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Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Light rain in northern portion; fair in southern; southwesterly winds; nearly stationary temperature.

Oregon and Washington—Rain; southerly winds; slightly cooler.

FOR political offenses there should be no extradition; for all felonies the criminal should be returned to the jurisdiction from which he escapes. On that basis it is difficult to understand why there should be any objection to the proposed new extradition treaty with England.

UNLESS there is substantial unanimity in a community demanding the enactment of a law, it is folly to attempt to pass it or attempt to carry it out if passed. The Iowa Prohibitionists have just met and resolved, in sounding phrases, that the Legislature must make provision for the rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law. They lose sight of the fact that their demand is in itself a confession that the law is disregarded, and, if it is, then the communities of Iowa sanction such disregard. No other conclusion can possibly be reached. In the main they have learned at last that the essential predicate to the enforcement of a law is the existence of a friendly moral sense of the people behind it. Without that, no law can be made effective. Here we have the Portland *Press* remarking upon a raid made upon two saloons in Bangor, and saying that it amounts to nothing, since the press of that city do not approve of the enforcement of the law, and the people do approve of the position of the press.

THERE is remarkable periodicity in gossip concerning the annexation of the northern Mexican States. It appears to have a revival about once in five years. In every case the same old ground is gone over, and the familiar arguments with not even a change of raiment are trotted out. The fact is, the people of the United States have not at any time since the suggestion of General Grant that we buy Hayti, manifested any desire to acquire new territory. In no political or commercial body has the matter had the slightest consideration or been the subject of any expression. On the Mexican side of the line neither has there been expression made indicative of a desire on the part of the people of any section of Mexico, to be attached to the United States. Where both parties are thus satisfied with the normal condition, what profit is there twice in every decade in dragging the matter to public attention? The truth is that it never has been, and should not be, the desire to acquire Mexican territory. We have no use for the soil, and less for the people. We are not touching elbows yet in the present domain, and until we are crowding shoulders no policy of acquisition of any Mexican State, by conquest or purchase, is likely to be projected into our politics by any demand of the American people. Really there is nothing in the present "talk" about acquisition of Mexican territory, and our neighbors on the south have nothing to concern themselves about in the revival of this old, old chatter. It must be expected to rise out of its tomb and stalk about twice in every decade, but it is really less dangerous to the integrity of Mexican States than the waning of the moon.

A ST. LOUIS clergyman of brilliant attainments has created some excitement in religious circles by a vigorous denunciation of creeds. His congregation stands by his hetrodoxy and the church proper gives him opportunity to withdraw from communion with it. Whereat the local press treats the matter as one of surprising, not to say startling interest. But there is nothing new in this secession. Men have been breaking away from orthodoxy day after day for years. There is simple justice in the church suggesting the retiracy of one who disbelieves its doctrines. It is unthinkable that anyone should wish to remain in communion with a body he believes to be in error. There is no martyrdom in the case. The church is right in demanding the withdrawal of a non-believer; the non-believer is wrong who denounces the church and then complains of being cut off. If he disbelieves it is his duty to retire, for the truth does not demand that he shall remain under a creed to which he cannot subscribe. Freedom of conscience and speech justifies his right to declare his non-belief, but it does not crown him with the martyr's wreath because the church he denounces refuses to follow him. We fail to see, therefore, why the St. Louis clergyman is entitled to any more sympathy than the man who preaches what he believes to be truth and has not been related to a church. The truth stands independently always. It needs no props, and demands nothing except what by its own vigor and force it proves to be its deserts.

A PROJECT has had birth in Congress to form a Bureau of Harbors and Waterways. We are disposed to consider it wise. It is not intended that army engineers shall be supplanted in the matter of surveying and advising, nor, indeed, in superintending construction. But the idea is to have a Board half civilians, that can and will give its attention to the proper expenditure of such sums as are appropriated for harbor and river improvement. The chief gain to the country will be economy of expenditure by reason of rapidity of execution. The army officer never moves rapidly in these matters. He has so much reporting, and saluting, and observing of courtesies to keep before his mind, that few of them ever live to see the works they project completed. Under the new scheme the War Department will still be the chief authority, but the Bureau of Engineers is to be composed of army officers and distinguished civil engineers in equal number. To induce the very best men in the army to seek places on the new Bureau, very liberal salaries are provided. While we have not the text of the proposition before us, the outline of the scheme reported favorably impresses the mind. Our rider and harbor systems of improvement have become so great, that a special Bureau to consider and direct them appears, at first blush, as we have said, to be a wise provision. It would serve to put an end to the "riding" of river and harbor bills, that now so largely defeats action that ought to be taken, and wastes great sums of money upon unimportant objects. That is to say, whenever a bill is introduced to improve a great river or preserve a valuable harbor, a score of "riders" in the form of amendments are proposed providing for sums of money to be expended on creeks, trout brooks, and indifferent and unheard-of ports and harbors in a score of Congressional districts. The members who propose the "riders" thereby say in effect to other members: "Vote for our amendment or we will kill the whole bill." And, in fact, they sometimes do put worthy bills to death because "riders" are stricken off, and the scattering of public money in election districts under the pretense of doing public work is prevented. The proposed new Bureau would be an efficient means to enable Congress to speedily ascertain the merits of every "rider" to general river and harbor bills, and thus practically kill the "rider" system.

EMIGRATION OF SOUTHERN NEGROES.

