THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY.................. DECEMBER 15, 1889

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

Published six days in each week, with Double Sheet on Saturdays, and

THE SUNDAY UNION,

Published every Sunday morning, making a splendid SEVEN-DAY paper.

For one year..........$6 00
For six months.......... 3 00
For three months.......... 1 50

Subscribers served by Carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS per week. In all interior cities and towns the paper can be had of the principal Periodical Dealers, Newsmen and Agents.

The SUNDAY UNION is served by Carriers at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per month.

THE WEEKLY UNION

Is the cheapest and most desirable Home, News and Literary Journal published on the Pacific Coast. The SUNDAY UNION is sent to every subscriber to the WEEKLY UNION.

Terms for both one year..........$2 00
The WEEKLY UNION alone per year.......... 1 50
The SUNDAY UNION alone per year.......... 1 00

All these publications are sent either by Mail or Express to agents or single subscribers, with charges prepaid. All Postmasters are agents.

The Best Advertising Mediums on the Pacific Coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as second-class matter.

The RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and WEEKLY UNION are the only papers on the Coast, outside of San Francisco, that receive the full Associated Press dispatches from all parts of the world. Outside of San Francisco, they have no competitors either in influence or home and general circulation throughout the State.

Weather Forecasts for To-Day.

California—Fair weather, except in southern portion; variable winds, and slightly warmer in northern; nearly stationary temperature in the southern.

Oregon and Washington—Fair weather; followed by rain Sunday night in Washington and western part of Oregon; winds shifting to southerly direction; slightly warmer.

WE are gratified that at last the San Francisco press has discovered that there was no flood at Sacramento, and has been no danger of any. It takes a long time to get the truth concerning this section into the columns of San Francisco journalism, but persistent repetition of it finally brings conviction.

MR. HUNT, in "Nature," has placed the depth at which wave action ceases at one hundred fathoms. Deep-sea life then begins. Beyond that light does not penetrate. While the deep-sea forms but rarely ascend beyond that horizon, the shallow-water forms descend far below it. Romancists who make the sea the field for the exercise of their imagination should keep these facts in mind, and make fiction accord with the demonstrations of science.

NAVILLE, in his recent lecture before the Victoria Institute, averred that he had been guided correctly in his researches and discoveries at Bubastis—one of the ancient cities of the Delta of Egypt—and, in consequence, in his inquiries into the worship of the cat-goddess Pasht, by the prophecies in the book of Ezekiel. This is in one respect cumulative proof of the verity of the Bible, and in another simply evidence that the prophet was well informed concerning the Delta region and its people. The discoveries of M. Naville regarding Bubastis are of the highest importance. He found proofs that the city was vastly larger and greatly older than has been supposed. He secured relics from the fourth or pyramid builders down to the thirtieth or last Egyptian dynasty. The monuments and other relics of the shepherd kings show that they were a far more highly cultivated people than has been heretofore supposed. M. Naville thinks they came from Mesopotamia, as against the belief of Virchow, who held them to be Turanians, and Flower, who thought the monuments represented either Turanian or Mongolian types. However, all are agreed that their worship and language were of a Shemitic order, while the statues of their Kings showed that they were not Shemites. M. Naville concludes that "it was then what it still is now; and I believe that the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos is not unlike what would happen if the valley of the Nile should to-day be overrun by the people of Mesopotamia; you would have masses, in great majority of Shemitic race, speaking a Shemitic language, and having a Shemitic religion, but under the command of Turks, who are not Shemites, but Turanians."

OF CITY IMPROVEMENT.

Put all the other questions of the area of levee improvements within which Sacramento might under certain conditions take part out of the way and this remains: that as a matter of convenience and in mercy to the nervous temperament of the San Francisco newspaper men, the Front street levee should be filled in level with the crown of the street as graded between K and L—and it ought to be done now. We do not understand that there is any insuperable obstacle in the way of doing this work this winter. It should for the most part be accomplished by the use of material that can now be had. It will greatly accommodate trade in reaching the freight depots, and will remove the liability to which our visitors are exposed in the rainy season, of wetting their feet in the pools that gather in the swales of the open space beyond Front street. But seriously; the Front street levee should be rounded up to the highest level of the street and well covered with broken stone or similar material. The ground is traversed by railway tracks so that hauling can be easily done in dump cars, while the chain-gang can be employed with profit to its health in doing the grading. If there is not money at command for the purpose in the treasury, it doubtless can be secured from other sources so that the work can be done speedily. When the winter season has passed, the task of bringing the Y street or cross levee below the city to a common level with Front street must be taken up. And that work should be accomplished at the earliest convenient date. We can then give the people in reclamation District No. 1 full notice that if they do not go on and build their levees high and broad, and exterminate the gophers that burrow in them, they can swim or take to boats as they choose, when the snow in the mountains melts in June or July—that whatever happens to them or their property will not interest Sacramento outside of the tender pity our people have for any human beings in distress.

