

Cool Reflections.

When one has run rapidly across France, over Switzerland, down the Rhine, and into the pretty capital of Belgium, his face turning to London, he ought to have some notes on the margin of his memory. There should be comparisons of the new with the old, the British with the Continental, or if his home be in the newer continent of the West, of both the cur and the right of the United States. At least one ought, at such a stage, to consider how much or how little he has increased his knowledge of the people whose lands he has traversed, and whether he be, if not a sadder, a wiser man.

His reflections, indeed, may be a little like the Brussels lace which invites his attention as he walks the clean streets of the city. For it is that costly fabric, as one sees it in use, limited in quantity, not now-looking of more interest and value to the possessor than to any one else, and commonly requiring an expert to point out its beauties and assert its worth! All which characteristics may be memoranda now to be set down, and which, under the title of "Brussels lace," but for raising expectations among lady readers, and falling to realize them.

In Venice one's mind is turned everywhere to mosquitos. They glitter in golden hue on the wall of church and palace. They employ in the modern and cheaper form a multitude of hands, by whose skill the glass imitations are brought into the reach of any one who can afford a dollar in a toy-shop. And what a mosquito is an American life! So one must have died three or four times by the process through European lands. In one street may be seen, for example, names not unknown in the United States—Evarts, Cornell, and Vandepool. If we are responsible for a sign, "all kinds of American drinks sold here," we are indebted to much of the skill and taste laid in arranging our store windows to Brussels and to Paris. Indeed there is no beauty of the Anglo-Saxon race with so little need to travel as that which is settled in the United States. Germany is represented among us most favorably. "The German improves by emigration." He does not talk so loudly by any means in New York as in the Fatherland. "One has not to go in America to see the 'Weinhandlung' and the 'Cigarren,' and, better still, the industry and plucking which make Germany so perfect. We have fine specimens of Switzerland, and of Holland; and Italy is sending us her children, let us hope to be directed of the features that render them typical Italians. It will be no mean triumph for American institutions if, under them, these diverse races blend into one harmonious whole, with all the

of the evil of the present world, like an original American product. But we see the "waffles" in Philadelphia, their goodness enhanced by the thought that the idea was all our own. But when, all along the Rhine, the water gives you, with your ice, an attenuated, rectangular, elegant, unsatisfying cake, its name embossed on its side, "de-wa-fel," you have to surrender a bit of your complacency, or get compensation in the thought that the accompanying "eis" is a poor shadowy image—a cold, pale ghost—of the wholesome, generous American ice. In the matter of ice, indeed, one looks to the West with unusual satisfaction. When in immediate view of the glaciers, which summer suns do not affect, one pays for a scrap of ice, as an "extra" added on to candles in his bill, he feels thankful for the glaciers of his own land, less picturesque in their wooden walls than those of Switzerland, but more manageable and useful. Indeed, if we could import a complete glacier, including a Matterhorn and a Matterhorn—both which would appear to increase advantage on our prairies—it is difficult to see why native Americans should trouble themselves by coming to Europe.

Seriously, we cannot help thinking that the gain from Continental travel is over-estimated. A young person, or indeed an old, may go through northern Italy, for example, seeing a portion of what his "guide-book" prescribes; stopping at hotels where things are adapted to him; where the best of the continent is to be seen; and then, when he returns, to find that the phrase-book for his sake; or always feeling amiable toward the only natives with whom he comes into natural contact, namely, the Puggino and the porter, and happy in his pigeon-French and the Italian's pigeon-English he has made out that he is to have him for dejeuner at Faido or Airolo. What has he learned as to the thought, feelings, actual life of the people?

Besides, so little demoralization of the good American woman is effected in such travel. He does things "abroad" he would not do at home; sometimes loses that simplicity of character which made him at once interesting and amiable; and acquires that air of information which accompanies real knowledge, and is a sad hindrance to its attainment. How much did Miss Jones learn by reading the "Legends of the Rhine," on an express boat on that much-lauded stream, when she might not have learnt in her native Ohio? And of Germany, which she now "knows very well," she has just that kind of knowledge which her little brother has acquired in natural history by throwing cake to the bears at Berne.

We do not feel any great regret, therefore, at finding comparatively few Americans on the Continent, though sorry for the poor people at Lucerne and elsewhere, who put their money into great joint-stock hotels for them and are losing it. Nor do we feel flattered by the views of a retired courier, who has reached the summit of his ambition, the ownership of an inn, and who does not recognize us as Americans—"they have now had time and too little money; but they do like to make a show, and to see aristocracy, and be with the great people; and again they will come, surely." That is the average Continental notion. The morning paper gives to-day as the only American news, "Agio d'oro a New York 3 per cent." Till we can impress the natives through other means than American gold, what harm is it if we do not over-run the Continent?—Rev. John Hall, in N. Y. Ledger.