The argument of Senator Butler, that if the blacks of the South are fit to become independent and intelligent American citizens, then they are fit to colonize a land that climatically and productively is rich and ready to their hand, must be admitted. But it does not follow that they should of necessity realize the latter condition and occupy the land. Indeed, we do not understand Senator Butler's argument to say as much, though the conclusion is deducible that he would be ready to support a measure to make their emigration practically compulsory. He is, however, too good a lawyer not to perceive that the United States cannot entertain for a moment the idea that the negro can be compelled to emigrate. It may be that in the order of nature it is ordained that the negro in America shall become master of a land in which only his own will dwell as citizens, but it will do us no good to speculate in that direction, though we confess to the belief that the African continent promises him more than our own. The freedman is with us, and not because he so willed it. He has been invested with sovereignty, and the nation that conferred the right will never recall it. If he ever departs from us it must be of his own free will and enthusiastic hope for better conditions.

If history proves anything at all it establishes this truth, that all successful emigration has taken the initiative by colonization by small bodies, and that it has been voluntary and has received no considerable aid by invitation of States. That it has been voluntary in all cases is true, if we except the flight in a body of the Goths into the Roman Empire when pursued by the Huns. That is to say, there is no notable instance of a great body or nation of people involuntarily moving out from under one condition by emigration into a new one of independence. The movements of the Gothic tribes were those of conquest, save when Valens invited them to enter his domain. To the law that successful colonization has been under the pioneering of small bodies, the exodus of the Hebrew tribes forms a singular exception. The movement of the Mormons westward in a compact mass is not in point, since they did not leave the country. It is said that the emigration of the Boers into South Africa is an example of a great body of people emigrating, but we do not think that it can be said truthfully to have been such an exodus as would be a parallel to that of the five millions of blacks in the South should they emigrate as a body.

Any successful going out of a people must be the result of voluntary colonization; so, too, it must originate with the people, who must be inspired by leadership, and by what is more essential, enthusiasm, which gives courage, is the support of hope, and promises high reward. We do not recall a record of emigration at all successful that has been born out of or stimulated by other than the spirit of the people, except one, and that was the success of Russian premiums offered for Germanic emigration and settlement within Russian jurisdiction. But the whole of that movement did not reach a round million, and is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the voluntary immigration to America of the peoples of Europe.

It is not therefore reasonable to suppose that the passage of a bill to encourage the emigration of the Southern blacks would accomplish much. If there was manifest among them, first a desire to depart, and second, if they had plans laid looking to new and independent relations with the world from the vantage of a land their own, it might be well to encourage the desire and stimulate the movement by judicious legislation. But the idea that the desire may be awakened by legislation, that the movement toward the west shore of the African continent by the blacks will be inaugurated by seductive laws, must, in the light of all historical record, be esteemed delusive.

A Sporting Proposition.

"Looky here, mister," said a tramp, ragged, unkempt and dirty, as he walked up to a couple of traveling men. "Looky here; is either of you two fellers anything much in the sportin' line?" and he grasped his garments over his stomach as he made the inquiry.

"What do you want with a sporting man?"

"Well, is either of you sports? That's what I wants to know first."

"My friend here sometimes takes a bet if he can get a good one. But what do you want?"

"I want somebody to get rich bettin' that I can't eat thirty quail in thirty days. And it won't cost him a cent so far as I am concerned—nothin' but the birds."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Gayarre, the great Spanish tenor, who died recently, was, like Campanini, the son of a blacksmith, and worked at the forge in his early years.

LOVE IN A FOG.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION by Len.]

The island of Campobello seemed like an enchanted isle since society folks flitted there in the summer months from the great cities. It was far pleasanter to sniff the sea breeze than roast or smother in the intense heat of brick or stone walls. Passamaquoddy bay! Why, the very name had a charm, and you could in imagination smell spruce, fir and cedar, mingled with sea breeze and sea weed. And so it came to pass that hotels were built on the island in this bay, and piers for the steamer berth and smaller slips for the numberless pleasure boats, steam launches, and yachts that were as "worn nurslings of the sea, wing weary." Fine roads were laid out for driving all over the island, and tennis courts and baseball grounds were made for the visitors' recreations, when tired of sailing, rowing or fishing. Often the fog came in from the Bay of Fundy, wreathing and curling lightly over the black cliffs, or settling dark and thick, blotting out the very face of day. Sometimes the sea breeze would be in hot pursuit; then it would not linger, but pass over to the bay shore, resting like a dark rim around the horizon and framing in the lovely blue bay with its waves foam-tipped, that left feathery flecks on the sand beach.

The days of summer were given to pleasure, and the nights to dancing, music and song. Moonlight nights the wide verandas of the Campobello Hotel were filled with gay promenaders. The hammocks slung 'neath the shade trees were usually filled, while masculine fingers lightly swung the fair occupants; swayed them not to dreamland, for the happy voices were not of those asleep—laughter, jest and low-spoken questions, that required low answers, that only the leaves heard, or the low humming breeze carried off shore, to whisper it again to some sea-tossed mariner, and give him dreams of home and love.

