[WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

The Ventures and Adventures of Charlie Gould;

A ROMANCE OF THE STOCK MARKET.

BY EDWARD F. CAHILL.

CHAPTER XI.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF AN ENGAGEMENT.

The day which was to be rendered illustrious forever in the annals of San Francisco by the Charkup ball was fast drawing near. The sound of hammers and the lifting of carpets rendered Mr. Charkup's "palatial residence" unfit to live in, and converted it into a howling wilderness, wherein greedy carpenters wandered "upstairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber." Miss Charkup presided as Captain-General of the forces, and taught them how things ought to be done and undone, until her father scarcely knew the way to his own room. To all of which he submitted meekly enough, for he was more afraid of his daughter than of any other living mortal. She was his only guide and absolute ruler in matters of social observances. He had never entirely recovered from the bereavement he had suffered when forbidden to eat with his knife, and even now he would, when his daughter was not looking, furtively make use of that labor-saving implement. After so arbitrary a decree he was prepared for anything, if only his daughter told him that the "best people" did it. There was no reasoning logically about the doings of people who converted the hitherto simple and untrammeled process of eating one's dinner into a species of game in which certain absurd rules were to be observed, in order to increase the difficulty. If only he might absorb his food without being asked to drive it through a hoop, as a part of the game, he was satisfied. His daughter was better educated than he, and had enjoyed greater opportunities of seeing the world of society, so that she could crush him in an instant by a reference to her social experiences for, having reached the pinnacle of wealth, the millionaire was now haunted by an uneasy hankering after social positions, and to further that noble ambition he was ready to obey her with implicit faith. It was all Greek to him.

The outside world of fashion was equally convulsed. Husbands were learning to appreciate the truth of the maxim of a deceased statesman, that "life would be very tolerable if it were not for its pleasures." Daily consultations with milliners and dressmakers were held, and the rattle of the sewing-machine sounded like the steady firing of a platoon armed with breech-loaders. Mrs. Harlay was looking anxiously forward to the eventful day, for she was determined that it would be an epoch in her life, or she would know the reason why, when she received the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 187—.

Dear Mrs. Harlay: Could you manage to come across the bay to me to-morrow. I want to speak to you, and will drive you down to the Cliff House to breakfast. I will meet you at the wharf at 7 A. M. GEORGE.

"'Dear Mrs. Harlay,'" she mused—"it used to be Eliza and George, between us. I wonder if that minx of a daughter has been saying anything to him? Well, I will go, anyway, but I wouldn't be in his shoes for something if he is going to act mean to me."

Next morning she dressed herself with the greatest care. The magnificent column of her throat was not hidden by an envious ruffle—that device of the stringy-barked female—but rather set off by a turned down collar. The shapely beauty of her tapering hand and rounded wrist was not obscured, but rightened, by the long, buttoned gloves, of dainty kid, and she wore one of those long, sweeping trains with rustling frou-frou, which add so much grace to the gait of a tall woman. The mermaid, in the bottom of the deep, blue sea, could not have a more easy, gliding and seductive motion, and the sensuous lines of her figure were made the most of, and yet not too much, by the undulating grace of her clinging drapery. In a word, she was a splendid animal.

So armed with her queen-like beauty, she started on an expedition which, she rightly thought, would be the turning point of her fortune, "to win or lose it all." She was met by Mr. Charkup at the wharf, in accordance with his promise, and was quickly installed alongside him in the buggy, with his assistance. Away rushed the spanking team of thoroughbred trotters, that had cost I don't know how much money. (Please ask Mr. Scrawley; he can tell you to a cent.) Is there any sensation equal to that of rushing along through the summer air behind an eager team of reaching thoroughbreds, hard held and straining on the bit, their glistening coats and shining harness flecked with the tossing foam? She noticed that he did not take the leading streets, but rather kept those which were less public and more retired, but she made no remark, for she knew that the time was not yet come to unmask her batteries, and they avoided with one consent the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both. Excited by a passing street car, the pampered horses broke from a trot into a run and dragged the vehicle, with unmanageable bounds and plunges, over the rough pavement and rails. With some difficulty, he pulled them down into the proper swinging gait, when the lady pressed her warm hand, as if pleadingly, on his, and said: "George, dear, are you sure you can hold them? They seem unusually fresh."

When he felt the living touch of her hand on his, it thrilled him to his nerve centers, and he began to fear he would be unable to fulfill the task he had set for himself, and to think that it would have been better done by letter and without a personal interview. He had placed himself in a vulnerable position, and he knew it, and he took refuge in a growl to cover his misgiving.

"Oh, don't be a fool, Eliza. You know I can hold them if they were twice as fresh. It's something new for you to pretend to be frightened," and with a vicious cut of the whip he set the horses plunging afresh.

