ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

DAILY RECORD-UNION

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.

The RECORD-UNION *is the only paper on the coast, outside of San Francisco, that receives the full Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco it has no competitor, in point of numbers, in its home and general circulation throughout the coast.*

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY.

L. P. FISHER is Sole Agent for this paper in San Francisco and vicinity. He is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, and collect for the same. Rooms 21 and 23, Merchants' Exchange.

NEWS OF THE MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The state of affairs in Madagascar is not satisfactory to France.....Parnell's bill has raised a row in the British Cabinet.....The officers of the Bulgarian army have adopted resolutions of loyalty to Prince Alexander—Emperor William is at Strasburg.....Prince Alexander has arrived at Darmstadt.....Silver in London, 44d; consols, 100 15-16; 4s of 1907, 129¼; 4½s, 113.

EASTERN.—An attempt was made to wreck a train on Staten Island.....Reading, Pa., celebrated its one hundred and third anniversary yesterday.....Mrs. Barbara Pressmann has been arrested at Philadelphia for conspiracy to murder.....Three boys have been arrested at St. Louis for incendiarism.....F. Foster and John Morris had a cutting affray at Chicago, in which the former was mortally wounded.....The strike of the New York plumbers is not yet adjusted.....Colonel Gilder and his companion started from Winnipeg for the North Pole Thursday.....The New York cigarmakers have consolidated their Unions.....The Apache prisoners are to be held at San Antonio, Tex., until further orders.....The Republicans of Maine are confident of a big majority.....S. P. Harlan, telegraph operator of the Union Pacific at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, has absconded with $2,000 of the company's money.....The Western Freight Association has been reorganized.....Government bonds are quoted in New York at 126 for 4s of 1907; 110 for 4½s; 100¼ for 3s; sterling, $4 85½; silver bars, 95¾.

PACIFIC COAST.—An old man named J. N. Gregory was burned to death at Bristol, Nev., Thursday night.....Fire at Nevada City, loss, $20,000.....A barn and 80 tons of hay were destroyed by fire near Santa Rosa.....The residence of Patrick Hagan was burned near Mission San Miguel.....Alphonso Thiebault committed suicide near Independence.....Forest fires are raging in Santa Cruz county.....John T. Alsap, a pioneer of Arizona, died at Phœnix, yesterday.

THE ABSURDITIES OF THE DICTIONARY.

Margaret Evans, an accomplished scholar, one who knows all the "rules" which grammarians throw at the heads of reform philologists as "reasons" for the inconsistencies of the English language, has the courage to admit, in the *Current*, that our method of spelling is a miserably intricate and unreasonable system. Suppose the "rules" do recite the use of vowels and consonants in a myriad of permutative relations? What of it? Who other than a pedagogue or a devoted literary scholar is expected to keep them in mind, and who can give a good sound, logical reason for half of them, or indeed one of them? The truth is, they are despotic, dogmatic and absurd, and we clap our palms in plaudits that one scholar has the courage to rise superior to them, and admit the folly of our spelling. She says a good part of her life was spent in memorizing long lists of words "commonly mispronounced," and now after ten years experience, she wants to give the result of it all. And this recital proves to be very interesting. It was of no use to her whatever; it was lost time, it was wasted energy. Hear her: "If any acquaintance of mine is the wiser for my having by this means learned that heinous is pronounced hanus, and coadjutor coadjutor, that moustache is moostatsch, crupper, croopper, and gape, gap, and that while mall is properly sounded mal, Pall Mall is pel mel, let him hold up his hands. Most people mispronounce these words innocently. I do so deliberately, and for the simple reason that I am, to a certain extent, sensitive to ridicule." That is to say, this good lady believes the mass of English-speaking mankind is right, and that if she stands by the "rule," she will simply isolate herself as a curiosity. So she will go with the "swim." And she is right, because with a few exceptions the swim moves in the right direction. Thus, all the world knows that cement, a mineral mixture, should be pronounced *sem*-ent; yet ninety-nine men out of a hundred who make, buy, sell, and use cement pronounce it *see-ment*, and will continue to do so despite the lexicographers and pedagogues. Mrs. Evans says she applied once for a teacher's position, and was examined before a Board. By adhering to the rules she would have proved her right to hold her diploma; but she would certainly have lost the place, she thinks, had she told the Board a little story in the following language: "As a mail agent in the Far West was riding along the root, he saw a squeerel in a tree, at a hite of twenty feet. He raised himself in his steerups and shot it; then he stopped to dine with a family sunk in the depth of squaylor, and had nothing for dezzert but corn bread and seerup." She asks with comical seriousness if any one ever heard a jeweler call the stone on which cameos are frequently cut onyx, as Webster says he should. "Does the jeweler sin through ignorance or conformity?" So, we advised that even the descendants of the Puritans are mainly unaware that it is *Thanks*giving, not Thanks*giving*, and that few young ladies who delight in it venture, however well-informed to say *ice*-cream, or dare to speak of the waxy bells of the fuchsia as fooksia. The *Current* thinks these repentant confessions by old teachers may after a while have due effect. The New York *Times*, on the same subject, points its finger with ineffable scorn to a paragraph in the preface to the edition of Webster's Dictionary of 1882, and it reads: "It seemed necessary, first of all, that these new principles and methods should be applied in the entire revision of the etymologies of Dr. Webster by a scholar who had made etymology his special study. In 1854 arrangements were made with Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, of Berlin, Prussia, to undertake this task." And Dr. Mahn, of Germany, became and remained the monitor, umpire, for the etymology of the standard dictionary of the English language. As the *Current* puts it, "A Prussian has been our main authority for saying, 'Rice of the Dutch Republic, instead of *rise*.'" The need for revision of our dictionaries to make the "rules" conform to reason is great.

