THE SNOW SHOWER.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of the frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty vail;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly, or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake.
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd,
That whiten by night the Milky Way;
Then broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all—
Flake after flake
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband and wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white.
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy hight.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost
That glisten a moment and then are lost—
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide,
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
A sunbeam fall from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The clouds and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

—[William Cullen Bryant.

DR. WHITMARTH'S CRIME.

Young Dr. Whitmarth, although equally devoid of impudence and money, was greatly liked by all the ladies in his native town of Purview. Scarcely any of his fair acquaintances had ever thought of him as a possible husband, for a great many city families lived at Purview during part of the year and they had set the tone of the place with the effect that all the young women, including, of course, their own, were fully convinced that to marry a poor man was about as reprehensible an indiscretion as a girl could commit. Occasionally one of the Doctor's young admirer's would venture the opinion that Mr. Whitmarth would make a very affectionate and careful husband, but on such occasions the damsel's mother, or some girl's mother, might be depended upon to explain that affection and care were not all that women needed of their husbands, and that physicians never could find time to give their wives full advantages of society, without which, of course, life would not be worth the living.

But most of the warnings of which the Doctor was the subject were entirely unnecessary, for the young man had not the slightest intention or thought of marrying, or even making love, within a few years. He had a mother and sister dependent on his income for support, and as his patients came to him mostly by the accident of older and more experienced physicians being otherwise engaged when wanted, Dr. Whitmarth could not think of adding a wife to his financial responsibilities. His charming manner and many courtesies to women were not prompted by the thoughts of love to which all men's hearts are supposed to turn constantly, but by the knowledge of womanly traits which he acquired under the influence of his mother and sister, who were pronounced by all their acquaintances to be quite as delightful as the Doctor himself. Astute young women at Purview were sometimes heard to remark that men brought their business ways into society, and that, no matter how gracefully they masked them, there were generally purposes of personal gain behind their attentions; if a pretty girl received an expensive bouquet or a quite too lovely box of bons-bons from a gentleman, she might expect the giver to monopolize her, in spite of herself, at the next dance or garden party at which they both appeared, the results often being more provoking than the presents justified. But Dr. Whitmarth seemed to offer courtesies solely that the ladies themselves might be pleased; whatever he received in return was the result of the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Although it meant nothing to men, "Dr. Whitmarth's way" came to be an expression that all women at Purview translated with entire ease and accuracy.

But the Doctor's fate, in feminine form, finally appeared and he recognized it at first sight. The Marvells, a delightful couple of middle aged people, who had lived in the town only a few months, were known to have a daughter who had been for several years at a famous school for young women. When Miss Alice graduated and came home, her parents gave a party in honor of the event, and every one who was any one at Purview admitted, at least to themselves, that Alice Marvell would be the belle of Purview unless she herself forbade it. A few stupid people who thought woman's attractiveness consisted only of face and figure, attempted to combat the general impression, but their efforts were fruitless, for although there were maidens in Purview whose features were more regular than Alice Marvell's, and who were somewhat more shapely when dressed to advantage, none of them could match the air of refinement that their new rival had inherited from a long line of honorable ancestors and had made more charming by a carefully trained mind.

The Doctor, like every other young man at Purview, lost his heart at once, and Miss Marvell seemed fonder of him than of any other of her numerous admirers. But the Doctor dared not to propose while earning only a little more than a thousand dollars a year, and while he was wildly wondering how he might suddenly increase his income, another man won Miss Marvell's hand. Ralph Frasher, although young, was a successful man. He had a keen eye for whatever was worth having, whether for purposes of sport or profit; he drove fast horses, sailed a handsome yacht, knew how to order and eat a good dinner and to buy bits of property that were sure to increase in value. When he saw Alice Marvell he realized that she was one of the rarest of her kind, so he went promptly to work, in his business-like way, to secure her. He was not entirely to the young lady's taste, for although his manners were all that could be acquired by careful imitation of other men, he was never at that ease in conversation which most pleased Miss Alice, and his tastes and habits had stamped his face with something that the young lady could neither understand nor admire. Mr. Marvell was equally slow to admire Ralph Frasher, for the old gentleman knew men and their ways, but his wife, to whom he had not the heart to tell all he knew and believed about the ways of the world, said, when Frasher proposed, that their daughter could never hope to make a safer or more fortunate match, so Alice acted on her mother's advice and became Mrs. Frasher.