And this gives opportunity to say that in the action of the city officials the last week in indirectly aiding the people of that low-land district to ward off the inundation which threatened them, and which they so narrowly escaped, a wise policy was conserved. It was not to save the property of the land-owners in that district that the authorities tendered the services of the city, but to save the municipality from the greater cost of leveeing against possible back-water, and in disposing of impeded drainage waters. Under the conditions that prevailed last week the Trustees were justified in their action, and it has the approval of the vast majority of the citizens of Sacramento. It was not action that can be cited as a precedent establishing a policy, whatever may be the thought of the duty of people of Reclamation District No. 1. On the contrary. The latter must make up their minds that so long as they remain a distinct quasi-corporate body, independent under the law, they must alone care for their property, and look for no assistance from Sacramento. As to whether at any future time they should be swallowed up by the municipality, as we said in the outset, may be put aside. It is a question for the far future, and over which this generation need not concern itself. But, as we the other day said, those who have been enabled by the State to secure valuable lands under the reclamation laws at nominal prices should be required to do such duty as will remove that taxable property from the menace of high water, and to keep the heritage they enjoy in such a safe condition that it will not be a source of constant danger to the owners in districts lying below them.

A WAIL FROM NEW ENGLAND.

The ruin of New England agriculture is a subject engrossing a great deal of attention at the East at this time. The pen picture drawn in the New York *Post*, and by Judge Nott in the *Nation*, of the decay of the industry, the abandonment of valuable property, the deserted towns, ruined and falling buildings, rotting fences, neglected barns and granaries, toppling churches, deserted farm residences and uncultivated fields, are very pitiful. The drift of population to the cities, the opening up of the cheap lands of the west, the immigration allurement of the Western and Pacific States, the immense farming operations of the prairie sections, low transportation, the liberality of Government in disposing of lands—these are a few of the reasons given for the decay of farming in New England. Judge Nott adds:

> Instead of letting our agriculture grow by natural causes—hard work, improved methods, better culture, and slowly extending area—we have seized the new land which properly belongs to the next century, and have squandered the riches which nature garnered for mankind with a waste and prodigality for which future generations, if they have any sense, may well curse their fathers.

The tariff, the building of railways, the over-stocking of markets, also come in for reprobation, and the conclusion is reached that,

> The highest, purest, noblest agricultural population that this world has ever possessed is being dissipated, and, as a race, merged and lost. As a race, it has been rich beyond comparison in human products—in clergymen, soldiers, statesmen, scholars, poets, merchants, inventors, and men who believe in honesty and work. Yet the last act of the New England farmer is not unworthy of his sturdy and upright lineage. He faces the situation, and closes his accounts and pays his debts like a man: it is the business which has become bankrupt, not he. When we remember how hard it is for any of us to give up an undertaking on which we have spent time and money * * * we must acknowledge that there is something grand in the farmer of these mountain towns, who, rising to the heroic treatment of his case, turns away from the fields and fences upon which he has toiled through the better part of his life, and, by a decree as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, writes upon the closed door, "Abandoned."

The Boston *Journal*, while not taking so woful a view of the situation, thinks that the change is to be mainly attributed to the creation of manufacturing employments more profitable than farming, and, of course, conducted at the expense of agriculture. The Springfield *Republican*, while admitting that the statement of Judge Nott is in many respects accurate, says that the bottom of the decline has been reached; that there are no more lands in the West to "throw away," and that after all, manufacturing New England has been able to make a living.

Our New England friends should not quarrel with natural processes. The decline of agriculture in these States where the conditions are so hard, was inevitable in the face of the competition of the more favored sections of the expansive West. New England can boast of having given of the best of her brain and brawn to the conquest of the far West, and that to her progressive spirit, the indomitable perservance of her sons and the hardy character of her human growth, the nation owes the acquisition in large part of the empire of broad States toward the setting sun. That the hard line agriculture of rugged New England, with its long winters, has declined, is not indicative of her recession from the station of influence she occupies in the American scheme. Natural development certainly has been stimulated wonderfully in the West by Government aid, but no benefit has accrued in which New England has not, in common with the rest of the nation, shared.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

San Jose has a new daily paper called the *Telegram*. Its unique salutatory is as follows: "This is Vol. 1 No. 1. of the *Telegram* F. F. FRAZIER."

The *Calistogian*, published at Calistoga, Napa county, by J. L. Multer, has entered upon its thirteenth volume.

DIXON DOINGS.

The Week's News of That Lively Little Town in Brief.

[Dixon Tribune, December 14th.]

Miss Cecelia Myers of Sacramento is the guest of Miss Kate Snyder.

Miss Nettie Thompson came down from Sacramento Tuesday for a brief vacation.

C. C. Agee will realize $4,000 gross this season from twenty acres of raisin grapes.

The fields about town are alive with doves, but very few are killed owing to their wildness.

Several cases of measles have been reported in the town and adjacent country.

Water is standing in many fields and a great deal of grain has been drowned out.

The unusual scarcity of mallard ducks is noticed but cannot be accounted for by hunters.

