THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

SATURDAY.....APRIL 24, 1880.

PACIFIC SLOPE NEWS.

LAST NIGHT'S DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.

END OF THE GREAT STORM.

Serious Outlook in Regard to the Chimehuava Indian Outbreak.

SAN JOSE SCHOOL TEACHER SUICIDED.

Fatal Ending of a Poker Game in San Bernardino County.

CALIFORNIA.

End of the Great Storm.

GEORGETOWN, April 23d.—The storm just over was the heaviest ever known here. The rainfall to date for the month of April has never been exceeded in any month since a record has been kept here—seven years—amounting to 25 50 inches; for the season, 60 inches. Very little damage has been done so far as heard.

SHASTA.—The sun is shining brightly to-day. The rain is from the north. No railroad communication yet. It snowed last night on the mountains. The storm is about over.

DUTCH FLAT.—The weather is fair. The storm died out last night. Barometer 29.25. The snow is melting rapidly.

RIO VISTA.—There has been a decided change in the weather here to-day. We had no rain, and the wind is now in the north. From 2,500 to 3,000 acres of the Egbert tulé is now flooded to the depth of three to six feet. The remainder of the tule on Cache slough is also flooded, which makes about 8,000 acres covered with water. None of the islands in this locality, as far as known, have flooded to-day.

ALAMEDA.—Word is just received from Centerville that the lowlands on the creek are flooded, but the water is rapidly receding. Several hundred acres of grain are covered with sediment, and a large amount of fence carried away by the flood. An old resident says all the squirrels and gophers that abounded so plentifully on the lowlands have been killed by the flood. The report that Centerville is flooded is without foundation, as it is located on high ground.

STOCKTON.—The weather has been sunshiny here to-day. The water in all the sloughs and channels has greatly receded. Persons in from the country report that the crops are not much injured, and that a few days of sunshine will set everything to rights again. The west-siders in town are extremely jubilant over the outlook for a more abundant harvest than in 1872.

KINGSTON (Fresno county).—About 1 P. M. Wednesday a heavy fall of rain commenced, the rain falling in torrents for a few minutes, when it moderated a little and continued raining until about 3:30 P. M. The amount of water falling during the storm up to 7 A. M. Thursday morning measured 1.08 inches. The weather is still changeable, occasionally showering during the day. The river is rising rapidly. It is now eight feet above low-water mark.

Unsatisfactory Proposition — Disgusted Outsiders.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23d.—The proposition of the big Board of brokers to double the rate of commissions is at present the leading topic on Pine street, and is met with general condemnation, naturally enough, on the part of outsiders. The lobby of the big Board manifested its disapproval at the first session this morning by leaving the Board-room en masse.

Shasta County Republican Delegation.

SHASTA, April 23d.—The Shasta County Republican Central Committee met here to-day and elected John V. Scott of Shasta and C. C. Bush of Redding delegates to the State Convention, with instructions to support Jas. B. Blaine.

Suicide at San Jose.

SAN JOSE, April 23d.—A. E. Briesen, a German teacher, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself in the mouth. He was a well-known citizen, and was a correspondent of the *German Demokrat*, of San Francisco.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

SAN JOSE, April 23d.—This morning about 10 o'clock Professor A. E. Briesen, of the Cosmopolitan School, located in the basement of the M. E. Church South, was found dead, sitting at a table in the school-room. The pupils found the school-room locked, and soon after Mr. Briesen's mother-in-law arrived and directed one of the boys, who saw Mr. Briesen inside, to go and awaken him, as it was supposed he had fallen asleep. Entering, they found him dead. On the floor at his feet lay a pistol, and examination found that he had shot himself in the mouth, the bullet having passed upward into the brain. An inquest was held this afternoon. A letter to his wife asked her forgiveness for the rash act, and stated that under the circumstances she could not do otherwise. Mr. Briesen was a genial, social gentleman, and splendidly educated. His father was a General in the Prussian army. It is not known that the rash act was premeditated. Last evening he attended the meeting of the San Jose Stamm, United Order of Red Men, of which society he was Secretary. After the meeting he visited Erle's saloon, accompanied by a number of friends. They spent the night in social conversation, and nothing was said by Mr. Briesen that would lead his comrades to believe that he intended to take his own life. He appeared jolly, and left the saloon about 2 o'clock this morning in good spirits and perfectly sober. Deceased had a sick wife and two children, and was financially embarrassed. The jury found that he was a native of Germany, 39 years of age, and that he died by his own hand, financial depression and sickness in his family being the cause. The tragic manner of his death has been concealed from his wife. The funeral will take place to-morrow.

Fatal Outcome of a Poker Game—The Indian Outbreak—The Affair Growing Serious—Rich Mineral Strikes.

