MANHATTANISMS.

FELIX ADLER'S MARRIAGE, MIND AND MANNERS.

Edwin Booth's Probable Engagement in Europe—Is the Metropolis in the Torrid Zone?

NEW YORK, May 27, 1880.

Colonel Robert C. Ingersoll's second lecture at Booth's Theater, Sunday evening, drew fully as large an audience as the first lecture. The house was packed with highly intelligent, elegantly dressed men and women of the better class, who were as enthusiastically approbative of "The Gods" as they had been of "What Shall We Do to be Saved." The speculators did not reap such a harvest as they had reaped, because the public, having gained knowledge by experience, had provided themselves with tickets at the box-office beforehand. In all other respects, the audience was almost identical with that of the previous evening, representing the liberal, thoughtful, individual part of the community. The daily city papers have generally given very fair reports of Ingersoll's lectures; but some of them have thought it best—for their pecuniary interest, perhaps—to defer a little to orthodoxy. One of them spoke, for example, of Ingersoll having been "soundly hissed," adding that there are some things which even

SUNDAY AMUSEMENT-SEEKERS

Will not stand. It seems that only one man hissed, and he was put out, a proceeding with which the lecturer could hardly have been pleased, since he believes so emphatically in the fullest freedom of expression. The speaker's response to the hiss was, "Let Jehovah take care of himself; he ought to be able to. I would rather deal directly with God than with any of his agents I have ever seen." On the subject of the Press, it is here as it is elsewhere. The working journalists, they who are the body and brain of the papers, are almost invariably rationalists, while the proprietory interests are in the hands of those inclined to orthodoxy, if not on principle, because it is regarded as remunerative. Money usually makes people conservative, and one of the generally unrecognized strengths of ecclesiasticism is purely financial. The Church property of the metropolis is estimated at $200,000,000. No wonder churches have some influence apart from spirituality. There is reason for the opinion that priests, of whatever denomination, can not refrain from looking upon theological questions from the vulgar bread-and-butter point of view. I do not blame them; at least, I should not, if they did not make such lofty pretense; if they did not prate so flippantly of their "sacred office." When they shall admit that their calling is like any other calling, they will be more logical than they now are, and will escape much of their present criticism. While they often admit privately that they are like other men, their common giving-out is that they are of the elect; that they are removed from the common herd. They never seem to me as other men, and not as women. Perhaps they are neither. They may be as the French say of the third sex.

FELIX ADLER AS BENEDICK.

Professor Felix Adler, the head and front of the Society for Ethical Culture, has, as you have probably seen, just married Nellie Goldmark, described as a slender, pretty brunette, daughter of a physician, a scholarly ex-Hebrew of Brooklyn, and the brother of the noted German composer. I have been told that there was a disposition on the part of some of Adler's friends to have him take a wife from one of the young women of wealth who belong to his Society. But he chose through his affections a girl who has, I learn, no other dowry that her personal and mental attractions. Adler is an uncompromising idealist in everything, and yet was devoid of practicality in matters practical. One of the grave defects of the mass of Jews is, in his judgment, their excessive commercial spirit and passion for money. He would not be very likely, therefore, to allow property to influence his connubial conduct. Adler was married by the Mayor of Brooklyn, showing that he considers marriage merely a civil contract, having no reference to religion. Even if he had regarded it otherwise he could not have been united by any priest with any sort of consistency. Not by a rabbi, because he has separated himself from both the orthodox and the reformed Jews, indeed from all kinds of Jews, distinctively such. Not by a Roman Catholic priest, because he has no sort of faith in the Roman Church, to him the stronghold of superstition. Not by a Protestant clergyman, because he disbelieves in Protestantism totally. His own Society has no rabbis, priests or pastors. He is its lecturer, and in such capacity might, by a strain, have performed the ceremony for himself. Under all the circumstances, the Mayor of Brooklyn was the best person to convert him into a Benedick.

ADLER'S ANTECEDENTS.

