DAILY RECORD-UNION--SUPPLEMENT.

DAILY UNION SERIES—VOL. XLIX—NO. 7477.
DAILY RECORD SERIES—VOL. XVI—NO. 2479.

SACRAMENTO, MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1880.

DAILY RECORD-UNION SERIES.
VOLUME 10—NUMBER 152.

SIX-PAGE EDITION

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. WALLACE A. BRIGGS
HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE AND RESIdence to Dr. G. L. Simmons' Building, J street, between Second and Third. Office hours: 8 to 9 A. M., 11 A. M to 2 P. M., and 6 to 8 P. M. f12-tf

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS,
NO. 302 J, AND 1005 THIRD STREETS. Hot Lunch daily from 11 A. M. to 1 o'clock P. M. The Best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. d13-4plm BOWERS & LONGABAUGH.

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DR. HATCH,
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REMOVED.
CHARLES T. JONES AND ED. M. MARTIN, Attorneys-at-Law and Notaries Public, have removed their office to No. 607 I street, between Sixth and Seventh. ja24-4plm

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WM. GUTTENBERGER,
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W. A. HUGHSON, M. D.,
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E. L. BILLINGS & CO.,
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CARLE & CROLY,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS, ARE PREpared to do all kinds of work in their line, in city or country. Principal place of business, Sacramento. Shop, 82 Second street, between K and L Post-office Box, 410, Sacramento. d16-4ptf

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THE ONLY LAGER BEER BREWED ON THE Pacific coast equal to the best imported, at GRUHLER'S, 152 J street, between Fifth and Sixth. Also, the best of Liquors and Cigars. d16-1m4p

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JULIUS STRUTZ,
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SURGEON-IN-CHIEF CENTRAL PACIFIC Railroad Hospital. Office, No. 906 J street, over Gopings' drug store. Residence, No. 920 M street. Visits Railroad Hospital daily at 9:30 A. M. d14 4plm

GROVE L. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE, FIFTH ST., between I and J. Residence, No. 207 I street, between Seventh and Eighth. d10-4plm

DR. C. A. WHITE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—OFFICE, southeast corner Sixth and J streets, over Bell & Kolliker's Drug Store. Office hours: 9 A. M; 2 to 4 P. M.; 7 to 8 P. M. Residence—217 N street, between Seventh and Eighth. d9-1m

T. B. McFARLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—OFFICE, SOUTHWEST corner of J and Fourth streets. Residence, H street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth. d9-4p*

MISS L. J. KELLOGG, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN—OFFICE AND residence, Nathan building, corner of Seventh and I streets. Office hours, 8:30 A. M., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M d1-4plm

E. B. WILLIS,
LEGISLATIVE AND COURT STENOGRAPHER Office in RECORD-UNION Building. Orders for any kind of shorthand work promptly attended to. Fifteen years' experience. Residence, No. 1,507 Tenth street, near O. ap15-4ptf

R. H. PETTIT,
NO. 55 K STREET, BETWEEN SECOND and Third, Cigar Manufacturer, and wholesale and retail dealer in Havana Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Gilt Edge Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco, Pipes, etc. fe3-4plm

SHRUBBERY, PLANTS, ETC.

UNION NURSERY,
TENTH ST., BET. U AND V, SACRAMENTO.
THE ABOVE NURSERY OFFERS FOR sale the present season an unrivaled Stock of Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery, Bulbs and Florist Flowers. Since last season many novelties have been added to my collection. Many varieties of Camellia Japonica, Fragrant Daphnes, Jasmines, New, Daily and Perpetual Roses; Pelargoniums, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Heliotropes, Monthly Pinks and Carnations, and such other things as seem to create a public demand. I also offer, in the best varieties, Lime, Orange and Lemon Trees, and the most desirable of the Japanese Persimmons. Having a large stock on hand this season, I am enabled to sell at VERY REDUCED PRICES.
f9-tf FRANK KUNZ, Proprietor.

FLOWERS AND PLANTS.
THE BEST COLLECTIONS OF FLOWers, Plants and Evergreen Shrubbery can be had at the Empire Nursery, corner Third and R streets. City depot, No. 317 J street, between Third and Fourth. Also, 1,500 Italian pickle Olives. Call early and make your selections. [f4-tf P. KUNZ, Proprietor.

