ITALIAN THIEVES.

The Mafia, Camorra and Other Organizations.

Their Own Government—Curious State of Affairs Described by a Native Writer—How These Secret Societies Conduct Their Operations.

The different species of thieves which invest Italy are a curious study indeed to most people in this country, one wholly unexplored, and for this reason S. Merlino's article in the *Political Science Quarterly* on "Camorra, Mafia and Brigandage," will arouse a great deal of interest, especially as the writer is a native, and has made a careful investigation of the subject. He says:

"Even so late as 1862, i. e., two years after the installation of the present Government, a traveler landing at Naples might see, as soon as he stepped on shore, a mysterious personage approach the boatman and quietly receive from him a copper coin. Who was this man, comparatively well dressed, often adorned with jewelry, who came forward with the air of a master, claimed his due, and received it without having uttered a word? If the traveler should have put the question to the boatman he would have been told that the man was the 'Camorrist.' On arriving at the hotel, preceded by the porter with his baggage, the traveler would notice a second individual, equally mysterious and taciturn, to whom the porter—or if there were two, each of them—handed with evident submissiveness again a small coin. On further inquiry the traveler would have received the same unsatisfactory answer: 'It is the Camorrist.'

"On taking a cab, a similar incident would occur, and so on throughout a tour of the town. At railway stations, at custom-houses, at street corners, in coffee-houses and taverns, in gambling dens, the Camorrist levied taxes on the business and the pleasures—particularly the vicious pleasures of the poor. His functions might appear successively as those of the policeman, the Justice of the Peace, the broker, the money-changer and many others.

"Why, then, was the Camorrist? And who gave him the authority for his acts? The answer is that he was a member of a secret association, and that the power he wielded was conferred by nobody, but was merely assumed. Yet he was not necessarily a criminal. He might, strictly speaking, commit no action for which he might be amenable to punishment; and whatever illegality there was in the fact itself of the existence of the Camorra was practically obviated by custom, and by the acquiescence of the Government. The Camorra was, indeed, almost a branch of the Government. Yet the Government at times prosecuted it, and ultimately has nearly destroyed it. At the hight of its glory the Camorra acted quite independently of the Government, and rather as its rival. The society was, in fact, a lesser government established on the margin of the greater. The prominent features of the organization may be summed up as follows:

"First—The real object of the Camorra was to extort money; yet, in return, it contrived to render some service or assistance to its victims.

"Second—Such services might be, in some cases, of a questionable character; the Camorrist might assist in doing wrong, or even in committing crime; but, as a rule—*i. e.*, when he had no reason to the contrary—he acted as an impartial arbitrator between the parties submitted to his self-assumed jurisdiction.

"Third—The jurisdiction or field of operations of the Camorra was confined to such social relations as ordinary remain outside the province of the Government—petty interests which a Government neglects to protect or for which the official protection proves too slow or costly.

"Fourth—The Government tolerated the Camorra, provided it confined its operations to the lower classes of the population. Hence the traditional respect of the Camorra for the middle or higher classes.

"Fifth—The lower classes had become accustomed to the rule of the Camorra and submitted almost ungrudgingly to it. The Camorra continually drew to itself the most daring elements of the population and left out only the weak and timid. The latter found protection, as well as oppression, at the hands of the former.

"Sixth—The Camorra recruited and disciplined the most violent characters, and reduced crime to its mildest form.

"To corroborate those statements I shall describe the operations of the Camorra.

"The mysterious personage whom we have referred to as receiving fees from the boatmen and the cab driver, acted as a timekeeper, and distributed the jobs between the men. His presence was intended to prevent quarrels. Those classes of workmen were actually organized under the rule of the Camorra. So long as the Camorra was alive the Neapolitan cab drivers successfully resisted the introduction of the omnibus and the enactment of a municipal tariff and other restrictive regulations. In its latter days the Camorra, at the request of the police, often induced the striking cabmen to resume work—a fact which bears witness to the hold which the association still retained on the men.

"At the city markets the Camorrist would inspect the merchandise, verify the weights and measures, and settle disputes, charging one sou per basket or sack of merchandise brought for sale.

"In the evening, when the little costermonger (bazzariota), having sold off a basket of fruit or vegetables, repaired to the tavern, the Camorrist would be there to collect the money—which belonged to some farmer from the vicinity—and would hand it over to the owner on the following morning, when he appeared with fresh goods at the market.

"At the country fair the Camorrist rendered more important services. He would stand guarantee to the buyer of a horse or mule that the animal was not disqualified for work by some occult defect; while to the seller he would guarantee the punctual payment of the price. As a matter of fact the guarantee involved no pecuniary risk to him; it was based wholly on the submission of the people to the Camorra, and their fear of the punishment which the association would visit on the party who failed to fulfill his obligations.