COLTON, April 23d.—The *Semi-Tropic* is in receipt of information from Ivanpah to-night that D. C. Sargent was murdered at that place last Monday by A. J. Laswell and Jack Riley. Sargent was attacked while in the store of J. F. Burdack, and shot four times, twice after falling. The affray seems to have grown out of a dispute over a poker game. The murderers are en route to San Bernardino, heavily ironed and guarded by a strong posse of citizens.

The outbreak among the Chimehuava Indians grows more serious every hour. They are gathering in force all through the mountains, and especially at the springs along the west side of the Colorado river. Mail riders report seeing their signal fires all through the mountains, and along the river. Mr. West, a large stock dealer, with his men, has been run off his ranch, his houses burned and his stock driven off. The Agent and employes at the reservation have gone to Ehrenberg for protection, and have been warned by the Mojaves that the Chimehuavas intended to cross the river, kill the settlers and pillage the settlement. It is reported that about 200 renegade Piutes will join the Chimehuavas in making war on the whites, simply for what they can steal. Two companies of cavalry have landed at Ehrenberg, ready to march against the red devils at a moment's notice.

The reports of rich strikes in the Providence mountains, 80 miles east of Colton, are confirmed.

Suicide of a Chinaman—Case of Mistaken Identity.

SAN RAFAEL, April 23d.—This morning, as District Attorney Towle entered his woodshed, he was astonished to see before him, hanging by the neck, the lifeless body of a Chinaman, who, as he supposed, was Ah Yen, who had been in his employ for eight weeks, and who had been discharged yesterday morning and his place filled by one Ah Yek. The Coroner being notified, took charge of the body, and a jury was impaneled for the inquest, which revealed a laughable case of mistaken identity. District Attorney Towle read his evidence, covering two sheets of foolscap paper, which was in substance that he knew deceased to be one Ah Yen, who had been in his employ for some eight weeks up to yesterday morning, when he was discharged; that he found his body hanging in his woodshed this morning. After placing his signature to the evidence, and turning about to notice persons coming into the jury-room, he was seen to start abruptly to his feet, and covering his evidence with one hand, he held the other aloft and said that he would take it all back; he was mistaken in the man; that "that was Ah Yen," pointing to a Chinaman who had just entered the room, and the Chinaman who had been employed by him. The jury found a verdict that deceased was Ah Yek, and that the suicide was believed to be by his own hand.

LOWER CALIFORNIA.

Movement of Troops—Battle Imminent.

SAN DIEGO, April 23d.—Intelligence has been received that General Carbon, with 300 Federal troops, was landed by the Mexican gunboat Democrata and a schooner at San Felipe, near the mouth of the Colorado, on Thursday, April 15th. These troops marched on the 19th up the peninsula for San Rafael, in La Frontera, and would be due there today. It is probable, however, that they have been encountered by Marguez de Loen, who moved his force out of San Rafael on Thursday, having preceded them on Sunday with twenty men to reconnoiter the country. Marguez had 200 effective men, well armed, and a battle seems to be inevitable.

OREGON.

Republican Resolution — Weather — Expected Arrival—Wheat Market.

PORTLAND, April 23d.—The following resolution was adopted by the State Republican Convention:

Resolved, That it is the voice of this Convention that the prosecutions which have been commenced against State officers of the State government from 1870 to 1875 be continued with vigor, and that all persons who were paid illegal fees be compelled to return the same, and that the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the legislative committee who, at vast labor, exposed the shameless robbery of the State treasury.

Weather clear and cold.

Henry Villard and party will arrive here to-morrow from up the Columbia.

The wheat market is dull. No sales to report. The market is quiet at $1 60@1 65.

UNCLE REMUS'S FOLK-LORE.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

"Hit look like ter me dat I let on de udder night dat in dem days w'en de beas'es wuz santern'n roun' same like fokes none un um wuz brash nuff fer ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit," remarked Uncle Remus, reflectively.

"Yes," replied the little boy, "that's what you said."

"Well, den," continued the old man with unction, "dat's whar my membrance gin out, kase Brer Rabbit did git katch'd up wid, en hit cool 'im off like po'in spring water on one er dese yer bi gity fices."

