

the sense of an awakened civilization must certainly be pained at what had been discovered to it through the processes of its moral understanding.

We have not been able to give the voluminous critical reading, but content ourselves with presenting the quoted expressions above.

In "Susannah" Mary E. Mann has given us from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York, a charming novel that we anticipate will awaken unusual attention.

The "Bostonian" for May (83 Newbury street, Boston) is at hand. It is profusely and richly illustrated, and presents this appetizing list of choice and original papers: "Our Coast Defense," by Lieutenant James A. Frye; "An Old Puritan Chair," Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods; "Rambles in Stage-land," Althea Brownell; "The Salvation Army and the Volunteers," Benjamin A. Tarbell, D. D.; "The Insurrection in Cuba," Frank E. Coombs; "Home Surroundings of Ex-President Harrison and His Bride," Galvin L. Payne; "Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs," Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

The "Bond Record" for May (20 Nassau street, New York) is at hand. It is one of the most voluminous commercial and business publications in the world. Indeed, we doubt if there is any other quite so exhaustive and elaborate. Its contents, which embrace many sheets of diagrams, tables and illustrations, treat of these economic and financial topics: "The Territory of Alaska," Frederick Funston, late of Department of Agriculture; "The People's Money," Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, University of Chicago; "Currency Delusions," Alfred L. Ripley, Vice-President of National Hide and Leather Bank, Boston, Mass.; "Anthracite Coal" (III), William Griffith (with maps, charts and tables); "Perishable Character of Bills Discounted," William C. Cornwell, President of Bank Buffalo, N. Y.

The May number of the "American Journal of Sociology" (Chicago) has this table of contents: "Recent Legislation in Respect of Trade," Charles F. Beach, Jr.; "The American Industrial Mission," Charles R. Henderson; "Profit-Sharing in the United States," Paul Monroe; "The Michigan System of Child-Saving," C. D. Randall; "Distribution of the Sexes in the United States," Walter F. Willcox; "The Data of Sociology," Lester F. Ward; "Social Control," Theodore Aldrich; "Koss," "Christian Sociology," Shailer Rossie.

"Electric Power" for May (27 Thames street, New York) is its "historical" number. It is a fat number, freely illustrated and overflowing with information of the most valuable character, as this partial list of its papers will indicate: "Electrical Statistics," by Theodore Water; "The Relations of the Underwriter to the Electrical Engineer," by Captain William Brophy; "The Mothers of Eminent Electricians," by Max Loewenthal; "The Middle Age of Electric Lighting," by Ralph W. Pope; "Some Interesting Features," Investments in the Republic of Mexico," by A. A. Kilderson; "Systematic Treatise on Electrical Measurements," by Herschel C. Parker; "Systems of Units," by William Hallock, Ph. D.; "Storage Batteries," by Charles Blizard, and all the usual departments.

The "American Magazine of Civics" for May (68 Park Row, New York) is, indeed, a "journal of practical patriotism." Among its papers, and aside from its full editorial and news departments, are these: "National Currency and Hard Times," H. H. Trimble; "Does Maternity Preclude Politics?" Frances Fuller Victor; "The True Citizen," Egbert L. Briggs; "Finance and Its Influence Upon Industrial Progress" (II), Arthur Kitson; "The Struggle for Equal Suffrage in North Carolina," John S. Bassett; "A Cabinet Secretary of Labor," Morrison I. Swift; "The International Statesman," William B. Chisholm; "Are We a Nation of Rascals? A Rejoinder," Joseph Oker; "The Ethics of Single Tax," George Bernard; "New Commercial Alliances," Julian R. Elkins; "Qualifications of Citizenship," M. B. C. True; "True Individualism," W. E. Brokaw.

ment pictures, on a delightful tour of inspection. "Shakespeare's Authorship and Religion," are treated in the form of a dialogue by Hon. Ignatius Donnelly and Rev. John Conway, A. M. Joseph C. Duggan, in the "Revival of the Olympic Games." There are stories by Sara Trainer Smith, Edith May Norris and Mary C. Todd. Several short stories, poems, sketches and reviews fill out the number.

The "Bostonian" for May (83 Newbury street, Boston) is at hand. It is profusely and richly illustrated, and presents this appetizing list of choice and original papers: "Our Coast Defense," by Lieutenant James A. Frye; "An Old Puritan Chair," Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods; "Rambles in Stage-land," Althea Brownell; "The Salvation Army and the Volunteers," Benjamin A. Tarbell, D. D.; "The Insurrection in Cuba," Frank E. Coombs; "Home Surroundings of Ex-President Harrison and His Bride," Galvin L. Payne; "Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs," Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz.

