THE SUNDAY UNION.

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Weather Forecasts for To-Day.

California, Oregon and Washington—Warmer: fair northwesterly winds.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* says that "physical culture does not appear to good advantage when running away from Sheriffs and Constables." Right, neighbor, but true physical culture does nothing of the kind, for it is not a violator of the laws, of necessity. The athlete and the bruiser are two distinct individuals.

THE Union brewers of San Francisco threaten a brewery company that it will boycott a boss maltster in its employ named Hell, unless Mr. Hell is discharged. Whereupon the *Alta* remarks that there are thousands of people who would like to boycott hell. We are not sure about that—the most of people would prefer not to have any trouble whatever with hell.

BUFFALO BILL has written to a friend in Colorado that he has received proposals of marriage from twenty-seven wealthy Parisiennes. Assuming this to be true, the Hon. Bill would get the worst of the bargain should he accept any one of the twenty-seven. It is as true to-day as ever before that the woman who asks is rarely worth having—the woman who runs after and asks the showman is *never* worth possessing.

THE efforts put forth in this city to stop the unlawful practice of selling liquors to minors deserves encouragement. Fairly decent saloon men will not engage in the practice, and only the lower order of dealers will be guilty of putting the bottle to the lips of a boy. It is bad enough when age staggers through the streets intoxicated; it is infamous when youth is sent reeling upon the highways. The law prohibiting the sale of spirits to minors is a good law, and that it has been permitted to become a dead letter does not stand to the credit of the community.

THE new French law on nationality of citizens and the obligations of certain classes of citizens, must be antagonized by the United States Government. We cannot for a moment parley with the French on their claim under this new law, that the children of Frenchmen who are naturalized citizens, born in France, are subject to that country. Nor will the United States ever concede the claim of the French Government that the children of Frenchmen born in the United States (whether of naturalized parents or not does not appear in the law) are necessarily citizens of France.

IT has been our part to speak harshly of the Shah, but if he keeps on as well as he has begun in England he will largely gain public respect. For instance, it is related that when the Manchester Chamber of Commerce presented him with that stereotyped formality, "an address," he asked, through his interpreter, if it was very long. Being assured that it was not, he replied, "Well, then, read it, but be as quick as you can." Rude, perhaps, but a deserved hit. For why should the Manchesterians have presented him an address at all? The Shah, if they did not, perceived that there was no reason for it, and it became, therefore, simply a question of time lost on a mere mockery. He is a wit, too, is the Shah, if it be true that he said on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding, "It is better to live fifty years with one woman than one year with fifty women."

THE high license and local option principles have been adopted by the Rhode Island Legislature as the basis of the law just passed to take the place of the defeated prohibitory system that the State had discarded. Under the new law a vote may be taken each year on the question of licenses in cities and towns, or refusal to license. The maximum license must not exceed $1,000, and the minimum not fall below $500 for wholesalers, and for the retail trade the license is to be $400 in Providence, $350 in other cities, and $200 to $300 in towns. No distinction is made as to the kinds of liquors to be sold. Pennsylvania and New York high license men declare that this new law is not one of high license, at all, and that no law can be that imposes less than $50 a month on the retail business, the experience of Pennsylvania and Illinois showing that less than that sum will not shut out the dives and work the reforms that have been accomplished in Philadelphia, for instance. It is thus seen that high license men sharply disagree as to just what high license is. But it must be conceded by the bystander people of States where the system has not been tried, that the true measure of what high license is, is to be best ascertained from the experience of those States where the scheme has had a fair trial.

MR. LOWELL'S POEM.

So much interesting criticism has been indulged in concerning the merits of Mr. Lowell's latest poem that the venerable poet must feel flattered by the debate which his late production has awakened. It is notable that in all that has been said only the comparative merit of the poem has been treated, its worth, scholarly virtue and lofty poetic character being conceded on all hands. It was in this spirit of contrast that the RECORD-UNION treated the production when the *Atlantic Monthly* gave it to the world. It seemed to us to be only a question whether this production of the age of senility in most men was entitled to rank among the works that were born of the poet's genius when the fires of youth burned. We concluded after deliberation that the publishers of the *Atlantic* were doing Mr. Lowell positive injustice in announcing the new work as the greatest, as it is the longest of his poems. As we then said, and we still insist, the greatest it is not; neither is it upon the lower plane of his efforts. That his consultation of the Oracle of the Goldfishes is worthy of him no one will deny to Mr. Lowell, but that it lacks the melody and impassioned poetic eloquence of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," we think no admirer of the works of James Russell Lowell will deny. The consultation of the Oracle of the Goldfishes is a graceful work. It breathes the sincerity of the soul of the poet; it is fragrant with the affectionate regard for humanity; the imagery is matchless; the conceit that limits the horizon of man's activity and knowledge, as the glass by its narrow bounds circumscribes the world of the fishes, is more than happy; but to say that the poem ranks with the heroic efforts of Lowell's genius when he bared his breast to contumely and proscription and defied hatred and wrong as he sang his satires for freedom and the right, is presumptious and without the warrant of reason. In this judgment we find not a few of our contemporaries unite, but no one has so happily expressed the truth about the new poem as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. It says:

The latest product of Lowell's pen is worthy of his best days, but this is far from saying that it is his best production. One note of the grand organ he played "After the Burial" was more inspiring than all the melody which could possibly be extracted from goldfishes, but the subject could not have been handled better, which is all that can be asked of any writer, be he a worker in prose or verse. A subject has its own limitations, and it is enough if its treatment be the extiartion from it of its choicest essential truth, its highest suggestion, and deepest reflection. A few dumb and monotonous fishes, with nothing to recommend them but their beauty of color and grace of movement, can not be expected to stir the soul like the vacant cradle of a child just intrusted to the embrace of mother earth, or even the delicious balm of a day in June; but all of anything is a great deal.