Adler is the son of a German rabbi, remarkable for his learning and intellect, and now retired on account of his years. He was born in this city barely 30 years ago; studied in Germany, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Berlin—probably the first seat of learning in the world. Although reared in the old Hebraic faith, he very early began to doubt all creed and dogma, and after returning home from Berlin, some of his friends, rich Jews, offered to endow a Chair of Hebrew and the Oriental Languages at Cornell University, provided they could name the incumbent. The offer was gratefully accepted. Felix Adler became a Professor at Ithaca. He had been at Cornell only a brief while, when an organization, which afterward developed into the Ethical Society, was formed here, and Adler invited to lecture before it every Sunday for eight months in the year. He would leave Ithaca Saturday, arrive here in the afternoon, lecture Sunday morning, take the evening train and be back in abundant time for his collegiate duties. He naturally expressed his individual opinions in his discourses, and as they were heretical and striking they got into the newspapers, provoked much comment, excited evangelical censure and disturbed the equanimity of Cornell's Trustees, who were and are rigidly orthodox. They made no protest, however. They merely waited until the year had expired, and then informed the rich endowers that they could not consent to the continuation of the chair unless they were allowed to select the man to fill it. This was, of course, a direct blow at Adler, but they lacked the moral courage to be wholly candid. The Professor's friends declined to have anything more to do with the matter, Cornell ceased to have the particular chair, and Adler was regularly appointed lecturer of the Society at $3,000, and is likely to continue there as long as he is so minded. Adler has been to California; he was delighted with it and the warm friends he met there, all carrying, as he said, their hearts in their hands. He is in every sense generous and noble, as well as gifted; but his eager hopes and burning desire to aid humanity make him too sanguine as respects reform. He is very young yet. When he has lived longer and had ampler experience he will see that far less can be done for the laboring classes than he imagines. It is melancholy, though true, that, as we grow older, we find that the mass of humanity is an unmanageable force, and that most permanent reforms must come from within, and can seldom be wrought except in individuals.

EDWIN BOOTH

Will sail for Europe by the Gallia the 30th proximo, his daughter Edwina—his only child by a previous marriage—and his wife (nee Mary McVicker) accompanying him. He goes abroad primarily for his wife's health—very delicate at present; secondarily, for recreation and rest. He has made no professional engagements, though it is quite likely that he will play in London next autumn, as he can hardly escape importunities from English managers. He has performed on the British stage, though under very unfavorable circumstances. It was during our civil war, when many of the English were most bitterly prejudiced against the United States. There were other obstacles in his way, and he felt so dispirited that he quitted the country, after appearing in a few cities under most adverse conditions. Although I regard Booth as the foremost, by all odds, of English-speaking tragedians—in truth, I know of nobody to compare with him—I should not dare to prediet his success in London. Henry Irving is a great favorite over there in Shakespearean parts, and he is as unlike Booth as any two actors well can be. To my mind, his Hamlet is very bad—bad in conception and bad in rendering. I cannot understand how competent critics can like him; and yet I know that they do. Booth's Hamlet certainly cannot please the same people who are capable of enjoying Irving's Hamlet. I am curious to see how Booth will be received over there. The English have such different modes of judging from ours; have such different tastes, that it is impossible to tell what will or will not be approved by them. They are slow-witted, compared with us, and do not like to make up their minds except after ample deliberation.

THIS STORY

Illustrates the fact: When Booth was acting in London during the war a New Yorker asked an Englishman if he had seen the young American. "O, ah! Yes, er—yes," was the answer; "er—have seen him—er—several times." "What do you think of him?" "Think of him? Ah—ah—er—er—ah—well, really, now, I don't know, you know." "But you say you've seen him. You must have some sort of opinion." "No—ah—er—no. The—the fact is, my dear boy, I haven't seen what the *Times* says of Booth, you know, and you can't expect a fellow to make up his mind all of a sudden, you know." A number of Edwin Booth's friends intend to give him a breakfast or dinner—it is yet undetermined which—before he sails. The time, the place or the number of invitations is not settled at present, but will be within a fortnight. The occasion will be delightful and the company brilliant, no doubt, whenever and wherever it shall take place, for he counts among his admirers and personal friends many of our most distinguished and accomplished citizens. The principal topic this week has been

THE EXCESSIVE HEAT,

Which is so unusual and so wholly unexpected at this season that it has taken everybody by surprise and literally overpowered the entire community. Not only has the temperature been very high—many thermometers have marked 98° and 100°, even 102°, in the shade—the quality of the air has been most oppressive, at times nearly stifling. So far as known, such heat has never been experienced before in this latitude. It has driven everybody out of town who could get out.

The places of amusement have slender audiences; the restaurateurs complain that people are too hot to eat; business generally is interrupted; the whole town is perspiring and panting, and alarmed at the future meteoric prospect. It is generally thought that we are to have a perfectly blazing summer, and thousands who seldom leave the city except at intervals have made arrangements for early departure and regular absence.

Just think of it! Before the close of May, the mercury is 100°; dogs are running mad; beasts and men are falling dead in the streets. And yet May came in with a flurry of snow, and with ice in the gutters. We have had no rain for four weeks; vegetation and humanity are drying up. How idle the assumption, that we inhabit a temperate climate! New York is now in the torrid zone. CHAUBERT.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

CURIOUS AND STATISTICAL QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERED.