The "Bond Record" for May (20 Nassau street, New York) is at hand. It is one of the most voluminous commercial and business publications in the world. Indeed, we doubt if there is any other quite so exhaustive and elaborate. Its contents, which embrace many sheets of diagrams, tables and illustrations, treat of these economic and financial topics: "The Territory of Alaska," Frederick Funston, late of Department of Agriculture; "The People's Money," Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, University of Chicago; "Currency Delusions," Alfred L. Ripley, Vice-President of National Hide and Leather Bank, Boston, Mass.; "Anthracite Coal" (III), William Griffith (with maps, charts and tables); "Perishable Character of Bills Discounted," William C. Cornwell, President of Bank Buffalo, N. Y.

The May number of the "American Journal of Sociology" (Chicago) has this table of contents: "Recent Legislation in Respect of Trade," Charles F. Beach, Jr.; "The American Industrial Mission," Charles R. Henderson; "Profit-Sharing in the United States," Paul Monroe; "The Michigan System of Child-Saving," C. D. Randall; "Distribution of the Sexes in the United States," Walter F. Willcox; "The Data of Sociology," Lester F. Ward; "Social Control," Theodore Aldrich; "Koss," "Christian Sociology," Shailer Rossie.

"Electric Power" for May (27 Thames street, New York) is its "historical" number. It is a fat number, freely illustrated and overflowing with information of the most valuable character, as this partial list of its papers will indicate: "Electrical Statistics," by Theodore Water; "The Relations of the Underwriter to the Electrical Engineer," by Captain William Brophy; "The Mothers of Eminent Electricians," by Max Loewenthal; "The Middle Age of Electric Lighting," by Ralph W. Pope; "Some Interesting Features," Investments in the Republic of Mexico," by A. A. Kilderson; "Systematic Treatise on Electrical Measurements," by Herschel C. Parker; "Systems of Units," by William Hallock, Ph. D.; "Storage Batteries," by Charles Blizard, and all the usual departments.

The "American Magazine of Civics" for May (68 Park Row, New York) is, indeed, a "journal of practical patriotism." Among its papers, and aside from its full editorial and news departments, are these: "National Currency and Hard Times," H. H. Trimble; "Does Maternity Preclude Politics?" Frances Fuller Victor; "The True Citizen," Egbert L. Briggs; "Finance and Its Influence Upon Industrial Progress" (II), Arthur Kitson; "The Struggle for Equal Suffrage in North Carolina," John S. Bassett; "A Cabinet Secretary of Labor," Morrison I. Swift; "The International Statesman," William B. Chisholm; "Are We a Nation of Rascals? A Rejoinder," Joseph Oker; "The Ethics of Single Tax," George Bernard; "New Commercial Alliances," Julian R. Elkins; "Qualifications of Citizenship," M. B. C. True; "True Individualism," W. E. Brokaw.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"To put the matter quite plainly, Polly, it has come to this: Your mother must go. Upon that point I am determined."

"Jack Hadley saw the tears come into his wife's eyes as he spoke, but it had taken him too long to screw himself up to his present attitude to be lightly shaken from it, now it was reached. He therefore pretended not to notice her tears, and went on:

"You see how things stand. It is just three years since I made up my mind and took you down to Boggor for the wedding trip we both enjoyed so much. When on our return from that all too short honeymoon your mother proposed to come and spend a little time with us. I made no objection at all to the proceeding, for as we were making a fresh start in life, the experience of an older hand an advantage to us and thought that you would be glad to avail yourself of a mother's help in your domestic concerns."

He paused momentarily, relieved at having thus far safely delivered himself of a speech he had spent much time in putting together. His wife remained silent and he continued:

"But when it came to months and your mother gave no indications of returning to the maternal abode, I began to wonder whether it might not be better for us both if we were left to ourselves, to make the attempt to walk alone. This I have delicately hinted to your parent on several occasions, but she has refused to take the hint, and now, as I say, it has come to this—she must be told to go. You see, your mother's not content to take a back seat like any other visitor. On the contrary, she keeps herself always in the front, and even affects to rule. If a new carpet is to be bought she chooses the material. When the rooms are to be papered it is she who selects the pattern. Even in preparing the daily dinner your mother's tastes and wishes always have the first consideration. I've had just about enough of it, so the thing must stop. As the old lady doesn't seem inclined to leave of her own free will, I have no alternative but she must be told in language that she can't misunderstand."

"Then you must tell her, for I cannot," sobbed Polly.

Jack had hoped that the task might be undertaken by his wife, who, with her womanly tact would, he thought, be able to manage the affair a little more skilfully than he could hope to do, but, having gone so far, he had no choice but to do it.

"Very well," he said, airily, "I'll tell her myself to-morrow, whatever the consequences may be."

"Mother-in-law," said Jack, the next morning, having found the opportunity, "I've got something particular to say affecting yourself."