A London dispatch of December 10th announces that the price of diamonds is to be advanced from 10 to 15 per cent. Dixon people are indifferent about the matter as they have already laid in their winter supply.

A Good Send-Off.

[From the Placer County Republican.]

The Sacramento *Themis* thinks Mayor Eugene J. Gregory, of that city, is the most available man the Republicans can find to nominate for Governor. He is a young man of excellent business qualifications; he can write and speak well, and he is free from all party entanglements that beset the others. His administration of the municipal affairs of Sacramento has been marked with splendid results, and we are inclined to think that the *Themis* is about right. We do not think, either, that Mr. Gregory is seeking the office with that "uncommon anxiety" which makes the ordinary candidate offensive.

Oroville Citrus Fair.

During the Citrus Fair three trains a day will be run between Oroville and Marysville. The train as run at the present time will be continued, the night train will be put on that week, and a train will be put on from Marysville here after the arrival of the Red Bluff local in the morning and back in the afternoon in time to take the train for Gridley, Biggs or Chico during the afternoon. In this way all living along the line of the railroad as far north as Red Bluff can come on the morning train and return in the afternoon. Parties from Marysville, Moore Station or Palermo can come up and spend the day here and return toward night.—*Oroville Register.*

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

[By Rose Terry Cooke.]

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow; and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn; but he did not give it out—he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do the Lord's work, and do it with all his might; but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook—a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory: yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population, eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hill-side and rocky pasture for more food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow His footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day—he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thoughts, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." So, with a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer-meetings would not perhaps so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer-meetings.

"For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel that they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our shortcoming one to another, and act as if in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in a measure what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger;' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from our children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us, then, each for himself, try to act that day just as we think Christ our great Exemplar would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and to the world about us that we have not taken upon us his name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all, on Saturday evening, meet here again, and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please to rise."

Everybody rose, except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes, and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had roused the church fully; it was something fixed and positive to do; it was the lever-point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move the world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary, as the pastor expected. When the box for the ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for that purpose, and wrote on it a name. The pastor said, after he had counted them:

"Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I haint got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That is'nt what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short, thick-set man, with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store, and had a well-earned reputation for honesty.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back, I'll tell you just as it come. Monday I looked about me, to begin with. I am amazin' fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me—the doctor says it ain't; but, dear me, it does set a man up good cold mornings to have a cup of hot, sweet, tasty drink, and I haven't had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks call nervous, and I call cross, before night comes; and I knew it fetched on spells of low spirits, when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they try, for I've stopped, and I'm a-goin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything; I was fetched up on pie, as you might say. Our folks always had it three times a day, and the doctor, he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the despepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and onreliable as a weathercock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothin' help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning, while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'em if they be, and see that they are kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean and pleasant that has despepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't, and lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience; facin' what I knew I ought to do, I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it larnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my bible-class. They haven't really tended up to Sunday-school as they ought to, along back; but I was busy, here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all; but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Seemed as though I heerd the Lord for the first time sayin' 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.' Then another man's old mother says to me before he came in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a-sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill-hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethring, so was I! I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye; but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parkes' earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; but the smile passed as he said:

"Brother Emmons, do you remember what the Master said—'If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself?'"

"Well, it's so," answered the deacon, "it's so right along. Why, I never thought so much of my Bible class, nor took no sech int'rest in 'em as I do to-day—not since I begun to teach. I b'lieve they'll come more reg'lar now, too.

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; then I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy, but when I come home at noon spell Philury says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is into the orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better believe. That black bull has been a-breaking into my lot ever since we got in th' aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong, as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day."

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come round like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas hisn and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that would not say I'd practis with the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I believe my hope has been of them that perish; it ain't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to 't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come, I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for family relations. I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. I just fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called wife.

"'Dear me,' said she, 'I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit.' I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tex' about not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed; I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why it struck right in! There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty-odd year 'most scart because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail o' water she'd always drawed herself, and then I milked the cow. When I come in Philury was up fryin' the potatoes, and the tears shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still; but she had'nt no need to. I felt a leettle meaner'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothin' to my condition when I was goin', towards night, down the suller stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heerd Joe up in the kitchen, say to Emmy 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.'—'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!'—Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natured I can't but think he's struck with death.' I tell ye, brethren, I sat right down on them suller stairs and cried. I did, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up—jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know—but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as they theirn. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmon's shortcomin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind o' left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuterin' but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I began to think 'twas gettin' easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some cur-t'in calico. I had a handsome piece, all done off with roses, but there was a fault in the weavin'—every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place came acrost me. Why I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a doorkeeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't b'lieve you've looked real close at this goods, 'taint thorough wove,' says I. She didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times I'd done such mean, onreliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a-trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, so far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' come around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I would begin to old Mis' Vender's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come over to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and swallered a little, and fin'lly I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vender.'

"'No, you don't!' ses she, as quick as a wink, 'I stay home and mind my business.'

"'Well, we should like to have you come along with us and do ye good,' says I, sort of conciliatin'.'