The Doctor's heart did not break; it became very sore, but its owner told himself that if the union proved a happy one no one would rejoice more than he. But the time for the Doctor to rejoice never came. When the couple returned from their bridal tour Alice's habitual composure seemed to the Doctor to have a touch of resignation in it, and Frasher seemed a little more burly than usual. The Doctor heard people say, as they have of millions of other young wives, "How marriage does sober a bright girl!" and he raged inwardly, for he was sure that to a nature like Alice Marvell's marriage should have brought the summer of life instead of a suggestion of autumn. He observed the couple closely whenever he saw them, and became more and more convinced that Frasher never regarded his wife as more than property—very valuable, certainly, and deserving of as much care as a promising colt, a new grapery or a villa site on a favorite street, but still property. The Doctor was sure, too, that life with Ralph Frasher was a living death to Alice Marvell; that Frasher's tastes were not to her liking; his friends, like himself, entirely of the earth earthy, and his attempts at affection were repulsive. When the Doctor saw Frasher driving to the station with his wife by his side he could think only of master and slave; when he saw Mrs. Frasher driving home alone her face told him that the absence of the master could not release the slave from bondage.

And yet, all unmarried women at Purview envied Mrs. Frasher, for did not that lady herself fully admit that her every wish was gratified if money would do it? Did she not have as many different dresses and jewels as there were parties at Purview? Had she not her special ponies and carriage to drive? Was not her cabin, on her husband's yacht, the most exquisite little boudoir in the world? The Doctor heard all this, and wondered if his mother and sister were the only two true women alive?

One evening in early winter the Doctor was called suddenly, by a groom, to go at once to Ralph Frasher; with the tact peculiar to his class, the man said he had been sent first to the two older physicians, but one of them was sick and the other in attendance on a patient whom he could not leave. Whitmarth promised to go at once, though he declined to ride in Frasher's carriage, which the groom had brought. As he harnessed his own pony to his rather shabby coupe, he half regretted that he had not made some excuse. His honor as a physician required that he should answer the call, but how pitiless was fate that he, of all men, should be obliged to repair the chain that kept Alice Marvell in bondage.

He found Frasher suffering a severe attack of pneumonia, but old Dr. Mayze, Mrs. Frasher said, had sent word that Dr. Whitmarth was quite fortunate with such cases. The Doctor's heart accused him, when he saw Frasher's strained face and heard his labored breathing, for, really, what could he say against the fellow except that he had married a woman far above him in all that makes humanity admirable? He determined that he would do all in his power to save the sick man's life, and he sent at once for stimulants and other medicines.

"Is there any hope?" asked Mrs. Frasher, after the Doctor's messenger had departed.

The Doctor looked toward the door of the sick room and answered, quite cheerily, "Oh, yes."

The look Mrs. Frasher gave him in return was not what he expected, he translated it to mean that hope of her husband's recovery implied no hope for her. The lady left the room and the Doctor paced to and fro in extreme agitation; by the time the messenger returned one quality of Dr. Whitmarth's nature seemed gone forever. He busied himself about the sick bed; he nursed his patient apparently with great care, but he gave smaller doses of medicine than any homœopathist would have dared to do, and the outward applications were powerless for either good or harm. Early in the morning he told a servant to call Mrs. Frasher, and then, although he had all night long been confessing to heaven that he was a villain, he prayed that she might not come in time. His prayer was answered, for as the lady entered the room he said, almost in a whisper:

"You are too late, Madam."

The widow betrayed no emotion of any kind. She walked slowly to the bedside, leaned over the pillow for several moments, looking into the face of her dead husband. Several times she seemed about to kiss the face before her, and at last she touched her lips lightly to Ralph Frasher's forehead. Then she sank quietly on her knees by the bedside; when she arose there were no tears on her cheeks, but neither was there anything unwomanly; Dr. Whitmarth saw only a peaceful, composed expression that had been a stranger to her face ever since she had married.

Everybody said it was too bad that Whitmarth had lost the case, for there was nothing mean about Frasher, and if he had recovered the young Doctor would have gained a great deal of money and reputation. The older physicians were generous enough to say that Whitmarth had probably done all that they themselves could have done; pneumonia sometimes baffled all medical skill, and the healthiest men were generally surest to succumb. But Dr. Whitmarth never sent in a bill for his services; he resolutely refused, when asked to render one. His conscience tormented him incessantly until he saw Mrs. Frasher, who had returned to her parent's home, gradually regain the expression and manner that had been hers before her marriage. Then, instead of making love to her, as her mother rather encouraged him to do, he abruptly left the town in fear that his feelings might prompt him to take so great a reward for what he still was sure had been a terrible crime.—[Greusome Bright, in The Hour.

