SACRAMENTO SUNDAY UNION.

VOLUME 1. SACRAMENTO, CAL., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1890. NUMBER 45.

CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE TO CHILDREN.

Influence of Youthful Pleasures Upon After Life—Games for Long Evenings at Home—The Table.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

Whether home is really home or simply a stopping place depends entirely upon the life that centers there. It means rest, contentment, affection, tenderness, purity and progress. In fact, home in its largest and truest sense implies a great deal.

But I have seen homes where the parents were good and conscientious, having the best welfare of their children at heart, who yet really made no home for their children, simply because they had forgotten what belonged to childhood. They were parents whom it seemed to me must always have been men and women, like Adam and Eve, always full grown, with never a memory of childish wants or needs. I remember a household amid the hills of New England, where the fine old house under the shadow of the elms hardly ever echoed to the music of childish laughter, although it had its share of children, and where the little boys and girls were never allowed to romp together, much less pass an evening in merry games. The Assembly's catachism was the book for Sundays, and Bluebeard, Mother Goose and Cinderella were all ignored on week days; fairy-land was a realm into which the children might not enter, and even merry old Santa Claus was kept at bay as a Popish invention which they might not harbor. Nature set the example of gladness for them. The birds sang and twittered merrily in the branches, the squirrels skipped and chattered among the tree-tops, and the frogs held a carnival of gladness every summer night within hearing, and the merry brook never ceased its humming, but for those children there was nothing but firmness, no careless sports, but a constant life of repression.

Well, of course those children grew up, and a whole community of such people as they make would never do the world any good, because their characters, their whole being, were stunted and one-sided. They never had known what childhood is, and they had no sympathy with it. Children must have amusements and recreations. There is a world of wise philosophy in the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Amusements are a legitimate need of childhood, and pleasant pastimes should neither be repressed or ignored. Make your children happy at home in the employment of harmless pleasures, as well as in fulfillment of simple duties, and you lay broad and deep the foundation for the life outside the home. A happy childhood is the foundation from which to draw in all after life—a green spot to which we may turn if life grows lonely in later years.

AN EXCELLENT GAME,

And which will stimulate children to study, is called "Century Count." It is played by having one of the party leave the room, when a century is assigned to him, such as sixth, eighth or nineteenth. On his return he is charged with all the crimes and abuses of his century, which he must explain, excuse, or acknowledge according to the best of his ability; the excellencies of his century are also attributed to him, and its noble characters, all of which he must politely accept, trying at the same time to discover to what century he belongs. When he succeeds in determining which century he represents, he selects the person whose last speech gave him the hint, and says: "The eighteenth (or other) century begs leave to retire, introducing Mr. —— to the Court," and the new victim leaves the room while another century is selected. When he returns some one says, for example: "Oh, how could you assassinate one of the best men that ever lived?" (William, the Silent.) And another adds, "Well, if he did, he produced one of the greatest poets." (Shakespeare.) "Yes," says another, "and tried to introduce the Inquisition into Holland." "But," exclaims another, "that was nothing compared to the massacre he caused." (St. Bartholomew.) "He was a good hand at sinking ships, too." "Yes," chimes in another, "and it made the most gentlemanly duck imaginable crow for joy." (Admiral Drake.) "Oh, yes, and laid the foundation for roast goose on Michaelmas Day." This gives a gleam of light to Mr. Century if he is "up" in his history, and he exclaims:

"Thank you. I see roast goose, sinking ships and Michaelmas Day. That means the Spanish Armada and Queen Elizabeth, thus making me represent the sixteenth century. Now I will give place to you."

And so the game goes on. It is instructive, and may be made full of interest and fun as well. I have seen players so delighted with it that it has employed almost the whole evening.

There is another game which affords splendid fun and is called

"JUSTICE IS BLIND."

Blindfold one player, who must take a seat in the middle of the room, when the leader takes up to her each one of the company. Justice must then pass an opinion upon each, and the leader must decide whether or not the opinion is sufficiently correct for Justice to transfer the bandage to the person described. Amusing mistakes are oftentimes made on account of their being so wholly at variance with the true character of the person described.

The "Russian Game of Gossip" will afford much amusement, and is played in this way: One of the company composes and writes out a striking but short narrative of about a dozen lines or so. This he reads carefully to himself, then folds and puts out of sight. Taking the person on his left aside, he repeats to him, as accurately as he can remember, what he has written. Number two repeats this, and so it passes round until it reaches the last player. This last person recites the story, and it is then compared with the original. When the story finally reaches home it will never be recognized as the one which was told by the first speaker.

