



How dear to my heart are some things of my boyhood Which my garret collection presents to my view, And there I behold the old wheel of my joyhood— The first safety cycle that ever I knew.

Of course it was not very pretty for beauty, But a poem on wheels was this old thing to me, And I thought it a roadster that did its whole duty (In a way that would make you all laugh now to see), You could tell it down street half a mile by its rattle, And that was the reason it needed no bell, But, ah, on the track it won often a battle, And a mile in 2:50 brought many a yell.

Of course you will see it was never half-hearing, And the labor was something herculean and vast, Promoting profuse perspiration un-sparing, And it didn't go much on its shape—very fast, There was nothing at all about it pneumatic, But it took lots of wind just to make its pace tell, And each spin I would take was a journey ecstatic.

For I rode with head high on this wheel I loved well, This rusty old safety, this unplated safety, This dangerous safety that once pleased me well, It is long laid aside, for the tide of improvement Has since passed it by, I'm not sorry to state, For the world has a wheel of a different movement, Whose quality's far in advance of the late, None other comes near it, its riders revere it, 'Tis the light of high grade and exceedingly swell; Its grace, style and beauty to all men endear it, My charming new safety I now love so well, My light-running safety, my perfect new safety, My wonderful safety that pleases me well.

There seems to be need of considerable repetition regarding the "rule of the road" as it applies to riders of the bicycle. It is, of course, the same for them as for those who drive or walk, but its requirements are frequently violated. When meeting a vehicle coming towards her a cyclist should turn out to the right, and when passing one going in the same direction as herself, to the left. If this simple formula were strictly and universally adhered to, a large proportion of the trouble which occurs on the road would be obviated. It is most often disregarded in the case where the rider has to pass a carriage or another wheel going in the same direction.

There frequently seems to be plenty of room to shoot by on the right side, but it ought to be remembered that the vehicle ahead has the first claim to that side of the road, and would have to move in closer to it if crowded by anything coming the other way. Then the erring rider would be caught in a "pocket," and might have serious reason to regret the attempt at unlawful passing. When two cyclists riding together wish to go by a wagon ahead, they will sometimes separate, one passing on either side of the vehicle. This is always wrong, and extremely inconsiderate of the driver, besides being likely to frighten the horse; and if he shies, one rider or the other is bound to be hurt.

There is one important point to be looked out for in passing from behind, and that is to watch carefully for anything coming in the opposite direction. Under such circumstances it is often impossible to avoid a collision, or at the least a fall for the innocent rider following, who swerves violently to one side to avert disaster. If a vehicle drawn by horses should be coming close behind, there is danger of the thoughtless driver turning back over—Harpers' Bazar.

William Ingram, of Schaw, Ingram, Batcher & Co. of Sacramento has

Just returned from a trip by wheel through Tuolumne and Stanislaus Counties. He visited Sonora, Jamestown, Chinese Camp, Coulterville, Knight's Ferry and other towns in that section.

Sonora and Jamestown, he says, are enjoying quite a mining boom, and times are prosperous there. Mr. Ingram is becoming a great wheelman. He has covered perhaps nearly three thousand miles this year, chiefly through the northern counties, and has traveled over some very rough roads—roads that would paralyze the average bitumen pavement scorch—but he says the roads he struck down in the southern mines are the worst he ever encountered. All along the Coulterville road he found bicycle tourists from San Francisco, San Jose and other cities mending their wheels and punctured tires, and he gave them some good advice. The great mistake made by most city tourists is to ride with well-inflated tires. This, Mr. Ingram says, he has found will not do where the roads are covered with sharp stones. The hard passes, where the stones with much less danger. He astonished the city experts by riding at good speed over rocky roads where the others had to go afoot and lead their wheels.

