

WILLIAM THE GREAT.
Foundation Stone of His Monument
Laid by His Grandson,
NOW THE RULER OF ALL GER-
MANY'S DOMAINS
The Health of the Empress Continues
to Improve—The Chamber of Com-
merce of Kiel Endeavoring to Lower
the Tariff on Vessels Passing
Through the North Sea Baltic Canal.

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—The foundation stone of the monument to Emperor William I. was laid today by his grandson, Emperor II, with the most imposing ceremonies. The former Schloss Frelhoft, where the monument is to be erected, was converted into a closed arena for the occupancy of the many guests who had been invited to attend the ceremony. Hugo galleries for privileged spectators flanked the north and south sides of the arena, while on the west side, which borders the river Spree, a high wooden board fence had been erected, draped with the German and Prussian colors. Four pillars surmounted by mighty golden eagles divided this draped walk into three spaces. Before the center space there was erected a spacious tent for the use of the Emperor. This tent was decorated with crimson velvet, lion heads, iron crosses and oak-leaf garlands.

From the Imperial tent a broad stairway descended to the spot where the stand was placed within a semi-circle of Venetian masts, connected with festoons of live oak. The whole tent was surrounded by soldiers, who kept the great crowds back from the grounds set apart for the use of the Emperor and his guests.

The weather was splendid. At an early hour the streets were alive with throngs of citizens and troops were marching to the place of the festival. All the infantry and cavalry regiments had their standards and decorated uniforms, and the artillery was also appropriately decorated.

A vast crowd surged along Unter Den Linden, all anxious to occupy the points of vantage from which they could view the ceremonies. Thousands of people from other cities were in Berlin, and from all parts of the empire and from other countries, notably America, could be observed everywhere. Strings of carriages passed along the streets, others, wearing military uniforms, while the lady occupants were seated in brilliant toilettes. Count Herbert Bismarck was much observed and was heartily greeted by those who recognized him.

At 7:30 o'clock the royal personages assembled in the pavilion of the Emperor, the Bundesrath and Reichstag, who had been invited to tap the stone. All had to wait for a considerable time the coming of the Emperor.

As his majesty emerged from the third gate of the palace he was greeted with a flourish of trumpets. As he came out and stood by the fountain, the Emperor Hohenzollern tendered to him an address, which his majesty read. After he had read a little time, the bells in the churches in the vicinity struck the hour of nine, and this drowned part of the text.

The text read: "In the name of the sovereigns and free citizens of the Empire, we lay the foundation stone of the memorial to Emperor William the Great, which was voted unanimously by the Reichstag. He to whom it was reserved to fight for the liberation of Germany from foreign oppression gave to the German tribes their long-yearned-for unity and a powerful position in the states of the world. He was the first to open the first road towards the principal furtherance of the interests of the working classes. May this monument ever look down on a happy and contented nation, if such be God's will."

Count Zerkowicz, the Davaian Minister at Berlin, then handed a trowel to the Emperor.

His majesty then threw a mortar into the bed of the stone, and was followed by Baron Baulvon Boreberg, President of the Reichstag, who made an address. In the course of his remarks he said:

"This monument will be an everlasting landmark that wherever German hearts beat one by the German tongues are spoken, gratitude to Emperor William I. will never vanish. May God's blessing be on your majesty's hopefully commenced rule."

He then handed a hammer to Emperor William, who said, amid the thunder of cannon as the stone was lowered into the place.

"To encourage the living, to the memory of the fallen and as an example to coming ages I dedicate this monument to the memory of Emperor William the Great."

As he spoke the words he tapped the stone with the hammer, after which it was also tapped by the Crown Prince of the Grand Duke of Baden, the President of the Bundesrath, the President of the Reichstag and others.

The Court Chamberlain then said the benediction, after which Chancellor von Hohenzollern called for three cheers for the Emperor. The first regiment of Foot Guards at Potsdam, after which he started to join the Empress at Wilhelmshoe.

To-morrow the Emperor will review on Tempelhof field the veterans of the Franco-Prussian war, and all offices, business and factories have agreed to give a holiday to such of their employees as served in that war. In every instance the employees receiving a holiday will be paid their wages, and some prominent firms will mark this occasion by presenting to the veterans in their employ gratuities varying from five to fifty marks.

It is stated that the Emperor is much vexed at the outbreak of Anglophobia in the German press, and especially as it occurred while he was actually absent in England. The prediction is ventured that he will take an early occasion to publicly denounce the outbreak, as it is generally considered that he and his grandmother, Queen Victoria, have again resumed their old cordiality.

The Emperor has invited the King of Saxony to attend the Berlin Exposition on September 23, Sedan day, and it is stated that the King intends to be present in memory of the part he took in the war of 1870.

