ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE SUNDAY UNION.

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Weather Forecasts for To-Day.

California—Fair in Northern and local rains in Southern California; southwesterly winds; slightly warmer.

Oregon and Washington—Fair, preceded by light rains; westerly winds; slightly warmer.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has the courage to declare in favor of subsidies, saying: "It is foolish to say that the age of subsidies has passed. England still subsidizes, and so do France, Italy and Germany. And, for that matter, so does the United States, but it subsidizes foreign vessels and starves its own."

PROFESSOR RILEY, of the Bureau of Entomology of this Government, has been decorated by the President of the French Republic in acknowledgment of his discoveries and his labors in the interests of the science. American scientists are steadily commanding more and more of recognition in Europe, and the same may be said of American artists.

WE admire a sublime specimen of cheek. Here is a splendid example from the New Orleans *Picayune:*

Sectionalism exists chiefly among the Northern people in the Northern States. Abolish it by educating their youth in Southern schools. They will then become national and patriotic; no longer prejudiced sectional partisans.

The difficulty with our Southern contemporary is, that it has, evidently, not the capacity to distinguish between patriotic devotion to the Union of States and sectional prejudices and dislikes. The citizen who is well informed concerning the spirit of the Northern States—so called—will be more amused than surprised by the expression of the New Orleans paper.

AN interesting essay by an Eastern contemporary takes the position that suicide is increasing to an alarming rate. We are inclined to think that the statistics will not bear out the assertion. There is difficulty, however, in arriving at the figures for the earlier centuries, but it has seemed to us that life is held at higher value in the nineteenth century than in the earlier ones, and that there is not more of self-destruction now than, say in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries proportionately. In these days publicity is given to all events of this kind, and therefore there is a seeming of increase of suicide. It would be an interesting study for some accomplished statistician to make research in this matter and evolve reliable statements of fact concerning it.

THE New York *Herald* exclaims:

Alas, Jersey! Why do you discriminate? A pickpocket is sent to prison on the limited express; a murderer feels the rope twitch before the first witness takes the stand. But the gambler allows his thumb to rest on the tip of his nose, while his fingers in rapid motion indicate defiance.

But how much better off is California? In this State also we punish murderers, imprison pickpockets and send vagrants to work upon the highway. But the vendors of lottery tickets, the newspaper men who advertise lottery schemes and the agents who deal in blanks and prizes openly and in defiance of the law are not so much as warned. On the contrary, it is probable that half the officials, or more, whose duty it is to enforce the law against these offenders, at mere suggestion of the word lottery would go down into their pockets and pull up coupons to see if they held winning numbers. If New Jersey is worthy of reproach for partiality, what shall be said of the greater State, California?

MR. A. J. DREXEL has added his own to the accumulating testimony that the men of great wealth in this country are using their surplus means for the most beneficent of purposes. A calm survey of the century will disclose that wealth has vastly added to the sum of human happiness and knowledge, and has done a magnificent work for mankind in the founding of schools, universities, libraries, training-schools, hospitals, trade instruction classes, art schools, mechanic art institutions, baths, homes for the destitute and the aged and weak, churches, orphanages, public works, etc. Mr. Drexel's is the latest of the great benefactions of the day. He has donated and set aside a million and a half of money to build an industrial institute in the city of Philadelphia. It will be planned to accommodate a thousand girls by day and a thousand boys by night. These will be taught self-helpfulness, and that without money and without price being asked from them. They are not to be preached at and lectured, but are to be thoroughly taught how to do useful and supporting things, to accomplish at least the rudiments of many trades. It is believed that in three years' time a girl by day instruction, and in four years' time a boy by partial day and evening instruction, can be taught callings in this institute that will enable them to be independent of assistance, and yet that in the meantime they will not be so withdrawn from wage-earning that they will not be able to study and to contribute to the support of themselves in cases where they have not homes. The great need of the times is education in the line of self-helpfulness and for the building up of our land in skilled industries with skilled workers of our own raising. The labor unions have told us repeatedly that the excuse for the importation of skilled workmen from Europe is the fact that our own youth are not taught trades well and thoroughly. The beneficence of Mr. Drexel is in the direction of removing

TWO CONFERENCES.

