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SACRAMENTO SUNDAY UNION.

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CURIOUS OCCUPATION.

PICKING UP A GOOD LIVING IN CROWDED STREETS.

One of the Ways a Man May Live Without Work in New York City.

"There are some peculiar professions and vocations in New York, but, among all of them, the one which I am following, and which, no doubt, I invented, is the most peculiar." I had been introduced to the gentleman who spoke these words, and after passing a very pleasant evening in his company, I naturally inquired as to his calling. He was about 28 years of age, well dressed and apparently well to do.

"If you think it worth your while," he continued, "I will tell you how it all came about. Some months ago I was out of employment, and after seeking here, there and everywhere, and following the newspaper advertisements without success, I was naturally depressed and downhearted. One afternoon about 4 o'clock I was walking on Sixth avenue, somewhere between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, my eyes cast upon the pavement, thinking of how I should get my next meal and a bed to sleep in, as I had not a cent to my name, when I saw a dark-looking object about four inches long lying on the sidewalk some five or six feet from me. I hurried toward it, stooped, and picking it up, discovered it to be an ordinary pocketbook, such as ladies usually carry.

"I hastily shoved it in my pocket, for fear the owner might return and claim it.

"I walked to the corner and down toward Fifth avenue. I could hardly wait until an opportunity presented itself to inspect its contents. At last, considering myself out of danger of discovery by the owner, I drew forth the prize and opened it.

"Imagine my surprise and gratification at discovering a large roll of bills and some silver. I at first did not know what to do. I knew that it was now impossible for me to find the owner, and, to tell the truth, I did not very much care to find that person.

"Well, to make a long story short, I rented a room at the Grand Hotel, and immediately proceeded to ascertain the amount of my new-found wealth. I found that the roll contained two twenty-dollar bills, three tens, one five and two single dollars, besides a little over $2 in change, making a total of nearly $80.

"You can readily imagine that I ate an excellent supper that evening, better than I had eaten for months before.

"The next morning I took up the paper to see whether any one had advertised the loss of the pocketbook. The papers contained a great many 'ads' under the heading of 'Lost, Found and Rewards,' but none which described the book I had found.

"I now considered myself the rightful owner, and determined to use the money as if it had been the result of hard toil on my part. I advertised and endeavored in every way to procure work, but without success.

"At last, some two or three weeks after the finding of the pocketbook, I was again wandering along the street with my eyes directed toward the sidewalk, when they espied a bright, shining coin. I picked it up and found it to be a five-dollar gold piece.

"'I'm in luck,' said I to myself. 'If I keep this up I won't have to work.' And in this way the idea came into my mind that in a large city, such as New York, where so many busy people continually travel the streets, an enormous amount of money and valuables must be dropped, and if one would only make it his business to go through the crowded streets, and keep his eyes open, he might make at least a comfortable living.

"I resolved at any rate to try it. I did from that day on go through the principal thoroughfares of this city, and have since made a comfortable living. I do no one an injury, for, when I get the opportunity, I return whatever is of value to the owner, but keep any money as a sort of reward."

"Well, where do you go principally, and how do you do the business?"

"I go, for instance, on a nice, pleasant afternoon, on Fourteenth street, Twenty-third street, and Broadway and Sixth avenue, between those streets. These are the routes taken by ladies out shopping. They usually carry their pocketbooks in their hands, and are not always very particular about what else they carry in the same hand. Sometimes they carry three or four articles besides the book in one hand; and how easy is it for them to drop one, especially the book, without in the slightest missing it. Now, I go merely through the street, mingling with the ladies, not touching them unnecessarily. My eyes are everywhere about the pavement, and I am able to see anything on it, from a piece of paper to a diamond breastpin. Hundreds of people may have passed the same object before me and not have noticed it, because they were not on the lookout for it, whereas I am always watching for something lying about, be it a penny, or be it a dollar or be it a diamond."

"What do you generally find?"

"I find everything, from a pearl button to a silk umbrella, and from a penny to a well-filled pocket-book. I used to pick up such things as buttons, pens, pencils, knives, etc., but I do not trouble myself about them now, as there is no value in them."

"What is the largest sum you ever found?"

"The largest sum that I ever found was wrapped up in an envelope lying on Broadway, just south of Twelfth street. I was on the point of throwing it away, thinking some one had rolled up some paper and thrown it out of a window, when I thought I would open it. I did so, and found a roll containing $310, all in $10 bills. With that find I opened a bank account, to which I am now constantly adding."

"Do you ever find the owners, and return their property?"

"Sometimes I find an advertisement in the paper setting forth the loss of an article resembling one which I had recently found. If the article is clearly identified I return it. If not I keep it. The rewards paid to finders are so small that it hardly ever pays to advertise an article which one finds, unless it appears to be a relic or an heirloom."

"One more question. Are there any others besides yourself in your line of business?"

"Yes, there are three to whom I imparted my knowledge, and who have adopted it as a means of making a livelihood. And, I assure you, they are well satisfied. You can come along with me some afternoon and see how I manage it. But, remember, I may not find anything for two of three days or maybe weeks, but when it does come, it comes well."

One Heroic Dude.

Lieutenant Commander W. H. Emory is in the city, not a little proud over his detail for duty at the American Legation in London. Emory is the man of whom the late Admiral Warden said: "He is not so much of a dude as he looks to be." He was the Admiral's Chief of Staff on the European station, and was one of the three flagship officers each of whom captured one of the rich nieces of the then Minister to England, Mr. Marsh. Emory was the first to be married. Lieutenant Aaron Ward was the next, and the third was Lieutenant "Johnnie" Brodhead, of the Marine Corps. The latter naturally spoke to Emory as the new head of the family, and Emory quizzically said: "What are you going to keep a wife on?" To which Brodhead promptly replied: "The same that you are keeping her sister on—her money." Nothing more was said. The third heiress became Mrs. Brodhead, and she and her sister, Mrs. Emory, occupied the two finest houses in Washington for a long time. Emory was so used to staff duty and attracted so much attention by his gorgeous raiment (it is said that he had a pair of trousers for every hour in the day) that people knew little of him as an officer, but when he took command of one of the vessels of the Greely Relief Expedition and brought Greely back from the verge of an Arctic grave, his friends began to see that he had good mettle in him, and now that his good luck again favors him and he is detailed to do the service of carpet knighthood at the Court of St. James no one will begrudge him the chance and everybody will be sure of courteous treatment at his hands.—*New York Star.*

THE FLANNEL SHIRT.