THE LADIES—GOD BLESS THEM.

When an elderly maiden lady adorns herself with false hair, false teeth, paint and powder, she is making up for lost time.

The Duchess of Sutherland signed the total abstinence pledge at Torquay, England, early this month, and henceforth will wear the blue ribbon badge.

A Detroit woman is so artistic that she has hand-painted the rattan with which she whips her children, and tied a big bow of blue ribbon on the end.

Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens has been elected to succeed her husband as President of the First National Bank of Marion, Iowa. She is the first woman who ever held a like position.

It is said that the dynamite scare in London is so great that a girl does not dare run down the streets with a bonnet-box in her hand for fear of being arrested as a dynamite fiend.

An old lady who had been reading the health officer's weekly reports, thought that "Total" must be an awfully malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

Miss Anna Oliver says that either Boston University must cease to admit women students to its theological department, or the Methodist Episcopal Church must welcome them to the ministry.

Mrs. J. C. Stone, of Milwaukee: If policemen were as blind to the dog law as they are to the liquor law, you might have a dog as large as an elephant, with a church bell on it, and no policeman would see it.

Miss Dawes, the daughter of Senator Dawes, decided that Pittsfield, Mass., ought to have a public park. She made a plan, and used pen and tongue so persuasively that the town has voted in favor of the scheme.

Two young women at the birthday party of Jesse Tay, Findlay, O., moved his chair from under him as he attempted to take a seat between them. Jessie fell and broke his neck. One of the young women is now a maniac through grief.

Mrs. Richards, of Richford, Vt., has brought suit under the recently-enacted Damage Act for $5,000 against Dan Moore, of East Berkshire, for the loss of her husband, who was accidentally killed while intoxicated with liquor alleged to have been sold him by Moore.

Among the rich women of Boston, Mrs. Susan O. Brooks is assessed upon $1,034,300; Mrs. John L. Gardner, $1,293,800, and Mrs. Gardner Brewer, $937,690; but many of the wealthy ladies of the city are not taxed for anything like the actual amount of their property.

A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife reading: "I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step."

A New York upper-ten bride fainted while dressing for her wedding, and the family physician forbade further excitement. At last it was decided to have the ceremony performed in her room. Just then the minister sent word that he was sick and could not attend. Another was called and the knot tied, two bridesmaids holding the bride up while it was being done.

A white lady took the place of one of the teachers in the colored school in Stapleton, Long Island, last week. The scholars stood it one day, but the next morning she was waited on by a committee composed of the big scholars, who said they wouldn't stand it. Then the smaller ones struck, and she was left alone. She wrote a note to the Directors in which she said: "The Caucasian must go."

"Every epileptic sufferer ought to try *Samaritan Nervine* at once," says Rev. J. T. Elder, of New Glarus, Wis. "It's a never-failing remedy."

"There is not a cuspidor in the whole of the House of Commons, or in any of the hotels of England," says Joseph Cook.

THE OATH.

OATH OR AFFIRMATION—CIVIL LIBERTY AND RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

The Masterly Eloquence of Gladstone—The Speech on the Affirmation Bill in the House of Commons.

Below we give the concluding portion of the masterly speech of Gladstone, delivered a few days ago in the English House of Commons in favor of the affirmation bill, by which Mr. Bradlaugh, who had refused to take the usual oath, might have affirmed and have taken his seat in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone said:

I am convinced that on every religious ground, as well as every political ground, the true and the wise course is not to deal out religious liberty by halves, quarters and fractions, but to deal it out entire, and make no distinctions between man and man, on the ground of religious difference, from one end of the land to the other. [Cheers.] But I go a little farther in endeavoring to probe this contention, which has been so well put forward by honorable gentlemen opposite, and I want to know, is your religious distinction a real distinction at all? I will, for the sake of argument, go with you on this dangerous ground of splitting theology into slices, and I ask you where you will draw the line.

YOU DRAW YOUR LINE

At the point where the abstract denial of God is severed from the abstract admission of the Deity. My proposition is that your line thus drawn is worthless, and that much on this side of the line is as objectionable as the atheism on the other. If you call upon me to make distinctions, let them at least be rational; I do not say let them be Christian distinctions, but let them be rational. I can understand one rational distinction, that you would frame the oath in such a way as to recognize and indicate not only the existence of the Deity, but man's responsibility to the Deity; but is that your present rule? No; you know very well that from ancient times there have been sects and classes that have admitted in the abstract as freely as Christians the existence of the Deity, but have held that of practical relations between Him and man there can be none. Honorable members will recollect the majestic lines—

Omnis enim per se Divom natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Sejuncta a nostris rebus, semotaque longe.
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

VOLTAIRE.