THE GENUINE OR THE SPURIOUS!

The Chicago *Current* says that the oleomargarine bill will increase the cost of good butter. The tax, it reasons, that is paid by the bull-butter men to the Government is a charge upon the consumers of oleomargarine, and the consumer of good butter is forced to bear precisely a like burden because of the tax? Well, suppose it is true? Suppose it costs him more for good butter than for imitation? For that reason shall we say to the beefy butter-makers, "Go on, and so cheapen by your spurious article that pure butter can no longer be brought alongside your product in the dairy market?" There is no reason in such reasoning. It is the logic of the illogical. There is something else than cost to be considered in that which we take into the stomach to maintain life. But, is the *Current* right? If butter goes up as oleomargarine concoctions are to be taxed, then it proves a lack of supply of good butter, and that is a stimulant to the increase of the dairy interest. To foster oleomargarine manufacture belittles the dairy business, and removes just that much from the values of land used for the raising of cattle. We increase the price of raisins and of wool to protect home interests more contributive to the general home welfare and prosperity than importing interests can be. But the case in hand involves the conservation of the wholesomeness of food, into which enters all the reasons for the betterment of the physical being of the people. For our part, we would be willing to see such a tax laid upon the "spurious" of all things as would crowd it out wholly, though the effect might be to radically augment the apparent price of the "genuine." Why? Because the true standard of the value of the latter is the supply measured by the demand. We must not be led astray by the fallacious idea that the price by reason of competition is the really economic price in all cases, or that the competitive standard resulting from the conflict between the genuine and the false, is the measure of real value. Eliminate oleomargarine from the question for a single moment and we find butter values are made up by three factors: the demand generally, the supply generally, the intrinsic worth ascertained by the judgment, of the taste and the stomach for a prime as opposed to a lower grade product. But, returning to the original question, which does the *Current* prefer, the conservation of an industry that engages a vast number of workers on many farm tracts, the building of many homes, supporting tens of thousands in the product of the genuine, or the elimination of all these, that a single factory may run, employing a few hundreds in the manufacture of the spurious?

THEATRICAL PASSES.

The theatrical managers in Chicago have abolished the free pass system for the press, and they are right. But they might have been less rude in making the announcement. There was no need to have blazoned the fact in advertisements or on posters. We therefore have a grain of sympathy for the Chicago press, which is demonstratively vexed over the matter. But the pass system is bad, especially in a great city. It is bad because it is subject to such abuse, and because it cripples newspapers very often. The manager who giver "free passes" to papers feels as if he had a claim for special consideration, wholly neglectful and forgetful of the fact that he gets ten times value received in the free publicity the paper gives his house. This claim is constantly pressed by managers, in one way or another, and always to the embarrassment of the newspaper man. We do not for an instant take any account of the silly theory that the critic who goes to an entertainment on a pass is thereby incapacitated from honest judgment. That is wholly untrue in fact, as any conscientious writer knows. The evil of the pass system lies chiefly in the fact that it is an unequal bargain, that it taxes the paper doubly what it owes the theater for all the news it gets out of the theatrical world, and in the fact that it is so difficult to limit it to the person deputed to criticise. The pass system, therefore, to theaters, for the office of a newspaper is a constant source of annoyance. It might, we think, be properly limited to the reporter appointed to gather theatrical news. He ought to have free access, because it is to the mutual benefit of publisher and of manager. In New York, however, the pass system is not known even to this extent. In Chicago, as in San Francisco, the "dead head" system has been carried to a wild extreme, and became an intolerable bore. The managers resolved to abolish it, but they did it like a parcel of bulls. If they had simply informed the papers affected there would have been no trouble. On the contrary they paraded it on bill-boards as a virtue, when in fact the managers, and they alone, were, as they are everywhere, responsible for the "dead-heading." They originated the system and have kept it up. The newspapers are not chargeable with having fostered it. It is wholly unlikely that the managers can name a solitary reputable journal in Chicago that ever asked them to admit on its account all hands and the cook, from the press-room to the composing-room, and from the reportorial department to the friends of the sons and daughters of the publisher. Yet to these extremes has the system grown.