But I will not suggest further in this article the

SOURCES OF AMUSEMENT

Which may be found to enliven an evening at home when guests are present or otherwise, but in the future I will speak of this again. For little children the old-fashioned game of "Fox and Geese" has a charm that will hold them for hours and "checkers" does not lose its charms even over older children. "Chess," when once fully mastered, is captivating to most young people and "blind man's buff" delights the children of this generation even as it did those of bygone days. I like the ringing laugh that comes with these and the shouts of careless gladness that reach to the very rafters of the old home. It is out from the homes where such laughter is heard that the men and women come who make the world better and wiser and who are strongest to resist the temptations of later years.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

How much of our life, of our world, lies in books. Our thoughts and our characters are shaped by those silent companions as much as by the influence of friends with whom we associate from day to day.

There is nothing like a good library in the home to supplement the parental training. It is in the home that the child's intellectual tastes and inclinations should be trained and shaped. What to read, and how to read it, should be learned there. Children should be taught to read as if they were talking with a friend. This can be done only as a feeling of sympathy exists between the author and the reader—a mutual feeling of interest in the subject discussed. How much the parent can do to arouse this feeling of sympathy by "talking the book over" with the child, enlarging upon the author's statements, drawing out his meanings and analyzing his sentiments, adding anecdote and illustration, until the child feels at home with the writer and familiar with his thoughts.

I have been to-day with one of my little friends "Through London by Canal." It was a glorious ride that we had over the water, lit up in the open spaces by the bright sunshine, then falling into deep shadows where tall buildings looked across or the arched bridges spanned the stream. Part of the time we had Dickens for company, and some of his immortal characters spoke to us from across the way. We found them, too, down by the docks and under the old piers. We shall never forget that slow sailing through that wonderful city on this cold and placid byway, where now and then the trees stooped down to the water's edge to whisper us a welcome and the voices of the past called to us with the softest echoes. The work was beautifully illustrated, and when we had gone through it London meant more to the child than it ever had before. Her mind's eye could guide her to many a familiar spot in the great city, and henceforward all that pertains to it will be of interest to her. I had an old book that I brought in here, with perhaps twenty-five illustrations of different parts of London, and a few stereoscopic views, that altogether gave us so many glimpses of this great metropolis that I was not surprised to hear the exclamation, "I really feel, Miss Ward, as though I had been in London."

We can go abroad with our little friends in this way, if in no other, and we can go anywhere, where human thought has explored, hand-in-hand with them by the help of books carefully read and understood. As the mind is fed there always comes the every-day consideration of bread and butter. I am not sure but that it comes first generally.

FOOD WELL PREPARED.

Wholesome and tempting goes a good ways towards placing us in a fit condition to enjoy our mental pabulum. Let me suggest a few dishes to be prepared by what is "left over," that may prove acceptable to the good housewife. The table is the place where most waste can occur, so guard it well and pay strict attention to the second preparing of food. The people who prefer an economical table, which, in their own mind, means broiled steak and roast beef, are the most difficult to cater for. Study to make the warmed-over dishes something decidedly more than hashes. Employ judicious combinations and pleasant seasonings; for instance, use sage with warmed-over pork, parsley with poultry, sprig of mint with your mutton or lamb, and a little onion to stimulate your beef. Cucumber sauce, inexpensive if you make it yourself, hightens the flavor of fish. An acid jelly with tame duck and tomato sauce with warmed-over veal. For warming over dark meats use sauces made from brown flour and butter; for white meats, cream sauces, which, of course, are made of milk. One or two potatoes left from dinner will make a comfortable dish of Lyonnaise potatoes for breakfast. The two tablespoonfuls of canned peas may be turned into an omelette for another meal. Broiled rice may be made into croquettes. Fish into scollops, cutlets or cream fish. Ham into croquettes. Beef into hash, meat balls, ragouts, rissoles or warmed up in its own gravy. Soup meat may be pressed or potted. Game or duck made over into salmis. Chicken or turkey into salads, croquettes, rissoles, boudins and timbale. Pieces of bread left from the table may be made into toast, delicious blankette or cromesqui.

Many vegetables suffer but little from a second warming, and if only in small quantity may be served as a garnish for a little meat dish, thereby rendering it palatable and sightly.

In all these little points we must be on the alert, or the garbage bucket will devour our substance. Those who have the responsibility of the household management must not forget the necessity of practical work in the kitchen. The power of giving directions so clearly that the maid will from them produce the desired result, is, perhaps, all that is required in some instances, but to teach others thoroughly, so that no waste will occur, one must be able to do the thing oneself.

EVE'S GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER.

THE DUTY OF WRITING.

