with his bags and rugs.

"'This way, sir. Isn't the lady going?'

"The Professor laughed heartily.

"'Let me say good-by here, Mr. Vernon, please,' said little Mrs. Lumley eagerly; 'we won't come on the platform. And I hope—I hope you'll be very happy.'

"He seized her hand with a big gasp of relief.

"'Good-by, Vernon, good-by, my dear fellow,' cried the Professor; 'good luck and God bless you.'

"'And God bless you!' said Mr. Vernon earnestly, looking at them both. He ran through the barrier to his train.

"I saw them driving off for the Metropole. They were seated close together; the Professor held her hand furtively near the rug; in their eyes there was a look of content. I've seen a good bit of life in my time, and I assure you that if I hadn't known them I should never have taken them for man and wife. They looked more like sweethearts. Kind of sweethearts, you know, who tumble in love so deeply that once in they never fall out again."

The southeast lion begged that this last sentence might be repeated. The Camberwell 'bus lion obliged, and the southeast lion affected to be much amused and shook his sides.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" he cried. "Never fall out again." He wiped his eyes with his paw and simulated extreme exhaustion. "Oh, dear, your splendid jokes do make me roar."—St. James Budget.

LIVING LANTERNS IN THE SEA.

The "Midshipmite" and Its Phosphorescent Buttons.

Away down in the dark depths of the ocean there are living lanterns that are borne about, lighting up the darkness. A queer fish, called the "midshipmite," carries the brightest and most striking of all these sea torches. Along its back, under it and at the base of its fins there are small disks that glow with a clear phosphorescent light, like rows of shining buttons on the young middy's uniform. In this way it gets the name of "midshipmite," by which young sailors in the navy are often called. These disks are exactly like small bull's-eye lanterns, with regular lenses and reflectors. The lenses gather rays and the reflectors throw them out again. There is a layer of phosphorescent cells between the two and the entire effect is as perfect as if made by some skilled optician.

Many other fish have "reflectors," many have "lenses," but the "midshipmite" is the only kind that has such splendid specimens of both. The fish is so constructed that when it is frightened by some devouring sea monster it can close its lenses and hide itself in the darkness. It can turn its lantern on and off at will. It is always "filled" and ready when wanted. Another marine animal has a luminous bulb that hangs from its chin and thus throws a light before it to warn it of the approach of enemies. Still another upholds a big light from the extremity of the dorsal fin. Others, again, have supplies of a luminous oil that runs down its sides from the fins, making a bright and constant light all around it. Most of the jelly fish are phosphorescent. These live far down on the floor of the ocean where it is always dark and gloomy. The dwellers in these waters are provided with lights of their own shining bodies and fins, which illuminate their home with a strange glare.

A Bible Wagon.

The first electric organ to reach this country has arrived at the Boston Custom-house from England. It has been built for St. Thomas' Church, Taunton. Another curious importation is a "Bible wagon," which has arrived from Glasgow. It is an elaborate affair, strangely fashioned and bright with varnish and gilding. It is equipped with seats, book racks and a high pulpit, which, with its stand, is mounted on a swivel and can be "aimed" in any direction.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down" from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer; a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Internally taken in doses of from thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will cure in a few minutes Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Colic, Flatulence, Heartburn, Languor, Fainting Spells, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, Sick Headache, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Malaria, and all internal pains arising from change of diet or water or other causes. **50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists.**

FACTS ABOUT STEEL PENS

About 200,000,000 Used Yearly in the United States.

The number of steel pens consumed yearly in the United States is computed to be between three and four for each man, woman and child in the land. Estimating the population at 65,000,000, the total number of pens used yearly here is between 195,000,000 and 260,000,000. In Great Britain the computation is said to be twelve pens for each man, woman and child. The figure is believed to be too high. The importation of pens into the United States is about one-half the quantity used. The exact quantity manufactured here is known to a very few only, it being a trade secret carefully kept. Notwithstanding the invention of the typewriting machine and the fountain pen, the sale of steel pens steadily shows a yearly increase. The percentage is the same practically as the percentage of yearly increase in the nation's population. Even the operator on the typewriter is compelled to scribble, and then too—and this is assigned as the chief cause of the steel pen's retaining its sale—children continue to graduate in greater numbers from the school year by year. A representative of one of the largest foreign manfacturers of pens told a writer for the New York *Evening Post* that he estimated that the invention of the typewriter and the fountain pen had decreased the annual sale of the steel pen 33 per cent., that is, had made the increased sale that much less than it would be otherwise. The domestic manufacturers, however, declare this to be true only of imported pens.

Steel pens were introduced into this country in 1832 by Michael L. Leman, the pen manufacturer, now dead. Their introduction fell flat. People would not use the metallic pen, as it was called, on the ground of the old conservative cry that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. In addition, the fact that the new writing device scratched and that it seemed that the writing would not last any length of time, were effective objections against its use. The last objection is still assigned as the reason why the Bank of England uses the quill to-day. The great fire in New York in 1836 was the cause of the general introduction of the steel pen here. In that fire more than 1,000,000 quills were burned and a shortage in the pen supply ensued.

There are pens and pens. A New York dealer has in his shop 1,608 styles. All these he claims to manufacture. In this pen shop, moreover, pens are prescribed. If asked, the proprietor will examine his customer and tell him what pen he should use to write most easily, most legibly and most rapidly. Ailments in penmanship are also cured bp the prescription of certain pens. He says that from study he has come to the conclusion that peculiar nervous temperaments and habits of mind require the use of certain styles of pens to achieve most in writing. For example, a mind that thinks rapidly is much hindred if the writer cannot keep pace with the flow of thought, and for such a man he prescribes a "rapid transit" pen which he makes, and which really moves with wonderful rapidly, even on the roughest paper.