"HE was a tinker and huckster," says the San Francisco *Examiner*. Good, and all the better that the tinker and huckster has so impressed himself on the State that a great political party has chosen him to be elected to the highest seat in the State Government. Come up all tinkers and hucksters and vote for him. Here is a man risen by his own exertion, and whose intellect the hard-working, honorable vocations of tinker and huckster could not confine. Come up all men who labor over the charcoal, or in the market stall, or at bench, or the tail of plow, in trench or ditch, in the dust and grime of the road grade, or who by honest toil earn your bread and defend your homes in the sweat of your brows; come up and vote for the tinker and huckster.

SAYS the Red Bluff *News*—straight Democratic, mind you: "By an almost inexcusable oversight the Democratic State Convention failed to refer to Governor Stoneman's administration, which has been honest and worthy of commendation." It was no oversight. The omission was purposeful, contemplated, planned. If the *News* does not know this, then it is not privy to the councils of its party. The "oversight" was only another instance of the brutality and cruelty of a parcel of demagogues who were born to party power at the Stockton Convention, and "don't let go their grip" upon the party throat "worth a cent." What a blunderer this same *News* is—why, some of the Democratic chiefs will be compelled to go up to Red Bluff and teach the *News* its lesson—hear it! It says that the Convention also forgot to indorse the course of Mr. Henley, and adds: "The Convention indorsed the course of George Hearst, which should be regarded rather as a mellow expression of pleasant personal feeling for Uncle George than as an intimation that the party really approves his slickens and bull-butter votes." Why, the very last thing in the world the Convention could afford to do would be to indorse the member from Mexico; and it did have sense enough to know this; but it stumbled over itself when it indorsed Mr. Hearst's course and swallowed "his slickens and bull-butter" policy. It was a blundering Convention all around. It tied itself by resolution to river destruction; it bound itself by indorsement and enmity to the dairy interests of the whole country; it slapped the workingmen in the face by rejecting their favorite, and putting in his place a cold, passionless, negative man, who has never shown a particle of capacity for the leadership in anything.

THE city of Charleston was battered by bombardment, burned by fire, flattened by an equinoctial storm, ripped by a tornado, shaken to the dust by earthquakes—and at last it was reserved to the ill-fated Palmeto city to be broken upon the wheel of daily newspaper illustration of the worst order. If the city was what some of the press picture it—it indeed needs sympathy, and the cause of the earthquake is disclosed.

WE want, says the Mayor of Charleston, $5,000,000 to aid the homeless to their feet again; we want the sympathy of the people of the Union; but need their practical help more. In what amount do the citizens of Sacramento sympathize with their fellow-citizens of Charleston, tenting beneath the sky with their aged, and their sick, and their little ones?

THE Paris *Petit Journal* writing of Miss Ada Sweet, now in Europe, says she was removed from the Pension Agency at Chicago for writing poetry. Indeed! Then there was ample reason for the act.

"CLEAR, luminous and effective," is the commendation *Harper's Weekly* gives Mr. Blaine's Sebago speech. It will be remembered that the *Weekly* bolted Mr. Blaine's nomination.

VANDEVER'S HISTORY.—The life of Gen. Wm. Vandever, Republican nominee for Congress from the Sixth District, has been an honorable and eventful one. He was born in Baltimore in 1817, but was brought up in Philadelphia. In 1839 he removed to Rock Island, Ill., and in 1851 to Dubuque, Ia. He was sent to Congress in 1858, and again in 1860. He entered the war with the Ninth Iowa Infantry, and was made a Brigadier-General for meritorious service at Pea Ridge in 1862. He was with Grant and Sherman all through the Vicksburg campaign. In 1863 he was with Banks in Texas for a short time, and was thence transferred to Nashville. Starting with Sherman on the march to the sea, he was sent north with Logan on special service, and rejoined the army at Savannah in January, 1865, being assigned to a command in the Fourteenth Army Corps, commanding part of the time a corps and part of a division. His last action in the war was at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. He was mustered out in October, 1865. He passed through the war unhurt, though he had three horses shot under him. In 1873 he was appointed by Grant to be Inspector of Indian Affairs—a position which he held for five years. It has been an honorable record.