NEW DRUG STORE.
MR. T. FISH (LATE WITH MR. GEO. S. Wait, Second and K streets), begs to inform his numerous friends and the Sacramento public generally, that he has this day taken into partnership MR. J. F. COLLINS, and that the business will in future be carried on under the name of "Fish & Collins." MR. FISH will give his best attention to the Dispensing Department of the new business, and the firm hopes by a strict and careful attention to business, it may merit a due proportion of public patronage.
January 14, 1880. FISH & COLLINS,
f2-4plm St. George Building.

A. J. VERMILYA
COUNTY CORONER AND UNDERTAKER, No. 108 J street, between Fourth and Fifth. Always on hand a large assortment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets, Burial Cases and Coffins. Shrouds furnished and Funeral Wreaths Preserved. Country orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at lowest rates. d14-4plm

HOW THE FARMER MISSED IT.

If I had told her in the spring
The old, old story briefly,
When the sparrow and the robin began to sing,
And the plowing was over, chiefly.

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet,
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing,
Till I drop the corn and plant the wheat,
And give them a chance for growing.

Had I even told the tale in June,
When the wind through the grass was blowing,
Instead of thinking it rather too soon,
And waiting till after the mowing!

Or had I hinted, cut under the stars,
That I knew a story worth hearing,
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,
Nor waited to do the shearing!

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,
But I've grown wise without glory,
Since love is the crop not gathered in,
For my neighbor told her the story.
—[Burlington Hawkeye.

THE COBBLER'S STORY.

"He came running down the steps of my shop—this very basement—and sat down in the chair, all out of breath.

"I was hammering away, polishing off a new sole which I had just fitted to a customer's boot. I was in a hurry, because I had promised the boots at 2 o'clock, and it was now a full quarter past. I should not have minded that, but the gentleman said he should certainly call for them at 2. He was a good customer, and I did not wish to disappoint him.

"I had finished one and was nearly through with the other. I looked up and was glad to see that it was not the owner of the boots, and I kept hammering all the harder.

"The young man—he was a young man, not more than one-and-twenty—sat about a minute, till he got his breath.

Then he spoke up in a savage, domineering way:

"'Look here, old fellow, here's a little job I want you to attend to while I wait; I am in a hurry.'

"I did not like his tone; and raising my eyes to his face, did not like his looks, either. For all that, he was a handsome, well-built fellow—a regular dandy, I should say. What struck me particularly was, that he was as pale as a ghost.

"'Can't touch your job till I am through with this. I shall be done in a few minutes.'

"Times were dull, you see, and I thought I would hold on to him, if I could.

"He swore a big oath, which startled me so much that I dropped the boot—in fact, I may say it was as good as finished—and held out my hand for his. He had already pulled it off.

"'How long?' he demanded sharply.

"I examined the boot—a neat button gaiter, almost new, best French leather, first-class in every way; in fact one of Stiles' best—you know Stiles is first class—should say the pair must have cost $14, perhaps $14 50, with the leather buttons, which are extra. The strangest part of the whole was that the heel had been torn off and the sole ripped clear away to the center—an odd kind of a job wasn't it?

"'Well,' exclaimed the man, savagely, 'what are you waiting for? Why don't you answer?'

"'Where is the heel?' I asked.

"'In pardition,' he muttered, 'and I have half a mind to send you there after it.'

"I was frightened. I had read so many murder cases in the newspapers I was afraid I was to make one of them. He looked to me as if he would not think twice before putting one of my own knives through me.

"'It will take a good hour, and I can't make a good job at that.'

"'Will give you thirty minutes,' he answered taking out his watch. 'Botch it any way you like, only make it strong. Thirty minutes, mind.'

"I went to work with all my might, the young man eyeing me every instant. I felt all the time as if he was pointing a revolver at me.

"'Do you object if I do this with peg work?' I said, when I came to the heel; 'it will save a good fifteen minutes.'

"'Peg away,' he growled. 'Time almost up.'

"I managed to get the heel on in some sort or fashion. It didn't look much like its mate—ha, ha, ha!—but I paid no attention to that.

"On went the boot.

"'Now button it,' he said.

"I did so.

"He took a glance at the street, then he fumbled in his pocket, and, pulling out a roll of bills, threw me a five.