On the second day of October the Congress of American Nations is to assemble in the City of Washington. The purpose is to consider the mutuality of trade interests that should exists between the States of the two continents, but that does not in practice develop. Our own representatives in that body are to be in the minority from the outset. They will at once face the fact that the other States propose to buy where they can do the best, irrespective of the continental comity and the supposed goodfellowship between American Governments. As matters now stand, the South American States buy most largely of England and Germany, and they will have to be convinced by powerful reasons to induce a change of the habit of half a century, and more. The representatives of these States are men of the shrewdest business wisdom and political sense, and they will not at all be awed by their surroundings, or by the capacity of the men we have selected to meet them. We might as well make up our minds now that all the wooing is to come from our side, and that our representatives have before them a most difficult task. Up to date, the Central American States have not named delegates, and should they refuse to do so, the situation will be most embarassing when the subject of the Nicaragua canal is reached. Before this convention will have concluded its labors, another, quite as important, will have assembled in the same city—The International Marine Congress. To this latter body will come delegates from Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Russia, Belgium, Mexico, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Hawaii, Japan, The Netherlands, Nicaragua, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Uraguay and Honduras. The congress will have before it subjects of the most important character, and the very broadest concern. It is impossible to foresee what will be the result of the deliberations of the representatives concerning the marine navy of the world and the international ethics of the same, but we certainly have some reason to hope that the meeting of such a body of representatives of the nations will result in a better understanding as to the aims and purposes of the respective Governments, in the cultivation of much brotherly feeling and in inspiring greater respect for each other.

THE ELIXIR.

Dr. Barnsfather, of Cincinnati, warns all physicians to exercise the utmost caution in experimenting with the Brown-Sequard elixir. He says there is danger of blood-poisoning unless great care is taken in the preparation of the fluid to be injected. We have in our system many micro-organisms which carry on the processes of life and digestion, and which antagonize the saprophytes, or death-dealing bacilli, that are constantly invading our bodies through the air we breathe. Between them there is a constant life and death struggle for the mastery, and while our home friends are in the supremacy we remain in good health. When the saprophytes are in greater numbers we have sickness, and if they still increase in number we have that condition to set up which eventually causes death. When we are dealing with anything which has been killed, in the course of an hour or two afterwards the saprophytes from the atmosphere can be found in incredible numbers on it, and, as they propagate and multiply with fearless speed, it becomes a great question whether after that time an injection of that poisonous material will not do more harm than good. The doctor adds:

All doctors know that the smallest portion of the fluid of a dead body, if it finds its way into a cut or abrasion, will inevitably produce blood-poisoning, and it does this through the ptomains formed by those death-dealing saprophytes. The fluid for injection should never be more than an hour old when used, and then it ought always to be made in a vessel which is antiseptic and impervious to the surrounding air. Then the product will be perfectly harmless as far as blood-poisoning is concerned.

It would be safe to say that the present craze for the elixir will die out within a year, and after that time we will find no physician who will use it on a patient, unless as a temporary stimulant. It is opposed to all reason to look upon it as a rejuvenator.

THE Sultan of Turkey has instructed his officials to treat the Kurds with the utmost consideration, and to avoid all difficulty with them. What does this mean? Simply that the Porte fears that Russia is watching closely for an excuse to make war, with a view to her old ambition, the re-establishment of the Greek Church at Constantinople, and to sweep away the last vestige of restriction upon him to the free navigation of the Dardanelles with his ships of war. Now if the Turks permit the people of Kurdistan to give any complaint Russia will seize upon it, as she did upon the persecution of the Bulgarians, as a pretext for armed movements against Turkey. Turkey has jurisdiction over some 1,500,000 Kurds. In their vicinity Russia has concentrated an unusually strong military force. Since the instruction of Turkey to her Armenian officials, and which was to have been a profound secret, has leaked out, it will not be surprising to hear of the Czar making that attempted secrecy a cause for war. "Between Russia and Turkey expect anything," runs the proverbial saying in Europe, and it looks now as if expectation of the unusual is about to be gratified. Kurdistan is a wall between Russia and portions of Asia Minor that the Turk cannot afford to lose, and that Persia does not wish him crowded from, for the Kurd tribes are partly located in the latter country, and as they are a clannish, fierce and warlike people, the nation that succeeds in attaching them to its banners will have a powerful ally, with its wings resting in Persia on the south and Asiatic Turkey on the northwest. Turkey now realizes that if the Kurds are at all provoked by the petty tyrranny of any of her officials to commit outrages upon the Christians of Armenia, Russia will do as she did in the case of the Bulgarians in 1878. Turkish orders, therefore, to treat the Kurds with consideration, are issued with a view of restraining them from a recent disposition to make it uncomfortable for Christians in that part of Asia Minor.

The Big Railroad Tank.

