THE SUNDAY UNION.

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To-day's Weather Indications.

California—Fair; westerly winds; cooler in northern portion of Sacramento Valley; nearly stationary temperature.

Oregon and Washington—Fair; variable winds, generally northerly; slightly warmer.

THE CHANGES IN THE ELECTION LAWS.

The late Legislature made several changes in the election laws, all of which are steps in advance and bring us nearer to the complete revolution in our system of conducting elections that the friends of reform look forward to. We are convinced that the changes made last winter are not generally known, or at least that their high importance is not fully realized. Now that the smoke of the late session has lifted, it is timely and of public importance that the amendments be thoroughly understood, and to that end a simple statement of the law will be found valuable. Members of Election Boards are to be paid for their services $10 each and no more, thus removing the temptation to delay in the counting of the ballots in order to increase the per diem reward. When the Supervisors shall order a complete re-registration of the voters of the county, it must begin 100 days before a general election and cease fifteen days prior to the day of the election. Under the law as it stood, six months' notice was required, by publication, of such intended re-registration. There is now no provision for notice of the intention of the Board, an omission that is unaccountable. The Supervisors must now divide the county into precincts, to embrace not more than 200 voters to a precinct. It was formerly 350, and even then was not strictly complied with. In our own county the law was practically ignored and precincts bounded that embraced 500 and 600 voters. It is unlikely that any such defiance of the law will again be tolerated, since the spirit of the people is manifestly in favor of small precincts and rapid counting of the ballots. The Supervisors or other Boards whose duty it is, are now to appoint the Election Boards fifteen days before any election. They must consist of judges, inspectors and clerks, two each, who must be evenly divided among the two political parties that at the preceding election cast the largest vote. They must be able to read and write in English, and must be listed upon the assessment roll. In addition they must not have held any official position in the State within ninety days preceding the election. A person appointed to serve on the Board of Election who refuses or neglects to do so, without good excuse, is liable to a fine of $500, or imprisonment in default of payment. This provision is intended to meet the cases of the "good citizens" who avoid their duty, and it moves upon the same plane with the compulsion to serve upon a jury, or to do militia duty. It is provided, also, that no polling-place shall be located in a saloon, or in a building in which liquors are sold, or in a building connecting with a saloon by door or window; a provision that had become a necessity, because of the apparent mortgage saloons seemed to have upon the polling-places in cities. A wise provision is that which requires the judges, clerks and inspectors to relieve each other in counting the ballots, thus forestalling the possibility of mistakes through the weariness of the Election Board, and because of the want of sleep by its members. It will be observed that the Clerks of Election are not now to be appointed by the Judges and Inspectors, but are independent officers and receive their appointment from the Supervisors, thus reducing very much the liability of fraudulent practices. The obligation of the Clerk is not to the Board of Election; besides it renders the shifting of Clerks less likely—a process that in the past has been a source of and means for covering crime and corruption. Instead of the polls remaining open until 7 P. M., as heretofore, they are to be closed at 5 P. M., a sufficiently late hour, now that not more than two hundred voters are to be embraced in one precinct. There was a great deal of contention in the Legislature over the provision concerning erased names. It is provided that if an erasure on a ballot is made with other than a lead pencil or with ink, the erasing and substitution are to be ignored and the erased name counted, if it can be ascertained from the ballot, and this fact must be noted upon the face of the ballot by the Election Board. To that point the section is as it stood before amendment. The Legislature extended it by adding that where a voter erases a name on a ballot and substitutes no other for it he must write opposite to the erasure the words "no vote," and if he fails to do so the erased name must be counted if it is possible to ascertain it. This provision will prevent the frauds that have heretofore been perpetrated by the use, on the part of some of the election officers, of bits of plumbago concealed beneath the thumb-nail, with which they crossed out the names of candidates they desired to defeat, as the ballots were handled and counted. It should have been provided that the erased name, if so mutilated as not to be decipherable, should be ascertained by reference to the vignette of the ticket, and be deemed to be the name of the regular nominee of the party that filed the vignette. In addition to these changes in the general election law, the Story system of counting the ballots was also adopted. It has been several times described in these columns. It will be thus seen that real progress in ballot reform has been made, that it is of an important character, and that it is encouragement to the sentiment that demands the adoption of a system of ballots and of voting substantially like that in use in Australia, but modified to adaptation with our scheme of government.

THE San Francisco *Call* says: "A certain class of minds recently have been busy in spreading broadcast the opinion that a newspaper must contain the vilest trash to be successful. Because there are people who take and read a profligate journal, one which pays little or no regard to morality or decency, it does not prove that the community in which the paper is published is vile, or that such a paper will be successful." Let not our neighbor trouble itself much to reply to the suggestion referred to. It can safely trust the ultimate of public judgment. The foul-mouthed sheet has no long lease of life. It must be washed clean and experience a change, or give up the ghost. Nothing is more certain than this, that the papers that must be picked up with the tongs are short-winded and not enduring. As the New York *Sun*, which our contemporary quotes, well says:

> If it were true that the viler a journal is the greater are its chances of securing a large and profitable circulation, there would be good reason to despair of the world. Human society would be utterly rotten, and in all employments scoundrels would have the advantage. But there is not in the world an example of a newspaper which has made a large and permanent success by catering to vicious tastes purely.