UNITED STATES CENSUS IN 1900.—Francis A. Walker, who had full charge of the census of 1880, arrived with his wife from Boston to-day, having just completed a tour abroad. Mr. Walker resigned his position in 1881 as Superintendent of the Census Office, but, owing to the death of his successor, Colonel Seaton, has several times assisted in keeping the great work from getting into a tangle. To a *Post* reporter he stated to-day that he estimated that the population in the United States in 1900 would not fall short of 80,000,000. In reply to a question as to whether it would not be necessary at the next census to condense the statistics in order that they might be given to the public inside of twenty years, he said that matter lay entirely with Congress, which could order the census so taken that it would fill five or twenty volumes. He says the present delay in issuing the returns was caused by the death of the head of the department, and that the cost of collecting and compiling the census, aside from the expense of publication, was over $4,500,000.—*S. F. Post.*

RANCHERS ALARMED.—Word reaches us that ever since the killing of "Wash," the drunken Indian who so cruelly murdered Mr. Lineberger out in Smoky valley recently, the Indians have been very morose and ugly to the whites, and fears of a general massacre are entertained. Indeed, we are informed that friendly squaws have warned the families there to seek places of safety, at least until the bitter feeling wears away. The ranchers are very much alarmed at the news, and are taking steps to protect themselves. As the valley is sparsely settled, a few murderous Indians could kill them all and then escape to the mountainous portion of the country far from molestation. The known treachery of some of the Indians makes it a very serious question. We heard of some families that are preparing to move either to Ophir or Austin for awhile. All this comes of selling liquor to Indians.—*Austin Reveille.*

AN AFFECTIONATE MAN.—A man who has an office on Broad street, and whose name is seen often in the newspapers, put $500 on deposit with one of his stockbroker friends a month or two ago, and yesterday, in answer to a message from the broker's office, he called to get an accounting. Three thousand dollars was to his credit as profits. The Wall-street office was filled with people watching the tape when he called, but he forgot all about that when he saw the statement which showed his good luck, and with never so much as a hint of purpose he threw his arms around the broker and then and there most ardently kissed him. He kissed him not once nor twice only, but a full dozen times, and possibly would have kept up his solitaire game of osculation till day was done; but men down town are rude, and roars of laughter brought him to a stop. The broker—poor man, he didn't look half as happy as he might have looked had somebody else done the kissing.—*New York Times.*

AN EXPRESSIVE PARROT.—During the recent fire, Lorette, Louis Yager's well-known parrot, became alarmed at the din and flew into the street. She lit in the midst of a lot of household goods, where a lady who had just been burned out was bemoaning her loss and crying, "Oh, this is fearful; this is dreadful," etc. Lorette appeared to feel that way, too, but owing to her somewhat limited vocabulary she was not able to express herself with such variety of language. She perched herself on the lady's shoulder and remarked in a shrill voice, that was heard above the roar of the flames and the cries of the firemen, "Oh, oh, oh! This is hell; yes, you bet, this is nearly hell!" The lady immediately parted company with her profane but earnest sympathizer.—*Folsom Telegram.*

WATERMELONS AND ONIONS.—P. L. Byers, of Santa Paula, has sold $110 worth of watermelons from half an acres of ground this season, and has plenty more left. One vine of a new variety produced by himself, which he proposes to list on the scroll of fame as Byers' Hybrid, contained but five melons, but their aggregate weight when ripened will exceed 250 pounds. Three of them have already passed through the hands of the weigher, and registered respectively 50, 49 and 52 pounds. A half-acre in onions will yield about $200 worth of that vegetable, and from the five-acre lot Mr. Byers expects, and reasonably, to realize $150 an acre for this season's work. This is skillful farming, certainly.—*Ventura Democrat.*

A MINING COMPANY IN CONTEMPT.—In the matter of the alleged contempt of the Omega Gold Mining and Ditch Company, one of the defendants in the noted North Bloomfield debris case, Master in Chancery S. C. Houghton submitted his report to Circuit Judge Sawyer to-day, in which he finds the defendant guilty of contempt of Court. The contempt was committed by reason of violating the decretal injunction of the Court, enjoining the defendant from carrying on hydraulic mining in Nevada county. The Master has been taking testimony the past two months.—*S. F. Bulletin, September 10th.*

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There is no objection to a man being "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth" if he does not bite it off and swallow it in after years.

A man whose fealty to party is measured by his success in getting coveted nominations and offices, is not of the metal from which patriots are molded.

It is said that the great English statesman, Gladstone, maintains his vigor and health by judicious use of claret and port. The Russian Czar is also trying to strengthen himself by swallowing the Porte of the Bosphorus.

It is now stated by Mr. Howells, that the book of Job was written only as a novel. This is certainly a novel idea, and pointedly suggests what melancholy taste our ancient novel readers must have had. For some reason this line of novel-writing has been entirely abandoned.