[Correspondents will write upon but one side of the sheet and make their questions as concise as possible. Replies by contributors to questions by correspondents will be given when accompanied by the name and address of the writer.]

THE ADDRESS.—In one of your February numbers a notice appeared of the introduction and successful experiment with a foreign plant, called *Pernicillaria Spicata*, by W. A. Sanders. Wishing to find out more about that wonderful plant, I respectfully request you to furnish me the postoffice address of Mr. Sanders.

A. LOFFLER, Sierra county.

Answer.—The address is W. A. Sanders, Sanders' Postoffice, Fresno county, Cal.

PATENT MEDICINE.—Will you please inform me what action would be necessary to take to procure a patent on a medicine. J.

Answer.—One method is to copyright the label by filing a copy of it with the Librarian of Congress. Send it by mail. Fee 50 cents. Another is to claim a patent for a novel combination of ingredients. For the method see the patent laws, which can be found in any ordinary library, and are too detailed to be here repeated.

STATE STOCK LAW.—Was there any State stock law passed at the last session of the Legislature? and if so, what is it?

SUBSCRIBER.

Eagle Creek, June 1st.

Answer.—We have no knowledge of such a law as you indicate, except one in reference to the sale of diseased animals.

STEAM PRESSURE.—A correspondent asks if the pressure in three steam boilers being say 25 pounds to each boiler, will register more than that on a single gauge to which the three boilers are connected.

Answer.—No; nor if there were 100 boilers. The pressure in a series of connected boilers will be registered on a common gauge as if but one boiler was used.

ALASKA.—Does Alaska have a Senator in the Congress of the United States?

ANTELOPE.

Answer.—It would seem hardly necessary to inform any citizen that the Territories do not send Senators to Congress.

STATE SCHOOLS.—Please inform me—1. Where the State University is located and how to apply for admission to the same? 2. Also the same concerning the State Normal School or Schools.

JAMES LEWIS, Orland.

Answer.—1. At Berkeley. An examination is the test of admission. Address the Dean of the University for details. 2. At San Jose. Address the Principal of the school for particulars. Examination for the latter school is also required.

ROAD TO WOODLAND.—Please to inform me if it is practicable to cross from Sacramento city to Woodland or Davisville about the 10th of June with a two-horse wagon. If you will give me the information desired in your Letter-box you will confer a favor on a subscriber. Address

J. M. H., Placer county.

Answer.—It is not now passable.

PLAIN TARTS.—Take any little piece of pie-crust, and use it up by lining patty-pans or the covers of baking-powder cans; fill with any pie-mixture, fresh or canned fruit, preserves, jellies, or anything that is convenient; if there is not enough of one kind of fruit put some other kind with it. Mince tarts should be covered. Always save the pieces.

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE LOVERS OF FIELD SPORTS.

[In this department, as the head indicates, we propose to make record of current sporting events. Communications to the paper concerning such matters should be addressed to the "Outdoor Amusement Department."]

RUNNING.—A correspondent writing from Placerville says: "In a race for the championship of El Dorado county, held at the Olympic picnic on Tuesday, May 18th, and for which a handsome medal, valued at $20, was offered, R. B. Jones won in 10¾ seconds, distance 100 yards. There being seven participants, it was decided to run four in the first and three in the second heat. The first heat was won by Jones in 10½ seconds. The second heat was won by Edward Selkirk in 10¼ seconds. The final heat, between Selkirk and Jones, was won by the latter in 10¾, as above stated. As you will observe, Selkirk's time is one-fourth of a second faster than of Jones, but in the final heat Selkirk got a false start and lost. This time, in my opinion, is exceedingly good for amateurs. Is not this your opinion?" It is good time—excellent. The best time to date, 100 yards, is 9¼ seconds. George Seward, Hammersmith, England, September 30, 1844; W. C. Wilmer, Milburn, N. J., July 6th, and Matt. Haven, New York, October 12, 1878; also, R. La Montague (penalized a yard), Staten Island, N. Y. H., September 28, 1878. These were all accomplished runners. For amateurs, your Placerville record is among the best of the world.