The work on the big railroad water tank, adjoining the caboose, is advancing considerably, and it will soon be completed. It will be a more extensive affair than one would suppose, and will hold 17,000 gallons. The foundation on which the tank is to rest is a most substantial one. The workmen dug down about eight or nine feet, and then made twelve large concrete piles, and after the concrete hardened earth and stone were thrown around them. These concrete piles are surmounted by an iron plate, fastened to them by iron bars, running through the concrete. On the plates will rest twelve iron pillars, twelve feet in length, and all connected by iron rods. On top of these large oak timbers will be secured and on these the tank will rest. This foundation will hold up an enormous weight.—*Folsom Telegraph.*

BOUM-BOUM.

[Translated from the French of Jules Clarette by M. M.]

I.

A pale little child, his eyes enlarged by fever, was stretched out on his little white bed; he looked straight before him continually with the strange fixed gaze of sick persons, who perceive already that which the living cannot see.

At the foot of the bed the mother, weighed down with grief, biting her fingers to keep from crying out, watched anxiously the progress of the disease upon the poor emaciated frame of the little one; and the father, a worthy man of the laboring class, forced back into his eyes the tears that burned his eyelids.

It was morning, a bright beautiful morning in June; the soft light stole into the narrow chamber where the little Francois, the child of Jacques and Madeleine Legrand, was dying.

He was 7 years old; not three weeks ago he was rosy with health, gay and happy as a bird, this little one! But a fever had seized him. He returned from school one evening, his head aching and his hands burning. Since then he was there on his bed, and sometimes in his delirium, while looking at his little shoes, that his mother had carefully placed on a board in the corner, he would say:

"You can throw them away now, the shoes of little Francois; little Francois will not put them on again; little Francois will go no more to the school—never—never." Then the father would cry out, "Wilt thou be quiet, little one?" and the mother would go and bury her pale face in the pillow that the little Francois might not see her weep.

This night he was not delirious, but for two days he had puzzled the doctor by a strange weakness, like a prostration as if the sick one had become weary in the struggle for life. He was tired, silent, sad, letting his head roll about on his pillow, wishing to take nothing, having no smile on his poor thin lips, his haggard, searching eyes seeing, one knows not what, with his penetrating gaze.

He sees up there, perhaps, thought Madeleine, and shuddered.

When they wished him to take his medicine, a syrup, a little bouillon, he refused; he refused everything.

"Dost thou wish anything, Francois?"

"No, I wish nothing."

"We must get him out of this condition," said the doctor, "this torpor frightens me! You are the father and mother, and ought to know your child well. Think of something that will reanimate this little body; that will call back to earth this spirit that is trying to escape to the clouds," and the old doctor left the sick room.

Think!

Yes, without doubt they knew their Francois well, these good people; they knew how the little one amused himself, going on Sunday to plunder the hedges of flowers, and returning to Paris loaded with hawthorn blossoms on the shoulders of his father, or again, in the Champs Elysees enjoying Punch and Judy, seated on the inside of the rope circle with the little rich children. Jacques Legrand had bought some pictures, some metal soldiers, some Chinese shadow-works; he had cut them out, put them on the child's little bed, made them dance before the wandering eyes of the child, and almost in tears himself, he tried to make Francois smile.

"See, little one, here is a draw-bridge; hear the bell ring, tire-lire-lire! And here is a General! Dost thou remember once we saw a real General in the Bois de Boulogne? If thou takest thy medicine well I will buy one for thee with a cloth coat and gilt sword. Tell me, wishest thou the General?"

"No," answered the child, with a voice made sharp by fever.

"Wishest thou a pistol, some marbles, a bow and arrow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to all that they said to him, to all the jumping jacks and balloons that they promised him, while the parents looked at each other hopelessly, that little voice responded:

"No, no, no."

"But what is it that thou dost wish for my Francois," asked the mother; "let us see if there is anything thou wouldest like—tell me; tell thy mama!" and as she pressed her cheek on the pillow of the little sick one, she murmured this in his ear softly like a secret. Then the child raising himself on his bed, and extending an eager hand toward something invisible responded suddenly in a clear tone, with a strange accent, at the same time supplicating an imperative, "I want Boum-boum!"

II.

The poor Madeleine cast a startling look at her husband. What was it the little one had just said? Can it be that once more the delirium, the frightful delirium has returned? Boum-boum! She knew not what it meant, and she feared these singular words that the child now repeated with the pertinacity of a sick person. As if not having dared to express his desire until then, he clung to it now with an unconquerable obstinacy.

"Yes. Boum-boum! Boum-boum! I want Boum-boum!"

The mother had seized the hand of Jacques nervously, saying very low as if stupified:

"What can that possibly mean, Jacques? Oh, he is lost!"

But the father had on his face, roughened by labor and stunned by grief, a smile almost happy, the smile of the condemned who sees before him the possibility of liberty.