"I feel a little nervous this morning, George. Forgive me, please?" and with a last gentle pressure of her hand she withdrew it, and lapsed, with heaving bosom, into silence. He felt that she was too strong for him, with all the advantages of her splendid beauty and womanly weakness in warm breathing contact with him. So true is it that women are strongest when they are weak, and are only not dangerous when they assume the offensive. He had made a mistake, but there was no getting out of it now; he had set out with the intention of breaking with her, having been urged thereto by his daughter, and, simple man, he had thought that, with a little reasonable discussion, the matter could be settled like any other business. Of course he was prepared to offer a *quidam honorarium* for his liberty, and to pay for his breach of faith as he might for a pair of ready-made pantaloons. Now, however, he began to fear that the ordinary rules of business life and commercial transactions did not quite meet the case.

Onward the horses dashed, giving a fleeting glimpse of the Golden Gate on the right; onward, over the hard, red road, until the world-famed hostelry was reached. It was a beautiful morning in early June; the hoarse, dull roar of thundering rollers made the summer air musical as they dashed upon the beach below, weaving brief lines of foamy lace—an edging for the dull, gray sea, now turbid with yellow sand. On the cliffs beyond the hairy monsters rolled and tumbled promiscuously, crying to heaven in plaintive monotone, giving voice, as one should say, to the wailing of the melancholy ocean.

Neither lady nor gentleman had much appetite for the elaborate breakfast, and the latter feared to open his subject under the influence of those deep, languid eyes. Once only he sought to make a business opening for his project.

"Those shares I gave you are growing into money every day, Eliza. We will raise them to a thousand dollars a share before we stop."

"Oh, George," she said, "don't let us talk business now. I trust everything to you, and believe you won't play me false."

"I merely wanted to tell you that we are going to divide the stock. Each share will be divided into five, and that will still further help to boost them along," and so his attempt to put matters on a reasonable commercial footing ended, almost before it had begun. And so, talking banalities of every-day life and indifferent matters, the breakfast dragged its slow length along to its close.

"Let us go for a stroll on the beach," he said, "and smoke a cigarette. May I offer you one?" tendering her a package.

"Perhaps—by and by, when we get down on the beach."

So they took their way downwards to the yellow sands and shingly beach, and strolled along until they found a sheltered nook where they might sun themselves and be seen by none. She seated herself upon a fragment of rock, and he placed himself on the dry sand at her feet.

Very beautiful she looked, raising from time to time her speaking hand and rounded wrist to remove the cigarette, showing liberal glimpses of sandled foot and blue silk stocking, looking imperious love as queenly, soft-eyed Juno may have done. She felt that he was at her mercy as he sat below her on the sand, drawing uneasy lines with the point of a stick, and I think that he felt it, too.

"George," she began, "I want to talk to you. Look at me, please, and don't make me nervous by scraping."

"What is it, Eliza?" he asked, laying aside his drawing materials and looking upward into her eyes.

"I fear you came here with the intention of treating me badly." She was determined to have an explanation with him now, when she felt that the trumps were all in her hand.

"Treating—treating you badly, Eliza. What do you mean? Have I ever treated you badly?"

"No, George," and she dwelt fondly on his name, "you have not, so far; but men are so changeable and false, and, indeed, I am most afraid of your daughter."

"Well, to tell the truth, she did say that I had better break off with you." It must be confessed that it was cowardly of him to try to shift the blame on to his daughter's shoulders, but even great Samson was cowardly when shorn of his strength by Delilah.

"Oh, it was she! was it? I thought so. But after all, George, who is she to come between you and me? Are we not nearer to one another than any daughter can be to her father?"

He was wavering sorely. Had he been candid and told her the real reasons which his daughter had put forth, it might have been better for the success of his project. His daughter had told him that he would be disgraced forever in society if he married "that woman;" that she was disreputable, and had one or two or half a dozen husbands, for all one knew, scattered about the country, and she had vowed that she never would enter her father's house again if "that vile woman" was to be mistress there—all delivered with a magnificent ascending scale and climax of feminine indignation. But unfortunately, or fortunately, one does not say such things of a woman to her face, however much one may be compelled to give them mental assent; but if he had had the courage or the cowardice—call it which you will—to have done so, he might have found a short road to his object. She would, in that case, naturally enough have lost her temper and recklessly have put herself in the wrong by abusing him in her just anger. When she had "taken it out" in this manner he would have gotten out of the scrape, if not in the quiet, business-like way he had planned, still in some undignified fashion, and at the cost of some personal mortification. But reflecting that these strong measures were not open to him as a man, he thought that he would again try the business aspect of the case as a forlorn hope.

"But couldn't some arrangement be made, Eliza? I am willing to do anything, in reason."