The old lady adjusted her spectacles in a neat little simulation of surprise. "Affecting me?" she exclaimed. "Go on, my dear John, I'm all attention."

Jack screwed up his courage and went on:—"I've got to tell you that your daughter and I have been married three years."

"Three years!" broke in the old lady. "Dear me! How the time flies! It hardly seems three months! Well!" Jack didn't like that "Well," but he went on:—"It is three years, though, and you have lived with us all the time."

"Rather dingy." There was a little pause, and then the hopeful Jack broke out again: "I was passing Streeter's the other day—and what do you think I saw, Polly?"

"A silver service?" half-smiling in spite of her grief. "No, guess again." "Some gaudy for me to wear, I suppose, you crazy old Jack."

"A lovely diamond pin." "I don't care for it, I'm afraid." "But it is only \$100, and would suit you admirably."

"I dare say, Jack, but one must spend a lot of money in order to dress up to such a trinket as that."

"Well, a pretty silk gown, and there you are, Polly." "You might, also, add, bang goes another hundred for a silk dress."

"Which isn't a terrible amount. And how much prettier a pretty woman would look so trimmed out, eh?" coaxingly.

"You make me laugh, Jack, and you know I ought not to grieve, either. Death waits us all—and it should not be unwelcome—to the old. Now don't you fret about your mother, dear. And take care that all the funeral arrangements are done decently and in order. I would never have it rest on my head that the dear old creature wasn't comfortably carried to the grave. And Polly's the only child."

The last sentence wasn't intended for the ears of his wife, but Polly heard it, and again she smiled.

When the funeral was over, Jack hadley found himself one of a very small company gathered in a little room, the dear old creature's object in which was a fussy lawyer, seated at a table with two open documents spread out before him.

"This," said the man of law, coming at once to business, and holding up one of the papers, "is the last will and testament of Sarah Haslop, deceased. It bears date April 3, 1881."

"A week before she left us," murmured Jack, under his breath.

"And runs as follows," continued the lawyer:—"I hereby give and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hadley, and my daughter, Marianne, his wife, the sum of \$20,000, with power to use and employ the same for their mutual benefit."

"The dear old soul," ecstatically exclaimed Jack.

Only by an innate sense of propriety was he restrained from shying his hat at the ceiling in boyish glee.

whatever increases the action of the heart. One has just so many heartbeats to count on, and if for some time these are increased in number, the time is shortened. The heart is often hampered by too great a load of fat around it, and on this account the use of starchy and oily food is to be kept subject to the actual needs of the system, to be judged by each individual. Over-eating is a grave fault at any time, but far worse in old age; the effect of it is to excite the heart to irregular action, and it is better to restrain the appetite than to let it run to excess in anything. Lean meat, chicken, fish, rather weak tea, with cream (cream is the very best form of fat that can be taken) and fruit with bread—not the far too prevalent biscuit—and stale, is the best condition of it; few vegetables; no pie; a few drops of some good preparation of phosphoric acid in a glass of water will be the best drink, or it may be taken an hour before eating with benefit. Lastly, moderate walks abroad, or any light work in the garden or in the fields, but never to the extent of weariness, will greatly conduce to longevity along with all the preceding regulations for the sustenance of the best condition of health.—Country Gentleman.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN. "This political life is not all that it has been pictured."

The new woman sighed and laid aside her pen. "I must have Charlie's vote," she went on a minute later, "and Charlie says he must have me. Now, if I get his vote, he gets me, what have I gained politically?"

She rested her head on her hand and sighed again. "It looks to me," she said, "as if he would get back his vote with the office and me thrown in to make a better bargain. That may be politics, but it does not commend itself to my business judgment."

She knitted her brows and scowled at the political circular that she had been preparing. "If I refuse to accept his terms," she continued, "he will swing the ward against me, and then what will I have? Nothing. Not even a husband. I must give myself, including the office, in order to gain the office, and if I don't, I am stranded in both politics and love. I don't see where my victory is coming in."

She threw the circular into the waste basket and prepared to write a new one. "On the other hand," she said, suddenly stopping her work, "if I accept Charlie's terms I shall give mortal offence to Will, and Will has a strong quill in the other end of the ward. Will is a nice fellow, too, but if Tom only controlled a ward or two I think I'd—"

She shook her head at the very thought. "No, Tom doesn't amount to anything politically," she argued with herself. "If I were not a new woman I might—I wish I wasn't a new woman. I don't see what good it does me to be one, when there are such drawbacks. I don't believe I will be one any longer."

She tore up the second circular, decided to let the country go to the bow-windows as far as she was concerned, and accepted Tom's invitation to go to the theater.—Chicago Post.

Mary Stuart was not exactly cross-eyed, but one eye was much more crossed than the other, thus producing the effect of a slight cross or cast in her vision.