Boum-boum! He well remembered the morning of Easter Monday, when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the joyous laughter of the child, the happy outburst of an amused child, when the clown, the beautiful clown, all spangled with gold, with a large reddish butterfly, glittering, many-colored in the back of his black costume; made a jump across the track, tripped up the heels of the ringmaster, who held himself straight and stiff in the sawdust, his head down, his feet in the air; then threw up into the air several hats of soft felt, which he adroitly caught on his head, where they formed one on top of the other a pyramid; and at each trick, at each joke, as a good refrain, making merry with his ingenious and funny make-up, uttered the same cry, repeated the same word, accompanied sometimes by the thunder of the orchestra: "Boum-boum! Boum-boum!" And each time he cried Boum-boum the circus resounded with bravos and the little one had shouted with laughter at Boum-boum!

It was this Boum-boum, it was the clown of the circus, it was the amuser of a great part of the city, that he wished to see, that he wished to have, the little Francois, and that he could neither see nor have, since he was stretched out there without strength in his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought to the child a clown with jointed limbs, covered with spangles, that he had bought at a very high price in a top store—the price of four day's labor as a mechanic! But he would give twenty, thirty, he would give the price of a year's labor to bring one smile to the pale lips of the little sufferer.

The child looked for a moment at this plaything that sparkled on his white bed, then sadly said:

"That is not Boum-boum! I want to see Boum-boum!"

Oh! how Jacques wished to wrap him up in the bed covers, to carry him in his arms to the circus, to show him the clown dancing under the circle of lights and say to him— But look! Jacques did better than that; he went to the circus, asked the address of the clown and turning his legs, faltering with emotion, he mounted one by one the steps that led to the apartments of the artist at Montmartre. It was indeed a bold thing that Jacques came to do! But after all the comedians go sometimes to sing, sometimes to recite in the houses of great persons at their receptions. Perhaps the clown—Oh! if he would consent to come, if only to say "Good day" to Francois, no matter how they would receive him, Jacques Legrand, here at the home of Boum-boum.

But here it was no longer Boum-boum. It was Mr. Moreno, and in his artistic rooms some books, some pictures, some elegant works of art, made a well-chosen decoration for the agreeable man who received Jacques in his cabinet like that of the old physician. Jacques looked at him, not recognizing the clown, and kept twisting his felt hat between his fingers. The other waited. Then the father made his excuses: It was astonishing—that which he came to ask—not on his own account—pardon—excuse—but, in truth, for the little one; a nice child, monsieur, and so intelligent! Always the first at school, except in numbers which were hard to understand. He was a dreamer, that little one, you see; yes, a dreamer; and the proof!—the proof—Jacques now hesitated and stammered, then he collected his courage and quickly said:

"The proof is that he wishes to see you; he thinks only of you; that you are there before him like a star that he wishes to hold and look at."

When he had finished, the father, very pale, had on his forehead great drops of sweat. He did not dare to look at the clown, who remained with his eyes fixed on the workman, and what is it that Boum-boum is about to say? Is he about to send him away—take him for an insane person—put him out of the house?

"Where do you live?" Boum-boum asked.

"Oh, very near on the street of the Abbesses."

"Let us go," said the other. "Your boy wishes to see Boum-boum? Eh bien! in a moment he will see Boum-boum."

III.

When the door opened to admit the clown Jacques Legrand cried joyously to his son:

"Francois, be happy, little one! Look! here is Boum-boum!"

And the child had on his face a joyful look. He raised himself on his mother's arm and turned his head toward the two men who had entered, looked a moment at the figure beside his father, at that strange gentleman in a dress-coat, whose kind, bright face smiled at him, and when they said, "It is Boum-boum," he slowly and sadly let his head fall on the pillow and remain there, his eyes fixed, those great, beautiful blue eyes that seemed to gaze far beyond the walls of the little room and to be always searching for the spangles and butterfly of Boum-boum, as a lover who pursues his dream. "No," said the child, with a voice still sharper and more heart-rending, "No; it is not Boum-boum."

The clown standing near the little bed, gazed at the face of the little sufferer with a penetrating look, very grave and of infinite sweetness. He shook his head, looked at the anxious father, the sad mother, and said, smiling, "He is right. It is not Boum-boum," and left the room.

"I did not see him. I will never see him again, Boum-boum," the child repeated, his little voice seemed now speaking to the angels, "perhaps Boum-boum will be there, where little Francois is going soon."