It has been proposed to name one of the new war vessels of the Government, "Geronimo." That, however, was before he was caught and tamed. It won't be done now, for there's no fun in a tame Injun, nor poetry in his name. If the Apache warrior had continued in the scalping business successfully, half of the bang-haired maidens of the next generation would have borne his euphonious name, with a French accent and twist on the "i," to give a poetic fascination to *Geronimo*.

In answer to the query, "Why should it be difficult to find an honest politician?" the editor of the Grass Valley *Tidings* thus pulls open the throttle valve of his conscience: "We cannot answer as to why it is difficult to find an honest politician. We only know that such is a fact. Our observation and experience show us that the honest politician is 'a rare swimmer in the vast whirlpool.' We can remember that when we were ourselves a hot partisan politician we were no better than we should be by a darn sight."

The *Alta* speaks of the public debt being $1,838,904,607, when President Cleveland took office, and adds: "At the end of the last fiscal year Mr. Cleveland's administration had reduced it nearly $90,000,000, so that by the end of his term we may expect it to have shrunk to the billion line again." It's perfectly clear that nothing in the world but Democratic financeering and figuring could wipe out $838,904,607 by four annual reductions of $90,000,000 each. But this is not the most amusing part of the *Alta's* wild flights in the boundless field of imagination. It continues: "It is within the reach of possibilities that a second term for President Cleveland will nearly wipe out the national debt." Now the well-known fact is that the reduction of the national debt has been very seriously retarded since the inauguration of the present Democratic administration, and no political prophet could now be found who would wreck his reputation with a forecast that "a second term for President Cleveland is within the reach of possibilities." Such a proposition is what a shrewd observer of the times would denominate a fanatical improbable improbability.

The Los Angeles *Express*, in a column hypercriticism upon central California, relieves itself of the epithet that "Sacramento is one of the wettest places in the State!" We plead guilty to the indictment, and *boast* of it, for it is from that fact that a crop is never lost in this section from drought, and irrigation—without which all southern California is a hopeless desert—is unnecessary here, except for special purposes of forcing growth. We also plead guilty to the fact that from our more genial and unvarying semi-tropical climate our oranges and other citrus fruits ripen fully two months earlier than those at Los Angeles, and that the black smut and fungus growth found upon orange trees and fruit about the "City of Angels" are at once eradicated under the bright sky and pure air of our central California foothills and mountain regions. These facts are not referred to for the purpose of taunting our more southerly neighbors, and we take this occasion to assure them of our mutual and friendly feelings, by the fact that the people of this section of the State will in the future avoid placing their finer and earlier fruits into injurious competition with the less favored region below Mojave, by having our oranges, lemons, limes, etc., all marketed, and returns in, some weeks before those of our Less Angelic friends, who devote so much newspaper space to us, are ready for their earliest shipments. Come now, neighbor, you cannot ask any more than this!

POLITICAL FLYERS.

When the friends of Prohibition shall have
gratified ambition, and sunk to inanition
in the cool November days,
Having nothing for their picking, except a
wholesome licking, and their consciences
a-pricking, they will wonder if it pays,
As a straight and plump transaction, to assist
the whisky faction in its system of detraction of a party strong and pure—
In the guard of reformation to have stabbed
their blood relation, and defeated regulation of the ills they cannot cure.
—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

A Cheyenne paper appears under date of August 42d—which is quite appropriate, as it take a great deal of fortitude to publish a newspaper in Cheyenne.—*Grass Valley Tidings.*

The *Alta* calls the *Bulletin* and *Call* "a Bartlett pair." Whatever the variety, that pair is greatly afflicted with worms.—*Grass Valley Tidings.*

Patriots like St. John are not half as anxious to aid the cause of temperance as they are "to smash the Republican party." St. John has a personal grievance.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

An Indiana paper says: "There is enough honest and competent Democrats to fill the offices." It is plain, however, that all of them could not pass the civil service examination on grammar.—*Chicago Times.*

The Democratic organs make a great parade of one colored man appointed to a Federal office by President Cleveland, but say nothing about the sixty to seventy colored men removed from office since March 4, 1885.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The California Democrats who in State Convention indorsed the Cleveland Administration, and also recommended the free coinage of silver, must have discovered a solution of the difficult problem of how to face both ways simultaneously.—*Philadelphia Record.*

It is said that in places where the atmosphere is rare, caution has to be observed in drinking spirituous liquors, and Mr. Sedgwick's altitude is attributed to the altitude of the City of Mexico. The City of Mexico is 8,000 feet above the sea. The American envoy's altitude does not appear to have been taken, but he was extremely "high."—*Chicago Times.*

The Grateful Irishman.