Its Complete Triumph—Styles for the Summer.

Five or six years ago the flannel shirt was an article of either the color of sunsets in Northern climes or of deep blue hue of a sailor's trousers. The upper strata of society never thought of a fireman, a 'longshoreman, or a prodigiously bad cowboy without forming a mental picture of the ornate flannel envelopment of the upper half of his body. Probably the men of the upper strata envied him. The shirt made the man look so thoroughly comfortable. But then there was too much barbaric splendor about the color of the garments. It set them thinking, at any rate. Their thoughts ran something like this: "This business of being obliged to pay a tribute of suffering to a remorseless conventionality by wearing in midsummer a stiff white shirt that melts into an insufferable nuisance inside of two hours, and a collar and pair of cuffs that wilt like a violet before a grate fire before we have walked half a mile—this is a torture we have endured long enough, it's an imposition upon mankind in general, and it's got to go!"

So they revolted.

It was not a frenzied, uncontrollable revolt, and there was no going to extremes. They based their case on an intense appreciation of their inalienable rights. They did not blossom out attired in shirts with all the gorgeousness of hue of those of Turkish soldiers or Nebraska cowboys. But if you had happened to ride on an elevated train in New York City, for instance, on any day during the past two or three summers, you would have observed how widespread were the effects of the revolt. You would have seen faultlessly dressed young swells, who had all their lives been enamored of fancy boiled white shirts, wearing delicately colored and corded flannel shirts, with sailor-knot ties; substantial-looking, middle-aged men, brokers and lawyers, probably, wearing spotlessly white flannel shirts, subdued by gray or black ties; even old men of most tremendous dignity, clad in somber black, but wearing flannel shirts and four-in-hand cravats just the same. Mingled with an appearance of cool comfort, these men had a look of subdued but eternal defiance, as though daring anybody to question their right to wear any sort of shirt they chose, sirrah.

At the dinner table, at the seaside, in the country, flannel shirts everywhere. And the fiat has gone forth that the flannel shirt is to rule the coming summer, and linen shirt-makers and laundrymen are gnashing their teeth and asking the steely stars, "Can such things be?" It was only a short time ago that one of the largest fancy shirt manufactories in the United States failed on account of the flannel shirt craze.

The flannel shirts this year are beautiful in design and color, and the varieties adapted to men of different classes and ages are almost numberless. It is predicted that everybody will wear them. What is more sensible than an airy, comfortable flannel shirt, or, in fact, what more handsome? All hail its triumph!

MEN'S FASHION NOTES.

Patent-leather shoes for business wear are growing popular.

One of the new capers in fad collars is a standing neck-band with rolling points.

The tan glove is hard to kill. Light shades are in high respect among jaunty dressers.

The custom of wearing two scarf-pins has not entirely disappeared, but is rapidly becoming absolete.

The progress of the shirt made coat fashion, to button all the way down in front, is slow but steady.

Baggy trousers are not in good form in the more stylish circles. Trousers of the medium cut are the vogue.

It is wrong to suppose that the silk hat is on the decline. Its popularity was never greater, and is increasing all the time.

The bath-wrap is growing in favor. Bath-trousers, an expedient unknown to Americans until quite recently, are also coming into vogue.

A tendency in the direction of wider shirt bosoms for full dress is showing itself. In that case the opening of the vest will, as a matter of course, be larger.

Is it proper to wear a white standing collar with a fancy-colored shirt? Whether it is or not, many of the most fastidious young men about town are doing so.

A fashionable outfitter laments the lack of consistency among American men as shown by the dress worn at funerals. He insists that only black should be worn—black clothes, black hat, black gloves, and dull black neckscarf.

Those whose fancy inclines to the big scarf-pin should, in accordonce with the prevalent dictates of fashion, wear large scarfs, both as to size and pattern effects. With a medium or diminutive scarf a small jewelled pin is the proper caper.

The double watch chain craze is abating and with it the practice of carrying the watch in the upper pocket of the vest. One of the late fads is a long single chain, wound in and out through the buttonholes of the waistcoat and terminating at the lower left pocket.

As a general thing the tennis blazers shown have wide stripes, but exclusive outfitters favor the narrower widths as being more fashionable. Woven goods are more stylish as well as more costly than the printed. The latter are French, the former Scotch or English.

A Mormon Wooing.

And yet, as we drove through the mouth of Echo, my memory was keenly alive to some of my past experiences there. It was only a year before that a wedded couple (Mormons) took me out for a drive, and for two hours I sat between the two, each of them holding a hand, and both earnestly courting me for wife number two. The lady excused her part in the wooing by saying she could not prevent the coming of a second into the family, and as both were pleased with me the drive had been planned with a view to getting my consent to the union. They were people of intelligence and education, yet my very good reason for declining their offer was easily disposed of in their minds, my husband being a Gentile, and my marriage with him not necessarily binding by Mormon law. I took no offense therefore at the peculiar situation in which the kindly couple placed me, knowing that no offense was intended.—*Darmar Mariager in June Overland.*

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is still in very poor health and does but little literary work.

TWO FAMOUS SENATORS.

A FATHER AND SON IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

A Senator from Three States—The Oldest Ex-Senators—A Chameleon Politician

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION.]