THE "POST" AND THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

The New York *Evening Post* is disingenious. We did find, much to our surprise, some remarks by it concerning the competition of the Canadian Pacific with American lines, that appeared to indicate a disposition on the part of the *Post* to treat the subject from an American stand-point, and that promised fair consideration of the claims of the Pacific railways of the American brand. In the course of our comments we called the attention of the *Post* to an error into which it had fallen regarding the aggregate of the subsidies granted to the Canadian railway, and pointed out that the sum of all the grants to all American roads by the United States Government did not equal the aggregate of the aids of money, lands and other assistance extended to the Canadian Pacific by the Dominion and the Home Government. To this the *Post* replies:

The Sacramento RECORD UNION takes exceptions to the statement of the *Evening Post* that the subsidies granted by our Government to Pacific railroads, counting both bonds and lands, are greater than those granted by the Canadian Government to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The RECORD-UNION remarks that there is one great difference between the two cases in that the cash subsidity has to be paid back by our railroads, while there is no such requirement in the Canadian case. The RECORD UNION is speaking for the Central Pacific Railroad of California, that being the only company that is much disturbed by the Canadian competition.

The disingenousness of the response is apparent. That the RECORD-UNION in protesting against the diversion of the transcontinental traffic through the unfairly stimulated competition of the British road, speaks for the Central Pacific Railroad, is true in the sense that that road is a product of California, that the city of the RECORD-UNION's publication is upon the line of that road, and that the trade of that city is seriously menaced by the assault referred to. It is true that the RECORD-UNION, in common with the people of the Pacific coast south of the British line, speaks for the Central Pacific Railroad, but not more so than for each and all of the roads injuriously affected by the operations of the interstate commerce law, and the competition of the British Government on wheels on our north, which competition is rendered more a matter of ease, because of the mistake into which our own Government has been led in the attempt to regulate that which is possible of regulation only by the laws of trade. The narrowness of the view of the *Post* is evidenced by the absurd statement to which it commits itself concerning the Central Pacific Railroad being the only one much affected by Canadian competition. The absurdity of that remark in the light of the facts renders it unnecessary to further refer to it, except to say that the *Post* is ill-posted if it speaks in sincerity. The New York journal concludes its response to the RECORD-UNION by asking if it has any knowledge of the Central Pacific Company's intention to pay the balance "that will be coming to the Government in the next ten years." It is to be said in reply that what the intentions of that company may be no one save the company can know, but it is a matter of record and of challenge made by that company repeatedly before Congressional Committees and the public, that the road has discharged to date every obligation incumbent upon it to the Government, and that there cannot be named a dollar it has not paid to the Treasury, that was due, or a solitary duty to the Government that it has not fulfilled. On the contrary, it has been shown beyond peradventure that the Government has not kept faith with this California road, nor paid to its credit the sums earned for service performed, nor invested, as it agreed to, the sinking fund created by the periodical payments of the company to the Government; nor has that Government borne itself toward the road as was seemly, since after aiding its construction and insisting upon payments in equity not due, it set up rivals in the shape of parallel roads to divert its business and cripple its capacity to repay to the Government whatever might become due to it. So far as the sentiment of the Pacific coast is concerned, we believe we voice it when we say that the Government will remain immeasurably the gainer, if it shall not insist upon further payments from the original Pacific roads; that the benefits the Government has derived from the construction of these lines have been so enormous, the economies to it so great and the increased revenues, enhanced values and rapid settlement of the country such that the United States can well afford to forego pressing payment when the obligations shall fall due, which in the inception of the idea of aiding the roads our wisest statesmen did not seriously contemplate should ever be discharged by money payments.

"IS THE GUNNER WELL?"

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

At the foot of the narrow path bordered by crooked apple trees, which led to the farm-house, the postman made his appearance, heralded by the hoarse cackling of the geese, which stretched out their long gaunt necks as if to bar his approach.

"A letter from our lad!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, from within, as she peered through the door to see what had aroused the wrath of her feathered guard. The head which protruded through the half-open door was covered with a coarse cotton cap, which encircled a face spotted with sores, and browned with wind and sun, but which at that moment was radiant with mother-love.

"A letter from our lad!" The joyous shout of the farmer's wife was re-echoed throughout the house. All guessed at once from whom the letter came. It was from Ovide, the eldest boy, and the soldier of the family. So the father, coming in from the stable, his pitchfork under his arm, asked the usual question:

"Is the gunner well?"

The gunner was far from well, as the letter showed, and in the few lines written in trembling characters, the poor boy, who ordinarily penned his four pages in a bold, handsome, running hand, was actually begging permission to return and be taken care of in his father's house.

"We must send him money and have him hasten home at once!" said the mother, unhesitatingly.