When Prince Bismarck was at Berlin, the other day, a distinguished diplomatist was conversing with him on the future existence of Turkey. "Money," said the prince, decisively, "will do more to conquer the pride and obstinacy of the Turks and obtain their biribright than all the armies of Christendom!"

The Russian soldiers eagerly buy the Bibles sent out for sale by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Lucky Mosquito.

The happiest moment in the life of a mosquito, who is so constituted as to enjoy all there is of this fleeting existence, is when he makes the sudden discovery, during the silent watches of the night, that he, of all his race, is the sole occupant of the mosquito bar, and that there is no one to divide his banquet with. Reflect, for a moment, what it is to be the only mosquito admitted to the bar, with the privilege of practicing in all the courts known to mosquito jurisprudence. A mosquito with a man all to himself! No hurrying, no crowding, no getting his work in ahead of him, no apprehension lest there shouldn't be enough to go around, no bolting down of his dinner in the momentary expectation of the arrival of a horde of hungry and unemployed mosquitoes, bearing a red banner inscribed: "Bread or Blood!" Of course no mosquito of epicurean tastes likes to be disturbed in his solitary meal. And when a man is exasperated by general and simultaneous attacks, he is apt to toss and pitch about, superinducing a fever of the blood, which any mosquito with proper knowledge of hygiene understands readers the blood impure, and consequently unattractive, if not positively harmful. There are thousands of mosquitoes, we are confident, limping about at this moment with such a condition as a hopeless case, all on account of ignorance or carelessness regarding the simplest laws of health.

Our solitary mosquito within the bar is monarch of all he surveys. He descends in easy though eccentric circles and drops gently down upon the end of the gentleman's nose. If an impatient hand be raised to sweep him away, he only hums good-naturedly, feeling entirely at home there—and gently retires for a moment, seeming to say, "No hurry at all, old fellow, take your own time. I can wait till the second table if you like." He even fights on the mosquito bar and jostles his guest and voracious comrades, who are clinging with the desperation of hunger to the outside. "Don't you wish you had him in your hand, who 'chins' me?" he says, throwing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the sleeping victim. "Nice fat fellow, isn't he? and he's all mine, mine!" Then they dance around and tear their hair, and use such words, and are mad as a lot of boys on the outside of a circus when they peer in the door and see one of their number who has eluded the guard and crawled under the covers.

The lucky fellow feasts off his victim with the utmost leisure. At times he takes a rest, swinging in an improvised hammock among the threads of the netting, secure in the thought that he can return to the feast at any time. To the victim that monotonous hum in the stillness of the night, and the drowsy consciousness of a persistent attack from a solitary mosquito, he has carried a terror to the soul of Richard, that could the substance of ten thousand mosquitoes who dropped in on him a little while and then flew away about their business.

Rice-Paper Plant. The proper name of this plant is *ostia pappifera*, or, in the Chinese language, "tung-tau"—bottle plant. It grows abundantly on the hills in the northern parts of the island of Formosa, where the natives gather it and brew it to the Chinese. It attains a height of twenty to thirty feet. But, as the girth, from which the paper is made, deteriorates in those parts of the tree which have grown old, it is usually cut down when it reaches a height of twelve feet, or thereabouts. The slender stem is surmounted by large, agave-like leaves, above which, in the flourishing season, appear several wand-like branches, each covered with small, pale-yellow flowers. The wood is hard, heavy and durable. This plant is thought to be not very distantly related to the common English ivy.

The beautiful smooth paper made from this material received its vulgar name, "rice-paper," from an erroneous impression that it was prepared from rice. In preparing the trunk of the tree for the paper-maker, it is cut into lengths of nine or twelve inches. The pith, which is from one to two inches in diameter, is forced out by driving into it a strong, straight stick, just as an American boy forces the pith out of the sections of elder bough which he designs for his pop-gun. The pith thus obtained is then cut by workmen, who apply the blade of a long, keen knife to the cylinders and, turning them round dexterously, pure them from the circumference to the center, making a rolled layer of equal thickness throughout, and about four feet long. This is unrolled, and when a sufficient number of these sheets have been cut, they are placed one upon the other, pressed out flat and smooth, and then cut into squares of the required size, generally of about three and a quarter inches. It will be seen that this more nearly resembles the ancient papyrus than modern paper, but it is more beautiful than the former, being a very pure pearly white, and admirably adapted to the peculiar Chinese style of painting.