Don't go to the theater. lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their little babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no need
Of their love and council wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes;
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they waited and longed,
Be a day or an hour too late!

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one,
So write them a letter to-night.

—*Witness.*

When a Woman Mails a Letter.

Femininity in the Postoffice is an amusing study. In the matter of dropping a simple, ordinary, white, every-day letter, for instance, she affords an insight into the character of the average woman. The looker-on had nothing else to do the other day than to watch this operation for five minutes. Out of thirty-two young women who went to cast their epistles in the slot, twenty-two, by exact calculation, withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it to scan both sides of the note to be "very" sure the letter was securely sealed, properly addressed, stamped, and to be certain no one could look through the envelope to read the contents. Out of these twenty-two ladies three had forgotten to put a stamp on their letters, and two had to add something to the address on the envelope, while another carried off with her the letter she had intended to mail.—*Boston Record.*

Never Came Back.

The Germans are given to taking life rather seriously; even their jokes have often a somber cast.

"Anything remarkable about this mountain?" asked a tourist of a driver.

"No," answered the driver, "there is nothing peculiar about the hill itself, but there is a queer story connected with it."

"What is that?"

"A young lady and gentleman went out for a walk on this hill; they ascended higher and higher, and—never came down again."

"Dear me! What ever became of them?"

"They went down the other side."—*Youth's Companion.*

English tweed, glove-fitting princesse is a spring toilet for walking just coming on.

COLOMBIA'S CAPITAL.

FANNIE B. WARD'S NINTH LETTER FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

The State of Society—Church and State—Police Duty—Occupations of the Natives.

[Special Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

BOGOTA, February 5, 1890.

As this queer old city has not a single hotel, the stranger coming here should, if possible, secure letters of introduction to one or more of its residents. He may be provided with villainous meals, at high prices, in a few low-class *fondas*, or restaurants, but could not find lodging therein. There is also a tolerable lodging-house, as such institutions go, kept by a New Hampshire widow, whose late husband was for many years engaged in business here; but her house is generally crowded to its utmost capacity. The good citizens of Bogota, however, are very hospitably inclined, and gladly welcome to their homes the stranger-guest who comes with any sort of recommendation, serving him with the best the country affords as long as he can be persuaded to remain.

The colony of exiles from the land of the stars and stripes is extremely small in Colombia, the foreign element being mostly German, with a sprinkling of French, English and Italian. The military college, or West Point, of the Republic, where were educated most of the famous Generals who afterwards became Presidents, is in charge of a former officer of the United States army. By the way, it is a significant fact that more than half the rulers of Colombia, from Bolivar, the first, down to the present incumbent, were previously Generals in the army.

DOCTOR RAFAEL NUNEZ,

The thirty-third occupant of the Executive Chair, is not a military man, but his popularity may be inferred from his tenure of office, this being his third term.

An important institution of Bogota is the "Seminario," a large public school under direct control of the Catholic church, for the education of boys who design entering the priesthood or the various learned professions. Formerly any person could set up as a priest, without regard to his fitness for the sacred calling or passing any examination whatever; and the consequence was that many densely ignorant men from the lowest strata of society became powerful in the church, and much wickedness resulted therefrom. The Seminario was inaugurated expressly to prevent that kind of thing, and now a priest has to understand a great deal more than the mumbling of Pater Nosters and Ave Marias. There are over six hundred boys in the school, who come from all classes, the highest and the lowest. They wear a peculiar long dress, in cut something like that of the begging Friars; but the Seminaria gowns are black, with white surplices of muslin, lace or cambric, and any amount of extravagance is allowed to the sons of wealthy parents, the lace on the vestments of some of the latter being wonderfully beautiful.

There is another university, supported by the Government, which has branches for the study of jurisprudence, divinity and materia medica; also a fine national library, containing more than a thousand volumes.

THE MUSEUM,

In which are kept the curiosities and historical relics of the country, is well worth a visit. A stone gallery which surrounds the main room is devoted to paintings, including many old and very odd representations of scriptural scenes, portraits of all the Kings of Spain and the successive viceroys who ruled in the New World, including Solis, who died in Bogota, besides monks, priests and bishops without number, and several sketches of the dead Bolivar, as he lay in state in a wonderful temple of Caracas, Venezuela.

The room below is hung with flags and other trophies taken in the different wars with the Spaniards, all more or less battered, tattered and riddled with shot, and the portraits of the celebrated patriots, soldiers and politicians. There is a tall wooden stool on which a hundred heroes met death during the struggle for independence, placed upon it to be shot by the Spanish soldiers. Above it is the first map ever made of the country, a very curious affair, on copper-plate, the work of a Capuchin monk, who evidently drew from a lively imagination, without much knowledge of the subject. Near it is the veritable skull of the viceroy, Solis, grinning horribly from its conspicuous perch, as if relishing the joke of being able still to keep an eye on the people he ruled so long ago.