VERY interesting experiments have been made in Pennsylvania with pulverized coal, and they all tend to establish as a fact that there is in its use not only money economy as to cheap fuel, but that it enables more to be accomplished in the drawing of iron than is possible with lump coal. It is claimed, for instance, that 4,600 pounds of iron were drawn in a single hour with a charge of only 700 pounds of refuse coal costing less than fifty cents a ton. Assuming these statements to be accurate the future use of coal fuel will of necessity, more than before, embrace the economy of the refuse or slack.

ON the modest ground that he has done nothing to deserve it, ex-Consul-General Thomas M. Waller has declined a banquet tendered him by business men in New London, Conn. That man possesses unusual courage, and by its manifestation proves that he is a man of worth and not liable to be misled by vanity or popular applause. In fact, his declination has done far more to bring him prominently into notice than any complimentary banquet could possibly have done.

IT is either complimentary or humiliating, as we choose to take it, that Yale College has called from California one of her brightest scholars, Professor Albert S. Cook, of Berkeley. He has been tendered and has accepted the Chair of English at Yale, formerly held by Professor Cyrus Northrop.

AMERICA will take just pride in the fact that the exhibition of electrical apparatus by Mr. Edison at the Paris Exposition is the chief center of attraction for the curious and the scientific inquirers.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Waterbury *American* suggests that the new ballot reform puts a premium on intelligence. Good enough; present ballot methods discount intelligence.

The free school book and school supplies law in Massachusetts, after five years of trial, is pronounced by the school officers a success. One effect has been to reduce the competition of sectarian schools.

Do the masses need superstition? asks a Chicago contemporary. If our answer is desired, it is in the negative. The masses want the truth in all things and nothing of a lower order. We need to augment faith in the triumph of honesty, in the loftiness of charity, merciful kindness and love for mankind, and to abhor superstition of all sorts.

A writer in the *Westminster Review* says that "war between Great Britain and the United States is well within the range of the possible." So is the advent of the plague, the collapse of the globe, the crash of a comet in collision with the earth, or the return of a boodler from Canada; but they are all, together with war with England, far outside of the probable.

Putting it as mildly as possible, it was bad taste in Governor Lee, in dedicating the Alexandria monument to the Confederate dead, to declare that "if Washington was a rebel so was Robert Lee." The cases were not parallel, and the verdict of civilization, law and the world is against any claim of right on the part of Lee and in favor of all justification on the part of Washington.

Dr. Talmage, in a recent sermon in Brooklyn, said: "Some people say we are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." Well, whoever says it, is not nearly so good as the "other people," and is a deal worse than he is believed to be. No man can make his fellow's weakness or sin excuse for his own, without sinking below the level of the character he assumes to compare himself with.

At the Brooklyn Woman's Club, the speeches by women are pronounced by critics to be eloquent, deliberative, rich in ideas, thoughtful in suggestion and free from pretense. Why should they not be all that? As woman is interesting why should she not be eloquent? As she is witty, why should she not be thoughtful? As her impulses are mainly right, why should she not be wise in suggestion; as she is sympathetic, why should she not be free from pretense?

After the war an effort at union was made by the Presbyterian Church, North and South. It resulted in agreement to continue apart. In 1888 the two wings named committees on affiliation. As a result, on four points, co-operation in foreign and home mission fields, evangelization of the negroes and publication, the committees agreed, and the church concurred save on the color line. In this year it remains divided, the Northern churches refusing to recognize color distinction in soul-saving, and those South demanding separate churches for the colored. The very best thing they could do is to remain disagreed. There is room enough for both, and in the church there cannot prevail in matters of social prejudice, any rule of majority with safety to the church work. It is not necessary to the labor of the Presbyterian Church that it should have one general and continental Assembly.

Kyrle Bellew was smirched badly in a Chicago sensational divorce case, in which a wife was jury-condemned because of her relations with the actor. In the same week Bellew faced the people as Marc Anthony in the tragedy of "Cleopatra." The boxes and front rows received him with loud plaudits; the balcony and gallery applied "the reformatory hiss." It is now asked, Is the "society circle" in sympathy with Bellew for reasons akin to his shame, or did it applaud because the gallery hissed? Possibly there is truth in both ideas. The boxes and front rows meant to say, we condemn the woman, but have no rebuke for the man, and we have contempt for the rugged perceptions of virtue and humanity on the part of the balcony and gallery. People who respect wifely honor and manly loyalty will prefer to be seated, in this case, with the unfearing arbitrators of the gallery and the balcony. The hiss was justice, the applause condonation.

M. PEYRUSSE'S SOIREE.

[Translated from the French, for the SUNDAY UNION, by Mrs. N. E. White.]

In spite of his fifty years, Monsieur Cyprien Peyrusse, one of the richest merchants of Bordeaux, was a handsome man. Add to this the fact that he was a person of fine sensibilities and great intelligence, and it will be readily understood why all esteemed and loved him. He occupied, on the Quinconces, a pretty, comfortable, and tastefully furnished house, where he lived all alone, for he had never wished to marry. Or rather (to be exact), he had once been on the point of doing so, but—as he himself relates very facetiously—at the supreme moment he was seized with an uncontrollable terror and fled. Many, however, consider the fear of matrimony the beginning of wisdom.

The pretty home on the Quinconces was larger than was necessary for the solitary household of Monsieur Peyrusse, and so one day the good man determined that there should be a change. He conceived the happy idea of receiving company and giving entertainments. Like all worthy people, he wished those around him to be happy. For the purpose of carrying out this idea, he concluded to annex to the main body of his dwelling an immense room, half hall, half conservatory, where his guests might assemble, dance and banquet at ease. He wanted his receptions to be talked about, and resolved to spare no pains to make them magnificent. There would be fine sport—on the faith of Cyprien Peyrusse!