The father, on the impulse of the moment, acquiesced in this decision, but the next day and the next elapsed without any message being sent to the sick one, and at length they concluded that they had probably been too hasty in becoming alarmed. The soldier-boy spoke of bronchitis. Undoubtedly he had merely a cold, caught during the dreadful winter, in which the sleet, the snow and the ice had not ceased from November to March, chilling every one, large and small, in the village, even to the animals in the stables.

"Ovide was more effeminate than the others, that was the whole amount of it," they persuaded themselves, and even admitting that he was worse than they supposed, would he not recover his health more quickly in the regiment, with the attendance of such capable physicians as there are in the army, than he would at home, where no doctor ever came but the veterinary surgeon? Moreover, in the army he had all his medicines for nothing—or, rather, he paid for them with his time, his fatigue, and—in case of war—with his blood, perhaps. Why, then, should he not get them from the Government, which owed them to him?

Wisdom decidedly pronounced in favor of leaving the soldier in the barracks, merely for his own sake, and the proof that the poor child would not otherwise be refused a welcome was that he should be permitted to come, in any case, very soon.

"Yes, indeed, at harvest," declared the farmer with precision. "He will help us along with it, and will take the place of a hired man."

"At harvest!" With what an aching heart the young soldier received the news! What a revelation to him was the selfishness of his parents, who were not unfeeling, however; in fact, who might be called even compassionate, but only towards real evils and tangible misfortunes. Oh, how lonely and abandoned he felt!

A sharp bitterness seemed to tighten his throat, a profound dejection overwhelmed and crushed him into a kind of prostration as intense and invincible as that of the condemned man who listens helplessly to his sentence of death; for he knew only too well that he would not be allowed to return until the time appointed, although April was only drawing to a close. And what an April!—rainy, icy, with almost continual squalls. Through the dim glass of the hospital window Ovide often watched the headlong course of the clouds scurrying across the sky before a northern gale, while enormous hailstones beat fast and furiously against the pane.

During such dark and mournful days the sick boy did not arise. Wrapped in his blankets, he gave full play to his reveries, and fleeing in spirit from the unsightly hospital ward, so monotonously dull in its crude barrenness and lugubrious whiteness, he imagined himself again at home, lying in his own alcove, tracing the vines on its old-fashioned curtains, and listening to the gentle voice of his little sister, who sat by his pillow, industriously patching, while in the corner by the hearth the house-dog slept with his nose between his paws.

Everything about him—the exhilarating sounds of labor, the sight of robust health—all improved him speedily. Through the windows, now opened to the breath of spring, came the sweet odor of flowers, filling his weakened lungs with new vigor, and he finished the restful days of convalescence in the meadow, stretched upon the fragrant grass and starry daisies, lulled by the gentle chirping of the linnet and the blackbird's mocking whistle.

But, oh! the cruel awakening from those happy day-dreams, when he found himself in reality in the barren dormitory of the hospital; when, to the joyous twitterings of birds, succeeded sighs, groans and death-rattles, mingled with the noisy clatter in the stable-yards and the impatient neighing of the horses. Instead of the fortifying odors of the young sap, of the fragrant roses and the azure-hued lucern, his feeble breath was stifled with the sickening mustiness of the fever-laden air, with morbid and nauseating exhalations, and with the acrid moisture of the perspiration emanating from so many unwholesome bodies.

By contact with such miseries, and in the contagion of such an atmosphere, would he ever recover?

But the sun began to shine warmly upon his narrow cot, and his twenty summers responded miraculously to its benign influence. In less than a fortnight he was once more able to stand. Although unsteady as yet on his feet, and obliged to muffle himself carefully, he was able, nevertheless, to walk in the hospital garden, and busy himself a little therein without fatigue, while his spirits and courage steadily revived.

The time he would have to wait before returning to the family nest would not be so tedious after all, thought he, and May, which seemed so interminable and disagreeable in the beginning, was slipping away less lowly than he had feared.

And now, above the withered lilac bushes, the golden bunches on the ebony trees were beginning to grow pale; on the road-side the spikes of the chestnut tree showered their leaves at the slightest breeze, while in the orchards which surrounded the town the fruits were taking form so fast that one could almost see them grow.

Anon, in the depths of the woods, in the shadow of the thickest foliage, had disappeared the virginal whiteness of the anemones, and the azure clusters of the hyacinths were faded and discolored; only the blades of the lily of the valley, shorn of their delicately scented bells, remained in the dales; and Ovide rejoiced at all these decadences—these successive deaths which marked the progress of the year and the gradual approach of his deliverance from exile.

While chatting with the peasants and observing their haste to make up for lost time, he felt indescribable pleasure in beholding the grass each day growing thicker, taller, and stronger in the verdant furrows, and the sight of this fructification in the onward march of nature wrought a metamorphosis in the homesick boy.

His form became more erect, a new light began to gleam in the heavy eyes, the hollow cheeks grew full and delicately tinged with the rosy hue of health, so that there remained of his rude ordeal no evidence save a certain languor, which gave to this peasant youth—who was by nature pleasing, intelligent-looking, and not ungraceful in his uniform—a certain dreamy, thoughtful air, altogether striking and interesting.