The health of the Empress continues to improve, but she is not strong enough to share in the ceremonies. It is expected that she will make her first public appearance since her sickness at the dedication of the Emperor William I. Memorial Church, which takes place on September 1st. She will also attend the subsequent celebration in honor of the victories of the German army.

The Chamber of Commerce of Kiel have under discussion the winter tariff of the North Sea Baltic Canal, which was recently opened to the commerce of the world. The Chamber voted against a tariff as being likely to diminish the traffic that would otherwise pass through

the canal, and prepared an address to the Imperial Home Office to this effect. The President of the Chamber contended that the tariff was already too high, and that it was desirable to reduce the rates rather than to increase them.

Your correspondent had an interview with Mr. Dekey, the American Consul-General here, in the course of the interview Mr. Dekey stated the American newspaper man in Europe for missing the wedding of his niece, which took place in Venice. Mr. Dekey said it was one of the most poetic functions he had ever witnessed, and would have given unlimited opportunities for high-flown sentiment. The wedding was solemnized by the Archbishop in one of the chapels of St. Marks. The party arrived and departed in gaily decorated gondolas, entering the church by a side entrance near the Bridge of Sighs. The bride and bridegroom left the church in a white satin decked gondola, sitting beneath a cover of roses surmounted by a floral crown. After giving all the information concerning the wedding, Mr. Dekey said he was personally glad that newspaper men were absent, for he hated to have his own family doings pried into by reporters, especially female ones, who, he declared, were regular plagues.

The races at Baden for the championship of Europe were won by Spofford, the property of Marchese Berlinzoni. The American horses Eddie Hayer, H. H. H. and the Londoner ran three times, but did not get a place and were withdrawn from the contest.

American visitors at Hamburg have been basing at that place, and the first match game was played during the last week in a meadow adjoining the tennis court. The game excited much interest, many of the German visitors never having seen it played before.

The exports from Germany to the United States of the month of July and August, respectively of 1894. During the second quarter of 1894 the exports were valued at \$25,950 from the Berlin district alone. This is typical of many German manufactures which are being exported to the United States, and which are being sold at higher prices than the English goods were willing to pay.

REVIEWED BY THE EMPEROR.

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—At 1 o'clock this morning Emperor William reviewed the First Brigade of the Guards Infantry on the Moltke Platz, which faces the new palace in the Wild Park, the occasion being the sixtieth anniversary of his majesty's accession to the throne. He was accompanied by the Emperor and Empress, and the review was a most imposing one. The Emperor's review was a most imposing one. He was accompanied by the Emperor and Empress, and the review was a most imposing one.

A NEED OF THE AGE.

Pedestrians and Cyclists Should Come to a Better Understanding.

"Yes, riding a wheel is great sport, and a bicycle is a great convenience," remarked a young business man as he pumped away at the edge of the pavement, riding his wheel with a stammer.

"But before bicycling will ever become a success a meeting must be called for the purpose of allowing the pedestrian and the cyclist to arrive at some understanding. I am in favor of a convention or something of the sort."

"As it is now a rider comes down the street and sees ahead of him at a crossing a man or woman who is supposed to be engaged with reasonable intelligence. This person is in the act of crossing the street. He looks up, sees the rider coming, and stands still right in the middle of the street. Of course he is mentally calculating his chances for getting across safely. One can see the workings of his mind in the muscular contortions of his face.

"In the meantime the rider is getting closer and closer, and is in a deadly equal as profound as to what the person is going to do. The pedestrian takes a step forward, takes another glance up at the street, stops, starts back, makes an effort to reach the pavement, stops again, starts forward, stops."

"Of course, by this time the cyclist is almost at a standstill, and is also zigzagging from one side to the other, waiting and muttering. What he says depends upon whether he is a man or woman. The pedestrian seems to give up all possibility of escape, faces the rider, both arms extended, jumps from one foot to the other, and the two collide. The cyclist is thrown to the ground, his wheel twisted and he gets the blame.

Let us now see how this can be avoided. Let us have a pedestrian, instead of performing all these trying evolutions, merely walk along as though there were nothing but a handrail, keep his eyes on the cyclist, and if he wishes to do so, will turn his wheel to one side and slide past with perfect ease and safety. On the crossings let us have a bicycle, and though it is not a bicycle in the strict sense, the wheelman will judge his course accordingly. He has control of his wheel, and he will not attempt to ride as the other fellow. That's all we want. We merely ask that people walk along about their business, and we shall not molest them."