Just then—had hardly been half an hour since the clown disappeared—the door opened abruptly, and in his spangled suit, a yellow top-knot on his head, the gilt butterfly on his breast and back, with his huge smile, his face well powdered, Boum-boum, the true Boum-boum, the Boum-boum of the circus, the children's favorite, the Boum-boum of the little Francois, Boum-boum appeared.

And upon his little white bed, the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, saved, the child clapped his thin little hands together and cried bravo, and said, with the gaiety of his seven years awakened by the entrancing sight before him:

"Boum-boum! It is he, it is he this time! This is Boum-boum! Vive Boum-boum! How do you do, Boum-boum!"

IV.

When the doctor came next day he found, seated at the bedside of little Francois, a clown with painted face, who made the little one laugh continually, and who said to him, while stirring a morsel of sugar in the bottom of the medicine glass:

"Thou knowest if thou dost not drink it, little Francois, Boum-boum will not come back again."

And the child drank.

"Is it not good to take?"

"Very good; thank you, Boum-boum."

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "do not be jealous—though it appears that my grimaces do as much good as your prescriptions."

The father and mother wept, but this time from joy.

And until the time little Francois was once more on his feet, a carriage stopped every day before the laborer's quarters in the street of the Abbesses at Montmartre, and a man descended enveloped in a large mantle, the cape pulled over his head, and under that dressed as if for the circus, with his gay visage well painted.

"What is it that I owe you, monsieur?" Jacques Legrand said finally to the clown, the day the child took his first walk in the open air; "for indeed we owe you everything."

The clown held out his two hands, large and strong as those of Hercules, to the parents and said:

"Only a clasp of the hands!"

Then placing two great kisses on the cheeks—once more rosy—of the child, said laughingly: "And the permission to write on my visiting card:

"BOUM-BOUM.

"Doctor, acrobat, physician ordinaire to the little Francois."

EL RIO REY.

He Breaks the Three-quarter Record While Carrying 126 Pounds.

The telegraph brings the news of another victory for the Sacramento colt, El Rio Rey. Yesterday at Morris Park, New York, he won the rich White Plains Handicap. This was a sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, with $5,000 added, of which $1,000 went to the second horse and $500 to the third. The race closed with 246 entries. Horses declared out on the day before the date for the race was named were taxed only $25, and those declared by August 1st only $10. It is impossible to tell when the declarations were made, but as eleven horses started there were 235 that paid forfeit. Possibly some paid the full half ($50); but, assuming that all got off with $10 each, the forfeits would amount to $2,350. This, added to the $1,000 put up for the ten other starters, and the $3,500 of the stakes that fell to the winner, would make his winnings $7,850. It is safe to say, however, that the amount was nearer double that sum.

The distance was three-quarters of a mile, and the game Sacramento two-year-old carried the top weight of 126 pounds against the crack colts of the country. And he not only carried that extreme weight, but actually broke the record. Prior to this meeting, the fastest time was 1:13, made by Force (five years) at Louisville on September 24, 1883, carrying 121 pounds, and also by Tom Hood (four years) at Louisville on September 19, 1888, carrying 115 pounds. A few days ago Tipstaff broke this record down to 1:12 at Norris Park, and now comes the gallant son of Norfolk and Marrion, cutting off another second while carrying 126 pounds.

This is a glorious victory for Mr. Winters' colt, which has met the best in the land, commencing at St. Louis and following the circuit through to New York, and without encountering defeat. While it looks as though El Rio Rey were capable of withstanding almost any penalty that his victories might inflict upon his future efforts, still it would be expecting too much of him to assume that he will not have to lower his colors before the season closes. The best of horses are liable to have "off" days, and these may yet come to him, but thus far he stands peerless in the annals of the turf—the equine sensation of the year. Sacramento is proud of El Rio Rey, and his owner is to-day (in some quarters) regarded as a bigger man than the President.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS.

Deeds to Real Estate Filed With the County Recorder.

[From law and abstract office of Brusie & Taylor, southeast corner of Seventh and J.]

A. D. Christiansen to C. L. Christiansen—West half of lot 7, C and D and Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets; $ 0.

Fannie K. Cross to Amanda C. Harris—Block X and Y and Twenty second and Twenty-third streets; $10.

William T. Wallace, Jr., to Amanda C. Harris—Block X and Y and Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets; $40.

Amanda C. Harris to Antone Gerig—Block X and Y and Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, and the block X and Y and Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets; grant.

Mrs. Minnie H. Robertson to Mrs. Amanda C. Harris—Block X and Y and Twenty second and Twenty-third streets; consideration; quit claim.

J. Frank Clark to J. Flanders—5x10 feet of lot No. 1232 in City Cemetery; $25.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

Says Professor Swing, who has just been elected a trustee of a Methodist college, speaking of the contest of reason with Christianity, "Whether anything of Christianity will remain, is the important and painful question."