"'Look a-here, deacon!' she snapped; 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poor'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now, what are you a-coming here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go and come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she come at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never ask her nor hern to so much as I think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names—and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull of 'em and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve nor save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head, and many another bent, also. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, to Israel of old, "Go forward;" and they obeyed his voice. The Sunday-school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect, perhaps, as new growths are, but still an off-shoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, is the author of several novels.

It is said that Sir James Hannen will be raised to the Peerage.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler has gone to Algeria to spend the winter.

Oscar Wilde is writing a novel. It will first see the light in America.

The Rev. Yadoc Khangran, Grand Rabbi of Paris, has been elected Grand Rabbi of France.

Miss Rachel Sherman, the daughter of General Sherman, will locate in Paris for the winter.

King Luis, of Portugal, gave the copyrights of his literary works to charitable institutions.

When "Little Phil" Sheridan, now a 9-year old, is old enough he is to have a West Point appointment.

Wm. Walter Phelps, United States Minister at Berlin, has received the degree of L.L. D. from Rutgers College.

Sansuke Hayaski, Japanese Superintendent of Police, is traveling through Europe to get points on his profession.

Emile Zola, the author, is a candidate for the seat in the French Academy, made vacant by the death of Emile Augier.

The Rev. H. D. Ward and Mrs. Ward (nee Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) have taken a house in Washington for the season.

Only thirteen of the 375 Senators and Representatives who sat in Congress in 1876, the centennial year, still retain their seats.

It is said that Queen Victoria is keeping her unpublished manuscripts, poems and short stories for publication after her death.

Harriet Beecher Stowe recently said: "I wish writers of my life would wait until I am dead before they publish their biographies."

S. N. D. North, of Boston, is in charge of the newspaper statistics for the census of 1890. He held the same position ten years ago.

The Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard next June will be delivered by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has given to Buffalo Bill a fine pair of mustangs which she had been unable to break. His cowboys quickly brought them to time.

Ex-Justice Mortimer M. Jackson, who died at Madison, Wisconsin, recently, was United States Consul at Halifax for twenty years, having been appointed by Lincoln in 1861.

The Russian Emperor as he grows older becomes in appearance more and more a typical Cossack; colossal in figure, entirely bald, flat-nosed, and enormously mustached and bearded.

Mrs. Redfield Proctor will spend most of the winter in the South, nursing her invalid son. In her absence her daughter and her niece, Miss Carey, will preside over the War Secretary's household.

The Rev. Baring Gould, who is a musician as well as an author, has organized a company of amateurs, which has achieved great success in singing old Cornish and Devon ballads through those counties.

Charles Bradlaugh, the noted English atheist and member of Parliament, who has been dangerously ill of congestion of the lungs, has recovered. He will soon take a voyage to regain his full strength.

Sir Frederick Young, who is past the age of 70, has just returned to London from one of the most remarkable journeys ever made by a man of his years—a South African tour that covered 16,000 miles. He was not sick a day during his absence from home.

Wilkie Collins directed in his will that he should be buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding £125, that no scarfs or hatbands should be used, and that a plain stone cross to be placed over his grave should bear only the inscription which he had prepared.

Rear-Admiral Selfridge, who has been in the naval service of the United States seventy-one years and a Rear-Admiral since the grade was established in 1862, is a stumpy little man with a very red face and very white whiskers, and the mellowest possible temper.

Mrs. Mary Clement-Leavitt, of Boston, the noted temperance lecturer, now on a tour around the world, was lately the guest, in London, of Mrs. Margaret Lewis, the venerable sister of the late John Bright. Mrs. Leavitt has traveled 70,000 miles since 1884, and addressed audiences of all colors and in all lands.

HE HAD TO CLIMB.

The Truthful Colonel's Latest Fishing Story.

[From Forest and Stream.]

We were comfortably seated around the hearth at Porter Lake, in Pike county, Pa., and the spirit of story telling was strong upon us, because the fishing had been unusually good and the supper bounteous. The flash and sparkle of wit filled the upper air of the room as with a fine aurora, and a halo of calm bliss encircled the brow of each entranced listener. But first the drug and then the antidote. The benevolent Colonel drew us down gently from the giddy hights with a story of a coarse plebian, locally known as a catfish. Thus ran his tale: "A man and his dog went fishing in the Mississippi. In a short time the man felt a mighty pull on the line, and he knew that a catfish had taken hold. The giant came along peacefully enough until he happened to change his mind, and then he decided to double on his course and take the man along. The faithful dog, seeing his master's danger, rushed to the rescue bravely enough. The wily catfish, when he found the dog pursuing, turned upon him and terrified the dog, who incontinently turned tail and swam vigorously toward the dry land, the catfish hotly following. Presently the dog gained the land and ran hastily, the catfish madly surging after him. The dog, sorely pressed and fearing a painful death, in his extremity climbed a tree, the catfish still pursuing."

"Hold on! hold on!" we cried in chorus; "dogs cannot climb trees."