Among the guests this season was Bell Burton, the favored beauty of the season. "Bonny Belle," her friends called her. Her's seemed a veritable rose-leaf existence. No care or trouble had she if money could prevent it. Tall, slender and fair, with large brown eyes, a laughing mouth, full of pretty, even teeth, but withal a firm chin, that showed a great deal of will power for one so slim and fair. Her admirers were legion; fortune and hearts were her's to refuse, and not being in love, and a true woman, she refused them, much to their disappointment and sorrow. But they were brave in man-fashion, and not like poor Miles Standish, rather look down the mouth of a cannon than face the "no" of a woman, but took their bitter with the sweet, and never cursed the day they met so fair a maid, she seemed so sorry to give pain. But fate was at work, and soon to this fair Eden came one Guy Mansfield, Professor of Mathematics at Bowdoin College. Tall, dark and handsome; a fine conversationalist, a genial, winning manner—it was not at all strange if many hearts unasked beat at his approach, and wild dreams of wedded bliss with one so gifted, be dreamt. He seemed unconscious of his many fascinations, but gave himself up to the various pleasures that nature afforded him, and the hotel life did not win much of his company till he met Belle. Her society seemed to give him pleasure, but he never sought her, as her other admirers had done, nor beguiled to walks, rows, or rides, and Belle was puzzled to know why she was not attractive to him when he really was so congenial to her. And Belle resolved to punish him if she ever had the chance, just to let him see she was mistress of the situation. Her intimate friends, who had no hopes for themselves, were piqued at his indifference to their idol, but the men who envied him his attractive powers were glad.

Sometimes he would stroll to the tennis court during a game, and watch Belle as she gracefully wielded her racquet; or at the night hop, would watch her whirling in the waltz, or in the german, piling up her many favors like a child with Christmas toys. But he never asked her to dance, although he once told her he was fond of it. Steamer days the gay crowd would flock down to the pier, and stare their welcome to the new-comers till introduced. Belles from Newport, Bar Harbor beauties, politicians, dudes, all swelled the summer throng.

The light at "Quaddy Head" seemed dim in comparison to the bright electric light that lit up the whole lawn at the garden parties given by the guests of the Quaddy House. It was at one of these that Belle found out that she had a heart. Everybody was there, and Guy among the number. A Miss Landis, of Chatauqua, was evidently laying siege to him. Belle was talking to a West Point cadet, a young fellow whose faded blue was in lieu of brains, some of the girls said, but Belle differed with them, for Lacy was always at his best when with her. Miss Landis had a beautiful voice for talking, mellow and sweet, and a most musical laugh. Belle had heard Guy speak of those two things that he most admired in a woman. So, as she was quite near them, she could but hear and think of it, and the thought gave her an unpleasant little thrill that startled her.

Young Lacy, who had been quiet for a moment, turned to Belle and quoted; "Did'st hear her speak?"

Belle shrugged her slender shoulders and said: "You, too, my friend, have caught the infectious laughter, that surely will echo through the halls of time, so sweet it is."

"What a noble girl you are," said Lacy, laughingly, "to grant a rival even two such charms."

"Rival," said Belle. "You are mistaken; my acquaintance with Professor Mansfield is very, very slight. But come, we are called to watch the tableaux, 'The Fairy Grotto,'" and she arose and walked quietly beside Lacy to a stand near by. But her pleasure seemed dulled, her joy fled. She gave herself an impatient little shake that made Lacy ask, "Are you chilly? Allow me to wrap your shawl around you."

And Guy, turning just then, saw the lingering of the wrapping-up process.

Belle went back to her hotel that night, anxious and disquieted, calling herself a fool, a silly goose. But Guy had seemed "so nice, so very nice," she sighed softly. And yet he did not care.

The next day Belle hurried out directly after lunch, to take a long, lonely walk, a walk on which she would bring herself to task for that pain and thrill of jealousy. She laughed rather bitterly at the thought of a need of mental bracing for giving a love unsought. But stop—was it unsought. Had not Guy's dark eyes said a few tender things, and would eyes be guilty of falsehood? "Lies of the soul." Belle walked quickly along till she reached the cliff, and there she sat down. Sea-gulls circled around her unheeded, dipping with sudden plunge in the waves. The curlews ran along the beach at her feet, and a loon was calling with plaintive cry across the narrows. She put her pretty chin on her hand and thought it all out—how, as no one knew of it, she could hide her secret, and her many friends would surely help her to forget this one new short time known one. Ah! could she forget? Was love an impulse that could be repressed? Yes, repression of the signs, but love would still be there, an occupant of the heart that would not be ousted. She sat there for a long time, then was returning by another way when the sounds of voices attracted her attention.

This part of the beach was new to her. She leaned over the steep cliff to get a view of the speakers. She saw a group of rough men gathered around an object stretched on the sand. This, to her horror and surprise, she saw was Guy Mansfield, tightly bound hand and foot. Her first impulse was to scream. She controlled this, and listened. One man was saying in a nasal voice, but rough as possible:

"Listen, you stranger, yer prying, peeping ways has got yer in trouble. You know our hiding place for smuggled goods, and it is likely you will open your head to the dum Custom men fust chance; so to hinder yer we will put yer where no tales can be told."

"Surely men," said Guy, "You will not add murder to your other crimes."

"No; only reduce the chances of being blabbed on," said the man, laughing grimly at his wit. Then he turned to the others and said: "We'd best be quick." They seized Guy and tossed him into a row boat without any oars, and pushed him from the beach with an outgoing wind and tide to aid the drifting boat. And the cruel fog came in stealthily to hide with its curtain of damp mist the cruel deed, while they jumped in a sail boat and went down the narrows in an opposite direction.