"But the functions of the Camorra covered a much wider and more varied field. In street fights the Camorrist would throw himself between the daggers and separate the combatants at the risk of his life. His presence at auction sales prevented fraud and impositions—except such as were committed on behalf of the Camorra. The extensive connections of the Camorra made its assistance and connivance indispensable to the preparation for the commission of thefts and burglaries, and moreover, to the disposal of the stolen booty; yet, through the Camorra stolen property might be recovered for a reasonable indemnity; so, too, the seducer might be obliged to marry his victim, or otherwise to atone for his crime. The pawn-broking and money-lending business was entirely under the control of the Camorra, through which recalcitrant debtors were compelled to honor their obligations and the impecunious might obtain a delay.

"One of the most lucrative enterprises of the Camorra was the organization of religious fetes, which are such an important feature of popular life in Naples. Two of the great Neapolitan religious observances, the fete of Piedigrotta and that of the Madonna di Montevergine, were the official festivals of the Camorra."

"Nothing better illustrates the pseudo-governmental character of the association than the way in which recruits were made. A brave, zealous, almost respectable young man (no member of his family should lead an immoral life), at the age of choosing a trade, would apply through a friend to the Camorra and inquire whether there was a vacancy. If the reply was unfavorable he would look for some other employment. In case he was found suitable he was started in the career as giovanotto onorato, and later on was promoted to picciuotto di sgarro. In both capacities the young man was attached to a Camorrist, and had to carry out his orders, whatever they might be—whether to murder a man in cold blood, or merely to watch a game. And he would acquit himself of his duties—called obedienze—with the same tranquillity of conscience as a policeman who arrests an unfortunate rabble of beggars, or a soldier who fires on his brothers on a strike. His object was to become a Camorrist, and as he could obtain this only through the recommendation of his immediate chief, he sought to propitiate the latter by all possible means. Yet, as Mr. Alongi remarks, merit was more likely to insure success under the Camorra than it is under any public administration. Any stranger might challenge a chief to single combat, and if victorious, not only would the Camorra take no revenge on him, but he would be invited to take the dead chief's place—a practice obviously intended to keep alive the valor of the chiefs, and to prevent them from regarding their posts as mere sinecures.

"After nomination, and previous to assuming his new dignity, the picciuotto had to fight a duel with a Camorrist. The two adversaries, having sworn that they were not at enmity, now crossed daggers, aiming only at each other's arms. The encounter usually ended with a mere scratch, and was not so much of a test of skill as a ceremony of investiture." The author goes on detailing the remarkable ramifications of the duties of the Camorra, but our readers will be more interested in the strange secret association known as the Mafia.

"The Neapolitan Camorra developed in the midst of a populous town and assumed the form of an organization with definite functions and names. It was, however, but an excrescence of society, without deep organic connection. The Mafia, on the contrary, was a spontaneous growth in the rural regions, and though far less definite in aim and organization, was more deeply rooted in the social organism. While the Camorra governed only a little world and exploited but petty interests, the Mafia permeated all social relations. Whereas the Camorra grew with the connivance of the Government, the Mafia was ever in conflict with it. In the case of the Mafia there was no established hierarchy, no set rules, no regular revenue. 'The Mafia,' says Prof. Villari, 'has no written statutes; it is not a secret society, and hardly an association. It is formed by spontaneous generation.' It adapts itself wonderfully to the environment, appearing in various forms. There are several Mafias—high and low, country Mafia and town Mafia, Mafia of the mountain and Mafia of the plain, or of the seaside.

"According to Messrs. Franchetti and Sonnino, 'people of every rank, profession and occupation, who have no other ties, unite for their common interests, without regard to law, justice, or public order. They believe, as in the middle ages, that they can best provide for the safety of their own persons and of their own property by their own strength and personal influence, independent of all authority and law.'

"In a country where the soil is extremely fertile, while very little is needed to support life, where towns are few and scattered, where communication between places is extremely difficult, where the Government is distant and careless, and society has split into different classes in consequence of a long succession of foreign invasions—in such a country the limit to the exploitation of man will be fixed, not by law, but solely by force. Class will be against class, man will be opposed to man. Personal tyranny will be met with personal vengeance. Hence the necessity will be felt by every individual 'to have friends' who will stand by him for good or for evil. Such associations, at first purely defensive, will become in time purposely offensive; or, rather, their character will vary so much according to circumstances as to make the continuity of their existence uncertain.

"The conditions of Sicily before and for many years after the political unification of Italy answered to the above description. Even at the present time Sicily contains vestiges of feudalism. The fief still exists in name and to some extent in reality."

The author's description of the condition of things under the land-leasing customs is almost a warrant for the existence of the Mafia. It has called into existence small bodies or cliques of men organized for the purpose of wreaking vengeance for wrongs and oppression and keeping out of the hands of the law.