A SIMPLE MINNOW NET.—As I hear so many fishermen complaining that they cannot get a net suitable to catch minnows, that is easily carried, I thought it might be of service to the fishing fraternity in general if I were to describe a net of my own invention that is easily carried in the pocket, can be adjusted in a minute, and has never failed to provide me with plenty of minnows. I take a bung or round block of wood of two and one-half to three inches in diameter and bore four holes opposite to each other in the edge of it. I then insert a piece of umbrella rib, about twelve to fourteen inches long, in each hole. The holes must be made deep and small enough for the wire to fit tight. The paragon wire is the best. I leave the end of the rib that has the little eye in it outside. I then lay the bung and wires on a square piece of mosquito netting, and stretch it and sew it firmly at the four corners to the eyes in the ribs. In the center of the bung I put a screw-eye, and in the center of the mosquito net sew a piece of string, leaving ends about eight inches long. Any straight, stiff stick picked up on the shore serves as a handle, being made fast to the net by a strong piece of twine through the screw-eye, and with a piece of bread tied in the net with the string, and perhaps a small, flat stone to make it sink, it is ready to catch minnows. They will come over the net for the bread, and when it is raised up quickly the resistance of the water causes it to belly, and the minnows will not get out. When bait enough has been taken I pull the wires out of the holes, drop the bung into the net and roll it up on the wires.—[E. A. R., in Forest and Stream.

WHEN DO BEARS HAVE YOUNG?—J. G. Rich writes to *Forest and Stream* from Bethel, Maine, and says: "I notice in *Forest and Stream*, of 4th March last, an account of a bear killed the 18th January, and that the cubs were found in the den, three of them with eyes closed, and very young. I account for this as a premature birth by certainly two months, or nearly that. The old bear being disturbed left the den, but not until she had cast her cubs. I have never heard an instance yet where a bear was taken from the den, dead or alive, without first casting her cubs. The natural time for cubbing is the month of March, in this State. The time may differ in different latitudes. I have killed seventy-three black bears, *Ursus Americanus*, under varied circumstances, and at all times of the year. A young *Homo*, at seven months, is likely to live, if tenderly cared for, and why not young *Ursus*? Find a bear's den in any month of the winter containing a she bear with cub, and you cannot take her from the den quick enough, but that she will have her young ones in the den. After cubbing naturally in her den, she will not go so far away from the den without them but that she can hear them; and the moment she leaves them, for whatever reason, they will set up such a squalling as to make the woods ring."

THE FIASCO ON THE POTOMAC.—The race between Hanlan and Courtney on the Potomac was one of the most miserable farces ever witnessed. Hanlan, as usual, went about his work in a straightforward, manly way, while Courtney collapsed as the time of action drew near, and had to be virtually dragged to his boat. This man has no more heart than a hen, not half as much as a hen with chickens. He is as much to be pitied as blamed, and is just like some horses that can show wonderful private traits at home, but are deserted by nine-tenths of their power when the hour of contest comes. We should think that the infatuated partisans of Courtney have had enough of him. The sawing of his boat at Chautauqua lake may now be easily understood, and if the barber who was shaving that scamp, "Frenchy Johnson," when it purports to have been done, had cut his throat, the community would have lost nothing. [New York Sportsman.

ARCHERY.—Major Otey of Virginia City is said to have shot an arrow 300 yards.... San Francisco will probably allow the archers to fix a range in the public park. ....The N. A. A. tournament occurs at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 13th, 14th and 15th....On June 14th at Lincoln Park, Chicago, the North-side Archery Club hold their second monthly field day. It is expected that this will be the affair of the season, as Maurice Thompson and his brother Will H. Thompson, champion archer of America, with other members of the Wabash Merry Bowmen, together with the Highland Park archers, Chicago Club and Des Moines Toxophilites will take part in the shooting. A friendly contest, no prizes being offered.

FANCY BET ON THE MANCHESTER CUP.—A bet of £500 to £50 was recently laid against the following lot of thirty horses for the Manchester Cup: Parole, Roehampton, Falsetto, Dresden China, Palmbearer, Rycerski, St. Augustine, Humbert, Coromandel II., Reconciliation, Wallenstein, Mistake, Squaker, Teviotdale, Fernandez, Rosalind, Duval, Durham, Jenny Howlet, Hypatia, Grey Hen, Fallow Deer, William Tell, Pelleas, Fleecy Cloud, Combat, Mrs. Waller colt, New Court, Prince Eugene, Selred. Thus Isonomy's unprecedented victory wins the bet for the odds-giver.

THE CADETS.—The formation of the new cadet company has been successful, and Sacramento will, we predict, have reason to be proud of the corps. Captain McEwen was formerly of the Sacramento Cadets, and comes to his charge with no little experience as an officer. Our citizens ought to provide the company at once with a neat uniform. Much is due to Albert Hart for the early formation of the company. He has given it close attention and insisted, with the committee of which he is chairman, on a high personal standard as a prerequisite to membership.

CHALLENGED.—Lopez Mauldin has challenged J. J. Ankener to shoot a match at bats for the bat-shooting champion cup tomorrow at Lisle's bridge. Bat-shooting is something peculiar to this section. The truth is it requires peculiar skill to shoot a bat sprung from a trap. They are lively flyers, and go seven ways for Sunday. Ankener has held the champion cup about one year.