Belle watched them out of sight, then noted the now fast drifting boat and what direction it went. Then she ran quickly to the pleasure boat that she had learned to use, and with love at the helm she rowed quickly to Guy's aid, and the fog came down.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they were missed. Belle's friends told the manager that they thought she and Mr. Mansfield were out rowing and caught in the fog, as he was nowhere to be found, and both had been gone since luncheon. So he took his man and went to see and found the jolly boat gone. "Have they eloped?" asked some of the romantic girls. "No," said Miss Flynn, from Portland, with a toss of her blonde curled head, "he is not gone in that quarter."

"You can never tell," sighed Miss Arty, "men are so deep, and 'still waters run deep,' you know."

"And 'shallows murmur,'" said Miss Landis, in her mellow voice, but with rather a spiteful glance at Miss Arty, for she had been flattered by Guy's attention, and quite considered him her property. And now to have him off with the beauty alone was gall and wormwood to her.

The manager ordered the horns to be blown at intervals and guns fired, and when quite dark bonfires were lit all along the shore. The other hotel guests turned out to help, in the vain hope of guiding the belated ones to shore. A number of boats connected by ropes were sent out along the shore with torches and guns. Morning dawned, and hope died in their breasts; and a deep gloom hung over the hotels, for both were much beloved, even by the new comers, who had only known them a short time. And it all seemed sad. Belle's friends were positively inconsolable and sick with dread and horror at her fate.

At 11 the steamer smoke could be discerned out at "Squoddy head," and soon she came steaming bravely in, through the now sunlighted mist that still hovered over sea and shore. Every one went to the pier to ask the Captain if he had seen anything of the boat and the missing couple. As she came to the wharf they all saw the two missing ones, and a loud, prolonged cheer echoed over the bay, and hearty handshakes greeted them. The Captain went up to the hotel, telling the eager crowd his share in the recovery of the absent ones. And we will hear what Belle did after we left her rowing out in the fog.

She rowed quite a distance without seeing a sign of the boat and its occupant, and she was almost discouraged. Once when the fog lifted she stood up, and there half a mile away, was a black speck. With renewed courage she bent to her oars with every muscle strained in her slim, young arms. But she gained on the drifting boat; she again stood up, and called in her fresh, clear voice, "Mr. Mansfield, I'm coming," and a faint answer came to her.

She rowed faster, and soon came along side. She will never forget the grateful, affectionate look he gave her as she fastened the boats together, and told him, hurriedly, how she knew of his peril. Then she unbound his poor, stiff arms and hands, and with her soft, slender hands rubbed them briskly to restore circulation, her crimson cheeks and down-cast eyes making her a fair picture to grateful Guy's eyes.

"So you rowed all that distance to save me? I thought you disliked me?" he said.

"Even if I did, I would not have let you drift to death, and sit down with folded hand," she replied.

"But do you dislike me so much," insisted Guy, who was now fast recovering his spirits.

"No, not so very much," said Belle, with the color coming and going.

"Would you take the life you saved, with all my love for you included," said Guy. And Belle, now that all need of exertion was over, all fears at rest, womanlike burst into tears. Guy drew her to him and soothed and quieted her. And these two drifted out of all misunderstandings into a quiet harbor of love and bliss, till the warning steam whistle roused them to thoughts of how they should return to Campobello. He stood up and hailed the astonished Captain, who quickly understood their dilemma, and soon they were on board, being cared for by kind hands, but no prospect of landing till morning came and the fog had cleared up some. Before Belle retired to her stateroom Guy, in saying good-night, whispered:

"I shall always love this fog, for it brought me my own true love."

"Love in a mist, or rather fog," said Belle, as she returned shyly her lover's kiss.

WOMEN WITH FADS.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is passionately fond of roses.

Mrs. Kendall, the English actress, makes a hobby of collecting fans.

Marie Jansen has gathered together a large number of autographs.

Miss Rosina Vokes, the famous actress, is passionately fond of birds.

Mrs. Robert Goelet makes a hobby of keeping her housekeeping books.

Mrs. Jesse Grant has a very valuable collection of antique candlesticks.

Mrs. W. W. Hutchison buys all the odd and dainty perfumes that she can.

Mrs. J. Redding, the editor of the *Art Journal*, is an expert bicycle rider.

Mrs. Robert Dunlap is another fan collector. She has more than a thousand.

Anna Katherine Green, the writer of Detective novels, is a collector of pencil stubs.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Mrs. Hammersly of New York city, is now fond of dogs.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt, the wife of ex-Senator Platt, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, is very fond of tapestries and rugs.

Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady at the Lyceum Theater, has an odd mania for collecting fancy pins.

Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, the proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has a fancy for collecting inkstands.

Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the President of the United States, has art for a hobby. She can drew well and paints beautifully.

Getting Above Dollars.