"Quite different from the Mafia, which reigns in agricultural and mining districts, is the commercial Mafia of the coast, which may be described as an association of brokers, shopkeepers, bogus merchants and bogus bankers, more or less bankrupt. Their object is to monopolize the produce from the interior before it reaches the market of Palermo, where another and 'higher' Mafia—indeed, the highest and richest (some of the members being millionaires)—is established. At harvest time every farmer in the country receives the visit of some mysterious individual, who wishes to buy 'on behalf of his friends' such and such produce at such and such price. The demand is couched in courteous, irreproachable terms, but if not granted, the maiming of the farmer's cattle or the destruction of a part of his crops will bring him to his senses.

"The Mafia of Palermo receives the goods and delivers them to wholesale and retail merchants, dictating its own terms. Beside, there are or were many syndicates or trusts, like the mill-owners' trust, which was dissolved in 1882, whose object was to limit production, raise prices and share profits alike. This is supposed to be a legitimate object when attained by legal means, such as a war of prices and fines. In the case of the Sicilian trusts, however, the means employed to induce members of a trade to enter a combination or to keep their obligations toward the same, were somewhat primitive—destruction of property, gashing in the face, and even murder." * * *

The description of the operations of the Mafia, interesting as it is, must be cut short to allow of a few words as to the general characteristics:

"The dominating spirit of the Mafia is oppression. Still, for most people, a career of oppression is a pis aller, the only alternative to being oppressed.

"The Mafiuso is a man who wishes 'to be respected' (farisi respectari); that he may be respected, he makes himself dreaded. And he strives to that end. He practices with the rifle or dagger, and prepares to face the dangers which await him. He 'has blood in his veins,' 'has nerve,' 'is a man, and requires that his courage be acknowledged. A slight offense, an unseeming word, a show of resistance, and he will assail even to death a friend for whom he would have risked his life but a moment before. His reputation is precious to him—in fact, it is his only capital, and must be maintained at any cost. The slightest offenses against his dignity he must punish promptly and publicly. The more serious wrongs, however, he avenges secretly, especially those bearing the character of a treason, like the seduction of a wife by a friend.

"Should he cease to be highly sensitive in such matters he would be treated as 'carrion,' would forfeit his 'honor,' would be stained in his character, and would ultimately become a 'whetstone' or a 'thistle.' He therefore acts chiefly in self-defense. He obeys the special necessity which in a rudimentary society (and perhaps even in the most civilized ones) compels every man 'to die or kill,' or, in the words of an ancient German song, 'to be hammer or anvil.'

"The Mafiuso ignores the Government as much as possible; he never accepts legal protection, and to turn informer is for him the climax of infamy. His first duty is the 'omerta,' loyalty to his caste—a tie which binds together the fiercest enemies. Even on his death-bed the assaulted man will shrink from naming his assailant, but trusts to his relatives and friends to avenge his death. Thus feuds arise which last for generations.

"Far from their native places, the Mafiusi recognize one another by means of a conventional language and a series of allegorical questions and answers; they are also distinguished by certain peculiarities in the bearing of their persons, in dress, gestures, etc. Tattooing is a favorite practice with them, as well as with the Camorrists.

"In the later stages of the history of the Mafia, some of the associations included under the name became very extensive in their membership and their sphere of action. The most successful of these associations was the 'Fratelianza of Girgenti,' which in its statutes, supposed to have been modeled on those of the Spanish Mango Nigra, claimed as its ultimate aim the establishment of the 'universal republic.'"

How much resemblance, if any, there is between certain phases of the pseudo-government of the Mafia and socialism as it would become in actual practice is a question which experts in that science may like to study.

HIS WIFE'S VACATION.

Sent Her Out of Town So as to Have Fun With the Boys.

The gateman at one of the passenger depots in Detroit was approached the other afternoon by a tall and weary-looking man with beer stains on his vest, and the strings of his russet shoes untied, and when he had come quite near he asked:

"Any train Lanshing yet?"

"No train from Lansing for over three hours yet," was the reply.

"Whash mazzer wiz Lanshing train?" thickly queried the caller as he leaned heavily against the fence.

"Nothing the matter. Are you expecting friends?"

"Yesh; dearest friend in all zhis wide, wide world. I'm shpectin' my wife, and when I think of the dear old soul I weep! Shee these tears?"

"I do. Is your wife sick?"

"No wife ain't shick. Dear old soul! How could I let 'er go away and shtay shix weeks!"

"Oh! Then she's been off on a vacation?"

"Zhat's it—bin off on vacashun. I wanted her to go to. I teased her to go. I had to fairly drive her off. I couldn't hardly wait for her to go."

"I tumble," chuckled the gateman.