"'There you are!' he exclaimed. 'Will be back one of these days for the change.'

"So saying he darted off double quick, and, turning up the street, was out of sight before I could count three.

"My first thought was that he had given me a counterfeit note. But I discovered on examining it that it was genuine, and no mistake.

"'I am in luck to-day,' I thought. 'Five dollars for thirty minutes' work.'

"On looking a little more carefully at the bill, I perceived on one corner a drop of something red, which did not appear to be quite dry. No, I can't say it was red, like red paint or vermillion; yes, it was red, though—leastwise more red than anything else. It looked so fresh that I put my finger on the spot, just as one might say, without thinking of anything particular; yet I was in a kind of puzzle, too, considering it did look, as I was telling you, quite fresh like. When I put my finger on the spot and took it off again, something stained it—something which—well, I can never forget that to my dying day. I did not know what to do, so I called to my wife—she was in the next room and the door was open. Says I:

"'Wife, come here.'

"'What's that on my finger?' says I, holding it up.

"'Blood,' says she. 'How did you cut yourself?'

"'It's somebody else that's cut, I'm thinking,' and I told her about it."

"'Go right away to the police,' she exclaimed.

"'And get myself locked up for life as witness? That's the way they serve you in New York. I'll wait first and see if the papers have anything to say about it?'

"'Strange Mr. B—— don't come for his boots,' said my wife. 'I wonder if you could be mistaken about his calling for them.'

"'Perhaps he has forgotten them himself and is waiting at home for them; and here it three o'clock.'

"So saying, I took the boots and started for my customer's house. I had a good way to go, but hurried as fast as I could thinking all the time of the spot on the greenback, and the spot on my finger, and I thought I ought to wash it off.

"I mounted the steps and rang the bell.

"The door was opened so quick that it started me, and there stood a sweet, pretty girl, fourteen years old, dressed for traveling—hat and all on.

"'Papa is not home yet, and it is so strange?' she cried. 'I was watching for him. We were to leave for Boston by the quarter past three express train, and it is that now. Papa is always so punctual, I can't think what to make of it.'

"She appeared to be more thinking aloud than talking to me.

"'Probably business detains him Miss——; something unexpected, no doubt.'

"I could not help casting a glance at my finger as I spoke—I mean the finger that had the spot on it. I looked from the finger to the young girl.

"'Do you think anything has happened to him?' she demanded earnestly.

"'Happened to him? No, indeed. Sure to be home in a few minutes.'

"The words nearly choked me. How I got them out I don't know. I left the house as quick as possible, holding the finger separate from the other fingers till I reached my shop.

"'Something awful has been going on, wife. We will see it for certain in the papers.'

"'Peter,' said she, 'be sure you don't wash that finger.'

"'Why not?' said I, my teeth chattering. 'Good gracious, wife,' said I, 'have I got to be all night with my finger so? I shall not sleep a wink.'

"'Yes, you have,' says she, 'and I will do it up with a rag, so nothing can rub the stain out.'

"'Please don't do that, wife. It makes me feel strange.'

"But before I was done speaking, she had the rag on. Then she got supper, but not a mouthful could I eat.

"'It's of no use, can't work; I may as well go to bed,' I said.

"I did not light up the shop, but went into the other room and got into bed. I lay awake nearly all night in a terrible state with my finger. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed it began to swell and kept growing larger and larger until it was bigger than my head. I was in great trouble. There was my wife standing over me, with a newspaper in her hand.

"'The awfulest thing that ever happened!" she cried. 'Mr. P—— was murdered yesterday afternoon, and it was his murderer you did that job for. Read!'

"The account was short. Mr. P—— has been discovered in the basement of his warehouse near his vault, quite dead, stabbed ever so many times. The vault—it was where he kept his valuables—was open. Everything disposable was taken, of which was a large sum in bank bills—a tremendous robbery. From the basement into the vault you crossed an area, covered with an iron grating, which let light into a cellar below. The murderer's heel must have caught between the bars during the scuffle. It was wrenched off and found stuck there. There was no clue whatever except the heel. This was the whole story.

"I jumped out of bed.

"'Now, Peter, what are you going to do?' asked my wife.

"'I am going to see Lawyer E—— (he was one of my customers) and tell him all I know.'

"'That's right,' said she.