H. H. Boyeson, the novelist, in walking down town with a friend the other day, said: "I'll wager that one of these men approaching will use the words money or buy as he passes us." Boyeson and his friend kept their ears open as the two approached, and what they heard was this: "You can't buy that for $2,000." Mr. Boyesen had never seen either of the two men before. A young American artist fresh from Paris said to me in answer to an inquiry as to whether New York seemed dull after the former city: "Not at all; on the contrary I am impressed with the rush, life and din of New York, but everybody seems to be talking of money." That is the way it strikes the stranger. To the resident native it is scarcely noticeable. At the same time, there are signs in many directions that the worship of mere money is lessening in New York. You find an increasing number of young men who deliberately choose walks of life that are not particularly attractive from a pecuniary point of view. Newspaper men talk less of space bills than they once talked, and many of them sigh for the comforts of a quiet life with moderate pay and opportunities for reading and social enjoyment. Perhaps there is no better proof that social life is encroaching on mere business than the growth of clubs having for their object the promotion of some end that promises no pecuniary reward to the promoters. These clubs are not for rich men, for the admission fees and dues are low. At the same time they are luxuries that men as poor as members would have denied themselves a few years ago. The demand for innocent social recreation is constantly on the increase, and you may find, night after night, at any one of a dozen modest clubs, gatherings of men who, not many years ago, would have regarded an evening spent in a club cafe, where business does not intrude, as so much time lost.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Discrepancy Between Romantic History and Geography.

[From American Notes and Queries.]

A careful examination of Defoe's romance of the famous story of Robinson Crusoe will show a singular discrepancy between romantic history and geography. It is conceded by all critics of Defoe that he acquired the material for his romance from an English sailor—Alexander Selkirk—who was put ashore or wrecked, and lived for a number of years upon the Island of Juan Fernandez, which is located in the Pacific Ocean, off the Coast of Chili. Why Defoe did not make his story of the shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe fit better is singular. Crusoe at the time he started on his voyage, which resulted in his long imprisonment on a desolate island, was a resident of Brazil, in the vicinity of the town of San Salvador. The story as given says: "On September 1, 1659, I set sail from San Salvador, with a design to stretch over for the African coast, standing away to the northward upon our coast, when we came about ten or twelve degrees north latitude, which was the manner of course in those days, 'till we came to the height of Cape St. Augustine, from whence we kept off at sea and lost sight of the land. Holding our course northeast by north, leaving the Isle of Fernando de Noronna on the east, we passed the line in about twelve days, and were, by our last observation, in 7° 22' north latitude, when a violent tornado took us quite out of our knowledge." After they had beaten about for twelve days the storm abated, and another observation was taken. "We found we were in about 11° north latitude and 22° of longitude difference west from Cape St. Augustine, so that we had got upon the coast of Guiana, or north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon." The last observation showed them to be in latitude 12° 18', but no longitude is given. But after statements in the history show that he was wrecked upon an island near the mouth of the Oronoco river—probably one of the capes southeast of the Island of Trinidad.

Years ago as a boy I had a Spanish book which was the story of Pedro Serrano, a Spanish mariner, who was wrecked and lived for many years upon the Island of Tobago, which is close to Trinidad, and in the very vicinity of the Oronoco. The book I have lost in some way. If I recollect aright, there were seven others on the island with Serrano.

It is a well known fact that the Indians of the Caribbean islands were addicted to canibalism, while the inhabitants of the Pacific coast of South America were considerably advanced in civilization. It seems to me that Defoe has not only got the story of Selkirk, but that of Serrano, and blended them. And now for the geographical discrepancy: Defoe did not locate his story in the Pacific, but only took his character from that locality. If it is assumed he only had his model in Selkirk, and knew nothing of Serrano, are not the geographers and atlas-makers at fault in calling Mas a Terra, one of the Juan Fernandez islands, "Robinson Crusoe's" Island jointly with "Selkirk's" Island? Can anyone give any data of the earliest placing of "Crusoe's Island" in atlases?

Made a Compromise.

"Can I see you a moment in private?" queried a middle-aged stranger of officer Button at the Third-street depot a day or two ago.

"You can, sir. What is it?"

"It is the first time I was ever placed in this position, and I feel very much embarrassed."

"Exactly."

"But the truth is I've been robbed and want to ask you for the loan of a dollar."

"Where were you robbed?"

"On the train."

"How much?"

"Just $23,000 in cash."

"Was that all you had?"

"Every dollar. If you could now lend me a dollar I would try and get a fresh start in the world."

"It wouldn't be business," replied Button, after a little reflection. "You might accumulate another fortune and again be robbed of it, and it would be encouraging crime."

"Yes, that's so. I hadn't taken that view of it before. Suppose you give me a quarter. I will give you my word not to attempt to get a fresh start on that and expose anyone to temptation. I see how very wrong it would be, and I'm determined never to accumulate another fortune."

On his solemn promise to this effect Button compromised with him for ten cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"We Americans."

Charles Dudley Warner says: "I have always found my own countrymen the most interesting people on earth, and, while I have traveled the world over and made countries and persons a study, I continually find fresh enjoyment in my trips through the western part of the United States. It is true that in their every-day life and to meet them face to face, there is little difference to mark between the people of St. Louis and Chicago and those of Boston and New York. I go out to dine here and I find the same class of persons, the same articles of food served in the same manner as in Boston. All of the latest fads in the East I find have preceded me in the West. Individually we are very much alike, we Americans. It is in the theaters, at the opera houses, in the audiences which I sometimes appear before, that I note the difference between the East and the West. An audience in Chicago, for instance, does not affect me like an audience in Boston would. There is an indefinable difference to be noticed in running your eye over them."

Beauty of Spanish Women.

If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, says a writer in *Scribner's*, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately-cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or an English girl has a good nose, mouth and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women.

A New Reading.

"Do you know that if you will look into them you will always find some deeper meaning in the Mother Goose rhymes than than they are generally supposed to contain?"