The bicycle brake question is one that will not do down. There are many indications that it is dying out interest is renewed owing to an impetus received from an accident, more or less serious. "A brake," says an old rider, "is like a pistol. You may not need one for a lifetime, but if you do, you need one very badly. Personally, I like a brake on my wheels, and I wish the laws demanded that a brake should be affixed to every wheel. We are going to have a great many accidents this summer, and I believe that if some of the men who are paying so much attention to bicycle politics would give some of their time to the agitation of sensible regulations for riders they would be accomplishing some genuine good. The rights of bicycle riders have been discussed so much that the rights of pedestrians have been several times lost sight of."

The brake problem has apparently been solved by E. M. Graham of the Golden Eagle Hotel in Sacramento. It is an adaptation of the roller-brake to foot use. The "shoe" is clamped to front forks, just over the tire, and attached to it is a hard-rubber roller. The latter is pressed down upon the wheel by the toe of the rider, and when released springs back to its place, clear of the tire. The roller prevents chafing and wear of the rubber tire.

If you are a woman it is your bounden duty to call down blessings upon the head of him who first made a wheel which a woman could ride. It was a great day—a white day for the sex and the race—when woman mastered the graceful art of riding, for by the wheel she has reached many things most desirable. From the makers and sellers of wheels comes the good news that the output of wheels for women this year will be not only greatly in excess of any past year, but more wheels will be made than for men. The news is good news, because of its cheering significance. It means that many women will be more in the open air and sunshine than ever before in their lives; it means that their flabby muscles will grow firm and strong, their eyes bright and quick, that their cheeks will lose their sickly cast and will glow with life—in short, that the thousands of women who ride will become healthy creatures in mind and body. And every improvement thus made in personal health means a corresponding gain in public health, so that we are all better for every wheel sold to a woman—Womankind.

Some of the newspaper editors are recommending the cycle scorcher to wait till he gets out on to the country roads before he goes to scorching. A narrow path by a country roadside is no place for scorching. It is too dangerous for both scorchers and pedestrians. There's no room for the scorchers anywhere except on the race track. No one wants him elsewhere. The scorchers must go.

A "bicycle bang" has been invented for those whose hair has grown limp and straight under the influence of the heat and wind until their dearest friends would describe them as "perfect frights." It is simply a fringe of hair to be plumed to the wearer's own "crowning glory" and it has been so treated by chemists that it will remain curled on the hottest day or even in a fog.

"What kind of a wheel are you going to get?" "To tell you the truth I haven't decided; there are now over 2,000 'best makes' to choose from, and each of your friends goes the other one better, when he is telling you how much better the make he rides is than any other best make made."—Brooklyn Life.

She—Just look, dear, I bought 200 papers of tacks for fifty cents. He—What in thunder did you do that for? They are cheap enough, but what are we to do with 200 papers of tacks? She—Why—ah—oh! Maybe some day somebody won't like to walk by a bicycle—Indianapolis Journal.

In summing up an interesting article on the question whether bicycling is good for girls, the "Medical Press" says: "It is certain that thousands and thousands of girls and women are now in the enjoyment of better health, in consequence of bicycle riding, than they have ever known before in their lives, and so far there is practically no direct or indirect evidence to show that this benefit has been obtained at any sacrifice to their well-being."

Take a can six inches in diameter and three inches deep, coil chain and place in, pour in gasoline to cover chain; put on a tight-fitting cover and shake it for a few minutes. Pour off gasoline and repeat once. In five minutes this

can will clean any chain perfectly. Oil well and work it in; now wipe dry and put on graphite, and the chain will run smoothly.

"What is the charge, your honor?" "What is the charge?" said the judge. "You rode your wheel too rapidly—'Tis scorching, miss," said he. "Your honor, I'm from Boston!" She said, and stamped her toe; "The Beantown girls can't scorch, sir. They are too cold, you know."

A man in New York wants to trade a cemetery lot for a bicycle. He has no takers as yet. Perhaps after a while the bicycle makers may offer with every wheel sold, as an inducement to purchasers, a cemetery lot and the attendance of a physician—Bridgport Post.