But, insensible to the attentive pity, the sympathetic courtesies and the still more flattering interest which he excited in the maidens whom he passed in his wanderings to and from the fields, he persisted in taking note only of the expansion, maturity and decay of the flowers and fruits which announced the gradual approach of the ardently desired harvest-time. During whole afternoons he rambled through the fields examining the oats, barley and rye, plucking, stripping, feeling the blades, brushing away carefully the caterpillars, going into raptures over any unexpected vigor, equally depressed by any apparent etiolation, scrutinizing incessantly the sky and the direction of the wind, and suffering the greatest uneasiness at the slightest equivocal symptom of a change in the temperature. A little later, towards haying-time, his companions found him one day seated on the bank of a pond, gazing ecstatically on the rank vegetation which announced indubitably the immediate approach of summer. Amid the large leaves of the water-lilies emerged the head and back of an enormous frog, which turned its greenish eye lazily to the sun. Ovide had at first taken pleasure in watching the stupid repose of the animal in the warmth of the water, inasmuch as it was an infallible sign of constant fine weather; but, little by little, as he gazed on the drowsy scene, the glaucous eye finally fixed his own, till he sank into a profound condition of hypnotism.

His companions, arousing him from his magnetic slumber, bore him away forcibly to the drinking-house to celebrate the happy issue of all his sufferings, and his certain and complete recovery.

But, alas for the prophetic assurances of animate and inanimate nature! A hurricane on the coast, a sudden change of the wind to the north, the genial warmth of summer giving place unexpectedly to icy coldness, with alternatives of terrible showers, struck a mortal blow to the health and hopes of the unfortunate boy.

With unheard of rapidity he relapsed into his former condition, accompanied by alarming symptoms of quick consumption. In less than a week his loosely-hanging garments betrayed the havoc which the dread disease was making in the emaciated form, and the cough, which had returned at first weak and periodically, became more frequent, continual, rough, and racking, till he fell once more livid and exhausted on his narrow couch.

Yielding obediently to the treatment prescribed for him, he swallowed unmurmuringly all that was ordered, but shook his head with a pathetic gesture which seemed to ask whether, even though they overcame temporarily the implacable disease which was sapping his life, they would be able to protect the threatened harvest. At his request, instead of the delicacies ordinarily carried to the sick, they brought him sheaves of wheat, and finding it small and sickly looking, he despaired of ever seeing it ripen.

Then, although the wounded pride of the peasant had held out thus far against petitioning "the old people" to shorten the period of his absence, in the constant decline of his forces and the increased dejection of his spirits he was tormented by the desire of finding some means of inducing his parents, whom he loved in spite of their selfishness, to send for him of their own accord.

He conceived the idea of sending them his picture, purposely bringing out in ghastly relief his sunken cheeks, cavernous eyes and spectral appearance, so that his mother would hasten with bleeding heart to take him home at once.

But, in consequence of the inclement weather, the itinerant artist who had been operating in the court-yard had folded his tent, and Ovide abandoned his project as the unalleviable agony began.

Falling into a resigned melancholy, which gradually deepened into a weary somnolence and then into a constantly increasing numbness, he ceased to struggle against the current of the River of Death, but with torpid faculties and dulled senses glided gently along, drawing nearer and nearer each moment to the silence and darkness of the tomb.

Although his sight was dimmed and his ears humming, although blind and deaf to the exterior world, he still perceived in the vestiges of his expiring thought and memory the distant voices of the loved ones in his dear native land, and lived over, in imagination, as in the first stage of his illness, the daily routine of his home-life.

The hallucination was ineffably consoling, for he saw at length, with supreme joy, the yellow sea of grain, undulating in the breeze and flashing with a million sparks of light in the blaze of the noonday sun, stretching away to the farthest edge of the blue horizon. And one morning, just at the break of day, after having dreamed all night of the long expected harvest-day, he heard in his sleep the sharpening of the scythes and sickles, and all the tumult of the busiest day of the season.

The harvest! Transfigured, he leaped from his bed and rushed from the room, chanting in delirious enthusiasm the sonorous song of the reapers as they march gayly to their task. Bending over the soil he saluted that which, in his delirium, seemed to him the crimson splendor of a magnificent sunrise, although in reality torrents of rain were pouring on his quivering frame; and, swinging aloft his bony arms, he reaped, without rest or relaxation, until, clasping the imaginary sheaves with rapture to his breast, he sank exhausted on the humid earth!

* * * * * *

"A letter from the boy!" Setting down the foaming pail which she had just brought in from the milking, the farmer's wife ran to meet the postman, breaking with trembling haste the seal of the large envelope which the carrier held out to her, and on which she did not recognize the skillful hand of her son Ovide.

And as the farmer from his haymow called out in his usual laconic fashion:

"Is the gunner well?"

With one great sob of remorseful anguish, the mother answered:

"*He is dead!*"

What a Woman Can Do.

Some unknown philosopher thus essays to tell us what a woman can do which a man need not essay or attempt, viz:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can say "No," and stick to it for a time. She may also say "No," in such a low voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot, and then pour vinegar upon it drop by drop. The steam arising from this is disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

It is an unfeeling married man who declares that his wife is always pensive when she is not expensive.

THE TWIN CITIES.

PITTSBURG AND ALLEGHENY AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

Interesting Descriptions from the Pen of a Sacramento Lady—Public Parks and Buildings.