MATCH.—A match game of base-ball will be played to-morrow at Agricultural Park, in which Leary and Lewis, of the Hop Bitters Club, and Farrell, of the Blue Stockings, will engage in the play.

SCULLING AT BOSTON.—A single-cull race for the junior championship of the Harvard University Boat Club was rowed on the Charles river on the 5th of May. The contestants were R. E. Ellis, '80, and F. M. Gilley, '80. Ellis won easily and finished the two miles in 18 minutes and 13 seconds.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Madame de Remusat admits in her "Memoirs" that she told lies sometimes.

Wit from the West: "Folks are naming babies after Edison, they are such light little things."

The Paris police made a descent upon a brewery on the 19th of February, and arrested a dozen women who were gambling with cards.

A Canadian woman asks: "Oh, why will not woman be wise and keep out of second marriages? She has examples and warnings enough."

Protais' portrait of young Louis Napoleon in the field in Zululand now hangs in the bedroom which Eugenie got ready against the lad's return to Chiselhurst.

A western news paragraph: "The matrimonial boom is immense in the suburbs. One east side dealer has sold a cook stove a day for the past two weeks, in each instance to a newly married couple from the country."

Sarah Bernhardt gave a small fancy dress ball a few days ago at her hotel in the Avenue de Villiers, Paris. The invitations were from the pencil of Georges Clairin, and are said to be souvenirs worth keeping.

"Monica" of Manistee, Michigan, asserts that "orange buds are intended for the young bride, but for one of mature age full blown flowers are better fitted." She suggests "pansies and the more matured flowers or leaves."

Madame Bazaine, the ex-Marshal's wife, lives with her husband in a modest house in the old part of Madrid. She dresses always in black, which is relieved, says a French reporter, by "the light of her beauty and goodness."

A theatrical criticism in the London *Times* contains this interesting piece of grammatical construction: "Her success would, in his opinion, cast a stain upon the good name of the girl whom he desires to make his wife that could never be wiped out."

An appeal is making to English churchmen for money to build a cathedral at Lahore, India. At present the services of the Church of England are performed in a Mohammedan shrine dedicated to a murdered slave girl. The Maharajah of Cashmere has offered to furnish the timber.

A housemaid wrote to her English mistress the following letter: "Miss —— Excuse Me for taking the Liberty of asking you Which I thought wood Be no Harm I thought would ask you Miss if you where going to wear the Black Dress that Ley on The Chair in your Room if not Would you mind Selling it two me I Should Be very Glad of it as I know it fits me."

Victor Hugo's wife and two little children, Georges and Jeanne, were recently in a box of a theater in Paris when his play "Hernani" was reproduced on the anniversary of his birthday. The master himself was too modest to be present. In the last act, at the moment of the death of Hernani, the emotion of the children became uncontrollable. Little Jeanne sobbed, and was so disturbed, so pale, so trembling, that her mother thought it prudent to draw her to a retired corner of the box.

The plot of a recent novel, "Little Miss Primrose," is as follows: "A clergyman's daughter loves and is loved by a young gentleman who has come back from New Zealand, and obtained a good position as land agent. A designing young woman comes between them, and palms off on the lady a lying tale of how her lover has been long engaged to be married. 'Miss Primrose' finally intervenes as Providence; the deserving people are married happily, and the intriguer is left in the possession of a doubtful blessing, in the foolish and extravagant baronet whom she entraps into marriage."

A woman of Wheeling, Va., who signs herself "Peggotty," communicates this intelligence to a western newspaper: "A worldly cynical man, who laughs and scoffs at love, grows pale as a tiny faded flower falls from the leaves of the dusty book. The strong hand trembles as he picks it up, a faded blue forget-me-not! Hall in dream he feels the breath of the far off summer day. A face so very fair, a dreamy look in the tender eyes, a bunch of blue forget-me-nots, a hasty word, a broken vow, and two lives were separated—never to know or feel the truth. The world shall not know that the strong man who scoffs at women and love, kisses the faded flower and drops a tear from the eye that gives nothing but stern looks to the world."