"For shame, George!" she blazed out, "to think of offering me money after I have lain awake long nights thinking of the happy times in store for us, and now you offer me money! For shame!" and her bosom began to heave and the great sobs to rise. Was she acting? Indeed I scarcely know, but I do know that if she was not averse to highten the effect a little, nevertheless there must have been a strong undercurrent of feeling which carried her along. She was a woman who had fought a hard fight with a cruel world, but she was a woman still, and we will not, if we can help it, be as cruel in our construction of her weakness as that same world. He was conquered when he saw the rising sobs. He straightened himself up slowly, and clasping her fiercely, said: "My darling, you are worth the balance of them put together."

Even whilst he was doing so, he knew that he was mad; he knew that he would be compelled to succumb to the pressure of his daughter's authority, backed by that public opinion of society which he was cowardly enough to dread, but he was simply powerless in her hands at that moment. You, gentle reader, will know that, in endeavoring to mount the social Olympus, he was striving after an empty bubble, for it is perfectly possible for a man to see a great deal of fine company and yet not be in society at all. People will come to him if he feeds them daintily and receives them luxuriously, but they will no more admit him to the penetralia of the sacred fane than the ragged gamin who watches the parade from the pavement, unless he happens to be of the initiated. The barriers of true society are invisible and cannot be broken down by violence or taken by storm, while they are passed at once and without effort by those who know the magic secret. No matter how often they may induce a prophet, priest or king of the subtle craft to come at their call, those who have not this knowledge will never enter the sacred circle; no matter how much they may forgather with the initiated, they will forever belong to the profane vulgar. He, of course, did not know these things. He did not know that he was fighting against an intangible barrier, ever shifting but ever present, and he deemed that society was at his beck and call in right of his great wealth, if only he did not pass such bounds as respectability recognized and his daughter laid down. I even suspect that the substance, doubtful as it was, which he was resolved to put away from him, was better than the vain shadow he was pursuing. She was reckless enough. The bloom of womanhood had been rubbed off by contact with the world, and she was ready to do almost anything to compass the end she had in view; but she was true to him, and she was ready to take him for better or for worse, if he had not a five cent piece between him and starvation. But even while yielding for the moment to the influence of her beauty, he knew that he would have to put her away from him, and so was doubly false; whilst she, poor woman, thought, without much misgiving, that she had carried her point, and went on her homeward way rejoicing.

CHAPTER XII.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

I have said that Mrs. Harlay went home that day with high heart and hope; but, alas, sickening fear and doubt succeeded, after a day or two of brooding and inaction. A secret dread of the impalpable forces, which she knew were acting against her in her absence, and the fact that she was powerless to fight them, rendered her doubly uneasy. The special form which her uneasiness and impatience of inaction took will appear from a conversation she had with Gertie Blake, in her own parlor.

"Gertie," she asked, "have you ever been to see any of these clairvoyants or spiritual mediums across the bay?"

"No," said Gertie, opening her eyes with quiet wonder. "I always thought that they were considered humbugs. If they can foretell the future, why don't they speculate in stocks and get rich without any fuss or bother?"

"Oh, but I hear the most wonderful things of that Madame Ophelia. She gives the most wonderful manifestations of her intercourse with the spirit world. Let me see. I had her advertisement in my hand a few minutes ago. Yes, here it is," taking up a copy of the *Trumpet*. "I will read it to you:

Madame Ophelia d'Elsinore, late of Paris and London, who has exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe, is now prepared to tell fortunes, cause love and give spirit seances at her rooms, ——Sacramento street. Everything in the strictest confidence.

"What do you think of paying her a visit and having our fortunes told? It will be amusing, and I am moping myself to death with the blues."

"I scarcely like it," said Gertie, reluctantly, "I think it is nonsense in the first place, and if it is not it must be wrong."

"I can't see what there is wrong about it," said Mrs. Harlay. "We can wear thick vails, and nobody will recognize us, even if it were a much frequented street, which it is not, at least in that place, and, then, she can't eat us, you know."

"Perhaps she won't eat us, as you say, but I can't see what good it will do us."

"Oh, do stop making your stupid objections," broke in Mrs. Harlay, impatiently. "You are enough to drive one crazy. Can't you see that I am tired to death of the dullness of this place, and want something to stir my blood? Let us go over there this afternoon."

"Very well," said Gertie, "if you will have it so; but I don't half like it."

In the afternoon they started, equipped so as to attract as little notice as possible, and muffled in thick, opaque vails. When they arrived at the cave of the sorceress (or ghost-monger shall we call her?) they were shown into a luxurious apartment, heavily carpeted, with a marble fountain in the center, where gold fish played and the crystal water fell with rhythmic cadence. Deep, soft couches lined the walls, and thick blinds were ready to shut out the vulgar daylight, in order to secure that "dim, religious light" which modest spirits love. There is no one who would be rude enough to expose their nakedness to an unfeeling world, for they come from regions where dry goods are not. After a sufficient delay to impress the visitors with a sense of her importance, Madame Ophelia, etc., entered. She was an ethereal-looking person, of slight build but symmetrical figure, and considerable personal attractions; for it is a curious fact that the spirits do not like ugly women, and to this extent resemble imperfect mortals of the more earthy sex. Madame Ophelia (her real name was said to be O'Phelan, but that is nobody's business but her own) scrutinized them closely.