The sects I have mentioned hold, as did the writer of these lines, the existence of the Deity, but in modes and in places where He can have no concern with mankind. I do not hesitate to say that the specific evil, the specific form of irreligion, with which in the educated world of the country you have to contend, is not blank atheism. That is a rare opinion very seldom met with; but what is frequently met with, is the varying form of opinion that would teach us that whatever may be beyond the visible things of this world, you can know nothing of it, and that it is a bootless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it. That is the mischief of the age, and that mischief you do not attempt to touch. [Cheers.] What is more, you glory in the state of the law that now prevails; you wish to tolerate all differences of religion; you wish to allow every one to enter into your chamber who admits

THE EXISTENCE OF THE DEITY.

You would seek to admit Voltaire. ["Hear."] That is a specimen of your toleration. Voltaire was not a taciturn foe of Caristianity. He was the author of that painful phrase, which goes to the heart of every Christian, *ecraser l'infame*. ["Hear, hear!"] And that is the state of the law from which you are working up the country [cheers and counter cheers], to strengthen in the minds of the people the false notion that you have got a real test, a real safeguard; that Christianity is still safe, with certain unavoidable exceptions, under a protecting ægis within the walls of this chamber, and for that you excite a great religious war. I hold that this contention of our opponents is disparaging to religion [cheers], it is idle, it is irrational. For if you are to have a religious test at all, a test of theism, it ought to be a test of a well-ascertained theism, not a mere abstract idea dwelling in the air and the clouds, but a practical recognition of divine government and power to which we are to account for every thought we conceive, for every word we utter.

FORM OF OATHS.

I contend with my whole heart and soul that the intereats of religion as well as the interests of civil liberty are concerned in the passage of this bill. [Cheers.] My reason for saying that may be given in a very few words. If I were asked to put a construction upon this oath I should probably give it a higher meaning than most gentlemen opposite. It is my opinion that the oath has in it a very large flavor of Christianity. I am well aware that the doctrine of my honorable and learned friend, the Attorney-General, is, as I believe, that there are other forms of positive attestation, according to other ceremonies of religion, that may enable the oath to be taken by the removal of the words "so help me God," and the substitution of other words or some other symbolical act involving the notion of the Deity and responsibility to the Deity. But, remember, the oath does not consist of spoken words alone. The spoken words are accompanied by a corroborative act, which is kissing the book, that according to the intention of the Legislature ought to import the acceptance of

THE DIVINE REVELATION.

There have been other forms in other countries. I do not know whether there is still in Scotland the form of holding up the hand. (Hear, hear!) In Spain, I believe, the form is that of kissing the cross; in Italy, that of laying the hand upon the Gospel. But in this, according to the original intention, there is something which involves the acceptance of Christianity. You do not mean that the law is or can be applied in this sense. A law of this kind is like a coin spick and span new from the mint, carrying with it those edges and characteristics with which we are all familiar. But it wears down in passing from hand to hand, and though there is a residuum yet its distinguishing features disappear. So it is with the oath. As to the original intention of the oath there is very little difference of opinion. But what has it become? It has become a theistic test. It does, as I think, involve a reference to Christianity in the conscience of some gentlemen in the other House of Parliament, and in this also. But undoubtedly it is not good for any of us to force this test so flavored, or even not so flavored, upon men who cannot take it with a cordial acceptance. It is bad; it is demoralizing. [Cheers.]

THE PERORATION.

I have no fear of theism in this House. Religion is the expression of the divine mind, and, however little our feeble vision may be able to discern the means by which God may provide for its preservation, we may leave the matter in His hands, and we may be sure that a firm and courageous application of every principle of justice is the best way for the preservation and maintenance of religion. [Cheers.] And I must painfully record my opinion that grave injury has been done to religion in many minds—not in instructed minds, but in those which are ill-instructed or partly instructed—in consequence of things which ought never to have occurred. [Opposition cheers.] Great mischief has been done in many minds by a resistance offered to the man elected by the constituency of Northampton, which a portion of the people believe to be unjust. When they see the profession of religion and the interests of religion ostensibly associated with what they are deeply convinced is injustice, it leads to questions about religion itself which commonly end in impairing those convictions and that belief, the loss of which I believe to be the most inexpressible calamity which can fall either upon a man or upon a nation. [Loud cheers.]