"Yesh, you tumble. I wanted to run out nights, you know. Wanted to have fun wizz'er boys. Wanted to drink all 'er beer I could hold and go home and kick 'er door in and shleep all day. Shay?"

"Well?"

"I couldn't wait in zish depot ten minutes for her to go out and now I'm goin' to wait over three hours for her to come in. Bless her dear old heart, but how I do want to see her! Shee these tears?"

"Yes; I observe a pretty steady flow of tears. Did you carry out your programme?"

"No. Didn't have no fun wizzer boys. Boys didn't want me 'long. Didn't sit in 'er park. Got drunk once and liker died. Tried to kick in door and feller kicked me. Wrong door, you see. No, didn't have no fun. Jess wanted to see 'er dear old wife all 'er time. Shee how I look?"

"You do like pretty seedy, my friend."

"Yesh, look pretty seedy, and feel pretty sheedy. Was goin' to jump in 'er river, but dear old wife shaid she'd come home. I'm hungry and tired and shleepy and played out. No good time—no fun. Shay?"

"Yes."

"If you shee reporter 'round here tell him to put it in his paper that 'er man who lies to his wife an' gets her off to Lanshing to see her shister makes mistake—awful mistake. No fun wizzer boys—no fun wiz anybody. Jess go aroun' feeling lonesome for 'er dear old soul and writin' her to cum back. Over three hours to wait! Sheems like over three years. Shay, young man, will you do me a favor?"

"I will."

"I'l go over after a glass o' beer. If I doan' cum back 'fore that train gets in I want you to look out for my wife. She's fat woman with red hair. Embrace her for me. Embrace her and shay:

" 'Sit down and wait for your dear husband, who loves you better'n life, and who has bin here waitin' and weepin'. He's sorry you went and won't never do it again, and he hain't had no fun wizzer boys—not one fun,' "—Detroit Free Press.

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[For the RECORD-UNION.]

RATTLESNAKE.

Beneath the woods' entrancing shade,
Within a level, leaf-strewed glade,
A footsore traveler hath strayed.

His clothes are dark with yellow grains
Of dust that came from ten-leagued plains,
Sun-scorched and baked as unused drains.

It lays outside the woods' cool tent—
This plain on which the sun did vent
His wrath till all his shafts were spent.

Blazing, bleak, thus it doth lay
Like some God's curse, that losing way,
Fell to the earth to lodge and play.

Within its lodgment, havoc dire—
To scorch all with its quenchless fire—
The passion dropt child from sire!

But 'neath the woods' dark canopy,
Beneath the spreading, thick-boughed tree,
Where lies the traveler listlessly,

No desert phantom dares to creep
His refuge in to make less deep
The shade, or stir him in his sleep.

For lo! he sleeps! One arm outthrown
His head rests on, as on the stone
Did Jacob's head the night when down

The shaded sky the angel throng,
Passed slowly on the ladder swung,
From that fair land of which the tongue
Of poet-prophet long hath sung.

He sleeps and dreams. But dreams of what?
The vassal trees that shade the spot?
The widening desert, bleak and hot?

Nay! Nay! The leaves his ear above
Are whispering, and he dreameth of
The great delightfulness of love!

For when this journey had been done,
Beneath the shadow of the sun,
His arms shall clasp his loved one;

And these lips, parched now with the heat,
Shall be cooled with a nectar sweet,
And Life's most luscious fruit shall eat.

Thus doth he dream as there he sleeps!
But what is this wild thing that peeps
From out the grass and towards him creeps?

Where eyes flash forth a yellow fire,
Whose skin glints like a gilded spire,
Whose tongue owns Satan's foot for sire?

O foolish, dreaming youth, awake!
O for thy precious loved one's sake!
Behold, the cursed rattlesnake!

The youth wakes not. The snake doth glide
With sinuous twistings to his side—
Then pauses, as in fiendish pride!

That's all, my friend. You knew the rest,
The horrid end is better guessed—
The snake coiled on the youth's fair breast!

At last he woke—he made a move—
O, God in heaven, whom men love,
How didst thou here thy kindness prove?

One cry was there, one deadly hiss,
One stroke too surely placed to miss!
No lovely maid again shall kiss

Those lips to which hers once did cling
E'er didst her swain, in wandering
Make fame for Rattlesnake, the King!

ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

What Becomes of Poker Money?

"Where does all the money go that is lost at poker? I wish somebody would tell me," said Harry Dale of Cincinnati, at the Riggs. "That has always been a standing mystery with me, as I guess that it has been with thousands. Somebody must win and somebody most lose; but what goes with the money? Who gets the benefit of the winnings? On my word, I could never see into it. In every regular game there will always be one or more strong players, who generally get the best of it, and so there is a contingent of chronic losers. But I never saw the recognized successful poker player yet who appeared to have any more cash than the rest of his associates. I've heard it said often by some unlucky chap, alluding to another lucky devotee of draw, 'That fellow has kept me broke for the last ten years,' but at the same time there was little, if any, difference in their financial standing, and so I'd like to find out what becomes of the money that's lost."—Washington Post.