"It is madame who to the spirits has recourse; is it not?" she said, to Mrs. Harlay. She had picked up a smattering of French in the course of her wanderings, and affected that idiom, or, when ignorant of it, she inverted the natural construction, which sounded equally uncommon, and, on the whole, rather supernatural. Mrs. Harlay assented, and the oracle proceeded:

"Madame, to unvail will please. The spiritual essences anything will not reveal to those who only half confidence give."

Mrs. Harlay submitted with a sufficiently bad grace; she did not half like revealing her identity to this person, but then she reflected that the sorceress must already know it, for was she not the bosom friend of all the ghosts beyond the river where vails are dispensed with because they are useless. Unvailed, her identity was apparent enough to the most earthly mortal of us all, for her known liaison with Charkup had given her a certain notoriety in San Francisco, and, as I have tried to impress on my readers, she was a woman who, once seen, was not easily forgotten. The bosom friend of the ghosts seem satisfied, and with a click the blinds were closed, and they were left in what seemed absolute darkness, at first, until their eyes grew accustomed to it. Gertie Blake was a little frightened; she was always rather afraid of the dark, and, when she heard a soft strain of music that seemed to come from the corner of the ceiling, she thought she was unpleasantly near the confines of the other world; and if a spirit had come and tweaked her by the nose, as is their playful habit, she would have screamed aloud and rushed to the door if she could have found it. Presently, however, they began to see a little; the prophetess had thrown herself on a couch in the center of the inner room, which communicated with that in which they sat by folding doors, permitting a full view after their eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. She began with graceful gestures to draw her hands over her eyes alternately, and seemed to yield gradually to the occult influence, with copious sighs and sensuous contortions. Her voice came in gasps and starts, as if the machinery wanted grease or the devil was in a bad humor.

"A magnificent hall I see," gasped the unvailed prophetess. "Around are bronzes of the rarest and paintings of the most costly. Liveried lackeys on deep carpets glide to and fro. In the distance a palace of glass, where plants of the zone tropical wave. Madame stands in the center of the hall. Is it that it is the hall of madame, for example? I think that, yes—but no, not yet. There is a gentleman with madame. He turns the back to me. He is tall, and strong and broad of shoulder. It arrives to monsieur to kneel himself down to madame. He points to the splendid hall, to the costly paintings, to the palace of glass, to himself, and offers them all to madame if only she will be his wife. He rises; he clasps her in his arms; she consents."

This was very satisfactory and fully as much as could be expected for the money, as the prophetess seemed to think, for she woke up from her trance, and said that she could see no more just then, but would be happy to see madame on some future occasion, when the spirits might have more to tell—for a consideration. Spirits must live as well as other people. As Mrs. Harlay and Gertie Blake issued from the hallowed precincts of the spirit world, two men were walking on the opposite curb, one of whom said: "Surely, Jack, I know that figure; it must be Mrs. Harlay!"

"And the other, my dear Charlie, is your little friend Gertie Blake. I would swear to her walk anywhere."

"So it is! What is that place they are coming out of?"

"Why, I thought you knew! That is the den of one of the most notorious spiritist women in town," answered Jack Holmes.

"Let us go up and have our fortunes told. It will be heaps of fun!" said Charlie.

"Not much!" burst out Jack. "Of all the degrading forms of superstition, married to sensualism, that is the lowest."

"How do you know? Have you ever tried it?"

"No, I am not an expert in juggling, but I believe those who have tested it. Besides, the intolerable bosh they put in the mouths of illustrious dead men is enough to convict them without more."

"Well, old man, I suppose you feel better, now you have spoken your piece."

"Well, I suppose [so," said Jack, "but Charlie, I have got a little piece of advice which I want to give you, even if it does not do you any good."

"Go ahead, old man. Discharge your groaning conscience of its precious load!" and Charlie bowed his head in preparation for a moral showerbath.

"Well, it is about Dawlish. I don't like to see you so much with that man, Charlie. He is a bad lot. I hope you are not mixed up with him in any business dealings."

"Oh, I don't believe he has ever done anything very bad."

"Well, he has kept clear of the State Prison so far, but for your sake I hope he won't much longer—that is, if he doesn't fetch you up there alongside him."

"I can take care of myself, I reckon," said Charlie, a little huffyly. "But you never did, and never will, understand business, you speechifying old donkey, you."

"Perhaps not; but I think I can tell an honest man when I see him, which is more than I think you can, you obstinate young donkey, you. I warn you to take care of him, for he is dangerous."