PITTSBURG (Pa.), July 31, 1889.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Pittsburg and Allegheny are located at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, though the latter river does not bound Allegheny City. Pittsburg is an odd shaped place; its diagram more nearly resembling an inflated balloon than any thing else I can think of. Where the two rivers meet to form the Ohio the Iron City comes to an abrupt point, and then widens out into an extensive territory beyond. I have never seen anything so long drawn out as Pittsburg. The cable lines take you out Penn street and Fifth avenue, and Pittsburgers are just as proud of their Fifth avenue as Gothamites are of their renowned thoroughfare. Well, as I started to remark, the cars go through places called Springfield, Bloomfield, Linden Grove, Oakland, East Liberty and a dozen others—and all this is really Pittsburg, and is called East End. The city proper becoming too valuable a place for residence property, people gradually moved out into the country, and so magnified their town. Before natural gas came to have such a reputation, this vicinity was not nearly so densely settled. Now it is a big thriving country, and is almost one continuous line of business houses, foundries, manufactories, etc. The city now presents a much nicer appearance than it did some years ago, when everything was covered with soot. Some of the finest buildings look like old antiquated ruins blackened with age; nice stone structures that were once white and majestic looking, now appeared old and tattered—yet inside these is an elegance that poorly accords with the outside dinginess.

Pittsburg has quite a history. For many years it was the bone of contention between two great powers. Great Britain and France claimed it alternately. Virginia and Pennsylvania have at different times disputed as to the ownership. The latter State has undoubted possession now, and she may well be proud of her western metropolis. In 1758, General Forbes built a fort, on what is now Liberty street, and called it Fort Pitt, after the English statesman, and from which the city now bears its name. The only relic remaining of warlike times of the last century is an old block-house on Fort street, near Penn avenue. Though an interesting building it is but little thought of now, as it is a tenement house and shelters some of the poorest people of the city.

PITTSBURG

Is virtually a new city—totally without relics and land marks so dear to the heart and pride of Philadelphia—yet it possess massive new structures that are not rivaled. The new Court-house is a work of art, and is said to be the finest in the country. It certainly is beautiful and of peculiar design. It is two hundred and eight by three hundred and six feet, three stories high, with a basement of twelve feet. Surmounting this building is a tower four hundred and twenty feet high. The staircases are of blue stone and Indiana limestone. The whole thing is as absolutely fireproof as anything can be made. The Exposition Building, Municipal Hall, the Westinghouse Electric Light Company's new quarters, the Hamilton and Penn buildings are all elegant. There is a large heap of stone on Smithfield street that may some day materialize into a Government building and postoffice. If ever completed it will be an ornament to the city, but twelve years have passed since it was begun, and it is yet but a big pile of granite. The present postoffice is a dingy place, and exceedingly ordinary for so large a city.

There are some good cable lines here, but they cannot compare with those of the West. The cable-car building in East End will be very fine when finished. It occupies a full square in the suburb of Oakland, and will cost over a million dollars. The electric car line is still in its infancy but there is no telling what it will be in time. Barring the completion of the public building, Pittsburgers are not slow when it comes to enterprise.

From Mt. Washington, in Birmingham (a suburb across the Monongahela), can be obtained a grand view of the city and surroundings. Mt. Washington is ascended by means of a tramway. It is a magnificent sight to view the three rivre. The steamers lining the shores makes the whole a pretty and attractive scene, and it is very interesting to watch the vessels coming down the two rivers, meet, and sail side by side down the beautiful Ohio. Bridges, as far as the eye can reach, can be seen, connecting the country across the way with Pittsburg. There are eight over the Allegheny river and five over the Monongahela. The one at Seventh street and the Smithfield street bridge are among the few bridges in the country over which horses are allowed to go at a faster gait than a walk. There is

AN IMMENSE RIVER TRAFFIC

Along here, and when the water is not too low, packets innumerable go up and down unceasingly. The packets as a rule are very handsome boats, yet there are many old-timers that look the worse for wear, and have evidently seen their best days. Some steamboat man is undoubtedly an admirer of the great statesman—for we were edified the other evening by seeing the "James G. Blaine" sail majestically down the river. These streams are the home of the "shanty boat." Great numbers of these funny little houses can be seen daily floating about, and coal barges can be counted by the hundreds. Indeed, it is very lively to live near the water, for there is no lack of aquatic sights.

In many Eastern places they have regular market days. So they have here, and every Wednesday and Saturday it is quite a sight to see the ladies "going to market." It is interesting to watch proceedings—and the markets are very good too—for even fruit seems plentiful, though most of it comes from the South and California.

One of the attractions of Pittsburg is the Hiland reservoir, at the head of Hiland avenue. It is a pretty sheet of water covering twenty-two acres. There are two libraries in Pittsburg, but no art gallery. There are some nice stores, in which you find a small art display, but no public place to see pictures. The principal burying ground of the two cities is the Alleghany Cemetery in Pittsburg. The grounds are the third in size in the United States. It is a succession of beautiful hills and valleys. In this cemetery is a monument erected in honor of General Alexander Hayes, one of the best known Generals in the United States army. Here, also, is buried Stephen C. Foster, author of "Old Folks at Home." Many officers and between one and two thousand soldiers are buried here. There are other burying grounds, and all of them prettily laid out and well cared for, and, strange to say, this busy city affords no drives, except to the "silent cities." The roads are not good round about, so driving is not very pleasant. What is lacking in one way can be made up for in another, for this busy, rushing place is full of industry of all kinds—factories, representing millions of dollars, iron foundries, glass works, and in fact not a little, but much of everything when it comes to mechanical genius. One of its chief industries now is the Westinghouse Electric Light manufactory. The streets are brilliantly illuminated and

A NAME FAMILIAR TO SACRAMENTO

Figures extensively in the illminating. The Waterhouse arc light is the system used. The hotels are numerous, and they are very good, the principal ones being the Seventh Avenue, Du Quesne, Monongahela House, and the Hotel Anderson. The latter is a new building and finely appointed, but whether or not it is called for "our Mary" I cannot say. Away down near the river, shut in from the general view by high houses, is a little red brick structure called the "Red Lion," a little tavern which savors of Johnnie Bull's country on account of its name.