The *Canadian Freeman* says: "His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Bonifice, Mgr. Tache, is the owner of a precious souvenir given him by Sir E. P. Tache, the President of the Quebec Conference in 1864. It is the inkstand used by the father of the Confederation in deciding the destinies of the new Dominion. This inkstand has been placed on the table at the Council of Bishops held at St. Bonifice, and was used by their Lordships in signing the first decrees issued by their body."

The New York *Christian Advocate* says: "A young man who plays the cornet for a colored Methodist church in New York, was asked the other day whether visitors would be welcome in that church on a certain Sabbath. His answer was: 'We are closed for the summer.' This is somewhat amusing. Perhaps not one of the families in this church has gone to the country, and there does not seem to be the slightest occasion for suspending religious services; but fashions set by wealthy churches will spread everywhere, whether they be good or bad."

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "A pirate's flag was nailed to the almost inaccessible steeple of a church on Long Island, and the *Christian Register* intimates that, though it may be difficult to remove that flag, yet it fears 'it will occasion more trouble to the Presbyterian Church to haul down its objectionable standards than to remove the malicious symbol from this church.' We can assure our contemporary that it will be some years before any 'objectionable standards' of the Presbyterian Church are hauled down. It will keep the old colors hoisted for some while to come."

Father McDermott, of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Pittsburg, Pa., says of the school for colored boys, which the generosity of Miss Kate Drexel is enabling him to establish in Philadelphia, that the location has not been definitely decided; neither has he drawn up any plans as to the programme of studies. The school, he said, will be an industrial one, where colored youths, besides receiving a good practical education, will be trained in the different trades and industrial arts. There will be a chapel in connection with the school, where the boys will attend services at stated times.

The *Watchman* (Baptist) responds to the declaration of the Boston *Herald* "that the old (Calvanistic) faith still maintains a firm foothold only in districts where the present religious thought has not penetrated," as follows: "It is assumed that sceptics and agnostics are the only ones who do any thinking. It is further assumed that nobody would hold the system, save from ignorance of what is written against it. Both assumptions are as absurd as they are offensive. Be it known that Renan and Kuenen and Wellhausen and their Broad-Church pupils are read by scholars and thinkers who weigh their pretensions and find them wanting. The destructive critics do not monopolize learning and thought."

The *Independent* quotes the *Pacific* as saying: "The American Board is denominational—utterly so in its origin; partially so in its history; most largely so in its resources; and fitly so in its equities." And on this the *Independent* remarks: "If this be so, the less said about it the better. And yet the *Pacific* goes on to say that the action of the Board in sending out some Presbyterians as missionaries, and in opposing the union of the Congregational and Presbyterian mission churches in Japan is 'intolerable,' and that 'those who are aggrieved by it should be inquiring for a remedy and acting for relief.' It adds: 'It is high time that the Board should consent to appoint hereafter none but Congregationalists as missionaries, and to throw whatever influence it can consistently exert heartily in favor of the Congregational polity in all missionary fields.' The *Pacific* has been trying for months to get up a crusade against the American Board because it is not sectarian enough. But we have not noticed that anybody else gets red in the face. We think the Board will never refuse to appoint good men because they are Presbyterians. We presume a big fraction of the Congregational pastors of the Pacific Coast have been invited from the Presbyterian Church."

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says: "During a short ride with a visitor to the city we had occasion to point out two east side mission halls, maintained by two of the most prominent Episcopalian churches of New York—Holy Trinity and St. Bartholomew's. We described to him the work done in that supported by the latter church—work like that of any down-town mission, aggressively evangelistic. Our friend had not been used to seeing such aspects of Christian work among Episcopalians, and indeed, they show that Episcopalianism in New York is a different thing from what it is in the country at large. It is much more evangelistic in its methods. These mission halls are a case in point; special evangelistic services advertised by 'dodgers' are another; prayer meetings are a third. Yes, regular 'prayer and conference meetings,' for extemporaneous prayer. We have attended one in the chapel of an Episcopalian Church, and led the meeting in prayer at the request of the leader. Is the wonderful growth of that denomination in our city any wonder? In most places the Episcopalians develop certain well-known forms of religious life, leaving all other directions to be exploited by other sects. Here they make themselves felt in every direction. Their purpose of absorbing other Protestant denominations looks ridiculous enough, but if we don't look out they will do it in this city before we know it."