"Can't climb a tree?" responded the Colonel. "But the catfish was close upon him, and this dog *had* to climb."

Genial Thomas L. Enwright, Manager of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson's establishment in this city, and principal owner of the great and only baseball club, was riding out K street when a reporter caught sight of him and boarded the car for a talk on baseball matters.

Mr. Enwright was brim full of news, and was in a communicative mood.

"All this talk about other people buying out the nine is nonsense," said he. "The club is now owned by myself and Sam Ginsberg. We bought all the other stockholders out, and we propose to keep the team ourselves for next year, and do not intend to sell, unless somebody is willing to make it a very good object to us. I have been giving the matter a great deal of attention lately, and have about finished my plans for next year. I am on the best of terms with the other Directors of the California League, and have been guaranteed a liberal opportionmet in the make-up of the schedule. I propose to have the ball grounds entirely refitted for next season—in fact I have already started in the matter, and as soon as the rain lets up will have the entire park plowed up and sown in grass. I have a plan for making up the diamond which will be a novelty in California. There is only one other diamond like it in America, and that is the one at Chicago. As I said before, the entire park will be sown in grass. This includes the diamond. All other diamonds that you have seen were kept clear of grass. The new plan, however, is to have only the base lines and the pitcher's, catcher's and batter's boxes free from grass. The base lines will be soft cinder tracks, so that the base-runners may slide with less danger of injury. Men who have played on the Chicago diamond pronounce it a great success, and assure me that I will never regret fitting up the Sacramento diamond in that style. The grand stand, special stand and reporters' box will all be fitted up on an improved plan, and spaces will be let for private boxes."

"What have you done in regard to securing players for next year's team?" asked the reporter.

"Everything that was possible under the circumstances. I have already reserved Roberts and Goodenough, and will probably get Newbert. Zeigler will manage the team and also be the change pitcher. Zeigler starts East in two weeks in search of talent, and will no doubt secure a team of players capable of winning the pennant. I have at last succeeded in getting the blacklist taken off of Borchers, the great but erratic pitcher, and have engaged him for next year. I think I can keep him straight, and if I succeed in this there is no doubt that Sacramento can boast next year of having one of the best pitchers in America. I have already chosen the uniform for next year's team, and it is one which I consider the neatest and most becoming ever designed. It is a duplicate of the Chicago's uniform—slate-colored Jersey cloth, with black stockings, black caps, belt and trimmings. Oh, you needn't worry about Sacramento's prospects for next year. We'll be in the swim, and in style, too."

A stranger from the interior had been out to see Sutter's Fort and the other suburban points of interest, and boarded the car for the return trip just as the conveyance stopped on one of the turn-outs or sidetracks to wait for a dilatory car coming up the road. The stranger didn't know what the stop was for, but took a seat and waited patiently. When five minutes had passed, however, and there were no indications of a start, he began to look about inquiringly at the passengers and then at the driver.

"What's the matter with this 'ere car, anyway?" finally asked the stranger.

The driver, who is a bit of a wag, replied: "Nuthin' ther matter with it, only you haven't dropped your nickel in the slot to make 'er go."

"Oh! is that it?" and the gentleman dove down into his pocket for the nickel. "This 'ere is one o' them autermatick consarns, eh? Wall, I've heerd of 'em, but never seen one before, except er weighing machine, an' that wouldn't work."

The gentleman dropped his nickel into the box, and just at that moment the dilatory car passed, and up started the one which had been waiting, and upon which rode the gentleman from the interior. The latter apologized to the passengers for being the cause of the delay, and they, with great difficulty smothering their mirth, accepted his apology.

A prominent horse-trainer was on his way out to Agricultural Park, and as he appeared to be in a good humor, a reporter entered into a conversation with him.

"Well," said the horseman, in answer to a query regarding things at the training ground, "there's not much going on now, on account of the mud. Most of the horses are taking a rest, and so are we. It will not be long, however, before we'll have to go to work again preparing for the spring races.

"But, by the way," continued the trainer, after lighting a fresh cigar, "speaking of horses and the like, has it ever struck you that the value of trotters and runners has almost quadrupled in the last few years? Of course it has, but then the magnitude of it has not struck you, I am sure. But what will interest you most is the prices of California horses. I was looking the matter up yesterday, and, would you believe it, I figured up seven California-bred trotters which had been sold during the present year for the aggregate sum of $264,500! Yes, sir, and here they are: Bell Boy, $51,000; Stamboul, $50,000; Sunol; $55,000; Anteo, $30,000; Chimes, $26,500; Mascot, $26,000, and Antevolo, $26,000. Pretty good record for a Wild West State, eh?"

An old colored man, armed with a whitewash brush and bucket boarded the car at Fifth and J streets, and after lighting an ancient corn-cob pipe, turned to a smart young man who was absorbed in a newspaper, and said:

"Wat be de news to-day?"

"Davis was buried."

"Davis? Wat Davis?"

"Jeff."

"Wat? Ole Jeffohson Davis?"

"Um."