The newspapers here are among the best I have seen, and are liberally patronized. They are newsy and of sufficient magnitude, without being so bulky as to prove wearisome.

Pittsburg is not a pretty city, because as yet it has an air of dinginess that time will obviate. Since the advent of natural gas things have assumed a cleanliness before unknown. Once it was that Pittsburg seemed a kind of chaos—a mass of soot:

"For in the East and North the people thought
That Pittsburg was a kind of outergate
To fields of blankness; a jumbled mass
Of soot and smoke, from which came sounds so dread
That when a traveler had need to pass
Its highways through, it was with thoughtful tread."

Now there is no need to call it the Smoky City, for a linen collar can venture forth and return in something like the state it was in when starting out. But once such a thing could not be done with impunity. Every year the 10th of April the fire bells ring out the numbers 1, 8, 4, 5 in memory of the great fire. Like all such calamities the origin was trifling. While the firecracker adorns the shield of the Fire Department of Portland, Me., and the cow and coal-oil lamp that of Chicago, so does the domestic washboiler figure in the history of this city's great disasier. In a tenement house a big fire under a boiler caused the fire, and a high wind helped on the blaze until one-third of the city and two-thirds of its value had been swept away.

The great riot in June, 1877, occupies a page in history. At that time the Pennsylvania depot was burned, and the torch was applied to everything that was supposed to belong to the railroad. The depot was rebuilt, and is a fine place. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has an elegant new depot on Water street, overlooking the Monongahela river.

A comical story told of riot times is of the wrath of two women, who managed by some strategem to get hold of what they thought was a large barrel of flour, and after laboriously toiling to get it to an alaccessible place on a hill-top, opened it, and found it contained only Portland cement. Many laughable, as well as pathetic, incidents are told of this time.

While by no means a prepossessing place in appearance, this Western metropolis is highly interesting, and in many ways an attractive city to visit. Situated in the extreme western part of a most populous and prosperous State, it enjoys facilities that make it one of the most important cities in the Union.

The chief attractions of Allegheny City lie in its picturesque situation and its handsome parks and streets. It is an extremely nice place, and there are good stores for shopping, though no places of amusement, except at present the Cyclorama of Gettysburg. Every one goes to Pittsburg to the theater, and while the Grand Opera House and Bijou Theater are good buildings, they do not compare with similar places in other large cities.

Allegheny has a very fine market building, and the Carnegie Free Library—called Carnegie Hall (pronounced here Carnaygie)—was donated to the city by Andrew Carnegie. It is a massive stone building, beautiful in appearance, and a handsome ornament to the city. Allegheny differs from Pittsburg inasmuch as it is a city of homes. People live in East End and Allegheny, and go into Pittsburg for business.

The "national game" is played in Recreation Park, and at present the Pittsburgs, or "Alleghenies," as they are called here, are playing the Chicagos. There is a fine grand stand, and lovers of baseball can be made very comfortable, considering the thermometer ie either climbing to the boiling point or the mercury is descending into the frigid end of the tube.

I have noticed in home papers a desire on the part of some to use the public squares for school purposes. It is gratifying to know Sacramento is growing; but it seems too bad to utilize the public grounds for school-houses.

THE PARKS

Constitute the chief beauties of many Eastern cities, and why should not Sacramento in time have such places. The park in Allegheny covers acres and acres, and is very beautiful, and such a place of resort for those who have no gardens. It is to be hoped some day the park fever will meander Westward.

Just out of Allegheny is the new Riverside Penitentiary, which is not quite completed, and which, when completed, will contain 1,200 cells. It overlooks the Ohio river, and is situated in a beautiful spot.

The Eagan Thompson Steel Works are on the site of what was once known as Braddock's Field, of Indian war history.

Eighteen miles west of here, on the P., F. W. and Chicago R. R., is a little place called Economy. The Economites are a German sect who came over and took up an enormous tract of land many years ago. They vacillated between Harmony, Ind., and this place here, which is the Economy of the present day. The village has a quaint appearance. Their houses have no front doors; they are built with pointed roofs, and you could not tell them from the barns but for the fact they are of brick. Each house is two stories high, and has a little side yard into which opens a high gate, and into these little gardens open the doors of the dwellings. Every house is built right out to the sidewalk, and grapevines are trained up to the roof, giving the whole place an odd appearance. The Economites do not marry. They adopt poor children and bind them until they are of age, then give them their choice of embracing the Economite faith or going into the world with a hundred dollars as a starter in life.