"The finest figure that I saw at President Grevy's recent ball in the Elysee Palace, Paris," says Mr. Labouchere, "was dressed in cream-colored faille and satin. It was robust in chest and shoulders, delicate in the neck, flexile at the waist, finely rounded at the hips, somewhat above the middle height, and neatly finished at the hands and arms. A load of jet-black, lustrous hair was fastened up with a tortoise shell comb on the top of the head. In loosely held braids, crimson and purple flowers were stuck carelessly. When the wearer of this matchless toilet burst upon my vision, I was sitting with a group of generals and generales. The warriors were at once on the alert. Their wives were all curiosity to see the face of the beautifully-formed creature. She turned it round. Astonishment at it chased politeness. There was a movement of consternation. We had expected to see the head of a Caucasian Venus. We discovered a feminine gorilla, with a sickly yellow complexion. The mouth and chin formed a muzzle, the lips thick and luscious stretched from ear to ear; the nose was merely nostrils; the eyes were close together and restless in their orbits, and the line of the forehead sloped rapidly back to the crown of the head. A diamond locket, brooch and bracelets of extraordinary fire and brilliancy, told of wealth. This lady seemed a stranger, and aware of the peculiar outline of her profile. She often hid her face behind a fan, on which there was a portrait of a man set in diamonds. An officer in General Pittie's staff had heard she was a Russian. I should have thought she was a Brazilian or a Portuguese. She kept aloof from the ballroom, and, without any one to speak to her, haunted the quiet boudoirs upstairs, as if watching for somebody who did not come. At a *bal masque* she would have commanded admiration. I never saw a more perfectly lovely figure and incomparable head of hair, with a more thoroughly unlovely face."

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* has made the discovery that "the net-work of wires seen stretching from building to building, and from chimney to gable," in our great cities and towns, is a nuisance, and that the time is not very far distant when, at the present rate of increase—and especially should the electric light be introduced generally—the whole country will be covered with them, unless some plan is devised by which electrical currants can be transmitted in the earth by wires conveyed in tubes of clay or metal. Is it possible that our usually well-informed contemorary is unaware of the fact that such plans have not only been devised, but have actually been in use almost universally in the cities and towns of Europe for the past twenty-five years, and that in most of those foreign cities the overhead wire and the unsightly pole are things unknown?—[Engineering Journal.

Dr. Siemens has published a highly interesting account of the influence of the electric light on the growth of vegetables. He feels justified from the results of his numerous experiments in affirming that the influence of the electric light is most beneficial in promoting the growth of plants.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

"'A frightful face!' Wal, yes, yer correct;
That man on the engine thar'
Don't pack the handsomest countenance—
Every inch of it sportin' a sear;
But I tell you, pard, thar' ain't money enough
Piled up in the national banks
To buy that face—nor a single scar—
(No, I never indulges. Thanks.)

Yes, Jim is an old-time engineer,
An' a better one never war' knowed!
Bin a runnin' yar since the fust machine
War' put on the Quincy road;
An' thar' ain't a galloot that pulls a plug
From Maine to the jumpin off place
That knows more about the big iron hoss
Than him with the battered up face.

'Git hurt in a mash-up?' No, 'twar done
In sort 'o legitimate way;
He got it a tryin' to save a gal
Up 'yar on the road last May.
I hevn't much time fur to spin you the yarn
For we pull out at two twenty-five—
Just wait till I climb up an' toss in some coal
So's to keep old "90" alive—

Jim war' pullin' the Burlin'ton passenger then,
Left Quincy a half an hour late,
An' war' skinnin' along purty lively, so's not
To lay out number twenty-one freight.
The "90" war' more than a hoopin' 'em up
An' a quiverin' in every nerve!
When all to once Jim yelled '*Merciful God!*'
As she shoved her sharp nose 'round a curve.

I jumped to his side o' the cab, an' ahead
'Bout two hundred paces or so
Stood a gal on the track, her hands raised aloft,
An' her face jist as white as the snow,
It seems she war' so paralyzed with the fright
That she couldn't move for'ard or back,
An' when Jim pulled the whistle she fainted an' fell
Right down in a heap on the track!

I'll never forgit till the day o' my death
The look that cum over Jim's face;
He throwd'd the old lever cla'r back like a shot
So's to slacken the "90's" wild pace,
Then let on the air brakes as quick as a flash
An' out through the window he fled,
An' skinned 'long the runnin' board cla'r in front,
An' lay on the pilot ahead.

Then jist as we reached whar the poor creetur' lay,
He grabbed a tight hold of her arm,
An' raised her right up so's to throw her one side
Out o' reach of danger an' harm.
But somehow he slipped an' fell with his head
On the rail as he throw'd the young lass,
An' the pilot in strikin' him ground up his face
In a frightful an' horrible mass!

As soon as we stopped I backed up the train
To that spot where the poor fellow lay,
An' thar' sot the gal with his head in her lap
An' wipin' the warm blood away.
The tears rolled in torrents right down from her eyes,
While she sobbed like her heart war' all broke—
I tell you, my friend, such a sight as that ar'
Would move the tough heart of an oak!