De Pine—Yes, young Slimpurse asked for my daughter. I told him that whenever he could come to me with \$20,000 of his own—he could claim her hand. De Clay—Ha, ha! Good joke! "Two weeks ago he opened a bicycle repair shop and he has the repairs required amount. The invitations will be out to-morrow."

One great moral influence not yet credited to the bicycle is indicated in the fact that horses are now so cheap in the West that horse stealing is no longer worth while, and that species of crime has practically disappeared.

The wife of Senator-elect Foraker of Ohio and her three daughters are enthusiasts on the bicycle. They will take their wheels with them to Washington when the Senator's official term begins.

Mars—So you have taken to the bicycle, eh? How do you get on? Bars—Oh, I can do that well enough; it's only the suddenness of my getting off that worries me.—Town Topics.

The bicycle is knocking out the horse, even in the estimation of Indians. Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce chief, a few days ago in Marion County, Or., traded thirty horses for a bicycle.

Tom—Why have Dick and Grace quarreled? Hazel—They are both learning to ride the bicycle, and last week they met each other in the park. She tried to bow to him, and he tried to raise his hat, and each blames the other for the result.

"You were a cyclist?" "Yes," said the man. "And a scorcher who made the pace?" "That saves me trouble"; then Peter said, "Scorchers—the other place."

There is but one scarlet bicycle in London, and Sir John Lubbock, Vice-President of the Council, the Minister for Education, rides it. Archbishop Walsh of Dublin also rides a wheel.

Count Tolstoy, who went among the bicyclists last year, aged 67, recently applied in Moscow for the permit which wheelmen need who wish to ride within the city lines.

"Poor Dick is gone! He was a devoted cyclist, wasn't he?" "Yes, indeed! He left a will stating that he was to be cremated and used to help out on our new cipher path."

In cleaning a machine care should be taken not to scratch it. The best way to remove dry mud or dirt is to use an oiled rag or cotton waste.

It is remarked that few positions make a husband appear so loyal to his wife as when following her on a bicycle when—Merriden Journal.

A cyclist in Bedfordshire, England, had his machine shattered under him by lightning, while he escaped unhurt.

A Georgia man has been arrested for carrying whisky in the tires of his bicycle.—Merriden Journal-Courier.

An inscription has been put on the Matterhorn reading: "Notice. This hill is dangerous for bicycles."

It is reported that ten tandems have been sold in 1896 for every one sold in 1895.

VALUE OF GAME. The value of game is becoming apparent more and more. Until recently little or no attention was paid to the amount of game killed and shipped out of a State, and the capturing of wild game in one State to stock depleted covers in another was not regarded as with insulting against. Recently, however, a number of States have awakened to the idea that market hunting and the trapping of game to be shipped out of the State is like killing the proverbial goose which laid eggs of gold.

It is pleasing to see the efforts of the East restocked by the introduction of birds from the West and South, but there is no good reason why the depleted covers of a new country should be sacked to restore the covers which have been brought to a condition of barrenness by improvident people and the ravages of the market hunter. The game of some States in the West and South is in every way as valuable as a mine of mineral. To-day it is valuable; each additional year, as the country increases in population, it will be more valuable, and its greatest value is in bringing to these States the sportsmen who hunt it legitimately. This the natives of many Southern and Western States now recognize.

We have recently seen an illustration of the value of live game to a State in the law of the State of North Carolina governing the transportation of quail or partridge, and the efforts of the transportation companies to enforce the law. The law says: "No person shall export or transport from the State any quail or partridge, whether dead or alive, and any person violating this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding \$50 or imprisonment not more than thirty days for each offense." Both the Atlantic Coast line and the southern express companies have issued circulars to agents, and ordered that under no circumstances is the law to be violated.

The North Carolina law, with efforts of the transportation companies and many of the natives to secure its enforcement, is likely to check the filling of large orders for live birds which we learn have been sent there.