The reference to Governor Dodge in the letter from General Hamilton, recently published in these columns, will recall to many readers the interesting fact that in the entire history of the country there is but one instance where father and son served at the same time in the United States Senate. Henry Dodge represented Wisconsin in the Senate from 1848 to the 3d of March, 1857, while his son Augustus Cæsar Dodge represented the State of Iowa from 1848 till his resignation, the 8th of February, 185[illegible]. They were also at the same time delegates in Congress together, before the admission of those States, the former serving from 1841 to 1845, the latter from 1840 to 1847. They were descended from the best revolutionary stock of Connecticut. As an Indian fighter the father was very famous, receiving a sword and the thanks of the nation by the unanimous vote of Congress. After his resignation from the army in 1836 Jackson made him Governor of Washington Territory and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In the latter capacity, notwithstanding the terrible havoc he had made among the tribes in warfare, he exerted an extraordinary influence among them, invariably using that influence for noble and beneficent ends. He lived to the age of 85, and died in the home of his honored son at Burlington, Iowa, admired and revered by the entire Northwest country.

The son was a "chip of the old block," both as a fighter and in public life. He died in 1883 at the age of 71. He served with a good deal of distinction under his father in the Winnebago war of 1827 and the Black Hawk war of 1832. From 1855–59 he was Minister to Spain, succeeding the brilliant Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, which elicited the criticism from Mr. Greeley that the President had thought proper to appoint as successor to a gentleman who spoke six languages a person who could not correctly speak his own. This hardly conveys a just estimate of the intellectual capacity of Mr. Dodge, for while he had few advantages of education in his early Missouri home, he was endowed with strong native powers, and occupied no inferior position in the halls of Congress. Although an ardent Democrat, he often repelled the assaults of the slave oligarchy on the dignity of labor, and when one of the Senators from Mississippi in 1854 referred to certain occupations as menial and degrading, the reply of this young man was quite equal in eloquence to Mr. Sumner's answer to Butler of South Carolina, who had stigmatized the working men of the North as the "mudsills of society." Here is a single paragraph: "I tell the Senator from Mississippi, in the presence of my father, who will attest its truth, that I have performed, and do perform when I am at home, all of those menial services to which that Senator has referred in terms so grating to my feelings. As a general thing I saw my own wood, and do all my own marketing. I never had a servant, of any color, to wait upon me a day in my life. I have driven teams, horses, mules, and oxen, and considered myself as respectable then as I now do, or as any Senator upon this floor."

A SENATOR FROM THREE STATES.

There is but one instance in the history of the Senate when any person has represented more than a single State in the course of a lifetime. This exception is General James Shields, who at different periods of his life was a Senator from Illinois, Minnesota and Missouri. During a short residence in California, commencing in 1859, he unsuccessfully sought the Democratic nomination for the same position. The only full term he served, however, was as Senator from Illinois, and that really was a few months short of six years. His service from Minnesota covered a little less than a year, and from Missouri but a few months. He was a natural-born soldier, and that he died in poverty will always be a source of regret to those who recall his splendid services to his adopted country.

THE TWO OLDEST EX-SENATORS.

Up to the time of his death, a few days ago, the oldest man who had served in the United States Senate was Judge Foster, of Rome, N. Y. He was in his 90th year. Until his death last year, a still older Senator as to years of service was John P. King, of Augusta, Georgia, who also reached the age of 90. One of his daughters married the Marquis of Anglesea, and the other endowed the beautiful "Louise King Home" for widows, whose buildings have been so much admired by Southern tourists. The oldest ex-Senator is Simon Cameron, who was 90 years old on the 8th of March. He first entered the Senate in 1845. Mentally his powers are unimpaired, and while his general health cannot be said to be undermined, he is incapable of any great physical exertion. Alpheus Felch, of Michigan, is the second oldest Senator in point of age and period of service. He became a Senator in 1847, and is now 83 years old, living at Ann Arbor, and until a short time ago a distinguished Professor of the law department of Michigan University. Two years ago I met him on one of the steamers of Lake Michigan, not knowing who he was, and in common with a large company who gathered about him was charmed with his gentle manners, his even temperament, and his delightful powers of conversation. I afterwards saw him in his home, surrounded by all the attractions of love and veneration, and I was not surprised that for more than half a century, in a myriad relations of life, he has been reverently trusted and honored.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

The Mayor of New York has just appointed General John Cochrane a Police Justice! What a multifarious political career this man has passed through! Readers of the June *Century*, in the Lincoln article, will be interested in the account of the Cleveland Convention of Radicals in 1864, who placed in the field, in antagonism to Mr. Lincoln, John C. Fremont for the Presidency, and John Cochrane for the Vice-Presidency. As the campaign progressed public sentiment compelled the withdrawal of the ticket. From 1857 to 1861 Cochrane was a very prominent member of Congress from New York, and in a stump speech in that city on one occasion declared that he "would support the Devil incarnate for any office, provided he was the candidate of the Democratic party." He was in the field at the opening of the war, and attained the rank of Brigadier-General, retiring in February, 1862. There is a difference of opinion concerning his record, some claiming for him eminent services, while others insist he showed the white feather. The Republicans made him Attorney-General of New York, 1863–5. He was very prominent in the Liberal Convention which nominated Mr. Greeley, in 1872. Afterwards he returned to the Republican party and was elected by them a member of the Board of Aldermen, and while holding that position, without cause, in an "off year," without any issues at stake, deserted to Tammany Hall, and was elected by that organization to the same body. He has since out-Heroded Herod in his assaults on the party which gave him his greatest prominence. He is 76 years old, finely preserved, with an erect, commanding figure, a full, handsome beard, and possessed with a voice of resonance and volume. He speaks with great fluency, and generally has marked influence in swaying a popular audience. He is a nephew of the great philanthropist and abolitionist Gerrit Smith, and in addition to his own fortune is supposed to have inherited considerable property from his uncle. He is a cordial, pleasant gentleman to meet, and in all the personal relations of life stands above reproach.