During the following six months the new hall of Monsieur Peyrusse was the sole topic of conversation in Bordelaise society. All the pretty women—and the Lord knows they were numerous in Bordeaux—were already discussing the toilets they would don for the occasion. The famous hall was yet unfinished when people already spoke of it as a marvel. When they met M. Peyrusse out walking, the invariable greeting was:

"Well, M. Peyrusse, when is that soiree to be?" and M. Peyrusse would smile most mysteriously, but encouragingly.

Finally, it was one day learned that the hall was completed, carpeted and furnished. Surely, the first fete would soon take place. Would it be a ball, a concert, or a comedy? There was no end of speculation regarding its probable character, but M. Peyrusse remained impenetrable. To all the questions addressed to him, he made the same reply: "Very soon—you'll see; you'll see!"

Three months, six months, a year passed away—nothing. What did it mean? People began to get angry. What could M. Peyrusse be thinking of? To promise such a feast, and when the time came to disappoint his friends in that way! Why was he waiting so long?

Why? The truth was that M. Peyrusse, naturally of a hesitating disposition, was afraid—yes, actually afraid, just as he had been of matrimony. He wanted his soiree to be original, exquisite, something remarkable in the annals of the Bordelaise social world. Now, what could be found sufficiently new or rare? Was not everything known, out of date and worn out with repetition? A thousand projects crossed his mind. He found them all unworthy of his consideration. He was very generous and would have stopped at no expense, but he sighed for something new and unheard of, something spicy, or else nothing—a thousand times over, nothing at all!

And, indeed, for two years, there was nothing.

Imagine how great was the general disappointment. The good man was too greatly beloved to be told of it point blank, but it furnished a constant subject for ridicule. The "Soiree de M. Peyrusse" became a ready-made point of comparison with which to describe something improbable or uncertain. Of one who had not of late been seen, it would be said, "I saw him at the soiree of M. Peyrusse." It would be remarked, also, quite as flippantly, of some improbable event, "As certain as the soiree of M. Peyrusse." And of some particularly stupid entertainment it would be yawningly observed, "As amusing as the soiree of M. Peyrusse." How could it be otherwise? Laughter is catching in Bordeaux, and the bare mention of that fete, everlastingly postponed, never failed to upset the gravity of even the most dignified personage.

At the beginning of the third winter the people could endure it no longer. Cost what it might, that soiree must take place, even without the aid of M. Peyrusse.

It was about the middle of December that the opportunity presented itself unsought—a Christmas-eve surprise party! Just the thing! a *reveillion* in the famous hall! Every one danced for joy at the idea, but how to manage it was the question.

"That will be easy enough," said pretty Mme. Capefigue. "Every year M. Peyrusse goes, on Christmas-eve, to dine with his old friend, Dubois, and does not return before midnight. At nine o'clock some of our party will be at the Quinconces mansion, provided with all the necessaries—servants, as well as edibles. They will have the table laid in the hall for a simple cold lunch, and at eleven o'clock we shall arrive there in a body, so that when, at midnight, M. Peyrusse appears——"

"Yes, but what are you going to do with his servants?" asked some one dubiously.

"Bah! we will bribe them—or, gag them!" said the willful little beauty. "We go, then, do we not? Is it agreed?"

"Agreed," was the unanimous reply. The friends swore absolute secrecy, and it was duly settled that the rendezvous should be on the 24th of December, at the mansion of the Quinconces.

* * * * * *

Everything passed off according to programme. At 7 o'clock M. Peyrusse went to dine with his old friend, Dubois; at half-past 9 three young gentlemen arrived, followed by a dozen waiters, carrying several immense baskets, and long boards for tables. The proceeding was enveloped in a delicious air of mystery. One of the jolly trio rang the bell, which was answered by no less important a personage than Justine, M. Peyrusse's old cook, a *cordon bleu* of justly merited reputation. Upon perceiving that the visitors were intimate friends of her master, the good woman was not so much surprised and said, unsuspiciously: "Monsieur has not yet come in."

"We are well aware of that," replied the conspirators. "We have just left him at Dubois', and he told us to come and prepare the supper."

"Supper!" ejaculated the astonished old woman.

"Yes. It is a notion that he has just taken, so do not be in the least surprised."

Justine listened to them, quite dumbfounded at this sudden freak of her master. Without, however, giving her time to collect her wits, the merry rioters entered the house, and found their way to the famous *grande salle*, or hall. Behind them trooped, Indian-file, the dozen heavily-laden stewards.

In the twinkling of an eye everything was prepared, the gas lighted, flowers arranged, and a table of forty covers elegantly laid. In the adjoining parlor, behind a curtain of rare exotics, was concealed the orchestra, ready to play at the given signal. How charming was the aspect of that immense room, illuminated after three years of obscurity, like a magnificent frame for a delightful picture of youth and gayety!

The joyous party soon began to arrive, the ladies in *grande toilette* and the gentlemen in full dress. How excited they all were! What cries of astonishment, what exclamations of enthusiasm, as they entered the dazzling hall! What subdued peals of silvery laughter, as they figured to themselves the speechless surprise of the master of the house! The air was full of a constantly-increasing commotion, a humming, as yet timid, but ready, at the slightest provocation, to burst forth into unrestrained mirth. Poor Justine, bewildered by the presence of so many persons, and by such unusual noise in a house ordinarily so peaceful, assisted in the preparations with a dim sense that all was not well, but still not daring to make any objection.