"In the case of a horse which is not readily managed, the rider or driver may be on the alert and skilled, and there may be a collision, but with a bicycle the rider has control, and if the pedestrian will only go along and not get rattled there will be no collision. This is what I want the people to know, and the only way it seems for them to learn this is to hold a convention or something."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

HINTS FOR KEEPING COOL.

It is very much as one looks at it whether one is to suffer or enjoy most during the summer. Frotting and fidgeting and violent fanning add to one's discomfort. To go right on with one's work, and neither think nor care for the heat, often enables one to forget it, and if the mind is held superior, the body does not so much mind being too warm or too cold. Some foolish people actually fume and fume themselves into fevers, when summer is raging in her hourly, rippling fruits and grains, and giving us her splendid skies and sunsets.

To keep the house cool in July, air it thoroughly in the early morning, then close the windows and screen doors, and darken bedrooms and parlors. A dark closed room will be comfortable at mid-day. Select a cool window, or a corner of the veranda, and carry your books and sewing there, or establish yourself under a tree. Eat cold dishes and rice fruits. Do not drink quantities of lead water. Do not let yourself be annoyed or vexed with any one. Bathe at least twice a day, and think pleasant thoughts.

A lawn party is charming for a late afternoon in summer. Invite your friends to come from 5 to 8 o'clock. Spread rugs on the grass, and bring out some small tables and rocking-chairs. For refreshments have lemon sherbet, sponge-cake, ice-cream, snow-pudding, lead tea or coffee, thin sandwiches, or anything else you like. Play lawn-tennis or croquet, or any other game you choose.—Harper's Round Table.

Women cyclists are becoming very numerous in Portugal.

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IN A HAREN.

An Englishwoman's Description of What She Saw.

Performances of Dancing Girls the Only Amusement—Everlasting Coffee and Cigarettes.

When I went out to Egypt a little more than eighteen months ago, it was with the determination to try and understand the harem lady. This I thought possible by making "calls" on certain pasha's wives whom I knew in and around Cairo, but I soon discovered, if I really was to know and understand the harem woman as she herself lived in the harem. Having come to this conclusion, I discussed the ways and means with a Turkish pasha of my acquaintance, who gave me the necessary introduction, and in less than a month I obtained the post of governess to four little children in the harem of one of the best-natured Egyptians in the interior of Egypt.

The word "harem," which has, to English ears, such an ominous sound, simply means in Arabic "females," or "women." I believe the original meaning was "residence," and in the case of a harem of women, as women, is considered highly improper. He must call them harem, the harem of a man, is therefore, the apartment set apart for the sole use of the women and their children. These are usually the whole of the first floor.

No man may enter but the husband, and sometimes certain of the male relatives; but I have known a case where the head of a harem would admit none of his male relatives, and the women of the harem usually consists of the wives, to the number of four; female slaves (which I speak of here), and female relatives of Lower Egypt. The slaves are the husband's property, and he may use them as concubines or not, as he wishes.

It is considered indecent for a lady to allow any one but her husband to see her hair, and unless for any to grow upon her face or body. If she does so, she respects herself, she wears a head-dress which hides the hair, and is by no means unbecoming. When out in the carriage she allows only the eyes to be seen.

The harem lady is bound to be, from her bringing up, of a low type. Her only education is the reading of the Koran, of some rich man that rich man, of course, being her legal husband. From babyhood she is taught certain exercises of her body, which to any unaccustomed European, are disgusting. She has no life outside of her bath, her body, the visits of her husband, and, in a very mild way, her children. For recreation a eunuch will take her for a drive, to call on another harem in the harem closed carriage, and for amusement a dancing girl will be brought into the harem, if the house is in mourning, a sheikh will chant the Koran in the men's quarters, when the women gather on the harem terrace to listen.

The room in which the dancing took place was a large entrance room in the harem, about seventy feet by sixty. On this room were the bedrooms. Each bedroom opened into this room, and there was no communication to the bedrooms except through this room. It was furnished in the usual Oriental style, heavy silk carpets and curtains, divans round the walls, floor cushions on the floor and a marble table in the center. The cushions or divans were covered with sent for, and with much clatter of shoes, would waddle into this room, removing their outer clothing. Coffee, cigarettes and cognac would be handed, then—the latter, as they say, to remove the veil of modesty from their eyes! We would sit on the divans, with our cigarettes and coffee in hand, and the slaves would fan us. An ex-dancing woman, who had grown too old to dance, would sit on a stool, with a walk, or drum, another would produce a most monotonous discord in excellent time on the kenekeh, a stringed instrument, while a third would play a sort of flute. The great point to each of them, so it seemed to me, was the time, which the performer on the darabukha seemed to have lost on the kenekeh. The latter had fairly warmed to their work, a Gizeaw would get up, and, with a cigarette in her mouth, begin to dance.