"Nonsense. What deeper meaning is there in 'Papa's gone a-hunting to get a little rabbit skin to wrap——'"

"Why, the baby was born bald."

"Well, what of it?"

"And needed a little hare, of course."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Jury.*

He Went.

Mrs. Gotham—"My dear, you are invited to a meeting to-night in aid of the World's Fair."

Mr. Gotham—"Huh! Catch me going out such a night as this—wind blowing a gale, raining pitchforks and chances of snow any minute. Get my slippers and dressing-gown, my dear."

Mrs. Gotham—"The meeting is to be held at Delmonico's, but—"

Mr. Gotham—"Gee crickets! Where's my hat?"—*New York Weekly.*

Portugal's new King is an enthusiastic sportsman, an accomplished musician, speaks seven languages, and paints in water colors.

A local fruit man who attended the recent citrus fair at Oroville, told the following to a RECORD-UNION reporter the other day, during a ride in the cars out H street: "I met an old acquaintance while up there in Oroville, who is connected in no small way with the history of Sacramento. He was one of her first residents and business men. His name is Hiram Arrents, and many old Sacramentans remember him well. He is at present employed as book-keeper for the Union Hotel, at Oroville, and he's always glad to meet any of his old friends from Sacramento, and chat about old times with them. His memory is remarkable for one who is nearly 75 years of age, and he frequently gives some of his reminiscences of early days for publication in the Oroville newspaper.

"He landed in Sacramento on the Fourth of July, 1849, and here he located.

"In 1851, when Sacramento had grown so large as to require a fire department, for the protection of its buildings from disastrous conflagrations, Hiram Arrents was a valuable counselor, having been a member of the old New York Volunteer Fire Department before coming West. Arrents' memory is very clear about the formation of this Fire Department, and his relation of it is very interesting. When the subject of an efficient department was being agitated, he says, Sacramento was already possessed of a pretty good hook-and-ladder. When a fire broke out, though, the only way to get water to the burning building was by forming a long line of men down to the river and then passing buckets of water from one to the other until the building was reached. This kind of work was, of course, soon out of date, hence the demand for a competent department.

"Well, Arrents was appointed on the Committee on Ways and Means, and little trouble was experienced in raising enough money to buy three engines—the old-style hand machines, you know. He told me what they cost, but I have forgotten the amount. Anyhow, as soon as the engines arrived, Arrents was elected Chief of the Department—Sacramento's first Fire Chief. They had their engines and had plenty of volunteers, but a big obstacle suddenly confronted them—water. The only way to get it was to pull the engine up on to the high bank of the river and pump 'er up. But suppose a fire was way up near Seventh or Eighth streets, what then? Well, they fussed around for quite a while, some arguing for wells, others cisterns, and various other devices, none of which were at the time practical.

"But Arrents was again to the rescue. Under his direction six cisterns were sunk—three on K street and three on J. Those on J street were located at the intersection of Second, Fourth and Sixth, and those on K street at Third, Fifth and Seventh. Then the fun commenced. The hose was just long enough to carry the water from the river to the first cistern on Second and J streets, but no further. But Arrents' genius stood the people well in hand. He had the first cistern pumped full; then he had an engine stationed between the first and second cisterns which pumped the water out of the first into the second. The third engine conducted the water to the third cistern. In this manner all three of the J street cisterns were filled to the brim, and then operations were transferred to the K street cisterns, which were also filled in the same way. Then they had all the water they wanted for fires.

"Mr. Arrents afterwards moved to Chico, and in 1870 he organized a fire department for that city, and was elected its Chief. He now holds exempt papers from three cities—New York, Sacramento and Chico."

George W. Ficks arrived in town last evening from the scene of the recent great snow blockade in the Sierras, and related numerous incidents, some humorous and some pathetic, which occurred at various times during the great battle in the mountains, and which have not as yet been published.

"One of the best things," said George, while on his way up from the depot in a red car, "happened this morning before we left Truckee. Assistant General Manager Curtis, of the railroad company, was about to leave in his special car for the Bay, and desired to send a private telegram to Sacramento. He wrote out the dispatch, and, handing it to his private Secretary, instructed him to put it in the hands of the operator. The Secretary started off to obey, when Mr. Curtis remembered that he had another dispatch to send to San Francisco, and he immediately followed in the footsteps of his Secretary for the telegraph office. He reached there just as the operator was calling up the Sacramento office, and asking the operator at the latter place if he was ready to receive a dispatch. 'Is it important?' queried the Sacramento operator over the wire. 'Yes,' replied the Truckee man, ticking away at a great rate; 'it's from that old bald-headed Curtis.'

"Now, that poor operator didn't know that Mr. Curtis is himself an expert telegrapher.

"Mr. Curtis of course caught the words that went over the wire, but his countenance never changed. The operator saw him, and smiled as he mumbled to himself the old saw about 'When ignorance is bliss,' etc. But you ought to have seen that smile evaporate when Mr. Curtis coolly stepped over to another instrument beside the operator and began to rattle off a dispatch to San Francisco in the most expert manner. Mr. Curtis enjoyed the situation hugely, but that operator is now confined to his bed, suffering from nervous prostration."

A reporter overhauled Sam Ginsberg, who, with Mr. Enright, owns the Sacramento Baseball Club, and as the two rode out J street the smiling Samuel was quizzed about baseball matters.