"Have you any more good advice to offer?" laughed Charlie. "I like to take it in quantity, for it keeps splendidly. I have a large assortment, already labeled Jack Holmes' best advice, warranted to keep until not wanted."

"I will reserve my remaining stock of pearls until I find some animal which is a better judge of their quality."

In the meantime our lady friends hurried homeward on the wings of street-car and ferry-boat. But not all the speed of those slumberous conveyances could outstrip the consciousness of guilt which pursued them; they felt as if each casual passer-by must find damning evidence of their nefarious doings in their bearing and appearance; nor were they happy until they found themselves hob-nobbing over a cup of tea. Mrs. Harlay was pleased, on the whole, with the result of her expedition. She had been told things which she hoped and prayed might come true, and which were easy of belief in consequence, and she was as yet ignorant of the rude commentary on her experiences of the day, contained in a letter which Bridget brought in, whilst they were discussing them. She seized it with a trembling hand, for she knew the handwriting of the superscription at a glance, and, having asked permission of Gertie, read as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14, 187—.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harlay—Dear Madam: After much anxious and careful thought, I have come to the unwilling conclusion that it is better for the welfare of one and the other of us, both here and hereafter, that we should part. I fear that a further continuance of our intimacy would be of serious detriment to your character and reputation, which are now above reproach, and would only end in embittering my domestic relations. Of course I am aware that, in coming to this decision, I have risked offending you seriously, but I trust and feel that it will only be the irritation of a passing moment, when you reflect how unworthy was the object you have forgone so nobly. Nevertheless I am willing, so far as in me lies, to offer whatever atonement—of pecuniary or other character—may be deemed reasonable, and to that end, dear madam, I beg that you will do my lawyers, the Messrs. Manning & Granger, the honor of an early call. Hoping, my dear madam, that these things will receive your favorable and reasonable consideration, I remain, my dear madam, yours most truly,

GEORGE D. CHARKUP.

With an angry feminine expletive she flung the letter across the table to Gertie, saying:

"Read that. Reasonable consideration, forsooth!" she continued; "and that man solemnly promised to marry me, in this very room, not six months ago, and that promise he renewed only the other day."

"It is a heartless and cruel letter," said Gertie; "but it is only what one must expect from a man. They are all bad and false. They are always ready to throw a woman over for the smallest consideration."

"As if I cared for his pecuniary compensation. Heaven help me, it is adding insult to injury."

"Nevertheless, it is not by any means the worst feature in the case," said Gertie, calmly, for not being angered by a personal injury she reflected that Mr. Charkup's baseness and the lady's tears might be converted into bread and butter, which after all is not so apt to disagree with one as a husband.

"I could have worked my fingers to the bone for that man, and now he turns me off. If he had been poor he never would have done it."

"I believe," said Gertie, "his daughter is at the bottom of it, and his own hideous snobbishness."

"The pitiful little minx, with her imported airs and graces. Embitter his domestic relations indeed! I'll get even with her yet, if I know myself."

"I would not do anything violent, if I were you," said Gertie in her cold-blooded manner, which had about the same effect that a drop of water on a hot stove produces. It merely makes it hiss.

"I don't know what you call violent but I know where I can touch her on the raw, and I mean to do it."

Poor woman! She had been hanging on, for what seemed a long and painful period, to the outer edge of respectability, in hourly fear of being pushed off into the abyss by those who daily thank God they are not as others are; and now, just as she was reaching after firmer ground, she felt it all slipping from beneath her feet, and she was resolved to pull something or somebody along with her in her fall.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEN DOES SUNDAY BEGIN AND WHEN DOES IT END?