"I hurried off as soon as I was dressed. Lawyer E—— was not up. I waited for him. As soon as he came into the room I told him my story. He took it coolly enough; but that was because he was a lawyer, I reckon.

"'Wait till I have my breakfast,' he said, 'and I will go with you to police headquarters.'

"'To be locked up?' says I. 'Won't that be the way of it?'

"He laughed.

"'I will take care of you, Peter,' says he; 'will go bail for your appearance if necessary.'

"After he had his brea kfast we started off together. Lawyer E—— took me to the chief man. I forgot what they call him. I told my story over again. Then I answered so many questions that I began to feel as if I had killed Mr. P—— myself.

"But before they got through they showed me the heel of the boot. I could have sworn to it on a stack of Bibles. Then I pulled off the rag and showed him my finger.

"'What's that for?' said the police officer.

"I told him.

"'Never mind that; let's see the bank-bill,' he exclaimed.

"I took it from my pocket and handed it to him.

"He marked it carefully, and then made me mark it so that I should know it again, he said. Then he put the bill in his safe.

"They handed me a paper to go before the Coroner's jury that afternoon, and lawyer E—— gave his word that I should be there. Then I went home.

"I told the story for the third time before the Coroner's jury, and that was all the good it did.

"It was a nine days' wonder—the papers were full of it. Folks came crowding to my shop to stare and ask questions. They only hindered my work, it didn't do me any good. The police kept arresting people, and would fetch me to look at them, but they never got the right man.

"'Is that all?' I asked.

"'All!' exclaimed the cobbler, with a start; 'I wish it was all! I have only just begun."

So saying, he took from his pocket a large colored handkerchief, wiped his face and proceeded:

"Nothing more came to light for five years—five years. The whole affair went to sleep—forgotten as things are in New York. Often, though, I used to think of that sweet, pretty girl who opened the door for me the day I took Mr. P.'s boots home, dressed for her trip to Boston, and of her eager anxiety when she asked me, 'Do you think anything has happened to him?' Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never could bear to recall it, and to think I had her father's blood on my finger at the very time she asked me the question!

"Well, as I was saying, nothing more for five years—five years to a month. I was working hard as usual, just as I expect to work all the days of my life. I don't know what made me cast my eyes up to the street—it is seldom I do it—but I did do it, and—may the Lord help me! I saw going by, at that moment, Mr. P.'s murderer.

"He had a young woman on his arm; she held by the hand a little tot of a child not more than three years old, who tripped along with her.

"The wretch cast a strange glance into my place—he could not see me—and then turned away.

"I threw down my work and ran into the other room for my wife.

"'I have seen him, I have seen him, I have seen the murderer!' I scream in her ears. 'Put on your hat and shawl, and follow him—follow him to the ends of the earth, and see where he goes—young woman and child. Do you hear?'

"Quick as thought, almost, my wife was on the sidewalk.

"'Be careful,' says I; 'don't let him suspect.'

"Before the words were fairly out of my mouth she was out of sight.

"I sat like a petrification for more than a good long hour. Nobody can tell. First, I was so crazy glad to discover that wretch I did not know what to do. Then I began to settle down more quiet, and when an hour passed and my wife did not get back, I fell into a great thinking, and so many things came crowding, crowding into my mind.

"'This is his wife with him,' I said to myself, 'and that little tot, trudging, is his child. God forgive me! what am I trying to do? To make that young woman a widow, and the little tot an orphan.'

"The perspiration stood in big drops on my face—I could scarcely breathe.

"Suddenly the vision of the young girl waiting for her father to come home appeared to me. There she was, standing in the doorway.

"'He shall hang!' I exclaimed aloud. What is his wife to me or the child either?'

"After that I settled down, weak as a kitten, and remained in a tremble until my wife came back.

"When she did come she did not look to be the same women she was. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it, crazy like in her hand. Her eyes were as big again as they were before, and she looked neither to the right nor left, but plumped herself square into her seat and said nothing.

"'Well, where did he go to?' I asked, after waiting a little.

"'Peter,' said my wife, solemnly, 'are you sure he is the one?'

"'Sure as I am that we are now talking together.'

"'Then, may the Lord have mercy on our souls!' she exclaimed.

"I thought she had gone off in a fit, but she came too, presently, and undertook to tell me.