Their chief industry is farming. Their territory is extensive and finely cared for. They bury their dead in the orchard and level the ground, and make no mark of the place. The head of this queer community is a very old man named Henrice. He attends to the finances and overlooks things generally. In the big garden where visitors are allowed I saw a huge bed of California poppies, which quite took me back to my native heath. Economy is one of the prettiest situations on the Ohio river, and the land is considered very valuable.

Much could be written of Allegheny county and its neighbor Beaver, from which place the politician Quay hails. The country throughout here is beautiful, and now the grain is golden, of a peculiar hue that Pennsylvanians claim is only found in this State. The summer is upon us in all its glory, and old Sol seems to shine brighter and pours down hotter, as if to make up for all the days Jupiter Pluvius visited us and kept the sunshine hid behind the clouds. This is the time for thunder-storms, and they are by no means few and far between. Still they do not last long, and the air is much purer and nicer after a shower.

LEILA J. LINDLEY.

SLANDER.

Oh could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground;
Where honest pleasures might go round
Without the common talking.
How doubly blessed that place would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips endless prattling.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales. They say:
"Don't mention what I've said I pray,
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating much more than they know;
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them;
Then would good people soon forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret
Or fall into an angry pet
With things so much beneath them.

Professor John F. Carl, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, says the petroleum fields of that State are being rapidly drained, and at the present rate of exhaustion it will not be many years until the question of supplying the world with petroleum will be a most serious one.

The Sunday-closing law works beautifully in Cincinnati. Thousands leave the city to drink beer and whisky elsewhere, while the thousands who remain at home enjoy themselves as they never have before. A quiet Sunday is a desirable thing, even in Cincinnati.—*Chicago Times.*

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Christian Science—A Hindu Brahmin Embraces Christianity—The Locum Tenens—Notes.

The United Presbyterian Church has 753 ministers, 903 congregations, and 101,858 communicants.

Bishop J. P. Newman recently laid the corner-stone of a new Methodist Church in Omaha. The church will be very beautiful and convenient.

Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, France, has accepted the Pope's offer to the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, hitherto always held by an Italian prelate.

Patrick Donahoe, the founder of the *Pilot* and the present editor of *Donahoe's Magazine*, is 85 years old, but as bright and active as most men of 50.

The *Pacific Christian Advocate* mentions the presence at Portland of Rev. A. M. Hough of Los Angeles, and Rev. M. F. Colburn of San Diego. They have gone to Alaska.

At the Centennial of New England Methodism, Rev. George Lansing Taylor, D.D., L. H. D., delivered a discourse on "The Gospel River," or the "Evolution of Christianity."

By the will of the late Guido Pfister, of Milwaukee, Wis., the Little Sisters of the Poor receive $5,000, and St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Hospitals, St. Rose's Orphan Asylum and the House of the Good Shepherd each $2,500.

The grand cope and stole won by Very Rev. J. M. Laurent while bearing the Blessed Sacrament in procession on Corpus Christi, June 23d, in Toronto, was the gift of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to St. Michael's Cathedral.

The *Pacific Christian Advocate* brings to us the news of the death of Rev. J. F. Devore, D.D., a well-known pioneer minister of Oregon and Puget Sound. He was a most earnest and energetic and useful minister. He died at Tacoma, July 28th.

The silver jubilee testimonial to Cardinal Manning now amounts to a total of £6,000. Among the subscribers who take the occasion to do honor to the great English Cardinal are Sir Charles and Lady Dilke (who contributed £50), Sir John Lubbock, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Mundella, Sir Francis Sanford and F. D. Mocatta.

Dr. Waldenstrom, so well-known in Sweden, and who is on a visit to this country, will arrive in San Francisco next week. He will speak in the First Congregational Church, on Thursday evening, August 15th. He is a man of great reputation in Sweden; he is a member of Congress, and preaches to thousands at home. In our Eastern cities, which he has visited, his audiences have overflowed the largest audience-rooms.

The San Jose Woman's Christian Temperance Union held memorial services in the Baptist Tabernacle last Sunday afternoon in honor of Mrs. R. B. Hayes. Sketches of her early life were given by Mrs. Colonel Bennett; her life in the White House by Mrs. Dr. Keith, and the memorial address by Mrs. Hannah Bean. The services were impressive and were listened to by a large and attentive audience.

A minister and a wealthy member of his congregation were walking along the beach admiring the shells that had been cast up by the sea. "Can you tell me," said the minister, "why this ocean is unlike—very unlike—my congregation?" "I couldn't tell; no, sir. I am disposed to look upon conundrums as frivolous." "Sometimes they are, but this one isn't. It is based on a sad, solid fact." "Well, I give it up, anyhow." "It is because the sea shells out." And the wealthy member was wrapped in thought for several minutes.—*Washington Capital.*

Why is it that summer resorts largely attended by Jews have no regular religious services on the Sabbath? It is surely not right that during three whole months of the year Judaism should be entirely ignored by so many of our people. There is hardly one well-known popular resort that has not more than one *Minyan*. Even the simplest form of a service, conducted by laymen, would be better than this absolute cessation of religious interest. To consider every phase of the wrong, it is a very bad thing to lead the children to suppose that religion is an indifferent affair, that can be laid aside like a winter overcoat at the approach of the hot weather.—*American Hebrew.*