Theologians were horrified when first informed that our planet was a sphere. The question of antipodes exercised them for a long time, most of them pouring ridicule on the idea that men could exist with their feet turned toward us, and with their heads pointing downward. I think it is Sir George Airy who refers to the case of an over-curious individual asking what we should see if we went to the edge of the world and locked over. That the earth was a flat surface on which the sky rested was the belief entertained by the founders of all our great religious systems. Even liberal Protestant theologians stigmatized the Copernican theory as being "built on fallible phenomena and advanced by many arbitrary assumptions against evident testimonies of Scripture." Newton finally placed his intellectual crowbar beneath these ancient notions, and heaved them into irretrievable ruin. Then it was that penetrating minds, seeing the nature of the change wrought by the new astronomy in our conceptions of the universe, also discerned the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of accepting literally the Mosaic account of creation. They did not reject it, but they assigned to it a meaning entirely new. Dr. Samuel Clarke, who was the personal friend of Newton and a supporter of his theory, threw out the idea that "possibly the six days of creation might be a typical representation of some greater periods." Clarke's contemporary, Dr. Thomas Burnett, wrote with greater decision in the same strain. The Sabbath being regarded as a shadow or type of that heavenly repose which the righteous will enjoy when this world has passed away, "so these six days of creation are so many periods or millenniums for which the world and the toils and labors of our present state are destined to endure." The Mosaic account was thus reduced to a poetic myth—a view which afterward found expression in the vast reveries of Hugh Miller. But if this symbolic interpretation, which is now generally accepted, be the true one, what becomes of the Sabbath day? It is absolutely without ecclesiastical meaning; and the man who was executed for gathering sticks on that day must be regarded as the victim of a rude legal rendering of a religious epic. There are many minor offshoots of discussion from the great central controversy. Bishop Horsley had defined a day "as consisting of one evening and one morning, or, as the Hebrew words literally import, of the decay of light and the return of it." But what then, it was asked, becomes of the Sabbath in the Arctic regions, where light takes six months to "decay," and as long to "return?" Differences of longitude, moreover, render the observance of the Sabbath at the same hours impossible. To some people such questions might appear trifling; to others they were of the gravest import. Whether the Sabbath should stretch from sunset to sunset, or from midnight to midnight, was also a subject of discussion. Voices, moreover, were heard refusing to acknowledge the propriety of the change from Saturday to Sunday, and the doctrine of Seventh Day observance was afterwards represented by a sect. The earth's sphericity and rotation, which had at first been received with such affright, came eventually to the aid of those afflicted with qualms and difficulties regarding the respective claims of Saturday and Sunday. The sun apparently moves from east to west. Suppose, then, we start on a voyage round the world in a westerly direction. In doing so, we sail away, as it were, from the sun, which follows and periodically overtakes us, reaching the meridian of our ship each succeeding day somewhat later than if we stood still. For every 15° of longitude traversed by the vessel the sun will be exactly an hour late; and after the ship has traversed twenty-four times 15°, or 360°—that is to say, the entire circle of the earth—the sun will be exactly a day behind. Here, then, is the expedient suggested by Dr. Wallis, F. R. S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, to quiet the minds of those in doubt regarding Saturday observance. He recommended them to make a voyage round the world, as Sir Francis Drake did, "going out of the Atlantic Ocean westward by the Straits of Magellan to the East Indies, and then from the east, returning by the Cape of Good Hope homeward, and let them keep their Saturday-Sabbath all the way. When they come home to England, they will find their Saturday to fall upon our Sunday, and they may thenceforth continue to observe their Saturday-Sabbath on the same day with us."—[Professor Tyndall, in Nineteenth Century.

DR. UNGAR'S LIQUOR ANTIDOTE, carefully prepared of the best Quill Bark by M. S. Hammer, druggist, Sacramento. (The celebrated cure for drunkenness.

HAMMER'S GLYCEROLE OF TAR, for coughs and colds

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REVIEW OF LATE ISSUES FROM AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PRESSES.

Magazines of the Day—Fiction—Popular Literature—Recent Translations—Standard Works—New Music.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL. D., D. C. L. By William Garden Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1 vol., royal 8vo, muslin.

The reading world will very cordially welcome this work. Any means of becoming better acquainted with the character of the great explorer are agreeable to the reader of the wondrous accounts of his African researches. His discoveries and explorations have been given to the public in his own books, but his modesty led him to say little in these of himself, and those who knew him best, as Dr. Blaikie well says, feel that little is known of the strength of his affections, the depth and purity of his devotion, or the intensity of his aspirations as a Christian missionary. The growth of his character and the providential shaping of his career are also matters of remarkable interest, of which not much has yet been known. Dr. Blaikie has presented a more complete history of his life than has yet appeared. Many chapters of it are opened up of which the public have hitherto known little or nothing. He has not deemed it necessary to dwell on events recorded in his published travels, except for the purpose of connecting the narrative and making it complete. Even on these, however, it will be found that not a little new light and color has been thrown from his correspondence with his friends and his unpublished journals. Dr. Blaikie's work is a scholarly production, and a fitting setting for the life record of Livingstone.

A HISTORY OF STOCKTON, from its organization to the present time, including a sketch of San Joaquin county. By Geo. H. Tinkham. 1 vol., 8vo; muslin; pp. 397. San Francisco: W. M. Hinton & Co. $3.

This is a very pretentious volume. It is neatly printed, and freely illustrated with steel, photographic, lithographic and wood plates. It is certainly a very complete work in the sense of its bearing affirmative evidences of hard labor and diligent research having been expended upon it. The style of the writer is simple, clear and concise. He treats his subject as a friend of the city, and some partisan statements appear to be very strongly put. The claims and advantages of Stockton he presents boldly, and he compares them, in certain respects, with those of other cities. The chief value of the work is found in its very elaborate history of pioneer California, the struggles of the early immigrants, the contests as to rulership, the conquest of the country, accounts of the Indian tribes, the California grants, the condition of society and trade of the country just prior to the discovery of gold, the Territorial Government, the organization of the State Government, etc. The work is creditable to the industry and skill of the author and should, we think, be prized by the people of our neighboring city as a book that presents the history of their municipality and much of that of the State in a clear and orderly manner, and is full of valuable data and statistical gleaning

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Sacramento: W. A. & C. S. Houghton. Quarto; pp. 318.