"'I followed them to Mr. P.'s house,' she articulated, 'as sure as I live I followed them to Mr. P.'s home, where Mr. P.'s widow lives, and there they went in. I asked the servant, who stood on the stoop a minute, if the gentleman and his wife were staying there.

"'What's that to you, impudence?' she said.

"'Nothing,' I answered, 'only I thought I knew the gentleman.'

"'Then you ought to know he stays here without asking.' And with that the door was slammed in my face. O Peter, Peter, it can't be the one!'

"'It is the one,' I repeated, 'and that I'll prove in less than an hour.'

"I started for Lawyer E——. He went once more to the head police. The head police took me all to pieces again; then he charged me to say nothing myself, and not to let my wife breathe a word to any one.

"'I heard not a thing for three days, and began to think it was all given up, when slap came the arrest, and I was called upon to be present at the examination.

"'I have told the particulars of the awful crime but once since. I doubt if I ever can do it again.'

The cobbler stopped, took a long breath and proceeded:

"'What do you suppose? It was Mr. P.'s own nephew, who lived in Philadelphia, who murdered him. He confessed the whole before he came to trial. He had been on here for two days, and taken leave of his uncle the night before, expecting to start for home in the morning, but being detained next day, he walked to the counting-room and saw his uncle stooping down to the vault. He entered, unperceived, and waited till the vault was opened, and then committed the murder and robbery. He escaped without notice, and in thirty minutes after he left my shop he was on the train, and, strange to say, was never suspected. Three years afterward he courted and married his cousin, Miss P——, whom on the fatal day I encountered at the door. She was his wife, and little tot their daughter. O, my God!

"He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor commuted the sentence to State prison for life. There he is now.

"I sometimes feel sorry," continued the cobbler, after a pause, "that I ever saw the man. But," he added, thoughtfully, "I suppose it was best."

"What became of his wife and child?"

"I cannot tell—they left the country. Dead, for aught I know."

THE BREEDING OF HEAVY HORSES.

From the earliest times to the present day it has been a great misfortune and loss to mankind that so little attention has been paid to the breeding and rearing of a more perfect and powerful race of horses for heavy farm and road work, and the use of the city dray and large express and truck wagon. Poets, from the sublime Job down to the high-spirited Byron, have been profuse in their descriptions and praises of the horse for war, the chase, and the courser, while historians, travelers and sportsmen have been ever eloquent over them in volumes of prose. Strange that the most generally useful of all the different breeds of horses should, with few exceptions, be ignored and passed by in silence, and so much be written and spoken of others which, although requisite for special purposes, and worthy of high admiration, have contributed less to the benefit of humanity. But fortunately a great change in this respect has taken place within the past few years in Europe as well as in America.

A numerous society, composed of noblemen, the landed gentry, and farmers of Scotland, has recently been formed for the purpose of improving the breed of their larger sort of horses. This society takes the name of Clydesdale, and that distinguished nobleman, Earl Dunmore, has been devoting a considerable part of his time during the past two years to editing a Stud Book of their horses, classed also as Clydesdale. The first volume of this has already been published, and the matter for the second is collecting. England is now zealously following the laudable example set her by Scotland, for what has long been known as the Shire and other of her best large breeds of horses. The Prince of Wales, Earl Ellesmere, and other noblemen are giving no little attention to the getting out of their Stud Book, and the whole landed interest of the United Kingdom is fast waking up to the importance of improvement of this most useful of all their breeds of horses.

Within the past three years 200 to 1,000 guineas ($1,000 to $5,000) has been the common price in Great Britain for select heavy horses for breeding purposes, and even 1,500 guineas ($7,500) has been refused for a few of the very choicest, while 50 to 80 guineas ($250 to $400) is the ordinary price of those for farm and dray work alone. In France, Belgium, Holland, and a few districts in Northern Germany, prices have also advanced considerably, and greater attention is given than formerly to the improvement of their horses, all of which shows the rapidly increased interest in the subject abroad. Nor has this matter been neglected in America, particularly in the last four years, during which large numbers of powerful heavy animals have been imported into Canada and the United States from Great Britain and France, with a few also from Flanders. The Clydesdale breed has been more generally preferred for Canada while the Percheron and Normandy have taken precedence in our own country.