"Wull, wull. Who'd a thunk it? So ole Jeffohnson's dead, hey?"

"Um."

"An' buried?"

"Um."

"Wat did he die of?"

"Want of breath."

The young man had to get off at the next corner and engage a bootblack for several hours to clean the whitewash off his clothes.

Leon Thomas, the well-known San Francisco yachtsman, spent a few days in Sacramento during the week. A reporter met him on a Carey car and had quite a talk with him on current events.

"By the way," said Thomas, after he had concluded his views on the big storm, "I see by the papers that Tamagno, the tenor, scored a great hit in Chicago on the occasion of his debut a few evenings ago. It's no wonder. That man is a phenomenon. I heard him sing when I was in Europe two years ago, and I tell you I was paralyzed. I afterwards was introduced to him in Madrid, and we became quite friendly during my stay there. He is an Italian and was born in Turin. He is one of the pleasantest fellows, socially, one would wish to meet. He isn't a bit conceited, either. They say he began to sing as soon as he could talk, though he does not belong to a musical family. His parents, however, soon realized what the youngster was cut out for and turned him over to the celebrated maestro, Petrotti. He made his debut, I believe, something like fifteen years ago at Palermo. He sung steadily for eight years in Milan, and also sang a year or two in Buenos Ayres, where he is looked upon as a veritable god. He has never been in this country before and has never been in Paris, either, strange to say. He only made one little trip to England, singing 'Otello' for twelve nights in London. He'll create a sensation all over the United States—see if he don't."

Deputy Controller J. J. O'Connor is an incurable practical joker. Everybody who knows him, has suffered at some time. Mayor Gregory did not know of Mr. O'Connor's failing until day before yesterday, and then he learned of it with a jerk.

It happened in this wise:

The Deputy Controller was riding up J street in search of a victim. An evil spirit directed the Mayor to the same car.

"Good morning, Mayor!"

"Good morning, James."

"How's the river?"

"Pretty high; but there's no danger whatever on his side."

The Mayor turned his head away a moment, and J. J. grinned fiendishly.

"By the way, Mayor, that was a nice party of workmen that you and the Trustees sent down the river to repair breaks, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean? What's the matter with them?"

"Why, didn't you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"Why, the whole fifteen of them were arrested. They are desperadoes of the worst kind."

"The devil! Why, what did they do?"

"Sand-bagged a levee."

It required the assistance of the conductor, driver and two passengers to disengage the villain from the Mayor's deadly grasp.

PENSIONING PEDAGOGUES.

An El Dorado Teacher Who Does Not Believe in It.

A bright lady school-teacher in El Dorado county sends the following:

Recently an effort was made in a County Institute to pass a resolution asking the Legislature to provide a pension for worn-out school-teachers. I am happy to say the resolution was lost.

Our able collaborators compare the teacher with the Grand Army of the Republic, or put us, our wish us put, on a par with them. They say "teachers have broken their health in years of devotion to their country, in inculcating the spirit of patriotism and love for the perpetuity of the principles of republican institutions in general, and the American nation in particular. Education is the corner-stone of our Government." That all sounds well, but I don't believe it is argument enough to bring a pension to pedagogues even granting it to be true.

But let us see how we compare with soldiers. When we choose our vocation, how many of us choose teaching, because we think it duty's call? How many because martyrdom needs another advocate? How many because we are anxious the "cradle of liberty" be well rocked. How many because we think the "foundation of our Government" will be improved by our masonry? I answer, not one. On the other hand, the young woman (or man) ready to choose her or his calling looks all around and compares. She sees the State will instruct her under a certain course of study—and should she finish said course that the State will give her a "diploma," and presto! she can command from $50 to $360 per month. There you have the minimum and maximum in teachers' wages. The teacher can never draw more than that. In all other vocations or professions there is a chance to increase one's income. Look at the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer. After they get a "start" they begin to "double up" profits. But it is true the teacher has nothing great to expect from any one month's work, nor yet from any year's. But the teacher knows that before she begins.

He or she chooses teaching for reasons which satisfy him or herself, be they one thing or another. He may look at it in this light: First—Teaching is sure of so much. Second—Teachers are a highly respected crowd. Third—I have more time to devote to self-improvement. Fourth—The work is very ennobling. Fifth—It's about the best thing I can do just now, anyway.

Now, because they never can "strike a bonanza," ought the State to pension them? A thousand times, No.

Teachers get so much in clear coin or cash every month or every year, and we ought to live within our means, we ought to be self-reliant and self-respecting, we, who are going to rock the "cradle of liberty;" we ought to have the moral courage to say to fashion, to luxuries, "we live within our means," we who are masons in the "corner-stone of our Government." And if we desire to rest upon our oars the latter part of life's voyage, invest in something besides caramels and crab salad.