At half-past 11 everybody was there—not a single absentee. Indeed, little Mme. Capefigue declared she would have come, even though she had been obliged to walk on her head. Fortunately for her bewitching coiffure, however, such a laborious method of perambulation was entirely unnecessary.

And now M. Peyrusse cannot delay much longer. The next stroke of the bell will be his. They must prepare for him some sort of an ovation—thank him for having given them such a delightful evening. Of course, the post of honor had been reserved for him, and a handsome bouquet graced his place at the table. But how was he going to act? How would he take the joke? were the questions that agitated the giddy throng. It would be somewhat embarassing for him to come home tranquilly, not expecting such a thing, and find—

Ding! ding!—two strokes of the bell. "It is he! Quick, now! Every one in his place, and let the door be guarded carefully!" hastily commanded the prime mover of the plot. It was indeed Mr. Peyrusse. After an interminable game of bezique he had taken leave of his friend Dubois, and now sauntered carelessly home, not dreaming of the ordeal awaiting him. As the windows of the *grande salle* overlooked the inner court-yard, nothing uncommon met his view as he entered the house. According to his usual custom, he was about to proceed to his room on the first floor, stifling a yawn as he mounted the stairs, but at the first step Justine, who had admitted him, stopped him, crying hurriedly;

"What are you going to do, Monsieur? They are all there!"

"*Hein?*" said her master, not comprehending her meaning.

"They are all there, in the large hall," repeated she. "They are only waiting for you to open the fete."

M. Peyrusse thought he must be dreaming. Had Justine lost her senses, or had Dubois' Cliquot been more *mousseux* than usual that evening? While he thus reflected, a faint sound of voices, coming from his cherished *salle*, reached his ears. Although completely mystified, M. Peyrusse manifested no surprise, but calmly moved toward the door and opened it.

"Here he is! here he is!" shouted a chorus of merry voices. "Be seated, M. Peyrusse! Vive M. Peyrusse! Hurrah for M. Peyrusse!

But M. Peyrusse was equal to the emergency. In a second he saw through the plot, and resolved to betray no astonishment—to pretend that it was all perfectly natural, and to laugh the most heartily of all.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," said he, graciously, stepping forward to the place reserved for him. "Let us begin at once!"

It is unnecessary to state that the supper was jolly in the extreme. The finest productions of Bordeaux lent their savory gayety to the imaginations of all present, and wit and humor flowed as freely as the wine. They talked, they laughed, they sang. M. Peyrusse, especially, was full of the liveliest humor.

"What an excellent idea this is!" he kept repeating to himself. "Just see how every one enjoys this, and to think that I did not invite my friends before, because I was afraid of being unable to amuse them! How easy it is, after all!"

"My good people, I am a thousand times obliged to you!"

As soon as the supper was over the table was removed, and dancing began. The orchestra, which, during the repast, had played only stately pavans and graceful minuets, now began a series of vertiginous waltzes and bewildering quadrilles. M. Peyrusse himself rendered a sportive fancy dance, to the hilarious amusement of his guests. The party dispersed at a very late hour, all expressing themselves charmed with their entertainment, and their host the most so of any.

* * * * *

At 9 o'clock the next morning M. Peyrusse descended, as usual, to the lower floor. According to the instructions which he had given before retiring the previous night, everything had been put in order throughout the house. The servants had removed the table and flowers, and had swept, dusted and returned all the furniture to its accustomed place. No trace remained of the giddy reunion of the night before.

Fresh and smiling, M. Peyrusse went to take a turn in the park of the Quinconces. Undoubtedly, the story of the *reveillon* had already been spread abroad, for he thought he detected a quizzical smile on the lips of the persons who greeted him. However, he had too much geniality and shrewdness to be angry at the trick that had been played upon him, but he had also a goodly share of *amour-propre*, and he made up his mind that if the people were going to amuse themselves at his expense, he would in turn amuse himself at theirs. He was not going to be outdone when it came to a test of wit.

One of the liveliest guests of the previous night, young Baillioque, perceived him, and coming towards him with a teasing air, said:

"How are you this morning, M. Peyrusse? Did you sleep well? You are not fatigued, I hope."

"Fatigued? with what, pray?" innocently queried M. Peyrusse.

"Why, on account of retiring so late," replied the young man patronizingly.

"So late!" exclaimed M. Peyrusse. "I retired at my usual hour."

Young Baillioque gazed on him in astonishment, but recovering himself said, with good-natured raillery:

"Well, how do you feel after your fancy dance—that famous *pas seul!* You must be a little stiff in the joints this morning."

"A fancy dance!" murmured M. Peyrusse, with well-feigned surprise.

"And that marvelous supper!" rejoined his young tormentor. "People will talk of your surprise party for a long time to come."

"My surprise party!" cried M. Peyrusse. "Will you explain what you are driving at?"

Somewhat abashed by the imperturbability of his recent host, the young man reminded him of the *menu*, the supper, the ball—in fact, all that had occurred. When he had finished, M. Peyrusse replied gently:

"My poor young friend, you are dreaming, or else you are ill. You must take care of yourself!" And leaving him completely mystified, M. Peyrusse calmly resumed his promenade.

Ten steps further on, Mme. Capefigue, snugly enveloped in her sealskin cloak, and looking more beautiful than ever, because slightly pale and languid from the fatigue of the preceding night, was going to church, her prayer-book in her hand.

"Good morning, M. Peyrusse," said she, gayly, "and many thanks for such a delightful evening. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed myself!"

"So much the better," gallantly replied M. Peyrusse. "But to what occasion do you refer?"