The *Church of To-day* (P. E.) says: "With many clergymen the prevalent custom of church entertainments—of raising money for the parish through amusements of one kind or another, has been one of deep concern and searchings of heart. The practice is so general, and rectors taking charge of new cures find it so firmly established, that although doubting its wisdom, and its agreement with the true spirit of Christianity, they hesitate upon either forbidding or discountenancing it; and often the parish treasury is in such a depleted condition, and the revenue of the church from the ordinary sources of pewrents and offerings is so inadequate, that some scheme for raising money seems necessary for the financial well-being of the parish. And the indorsement of the methods in vogue becomes more needful if extraordinary expenses are to be assumed, such as repairs or rebuilding or furnishing anew any of the parish buildings. Yet, with a full sense of all this upon them, there is a very general doubt among the clergy if this be the wisest and best manner of getting the needed funds. For beside the obscuration of the true principle of Christian giving, the ordinary church fair or bazaar or entertainment is open to the objection and abuse that are liable to overtake all forms of worldly pleasure. It is true that many of the glaringly objectionable features of these entertainments, such as raffles, games of chance, etc., have been eliminated from them, yet there remains enough to give uneasiness, if not sorrow, to a sober Christian conscience. The Church is accused of indorsing and using for its own gain what it readily condemns when divorced from a pious end, and the accusation is dangerously near the truth. The world is very quick to see the inconsistency, and many Christians are put to the blush when trying to defend in the Church what they condemn in the world."

The Rev. Walker Gwynne says in a letter to the *Churchman*: "About a year ago Dr. Hayman, in a brief note to the *Ecclesiastical Regieter*, London, called attention to what seems to be a manifest slip in the Proper Preface for Trinity Sunday. Our own Prayer-Book, in common with the English, speaks here of the Three Persons in the adorable Trinity as 'without any difference or inequality.' That this is not the teaching of Holy Scripture or of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds needs no argument. There is a 'difference,' though no 'inequality,' and it is specially important, in view of that better and more reverent Unitarianism which continues to abide by the words of Holy Scripture, that this 'difference' should be emphasized, above all things, not denied. * * * The doctrine of the Son's subordination as taught by all the Catholic fathers (see Bishop Bull, Def. Nic. iv. 2, §1; Liddon's B. Lec., p. 199; Newman's Arians, p. 170,) and as stated in the Nicene Creed, though unfortunately obscured in our version, is the 'key of knowledge' for unlocking such apparent difficulties of Holy Scripture. It ought certainly, therefore, not to be 'taken away,' or even put in the background, with the mistaken idea that we can thereby the better defend the central truth of the Homoousion. It is very singular that the original of the preface in the Sarum Missal, as in the Sacramentary of Gelasius, is *Sine differentia discretionis.* Does it not seem, then, as if the corresponding phrase in our Prayer-Book was really only a clerical or printer's error for 'without any difference or inequality,' which is not only the correct, almost literal, translation, but represents also the true doctrine as taught by the Church elsewhere? In view of the nearness of the General Convention and the opportunity afforded in the report on Prayer-Book revision to consider this question, I trust you will give this letter an early place in your columns."

The Rev. Joseph K. Wight of New Hamburg, writes to the *Evangelist* what that journal calls a well-considered letter on the proposed revision of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Mr. Wight thinks revision to be a necessity. "The reasons for it are first, to make the confession more scriptural. The purpose and intent of its authors was to make it so, and in many respects it is admirably and eminently scriptural. But the pivotal center of the confession is God's eternal decree of election, while the pivotal center of the Bible is God's eternal plan of mercy. The distinction may seem slight. In many cases they run parallel, so much so, that we accept the one for the other. But there is, and will be, friction, until we move our base slightly nearer to the true Biblical center. Second, we need this adjustment to make our confession more truly a confession for our whole church. If there is anything which the Presbyterian Church responds heartily to, it is 'Thus saith the Lord.' The Bible as the rule of faith is our sheet anchor, more than any expression of its meaning which man can possibly make. If we try to come more into line and harmony with this fundamental principle, it is an indication of good, rather than any swerving from the stability of our doctrine or polity. And here is the grand, unifying center, not for ourselves only, but for the whole Church of God. The inspired rather than the historic is the platform on which alone we can meet. To many, even of those who are in favor of revision, I may seem to have said enough. To suggest anything more than that which seems absolutely essential and necessary may seem like spoiling a good cause. But I have often felt a strong desire for a brief, clear and evangelical statement of our doctrine and polity—something which could not be bought for a few pence and circulated freely. To be sure, there is the Shorter Catechism, which can be put to this service, but often a Declarative Statement would be better. It would be a great good from this discussion if we could get a clearer idea of what a confession is for. If it be to tie up to stringent orthdoxy, then it might take one form; but if it be for practical use in giving a clear idea of what we wish others to believe, it would take quite a different form. Something of this latter kind we should like to see attempted. Besides its uses in the general way of circulation, it should be put in the hands of all our church members. It would be an especial help to the eldership, and it is hoped would be so drawn up as to meet with their hearty approval; and if any should prefer it, it might be an optional confession for the ministry also."