Once when Abernethy was visiting the hospital wards a poor Irishman jumped out of bed and threw himself at Abernethy's feet. Then he jumped up and flourished a limb, crying: "That's the leg, yer Honnor! Glory be to God! Yer Honnor's the boy for doing it! May the heavens be your bed! Long life to yer Honnor!" etc. This was a man who had been brought in with a diseased ankle, for which amputation had been ordered. But Abernethy thought he could cure it, and put the man under constitutional treatment. The result was a perfect cure, and an ecstacy of thankfulness on the part of poor Pat. The opportunity was seized by Abernethy for giving a clinical lecture, every point of which was illustrated by Pat's emphatic "Thrue, yer Honnor; divvil a lie in it." Every reference to the leg brought out the member with a flourish from under the bedclothes; and the whole affair was most comical. But while everybody was laughing at the Irishman on his knees before the great surgeon, Abernethy was composed. Bending down over the man, he said with great earnestness: "I am glad your leg is doing well, but never kneel, except to your Maker." As so often happens, Abernethy preached better than he practiced; that is to say, he did not always adopt the good advice he gave to his patients. Although so particular always in his dietetic prescriptions for others, it is suspected that he was rather an immoderate eater himself. He was very careless, too, in other respects, and would walk down from his house to the hospital in knee breeches and silk stockings through pouring rain, without any effort to protect himself. By the age of 60 he was very lame, thin and old-looking, and died a few years later literally worn out.—*All the Year Round.*

RAILWAY EXPANSION.—In climates having a difference of 70° in temperature between the hot and cold seasons, a railway track of 400 miles is 338 yards longer in summer than in winter. Of course the length of road remains the same, but expansion forces the lengths of metal closer together, making an aggregate closing up of space between the rails of nearly a yard in each mile.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The September number of "St. Nicholas," issued by the Century Company, Union Square, New York, opens with "Stories of Art and Artists," by Charles Erskin Clemment. "Nan's Revolt" is continued, as is also "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The story of "A Rocky Mountain Hermit" is concluded, and very interesting. The historic biography, by Horace E. Scudder, of George Washington, is continued, and several interesting stories and short articles are given.

The "Brooklyn Magazine" for September has a thoughtful article by Edward Duffy, concerning "Jno. G. Saxe in his declining years." "Summer Days in Japan," "Reminiscences of Holland House," by H. C. Wilson. Letter by Mrs. Beecher from England, etc., besides sermons and articles by Henry Ward Beecher and T. DeWitt Talmage, are some of the contents of this number. (Published No. 7 Murray street, New York.)

The "Song Friend," published by S. W. Straub, Chicago, has for September a varied collection of information and articles upon musical topics, besides in music, "Our Hammock is Swinging," a quartette for mixed voices, by T. Martin Towne; "Rare Blossoms," waltz, by Miriam; "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," "Russian March," by Francis, and "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall," by Moore.

George P. Rowell & Co., of the Newspaper Advertising Bureau, New York, No. 10 Spruce street, have issued the one hundred and fifty-eighth edition of their "Newspaper Directory of the World," bringing the data down to July, 1886. This is a valuable work for such as desire any information concerning newspapers, wherever located, either for purposes of advertising or otherwise.

Jno. B. Alden, New York, in his "Library Magazine" for September, has these articles among others: "Genius and Precocity," by James Sully; "History of the Word 'Person,'" by Max. Muller; "British Rule in India," by A. H. Guernsey; "State Purchase of Railways," by Chas. Waring; "The Greek Home According to Homer," etc. It is a magnificent number.

Fowler & Wells Co., New York, are issuing a new monthly magazine devoted to the interests of parents and teachers of young children. It is entitled "The American Kindergarten and Primary Teacher," and is furnished subscribers at $1 per year. It is worthy a careful examination by those interested in the subject to which it is addressed.

Those interested in book buying will find a volume just issued by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, "Bibliotheca Americana, 1886," a catalogue of a valuable collection of books and pamphlets relating to America, together with a list of historical publications, to be of great convenience and value. Price, 50 cents.

The "Church Review" for August (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston,) has an article by Josiah Boyce, assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College, upon the "Conquest of California," covering the period from 1846 to the second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. It forms a study of the American character.

For instruction and suggestions in home decorations, the selection and care of flowers and shrubs, notes upon profitable housekeeping, and a general companion for leisure hours in the home, read the "Ladies' Floral Cabinet" for September. Published at 22 Vesey street, New York.

A capital story is told in the "New Moon" for August, entitled "Not Living—Not Dead." Others in the same issue that will claim the attention of the readers are: "The Bishop Outwits the Soldier," and "What a Motto Did." New Moon Publishing Company, Lowell, Mass.

The wee little readers will be delighted with the present issue of "Our Little Ones and The Nursery." It is well filled with pictures and stories about animals, birds and insects, and these are given in such a way as to greatly please. (Russell Publishing Company, Boston.)

The "Herald of Health," published at 13 Laight street, New York, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., is popularizing itself by publishing a vast amount of practical information upon health subjects, and concerning sanitary matters. Price, $1 per annum.