"How was that, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"One day w'en Brer Rabbit was gwine lippity clippintin' down de road, he meet up wid ole Brer Tarrypin, en after dey pass de time of day wid wunner nudder, dey kep' on talkin' dey did, twel bimeby dey gotter 'sputtin' 'bout w'ich wuz de swif'es. Brer Rabbit, he say he kin outrun Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Tarrypin, he des vow dat he kin outrun Brer Rabbit. Up en down dey had it, twel fus' news you know Brer Tarrypin say he had a fifty-dollar bill in de chink or de chimbly at home, en dat bill done tole 'im dot he could beat Brer Rabbit in a fa'r race. Den Brer Rabbit say he got a fifty-dollar bill wat dat he kin leave Brer Tarrypin so far behine dat he could sow barley ez he went 'long en hit 'ud be ripe nuff fer ter cut by de time Brer Tarrypin pass dat way. Enny how dey made de bet en put up de money, en old Brer Turkky Buzzard he wuz summnzd fer ter be de jedge, en de stake-holder; en 'twant long 'fo all de 'rangements wuz made. De race wuz a five mile heat, en de groun' wus medjud off, en at de een er ev'ry mile a pos' wuz stuck up. Brer Rabbit wuz ter run down de big road, en Brer Terrypin he said he'd gallup throo de woods. Folks tole 'im he could get long fasier in de road, but old Brer Tarrypin, he know'd w'at he wuz doin'. Miss Meadows en de gals en mos' all de nabers got win' er de fun, en w'en de day wuz sot dey termin' fer ter be on han'. Brer Rabbit he train hisse'f eve'day, en he skip over de groun' des ez gaily ez a June cricket. Ole Brer Terrypin, he lay low in de swamp. He had a wife en th'ee chilluns, ole Brar Tarrypin did, en dez wuz all de ve'y spit en image er de ole man. Eanybody what know one fum de udder gotter take a spy-glass, end den dey er li'ble fer ter git fooled. Dat's de way matters stan' 'twel de day er de race, en on dat day ole Brer Tarrypin en his ole 'oman, en his th'ee chilluns, dey got up 'fo' sunup en went ter de place. De ole 'oman she tuk her stan' at de fus' mile pos', she did, en de chilluns at de udders, up ter de las', en dar ole Brer Tarrypin tuck his stan'. Bimeby here come de fokes; Jedge Buzzard he come, en Miss Meadows en de gals, dey come, en den here come Brer Rabbit with ribbins tied roun' his neck en streamin' from his years. De fokes all went ter de udder een er de track fer ter see how dey come out, W'en de time come Jedge Buzzard strut roun' en pulls out his watch en holler out:

"'Gents, is you ready?'

"Brer Rabbit he say 'yes,' en ole Miss Tarrypin holler 'go' fum de aidge er de woods. Brer Rabbit, he lit out on de race, en ole Miss Tarrypin she put out fur home. Jedge Buzzard he riz en skimmed long fer ter see dat de race wuz runned fa'r. W'en Brer Rabbit got ter de fus' mile pos' wunner de Tarrypin chilluns crawl out er de woods, he did, en made fer de place. Brer Rabbit he holler out:

"'Whar is you, Brer Tarrypin?'

"'Yer I come a bulgin,' says the Tarrypin, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit so glad he's ahead dat he put out harder dan ever, en de Tarrypin, he make for home. W'en he come ter de nex' pos' nudder Tarrypin crawl out er de woods.

"'Whar is you, Brer Tarrypin?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'Yer I come, a billin'," sez de Tarrypin, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit he lit out, he did, en come ter de nex' pos', en dar was de Tarrypin. Den he had one mo' mile fer ter run, en he feel like he gittin' bellust. Bimeby, ole Brer Tarrypin look way off down de road en he see Jedge Buzzard sailin 'long, en he know hits time fer him him ter be up. So he scramble outen de wood, en roll across de ditch, en shuffle throo de crowd er folks, en git ter mile pos' en crawl behine it. Bimeby fus news you know, here come Brer Rabbit. He looks roun' en he don't see Brer Tarrypin, en den he squalls out:

"'Gimme de money, Brer Buzzard! Gimme de money!'

"Den Miss Meadows and de gals, dey holler en laff fit ter kill deys'f, en ole Brer Tarrypin, he raise up fum behine de pos' en sez, sezee:

"'Ef you'll gimme time fer ter ketch my bref, gents and ladies, one en all, I speck I'll finger dat muney myse'f,' sezee, and sho nuff, Brer Tarrypin tie de pu's roun his neck an skaddle* off home."

"But, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, dolefully, "that was cheating."

"Co'se honey. De beasts gun to cheat en den fokes tuck it up, en it spread. You mine yo' eye, honey, dat somebody don't cheat you fo' yer har git gray ez de ole nigger's."

*It may be interesting to note here that in all probability the word "skedaddle," about which there was some controversy during the war, came from the Virginia negroes' use of "skaddle," which is a corruption of "scatter."

PARISIAN JUSTICE.—A German nobleman visited Paris, recently, on pleasure. He was wealthy and lived freely. He became much infatuated with a courtesan named Rigolette, and squandered so much money upon her that, after a short career of pleasure, he found himself a beggar and a debtor, in prison. His wife journeyed from Germany, arrived in Paris, saw her husband and listened to his confession without betraying anger or reproach. She went to a tribunal, explained the case, a trial took place, and Rigolette, accused of immorality and swindling, was compelled to restore the property. The German was released from prison, and, with a handsome residue, thanks to his wife, he returned to his country and his sour-krout. This is Parisian and practical justice.