We put Jim aboard an' run back to town,
Whar' for week after week the boy lay
A hoverin' right in the shadder o' death,
An' that gal by his bed every day.
But nursin' an' doctorin' brought him around—
Kinder snatched him right outen the grave—
His face ain't so han'som as 'twar', but his heart
Remains just as noble an' brave.

* * * * * * * *

Of course thar's a sequel—as story books say—
He fell dead-in love, did this Jim;
But he hadn't the heart to ax her to have
Sich a battered up rooster as him.
She know'd how he felt, an' last New Year's Day
War' the fust day o' leap year, you know,
So she jist cornered Jim and proposed on the spot
An' you bet he didn't say no.

He's buildin' a house up thar' on the hill,
An' has laid up a snug pile o' cash,
The weddin's to be on the first o' next May—
Jist a year from the day o' the mash—
The gal says he risked his dear life to save hers,
An' she'l jist turn the tables about
An' give him the life that he saved—thar's the bell.
Good-day, sir, we're goin' to pull out."

—[Modern Argo.

The President of the Michigan State Board of Health has taken occasion to call attention to the bad practice, common in the household, of adding large quantities of sugar to acid fruits, and then cooking the same. As the fruit-acids, by this process, convert much of the cane-sugar into grape-sugar—glucose—the consequence is that the mass becomes soured instead of sweetened. The proper plan, he points out, is to reduce the fruit which is treated to the proper consistency by cooking, and then add the sugar, when much less will suffice to sweeten it.

Professor Metschnikoff proposes the ingenious idea of destroying insect pests by cultivating systematically the growth of certain disease-producing bactria, which are known to be fatal to them, and applying the cultivated fungus in quantity to places infested by the insects. The failure to check the ravages of the Colorado beetle, the phylloxera, and other destructive insects by means of mineral poisons, is now very generally admitted, and the idea suggested in the above, which seems to open an entirely new mode of dealing with the trouble, may produce very valuable results.

SOAP-BUBBLE PARTIES.—The latest novelty in fashionable society is the soap-bubble party. This delightfully intellectual pastime has just been introduced from England, where, we are told, it is all the rage. The ladies and gentlemen sit around a long table. In front of each guest is an elegant china bowl, filled with saponaceous fluid. The pipe of peace accompanies it, and airily floats above the iridescent, evanescent soap-bubble, and before its bursts, the one who blew it must make some brilliant, witty speech to accompany the brief existence of the delicate floating sphere.

The *Societe d'Encouragement* offers a prize of 1,000 francs for the best essay on the tools employed in America in the manufacture of watches.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Ask Fifty Ladies in Succession what Perfume they consider the most delicate, the most pure and salubrious, the most permanent, and in all respects the most desirable, and fifty-nine of them will answer, MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. ju5-1t

Stockholders' Meeting.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Great Crevice Mining Company will be held at the office of D. E. Alexander, Fourth and J streets, on MONDAY EVENING, June 7, 1880, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of electing five Trustees for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting. NELSON WILCOX, Sec'y.
ju4-3t [B. C.]

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Nervous and Physical Debility, and all that class of complaints arising from Excess, Indiscretion or Abuse. The old find in this remedy A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, and the young a safeguard and protection. DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS restore the Sexual Organs, debilitated from whatever cause, to their pristine vigor. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent C. O. D. by express to any address, secure from observation. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, P. O. Box 1,959, San Francisco. m4-3m

Assessment Notice of the Fountain Mining Company.—Location of mine, Amador county. Office and principal place of business, Sacramento city, California. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors of said company held on the 10th day of May, 1880, an assessment (No. Eleven) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 15TH DAY OF JUNE, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of the Company, at No. 900 L street, Sacramento, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1880, at the office of the Company, at 3 o'clock P. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

D. DIERSSEN, Secretary.

Office—Corner Ninth and L streets, Sacramento. May 14, 1880. m15-1aw4wS

Delinquent Sale Notice.—Brighton Vine-Growers' Association. Location of principal place of business and works, Brighton, Sacramento county, California. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following-described stock, on account of assessment No. 5, levied on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. Cert.	No. Shs.	Amt.
D. L. Williamson	7	1	$5 00
P. H. Murphy	11	4	20 00
	45		
Isaac Lea	15	1	5 00
F. W. Redding	16	6	30 00
	39		
Wm. S. Manlove	32	10	50 00
	40		
J. T. Bailey	46	6	30 00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company at Brighton, Sacramento county, California, on the 19TH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1880, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale T. C. PERKINS, Secretary.

Office—Brighton, Sacramento county, Cal. m15-1aw4wS

Better Late than Never!