Solitude is apt to give too high an opinion of one's self.—Byron.

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 example of Tammany is teaching voters that public office is not a public trust, but a means of private gain; that politics is a game in which the boldest and most corrupt win, and that Courts, Legislatures and Governors are mere pawns in the game. It brings into contempt the vital principle of our system, that the people rule, and is infinitely more dangerous to the integrity of American institutions than all the machinations of socialist and anarchist agitators," says the New York *Observer* (Pres.). "It is the elimination of this corrupting influence from practical politics that is the real issue in this State and city in the November elections. It cannot be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the better class of citizens, and especially upon Christian citizens, for it is with them that responsibility for the existing condition of things rests most heavily. It is true that to scores of thousands of earnest Protestant Christians no failure of duty can be charged. But it is owing to the indifference or unreasoning fealty to party of the many, to their divorce of religion from politics, of Christianity from citizenship, that the corruption of society have gained supremacy. They have forgotten that religion has to do with the present as with the future life; that the Christian cannot be consistent and pull down with one hand what he seeks to build up with the other; that he is always his brother's keeper, and that it is his personal duty that the forces of government are arrayed against evil, and the work of the church thus given a fairer field. What is needed is an awakened sense of individual responsibility in local politics, a resort to the polls as the solemn performance of a duty to the Master."

"Father Doyle of the Church of the Paulist Fathers has been enlightening his congregation," says the New York *Churchman* (P. E.), "on their duty in voting upon the constitutional amendment which renders the teaching of denominational tenets in any school or institution of learning a cause for placing such school under State examination or inspection. Said Father Doyle: 'If this amendment becomes a part of the organic law of the State, it will become the duty of the State officials to stand at the door of every schoolhouse and require every scholar to leave his religion outside the door before he enters.' Precisely. Who is responsible for the withdrawal of the Word of God from the public schools and for the silencing of such religious teaching (it was never doctrinal) as once was heard in them? Rome should never make a wry face at taking her own medicine. She has striven with her utmost power, and no inconsiderable success, to enforce the principle that the State should not interfere with the church. But apparently she has forgotten that it is an exceedingly poor rule which will not work at least two ways. The church must not interfere with the State, and it is the duty of the State to see that she does not attempt to do so. Let the principle of non-intervention have fair play. The real crux of the matter is that the State is annually called upon to contribute enormous sums towards the support of institutions which, while they are eleemosynary, are also educational, and that such of these as are under the immediate government of the Roman Church are conducted upon the most narrowly sectarian bases; hence that church looks with disfavor upon the prospect that the State contemplates exercising the visitatorial right which belongs to the chief supporter of any such institution."

"The action of Archbishop Plunkett in consecrating a Bishop in Spain has aroused much comment in England," observes the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "It certainly seems strange that so good a man should be so regardless of the interests of the Anglican communion as to act in a matter of such moment without the approval of the episcopate in general, and, in fact, contrary to its judgment, so far as it has been expressed. He has brought into existence a body which must be regarded as in communion with the Church of Ireland, and through that with the Anglican Church at large. But it is hard to believe that the Bishops will allow themselves to be dragooned into recognition of an act which they did not sanction. Then the question arises, what is the position of a branch of the church, in this instance that of Ireland, which insists upon its admitting to its communion bodies not recognized by the rest of the church? The Archbishop has probably prepared the way for much conflict and controversy. It appears that the Spaniards, if they could have approved themselves to the Old Catholics, might have obtained the episcopacy from the Bishops in Holland, but their overtures in that direction failed because Archbishop Plunkett had already induced them to sign documents bringing them into line with the Irish Church, and this the Old Catholics would not tolerate. It might have been thought that his Grace would, in the first place, have directed them to the Old Catholic body and would have been extremely careful not to place any obstacle in the way. It is impossible that a movement can succeed in Spain bearing so distinctly a foreign impress."

"The circular letter of the Pope, urging deeper devotion to the 'Rosary of Mary, the mother of God,' strikes the Protestant mind as a deep descent from the grand theology of the Gospels. But there was a reason," observes the *Interior* (Pres.) of Chicago, "for the rise of this cult in the Roman Church. The mind demanded relief from the Roman theology. This relief could not be afforded by their system itself, because, as has been said not long ago in one of our own schools, the Greek doctrine of the divine love does not consist with the logic of the system. Therefore the rosary of Mary was brought in. The Latin Mary is idealized gentleness and mercy. She is all the sweet feminine graces embodied and crowned. She could thus stand apart from the system, of it and yet not in it. The ideal appealed with the strongest attraction to the hearts of the people who were under the hardship and oppression of greedy kings and avaricious priests, who employed God for no other use than as an instrument of terror; and thus it was that the worship of Mary took precedence of the worship of God, both in prevalence and in devoutness."