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomiel Pills are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."—Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltimore

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Madame Ellmenreich, in company with her husband, the Baron F. Nordhoff, has sailed for England.

Little Nell, the "California Diamond," is residing in New York. She has not been on the stage for several years.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlin, announce three subscription concerts, Blummer, Rudorff and Joseph Joachin as conductors.

Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed, under his direction, at the annual concert of the Brussels Nouvelle Societe de Musique.

Miss Agnes Huntington, a young American lady, sang with much applause at the fourth popular concert of the Stuttgart Liederkranz.

Theodore Wores is making steady progress on his "Chinese Actor." The costume and figure are finished, and the stage accessories and red-paper legends are now engrossing the artist's attention.

It is stated that a syndicate of influential gentlemen is forming in London with a view of raising a guarantee fund for the establishment of German opera on a permanent basis. Hans Richter will be the conductor.

The Birmingham (Eng.) festival committee are confident that, if proper terms be offered, Signor Verdi will accept the invitation to write a new work expressly for the festival of 1885, and possibly even conduct it himself. New works by Gounod and Gade are also in contemplation.

When playing in Brighton, England, John Clayton was annoyed by the constant loud talking of some people in a private box. Stepping up to the box he said he was afraid his acting was interfering with their conversation, and if desired, he would ring the curtain down. The box was soon vacated for the remainder of the evening.

When a tragedian of the old school, starring in a country town, complained of playing to quarter-houses, a sympathizing friend lamented that Mr. Irving should happen to be there at the same time. "Irving!" exclaimed the tragedian. "I'll star against him anywhere; but who can star against twelve performing elephants." [Chambers's Journal.

Tamberlik, the tenor, has had the rare opportunity of reading his own obituaries. He was traveling in Spain, when the rumor of his death reached Italy and France. There was not the slightest foundation for the report, but the European press at once teemed with obituary notices. These were so complimentary, and Tamberlik enjoyed them so keenly, that he is said to be leisurely engaged at present in making a collection and a scrap album of the various notices clipped from different papers.

Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of the well-known national hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is a well-preserved looking old gentleman, about five feet seven inches in hight, and slightly built. His hair is very gray, and he stoops slightly. With the exception of being a trifle deaf, he bears his 75 years wonderfully well. A Chicago reporter had a brief interview with the Doctor recently:

"I believe," said the reporter, "I have the honor of speaking to the author of 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee?'"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I wrote that in my young and foolish days."

"When was that?"

"Well, a good long time ago; some fifty years."

"Where was it you wrote the national hymn?"

"Oh, I was then at Harvard."

"Did you write the words especially to suit the music, or how did they become linked?"

"I found the music, and, thinking the air was a stirring and spirited one, I wrote the words for the music."

"You have written other songs, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes. Several hymns and several missionary works."

"It is, however, Doctor, by 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' that you will be best remembered, is it not?"

"I suppose it is, that is to say, by the soldiers and the outside public, but by the religious world I shall be remembered by my other works."

TEMPERANCE.

Well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.—[Milton.

It is not too much to say that you can no more effectually control the liquor traffic while you license it by law than you can blow up a barrel of gunpowder half-way down.—[New Era.

Rev. C. H. Mead, Mr. Caswell and J. E. Stearns, of New York, have entered earnestly into temperance work among the freedmen in Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and Florida, and have met with great success.

A Scotch person said, somewhat sarcastically, of a hard drinker, that "he put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but that the enemy, after a thorough and protracted search, returned without anything."

In paying out wages to his workmen a manufacturer in Marseilles, Ill., privately marked $700 in bills. Within three weeks $342 of this money was deposited in the local bank by saloon-keepers. That is the maelstrom that is sucking up the hard earned gains of our working men and sapping the very foundations of domestic comfort and woman's peace.—[Commercial Gazette.