We can scarcely conceive of a better or more attractive book to place in the possession of a boy as an incentive to the reading of history or works of travel in foreign lands. This volume, in a boy's way, takes the boy reader into Italy, Greece, Spain and France. Hezekiah Butterworth knows his readers, knows how to interest them, and how to awaken their curiosity without satisfying it to the extent of checking the desire to drink deeper at the spring of knowledge. The volume is richly illustrated, there being scarce a leaf without a fine illustration either of modern city, ancient town, historic sketch, portrait or view of wonderful ruins or great art works.

SCOTCH SERMONS; 1880. D. Appleton & Co., New York; 1 vol., 8vo; muslin

The volume in hand is a collection of sermons of the clergy of the Scottish Church, intended to present specimens of the style of teaching in that religious body, but it does not claim to represent either the full extent of that teaching or the range of subjects in which, in their public ministrations, its authors are in the habit of discoursing. But it serves to indicate a growing tendency and to show the direction in which thought is moving. There are in the volume twenty-three sermons by Revs. Story, Stevenson, Temple, Rain, Menzies, McFarlan, Mackintosh, Knight, Nicoll, Caird, Cunningham and Ferguson.

From the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, we have new sheet music as follows: "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling," (40 cts.) by J. P. Webster; a very attractive title, and apparently a good song, as is "Fairer Still," (40 cts.) by Ciro Pinsuti, and also "We Parted by the River Side," (40 cts.) a song and chorus, by Will S. Hays. The lively "Bernhardt Schottische," (40 cts.) with picture title; "Les Animos Schottische," (35 cts.) by C. H. Wilbour; and Witches Dance," (30 cts.) by G. Ausgahe, make a pleasing trio of piano pieces. There is also a good number of "The Musical Record," with its usual two pieces of sheet music. In addition are these pieces: "The Old Love and the New" (40 cents), by Frank Musgrave, with a fine picture title; sacred song, by L. O. Emerson, "The Land of Light Afar" (30 cents); "Waiting" (35 cents), by Blumenthal, with words by Helen Burnside. With these come also a fine new French quadrille, "Le Polo" (60 cents), by Charles d'Albert; a bright galop, by J. J. Pound, called "Illusions;" and a march in honor of the President-elect, called "General Garfield's March to the White House" (40 cents), by C. Hauschild.

The "Merchant's Legal Guide" is the title of a compact volume by Douglass & Minton, of the mercantile agency of Dun, Wiman & Co., New York. It is issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It contains a brief synopsis of the collection laws of all the States of the Union and Canada. The information is given in the form of questions and answers. It is unquestionably a useful book and supplies a real want, but should not be mistaken as a law book, or one that relieves the business man from the necessity of counsel in case of disputed or neglected obligations.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have of Appleton's new Handy Volume Series, "Mashallah!" A flight into Egypt by Charles Warren Stoddard, the well known correspondent. Also, "Poverina," an entrancing story translated from the French of Madame La Princesse O. Cantacuzene-Allieri. The Handy Volume Series is one of the most prominent of the many cheap forms of publication, by means of which popular fiction and sterling standard literature are placed within easy reach of the people.

From T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, we have the "Autobiography of Vidocq, the French Detective," with an introductory chapter by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Vidocq was in his day the most famous of detectives. His personal deeds and perils as depicted in this volume are so marvelous as almost to surpass belief, but it is asserted that, though his book appeared when most of the people named in it were living, none of his recitals were ever contradicted.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have of "Harper's Franklin Square Library" series, a series of fixed popularity, undoubted worth and marvelous cheapness, "White Wings," a novel, by B. H. Buxton; "Three Recruits," a novel, by Joseph Hutton, and "He That Will Not When He May," a novel, by Mrs. Oliphant; "Horace McLean," by Alice O'Hanlon; "Early History of Charles James Fox," by George Otto Trevelyan, M. P.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have from Harper Bros.' press, New York, a copy of "Harrington's Graded Spelling Book—Part 1," by H. F. Harrington, Superintendent of Public Schools, New Bedford, Mass. It claims to be based on laws which govern the growth of a child's intelligence and his acquisition of an available vocabulary, and that the true method is to train the eye in spelling, as well as the memory.

"My Hero" is the title of a love story by Mrs. Forrester, which comes from the press of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. It is sufficiently thrilling to captivate the lover of love stories. The plot is novel, the action rapid, and the situations frequently dramatic.

"La Grande Florine" is a novel of Adolphe Belat, and is a sequel to "The Stranglers of Paris." It is translated from the French by Geo. D. Cox, and is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

From Blum's Orchestra, San Francisco, we have the "Pirates of Penzance Lancers," as played by that orchestra and arranged by Louis Bodecker. It is from the press of J. W. Gibson & Co.