The vacation time for the clergy has begun in earnest, and the ecclesiastical exodus is complete. The *locum tenens* is in place. He has the full enjoyment of hot Sundays and thin congregations. The organist is away in the mountains, the soprano is by the seaside and the bass is in Europe. But the summer *locum tenens* is ever with us. He is a meek and patient man, content with the scanty gleaning when the harvest is over. Yet sometimes the *locum tenens* is a fine preacher, sometimes he is a good scholar. But he never comes to the front save on emergencies which render his presence necessary. He is unseen before this, like the bird in the sky, which suddenly looms in sight when the traveler falls. But the main question is, when will the *locum tenens* take his vacation? Is he made of cast iron, that he needs none, or are vacations only needed by happy men who never stoop to the role of *locum tenens*? We hope that he will get a vacation and receive strength that he may again next year "bob up serenely" just at the right moment, to mount the box, and take the reins, as Dr. Boanerges steps wearily down, and starts at the head of his congregation for the Catskills or the home of the Covenanters.—*The Churchman.*

Gopal Joshee, a Hindu Brahmin of mature years, who had visited both Europe and America, has recently become a Christian, after having been a special opponent of Christianity. He has requested that he be baptized by the Rev. James Taylor, of Ahmednagar. The reason for this request he assigns in such words as these. We give them as illustrative of the way the human mind works and the conscience develops itself. "It is immaterial who baptizes me. But I have an amend to make. I have not been an admirer of Christ and his disciples. I have spoken hard things against Christianity, and the missionaries in general. James Taylor was the missionary in particular alluded to in all my lectures against Christianity. When it occurred to me that I should confess Christ publicly, I thought I should ask Mr. Taylor to perform the ceremony. And is it not right for me to receive baptism at the hands of one whom I have vilified?" How soon a Christian learns to love one whom he has maltreated for Christ's sake. How encouraged should one be who lives to see such results of his Christian life and labor! How well rewarded must Mr. Taylor feel for all the wrong he has endured, when such a request comes from such a source! How little we know, when we are trying to do good to the lowest of all God's creatures, that it will not take effect amongst the highest.—*The Pacific.*

"What shall the harvest be?" Well, it is about this: The Plunkets teach Christian Science until Mrs. Plunket shines in this new heaven with a luster that is stunning. The *ego* in her is a regular Chinese lantern, and there is nothing left but this luminous *ego*. Her husband is left, but that only makes the *ego* brighter. Mrs. Plunket illumines the whole Christian Science sky, as it were. She is an "all-healer" editor and prophetess. Slowly comes "Armstrong," only that is not his name. He is a major and a colonel and a lawyer and a capitalist, and especially a man of many families, who all mourn after him. He is luxurious, uxorious, and full of the *ego* and the devil. He has married and swindled from New York to San Francisco and back again. Mr. Plunket is sent into limbo and disappears, and Mrs. Plunket's *ego* immediately marries itself to the Major, and the two proclaim that the "Ten Commandments" and human marriage laws were not made for great and luminous and electrified, and cognate and affiliated souls like the Plunket soul and the "Armstrong" soul. The male Plunket emerges from the limbo of benighted and rejected Christian Science husbands, and he just howls over the past state of his wife's affinity to the much-married "Major." Mrs. Plunket vouches for the patent conversion, real inner goodness, the true, spiritual, high and lofty lovingness of the departed though not defunct Major. Plunket himself thinks that the Major is a veritable flesh-and-blood scoundrel, a traveling fraud and deceiver, and the rest of the world think just as Plunket does. And they further think that this wife is also still in the flesh, and that her inner, true, ethereal, lucent *ego* is a piece of Christian science foxfire. In the language of the Ritual, "I renounce them all."—*Christian Advocate.*

The following advertisement recently appeared in a western paper: "A middle-aged woman, who is capable, honest and industrious, but as homely as a stone fence, wants work."

The grave need never associate with the gay unless they choose, but the gay must eventually go to the grave.—*Binghamton Republican.*

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

July 28, 1889.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Calistoga and Napa	8:30 P.
11:00 P.	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A.
5:05 P.	Deming, El Paso and East	7:05 P.
7:30 P.	Knight's Landing	7:55 A.
4:30 A.	Marysville (Mixed)	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Ogden and East—Second Class.	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Central Atlantic Express For Ogden and East	3:40 P.
3:00 P.	Oroville	9:50 A.
11:00 P.	Oroville	3:40 A.
3:00 P.	Red Bluff via Marysville	9:50 A.
10:40 A.	Redding via Willows	4:05 P.
4:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P.
7:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	8:30 P.
4:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:10 P.
*10:00 A.	San Francisco via steamer	†6:00 A.
11:20 A.	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P.
3:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A.
11:20 A.	San Jose	2:25 P.
9:00 A.	Santa Barbara	9:55 A.
5:05 P.	Santa Barbara	7:05 P.
7:00 A.	Santa Rosa	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Santa Rosa	8:30 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Galt	7:05 P.
5:05 P.	Stockton and Galt	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Truckee and Reno	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Truckee and Reno	3:40 P.
8:30 A.	Colfax	5:00 P.
7:00 A.	Vallejo	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Vallejo	†8:30 P.
*12:15 P.	Folsom & Placerv'le (mixed)	*10:35 A.
*7:15 A.	Folsom and Placerville	*3:45 P.
*5:20 P.	Folsom	*6:50 A.

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

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