Dr. Orpheus Everts, Superintendent of the Cincinnati Sanitarium, in an inquiry on "What shall we do with the drunkard?" regards drunkenness as a disease. The only ways of dealing with it effectually are by prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors and inhibition or restriction of the drunkard. The former measure he dismisses as essentially impracticable, on account of the antagonism it must always excite; and he is left only the latter one, which he would have surrounded with the sanctions of the law. He proposes a scheme of a law for the establishment of public hospitals for the cure of drunkenness and conservatories for the protection of the infirm, to which persons defined by it as coming under its import may be formally and legally committed for cure or care. When thus committed, they should be allowed every liberty or natural right which can be conserved without lessening the efficiency of the law, and should be protected, under the sanction of stringent penalties, against assaults upon their weakness, or temptations from any source.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Song Writing.—"Where do you get your ideas when you want to write a new song?" asked a reporter of a poet of the "grinding" style. "That's simple enough," returned the poet, taking what he called a "swig at the ale." "There are enough ideas in the songs already written to make it unnecessary to think about new ones. Every song is a patchwork of other songs. Now take that well-known song, 'The Danube River.' Here is the first verse. I think I've got it right:

'Do you recall that night in June upon the Danube river,
We listened to a Landler tune and watched the moonbeams quiver?
I oft since then have watched the moon, but never, love, oh, never,
Can I forget that night in June upon the Danube river.'

Well," the man of verses continued, "I read that through very carefully. My first thought is to localize it. Then I put in the name of a fair one. Next I have it set to slightly different music, and in a few weeks Thomas Lenten's latest sentimental success is going over the land. It becomes a perfect rage, and every one sings:

'My sweetest Jane, I think of you when on the Schuylkill river;
I idly float and steer my boat and watch the moonbeams quiver,
We once were there, you, Jane, and I, upon that boat together,
So when alone I dream of you upon the Schuylkill river.'"

Indiana has lost the prize-banner. The docket of the Supreme Court of Boston is so crowded with divorce cases that judgments are sometimes rendered at the rate of ten an hour. It is said that professional perjurers commonly give testimony, swearing glibly according to instructions, and escaping exposure because, through collusion, there is no one to cross-examine them. All effort to turn all this business over to the Probate Courts, where they could receive proper attention, has failed in the Legislature.—[Chicago Herald.

Jeems says his boarding-house is too slow. He told the old lady yesterday that hereafter he'd like to dynamite earlier.—[Hartford Journal.

CHANGED DAILY FOR THE RED HOUSE.

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

ELEVENTH DAY

—OF THE—

REDUCTION SALE

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES!

In other words, buy when Good, Stylish, Fresh Goods are offered at half their value.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink!"

FROM DAY TO DAY WE HAVE FAITHFULLY SET FORTH THE FACT, THAT ON ACCOUNT OF REMOVAL TO OUR

NEW BUILDING!

Now rapidly approaching completion, we were offering goods at a REDUCTION, and many goods have been mentioned and prices given, clearly showing that we are

SELLING AT FIGURES SO LOW

That all must be convinced that they can purchase goods at this REDUCTION AND REMOVAL SALE CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

READ THE LIST OF TO-DAY:

Ladies' Lisle Thread, 3-button Gloves; reduced to 5 cents (to close).

Ladies' Swiss Ties, embroidered ends; reduced to 12 1-2 cents.

Ladies' Collars, colored and white; reduced to 10 cents.

Children's Large-sized Fancy Bibs; reduced to 5 cents.

Black French Lace, two inches wide; marked down to 4 cents per yard.

Misses' and Children's Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs; reduced to 5 cents.

Fancy Apron Trimming, in ten yard pieces, at 5 cents per piece.

Children's Parasols, 25 cents.

Ladies' Colored Parasols (large size), selling at 50 cents.

One Case of Iron Grenadine, figured; reduced to 8 cents.

Twenty Pieces, Snowflake and Check; reduced to 5 cents.

Tycoon Reps; reduced to 12 1-2 cents per yard.

Black and White Pongee, Pin-head Check, 30 inches wide, for 25 cents per yard.

Nun's Veiling, in all the new shades; marked down to 25 cents.

Double-width English Parametta, at 18 cents.

A full line of Black Cashmeres, at a reduction of 20 per cent.

Children's Fancy Cotton and Wool Scarfs, at 5 cents.

No. 9 Black Watered Ribbon, at 6 1-4 cents per yard.

Six-inch Sash Ribbon, reduced to 25 cents.

Fancy Silk Brocade Ribbon, No. 9, at 20 cents.

IT CANNOT BE EXPECTED THAT WE CAN ENUMERATE. THE GOODS MUST BE SEEN AND EXAMINED, IN CONNECTION WITH THE PRICE, TO FULLY CONVEY TO YOU THE FULL ADVANTAGES NOW OFFERED AT OUR REDUCTION SALE.

RECEIVED YESTERDAY:

Men's Fine Calf, Opera Legged, Sewed Boots, at $5 50.

Do, same quality, in Calf, at $5.