Newmarket in Charles II.'s Time.

Charles II. was more of a sportsman than his father, and in his days Newmarket became the metropolis of every sort of amusement, from "cocking" to racing. Pepys mentions his leaving Whitehall for Newmarket at 3 o'clock one morning and getting "overset" in Holborn—"all dirty but no hurt." Charles II. took great interest in the building of his "hunting palace" at Newmarket, and when the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, answered his objection that the rooms were too low by stretching his neck in order to contemplate their lofiness the King crouched beside the little man until their heads were on a level and said, "Aye, Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough." This lively King not only encouraged racing, but rode races himself. In the Journal of Thomas Isham, of Pytchley, there is a statement that a certain Mr. Bullivant "*dicit Regem apud Novum Mercatum his stadium curvisse,*" in one of which races the Duke of Albemarle's horse fell under him and broke his neck. Accidents in flat races do not seem to have been uncommon in the seventeenth century, for in the *Domestick Intelligence* of October 13 and 17, 1682, it is recorded that at Newmarket "during the Matches several Men and Horses were rid over, and one or two had their Necks broken. Colonel Aston and Sir Rob. Geere came in so furiously that both men and horses were overturned; the Colonel for some time lay in a manner dead on the Spot, and Sir Robert had his shoulder split; but they being both immediately let Blood, are since pretty well." Pedestrian races were popular at Newmarket in the reign of Charles II. An old letter mentions a walking match against time (five miles in the hour) made by Lord Digby, when "he had the honour of Good company, the King and all his nobles to see him do it stark naked and barefoot." Highway robberies were very common occurrences on Newmarket Heath in the days of the Merry Monarch. The *Domestick Intelligence* speaks of three having taken place in the course of four hours, near the Devil's Ditch, when the highwaymen had the impudence to tip the coachmen half a crown apiece "to drink their healths" with. The same periodical mentions some other highway robberies in which blood was shed and life lost. Gentlemen riding on the heath, too, were sometimes attacked and robbed. In 1682 "a coach was robbed of 400 pounds which a gentleman was bringing hether to bet upon a race."—*The Saturday Review.*

A Point for Lovers.

A Kentucky Court has decided that a girl, when she rejects a lover, must return all that he gave her during the time he fondly imagined her heart was his and that he had a firm grip on her future career. It appears that a young man loved a maiden fair in the Blue-grass State and dumped his wealth at her feet in the shape of a set of earrings, pair of bracelets and a diamond ring. For a time he was very solid with her, and at camp-meetings, picnics and dancing parties she horned off other admirers by the very plain manner in which she manifested her preference for his company. At last, however, he began to make her feel weary, and she jilted him so suddenly and in such an energetic way that it was days before his friends could convince him that he had not fallen from the top of a house. When he came to his senses, however, and the headache resulting from a protracted and despondent drunk had disappeared, he demanded of his faithless love to shell out the jewelry that he had given her. She refused, and he brought suit against her and won it.

The decision of the Court will be hailed with delight by the young lovers of both sexes. The young man feeling that in case of a quarrel, or some other fellow stepping in and monopolizing matters, that he can recover his presents, will be encouraged to invest frequently in love tokens for his fair inamorata, and she knowing that if she does not gather in the little gewgaws while the spooney time is on that they will be scarce after marriage, feels grateful for a judicial decision that inspires confidence and has a tendency to prompt her chosen one to do the proper thing in the jewelry line, and to do it often. Thus it will be seen that the decision cuts both ways and gives satisfaction to all hands.

It must not be imagined for a moment, however, that under the decision presents in the shape of oyster suppers and ice cream can be recovered. They are irretrievable, and once given can be set down as gone for good. Therefore young men in future will squander their monthly stipends for something substantial, something that the Sheriff can reach with an attachment and the donor hypothecate, and in this way the decision will operate no doubt injuriously to the oyster and ice caeam business and also paralyze the soda water industry.—*New Orleans Sunday States.*

Some people think of the petition: "Thy will be done," as coming into their prayers and lives only when they have troubles or losses.

DYNAMITE PROJECTILES.

An Interesting Interview with Lieutenant Graydon, the Inventor.

[San Francisco Post, September 9th.]

The recent dynamite projectile experiments that have been conducted by Lieutenant Graydon at Fort Point have created a great sensation among military men, and already the European Governments realize that the present system of warfare will soon undergo a complete revolution. The enormous explosive power of dynamite has always been recognized, and ever since its discovery military men on both continents have busied themselves in trying to solve the problem of firing shells loaded with dynamite, but until quite recently their efforts have been fruitless. Lieutenant Graydon, whose wonderful invention has recently been tested, was seen by a *Post* representative yesterday, and gave the following account of his explosive shell:

"My experience with dynamite dates from the time of the recent Franco-Chinese war, when I was in the employ of the Chinese Government. At that time I contrived and operated a dynamite loaded torpedo that proved so effectual in keeping the French fleets out of the Canton river that I was complimented by the Chinese Government for my new invention and thanked for the service I had rendered it.