"Well," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I can't tell you very much about the details of next year's management, because we have put the entire control of the team, so far as the players go, into the hands of Mr. Zeigler, our Manager. When he thinks a player is not doing right he will be privileged to release him, and the player need not run to Mr. Enright or myself, because we'll not listen to him. Too many cooks spoil the broth every time. That was pretty clearly demonstrated last year, when ten men owned the team, and all of them wanted to boss it. A Manager is not a Manager, unless he has the power to sign and release his own players. We believe that we have a capable man in Mr. Zeigler, and are not afraid to trust the team in his hands.

"But at the same time all this is not going to prevent us from having a team of the kind that we started out to have. Our first care was to get a gentleman for a Manager. Then in giving him authority to engage players for our team, we told him to spare no expense, and to sign none but gentlemen for our team. We will have no hoodlums, and the men we have already signed, from what we can learn of them, will assist greatly in elevating the tone of baseball in this city, and get it out of the condition it was unfortunately pushed into last year.

"Then, besides all this, our men are going to play ball to win, and they will be offered every inducement to land the pennant in Sacramento this year. For instance, for every three games they win out of every five, we will add ten per cent. to the monthly salaries of every player in the team. Then at the end of the season, if they win the pennant we will present them each with a $75 suit of clothes of any cut or pattern that they desire, to be made by the best tailor in town. This, in connection with the prizes offered by the league and private persons for the pennant winners, ought to make them hustle all through the season.

"We will keep the whole team at the Capital Hotel throughout the season. Every night they will have to report at the athletic club and exercise for a couple of hours. This will keep them out of saloons, and will keep them in good condition constantly for work."

BISHOP WHITAKER'S ASSAILANT.

He Makes a Speech in Court in His Own Defense.

PHILADELPHIA, January 31st.—David Alexander, who tried to assassinate Bishop Whitaker on Sunday last, pleaded guilty this morning before Judge Anderson.

Dr. Andrews, of the County Prison, testified that Alexander was sane on every other subject except prohibition.

When asked by Judge Arnold what he had to say Alexander rose and in an eloquent voice addressed the Court as follows:

"I always thought the church was supposed to help and support poor widows and orphans, and when I heard a minister of the church openly denounce prohibition, I, as a Christian, consider it a vile and base crime; but when the man ranks so high as a Bishop, I think he is guilty of a very vile crime indeed and as a hindrance to the church instead of a support. They speak of the increase of the good cause of the church, but when a Bishop is allowed to openly and publicly denounce prohibition I think it shows a great decrease."

Sentence was deferred.

SHOULD BE SPANKED.

Two Young Men Who Did Not Fight a Duel.

ST. LOUIS, January 31st.—Society circles are greatly agitated over the threatened duel between Bernie C. Edmunds, aged 22, and Louis C. Hough, aged 20 years, both of first families. The difficulty arose over the alleged action of young Edmunds in stating that Hough had wooed and won a popular society belle, the daughter of the wealthy President of the Transportation Company, and that they had plighted their troth. Yesterday Hough went to Edmunds and demanded that he should apologize to the young lady for the unwarranted statement. This Edmunds declined to do, whereupon Hough delared if Edmunds would step outside the bank counter he would wipe up the floor with him.

To this Edmunds responded that fist-fighting was vulgar, and that he preferred pistols.

Arrangements were perfected for a meeting on the field of honor. Two well-known society youths agreed to act as seconds, and the battle-ground chosen was Normandy Heights, one of the western suburbs of the city. The principals did not put in an appearance at the hour designated, and to-night, it is stated, that the fathers of the two chivalrous young men have taken a hand in the quarrel and prevented bloodshed.

WILKES BOOTH'S PROTECTOR.

Thomas A. Jones Tells Why He Shielded Booth.

BALTIMORE, January 31st.—The *Herald* to-morrow will have the following:

"Thomas A. Jones, the Marylander, who refused a reward of $300,000 to betray the whereabouts of Wilkes Booth, the assassin, who killed President Lincoln, was in Baltimore yesterday. He said: 'It was reported at the time that Booth was secreted in the old Catholic Church, at Port Tobacco Point, now known as Chapel Point steamboat landing, but such was not the case. He was at that time hiding in a pine thicket about a mile and a half from my friend, Samuel Cox. All I did for Booth was done as a mark of friendship for Cox, who was a life-long friend of mine. I did not know Booth, but when Cox put him, crippled as he was, in that pine thicket in my charge, nothing could have tempted me to betray him.'"

FIGHTING ARAB SLAVERS.

Horrible Situation of the Little Garrison at Karonga.

[F. D. Lugard in Contemporary Review.]

Let me put a picture before the reader's mental eye. I will introduce you to Karonga. Your are one of the garrison in our little stockade. Come with me into one of our reed huts, plastered with mud and thatched with grass. It is not quite proof either to wind or rain. One man, perhaps, is lying at death's door with dysentery or jaundice, four more are "down with fever," and are vomiting close by your bedside. Two or three others are "about" who were only yesterday in the same state. Elsewhere they would be considered very ill. The garrison, all told, consisting of, say twelve. [It was only six when I left.] Day after day drags past. There are night alarms and shots. There are not enough white men to keep a night watch. Every single time you go round the native watches you find one or more asleep. Thrashing, fining, the coorbatch (or chikuti)—nothing is of the slightest effect. It is painfully brought to your mind that an enemy might any night walk into your stockade, spite of all your ditches, your thorns, and your obstacles, and cut your throat before you had time to raise your arm. Fever pulls you down, and you become a victim to depression, and memory defies your control, while your head is splitting with pain, and dwells on the darkest chances of war, or probes some wound of the past.