"Why, last night, to be sure."

"Indeed! Where was it?"

"Where else could it have been but at your *reveillon!*"

"You, too, Madame?"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?"

"Are you, too, in the conspiracy? For it is a conspiracy—I understand it perfectly now."

"A conspiracy!" gasped Madame Capefigue.

"Yes," declared M. Peyrusse; "a conspiracy. They want to make me believe that I gave a *reveillon* last night. Ha, ha, ha! What an excellent farce! But it is too transparent! Ha, ha, ha!"

The large eyes of Madame Capefigue opened to an unnatural size as she listened to the incomprehensible language of M. Peyrusse. What ailed him? Had he lost his reason? Her pale cheeks became crimson with indignation, and without insisting any further upon the reality of unfortunate *reveillon*, she flitted away with her bird-like motion.

Three or four of the guests of the previous evening met M. Peyrusse in rapid succession, and each time occurred a dialogue similar to the preceding. To each detail that was mentioned and to each new affirmation, M. Peyrusse laughingly responded:

"Oh, yes, it was cunningly devised. They all have an understanding about the matter—the rascals! They want to punish me for having delayed so long in receiving them, do they not? They want to let me know that it is time to keep my promise, therefore they pretend that there was a *reveillon* in my *grande salle*. The idea! I passed the night quietly in my bed. A *reveillon!* How preposterous!" and M. Peyrusse laughed more vociferously than ever.

It was impossible to make him retract his denial of the whole affair. The more that people protested, the more he laughed. And so it was all that day, the next and the following days. Every time that an allusion was made to the *reveillon*, M. Peyrusse, without appearing in the least offended, stopped his interlocutor short, saying jocosely: "You are one of them, too, are you? That's all right, my friend, but I warn you the fish won't bite."

How was the truth of a statement to be proved to a person who obstinately refused to admit that statement while proofs were wanting? And there were no proofs. True, there was the testimony of Justine and the dozen servants, but no doubt they were bribed and in the plot, too. There still remained in evidence the bills of the caterers. When they were presented to M. Peyrusse, he exclaimed to those honorable merchants: "What you, too? Did they inveigle you, also, into that silly conspiracy? I do not blame you, however, for you were afraid of losing your customers, and did not dare to refuse. As to my paying for those imaginary provisions, that is quite another thing. However, you would not wish me to do so, I know," said the wily M. Peyrusse.

And the authors of the little sport were obliged to club together and pay the bills.

The obstinacy of M. Peyrusse began at last to be decidedly irritating. People finally became angry with him. Really, he was carrying it just a little too far. It soon came to pass that no one dared to mention the *reveillon* to him. It was he, on the contrary, who now broached the subject first, and assumed the offensive. To be brief, the story had been sufficiently recounted, when one day, about Easter, the Bordelaise *beau monde* received the following invitation:

> *M. Peyrusse will be at home the 10th of April.*
>
> *Supper at midnight.* R. S. V. P.
>
> *In order to avoid having the hall uncomfortably filled, M. Peyrusse relies upon those who claim to have been present at the so-called "reveillon" of the 24th of December to send their regrets for the 10th of April.*

Upon receiving this eccentric invitation, the forty conspirators experienced no little embarrassment. Their first impulse was not to retract, but to maintain their position to the bitter end. M. Peyrusse excluded them from the soiree, did he? Very well, they could dispense with M. Peyrusse and his soirees.

But, in all Bordeaux, the fete of the 10th of April was soon the all-absorbing topic of conversation. There were wonderful tales of Tzigan musicians, Spanish singers and Japanese tumblers; Mlle. Bellaire of the Eldorado of Paris, was to sing the two musical triumphs of the day. The supper was to be magnificent, and after the cotillion each guest was to receive a favor of great value. Surely, it would be hard to renounce all that, just for the sake of keeping up a jest that was in rather poor taste, at best. Moreover, it must be acknowledged that it had lasted too long. On the other hand, to accept the invitation and go to the soiree would be admitting— No, indeed! that would be too embarrassing.

* * * * * * * *

In the midst of their perplexity, the 10th of April arrived. In the morning the forty met and solemnly avowed they would not attend the soiree. He would be a base coward who would fail to keep his word!

In the evening, faithful to their sworn compact, they—*were all there!* M. Peyrusse received them with the same gracious hospitality which he extended to the others, but a close observer might have noticed a peculiar little smile lurking around the corner of his somewhat satirical mouth.

The fete was superb. At the end of the supper, M. Peyrusse arose, and looking around upon his guests, asked significantly:

Well, my friends, is this better than the "*reveillon?*"

There was a moment of awakened silence and hesitation. The "forty" exchanged hurried glances of alarm. How should they act? was the question which agitated their breasts. Suddenly young Baillioque ended their misery by boldly saying:

"You must know that there was no *reveillon*, M. Peyrusse!"

"Most assuredly, I do," said the worthy man, laughing.

Then, satisfied with his revenge, he resumed in a more earnest tone:

"You did well, my friends, to entertain me in my own house, and to show me how easy it is to dance when joy pipes the tune. Otherwise through fear of making a poor host, I might never have tried at all. Here's to the next *reveillon!*"

Unappreciated Modesty.

Balzac, the celebrated French author, was on very intimate terms with the late Baron James Rothschilds. Several of Balzac's works are dedicated to the famous millionaire, who was, of course, not without means.