HE HAS AN IDEA.

"Soon after I conceived the idea that a shell loaded with dynamite could be safely fired from the style of gun now in use and I set about to perfect my plans. From the first I have kept the modus operandi of the affair an entire secret and have taken no one into my confidence. I have not even sketched a diagram on paper, but have kept all the details in my head. My first experiments were made at Temescal with an inch and a quarter gun of my own construction, and were so successful, and I was so confident of my ability to fire dynamite with safety, that I next projected it from a shoulder rifle. This was near the Giant Powder Works at West Berkeley. The next experiments were with a three-inch rifle at the Presidio, and during the last two weeks I have fired fifty-eight shots from a four-and-one-half-inch Rodman gun, with a twenty-five pound shell, loaded with sixteen ounces of dynamite and three and one-half pounds of ordinary black powder. In all my experiments with this dangerous compound, I have never had an accident, and I am sure that I never will have, for I have the firing of it under perfect control."

"What destruction is a shell fired from a four-and-one-half-inch gun capable of doing?"

"If a shell of that size should strike the Palace Hotel, it would be blown to atoms, and if one should fall within the inclosure of the fort at Fort Point, it would be so wrecked as to be unfit for duty.

A VERY BIG LOAD.

"An eighty-ton gun fires a shot weighing about 2,200 pounds, and as a shell that size would safely carry between 300 and 400 pounds of dynamite, it is needless to say that no ship can ever be built to withstand the shock of its explosion. With my appliance, an eight-inch converted rifled gun will sink any man-of-war now afloat, and it would be just as demoralizing to coast fortifications. A solid shot fired from one of the finest guns in the English service will pierce a wall composed of 22 inches of solid iron or 18 inches of steel, backed by three feet of oak timber that is held in position by nine inches of metal. That makes a wall over five feet in thickness. If a dynamite projectile should strike that barrier it would be about as effective as a board fence. In fact an armor that would withstand a dynamite shell would be impracticable."

"Then the use of war-ships would be dispensed with altogether?"

"Not exactly that, but the invention will do away with the use of the cumbrous men-of-war now owned by almost every nation, and will restrict the service to the cruisers only. Dynamite multiplies the destructive force of a shell about eighteen times. That is, it is eighteen times more destructive when in motion than at rest. A 100-ton gun can be fired accurately for a distance of eleven miles, and in event of war with any foreign power whose vessels were armed with dynamite projectiles, the ship could lie ten miles at sea, far out of reach of the guns of Fort Point, and drop shells into the city, each of which would destroy an area of not less than a square mile.

AN OFFER FROM FRANCE.

"This morning I received a cablegram from the French Government, asking my terms for selling the exclusive right of the invention to it, but I can assure you they cannot buy it. As soon as I obtain the patent from Washington I expect to go to Europe, where I will take out letters patent in every country. It may seem improper for me to say it, but I feel confident that my invention will revolutionize modern warfare within a few years."

Lieutenant Graydon has been in the United States naval service for twenty-two years, and served for three years in Grant's campaign during the war. He is a graduate of the Naval Academy, and while he is the inventor of a most destructive weapon, he is a very unassuming gentleman.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF GROWING OLD.—A proverb in the Talmud says: "An old woman is a pearl in the family, but the house trembleth before on old man." This has a meaning deeper than appears on the surface. A weighty secret is wrapped up in that proverb—the secret of eternal youth. The old woman is a pearl because she is helpful, useful and agreeable. She takes an interest in every one's welfare, and lends a friendly hand to the plans and projects of all. She doesn't allow herself to lose her hold on the affairs of life. She is still an active factor in the household. The old man takes precisely the opposite trend. Not always, but more often than does the old woman. He grows selfish and surly, thinks only of his own comfort, growls when anyone makes a noise, and on every possible occasion verifies the proverb by making the house tremble. The difference is between their methods of growing old is directly due to this: The woman never gets old in thought, and the man does. Her activity of mind keeps off the foe—old age—while the old man actually invites him to come on and take possession, and he accordingly comes.—*Gertrude Garrison in Boston Globe.*

COST OF POLITENESS.—"My boy," said a west end parent, not long since, who still believes in the old-fashioned virtue, "remember that you will never lose by politeness." "But, father, I have," contradicted the boy. "Now, what did you ever lose by being polite?" demanded his parent. "My seat in the horse-car," eagerly returned the youth. Instruction was discontinued for the rest of that morning.—*Albany Argus.*

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