A few months of this. Each mail you had looked for some certain news, which would put a period to this inaction and bring some confirmation of promises made; each monthly mail is a fresh disappointment, till at last you begin to fear that your nerve is going, and to dream, and worry, and be "not yourself," and the longing seizes you to leave the place at any price. Then comes the consideration that if one goes others may follow, and perhaps only one or so may be left to face the situation alone. You cannot bolt and leave that one. Then, if all go, you leave to certain massacre several thousand natives, who have absolutely trusted to your promises and help. You desert them—you lose the country for ever—you desert the missionaries on both lakes. Death may be preferable to such a life, but stay you must. No one but a man whose nerves were disordered or unstrung by the strain would feel thus. Yet I am confident that perhaps not one of the men at Karonga but has felt this vividly. One after another has said he could stand it no longer—only to relent and stay, bound by the inexorable necessity of the situation. Those who had anxious friends at home or private trouble felt it most. I know them intimately—some of them gave me their confidence. I speak but of facts.

Meanwhile the season has been a gay one in London; the delights of yachting are seductive, grouse shooting has begun—there is no time to think of Nyassa botherations. And those who are responsible for having placed these men there, and for retaining them there—those whose commercial interests are served by the retention of Nyassa land, and those whose public utterances have encouraged the belief that England and Scotland would not desert the cause—on them lies the duty of solving the problem. It is no longer a question of dividends. Speculation as to whether these troubles could have been avoided is useless. It is a question of a heavy and unavoidable responsibility already incurred, which must be faced; and were the news to come by next mail that the garrison had deserted Karonga, I would hold that in a measure they were justified, and that the onus of the desertion of the missions and the massacre of the Wankonde would lie with those who have left these men exposed to quite an undue strain, with the worst of food, badly housed, badly armed, with promises of help never fulfilled, broken with sickness for month after month.

I earnestly desire not to give cause of offense to any. Nothing I have said has any personal allusion. A responsibility lies on me. These men trusted me to let their case be known, and urged me to go to England with that view. I was unwilling to seek notoriety, and I declined to be "interviewed"—otherwise I did all I could. I gave my time and my services; I placed a long scheme for working the country in the hands of the protectors. I remained at their call. Now I feel that it devolves on me to give publicity to the situation. I have done so in the hope that what I have written may lead to immediate action and a just appreciation of their responsibility on the part of those who are responsible.

The queerest house ever built in Bangor, Me., is the magnificent stone structure just completed in that city by Isaiah K. Stetson. Estimated cost is $20,000, and no other house in Bangor had an equal amount of work laid out upon it in proportion to its size. The first story of the main house is built of stones of every conceivable size, shape, texture and color, which were given the owner by his many friends. They came from all parts of the compass, many of them from long distances, and some are very valuable. The effect is novel, but the stones are so arranged in regard to color that it is very artistic. The house has been discussed so much that Mr. Stetson has often been weary of giving information about it.

George du Maurier, the refined social satirist of *Punch*, will probably visit the United States this year. He joined the staff of *Punch* twenty-five years ago, shortly after the death of John Leech, the original illustrator of the funny paper. De Maurier is always spirited in his work, but never coarse or vulgar.

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
11:35 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 P
12:01 A	Truckee and Reno	6:00 A
12:05 P	Colfax	10:20 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

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S. PRENTISS SMITH, Vice-Pres....................250 Shares
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n17-tf&Su

SALE OF BONDS.

Central Irrigation District, Colusa County, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE Board of Directors of CENTRAL IRRIGATION DISTRICT, that said Board will, at its office in the town of Maxwell, in the county of Colusa, State of California, on the

Fourth Day of March, in the year 1890,

at 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, sell to the highest responsible bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, four hundred and fifty bonds of the said District, to the amount of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars being part of an issue of bonds aggregating the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; that sealed proposals for the purchase of said bonds will be received by said Board till the day and hour aforesaid, at which time said Board will open the proposals, and award the purchase of said bonds to the highest responsible bidder, but said Board reserves the right to reject all bids, and will in no event sell any of said bonds for less than ninety per cent. of the face value thereof; said bonds are dated the first day of July, in the year 1888, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually; any interest accruing between said date and the date of the sale and delivery of said bonds, shall be credited before delivery on the first maturing coupons attached to said bonds. Said bonds will be delivered to the successful bidder and the money received therefor at the District Treasurer's office in the town of Maxwell, or at the Colusa County Bank, in the town of Colusa, in the county and State aforesaid, and each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check in favor of R. De Lappe, Secretary of the Board of Directors of CENTRAL IRRIGATION DISTRICT, for an amount at least as great as five per cent. of the amount total to be paid for the bonds bid for.

Above Bonds Approved by Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has decided that CENTRAL IRRIGATION DISTRICT was validly organized, and that its bonds were properly issued, and are in the form required by law. See Central Irrigation District vs. R. De Lappe, 79 Cal., 351.

R. DE LAPPE, Secretary of said Board.

Maxwell, Cal., January 22, 1890. ja29-tmr3&Su

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Architect and Superintendent of Construction,

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