MEN'S FINE PIQUE SUITS, AT $22 50.

Orders from the country promptly attended to through our organized Country Order Department. SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST sent to any address.

C. H. GILMAN,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

RED HOUSE!

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

HOTEL LANGHAM,

CORNER FOURTH AND L STREETS, SACRAMENTO—Strictly first-class, on the European plan. T. D. Scriver's Carriages will take all passengers free of charge from Depot to Hotel

m1-4p1m TERRY & CO., Managers.

UNION HOTEL.

SECOND AND K STREETS, SACRAMENTO, Cal. Rooms, 50 cents and $1 per day. Special rates by the month. Billiards, choice liquors and cigars. Hot lunch daily from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.

W. O. ("JOE") BOWERS, Proprietor.

m1-4p1m

MISSISSIPPI KITCHEN.

OYSTER AND CHOP HOUSE,

Third Street, Between J and K,

NEXT DOOR TO RECORD-UNION office. Open day and night.

A. J. SENATZ, Proprietor.

fe19-4p1m

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,

Corner Seventh and K Streets.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS! 'BUS FREE BUS TO AND FROM THE CARS.

j5-1y JAMES McNOSSER, Proprietor.

ST. DAVID'S.

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING-HOUSE, CONTAINS 155 rooms; 715 Howard street, near Third, San Francisco. This house is especially designed as a comfortable home for ladies and gentlemen visiting the city from the interior. No dark rooms. Gas and running water in each room. The floors are covered with body Brussels carpet, and all the furniture is made of solid black walnut. Each bed has a spring mattress, with an additional hair top mattress, making them the most luxurious and healthy beds in the world. Ladies wishing to cook or themselves or families are allowed the free use of a large public kitchen and dining-room. Servants keep up a fire from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. Hot and cold baths; a large parlor and reading-room, containing a Grand Piano—all free to guests. Price, single rooms per night, 50 cents; per week, from $2 upwards. House open all night.

R. HUGHES, Proprietor.

At Market-street Ferry, take Omnibus line of street cars to corner of Third and Howard

o3 TuTStf

Friend & Terry.

LUMBER COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

SUGAR PINE, REDWOOD, OREGON & TRUCKEE PINE

At Wholesale and Retail, and

Manufactured to Order at the Mills of the Company.

Also Doors, Windows, Blinds, Shakes, Shingles, Bolts and Ties.

MAIN YARD AND OFFICE,

No. 1310 Second Street, nea. M.

BRANCH YARD,

Corner Twelfth & J Sts., Sacramento, Cal

fe19-4p6m

Property-Holders and Builders.

I HAVE 250 JACKSCREWS TO LET, IN lots to suit; also Block and Tackle, Timbers, etc., in good condition. Brick and Frame Buildings raised. Twenty-eight years' experience.

G. J. CROSS, 49er,

Contractor and Builder, office at Sweetser & Alsip 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento. a4 tf

Sacramento Planing Mill,

Hartwell, Hotchkiss & Stalker,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, WINDOWS, WINDOW FRAMES, Blinds, Moldings, Finish Brackets, Scroll Sawing, Turning; also, Stair Work. Black Walnut, Spanish Cedar and Redwood Newels, Balusters and Rail. Cor. Front and Q sts., Sacramento. fe22-4p1m

THE PIONEER BOX FACTORY

Still Ahead of all Competitors.

COOKE & SON

CORNER OF

Front and M Streets.....Sacramento

m2-4ofsf

Lessons in Modern Languages

GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED AT HIS residence, No. 1115 Eighth street. German, French, and Spanish. Conversational lessons alone, if desired [a21-tf] E. KEMEN.

PIKE & YOUNG

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS, corner of Fourth and L streets, Sacramento, have on hand the largest assortment of Carriages, Wagons and Buggies to be found in Sacramento, which they will sell at very low rates.

S. A. WOLFE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

AGAIN AT HIS BUSINESS, WITH EVERY thing new, and no advance in prices. J street corner Fifth, Sacramento. a23-1m

NOTICE.

MESSRS. VAN HEUSEN & HUNTOON HAVE closed out business, and have sold me their well-selected stock of furniture at a sacrifice. This, added to a large variety of household goods, will not be sold below cost, but will be sold at as small a margin above cost as possible. Please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. J. COPPIN, 725 and 72 K st., north side, bet. Seventh and Eighth. m6-tf

—THE—

BRAHMINS' Elixir!