"Never, perhaps, were the themes of discussion so nearly alike in church assemblies of all denominations as now," exclaims the *Congregationalist* of Boston. "A glance over the reports of conference and associations in our columns for the last few weeks will furnish ample illustration of this fact. The nature of these themes is indicated by a few titles chosen at random: 'Christianity and the Labor Question,' 'Has the Church Failed in its Mission to the Workingmen?' 'The Kingdom Now or By and By?' 'Good Citizenship,' 'The Progress of Christ's Kingdom Hindered by the Church,' 'Money and the Kingdom,' 'Woman and the Kingdom,' 'Methods for Reaching the Unchurched,' 'The Trend Toward Church Unity,' 'The Relation of the Church to Social Movements.' On the other hand, one looks almost in vain for any topic expressing personal relations with God, such as 'Prayer,' 'Temptation,' 'Sin,' 'Atonement,' 'The Life Hid with Christ,' 'Religious Conversation,' 'The Work of the Holy Spirit,' and kindred themes which had a decreasing prominence a quarter of a century ago. Considerable attention is given to the Bible, but it is directed to the history and the authority of the Scriptures rather than to their use as revealing God to the soul seeking Him. Is not the time near when the nobler thinking will again assume its sway? when, without needlessly surrendering interest in social and political movements, the sense of personal accountability to God will give that sacredness to men's duties to men without which social movements will fail of their highest results? The true revival of righteousness is a revival of longing for the presence of the holy God, for inward assurance of peace with Him, of overmastering desire to win souls one by one to Him by realizing redemption through our Lord Jesus Christ. Is it not time to give greater prominence to these themes in pulpits and prayer meetings, conferences and associations of churches?"

"There is a great deal of honest doubt among men," remarks the New York *Outlook*, "but there is also a great deal of doubt which has its roots not in speculative but in practical atheism, for every man who violates the laws of life, which are also the laws of God, is to that degree an atheist. Whatever may be his professions, as a matter of fact he does not believe in the existence of those laws and the certainty that they are to be executed, or he would not violate them. The only men who are competent to have or to express a judgment about the nature and ends of human life are those who live in absolute obedience to the laws of life. A man of unsound mind is incapacitated from having any opinion concerning the normal action of the mind, and a man who is continually violating the moral laws of the world, and so throwing himself out of harmony with that world, is not in a position to comprehend it or to pass a judgment upon it. Personal righteousness is the first step toward a clear vision of things, and a healthy soul is the only one which has any right to speak of the ends and the nature of human life. It is because so many lives violate the fundamental laws of living that there is so much doubt abroad, and that so many men are asking the question whether life is worth living. A large part of the theoretical atheism and a great part of the practical doubt now in the world would disappear if individual lives were brought into harmony with the moral and the spiritual laws."

"The other Sunday," says the New York *Evangelist*, "we happened into the infant class-room, and found that the teacher of the little ones diligently putting the lesson for the day upon the board. The Bible passage from which the lesson was supposed to be drawn was that which narrates the determination of Daniel not to do anything which would identify him with the worship of idols. The lesson actually taught was the duty of avoiding 'sins against the body,' and the conclusion of the syllogistic process was found in the third term: Therefore, don't swear and don't smoke. Somewhat dazed by the trapeze-like character of these premises and deductions, we turned to the teacher's monthly, and sure enough it was all there. We remembered that St. Paul had something to say about this making the 'traditions of men,' prohibitions of touch and taste and handling, to stand for the simplicity and freedom of the Gospel, and that was there too; only the course to which Paul objected was quoted in the *Teacher* as Paul's own injunction. Lost in this crazy-quilt exegesis, we simply gave it up and went on to church, wondering whether the command not to 'add to the things written in this Book' had ever been by divine authority repealed."

The San Francisco *Monitor*, in an article headed "A Catholic Triumph," says: "As we anticipated, the Catholics of Belgium have given a good account of themselves at the polls. They return from the elections with the laurels of victory, and their continuance in office is assured. There have not, perhaps, been in modern times elections more pregnant with lessons for Catholics in every part of the world. The great cry of the so-called Liberals on the Continent and of bigots, both Liberal and Conservative, in this country, is that Catholics are behind the age; that they do not give sufficient signs of progress to suit the people, and that they are bound to lose ground more and more in the struggle for the direction of national destinies. In Belgium this statement has been put to the proof under circumstances which leave no room for doubt as to the test being thorough. The voice of the people has been consulted in accordance with the principle of universal suffrage, and that voice has replied in a decisive manner that the Catholics have discharged well the task of governing the country; that they have shown themselves worthy of the trust reposed in them, and that their programme for the future is such as to deserve the earnest support of those who have their own and their country's interests at heart."