There's something so repulsive about being a pensioner. It's pity caused from helplessness. Are we, as teachers, going to follow a profession twenty or forty years to find out whether it be self-sustaining? Certainly not. Are we, as Americans, in this day of calm going to choose a profession which calls for continual self-sacrifice and deprivation? I think not. Pension us and you take away the idea of self-help, of practical human beings, and we at once become shadowy, theoretical denizens, instead of practical, rounded, self-sustaining Americans, able to instruct "young America" by example, as well as by precept. Pension us and you belittle us.

If we are such important organs in the mechanism of the government of this great liberty-loving institution, we ought to demand pay worthy of our labor. If we do, and get it, we have no right to cry out charity when we are retired from active service on account of age or decrepitude, for these defects come, no matter what ranks we are in.

The teacher has passed the book-worm period; let her keep wide awake—be a practical, live being; let her be what she wishes her pupils to become—a rounded, complete woman, full of self-reliance to cope with all the vicissitudes of life.

We can't eat our loaf and keep it, and we are pretty full of ego when we can see the halo of martyrdom round our brow and demand a subsidy—or allow others to do it for us—for doing what we chose to do, what we asked to do, what the State was willing to educate us to do, what we were paid to do.

All honor to the grand work of teaching and to the workers in the field! But if there are business failures among us, for heaven's sake call a meeting of the brothers and sisters o' the cause and supply their wants or let them do as other financial failures do, but as a free, practical, self-reliant, independent circle denounce the subsidy side of the question. My fervent desire is and shall be this: May practical, self-respecting pedagogues suffering from pension fever speedily convalesce, and their recovery be permanent.

HOPE NEW HOPE.

NEVADA CITY NOTES.

Japanese Persimmons Flourish There—Work on the Providence Mine.

[Nevada City Transcript, December 14th.]

The snow is two feet deep on the Washington ridge above the Central house, and the stages come to there on runners, and this side they come on wheels.

The road between this city and the town of Washington is so bad that the stages sink to the hubs in places. It is feared they will have to discontinue their trips for awhile.

Richard Curtis, shift boss at the Idaho mine, was struck by a rock Thursday night and received serious injuries about the hips. He is reported to be partially paralyzed.

The following were elected Thursday evening as officers of Laurel Parlor, No. 6, N. D. G. W., to serve during the ensuing term: Lizzie Keenan, P; E. M. Wadsworth, First V. P.; Sarah Miller, Second V. P.; Mary Hood, Third V. P.; Seraph C. Sukeforth, R. S.; Frances Costello, M.; Dr. Mary E. Little, M. E. The installation will be held January 9th.

The Providence Mining Company's new tresile across Deer creek is nearly completed, and the laying of pipe upon it will begin Saturday. By employing some five or six teams the company have managed to get in enough wood to keep the steam pumping machinery running. Water-power will be resumed in a few days and the Providence will then again be all right.

Japanese persimmons grow to perfection down in the Pet Hill fruit belt of this county. A Fresno man who has been growing this delicious fruit says that from a tree, the body of which is ten inches in diameter near the ground, and from which he gathered all the fruit without the aid of a step-ladder or other convenience, so small was the tree, he harvested 138 pounds of fruit. From two other trees he obtained 258 pounds, making an average for the three of 132 pounds.

FOLSOM FLICKERS.

Budding Thespians at the Penitentiary—Coroner Clark's Capture.

[Folsom Telegraph, December 14th.]

Supervisor Ross was here this week.

Mrs. P. Yager made a business trip to Sacramento this week.

Connection between the big tank and the Folsom water system has not yet been made.

The Board of Prison Commissioners have announced their intention of meeting at the Folsom prison on Tuesday next for the transaction of the monthly business.

The river has been carrying a great deal of wood down during the past few weeks, and lots of it has been caught and carried home by boys and men. Some people catch enough to keep themselves supplied with fuel all the year.

Coroner Clark was up here from Sacramento this week. During his stay he visited the residence of Jacob Miller and cut from a tree in his yard one of the finest clusters of oranges we ever saw. He says he never saw anything before that could compare with it. The tree from which the cluster was taken is very heavily laden, and the branches on it have had to be propped up to prevent them breaking down.

There are a great many good actors and singers in confinement at the prison, and as Christmas will be a holiday there, a company has been made up among the convicts, and will give a performance there on Christmas day. They have an excellent orchestra, and have fitted up a stage with scenery, foot-lights, etc. They rehearse on Sundays, and do quite well. The scenery painting is nicely done, the drop-curtain being a particularly fine piece of work.

ELECTRIC FLASHES.

Condensed Telegraphic Dispatches From All Parts of the World.

Another flood is threatened at Johnstown.

Senator Hearst's new dwelling at Palermo was burned Friday.

Many miners are entombed in the Belamez mines in Spain.

The Duke de Luynes and Mlle. d'Uzes were married at Paris.

Europe is sneezing with influenza from the Neva to the Seine.

Two women and an infant were burned to death at Hancock, Mich.

The Hawaiian Government is endeavoring to find a cure for leprosy.

Mexico has renewed its contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

King Humbert of Italy is likely to become the disturbing element in Europe.

The Mexican Government has refused to receive E. O. Fecht as Consul at Piedras Negras.