"Don't put off until to-morrow what can and should be done to-day," is wise. If you have never used SOZODONT for your teeth, make a bee-line to the druggist and get a bottle and begin to use it at once. "Verb. sap." ju3-3tThsTu

AMUSEMENTS.

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

Sixth Anniversary Picnic and Games —OF THE— **FATHER MATHEW T. A. B. SOCIETY, No. 1,** AT RICHMOND GROVE, **SUNDAY.....JUNE 13th**

TICKETS.....FIFTY CENTS
ju3-5tThSMWS

HOIT & GRANT.

MUSIC FURNISHED FOR ALL OCCASIONS. E. S. GRANT, No. 1015 Sixth street, between J and K. N. S. HOIT, No. 1021 Fourth street, between J and K.
ap17-1stf

FIRST ARTILLERY REG'T. BAND.

MUSIC FURNISHED FOR PARTIES, Serenades, Parades, Picnics etc. Leave orders at headquarters, No. 720 K street; F. A. Fisch, Twelfth and G streets. Leader, E. W. DAVIS, No. 1324 I street. m6-1m

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE

LYON & BARNES

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN **Produce, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Chees** Poultry, Green and Dry Fruits, Honey, Beans, etc. ALFALFA SEED.
Potatoes in car-load lots or less.
m23-1ptf Nos. 21 and 23 J street.

R. LEVY,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT and dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits Cigars and Tobacco, Pipes and Smokers' Articles, Cutlery and Notions, Nuts, Candies, etc., No. 54 J street, Sacramento. m11-1p1m

W. R. STRONG & CO.,

Wholesale Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF **CALIFORNIA GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS,** NUTS, HONEY, SEEDS, **And General Merchandise.**

All orders promptly attended to. Address, W. R. STRONG & CO.,
m8 1p1m Nos. 6, 8 and 10 J street, Sacramento.

M. T. BREWER & CO.,

Commission Merchants and Wholesale DEALERS IN GREEN FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, PRODUCE Vegetables, Honey, Seeds, Alfalfa Seed, Etc., **Nos. 30 and 32 J Street, Sacramento.**
m8-1ptf

SACRAMENTO BANK,

SUCCESSOR TO THE **SACRAMENTO SAVINGS BANK.**

C. H. SWIFT.....President.
WM. P. COLEMAN.....President pro tem.
ED. R. HAMILTON.....Cashier.
F. R. DRAY.....Surveyor.

Board of Directors:

C. H. SWIFT, WM. P. COLEMAN, F. BIRDSALL, P. SCHELDT, F. R. DRAY.

Money only loaned on Real Estate, United States, State or County Bonds and Merchandise Stored in Warehouse.
No Commercial business transacted.
Ordinary, Term and Special Deposits received and dividends paid or credited semi-annually.
Money to loan on Real Estate at lowest current rates.

N. B.—Direct investments made for customers, and the security guaranteed.

All communications addressed to the SACRAMENTO BANK will receive prompt attention.
m18-2p1m

FRIEND & TERRY

LUMBER COMPANY.

MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in every kind and variety of BUILDING and FINISHING TIMBER and

LUMBER.

Cargoes, Car-loads and Special Orders promptly filled, and shipped direct from the OREGON, REDWOOD and SUGAR PINE MILLS of the Company.
GENERAL OFFICE, No. 1310 SECOND STREET, NEAR M. BRANCH YARD, CORNER TWELFTH AND J STREETS.
m13-2p1m

LICK HOUSE,

SAN FRANCISCO.

On the European Plan!

ELEGANTLY FURNISHED ROOMS!

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT,

Under the supervision of the experienced and skillful caterer, JACKSON JORDAN, as proprietor.
m22-2p1m WM. F. HARRISON, Manager.

FALK'S

MILWAUKEE BEER!

CELEBRATED FOR ITS PURITY, EXCELLENCE and uniformity of quality. For sale by all dealers.
WILCOX, POWERS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR SACRAMENTO.
m29-2p1m

The Best 6-Hole Range IN THE WORLD IS **THE GARLAND!** FOR SALE BY **L. L. LEWIS & CO., 132 & 134 J Street.**
m21-3ptf

SWEETSER & ALSIP,

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS

Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission.
Houses rented and rents collected.

Agents for the following Insurance Companies:
IMPERIAL.....of London
LONDON.....of London
NORTHERN.....o London
QUEEN.....of Liverpool
NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE { London and Edinburgh
ÆTNA.....of Hartford, Conn

Aggregate Capital, $54,716,853.

No. 47 Fourth street, between J and K, Sacramento, corner of the alley. ap23-1ptf

THE "DENTAL JAIRUS,"

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF DENTAL Science. Edited and published by W. O. THRAILK