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Barnard's "Character Sketches from Charles Dickens" has been made. It is of large quarto size and will be out in a few days.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have Harper & Bros.' (N. Y.) edition of Robert Douden's life of Southey. It forms one of the "English Men of Letters Series." It is scholarly work, treating of the childhood of the man who lived so completely in and for literature; of his four years at Westminster, his Oxford course, his marriage, his wanderings from 1795 to 1803, his ways of life at Kernick—1803 to 1830, his literary labors up to 1843, with a review of his work in literature. Southey's was a well-rounded, useful life. He was one of the hardest workers in all the world of letters, and gave himself no rest. Of an austere nature, with an extraordinary conviction as to his duty in literature, he was yet actuated by kindly principles, and had a warm and sympathetic nature, which even his unparalleled devotion and slavery to work could not suppress. Douden does ample justice to Southey's heart and brain, and weighs his works with gentle but just criticism. He concludes that "Southey's poetry takes a midmost rank. It neither renders into art a great body of thought and passion, nor does it give faultless expression to lyrical movements. But it is the outcome of a large and vigorous mind amply stored with knowledge, and its breadth of life is the moral ardor of a nature strong and generous." As to his prose, he declares it a model of grace, strength, purity and simplicity.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have Dr. Hermann Bonitz's lecture on the "Origin of the Homeric Poems." It is translated from the German by Louis R. Packard, and is published by Harper & Bros., New York. The lecture was delivered in 1860 in Vienna, and has passed through four editions in Germany. It has been recognized as presenting in brief space and with fairness the points involved in the discussion, and the progress which has been made toward a solution of the problem. Packard was led to translate it mainly by his belief that there is no work in English which gives any just idea of the difficulties in the way of accepting the Homeric poems as the production of one poet, unless it be the large and expensive work of Mure, which defends the unity of authorship. It seemed desirable that there should be accessible in English a partial statement of the reasons which have led so many German scholars to doubt the unity of authorship of the poems. The notes contain a very valuable bibliography of the subject, which will be of decided service to one taking up the study of the Homeric question.

"The Californian" for May (The A. Roman Publishing Company, San Francisco), presents the following papers, besides the editorial and regular departments: "Field Sports in Australia," by R. E. Desmond; "The First Legislature on this Continent," by W. W. Crane, Jr.; "In Shasta," by Charles H. Shinn; "Sand," by J. W. Gally; "The Present Crisis in San Francisco," by C. T. Hopkins; "The Philippine Islands—A Holiday in Bosoboso," by Arthur T. Marvin; "High Jinks," by Andrew McF. Davis; "Reminiscences of Colonel E. D. Baker," by Edward B. Jerome; "For the Last Time," by May N. Hawley; "Almost a Novel," by Philip Shirley; "A Day at an Old Mission," by Mary H. Field; "Ruby," by Julia H. S. Bugeia; "The North Wind," by E. R. Sill; "The First Xerxes Loan Collection," by Octave Thanet; "Fish in Season," by W. N. Lockington; "Indian Dances in Northern California," by Lucy Sargent.

"The Atlantic Monthly" for May (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston), has these leading papers: "The Stillwater Tragedy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "The Examination System in Education," by Willard Brown; "Wants;" "McIntyre's False Face," by W. H. Bishop; "Talent and Genius," by Christopher P. Cranch; "Ten Days in the Rebel Army," by S. H. M. Byers; "A Neglected Poet," by G. E. Woodberry; "Records of W. M. Hunt," by Henry C. Angell; "The Undiscovered Country," by W. D. Howells; "Bluebird's Greeting," by George Parsons Lathrop; "The Democratic Presidential Nomination;" "British Americanisms," by Richard Grant White; and the usual review departments.

"The Pocket Mining Atlas," published by Edwin Bolitho, of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, New York, is one of the neatest pocket pamphlets we have ever seen. It has some twenty maps in miniature, one to each page, and the first is of the whole United States. There is no thin perplexing sheet to fold and unfold and grow angry over, as is the case with most pocket maps. It presents leading mining districts in Georgia, Lake Superior, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and that of Bodie. The maps are handsomely gotten up in colors and seem to be very accurate—surprisingly so for such a small plan as that upon which they are drawn.

"The Bible and its Study" is a pamphlet, containing essays on the study of the Bible, by Rev. Barnar Sears, Charlotte M. Yonge, Professor Phelps, Rev. F. H. A. Scrivener, Professor Curry, Professor Riddle, Professor Schaff, Bishop Ellicott, Rev. Dr. Thompson, Professor Hall, Rev. Edmund de Presseure, and by Chancellor Howard Crosby. It is from the press of John D. Wattles, Philadelphia, and is reprinted from the *Sunday-School Times*.