E. D'F.

PROUD OF SACRAMENTO.

"Bystander" Comments on the Bar and Memorial Day Ceremonies.

There are a legion of reasons why I always speak with pride of my residence in Sacramento. The intelligence, industry and hospitality of the people at large; the generous impulses, refinement and tone of our wealth classes, furnish to any one who is decent, and who can appreciate entertainment that is elevating and refined, opportunities to become acquainted with men and women occupying the very highest position in modern accomplishments and intellectual attainments.

There are in Sacramento social, literary and scientific circles, the association of which promotes literary and educational advancement in a degree equal to any city in the United States. Our city to-day occupies as high a plane of intelligence, refinement and culture as any city in the United States.

One of the many reasons upon which my pride in Sacramento is founded exists in my admiration of the Bar of Sacramento, in the past and present. Who is it but that cherishes the memory of Henry Edgerton? He who was the foremost of them all. In logic he was clear and concise, in grace superb, in force terrible, in eloquence supreme. He stood before the Court, jury, or on the platform, and reached the very zenith of power few men have to sway the passions, impulses and judgment of their fellow-men. The greatest efforts of the most successful portion of his career were made while he was a member of the Sacramento Bar.

In N. Greene Curtis he had a peer. The genius of Henry Edgerton flashed before men's eyes, dazzled, stunned and left them in amazement. The power of N. Greene Curtis lies in soft and smooth restraining influences, and men follow him as children follow music, because "its nice."

The Supreme Chief Justice of this State was taken from the Sacramento bar. Our dear old Judge McFarland is his Associate, and as Attorney-General of the State A. L. Hart has made a name and fame for himself, as he sustained the reputation we enjoy through the illustrious careers of Edgerton and Curtis.

Judges Denson and Catlin and Grove L. Johnson are known in every Court in the State as counselors, occupying positions of enviable distinction, and no names are more frequently seen than theirs in connection with important cases throughout the State.

Taylor & Holl have a practice which each year brings in a small fortune, while Chauncey Dunn, Matt. F. Johnson, Ryan, Martin and Charley Jones are all prominent men, whose practice alone proves the value the people are placing on their services.

"Devlin on Deeds" is standard authority in every Court of justice in the State. Elwood Bruner, our District Attorney, is acknowledged to be one of the best criminal lawyers in California; while among the younger members of the bar there is material, so the old ones say, that will some day shine with no less splendor and fame than those I have mentioned.

If ever there was a just and good and noble Judge, it is John W. Armstrong. The younger members of the bar have in him a friend, and the older ones respect and honor him because of his untiring efforts to accommodate and please and give them justice. No one works harder, does more or has fewer cases reversed in the Supreme Court than he.

Judge Van Fleet stands (or rather sits) with as clear, pure, bright and grand a record as any jurist within the State of California. I am not much of a prognosticator, but let me just here remark, as the people of this State have twice knocked at the door of the Sacramento bar and asked for Beatty and McFarland, so will they some day for the same reason knock and ask us to give them Van Fleet. We have no apologies to make for the members of the Sacramento bar

In a manner becoming the dignity and gratitude of a grateful nation, and at a time when nature could contribute its beautiful offerings to the sacred memory of an American soldier, the people of the United States assembled en masse last Thursday with solemn pride and saddened hearts to not only decorate the graves with flowers, but to add fresh leaves to memory's garland and keep the greatness of their names, the greatness of their deeds, fresh in the minds of the people. No man or woman of the present generation should forget the debt of gratitude we owe them. Let their names and the memory of their deeds pass on to our children's children, that they may know and feel that the greatest heritage of American citizenship is the simple spot that marks the resting-place of an American soldier.

Decoration Day is indeed a most appropriate ceremony. There can be no neglect, for while we march with muffled drum, with a slow and saddened step, and flowers in profusion bedeck the graves of those we love, placed there by tender hands, and chosen for their beauty and perfume, there are lonely graves away in some deserted, lonely battlefield over which the wild flowers unfold their blossoms as tenderly devoutly as if they knew the sacred memory they are so fondly cherishing.

Veiled in a cloud of fragrance sweet,
A great concourse moves up the street
Laden with flowers of the richest hue
To place on the graves of the Boys in Blue.
* * * * * * * *
'Tis evening; and the graveyard seems
More like a scene of children's dreams—
One solid mass of garden flowers
Makes the scene more grand than fairy bowers.

In a lonely field there's another grave,
With no tears, no flowers, no music: save
A dove's low moan at the lonely spot,
And one little flower: "A forget-me-not."

It is with gratification that I notice on these occasions, when tears and flowers are mingled over the graves of the boys in blue—*flowers* and tears are mingled over the graves of those in gray. It is proper, it is humane, and a flower placed on the grave of a Federal soldier will lose none of its fragrance and perfume.

BYSTANDER.

[For the SUNDAY UNION.]

THE VALLEY OF CAPAY.

Come with me where nature fair
Shows a mother's fondest care;
Through the seasons of the year,
Filling homes with joy and cheer;
Where the lights and shadows play
O'er the Valley of Capay.

Orchards dotting hill and plain,
Purple vineyards, waving grain;
Breezes laden with perfumes
Of the fragrant orange blooms
Greet us while our footsteps stray
Through the Valley of Capay.

Music filling all the air,
Songs of birds with plumage rare;
Charming scenes that greet the view,
Mountains changeful in their hue;
These beguile the passing day
In the Valley of Capay.

Here the sunbeams softly gleam
On the bosom of the stream
That its winding way doth take
From a calm and placid lake;
Brooklets flow and fountains play
In the Valley of Capay.

Here I fain would spend my days;
Here I'd sing my sweetest lays;
Here would end my latest quest
With the friends that I love best,
Never 'mid the years to stray
From the Valley of Capay.