DR. HENRY A. MOTT, United States Government Chemist, reports that Dr. Price's Baking Powder has reached "the acme of perfection" in wholesomeness and efficiency.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

AUTUMN DAYS.

Another year has rolled around,
And autumn now is here,
Its chilling winds, with dreary sound,
Fall on the listening ear;
The trees that once were decked in green
No longer greet the sight,
For autumn tints each leaflet now,
With golden russet, bright.

The dead leaves rustle on the ground,
Where once the fragrant flowers
Of summer bloomed, and sunlight came
To brighten summer hours;
The flowers that blossomed then are dead,
Chilled by the autumn blast,
And summer skies, once bright and fair,
Are now with clouds o'ercast.

The falling leaves, like withered hopes,
Are faded brown and sere;
The leaf-strewn earth speaks of decay
In nature's wondrous sphere;
The feathered songsters' gladsome lays,
Are hushed and silent now,
While lightly falls the squirrel's tread
Upon each leafless bough.

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.
West Oakland, Cal., Nov. 12, 1894.

Unable to Negotiate.

"Do you wish to engage a competent instructor," asked the man at the door, removing his hat, "to give lessons to any member of your family in music or German?"

"No, sir," answered the housewife. "I think not."

"Perhaps," he suggested, after a moment's pause, "you could make use of the services of a teacher of dancing and physical culture?"

"I don't think I could."

"Or a private tutor in elocution?"

"No."

"I have had considerable experience as a teacher of Delsarte. Possibly I might make some arrangement for imparting instruction in this fascinating branch of"——

"I don't think you could."

"Madam," said the man, with a regretful sigh, "I am sorry we are unable to place this matter on a business basis. I have exhausted the list of professions or vocations in which I consider myself fitted to engage as a means of gaining a livelihood. As there appears to be no opportunity to exercise any of them for the relief of present emergencies, I am compelled to ask you, madam, if you will be kind enough to give me a plate of warmed-over victuals?"

"I will not."

"May I inquire, madam, if anybody has previously tried to work this game on you?"

"I don't remember that anybody has."

"Then I must have struck a thundering poor neighborhood," rejoined the man, putting on his hat and turning away. "This is the sixth house I've run against in this block without hitting anything."—Chicago Tribune.

SALT RHEUM often appears in cold weather, attacking the palms of the hands and other parts of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

The production of iron ore in the United States in 1893 was 11,587,602 gross tons, against 16,296,666 tons in 1892, a decrease of 4,709,037 tons.

YARNS ABOUT TURTLES.

How They Were Made to Do Service for a Schooner.

"Speaking about turtles," observed the weather-beaten traveler, who had joined a party of drummers seated in the smoking-room of a Pullman car, "why, I have literally seen millions of them at once. The sea for miles around as far as the eye could reach was—"

"Where was this?" asked an inquisitive drummer.

"Near the Gallapagos Islands, off the west coast of South America," was the reply, and then, as the other passengers settled back in their seats, the weather-beaten one spun this yarn:

"You see," he began, "We were on a little schooner and were on our way from Callao to St. Ambrose Island for a load of guano. Well, the wind suddenly died out and we began to drift. This state of affairs kept up for several days, until one morning we spied land ahead over the port bow. It was about seven miles away, I should think.

"Now, you may not believe it, but we suddenly ran into a shoal of big sea turtles that were so close together you could hardly see the water. They were there in millions, and tremendous fellows, too, some of them weighing, I should judge, more than 600 pounds. They lay all about the schooner's sides and didn't seem to mind us a bit.

"We were out of our course and it began to look as if we would never get out of the mess we were in. Then, gentlemen, I conceived an idea. I told it to the carpenter, and he thought it was great, too. And this is how it worked:

"We—that is, the carpenter and myself—stepped over the vessel's side and let ourselves down on the back of a great turtle as gently as we could. Did he mind it? Not a bit. He just raised one of his flippers and winked his eye at us, as if he would have said: 'Now, what are you fellows up to, anyhow?'

"We had a lot of strong, flexible wire aboard and each of us had a coil of it over his arm. We each carried a pair of pincers, too. Then we started to work.

"We punched a small hole in the after part of the turtle's shell and fastened an end of wire in it and made the other end fast to the anchor chain. Then we stepped over to another turtle and repeated the operation. We soon had about a dozen turtles fastened in this manner.

"The fun then commenced. We fired off a small cannon we had stationed on the fo'-c'stle deck, and you should have seen the commotion. The sea was lashed to foam, and the big brutes scurried in all directions, tumbling over each other and darting about like mad.