On one occasion, when Balzac was about to undertake a trip to Vienna, and, as is usually the case with persons of great literary ability, he was short of funds, he applied to Baron Rothschild for financial encouragement, and 3,000 francs were placed at the poet's disposal. In addition to this Baron Rothschild gave Balzac a letter of introduction to the Baron's nephew in Vienna.

While en route to Vienna Balzac read the unsealed letter of introduction, which, upon his arrival in Vienna, he did not deliver, as the tone of it was too cold and formal to suit him. Upon his return to Paris, Balzac called upon the great Hebrew banker, who asked him if he had utilized the letter of introduction.

"No," replied Balzac, with considerable arrogance, "I did not not. I have brought it back with me, and here it is."

"I am very sorry to hear that," replied Baron Rothschild, smiling. "Do you see those little hieroglyphics below my signature? Well, if you had delivered the letter, those little hieroglyphics would have caused my nephew to place to your credit the amount of 25,000 francs."

Balzac bit his lip and was silent.

Young America on Baseball.

Aunt Pike County is here visiting her nephew, who has a son that is a typical Young America. The good auntie was startled when Young America began last evening something after this style:

"Glasscock he grabbed the stick an' hit 'im on de nose an'—"

"Why, Artie," interrupted his aunt, "what caused Mr. Glasscock to do such a cruel thing? Wasn't he arrested?"

"Hey! What you given' us?"

"You said Mr. Glasscock struck some-one on the nose—"

"Naw, I didn't, neither. He just smashed the ball on the nose an' it went scrapen the sky an' he was a gitten' there to second an' Dunlap, he gave him his leg an' he fell—"

"Give him his le—" ejaculated the horrified aunt.

"That's what I said. He upset 'im an' thur umpire was yaller an' called him out. Ye see, Glasscock he's all rite, but he can't play a whole club an' a yaller empire"—and Young America rattled away on this strain until auntie took the afternoon train for a place where there are no umpires and few idiotic children.

The Appellate Court of Cook county Illinois, in the case of Rigdon vs. Conley, has decided that a commission merchant cannot lawfully withhold from inspection his books and accounts in suits brought by customers and clients to recover moneys or verify accountings.

RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

A Defense of the Missionary—Comment on the Address of Bishop Potter.

The Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven, who is perhaps the best known Congregational preacher in New England, has written in the June *Forum* a defense of missions against the very common utilitarian argument that the missionary's task is an impossible one. Dr. Munger maintains that the number of converts and churches bears but the slightest relation to the success of a missionary. "He goes to a nation with a Bible in one hand and a catechism in the other—a simple and pathetic figure, but the catechism is forgotten and the Bible has grown into a charter of freedom and true national life." The great power of the missionary lies in the fact that the growth of civilization has not been "through the spread of the arts, but of ideas, and the chief agents have been living men with empty hands but believing hearts. At the sources of the civilization of every nation in Europe lie the names of individual men who were unversed in a knowledge of the arts of their day, but carried only the seed-wheat of spiritual fact and moral ideas." The task of the missionary to the East is to start those nations again on that career of endless progress which is the prerogative of man, and which differentiates him from the lower creation, and this he thinks can be done by the Christian missionary better than through any other agency. "One missionary will do more to start the living current of civilization than all the delegations, simply because he begins farther back in his teaching and awakens conscience and the sense of selfhood, and of the dignity of human nature. The life of nations, as of man, is from within outward."

There is no doubt a great future before the Karens of Burma. To the American Baptist missionaries they owe a debt of gratitude which it would be difficult to overestimate. These pioneers of Christianity in the districts saw what a good field lay before them amongst the Karens, and they laid the foundation of the great work which has been going on incessantly since, amongst this interesting people. Perhaps no other Christian denomination could have better calculated the doctrine of self-help amongst a down-trodden nationality than these sturdy republican missionaries. Whilst never neglecting to spread the gospel, and the teachings of Christianity, the missionaries also taught the Karens the dignity of labor, and the necessity, if they intended to raise themselves in the social scale, of educating themselves and their children. The seed was planted on good soil, and yielded a splendid harvest. There is now hardly a Karen hamlet which has not its own pastor or schoolmaster, or a Karen family which does not send its children to a school, often entirely supported by Karens. Such a people must succeed; failure on such lines is impossible. The Karens are determined to succeed, and come what may, to throw in their lot with the Government, under which, thanks to the American missionaries, and their own courageous and self-reliant qualities, they have already achieved such a good measure of success. To the Burmans, some of whom are also striving to advance, we should offer a word or two of friendly advice. No longer despise the Karen, or think him the savage he undoubtedly was a generation ago. Strive to imitate him in his self-reliance, in his love of truth, in his loyalty to his fellow Karen and respect for constituted authority. The Burmans have often been petted by British officials, and have certainly no fair grounds for complaint that in the public service they have not received appointment if they were in anyway fitted to hold them. It has been otherwise with the Karens, and they have flourished and grown stronger and a more robust community, not through official patronage, but rather because they have not looked up to officials, but were content to get on in spite of them by their own unaided efforts. Let our Burmese friends imitate the manly independence of the Karens, and their earnestness in the matter of educating their children; and they are most likely to improve themselves and their prospects, and to be prepared for the great struggle for existence, which seems to be becoming keener in Burma every day.—*Rangoon Gazette.*