FOSLOM FLAKES.

The Next Postoffice Quite an Ornament—Don't Want a Building Association.

[Folsom Telegraph, August 31st.]

Mrs C. Aull returned on Saturday evening from an extended visit to Cisco.

There has been a lot of strangers in Folsom during the past week or so, among them some very hard cases,

The roads leading into and out of Folsom are very dusty, and driving is very disagreeable.

Nearly all the thrashing machines in these parts are through with their work, and are being put into winter quarters.

A representative of a certain Eastern building and loan association was here a few days ago endeavoring to organize a branch. He canvassed the town, but did not meet with sufficient encouragement and left without attempting to organize.

Up to this morning Sacramento county has swelled the number of convicts at the prison by three; San Francisco by two; Alameda by one; Sanoma by two; Tehama one; total nine.

Travelers on the railroad between here and Sacramento cannot fail to notice a great improvement in the road. The railroad company has had a great deal of work done on the road-bed during the past two months.

On Sunday last the Postoffice at this place was transferred to the custody of C. L. Ecklon and moved into the new quarters prepared for it. We venture to say that a better arranged or neater Postoffice establishment cannot be found in California.

GLIMPSES AT GALT.

Harvesting Over With—Racing Against Mastication—Personals.

[Galt Gazette, August 31st.]

Eddy Atkinson, of Sacramento, visited friends in Galt this week.

The festive jackrabbit is playing havoc with the young grape-vines on the Laguna.

Judge J. B. Gates visited Sacramento yesterday.

The combined harvesters have about finished operations in this section, and very little grain remains to be cut.

Miss Annie Farnsworth, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. M. McClanahan, of this place.

A burglar entered the room of Tom O'Mally in the Devin Exchange Hotel last Thursday night and extracted about seven or eight dollars from Tom's pants pocket.

One of the amusements of Galt is to bet whether a man can run around the block while another man eats a soda cracker. It is no easy matter to eat a soda cracker in a hurry and the runner usually wins.

Mrs. Mary Hallaran, grandmother of J. D. McCarty of this vicinity, died at her home near French Camp of extreme old age at 10 o'clock last Saturday night. She had seen 103 years, and recollected the death of Washington. Her son-in-law, Lawrence Gallagher, a farmer, is seventy-seven years old. The remains were interred Monday afternoon at the Catholic cemetery, north of Stockton, by Undertaker Barrett.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 31, 1889.

EVENING SESSION

Ophir	51@55	Caledonia	20c
Mexican	51@55	S. Hill	55c
G. & C.	2 55@2 60	Challenge	2 40@2 50
B. & B.	4½@4 60	Occidental	1 90
C. C. Va.	17½@8	Lady Wash	40c
Savage	2 85	Andes	55c
Gould	2 45@2 55	Scorpion	20c
Potosi	1 85@1 90	Ba timore	30c
H & S	3 65@3 80	Bonanza	20c
Point	3 35@3 50	Con. New Y	20c
Jacket	3 45@3 50	W. Comstock	55c
Imperial	55c	East S. Nev	5c
Kentuck	1 50	Prize	70c
Alpha	1 60@1 65	B. Isle	25c
Belcher	3 00	N. Belle Isle	75c
Confidence	6¾	Queen	70c
S. Nevada	3 80@3 90	Com'wealth	2½
Utah	1 25@1 30	Bodie	90c
Bullion	8c	Bulwer	15c
Exchequer	75@80c	Mono	1
Sag. Belcher	2@2 05	Crocker	45@50c
Overman	1 35@1 40	Peerless	35c
Justice	1 95	Weldon	25c
Union	4 05@4 10	Locomotive	25c
Alta	1 55		

George Francis Train, who has been practically fasting since April 18th, taking during the last two months only a little chocolate and berries, has about decided to break his fast. Fruits, he says, do not furnish strength like berries. He proposes to breakfast on baked beans.

Albert Nicolett, an engraver, has confessed to the authorship of the Anarchist manifesto recently circulated throughout Switzerland.

A RANDOM SHOT.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION—By Len.]

The moonlight falling through the madrone leaves and pine branches wove a curious lattice work of light and shade on the white canvas tents of Camp Felton, in the Santa