What she danced I like. It would be difficult for me to describe. A series of wriggles of the body to the time of the music, which begins slowly, gradually getting faster and faster, until it fairly tized, when the dancer suddenly throws herself on her back on a floor cushion, all the while wriggling to the music, which becomes slower till it stops. The dance usually lasts about half an hour, but I have seen one Gizeaw who kept it up for an hour and a half, only stopping to wipe the perspiration from her face. One of these exhibitions is quite enough to disgust any European woman, no matter how good natured she may be, even the dancing girls come to the harem, it is one of the duties of the governess to be present with her pupils, that the little girls may learn to imitate the movements.

Should one of the ladies be indisposed she remains in her room. A slave places her shawl on a chair, and she goes to her room, and she stays there. Then we would all go into her room, sit upon divans or floor cushions, drink the black cups of black coffee, and smoke the limited cigarettes, and discuss the good qualities of the patient in low tones. If she were suffering pain one of the ladies would say: "God, who sent it to you, help you to bear it!" When we would all respond: "By the prophet, your talk is good. Then another silence would be broken by someone remarking: "Suffering was made by God, all praise to his name! but it was meant for grains. But God also made death! Death is the fierer work of God. This latter saying was a very common one, and my pupils often made use of it to me if I had a toothache or headache. It was always quoted as though it were quite original.

The calm way they would leave the sick room, after assuring the occupant that "if she died the world would be a perfect blank to them," and then stolidly walk into the next room, and abuse her roundly, and with a ferocity which was horrible, rather than show any sympathy, and showed me how little real sympathy they had one with another. Their jealousy of one another was British in its intensity, and I sympathized with the young, to the eldest, too, their sense of logic was acute. Request one of these little darlings to do anything out of the ordinary routine, and he will at once say the logic for it. If you can give him a logical reason you may rest assured that that particular request will be obeyed without further comment.

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He Was One of the Lynchers.

They were unmistakable Westerners. The most unobtrusive visitor to the indignation-room at the Union Station last night before the Missouri Pacific train pulled out for Kansas City would have noticed that they sat side by side, the old man resting his hands on a bundle covered with a red bandanna, and the younger occupying his time scanning the faces that flitted in and out and away. Presently the young man spoke.

"Going far?" was his first question.

"Yes," the old man turned his head.

"West, no?"

"Oklahoma?"

"Queer, but that's where I'm bound for myself."

"Down on the Shakspeare River?" said the old man, as though continuing a sentence.

"Well, I'll be darned if I ain't going right there myself."

"I wonder in the rush of '93?" said the old man, interrogatively.

"Yes; I've a good claim. Got relatives down there yourself? I expect I know 'em if you have, as I reckon there ain't nary one in the country that Si Wilson don't know."

"No, I have no relative there now. I had one—my only son. He let his home over in Illinois, against his parents' wishes, to make the race for homesteads into the Cherokee strip in the fall of '93. After the race we heard nothing from him. Not a line. One day a letter came from the Sheriff of Arkansas City stating that my boy had been hung on the banks of the Shakspeare River. A letter from me was found in his coat pocket. A placard was placed upon his breast with the one word 'sonner' traced on it with mud. But my boy was no 'sonner.' It was a cowardly, murderous mob that hung him. Did you hear of that? Was it in your neighborhood?" suddenly

questioned the old farmer, as he looked Si Wilson full in the face.

Wilson had grown deathly pale; he did not reply. He seized his carpet bag and rushed out with the remark that he must catch his train. A reporter, who had overheard the conversation, followed and caught up with him, just as he was ordering a drink of whisky.

"Did you see that hanging?" asked the reporter.

"I was one of the lynchers," he said huskily, "but how I have suffered."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

American Navy in the War of 1812.

In the war of 1812, the little American Navy, including only a dozen frigates and sloops, won against the English, the most brilliant and undoubted success of the sea, a series of victories that attracted an attention altogether out of proportion to the force of the combats or the actual damage done. For 150 years the English ships of war had failed to find rivals in those of any other European power, although they had been matched against each in turn, and when the English navy of the nation, growing up across the Atlantic, did what no European navy had ever been able to do, with only the English and Americans, but the people of Continental Europe as well, regarded the feat as important out of all proportion to the material elements of the case. The Americans first proved that the English could be beaten at their own game on the sea. They did what the huge fleets of France, Spain and Holland had failed to do, and the great modern writers on naval warfare in Continental Europe, men like Juno, Gravina, have paid the same attention to these contests of frigates and sloops that they give to fleet actions of other wars.—The Cruise of the "Essex," by Theodore Roosevelt in St. Nicholas.

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