From Oliver Ditson & Co., music publishers, Boston, we have the following new sheet-music, arranged for the piano: "Trusting Yet," song, words by Hugh Conway, music by J. L. Roeckel; "Keep a Light Heart Say I," song, by Henry Fase; "The One Finger Waltz," a musical jest for the young, by Carl Meyer; "May Flower," an easy duet for the piano, by Miron A. Ward; "One Golden Hour," song, by Vivian Bligh.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have No. XIX. of the series of economic monographs from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The present is a treatise by Wm. L. Royall on "Andrew Jackson and the Bank of the United States." It includes a history of paper money in the United States, and a discussion of the currency question in some of its phases.

"King John" is another of Harper & Bros. (N. Y.) volumes of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, as edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. We have it from A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. The work is one of the English classics series heretofore noticed at length. The text of this edition of "King John" is based on that of the folio of 1623.

Of "Harper's Half-Hour Series" we have from A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, two new volumes, "Othello the Second," a novel, by F. W. Robinson, and "Golden-Rod," an idyl of Mount Deseret. Both novels are full of interest and equal to the thorough entertainment of the reader.

From T. M. Antisell & Co., San Francisco, we have in sheet from Spear & Denhoff's (New York) publication of John Keynton and Charles E. Pratt's new song, "Hush my Darling, do not Weep." It is arranged for the piano, and the proceeds of the sale go to the *Herald* relief fund for Ireland.

From Charles H. Marot (Philadelphia), for the author, we have a work entitled "Civilization: Is Its Cause Natural or Supernatural? An Inquiry," by "A Wayfarer in Search of Truth." It is a strong, earnest defense of Christianity and a vigorous attack upon the evolution theory.

From the American Book Exchange (New York) we have the fifth (and last) volume of the cheap edition of Milman's "Gibbons' Rome." This volume contains the elaborate index to the whole set, which has already been noticed in these columns.

From the New York Music Publishing Company we have a new song, "Columbia's Noble Men," arranged for the piano. The profits of the sale of the song go to the *Herald* Irish relief fund.

"Vivian the Beauty" is one of Mrs. Annie Edwardes' latest novels. It is issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, as one of the new handy-volume series.

A STEADY DRINKER.—A noted Scotch clergyman, of the good old school of orthodoxy, after preaching an evening sermon, went to a farmhouse, famous for its hospitality, for supper and bed. After eleven tumblers of toddy had been consumed, the servants were ordered in for prayers. The niece and housekeeper went in gladly, carrying a tray to remove the glasses. "Stay, stay, Miss Mysie," said the minister; "we'll just push the things into the middle o' the table, and they'll be easier drawn back after the exercises."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Street urchin to Bohemian whose boots have given way extensively: "Sa-ay, what sort of jokes have the sidewalks been telling your boots? They're on the broad grin."

A physician named Parsons lectured in a down-East town the other night, and was introduced to the audience as one of the few Parsons who preach little and practice much.

England will have to pay over £1,500,000 sterling a year simply for the water used by its Abyssinian army. It has to be distilled at a cost of two shillings a gallon.

Juan Valle, a noted Mexican bandit, was caught and shot the other day. He met death willingly, saying that the business was so crowded he could no longer make a respectable living.

General Chambers of Louisville had a daughter born to him on his seventy-fourth birthday, and the members of the bar expressed their admiration by presenting the young lady with a silver cup.

At a recent execution in Switzerland the executioner turned an honest penny by exhibiting his sword in the taverns, and the relatives of the criminal solaced their grief by selling photographs of the unfortunate fellow.

A prominent dry-goods merchant of this city worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give the answer: If four men build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?

The Paris managers put a new play upon the stage with wonderfully short dresses. The papers notice the indelicacy, the piece is made an immediate success, and then the dresses are lengthened to avoid the interference of the police.

Among the recently announced patents is one of a watch-case that is dust-proof and water-proof. The inventor washes the outside of the watches having the improvement and leaves them in a pail of water over night without injuring them.

Horses in Australia are a drug in the market and cannot be got rid of at any price. Two hundred were bought at 28 shillings apiece to feed pigs with, and a company purchased one thousand noble steeds for the purpose of boiling down their carcasses.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* asserts that his corn has been earlier and the yield larger since he abandoned the practice of planting pumpkins with the corn. He thinks the increase in the corn crop has more than compensated for the loss of the pumpkins.

Some manuscripts recently discovered in Italy by a Benedictine monk have been declared by Roman paleographists to be unpublished compositions of St. Thomas Aquinas. The handwriting quite agrees with existing examples of his. For the most part these papers consist of controversial tracts and sermons.