MOTHER. Life is over. Death is sweet. Lay the lilies at her feet. Meet her rest upon her bier, She who walked among them here. Gently fold her wasted hands, Smooth the hair in silver bands O'er the brow where lines of care Time has wrought so gently fair. Calm and still, no wild alarm Stir to heart whose sweetest charm Lies beneath the churchyard sod, She has known the widow's God. Weary grew her eyes and dim, Mourning day by day for him, While she watched and waited long For the angels' greeting song. Oft when worn with grief and pain, Could we feel her touch again; It would calm the aching brow; But no sign she heeded then. When we sink in death's last sleep, Other eyes the watch must keep, O'er her children's dreamless bed, Other eyes the tears must shed. But we could not call her back, Still to tread life's dusty track, She hath done her life work well, Let the ly petals tell. Mansfield, O. —By M. B. M.

The Doctor's Examination.



When did your sickness commence? A year ago, doctor. Did you first take with a cold and pain in the back? Yes, doctor. Do you rest well night or day? No, doctor. Do you drink a great deal? Yes, doctor, I am thirsty all the time. On the least exertion are you easily exhausted? Yes, doctor. Have you lost much flesh? Yes, doctor. Your appetite is very poor and the smell of your food nauseates you? Yes, doctor. Have you noticed swelling or bloating of face or limbs? Yes, doctor.

Your disease is located in the kidneys, due to an accumulation of irritating poison from the blood. Your kidneys are inactive. What you need is a mild kidney stimulant and these rebuilders. It will be necessary for you to take this remedy regularly and according to directions. I will give you a prescription.

For Mr. JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA. M. Sig. Two teaspoonfuls three (3) times a day. When bowels and kidneys are active take one teaspoonful.

\$1 50 All Postmasters Are Agents. \$1 50

THE WEEKLY UNION

Containing All the News of the 7-day Record-Union.

HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION

Of Any Paper on the Pacific Slope.

Its readers being found in every town and hamlet, with a constantly increasing list in the Eastern States and Europe.

Special attention paid to the publication of truthful statements of the resources of California and the entire coast, best methods of agriculture, fruit and vine growing.

Daily Record-Union, one \$6 00 year. The Weekly Union, one \$1 50 year.

ADDRESS Sacramento Publishing Company, Sacramento.

12 PAGES. 84 COLUMNS. YEAR

A 'POSSUM SONG.

Jis lissen, niggahs, lissen; Ise gwine to sing 'bout 'em sweet An' 'it not monstrous long. Ise gwine to sing 'bout 'em sweet, An' some yer Yaller Loo. An' mention dem big Georgy yams, Fur dey is yaller, too. Den hear me; Oh, hear me, Fur me an' Loo is livin' Away up in de sky. When I comes in fum huntin', An' brings dat fat-tail bass, Den Loo is happy 'bout 'em gal, Senck Knee-bud-neezers' feet. She tek 'em Mistoo 'Possum, 'Til she gwine to sing 'bout 'em sweet, An' some yer Yaller Loo. An' mention dem big Georgy yams, Fur dey is yaller, too. Way 'long too-wads nex' evagin', 'Bout early can't night, You niggahs all 'bout 'em 'round 'A smelly fur a bite. Kase Yaller Loo's done roas' 'im 'Til wid dem sweet 'till deams, An' basted him, mer honey, Wid de essence er de hams. You's monstrous friendly wid 'em, Kase he's persuadin' sho. But you has to senck 'em, tho' de chinks, Fur 'is is shet de do. When Loo an' me's done wid 'im, Den he gwine to sing 'bout 'em sweet, Den tek de lassy, niggah, Fur de lassy niggah, niggah. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Not From Syracuse.

I was standing in front of the New York 'Times' building the other day when a man walked up to me and said: "I may be mistaken, but ain't you James Brown of Syracuse?" I looked him over and sized him up for some sort of a beat and replied in the negative. "So you are not Brown, eh?" "No, sir." "Don't live in Syracuse?" "No, sir." He expected I would give him my name, but I didn't. Ten minutes later, just as I had crossed Broadway, a man touched my arm and said: "Excuse me, but I have a favor to ask." "Well?" "I'm dead broke and want half a dollar to get over to Paterson." "But what have I to do with that?" "Why, we are acquaintances from the same town and I thought you might be willing to help me a bit." "How acquaintances? What town am I from and what's my name?" "Well, your name isn't Brown and you are not from Syracuse," he replied. Just then I caught sight of the man who had addressed me on "The Spirit of Frederick Lightfoot." "Lights and Shades of Life Insurance," by Hon. C. Linehan, Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, presents the arguments in favor of safe methods of insurance. The Rambler, by Arthur Inkersley, takes the reader, by means of chatty paragraphs and per-