From I. K. Funk & Co., New York, we have of the Standard Series "Ruskin's Letter to Workmen and Laborers" (in two parts), and "On Self-culture," by John Stewart Blackie. These issues are so cheap that no one need deny himself their possession. The series is one of the best of the new system of publication, and is rapidly growing in importance and popularity.

"Home, Sweet Home;" the title of a new volume containing John Howard Payne's immortal poem. It is from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston, and is richly illustrated with engravings by Andrew, from designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. It is an elegant yet not costly quarto volume.

GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.

He was a tall, spare man, with magnificent eyes glistening under an open brow, made all the larger by the hair being brushed back from it. He had a gray beard, with more white than brown in it, on his breast. He seemed from 58 to 60 years old then. As Garibaldi was opening one of his campaigns, an Englishman came to him, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, lined with green in front to protect his eyes, and carrying a large cartridge-box filled with cartridges and a powerful field-glass. His equipment was completed by an excellent double-barreled rifle. "General Garibaldi?" asked he. "I am he," said Garibaldi somewhat roughly. "I am Sir John William Peard." "Well?" "And I have come to ask the favor of serving under your orders." Garibaldi looked his recruit over. "Humph?" said he, "to serve under my orders? You know what it means, serving under my orders?" "No. But if you will have the goodness to tell me I shall know." "No pay." "That makes no matter. I am rich." "Thirty miles to march a day, on an average." "I have excellent legs." "Plenty of fighting." "That is what I have come to find." "Absolute obedience to my orders." "Humph!" "There, you see, it will not suit you." "I would rather fight after my own fashion." "What is your fashion?" "I am an excellent hunter." "Ah!" "And I am a capital marksman." "Well?" "I should like to fight with your sharpshooters." "Very well! You shall fight with my sharpshooters." "I should like also to keep my own costume, which suits me perfectly." "You shall keep it." "I should also like——" "Oh! the deuce! You want too much. If I had been as exacting as you with M. de La Marmora, I should never have begun my campaign." "Very good," said Sir John, "I will fight on my own hook." "Fight on your own hook; you are right, it will be best." Sir John bowed to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi bowed to Sir John. The fight at Baresi took place the next day. Garibaldi sent his sharpshooters in, but with all the haste they could make they found that Sir John had already engaged the enemy. As we have said, he had declared war against Austria, and was fighting on his own hook. Not only was he fighting on his own hook, but he fought after his own fashion. He stood erect, without any cover, and paid no more attention to the balls that whistled about his tall form than if they had been mosquitoes. He took aim as quietly as if he had been out hunting, fired, lowered his gun, took his field-glass to see the effect of his shot, made a negative or approving movement of his head as he was discontented or satisfied, loaded again, took aim, fired, looked through his glass, and again showed his satisfaction or disappointment with a shake of his head. The enemy in retreat and Garabaldi master of the field of battle, as he always was, Sir John's only occupation was to look up his dead and wounded, whom he knew just as one knows out shooting the rabbits that he has knocked over cleverly or only injured. His dead and his wounded recognized, and duly entered in his memorandum book, Sir John started after the Austrians, and, thanks to his long legs, was soon up with the advance guard. Garibaldi let him go on sharpshooting in this way after his own fashion during two or three fights without appearing to pay any attention to him. But as Garibaldi loved brave men above everything, he walked up to the Englishman one day, in the midst of a heavy fire, and said; "Sir John, let me congratulate you. You are a brave man." "I know it," said the Englishman. "And more, you are my friend." "Ah! that," said Sir John, "I did not know, and I am infinitely grateful to you. But excuse me one moment; there is a devil of an Austrian over there that I have taken a fancy for." Sir John put his rifle to his shoulder, and the Austrian for whom he had taken a fancy, shot in the heart, made a step forward and fell on his face. Sir John took his glass, examined his Austrian, made a little gesture of satisfaction, and, turning to the General, said as he held out his hand, "Good morning, General. I hope you feel well to-day?" From that day on, Sir John Peard was never called anything but "Garibaldi's Englishman."—[Le Figaro.

BEAUTY MAKERS.

"How to be beautiful" is the question that has engrossed the feminine mind from the earliest record of civilization. Indeed, the subject ante-dates civilization, as savages in every quarter of the globe testify. Even females among the Hottentots, universally conceded to be the lowest beings in the scale of humanity, deck themselves hideously, with the desire and expectation of improving their personal appearance, and all barbarians of the other sex do the same thing. It must be admitted, too, that, considering the disparity between their intelligence and appliances, they succeed better in relieving natural defects than do their enlightened sisters of Europe and America. The Papuan and Comanche maiden hardly fail more signally in their rude attempts at self-adornment than do many of the would-be