The discourse of Bishop Potter, in St. Paul's Church, New York, in connection with the inaugural centennial, and as a part of it, has been the subject of some criticism. Considering its source, we are inclined to join those who gave it praise; too faint it may be. An air of superiority and assumption runs through it, which is objectionable. The view which it takes of the past is laudatory, and would not have been objected to had there been no depreciation of the present, as in contrast. There is in the discourse, also, an air of sadness, not of discouragement, in view of the tendencies and drift of men and things in public life, as though the old level of purity, honor and power might never be reached again. No doubt, in majesty of form, and dignity of bearing, and impressiveness of movement, and a general elevation of sentiment, speech and manner, our age has lost in comparison with that of our fathers, a century ago. But some of these forms were hollow, and some of these men were false to their honor, and some of them stooped to political measures which would blast any man's fame now. No such thing can now be done in a President's cabinet as was done in Washington's cabinet—not to speak of Jackson's. We are less stately than we used to be; but, because we are simpler, it does not follow that we are less sincere. Indeed, the progress of events has made us better republicans than we were a century ago, and our freedom is more intelligent than it was then. We are rightfully more confident and far more assured politically and religiously than our fathers could possibly have been.—*The Pacific.*

The *Advance* starts the inquiry why more women than men attend church. There are several reasons which ought to have weight in answering the question. The moral sense of women is superior to that of men. If no such distinction be allowed in the original constitution of human nature, the superiority which can hardly be denied by anyone may be due to better education. Women have less contact with the hard side of business and of the world than men. They are indoors, or merge only in the amenities of society. Much more than men they come in contact with what softens and refines the tastes and manners. Of the great redemptive system of love and sacrifice, too, woman's appreciation has ever been finer and fuller than that of the other sex. Women were among the first to recognize the spiritual beauty and permanent excellence in the person and teaching of our Savior. The first convert to the gospel in Europe was a woman; and more than one of the rude nations were brought to Christ by the moral instinct of women. Besides, the church affords women a field and a work. In ages when she was shut out from almost every place, she found here a congenial sphere of service. The church, too, brings the consolation she needs, in the lessons of love, tenderness and kindness; in song and prayer and praise; in the open word and the teaching and exhortation of the pulpit. With true maternal instinct she seeks out the church, also, as the safest place for her children. With such reasons as these before us, we can easily see why more women than men are found in our churches.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

Dr. William R. Summers, who died at Luluaburg, in the Congo Free State, wrote as follows to Dr. Sims regarding the people among whom he found himself in that remote station: "Of the journey I will say nothing but that it was full of interest, and that the road is perfectly open; but being a white man, I had to pay 'right of way' to the principal chiefs, who, by the way, are anxious for white men to live with them. We arrived here in a hundred marches, the marches averaging six hours. Here my heart was overwhelmed with the reception I everywhere got from the Bashilange. Every hill dotted with large and beautiful villages; the country teeming with people who have abandoned fetishism, and are waiting for what the white men can bring them; all anxious to learn, intelligent, have now some idea of God, want to know about everything, faces always smiling and every one polite. Go anywhere over the country and great villages encounter the eye. The population is enormous, and is marvelously thick. Truly, 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.' Few! one only, and that one worth almost nothing."—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

At the recent session of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York City, two young men who applied for admission to the ministry, acknowledged that they used tobacco and were admonished to discontinue its use. They were also informed that in the event of their not doing so they would be refused admission. They complied with the request of the Conference and were duly received. "Stuart" in his "New York Letter" to the Chicago *Standard*, says: "This is a warning to and an example for many ministerial candidates outside the Methodist ranks."

Rev. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignatius Church, New York City, has founded a club of men known as the Catholic Club, whose object is to commend the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church as it was before the Greek and Roman schism. Dr. Ritchie claims that the true form of the ecclesia has been departed from more widely by the Latin and Anglican communions than by the Greek.

Rev. J. E. Clough says of the quarterly meeting at Vinukonda: "The old priest, of whom I wrote a few days ago, gave a clear and ringing experience, and he and others to the number of forty-two were baptized during the meeting."

In Great Britain last year 5,000,000 copies of the Bible were issued. The St. James edition is the most generally used, the "American" and the "revised" editions having a comparatively small sale.

The Baptists in this country have 132 institutions of learning, with a value in property and endowments of nearly twenty millions. The richest is Brown University, with nearly three millions.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, the great London preacher, having been presented with $125,000 by his congregation, immediately gave it all away to the poor.

South Carolina Episcopalians have effected a compromise on the color line, and will admit the colored delegates on majority vote to the Convention.

Among the Moravians about one in fifty is sent as a foreign missionary, and the converts outnumber the home members three to one.

"Hymns Ancient and Modern" has reached a circulation of 20,000,000 copies, the largest of any hymn book published.

There is a Y. M. C. A. Association established at Nazareth, the early home of Jesus.

The forty-nine missionaries of the Friends are doing good work in Japan.

About 6,500 new churches were established in the United States last year.

VOICES OF THE BIRDS.

The Open Air Concerts Which Delight Our Rural Friends.

It has been said that there are not many song birds in California, and while this may be true it is surely most pleasant to listen to the many different bird voices from all around—from among the trees, in the air and even on the ground. I was led into this train of thought by hearing this morning the loud, clear whistle of a wild bird, a stranger in this vicinity, visiting us but seldom. He is very shy and his loud, clear notes are always to be heard coming from the tops of the highest trees. I do not know whether he comes from the foothills or from the river. Be that as it may he whistles most beautifully and I hastened out to see if I could obtain a glimpse of him, but, as usual, he was not be seen. While standing on the porch waiting to hear him again I could not help hearing the bird voices coming from the trees near by, where many a little family is being reared just now. The most familiar of them all is the ever-busy linnet. From early dawn to dewy eve his voice is heard above all others warbling his merry song. All day long he flits from branch to branch and from tree to tree. Now he is helping in nest-building, now relieving his mate of her watch over the little speckled treasures in the tiny house. Again he is raiding the strawberry beds and cherry trees. Little pilferer though he is, we would miss his merry song and bright sociable ways.