These measures, we think, are steps in the right direction, and will undoubtedly result in considerable increase of birds in their native covers, where they are likely to thrive best. The market hunter will be curbed and the citizens of the State will be benefited. Under the new order of things the market hunter will place a much larger sum of money, which will be distributed among a far greater number of people.—Shooting and Fishing.

OUR HOME WHEELMEN WON.

The Fifty-Mile Relay Race With the Stockton Terminals.

Four Thousand People Witness an Exciting Contest at Agricultural Park.

It was a very happy thought on the part of the Capital City Wheelmen to get up the wheel entertainment at Agricultural Park for the afternoon of the "Fourth." It afforded nearly 5,000 people a most enjoyable and profitable day. A representative company of good humored, happy, genial people who assembled to see the Capital City Wheelmen go against the Terminal City Wheelmen of Stockton.

The race was a most interesting assembly of a racecourse. It was there to witness a contest in athletics, a struggle between human intelligences, not between driven dumb beasts. It was a fine contest that the people saw, one in which there was nothing but fair play, gentlemanly behavior, honest contest and fair skill, and the very best of feeling.

There was present a large delegation of Stocktonians to see their wheelmen go, and the fine spirit with which they accepted defeat made every Sacramento rider who saw the contest and honor them. As one of the Capital City Wheelmen said, "It is indeed, an honor to contest with such splendid fellows. It would be an honor to meet them even in defeat."

The fifty-mile relay race was a hot and exciting one from start to finish, and was won by the Sacramento wheelmen with a margin of a mile and a quarter to spare.

Each club was represented by ten men, with that number of five-mile relays. So intense was the interest of the spectators that the race did not until the last man had crossed the tape.

The referee was Al Krumb; judges—Scott F. Ennis, E. Adams and W. H. Stone; timers—George H. Lavenson, E. H. McKee, J. A. Woodson; starter—Ernest Elliott; scorers—T. Goethe, M. Lavenson and F. A. Lyle; O. Higelow, A. W. Castner and J. Rothschild; Capital City Racing Committee—F. T. Dwyer, L. S. Upson and L. T. Andrews. The whole affair was managed without a hitch or a word of disagreement, and without a single bit of friction.

The entertainment opened with a mile wheel dash between three Chinese riders, who came upon the track in good form and with good appearance. They were Chin Koy, Fong Long and Du Hing. They got a good start and went the mile well, Du Hing leading, but being soon overtaken by Fong Long, who was followed by Chin Koy. The latter came to the tape an easy winner in 2:41 2-5.

Then came the fifty-mile relay race between the two clubs. The riders were ranged up, photographed and cheered to the echo by their admirers. Ed. Fisher of Stockton and Robert Smith of the Capital City Wheelmen started on the first relay. Smith led splendidly at a rattling gait, with Bauer and Pierson on the tandem pacing, until on the backstretch he was seen to falter and then slow down, while Fisher shot ahead and took the tandem.

Instantly racers started to help Smith out. His chain had broken, but in a few seconds he was remounted, and though a half-mile behind he gallantly closed up all that could be saved of the loss. The five miles were covered in 14 minutes, the Stockton man taking the relay. The best mile of the heat was the first, made in 2:33. Smith's time was 14:27.

The second five-mile relay was taken up without the break of a second. Thomas Welch swung into Smith's place for Sacramento, and Otto Saalbach took up the lead Fisher of Stockton had gained. It was impossible for the Sacramento lead to wrest the bout from Stockton, however, though he was cheered and urged by a thousand excited people. The five miles were made in 13:40, to Stockton's credit, Saalbach leading in every mile. The best mile was 2:32 4-5.

The third relay was snatched up by Stockton by Ole Christensen, and for Sacramento by Louis Payen. It was the most exciting of all the relays, though not the best, for while Stockton took the first two miles, Payen in the third collared his adversary and went to the fore with four thousand or more throats cheering to the echo, while the Sacramento men on the quarter-track fairly danced and roared with excitement. The heat was made in 13:51, won by Payen—the best mile was Christensen's, 2:40 3-5, Payen's best being 3 minutes flat.