A divine in Georgetown, D. C., in one of his sermons, lately used as a quotation the scriptural query, "Where are the nine?" On a repetition of the question, a demure-looking young gentleman, who had been nodding, suddenly roused up, and in an audible tone innocently responded, "They are playing a Washington club."

A fellow in the Hartford Police Court last week, accused of stealing clothing, was blessed with a lawyer dealing in pathos, who appealed for a mild judgment on a misled youth, "who would have been an ornament to society" but for this offense. At this point the Chief of Police asked the "ornament," "How long is it since you got out of State Prison?" "About four months," was the prompt reply.

When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who earned his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus, salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt!"

At a club where the players are believed to be in the habit of correcting the errors of fortune by the exercise of skill, a gentleman forgets his diamond ring in the wash-room and sends a waiter for it. The waiter goes with a mental protest against being compelled to waste his time, but returns in a few moments in stupefied surprise: "I wouldn't go just yet," he whispers to the gentleman, "stay and play. You're in luck. Here's your ring!"

Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary amount of money which changes hands in England, at the race-course, from the fact that by an actual estimate it is found that between three and four hundred thousand pounds are given away every year as prize money at the various race meetings in the United Kingdom. Of course this bears only a small proportion to the bets which at the great races reach most incredible sums. Certainly the improvement of the breed of horses is an expensive process.

Miss Anna H. Brewster writes as follows concerning the Queen of Italy: "It is now admitted that her majesty has had a slight *fissazione di mente*, a partial derangement, which it is believed is gradually passing away. Her health is certainly better, but she has most assuredly a very strange, unnatural expression of countenance, and looks apathetic and indifferent. The violent attacks of hysteria are over, but her spirits and cheerfulness have not returned. 'Life, that imperious mistress,' has not been gentle to the poor Queen of Italy, Marguerite of Savoy."

One of the theatrical managers of Paris always receives an author who brings him a new play in a cold room, and when the young man unrolls his manuscript and begins to read, rings for the servant and says, "Justine, put a couple of dramas on the grate." Nestor Roqueplan, when he had the Varieties, was more considerate, though he was not distinguished for taking religious care of manuscripts intrusted to him. One day an author came in *un triste salmis* (Anglice—a sad stew) complaining that his piece had been mislaid and lost. "Calm yourself, my dear boy," said Roqueplan, benevolently; "open that cupboard yonder. You will see a heap of plays. Take any three you like."

JUVENILE PRIZE-FIGHTERS.—The following is from the Nevada *Transcript* of April 20th:

A most disgraceful affair, according to the statements of the spectators, occurred in a barn, near the narrow-gauge railroad depot, in this city, last Saturday afternoon. Some juvenile aspirants for managerial fame took possession of the building, and announced that a series of prize-fights would take place therein, to which curious people could obtain admission on the payment of "two chinas" a head. An audience of nearly 100, mostly boys, assembled to witness the sports. A ring was formed. There were two mills, the participants being from 10 to 12 years old. They stripped, and observed, in most regards, the rules regulating fistic encounters. The first couple fought two rounds, when one of them received a thump on his eye that blackened it and led him to throw up the sponge. The next pair of contestants fought for a stake of 50 cents, and in the first round one had the wind knocked out of him so effectually that he was obliged to retire for repairs. This brutal business has been carried far enough, and it is time for the authorities to check it. If they have no objection to full-grown plug-uglies battering each others' mugs into still more ungainly proportions, it is probably because they think that the community stands a show of gaining inestimably by the fighters wiping each other out of existence. But when the moral atmosphere becomes so permeated that boys who have scarcely doffed their diapers are seized with a craze for indulging in the "manly art" for coin, it begins to look as though the brakes of justice ought to be put on.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

Adamowski will soon return to Boston.

Mdme. Christine Nilsson will soon sing in London.

Mlle. Valleria has sailed from New York for England.

D'Oyly Carte has sailed the ocean blue towards Liverpool.

Miss Kate Field and B. E. Woolf are writing a musical piece together.

Hans Richter is to give a series of nine concerts in London, beginning May 10th.

Mdme. Engally, contralto, has made a great success at the Paris Opera Comique.

Miss Matilde Lennon, contralto, of Boston, will soon appear at St. James' Hall, London.

No nation has yet been discovered that has not knowledge of music, rude though it may be.

Verdi was crowned with laurel upon the performance of "Aida" in Paris, a few evenings ago.

The Mormons and the United States army are to form the subject of Dudley Buck's comic opera.

Miss Dora Wiley denies the rumor that she is to marry. She is, she states, too much in love with her profession.

Miss Venie Clancy has seceded from the Weathersby Froliques, and her place has been filled by Miss Elma Dolaro.