"Our schooner was buffeted about and jolted like a freight car being coupled to a balky engine. But our turtles were tied. They could not escape, and soon we were forging ahead at a ten-knot clip.

"Well, sirs, in less than two days we had those turtles trained so that they would go wherever we wanted them. They would stop or drive ahead or sheer to port or starboard. We had rigged bits into their mouths, and had fish lines for reins. I did the driving, and rare sport it was, I tell you.

"So we bowled along until we reached St. Ambrose and there we came to anchor about a mile off shore. Two of the turtles were harnessed to a large, flat-bottomed lighter, and owing to the rapidity of the trips we loaded up our schooner in a very short time.

"Then we hoisted anchor and pointed for Callao. We reached there in seven days. It seemed too bad, but as we had no further use for our turtles we sold them to a marketman, who shipped them to San Francisco."

"But what did the turtles eat during all this time?" queried the inquisitive passenger.

"Eat!" replied the narrator with scorn, "Don't you know that turtles can go without food for weeks and months at a time? Why, when I was traveling up the Orinoco"——

At this point, however, the train pulled into the station, and "fifteen minutes for refreshments" interrupted all further discourse.—Chicago News.

Big Rings for Women.

The latest fashionable freak among women who are blessed with pretty hands is to wear an immense ring, like a Roman Catholic Bishop's, on the first finger of the right hand. It used to be considered the hight of vulgarity to place a ring on the index finger, but now this decoration is the dernier cri. The ring must be a superb one, and must not partake of the slender and graceful daintiness of the "Marquise" circle. It must be solid, big and respectably ecclesiastic in its appearance. The feminine mind, always desirous of presenting contrasted effects to poor humanity, sees the delicately sarcastic anomaly of a little, white, frivolous-looking hand wearing a big, aggressively solid sort of ring.—The Manufacturing Jeweler.

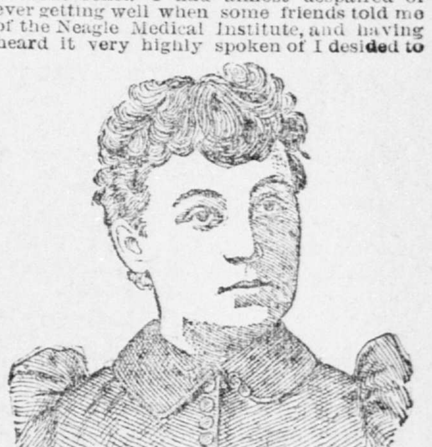
HOPE KILLS DESPAIR.

And Beautiful Results Surely Follow.

There is One Thing You Want Badly and Must Have.

Even If You Have Given Up Possessing It, This Will Give You Hope.

NEURALGIA AND NERVOUSNESS ARE fearfully prevalent. There is no more painful disease than neuralgia. It indicates a diseased state of nerves and blood, and the most terrible suffering is often present. As was the case of Miss Sadie Caskey of 308 S street, Sacramento, who says: I had been a severe sufferer for more than three years with neuralgia, rheumatism and nervousness. I had most distressing and frequent attacks of sickness, at which times I suffered a great deal. I had severe nausea and bloating of the stomach. My head and throat gave me great trouble. I suffered severely with nervousness. My appetite became poor. I lost flesh very decidedly. I was compelled to quit school and give up all my studies. I continued in a very low, bad condition for some time. Most of the time I was confined to bed. I had taken a long course of medical treatment from two doctors of Sacramento and had taken a great many remedies, but all without relief. I had almost despaired of ever getting well when some friends told me of the Neagle Medical Institute, and having heard it very highly spoken of I desided to



MISS SADIE CASKEY.

try it. I began taking treatment there and have improved very rapidly from the very first. My appetite is now good, I have regained my flesh, I am not despondent but lighthearted and cheerful and regard my case as permanently cured. I am thankful to God that I went to the Doctors of the Neagle Medical Institute. I am constantly recommending them and shall continue to. I advise everyone who is sick from any disease to go to them and I believe they will be cured.

NEAGLE MEDICAL INSTITUTE of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, located permanently at 724½ K street, Sacramento.

At a good restaurant you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF, as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen? Miss Maria Parloa tells you how.

100 of her recipes sent post-paid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. IT WILL CURE. COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

They turn Green at the ball and heel—even some of the best black stockings. Wash them with Pearline, and you'll have the black color restored. Does that look as though Pearline would "injure the clothes?"

Things like these, hundreds of them, all more or less important, make Pearline the best thing to wash with. Then, on top of that, it saves labor, saves rubbing, saves wear and tear, time and money.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as," or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. 433 JAMES PYLE, New York.

—SMOKE—
FRANCIS WILSON
Cuban Handmade Havana Cigar.
THE PARK 5c Cigar IS UNEQUALED.
ADAMS, BOOTH & CO., Agents.