The fourth relay was between W. A. Healey for Sacramento, and Arthur Healey for the Stockton City. It was a lively race, with Hubert leading and taking the first mile in 2:45, but that was his best. The second was made in 3:04 1-5, and the third in 3:01 1-5. Then Healey went to the front and kept the pace to the end, winning the relay by less than a foot. His best mile was 3:02 2-5, and the five miles were made in 15:17. The finish between Hubert and Healey was the closest and most exciting of all. They never raced until the last quarter of the last mile was reached, and from there to the tape it was nip and tuck.

The fifth five-mile contest was between Al Thorpe of Stockton and Walter Leitch of Sacramento. Leitch took the first, fourth and fifth miles. The heat was run in 15:55, and the best mile was Leitch's, the last, in 2:39. It was now quite apparent that unless some mishap befell Sacramento would win out.

The sixth relay was by Harry Ten Bosch for Sacramento and Butler for Stockton. The former took the first and last miles only, but his lead was fine. Ten Bosch made his first mile in 2:50 and his last in 3:01. Butler's best mile was 3:01 1-5, and the five miles were made in 14:52.

The seventh relay was by C. P. Wilson for Sacramento and C. T. Trethewey for Stockton. Wilson took all the miles in this relay, his best time being the first mile in 2:35. He finished in 2:48 1-5. The time for the five miles was 13:40. The eighth pick up was handsomely made by Glet for Stockton, and just as evenly and rapidly by Jake Hirsch for Sacramento. Hirsch took all the miles, his best one being the first, in 2:33 3-5. He finished in 2:45 1-5. Time of the relay, 13:51.

his level best to overhaul the Capital City Wheelmen's Captain, but it was useless. Readman passed ahead like a rocket and left his gallant opponent on the last relay to the rear, before the heat was half over, and finished in 13:23, his best time being his last mile, 2:37.

The cheers were thunderous when Readman was rushed off to the sweat-house to be rubbed down, and the roar followed him clear out of the track. Lester Young, the favorite, came on for the last relay to the rear, amid cheers and applause, and Joe Maloy for Stockton got a round, too, for the plucky manner in which he started off after his man came up, by which time Young was away off towards the mountains. Maloy made a noble effort to overhaul him, and did lessen Stockton's loss considerably. On the second mile Young was fully 1/4 mile ahead, but Maloy brought it down to about a mile. The heat closed in Sacramento's grasp in 13:17 1-5.

Young's best mile was his first, 2:25, and Maloy's was 2:31. The finish by Young was a splendid spurt and won him rounds of applause. Sacramento thus won the race nicely, the relay timer giving the total for the race as 2:22 37 1-5. But the timers for the relay heats gave the figures stated above, and these added make the fifty miles wheeled in 2:21 5/8, a material discrepancy where fractions were so frequently stopped off. The timers' miles, by addition within a very few seconds of that of the full race time given officially, namely, 2:22 45.

The Stockton rider on the last mile came in 3:22 2-5 better than he had in any other mile, which the Slough City lost the contest. To-day the Capital City Wheelmen will take their guests, the Stockton relay riders, their friends attending them, the Terminal City Juniors, and the Lincoln Wheelmen to Patterson's Grove for a picnic this morning. The run will be for the Folsom wheelway from the clubrooms, at 9 a. m. sharp. The Capital City urge all their members to attend. The picnic will be confined to club members, their ladies, and the guests of the day.

For the "Record-Union." TO HESITATING AMERICA. O, land, whose governor is sweet liberty! Whose boast, is honor, and whose pride is truth!

How art thou leveled in disgraceful length In the black dust of inconsistency, Thou, that of old, didst claim thy sovereignty, And from the sovereign who oppressed thee, wrenched The right to govern, and with strong hand, didst clutch Round freedom's ensign, vowed thy eternal free!