WISHING TO DIE.—When a man goes round the house sighing and wishing himself dead, you needn't trouble to put the bottle of opium away. He wouldn't touch it for worlds. If he should be suddenly attacked by colic you would hear him screaming out for a doctor at the top of his voice. One day Pompey said he wanted to die and go to glory. He wrought himself into an ecstatic state, and told the people at the prayer meeting that he positively couldn't wait much longer. That night, at twelve, some one knocked at his cabin door. "What you want?" said the colored man, trembling. "I want Pompey to take him to glory," replied a gruff voice. The dandy thought a woman, and then said, "Nor Angel, Pompey done moved up Norf three months ago, and don't never expect to come back again. Now, go way!" White or black we are all the same.

AMERICANS are apt to be scandalized in Europe by the field labor of women; but we learn from the statements of the special agricultural correspondent of the *Elbergher Scotos*, that in this country, also, women are similarly employed. Writing from the great settlement in Kansas, he says: "The majority of those who have settled here within the past two years are Russians, and being working people without capital, they have reduced the cost of labor greatly. They break prairie and plow land at 5s. or 6s. per acre, which used to cost 12s. or 24s.; and for a day's work Russian women charge 25 cents, or 1s., and excellent workers they are."

The suspended Chicago bank had 15,000 depositors.

The Chameleon.

One of the most curious reptiles known to man is the chameleon, which is very plentiful in the East, and especially in the Holy Land. The Rev. J. G. Wood, author of several works on animals, had a chameleon for several months, and thus enjoyed exceptional opportunities of observing the habits and peculiarities of the reptile. He says: "When the chameleon wished to pass from one branch to another it used to hold firmly to the branch by the tail and one hind foot, and stretch out its body nearly horizontally, feeling about with the other three feet, as if in search of a convenient resting place. In this curious attitude it would remain for a considerable time, apparently suffering no inconvenience.

The reptile does not necessarily assume the color of any object on which it is placed, but sometimes takes a totally different color. Thus, if my chameleon happens to come upon any scarlet substance, the color immediately becomes black, and he is seen with a black body and light yellow. The change was so instantaneous that as it crawled on the scarlet cloth the color would alter, and the forepart of the body would be covered with yellow spots, while the hinder parts retained their dull black. Scarier affairs annoyed the chameleon, and it tried to escape whenever it found itself near any substance of the obnoxious hue. The black color, however, was not permanent, with a slight tinge of gray. But in a short time the whole creature would become of vivid verdigris green, and, while the spectator was watching it, the legs would become banded with rings of yellow, and spots and streaks of the same color would appear on the head and body. When it was excited, either by anger or by expectation—as, for example, when it heard a large fly buzzing near it—the colors were singularly beautiful, almost exactly resembling in hue and arrangement those of the jaguar. Of all the colors, green seemed generally to predominate, but the creature would pass so rapidly from one color to another that it was scarcely possible to follow the various gradations of hue."

CHINESE AND THE BREAD AND MILK SUPPLY.—It is a very curious thing, and a large fly buzzing near it, the colors were singularly beautiful, almost exactly resembling in hue and arrangement those of the jaguar. Of all the colors, green seemed generally to predominate, but the creature would pass so rapidly from one color to another that it was scarcely possible to follow the various gradations of hue."

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NEVER FOUND PRIDE in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all the beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all the fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but the bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

A Wretched Existence.

Other conditions being equal, there is no reason why a healthy man or woman should enjoy life; and it may well be doubted whether adverse fortune has the power to destroy the happiness of those who sleep soundly and whose digestion is good. But for the nervous, feeble, despondent invalid there is no comfort in life. His existence is indeed a wretched one. But he should not despair of relief. That benign restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has imparted healthful vigor to many a self-proclaimed incurable. It is an unequalled builder up of broken down physique, and is besides a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, nervousness, irregular habits, indigestion, and kidney and bladder difficulties. It stimulates from the blood the acid element which gives rise to rheumatic ailments, cures and relieves the aged and infirm, and may be used with great advantage by ladies in feeble health. Its perfect purity also commends it to the use of invalids.

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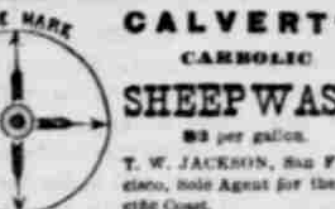
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CHARLES KINGSLEY wrote: "If I am ever obscure in my expressions, do not fancy that therefore I am deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me, an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy."



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