Although the pen is so small a thing and seemingly simple to make, it takes some time before it reaches the state when it is ready for use. No order for a pen that has to be made to order can be executed in less than ten days. This is mainly due to the many times it has to be heated and to the scouring it receives to take off the rough edges. Pens can be made out of eight metals—steel, brass, copper, gold, silver, platinum, amalgam and aluminum. Aluminum pens are still a novelty and are said to last much longer than other metallic pen.

For Abuse of Alcohol

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. E. Crane, Mitchell, South Dakota, says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution that is so common to heavy drinkers."

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentions him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story.

Bald Heads!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

TRADE MARK Registered

is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the diseases of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a Dye, but a delightfully cooling and refreshing Tonic. By stimulating the follicles, *it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald heads.*

☞ Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of *Skookum Skin Soap.* It destroys *parasitic insects, which feed on and destroy the hair.*

If your druggist cannot supply you send direct to us, and we will forward, prepaid, on receipt of price. Grower, $1.00 per bottle; 6 for $5.00. Soap, 50c. per jar; 6 for $2.50.

THE SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO., 57 South Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Hair Death

Instantly removes and forever destroys objectionable hair, whether upon the hands, face, arms or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin. It was for fifty years the secret formula of Erasmus Wilson, acknowledged by physicians as the highest authority and the most eminent dermatologist and hair specialist that ever lived. During his private practice of a life-time among the nobility and aristocracy of Europe he prescribed this recipe. Price, $1 by mail, securely packed. *Correspondence confidential.* Sole Agents for America. Address the

SKOOKUM ROOT HAIR GROWER CO.
Dept. R., 57 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF GEORGE S. PUTNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Helen M. Putney, executrix of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix, at the law office of Holl & Dunn, No. 920 Fifth street, Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said county of Sacramento, State of California.

Dated October 14, 1893.

HELEN M. PUTNEY, Executrix.
HOLL & DUNN, Attorneys for Executrix.
o14-5t8

Political.

FOR MAYOR,
B. U. STEINMAN,
Present incumbent and nominee of the Reorganized Democracy.

FOR MAYOR,
W. F. KNOX, SR.,
Nominee of Citizens', Non-Partisans', Regular Democracy and Republican Parties.

FOR MAYOR,
A. DITTMAR,
Nominee of the People's Party.

FOR CITY COLLECTOR,
MATT COFFEY,
Nominee of the Reorganized Democracy.

FOR CITY COLLECTOR,
E. H. McKEE,
Nominee of the Citizens and Non-Partisans.

FOR CITY COLLECTOR,
GEORGE A. PUTNAM,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR CITY ATTORNEY,
GEORGE G. DAVIS,
Independent Candidate. td*

FOR CITY ATTORNEY,
J. FRANK BROWN,
Nominee of Citizens, Non-Partisans and Reorganized Democracy.

FOR CITY TREASURER,
JAMES N. PORTER,
Nominee of the Citizens, Non-Partisans and Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE.
First Ward,
H. WACHHORST,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
First Ward,
IRA A. ROBIE,
Nominee of Citizens and Non-Partisans.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Third Ward,
R. H. PETTIT,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Third Ward,
JAMES G. DAVIS.
Nominee of the Citizens, Non-Partisans, Regular Democracy and Reorganized Democracy.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Fourth Ward,
H. W. BRAGG,
Nominee of Citizens, Non-Partisans and Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Fourth Ward,
A. D. CHRISTIANSON,
Nominee of Reorganized Democracy.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Fifth Ward,
A. M. SMITH,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Fifth Ward,
L. TOZER,
Nominee of Citizens, Non-Partisans and Reorganized Democracy.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Sixth Ward,
H. C. CHIPMAN,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Seventh Ward,
CHAS. A. LUHRS,
Nominee of the Non-Partisans.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Seventh Ward,
W. D. KNIGHTS,
Nominee of Citizens and Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Eighth Ward,
W. D. LAWTON,
Nominee of Non-Partisan, Reorganized Democrat and Citizens' Parties.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Eighth Ward,
RICHMOND DAVIS,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Ninth Ward,
GEORGE LICHTHARDT,
Independent Candidate and Nominee of Regular and Reorganized Democracy.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Ninth Ward,
JOHN STEVENS,
Nominee of Citizens and Non-Partisans.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Ninth Ward,
T. J. PENNISH,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
Second Ward,
E. A. CROUCH,
Nominee of the Citizens, Non-Partisans and Republican Party.

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
Third Ward,
J. H. DOLAN,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
Sixth Ward,
J. L. ROBINETTE,
Nominee of the Republican Party.

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR,
Ninth Ward,
PHILLIP S. DRIVER,
Nominee of Citizens, Non-Partisans, Republican Party and Reorganized Democracy.

FOR AUDITOR AND ASSESSOR,
H. C. MUDDOX,
Nominee of the Reorganized Democrats.

FOR CITY TREASURER,
G. H. STEPHENSON,
Nominee of the Reorganized Democracy.

FOR CITY TREASURER,
C. ISER,
Nominee of the People's Party.

FOR TRUSTEE,
Second Ward,
ROBERT E. KENT,
Independent Candidate.

Election, Tuesday, November 7, 1893.

Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. T. WAH HING,

ENGLISH AND CHINESE PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Graduate of Hongkong Medical College. Office, 926 THIRD STREET.

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The tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion powder. Try it.