T. J. RICHARDS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Notes of Events Transpiring in the Mimic World—General Items.

No dog has yet been billed as the star of a play, but in more instances than one a canine actor has done as much toward establishing the success of an attraction as some of the actors who possessed the gift of speech. A dog is usually a very tractable actor. He isn't affected with stage fright. He doesn't forget his lines. A round of applause never increases the size of his head. He doesn't break his contract nor ask for an advance, nor strike for a bigger salary, nor make trouble about his berth in a sleeping-car, nor drink more strange decoctions than is good for him. He does none of the disagreeable things which some actors who can talk are accused of doing on occasion. He is never ungraceful, nor affected, nor unnatural. And sometimes he strengthens the earning power of a company very materially.

Among the first canine actors to attract the attention of play-goers were the bloodhounds of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies. They appeared as detectives in the service of the slave owner, in tracking his fugitive slaves, and almost from the first created a sensation among the lovers of the realistic drama. Then came "The Danites," in which the playwright arranged to have two dogs appear. Two large dogs were secured and they made a hit on the opening night. These dogs were shaggy-haired animals, almost as large as St. Bernards and in many respects resembling them.

When farce comedies became the rage, a fine field for the canine actor was opened. Handsome, the homely bulldog, whose appearance belied his name, and who accompanied Old Sport through the funny scenes of "A Rag Baby," assisted very materially in making his master's efforts successful. Old Sport alone would have been an amusing character, but Old Sport and Handsome together made a team that was able to provoke a hearty laugh the instant they appeared on the stage. Frank Daniels, the original Old Sport, is now "in business for himself," in the presentation of "Little Puck;" but Handsome is still his partner, and although a silent one, he does his share of the work of amusing an audience.

When Charles H. Hoyt produced "A Brass Monkey" at the Bijou Theater, the appearance of the bulldog Mascot was one of the hits of the piece. Without Mascot the performace would have lost half its fun. To be sure, his greatest effort, that of tearing up the wild cowboy, who had traveled all the way from Texas to administer a thrashing to his brother-in-law Jonah for trying to get a divorce from his wife, was made out of the sight of the audience; but the people had seen him and knew his abilities in that line, and when the demoralized cowboy crawled back upon the stage it was evident that Mascot had played his part well.

Yet the poor dog repeated his performance night after night without being called before the curtain or even getting a bouquet. In private life Mascot is one of the gentlest and most inoffensive dogs imaginable. He gives his manager no trouble whatever.

It was a pug dog that made "Confusion" a success. If the pug had not been on the scene to be confounded with the baby in the cradle, the whole trouble and confusion on which the play is founded would never have existed.

One of the best trainers of canine actors is J. K. Emmet. Something like a dozen dogs have appeared in support of the celebrated "Fritz," and the reputation made by some of them has been second only to that of the actor himself. A famous dog is in Emmet's company, now playing at the Fourteenth-street Theater, New York. He is a huge St. Bernard, with a fine record as a prize winner. He was born in Leeds, England, and is therefore an imported English actor. Plinlimmon is his name. He was with his gifted owner when he last appeared at the Metropolitan Theater in this city, and is now recognized as the best canine actor on the stage. He was a great favorite with the public at Leeds, and although he had not made his debut, he was as well known as the Mayor of the city.

Plinlimmon is not only a good actor, but he is very careful to see that no misfortune befalls any one to whom he is attached. He will guard an open trap on the stage for hours at a time to see that no one falls through, and one day last winter he saved a little child from making a headlong plunge into the regions below.

Plinlimmon's predecessor in Emmet's support was a big St. Bernard called Rector. He was known in every city in America. Bayard, Jr., another St. Bernard, has appeared with Emmet. Bayard, Jr., is still alive, although Rector was killed by an accident over a year ago. The other dogs which have played with Emmet are Jura, a female St. Bernard; Conqueror, a terrier; Victor, a Blenheim spaniel, and Topsy, a black and tan. Conqueror is playing with the popular actor during his present engagement. He only weighs five pounds and has hair eighteen inches long.

Every Sacramentan knows Grismer's dog Sport, and has enjoyed his "acting" in "The World Against Her" and other pieces presented by the Grismer-Davies combination.

THE FORTUNES OF ACTORS.

A great deal has been written about the fortunes of actors, and most of it has been incorrect. The following is a careful estimate of twenty-five of the richest of them, made by a well-known actor, a rich man himself, and one in a position to know what he is talking about. Among the actors are but two millionaires, Lotta Crabtree and Edwin Booth, and both of them are worth considerably more than a million each. Then follows Joseph Murphy with about $600,000, and Joseph Jefferson with $500,000. Maggie Mitchell he rates at $400,000 and over, while Mary Anderson has from $250,000 to $300,000, her foreign ventures making the estimate uncertain. Oliver Doud Byron is put down at $300,000, Minnie Palmer at $275,000, J. K. Emmet at $275,000, and Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane at $250,000 apiece. Annie Pixley, $200,000; Mrs. Langtry, $150,000; James O'Neill, $150,000; Denman Thompson, $150,000; Herman, $125,000; old John Gilbert, $125,000; N. C. Goodwin, $100,000; Louis Aldrich, $100,000; Francis Wilson, $100,000. Emma Abbott has a fortune of $225,000, and Charles Bernard, the ex-minstrel, over $500,000. Nate Salsbury has over $175,000, Fanny Davenport $100,000 and Mrs. John Drew over $100,000. Actors have no rating in the commercial agencies of the country, owing, perhaps, to the great fluctuations of theatrical ventures, but the fortunes above named are all prudently invested and subject only to the same risks as those of any well-to-do business man.—*Dunlop's Stage News.*

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Boucicault, the gossips say, is to give up his dramatic school. We hope that this is a mistake for the summer closing. But, true or mistaken, the report reminds us that it is quite time for the veteran to turn over a new leaf, like Obadiah Oldbuck, and re-establish himself with a new Irish drama or a new modern comedy. Repeatedly, during his long and extraordinary career, Boucicault has gone under a cloud; but he has always emerged again, brighter and greater than ever. Lately the clouds have been so black that his effulgence will gain by the contrast. But he must shine, next season, or be eclipsed forever.