Max Maretzek's "Sleepy Hollow" has been translated into German and will be played abroad as "Das Schlummerthal."

A bird dealer has a bulfinch that sings: "How can I leave thee," and as it flutters against the bars of its cage it can't really see how it is going to leave.

Miss Ida Conquest, formerly of the Boston Museum Miniature "Pinafore" Company, has joined Ford's Juvenile Opera Troupe, and will sing Buttercup.

The opening of the new Opera-house at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, calculated to accommodate 2,000 spectators, is fixed for the first week of September next.

Ole Bull played in Brooklyn recently, assisted by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Mlle. Marguerite Selvi, Sig. E. Agramonte, Mdme. Teresa Carreno and the Temple Quartet of Boston.

Says the London *Musical World*: "Under the caption of 'The Royal Middy,' an English version of Suppe's 'Seecadet' has been produced in New York." Not Suppe's, but Genee's "Seekadet."

After being a partner for fifty-two years, Herr Raymond Hartel has retired from the renowned firm of Breitkopf & Hartel, Leipsic. For thirty-seven years he has also been a member, and for sixteen Chairman, of the Leipsic Booksellers' Association.

One of Schubert's famous songs, "The Serenade," was composed one afternoon in a German beer celler, amid the noise of squalling children, the clatter of mugs and dishes. He drew some staves on the back of a bill of fare, and thus this tone-poem was produced.

There are to be grand doings at Moscow next August, including performances of Italian opera, national drama, with or without music, out-door fetes of every kind, masked balls, etc., to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present Czar's accession to the throne.

There are about 4,500 men employed in the piano-forte manufactories of New York, about 2,500 in Boston, 300 in Baltimore, 275 in Philadelphia, 100 in Cincinnati, 100 in Chicago, 100 in Albany, and 50 in each of the cities of St. Louis, San Francisco, Buffalo, Rochester and Louisville.

A young woman who is teaching the Indians at Hampton, Va., was recently drilling a company of girls on the hymn, "Yield not to temptation," and trying to explain to them the meaning of the words. Some time after the class was dismissed a pupil came to her and said, "Me victory!" meaning that she had gained a victory. Being asked to explain, she said: "Indian girl, she big temptation to me; I no yield; I fight her."

Campanini, like all great artists, so thoroughly identifies himself with each role in which he appears, that his intensity frequently causes pain to those with whom he acts. Mlle. Valleria affords a case in point. During the last performance of "Carmen" in which she played Michaela, Campanini (Don Jose) grasped her hand in the last act with such fervor as to cause one of the rings on her finger to slightly cut the skin. Accustomed to such trifles, Mlle. Valleria paid no attention to the circumstance, but subsequently was compelled to obtain medical advice because her arm had swollen from the effects of some poisonous matter having come in contact with what appeared only a slight abrasion. The lady carried her arm in a sling for some days.

FIRST ROMANCE OF SPRING.

It is moonlight on the hill. From out the trees a gentle zephyr creeps to rob the hyacinth of its perfumed breath, and adown the garden walk the whippoorwill lends his monotone of sadness unto the balmy night. Sleep, with brooding wings, sits silent o'er the scene. But hark! it is the tinkling guitar strummed by the lonely Augusta. He comes. Beneath the vine-clad window in the ghostly gloaming he pauses, and up the flower-trellised wall he shoots a melancholy tenor fraught with the passionate inquiry, "Must I leave thee here alone?" No answer returns save the haunting echo and the low clicking of a distant door. The scene changes. It is the back yard tableau. A white-robed old man bends above a chained dog and soothes his too eager spirit as he loosens the collar. A low voice says "S-cc-ceck him, Bull—take a short cut round the rose-bush." A flash—and the old man is alone. The clatter of a fallen guitar comes from the front; a sound like the rush of a steeple-chase nearing a hedge is borne back, and neck and neck two figures cross the picket fence to disappear down the dim prospective of the deserted street. Then the old man meets Bull as he returns on the outer walk, and removes in a discouraged manner a dark object from his foaming mouth, while the animal retires to his kennel in silence. The door opens and shuts upon the white-robed form, and all is still again. But as he gets into bed and shoves the old lady's feet out of the warm place he mutters: "Bull is gettin' old, an' serenades don't pay divydends like they used to, but if the business keeps up I think you will be justified in startin' another patch-work quilt, Maria. That last fellow left real cassumer."

"What sorter sample did you get?"