Now to sit soles; or still worse, to let Thy servants daily with most tedious talks, While struggling Cuba's blood-red sun doth set, And Cuba's patriots fall like their own stalks! Thou, that wast once so placed in struggling lanes, And just rebellion 'gainst dark tyranny! Hast thou no heart? O shame, my country, shame!

Neglect to act will damn thee eternally. But if they conquer (and may all the stars Of right and justice lend their strongest charms; Valor be theirs, and fortune attend their arms!) And wakened, yet strong, they issue from their wars, To face the world imbeautied by their scars, Armored and weaponed for that world's alarms, Head and strong to parry ensuing harms— How wilt thou feel, that feared Spain's trifling bars?

Perchance—Ah, yes! the hand thou fearedst With kindness 'nt, to help their struggling cause, Thou'lt freely offer, seeing they win and live, And are triumphant in God's righteous laws, Perchance, indeed, thou'lt smile and look benign— Craven's bravos! And thy stars still shine!

But if they fall—if loathsome tyranny So thinly masked behind the name of Spain, Doth lead the victory—doth once more enchain A noble people to ignoble slavery— And doth close by, with eyes that plainly see, With the gloom hand and understanding brain, The boasted guardian of oppressed dominion, Why shouldn't God wreak vengeance on thee?

And blast thy beauty, as within the Isle Best named "Misfortune," tho' as Cuba known, Beauty be blasted in the iron smile Of brutal hell, and such as hell-brutes own— Shame, goddess Spain! Shame for thy grievous err— And shame, thrice shame, thou land that suffers her! —ELWIN IRVING HOFFMAN.

Jacob Heintz's Funeral. The funeral of the late Jacob Heintz will take place at 2 p. m. to-day from the undertaking parlors of George H. Clark, 1017 Fourth street.

He Was Mistaken. Magistrate (to elderly witness)—Your age, madam? Witness—Thirty. "Thirty what?" "Years." "Thanks. I thought it might be months."—Texas Sifter.

Know What He Wanted. Young Gent—Um—er—do you ever take back goods and—return the money? Jeweler—No, sir; but if you have an engagement ring I'll melt it up for you and pay for the gold.—New York Weekly.

The Wrong Kind. Boy Customer—I want to look at some socks. Clerk—Fast colors? "No, blame it! I am a messenger boy."—Bay City Chat.

Its Value. "You have some very valuable property I believe," said the tall man, coldly. The little man looked at him sharply. "That depends," he said. "Depends on what?" "On whether you want to buy it or assess it."—Chicago Post.

He picked the bonnet up in haste, Knowing he had no time to waste; And ran from store to home—a mile— For fear it would go out of style. —Truth.

What They All Say. "You have a small foot, Marie." "Oh, no; I have on fives, but of course I can wear threes; and in gloves my size is sixes, but I generally get sevens."—Chicago Record.

Midst all these joyous lays of spring, 'Tis proper here to beg, You'll not overlook the humble hen Who lays the Easter egg. —Washington Star.

In a Bad Fix. "Dawson is in a dreadful dilemma, poor fellow!" "He snores so loudly he can't sleep." —Tit-Bits.

Sitting close up to the heater is he, In expectancy holding his breath; And the heater does nothing but gurgle with glee As it watches him freezing to death. —Washington Star.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

The Bushmen, the Hottentots and the Bantus or Kafirs.

Three Races That Inhabit the Country—The Kafirs Much Above the Level of the Others.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town, in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships sailing to the East, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of South Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion, and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers, and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and Northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Maniacland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments, and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly inferior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but were quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing grounds, but largely, also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population of Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malays and West Coast negroes, the descendants of slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange River, and beyond it in Namaland, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning "people") by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally "one who denies"). It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to the South Africans, but to other heathen; as for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush Mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—all all East Africa from the regions of the Upper Nile southward.

Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a Gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have the woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion, except in a sort of magic, and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine men, often powerful as the denouncers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually, they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa.—By James Bryce, in the "Century."

Don't ape the silly busy bee— His rashness can't be beat; He stores up honey, as you see, Which other people eat. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

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