It is quite the rage to have theaters in private houses in England. Among the most conspicuous is that in Hubert Herkomer's London house. Another is at the country seat of Sir Percy Shelly, the son of the poet. Sir Percy writes plays, paints scenery and composes the incidental music of the plays produced. William Morris' private theater in London is more of a hall. It is long, low, barren and white-washed—not at all what one would expect of a decorative artist. On the stage of this theater the poet-painter, in blue flannel shirt and disheveled hair, gives forth his socialistic doctrines to audiences of laboring men and malcontents.

Charles Werner, the distinguished violoncellist, who has been missed from New York for the last five years, was lately met by an old friend down in the elevated and beautiful valley of Caracas. He is a great friend of the recent President, Guzman Banco. A pupil of his, who is now making a European reputation for himself, is a coal-black colored man named Ximenes, and he is said to be a man of really great talent. Werner spoke of paying the United States a visit this summer, but Caracas will always hereafter be his residence.

The new opera which Charles Alfred Byrne has written, and for which Gustave Kerker has furnished the music, will be produced at the Casino when "The Brigands" have captured all the money they can get in New York. Mr. Kerker's magnificent work in "The Brigands" shows him to be among the best of composers, and those who have heard bits of his new work prophesy a very great success both for the author of the book and the clever young musician.

Margaret Elliott is the pretty name of a new American prima donna, now on her way to Europe to rival Sybil Sanderson. She carries letters of introduction from George W. Childs and Mayor Fitler of Philadelphia; but her best introduction is her extraordinary voice, carefully trained by Marchesi—who accepts only promising pupils—and her certificate of graduation from the Conservatoire of Paris. America now supplies the world with prima donnas.

The New York *Star* says: "During a rehearsal of a new opera at the Casino Thursday afternoon the property man became delirious, a chorus girl fainted, and the stage manager went out of his head. If the music had this effect on the principals in the piece, how will it affect the audience."

Emma Nevada's South American engagement has been postponed until next year on account of the non-completion of the opera house at Buenos Ayres, which she was to have opened, and also because of the recent outbreak of yellow fever in that country.

Isabella Coe, whose sweet and sympathetic rendering of the Schoolma'am in "A Midnight Bell," has made her very popular in New York, joins Nat C. Goodwin's company next season as leading lady.

Ada Deaves, last season with Kate Castleton, has been engaged by Manager David Henderson, of Chicago, for his great production of "Blueeard, Jr."

Charles Alfred Byrne and Archibald Gordon are writing a play for Della Fox, who will be managed next season by George W. Lederer.

Charley Reed is to star next season in a new farce-comedy under the management of Sol Berliner.

Otis Skinner has made a success of his new play, "The Red Signal," in Chicago.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Black is again a leading color for dresses, hats, bonnets and wraps.

Full leg of mutton, or bishop's sleeves, are fashionable for all soft, clinging goods.

Borders, or rows of ribbon, or insertion, or clusters of fine tucks trim the skirts of many gowns.

London will have none of orange colored stationery—not that it hates Parnell the less, but loves quietness more.

A discovery, due to the plentiful royal deaths abroad, is that a diamond necklace worn between two jet ones is strict half mourning.

Seen upon a recent hat: Two birds, three butterflies, two yards of ribbon, four of lace, about ten of silver cords in rows and rings and rosettes.

A new finish for sashes of silk or ribbon is two bands of jet open work across the ends, with a handsome jet fringe falling from the lower one.

You can buy a child's sash of washing silk five inches wide and two and one-half yards long for one shilling, but you must go to London for it.

For morning walks or shopping thick vails are allowable, but for all other occasions the sheerest dotted net, coming just below the chin, is the correct thing.

The perennial and superserviceable jersey will be worn again, mainly in black. The pretty silk blouses are used instead where a color would be in better taste.

About the most comfortable underdress for a black lace gown is of the striped or plaid washing silk, which is firm enough to need lining neither in skirt nor waist.

An easy mitigation of the new buggy sleeve is to shirr it just below the armhole and set velvet or galoon under the shirring, with another row just above the cuff.

Round French waists, showing no darts or side bodies, and gathered at the neck and waist-line in front and back, are used for all kinds of summer fabrics, silk, wool or cotton.

Latticed borders of narrow black velvet ribbon, laid over light cashmere, are on dark cashmere skirts, and that part of the bodies above the corselet also has this velvet trellis pattern.

Nail work—that is, driving iron, brass, copper or silver nails so that their heads will form a pattern upon the surface—is all the rage among London ladies. Plush is the background oftenest chosen.

A new caprice combines surah silk with cotton in the combination of a costume. The vest and front, or side of skirt of surah, draping upon it the fine, new cotton fabrics, which cost as much as the silk.

Vests of white tulle, outlined by braces of handsome ribbon and finished at the neck with frills of dainty lace, are among the most useful of the confections yet devised for turning a plain waist into a dressy one.

Short capes for driving are too short in the back to conceal the taper of the waist, but are pointed below the waist in front. The shoulders are gathered high, and epaulettes are made of a double row of the golden palms.

White shoes, either kid or satin, may be cleaned by pouring on them benzoline oil—not benzine. It should be poured on a little at a time and rubbed off with a clean rag. The oil is so highly inflammable that great care should be taken in using it.

Yellow appears in many ways this season, as entire gowns, and as accessories in gowns of almost any color. Red in old rose tints, Titian red with yellow shading, and the less poetically-named brick reds, are very fashionably made up in summer's fabrics.