"Tolerble fair. There was a long strip with a pistol-pocket hangin' to it and one gallus butt'n."—[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A MONKEY PULLS A TOOTH.—We invite the attention of Mr. Darwin to the following very singular anecdote regarding the monkey "Dot," belonging to James Wardlaw, of this town, as so peculiar an illustration of the ingenuity of the monkey has rarely, if ever, been recorded: The monkey was brought to Galt from Deccan, India, in the fall of 1878, by Mr. Wardlaw, who had been residing in Hyderabad for several years. It fairly eclipsed itself on Sunday before last. The little creature had been suffering from toothache for several days, and evidently suffered severely. On Sunday the pain was more than ordinarily severe, and the monkey, like its human type, resolved at last to undergo a dental operation. But the dentist, strange to say, was itself. "Dot" found a string, fastened it around the aching tooth, seized the end of the string with his fore feet, drew up one of its hind legs between its fore feet, and gave a sudden shove, which jerked the tooth out and sent it flying half way across the room. This having been accomplished, the monkey was at ease, and resumed his natural cheerfulness and amiability.—[Galt (Ont.) Reformer.

Over 5,000 copies of "A Fool's Errand" were sold in a fortnight by the publishers, and the demand for the book is steadily increasing.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S WHIMS.

When Sarah Bernhardt left the convent, it is recorded in "The Theaters of Paris," she hesitated between being a nun or an actress. When she was at last an actress, and perhaps the most notorious in France, she suddenly felt that she had missed her vocation, and that she was really intended for a sculptor. She called for modeling clay and the tools of the trade; she took a few lessons, and at the annual art exhibitions since she has exhibited various pieces of sculpture of varying merit—not so amateurish and quite as startling as one might expect. Her latest attempt was a statue for M. Garnier's new opera-house at Monaco, which that clear-sighted architect peremptorily rejected. She passes all her days in her studio when she is not rehearsing or riding rapidly on horseback; but already, in spite of her success as a sculptor, has she turned her ever-restless intellect to the sister art of painting. In all this there is a certain savor of merely meretricious sensationalism. The very thinness of which Mlle. Bernhardt complains is sometimes exaggerated willfully by the costume she chooses, and gloves to full are deliberately wrinkled along the arms to increase the attenuated impression. In all the recklessness of character, in the sudden freak for sculpture and for painting, in the balloon trips described by herself at length in a volume profusely illustrated by M. Clairin, in the hastily dictated articles contributed to newspapers, in the eccentric caprices which give rise to strange tales of a skeleton in her studio, and of a coffin in which she sleeps, in the willingness to sacrifice to the impulse of the moment the demands of art, which must be steadily sought and long wooed ere it be won—in all this there is evidence of conscious self-advertisement, not to say a distinct trace of charlatanry.

Mr. Quaritch, of London, is about to publish in two volumes a "Bibliography of Printing," in which has been collected a mass of material from many quarters that it would be quite impossible to obtain in any library. The work is the first of its kind ever attempted in England.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pioneers.—The regular monthly meeting of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers will be held THIS (Saturday) EVENING, April 24th, at 7:30 o'clock, sharp.
JOHN S. MILLER, President.
ASA P. ANDREWS, Secretary. ap24-1t

Special Meeting of Sacramento Royal Arch Chapter, No. 3, at the hall, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 7:30 o'clock. Sojourning Companions are cordially invited to attend. By order of
W. B. DAVIS, H. P.
A. A. REDINGTON, Secretary. ap24-1t

Union Lodge, No. 21, A. O. U. W., will meet in their hall, corner of K and Sixth streets, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 8 o'clock. Work in the Third Degree. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.
J. N. YOUNG, M. W.
P. L. HICKMAN, Recorder. [B. C.] ap24-1t

A special meeting of the Caledonian Club will be held THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at Pioneer Hall, to make arrangements for Picnic, Games, etc. All members are requested to be present at 8 o'clock sharp. By order of G. D. STEWART, Chief.
ALEX. MUNRO, Secretary. [B. C.] ap24-1t

Champions of the Red Cross!—You are hereby notified that the funeral of our deceased Companion, MISS MINNIE WATROUS, will take place TO-MORROW (Sunday) AFTERNOON, at 2:30 o'clock, at Fireman's Hall, Eighth street, between J and K. All members *must* be present.
W. C. McNEE, Y. Commander.
OSCAR S. FLINT, Rec. Sec. [B. C.] ap24-1t*

Notice.—A Special Meeting of the members of the Good Templars' Band of Hope will be held at Firemen's Hall, Eighth street, between J and K, at 3 P. M. SUNDAY, to make arrangements for the coming Picnic. All are invited.
ap24-1t* MRS. M. E. GOULDIN, President.

LOST—IN THIS CITY, APRIL 22D, A GENtleman's Gold Locket, initial "F" on one side, engraved on red stone; $2 50 will be paid to whoever leaves it at this office. ap24-3t

$13.000. A SOLANO GRAIN FARM for sale; 5 miles from Railroad Depot; richest kind of level grain land; 40 bushels of wheat