For the Percheron and Norman in America a Stud Book was published in 1877, by Mr. J. H. Sanders, of Chicago, Illinois. A revised edition followed the next year, of 212 large octavo pages, handsomely got up, with numerous fine engravings. The object of this Stud Book is to preserve an accurate record of the males and females imported from France and their full-bred descendants, so that the public may not be imposed upon hereafter by unprincipled dealers palming off their inferior grades for full-breds.—[A. B. Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

CREMONA VIOLINS.

The excellence of the Cremona violins as musical instruments and their fine finish as specimens of working in wood gave them early a high reputation, which they richly deserved. Undoubtedly they were the best and the handsomest violins that had been made. They had also this advantage, that as years went on their positive excellence became greater. The older they grew and the more they were used—careful use being assumed—the finer, richer, sweeter, mellower became their tone. Therefore it was that toward the end of the last century there began in the musical world of Europe a "craze" for Cremona violins. The demand was at first for the Amatis, so great was the positive merit of the instruments made by that family, and so had its members through generations and centuries impressed themselves upon the musical world as the leading lutanists of Cremona. Such was the supremacy of the Amati name, and so comparatively underrated, if not unknown, was that of Stradivara, that it is recorded that Cervetto took to England, about 1775, instruments by the latter maker, and, being unable to sell a violoncello for five pounds, he took them back again to Italy! They would now, if they were good specimens of Stradivari's work and in good condition, easily be sold for five hundred pounds, and if of unusual excellence for seven or eight hundred. In 1876 I saw in London three violoncellos by Stradivari, for which the prices were severally six hundred and fifty, seven hundred and fifty, and one thousand pounds; and the possessor, although he was a dealer, was not at all eager to sell them at those prices. True, they were instruments of uncommon excellence and character, and were in perfect condition; but so rapidly has the reputation of Stradivari increased during the last seventy-five years that it is now impossible to buy any sound instrument made by him for less than five hundred pounds. The influence of fashion could not be more strongly exemplified. If violins are bought for the beauty of their tone, what was the matter with the ears of the violin-players of the last century, that they could not discover the positive merit of Stradivari's instruments, and their superiority to those made by the Amati family? For a "Strad" is now worth as merchandise at least twice as much, and generally three times as much, as any Amati instrument in equally good condition.—[February Atlantic.

Proverb in Paris—Worth makes woman.

A CHINESE EMPEROR'S LIFE.

The Hongkong *Daily Press* gives the following account of the education of the sons of the Chinese Emperors, and of some of the domestic arrangements of the royal family:

"The sons of the Manchu Emperors (hwang-tsz) undergo from their tenderest youth a system of the strictest education. Rising about 3 o'clock in the morning, they first take their lesson in Chinese literature, under the superintendence of the only tutor who has the title of shih-fu or 'master.' The tutor rises from his chair as soon as the Imperial pupils enter and receives from the latter a courtesy (ta-ch'ien) which is then returned in the same form. The tutor takes the seat of honor, and when the lesson is learned the pupil brings up his book, deposits it before his teacher and returns to his seat to repeat the task by heart. If the lesson is not learned, the tutor requests a eunuch in attendance to bring the ferule (ch'ing-pan) and makes a show of administering correction. But each Imperial pupil is accompanied by eight fellow-students (pwan-tub), known in the Manchu language as ha-ha-chu, who study the same books as their young master. When it becomes necessary to admonish the latter more seriously the ha-ha-chu are beaten with the ferule vicariously; but when the Imperial pupil acquits himself well they are, on the other hand, commended or rewarded. A recalcitrant and obstinate prince is as the last resort actually himself flogged, though probably only nominally, by the teacher; or taken before the Emperor, who directs a eunuch to pinch his cheeks (ch'ih pa jou). The late Emperor T'ung chih was frequently tweaked in this way by order of the Impresses. The Chinese lesson occupies two hours; after this come the Manchu and Mongol lessons in composition, given by the teachers who enjoy the less honorable title of se-fu, and who are obliged to meet their pupil at the door and make the first obeisance. Then come lessons in various spoken languages, Manchu, Mongol, T'angat and in local Chinese dialects. After these come courses of instruction in foot and horse archery (ma-puchien), athletics, fencing, putting the stone, etc. (kung-tau-shih), under the guidance of a class of instructors called an-ta. The whole of the young Princes' day is taken up with mental or physical exercises, and they retire to rest at a very early hour. At suitable intervals their meals are weighed out for them, and on no account are they allowed to indulge in the pleasures of the table. At the age of 15 they must marry. The Emperor sleeps with eight handmaids (ch'ang-tsai) sitting upon his bed, and sixteen others (ta-ying) underneath the bed, all of them girls from the Imperial household (nei-wu-fu). Their function is to keep watch over his Majesty, and they are not allowed to sneeze, cough, spit, or utter any sound. The movements of the Emperor after awaking in the morning are signaled by a clapping of hands on the part of the eunuch on guard. Once a year—on New Year's Day—the Emperor and Empress preside at a grand banquet, the Empress sitting on the Emperor's left hand. This is the only occasion during the year on which the Emperor can see his wives together and compare their respective merits. The Empress presents articles of food (k'e-shih) to the eunuchs, who receive it from her Majesty on their knees, and the Emperor performs the same politeness to the women. The Emperor is spoken of and to as hwangchang—'Majesty'—by all but members of the inner banners, who use the term 'chu-tsz'—'dominus.' The Emperor, Empress and concubines are all called by the eunuchs 'fo-ye,' or 'chu-tsz,' i. e., 'Buddha,' or 'dominus,' and the Imperial princes 'ye'—the latter term equivalent to 'Sire.' They are spoken of as 'ako.' The three inner gates of the Imperial apartments are never entered even by eunuchs, and, of men, only eunuchs are allowed to pass the fifth gate, which is watched by a corps of Imperial guards (shi-wei), who are authorized to strike the shins of even the highest officer who may approach without giving the word. If an inmate of the female apartments wishes to purchase anything or communicate with the outer world, she must send a handmaid to sound the iron plate (tien), or the clapper (pang-tsz), with which the harem is provided, on which the head eunuch approaches to inquire who is in want of assistance. Having learned who calls, he dispatches the under eunuch specially attached to this department, who addresses the handmaid and takes her orders, either verbally or on a slip of paper. The Cabinet Ministers (chun-chi) rise every morning at 2, present themselves at court at 3 A. M., and are then received in audience. Their meals are served up gratis from the Emperor's pantry, and the whole day is spent at the palace until 4 P. M. on 'off' days, and till 6 P. M. on days when there is military business to discuss. Thus the only time they can call their own is from, say, 5 P. M. to 2 A. M. If indisposed, of course they obtain leave of absence, which must frequently be a great boon. The chun-chi never return the calls of any but the most distinguished provincial officers, and even then this is done on the way from the palace.

EDUCATION FOR GUIDANCE.

What shall we say of a system of education which throws its students into society unable to protect themselves from the grossest impostures? To what end is a community filled with colleges, high-schools and common schools, upon which millions of dollars are spent, when its graduates go out to become the ready prey of charlatans and sharpers, who can enrich themselves by pushing the most absurd and preposterous projects? We are led to these reflections by the last report of lightning-rod swindles. The proud State that gives us our President and Chief Justice and makes a great ado about its education, has also the honor of originating and harboring "Chambers' National Lightning Protection Company" of Cincinnati. The Americans are a progressive people, great on improvements, and the Westerners are specially wide-awake in this respect. So the new lightning-rod is a great step forward in inventive science. It is laid flat upon the ridge of the building, and turned up at the two ends, and has no connection with the ground. Its *rationale* seems to be that the lightning-discharge is caught upon one of the points, and, there being no rod to convey it to the earth, it is obliged to "diffuse back into the air where it belongs and whence it came." Of course, such an arrangement is worthless for protection, and is, moreover, absolutely dangerous, as every intelligent schoolboy ought to know; and yet such is the grossness of public stupidity that the company drove a thriving business with their contrivance, mounting it upon a great number of private dwellings, and even upon school-buildings. Prof. Macomber, of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, seeing the extent to which people were humbugged by this so-called "Protector," publicly denounced it as a fraud, whereupon he was prosecuted by the company, which laid its damages at $50,000.—[Prof. E. L. Youmans.