Emmons Blaine and wife were entertained at dinner by General Felix Agnus, of Baltimore.

Bids were opened at Washington for the iron-work for the first floor of the Port Townsend Custom-house.

Five men were killed and several others injured by a collision between an engine and a hand-car in Missouri.

Moynihan & Aitken have been awarded the contract for constructing a boiler for the East Brother Island light-house.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Joseph G. Dittman, President of the Quaker City National Bank, is still unsolved.

Nellie Bly is somewhere in Ceylon, where she has missed a steamer and loses five days. Meanwhile Miss Bisland is speeding west like a comet.

Mrs. James Grills, of Sidney, Ontario, mother of three bright-eyed, flaxen-haired children, has left them for the society of a negro named James Halliday, who was employed by Grills.

It is said that Thomas Scott Gifford, who recently married Allen G. Thurman's daughter in San Diego, deserted a woman and two children, who are now in indigent circumstances, at Fort Lee, New Jersey.

During an anti-Semetic meeting in Vienna, a riot occurred between the radical German Nationalists and Austrian Conservatives. Five of the participants, including Pattai, member of the Reichstrath, were injured.

A heavy fog prevailed in London yesterday. It is feared that owing to the fact that it was necessary to burn gas during the day the supply would not prove adequate, because of the strike of gas workers. The fears proved groundless.

What Christ Taught.

When He was born, a new manner of living, not a new manner of thinking, was born. When He was born, a new life, and not a new creed, appeared for men's guidance; and by imitating the life, and not by believing a creed, were men to be saved. He did not take knowledge of men by what they believed, but by what they did. "By their deeds ye shall know them," said He. He did not ask men to believe in any form of truth; He said: "Believe in Me, and you shall be saved." Have faith in and copy My personality; incorporate My spirit in your body; let the affection of My heart make its genial abode in your bosom, and you shall be saved. The disciple was to leave father and mother, and follow Him. The ancestral habits, the effects of heredity, the perpetuated characteristics of blood, the family selfishness, the pride of race—these were to be displaced, shoved aside, killed in them, that they might be free from them as He was free—*W. H. H. Murray, in "The Arena."*

A Sweet, Confiding Creature.

"George, dear," said a young wife, looking up from the paper she was reading, "I see that people are carrying chestnuts in their pockets to cure rheumatism."

"Yes, dearest."

"Is it customary to carry things in the pocket to cure diseases?"

"It depends whether the person afflicted is superstitious or not."

"Because, when sewing on a button, it was your vest, I think, I discovered a quantity of cloves, coffee beans and cardamon seeds in the pockets. Do you carry them as a remedy? Is there anything the matter with you, dear?"

"Ye—es, my dear," said George, stammering and turning as red as a boiled lobster, "I—I—the fact is, I—I—think I've got a little heart trouble."

"Poor fellow," she said as the tears came to her eyes, "and you never told me a word about it."

Selah!—*New York Mercury.*

Practical Athletics.

Ponsonby (somewhat boastfully)—"I may say, Miss Blotlerwick, that I am quite an adept at athletics. I can row, ride—either horse or bike—swim, spar, jump and run."

Miss Blotlerwick (sweetly)—"Here comes papa. Do let me see you jump and run."—*Time.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

November 17, 1889.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
6 50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	7:25 P
11:00 P	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A
7:05 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:45 P
7 25 P	Knight's Landing	7:40 A
9:00 A	Los Angeles	9:55 A
8:00 P	Ogden and East—Second Class.	6:25 P
12:01 A	Central Atlantic Express For Ogden and East	6:00 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	7:25 P
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:35 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
4:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	§6:00 A
11:25 A	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P
6:50 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 P
11:25 A	San Jose	2:25 P
7:05 P	Santa Barbara	9:55 A
6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7:25 P
9:00 A	Stockton and Galt	6:45 P
7:05 P	Stockton and Galt	9:55 A
8:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:25 A
12:01 A	Truckee and Reno	6:00 A
12:05 P	Colfax	11:20 A
6:50 A	Vallejo	11:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	†8:35 P
*12:15 P	Folsom & Placerv'le (mixed)	*10:25 A
*7:15 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*5:20 P	Folsom	*6:50 A

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

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. tf&Su

HOLIDAY GOODS.

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT EVER OFFERED IN SACRAMENTO.

New Styles in Fancy Articles for Christmas Gifts, such as

LAP TABLETS, TOILET CASES, ALBUMS, BOOKLETS, ETC.

H. S. CROCKER & CO., 208 210 J street. n17-tf&Su

NOTICE OF CONSOLIDATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE California Southern Railroad Company, California Central Railway Company and Redondo Beach Railway Company have this day consolidated, in accordance with the provisions of Section 473 of the Civil Code of this State, under the name and style "Southern California Railway Company," with headquarters at Los Angeles City.

Los Angeles, November 7, 1889.

GEO. C. MAGOUN, President.

Attest: F. H. PATTEE, Secretary. d14-1m&Su