Fancy vests and waistcoats are in as high vogue as ever and appear in every sort of guise on gowns of every sort. These additions are useful as well as ornamental, and invariably add to the appearance of the toilet. An effective style is the double vest, in which the upper one simulates a low-cut waistcoat, and the under one of some lighter material, reaches to the throat.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

WILL THE EDUCATED WOMAN OF THE FUTURE MARRY?

Like Most of Her Sex, She Will When She Falls in Love.

I have read with much interest in the *North American Review* the papers by different women in answer to the question, "Is marriage a failure?" Not being the fortunate possessor of a husband, those women who are will probably say that I can know nothing of the subject and am therefore incapable of expressing an opinion concerning it. With all due respect, then, to the married woman, I will not express an opinion. I will only make a few suggestions. I will declare, however, that I think all sensible persons who travel about the world with their eyes open are entitled to express an opinion regarding all they see and hear. And may it not be true that outsiders can sometimes judge more dispassionately, and therefore more justly, and can see more clearly than those who are within the circle? It seems to me that all these clever ladies blame their own sex too much. Doubtless they are very much to blame, and, being an impartial observer, I am quite as ready to blame the woman as the man; but if it takes "two to make a quarrel," may it not also take two to keep a peace? Why do not men come out as openly as these women do, and tell the faults of their own sex? Have they not as much to answer for as the women?

I fail to see why women should always be blamed when marriages are unhappy. Is it not the man who asks the woman to marry him, and would he ask her if he did not want her? And, having got her, why should he not try to make her happy? If divorce cases are more numerous than they used to be, it is not surprising, for the population of the country is larger, and, after all, it is the unhappy marriages that are chronicled in the newspapers, and not the happy ones. And as to marriage being a failure, a sensible little married woman of my acquaintance says that every marriage must be judged separately and by itself, for each one is different from every other. A great many old maids, who are really very charming women, have told me that they regret not having married, and that they advise every woman to marry. They do not give any special reason for this advice—an old maid's advice. Doubtless they feel that they have missed the possibility of a happiness that is gone forever. They hear in their ears that sad refrain, "It might have been," which a married woman does not hear.

Another universal question for our tortured minds is, "Will the educated woman marry?" Doubtless the educated woman will marry if she is asked, and if her education is of the right kind, she will make an estimable wife, mother and housekeeper. The educated woman will make her own social position, so that she will not feel it necessary to marry in order to secure such recognition. She will also, undoubtedly, make an income, so that she will not be forced to marry for support; and possibly she will acquire fame, so that she will not have the desire to change an insignificant name for a famous one. And when women no longer feel it necessary to marry for social position, nor for money, nor for fame, for what will they marry? For the sake of escaping an old maid's fate? Well, no; the educated woman should be above that. She will marry for the one thing worth marrying for, and that is love. It will be a golden age. Who, then, will have any cause to ask: "Is marriage a failure?" But when will that day come? Let us hasten to educate the young girls, and so hasten the coming of the day that shall bring light out of darkness, love out of hate and joy out of unhappiness.

Some one—a man, of course—says that all women are jealous and selfish. We freely admit that some of them are, that many of them are, that a majority of them are; but a majority is not all. All women are not jealous and selfish. This wretched man goes on to say that women court their inferiors, and that they do not feel easy or happy in the company of their superiors; that they want to be looked up to, and that they like to look down upon women who are less fortunate in the world's goods than they are. He says, too, that women cannot argue without losing their temper, and that beautiful women are vain, silly, fickle, weak and proud.

How terribly this man must have been snubbed by some charming woman Perhaps he was even jilted by some clever woman who has been so fortunate as to find out his disagreeable qualities before she was unfortunate enough to marry him. Has he stopped to reflect that when a man abuses women in this wholesale way that he is telling the whole wide world that he has been snubbed, unmercifully snubbed, and that the entire cause of his tirade is wounded vanity? There is always some reason for a man's abuse of woman. and a reason that is not always creditable to himself. Wounded self-love blazes out in screeds that are unworthy of a manly man, but a crushed or broken heart suffers in silence. The man who has truly loved a woman does not condemn her whole sex because it may happen that she does not love him. On the contrary, he reverences all women more than ever, because she is one. A man who is both strong and proud will hide his suffering; it is only the weaklings who cry out and call down upon themselves ridicule rather than sympathy.

There seems to be a growing opposition to the "afternoon teas" that have become so popular during the past few years. One objection to them has always been a great dearth of men, as, being a business nation, rather than a pleasure-loving one, only a few men are idle, and therefore only these few are available for daylight entertainments. But the serious objection is not simply that men are not to be found at these teas. The objection goes deeper. It is that they are not only not there, but that they are therefore compelled to forego the pleasures of society because so many ladies entertain only in this way. It is a simple thing to give a tea and so pay off one's debts to society once or twice a season; hence its popularity. But, there being few men at such entertainments, the ladies huddle together, gossip a little, drink a cup of tea and hurry away. They are "stand-up" affairs; there is no repose about them, no conversation, and really very little enjoyment.

An effort is to be made next season among some of the more prominent leaders in society to discourage this form of entertainment, and to substitute for it small evening parties where conversation will be encouraged by discussing, for at least a part of the evening, serious subjects. One room will be set apart for dancing for those who care to indulge in this mode of amusement, and the young men who are compelled to devote their days to business will be given an opportunity to enjoy a little society, instead of spending their evenings at the club or alone in their rooms.

It seems to be a fixed idea in the minds of some persons that an evening entertainment requires a large expenditure of money and a vast amount of trouble, while an afternoon tea does not. There seems to be no good reason for this idea, but it is very firmly rooted in the minds of otherwise very sensible persons. If they cannot give a ball that shall vie in elegance and splendor with the finest ball that ever was given in the city, they will give none at all. Perhaps, if the truth were known, it would be found that the majority of people really enjoy simple entertainments more than they do the more gorgeous ones. Let some independent person take the lead in simple evening entertainments, and there will be plenty who will gladly follow.—*Miss Palfrey, in the New York Star.*

"BROAD-GAUGE NEWSPAPERS."