There are still other voices coming from among the leaves. The wild canaries, of which there are many species, have their summer homes in the trees near by. Some utter a few sweet little notes, while others give but a little chirp like a humming-bird and are but a trifle larger. A soft little whirr of wings causes me to turn, and there is little ruby-throat himself, balancing for a plunge into the heart of a trumpet creeper, where in the next instant he is almost hidden from view. The oriole, though not a singing bird, whistles a few notes that are pleasant to hear, and in his bright orange and black plumage, is the "Beau Brummel" of the plains. Neither is the bee martin, or king bird, as the children call him, gifted with a musical voice; but he is a noisy little fellow, and an inveterate scold, as any one who goes near the trees where they are nesting can testify. But if they are not as musical as some others, they act as protectors for the more timid members of the bird family who may happen to nest in the same tree with them, for it is a brave cat that will venture near a king bird's nest. Even hawks and butcher birds keep a respectful distance.

We have one other sweet little songster with notes not unlike the domestic canary; a demure, modest-looking little bird in Quaker dress of white and gray. And 'tis not unusual for this little Quaker bird to sing at night, the little voice sounding so soft and sweet in the stillness. From the furthest corner of the orchard is heard the cooing of a dove, and from across the fields of waving grain the whistle of the meadow lark, as he wings his way upward to greet the morning sun. Now and then during the early morning hours the call of the quail is heard, while from high overhead the twitter of the swallows, as they wheel and circle in mid-air in search of their food, which they mostly find while on the wing.

Last, but not least, are the mocking birds, new arrivals also; as it is only within the last seven or eight years that they have been seen on the plains. He is an early bird, being the very first to welcome the coming morn, but makes sweetest music about sunset, affording amusement to all who hear him, by his power as a mimic, imitating as he does to perfection the notes of all other birds. The whistle of the lark, the quail and blackbird; the songs of the linnet and wren; the twitter of the swallows, all these and more are included in his repertoire, and when heard at the witching hour of midnight, when the moon is shedding her radiance over earth and sky, and as I heard him a few nights ago from the depths of an orange tree, was enough to ravish the senses. In the morning, before sunrise, the bird voices all join in one grand chorus of whistle and song to greet the king of day. The rural people have a morning open-air concert that is worth rising at half past four to hear. These, with the chirp, chirp of the little nestlings from every tree and vine, are the voices of the birds to be heard any summer morning in the country. And right pleasant sounds they are, telling as they do, of the contented and busy life of the little world in the tree tops.

Lake House, May 25th. E. P. D.

THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

Records for speed are being broken on land and sea, but the district messenger boy and the restaurant waiter continue undisturbed in the even tenor of their ways.

Would-be Vocalist—"Well, Professor, you have heard my voice; what is the best you can do for me?" Singing Teacher—"Persuade you to abstain from singing. Four dollars, please."—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. Tiptop—"Horrors! Engaged to that man? Are you crazy? He made his money in trade!" Miss Tiptop—"Oh, no, ma, he used to be a New York official, and he stole it." "Oh. That's different."—*New York Weekly.*

Bobby—"Say, Mr. Updyke, what do you suppose Clara said about you just before you came in?" Mr. Updyke—"I haven't an idea in the world, Robert." Bobby (amazed)—"Whew! You've guessed it. That's just what she said."—*Time.*

Wickwire—"Queer, isn't it, that when a man is arrested for wife-beating, the woman nearly always tries to save him from punishment? I tell you, Yabby, my boy, no one knows the depth of a woman's love." Yabsley (lately jilted)—"Nor the length of it."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Car-wheel Manufacturer (passenger in fast express train, which is making a long stop)—"What are you striking those wheels for?" Man with Hammer—"To see if they are sound yet." Car-wheel Manufacturer (nervously)—"Well, please don't hit 'em quite so hard."—*New York Weekly.*

"Who are those three gentlemen yonder?" "Oh, they are all interested in that new church around the corner. The tall man is the rector—he does the preaching." "And the small one?" "He's the erecter—he built the edifice." "And the third gentleman?" "He's the Director—he's the architect of the structure."—*Chicago Ledger.*

A young society man well up in languages was approached by a friend with a copy of a paper in Arabic. "Just read that for me, will you, Jim?" "You don't understand it, eh?" said Jim. "No." "Well, then, you would not understand it if I should read it to you," and assuming an air of crushing superiority, Jim walked away.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Banks—"Come into this drug store, Harriet, and let's have a glass of soda water." Mrs. B.—"I will if you'll promise not to wink. I know what that means, you know." "All right, I promise. Mrs. Banks (after leaving the drug store)—"What was that spiritus frumenti that you had, George?" "Spiritus frumenti? That's the Latin for raspberry and cream."

LECTURE AT TURNER HALL,

SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 2D, AT 8 O'CLOCK. Subject: "SINGLE TAX." The following speakers will be present: H. L. PLEACE, President of San Francisco Single Tax Society; J. H. BARRY, of the S. F. "Star," THOS. WATSON and W. GALLAGHER. MISS M. E. NOYES will sing. Admission free. 1tSu

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AT 10:30 A. M., FROM THE DEPOT, RETURNING at 12 o'clock. Go out and see the improvements and the Water Works in operation. Round trip, 20 cents. 1tSu

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