—FOR ALL CASES OF—

SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF MANHOOD, WANT OF ENERGY, WEAKNESS IN THE BACK OR LOINS, PAINFUL DREAMS, LANGUOR, DEPRESSION, Etc.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE

BRAHMIN ELIXIR CO.,

1604 BROADWAY, OAKLAND.

Price, $1 per Bottle

Send for Circular. m8-4ptf

BLACK DIAMOND COAL AND SCREENINGS.

THE ABOVE WELL KNOWN SUPERIOR MONTE DIABLO COAL, the most economica that can be used for steam, is for sale in lots to suit, at Black Diamond Landing, Contra Costa county, and at the office of the Company, southeast corner of Folsom and Spear streets, San Francisco.

P. B. CORNWALL,

President B. D. C. M. Co.

d7-tf

COAL OIL STOVES.

ALL SIZES FOR COOKING OR PARLOR USE. Send for Circular and Prices.

WEBSTER & CO., 17 New Montgomery street, San Francisco. m27-4ptf

W. J. KAVANAUGH,

UNDERTAKER,

(Successor to A. J. Vermilya), No. 520 J st.

Always on hand a large assortment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets, Burial Cases and Coffins. Shrouds furnished and Funeral Wreaths Preserved. Country orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at the lowest rates.

J. FRANK CLARK,

County Coroner and Undertaker,

NO. 1017 FOURTH STREET, BETWEEN J and K—Always on hand the most complete Stock of Undertaking Goods on the coast. Country orders, day or night, will receive prompt attention. f6-4p1m

FRITZ & MILLER,

UNDERTAKERS.

OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE, Ninth and K streets. Complete stock of UNDERTAKERS' GOODS constantly on hand. City and country orders promptly attended to, day or night, at reasonable rates. jy1

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN EITEL,

ASSAYER AND CHEMIST—LABORATORY AT 317 J street. "Low rates and quick returns" is the motto. Gold purchased, also cast into bars for mining men. m1-tf

ARCHITECTURAL WOOD CARVER,

HOUSE DECORATOR, CASTINGS, PATTERNS, Emblematic Signs, Carved Signs, Carved Capitals and Butter Stamps. Most respectfully solicit orders from Builders and Contractors from the interior. J. S. PARKER, No. 826 K street, Sacramento. a28-1m

COAL—COAL.

UNION WOOD AND COAL CO., 426 K ST—Coal can be bought at very low prices, for steam and hotel purposes. F. FRADEL, Superintendent Ione Mines. a28-1m

GRAND OPENING

OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON, J street, between Ninth and Tenth. The neatest place in town. A fine lunch served. W. H. CHENOWETH, Proprietor. a14-tf

J. HYMAN, JR.,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, 506 J street, between Fifth and Sixth, has always on hand a choice variety of fine Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, etc. a3-1m

DR. LOY FONG WON,

FORMERLY FOOK WAN, HAS RETURNED from China with a fresh stock of Drugs and Medicines, and will be glad to see his former patrons. Friends and others wishing to consult with him may do so at his new store, No. 926 Third street, between I and J. m8-1m*

HOUSE-RAISING AND MOVING.

BRICK OR WOOD HOUSES RAISED OR moved in city or country, on reasonable terms, at the shortest notice; guaranteed to give satisfaction. LELAND HOWE, No. 1827 O street. m22-1m

J. A. CUNNINGHAM,

SACRAMENTO BOILER AND IRON WORKS, I street, between Front and Second, Sacramento. Manufacturer of Steam Boilers, Sheet Iron Work, etc. Also, all kinds of Repairing. Changing Portable Boilers from Wood to Straw Burners a specialty m6-4ptf

WM. GUTENSBERGER,

IRON AND BRASS FOUNDER AND MACHINIST, Front and N streets. Manufacturer of Guttenberger's Horse Powers, Patent Ground Roller and Clog Crusher and Barley Mills. All kinds of Hydraulic Pipes. For sale, Three Miller Patent Hay Presses. m1-4p1m

A. M. SMITH,

NO 412 J STREET, PRACTICAL PLUMBER and Gasfitter—Work done on the most approved sanitary principles. m1-4ptf

H. F. ROOT. ALEX. NEILSON. J. DRISCOLL.

ROOT, NEILSON & CO.,

UNION FOUNDRY — IRON AND BRASS Founders and Machinists, Front street, between N and O. Castings and Machinery of every description made to order. fe26-4p1m

JAMES McGUIRE,

MANUFACTURER OF ROAD SCRAPERS, Iron Doors, Jail Cells, Shutters, Railings