"The Only Genuine Sunday Newspaper in This State."

[Red Bluff Sentinel, May 28th.]

The editor of the *Century* is visiting San Francisco. He has been reading, or we should say, looking over the "blanket sheets," the Sunday *Chronicle* and *Examiner*, and the seal of condemnation is put upon them. No man can read those papers in the time allotted to business men, and women who have any household duties to perform can do no more than skim over the sensational trash that fills their columns. Let us see what the *Century* editor thinks of those sheets:

It seems to me that sentence has already been passed on the blanket sheets, and their doom is near at hand. Everybody in the country is growling at the intolerable size that newspapers have grown to. What business men want is a small sheet, in which the news is given breezily in a nutshell. Such a newspaper will be the next to make a hit.

In this connection we wish to say that the only genuine Sunday newspaper in this State, and possibly on this Coast, is the Sunday edition of the RECORD-UNION. In it are all the elements that make a real, compact, clean-cut, broad-gauge newspaper; a paper that ought to find a welcome in every family in the State. The blanket sheets must give way to such papers as the RECORD-UNION.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The author of "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is engaged upon a society play.

Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and her talented husband have a cottage close by the sea at New London.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will visit Venice for a few weeks, and then settle in London for the summer.

A daughter of the novelist, George W. Cable, himself a lover of all beautiful things, is studying art, and is said to give promise of a brilliant future.

The Empress Dowager of China, who has ruled that country for twenty-five years and is now fifty years old, is an accomplished archer and boxer.

The fiancee of Senator Allison, Miss Theresa Stoughton, is the daughter of A. B. Stoughton of Washington. She was recently in California with Mrs. Eugene Hale.

The brother of the President, Carter Harrison of Tennessee, looks like a well-to-do farmer. He is very simple in his tastes, dresses in rural style and wears a big slouch hat.

Chief Justice Fuller will preside at Charleston, with District Judge Simonton, in the famous Clemonson will case, involving the disposal of Fort Hill, John C. Calhoun's homestead.

The talented young woman, Miss Laura White, who graduated in architecture at Michigan University, and was the first woman to complete that course, is now in full practice in Chicago.

President Carnot asked to be presented to Perry Belmont in Paris a few days ago. He remarked that Mr. Belmont was one of the very few men in the world who had refused the Legion of Honor.

One of the most indefatigable and interesting living writers is Mrs. Margaret Oliphant. Her novels are particularly remarkable for their accurate painting of Scotch characteristics. She is Scotch herself, and is 61 years old.

The late General of the Army, W. T. Sherman, although not engaged in any enterprise of pith and moment, receives each day a bushel basket full of letters. They come from all sorts of people and touch upon every conceivable topic.

The new British Minister, Sir Julian Pauncefote, is being as much dined and feted at Washington as if the departed administration had not sent his predecessor home in a huff. He returns to England in July to bring over Lady Pauncefote and their four daughters.

A literary association is recalled by the comparatively early death of Col. Warter at Umballa. He was the only son of the most original of Sussex parsons, the Rev. John Wood Warter, of West Tarring, who married Edith, the daughter of Robert Southey, poet laureate.

Paul Du Chaillu, author and traveler, has recently returned to London from Morocco. He has been living near Tangiers like a native. He is delighted with the Moors. He says that the world is very ignorant of their good qualities. He will spend several winters with them and write a book concerning them.

Baron Nordenskjold is about to bring out an important volume of atlas size containing some fifty fac-simile reproductions of old maps, showing how much the ancients knew of the earth's surface and the methods they employed to set forth their knowledge. He has been for several years engaged on the work in the museums and libraries of Europe. It will appear simultaneously in Swedish and English.

Bayard Taylor's first name was James. Wilkie Collins was christened William Wilkie Collins. Austin Dobson's full name is Henry Austin Dobson. Edmund Gosse has William for a middle name, though he never uses it. James Brander Matthews, Samuel Duffield Osborne, James Lawrence Hutton, and Edward Howard Seely are a few other titles of writers who curtail their signatures in print, and Frank Stockton's name is Francis Richard Stockton in full.

Antonio Bregazzi, a well-known Washington Italian, and a veteran retired from the regular army, who died recently, was one of the detail of six men ordered to carry the remains of Lincoln to the White House from the house on Tenth street, opposite Ford's Theater, where the martyred President breathed his last. Mr. Bregazzi bore back to his wife as a souvenir one of the blood-stained sleeves of Lincoln's shirt. In the cuff Mrs. Bregazzi found a beautiful stud with Lincoln's monogram, which she returned.

"MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO."

With tears upon a soldier's grave
I bent a wreath to lay,
And little David, standing by,
Asks wonderingly, "What makes you cry?
I love to hear the music play:
I'm glad it is Memorial Day;
Why should you cry? the war, you know,
Was very, very, long ago."

"Not very long," I say; but he,
Reprovingly, looks up at me:
"Yes, very long; you said, you know,
'Twas more than twenty years ago!"

The little sunlit face before
My misty eyes grows dim;
What is but yesterday to me
Seems like an age to him:
Fresh in my heart the parting pang,
I hear the last good by,
As my brave brother turns away
On War's red field to die.

But all I say is, "Davy dear,
Perhaps you'll sometime know
It takes not very long for more
Than twenty years to go."

—*Marion Douglas, in June Wide Awake.*

Miss Goodheart—"Well, I declare! You are right. The idea of a man knowing so much more about ladies' hats than a woman! I see by reference to the *Fashion Journal*, that the style of hats you have just described is the very latest from Paris. And to think that I didn't know!" Mr. Nicefellow—"I ought to know. I paid $2 the other evening for the privilege of studying one at the theatre."—*New York Weekly.*