BIMARITATED.—Some time in October a well-known minister of Fall River, Mass., married two people. The bridegroom supposed that he was marrying a widow, and the bride supposed her former husband was dead. It seems that some three or four years ago the lady's first husband deserted her, and she heard nothing from him for three years, except that it was rumored that he was dead. One night recently a Sergeant of the police force appeared at the house of the happy pair, accompanied by the lady's former husband, and demanded that a child, born before the desertion, be surrendered to him. The child was given up, and then he demanded that the wife should leave husband No. 2 and live with him, but this she stoutly refused to do. Of course she and her preferred husband are anxiously inquiring what their legal rights are under the circumstances. Proper measures will probably be taken to get a divorce.

PIONEER DRAMA.

Theaters and Actors in Downieville in Early Days.

In early times, when the mines were in full blast, from 1851 to 1856, in the summer and fall each year the theaters in Downieville could support a permanent theatrical troupe, with good paying business every night, and on Saturday and Sunday houses crowded, and in those days we had good stock companies. The first theater built here was in 1851, on the lot of the Plaza Livery Stable, and was burned down in the first fire, in the early part of 1852, and replaced with a larger one, more neat and cosy, near the upper butcher shop. Then it paid actors to take a starring tour in the mines, and Downieville was included in the trip. The building was lofty and convenient—a deep wide stage for scenic effects, and could seat about 600 people. The chandelier lighting the room cost $600, and had a beautiful effect; around the parquet ran panels with mountain scenery on each one, and on the drop-curtain, an Italian scene painted in oil, by the late Harry Mighels, of the Carson *Appeal*.

In 1854, Miss Goodenow, with the "Alleghanians," visited Downieville, and they were very popular. They introduced for the first time the old and yet favorite songs "Old Folks at Home," "Ben Bolt," "Songs of Labor," and others of that class, that went to the miner's heart, recalling scenes and incidents that had clung to them through their long and weary journeyings. Here often on the stage would occur scenes and incidents that were not laid down in the bills. I remember on one occasion, when Jim Byers and Miss Carpenter were playing Claude and Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," when Claude's mother enters his room and sees a painting of Pauline, that he has left on the easel, the mother delivering an eulogy on the same, speaks of a marble brow, peerless rosy lips and dazzling eyes, and the contour of that beautiful face, etc.; but in those days portraits were scarce in town, and the property man had borrowed a picture from a saloon, and, unintentionally, set it so that half the audience could see it, and, what was supposed to be Pauline, was an old bald-headed man kneeling down with a broad grin and twinkling eyes, looking over a fence at some young ladies bathing and sporting in a sunny stream. The audience roared and shouted—Claude's mother broke down, and the curtain had to fall before quiet could be restored.

The Waller company was the best, I think, we ever had in Downieville. Mrs. Waller was first class, and all were good performers. She has played leading characters since in Covent Garden, London, and last year was starring in San Francisco, in "Queen Elizabeth," "Mary Stuart," and other great plays. On one occasion they (the Wallers) were performing "The Lady of the Lake," and had a supernumerary known in town as "Gallous Jack." Jack had something to say like this: "My Lord, the officers of the law have arrested the other conspirators, and are on the track of your Lordship." The audience and the footlights drove the words from his memory, but the meaning remained. He blurted out, "They've got the other fellow and they're after you." Jack brought down the house, and the actors too. To show the estimation Mrs. Waller was held in as an actress and lady, at her benefit tickets for the first and second seats were put up at auction, and the first was knocked down to Colonel Ramsdale for $1,100; the second to Oscar Ball, proprietor of the Downieville newspaper, the *Mountain Echo*, for $250. The house was crammed. The finale of the play was a tableau representing the arms and shield of California; Mrs. Waller enthroned as the Goddess of Liberty, with miners picking and panning in red shirts and big boots, and a good-sized, live young grizzly bear chained in the center of the group, comprised the scene. The curtain slowly rose, the orchestra played, the grouped actors sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the bear reared on his hind legs and howled in what critics would call the "upper register," and nearly drowned the voices of all the rest; but not being used to facing such an audience, in his excitement he did what a bear ought to do only in his native wilds, and he made a burlesque of the beautiful tableaux, and the curtain fell amidst the wildest shouts of both audience and actors.

Some time later, in the same season, an amateur performance was given to help the erection of the present school house, it came off successfully and brought in $600. The play was called the "Golden Farmer," and the lady characters were young men in female attire, and it was difficult to