One of the most interesting things in the whole collection is an old wooden sundial that was made for Mutis, and used by Baron von Humboldt and Caldis, the naturalist. Among thousands of aboriginal relics are spears, swords, poisoned arrows and other weapons used by the early tribes, with their plumed head-dresses, necklaces of human teeth, and some breast-plates made of quills and feathers. The most curious piece of Indian work is a large and elaborate blanket, worn by the ancient Chibchas, in which feathers of the most brilliant colors are inwrought, graphically representing birds, beasts, flowers and trees.

There is a chest full of stone idols, stone earrings, stone whistles in the form of birds, stone hatchets and other implements, and a

REMARKABLE CELANDER STONE.

Made by the Musica Indians, covered with strange hieroglyphics, frogs, snakes, lizzards, and other symbols; besides a lot of ancient pottery, including Egyptian-like jugs, with faces upon them resembling the Sphynx.

That you may understand the state of society in Colombia more fully than I—a comparative stranger here—can tell you, allow me to quote a few passages from Mr. William Eleroy Curtis' admirable book entitled "The Capitals of Spanish America," in which he devotes a chapter to Bogota. Says he: "Society is very exclusive, and strangers call first. If the visit is returned, the doors of society are opened. The predominating language is Spanish, but all the upper classes speak French. They get everything from France, too, in the way of dress and luxuries. Bogota is a city of paradoxes, of great wealth, of great poverty, and a peculiar mixture of customs that often puzzles the stranger. The foremost men in the mercantile, political, and literary circles are from the old Castilian families, but so changed by intermarriage that all bloods run in their veins. In the Legislature, on the bench, the forum and behind the banker's desk, you will see the characteristics of all the races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the African."

THE RULING CLASS

Is the politicians, but it is more under the control of the military than is generally the case elsewhere. Among the leading minds are highly-educated men who can converse and write fluently in several languages, who can demonstrate the most difficult problems in astronomical and mathematical formulas, who can dictate a learned philosophical discourse, or dispute with anybody the influence of intricate history.

Their Constitution, laws and government were modeled after those of the United States; their financial policies after England's; their fashions, manners and customs after the French; their literature, verbosity and suavity after the Spaniards. Patriotic eloquence is their ideal, and well it is realized in most of their orators.

A great many professional men, especially doctors, dentists, engineers and artists, have been educated abroad. Every transaction here requires many formalities; even the account books of the merchant must receive the legal rubric, as nearly every trial is decided upon the written evidence only, pleading at the bar being almost entirely unknown.

THE CHURCH AND STATE

Are entirely separate. There are no more nuns, but Sisters of Charity act as educators to the poor and nurses in the hospitals. Protestant ministers are gaining a foothold, but very slowly, as everything is against them. The unconquered Indians still retain many of the peculiar religious rites of their ancestors.

Recently banks and bankers have multiplied to a great extent. Paper money, heretofore almost unknown, is fast supplanting the coin of the country. This places a great power in the hands of the bankers. They are allowed to issue bills far above their specie reserve, charging from three-fourths to one and a half per cent. a month for loans. The profits, therefore, are very large, some banks paying dividends as high as 30 per cent. per annum.

THE POLICE

Do duty only at night, leaving the citizens to take care of themselves by day. Four policemen are stationed at the four corners of each plaza. Every fifteen minutes a bell rings, which causes the guardians of the city to blow their whistles and change places. By this system it is impossible for them to sleep on their beats. Besides a short, stout bayonet, the policeman is often armed with a lasso, and by the dextrous use of this formidable weapon the prowling thief is easily pinioned, when trying to escape. Petty thefts are the chief crimes, for the natives are neither quarrelsome nor dishonest. Those who will steal little things sometimes make the most trusty messengers, to whose care you need not hesitate to trust any amount of money.

Travelers are sometimes carried over the mountain passes in

SILLAS

Upon the backs of natives. These carriers are sure-footed, and capable of great endurance, usually making better time than mules. A *silla* is nothing more than a bamboo chair, fastened to the back of the carrier by two belts worn crosswise over the chest, and a third passing over the forehead. On a level road the men have a gentle trot that does not jolt the rider much, keeping a pace of four miles an hour for half a day. Even when climbing in the mountains they seldom slip or fall, and very few accidents ever occur, unless they happen to get too much rum. But it requires a good deal of time and patience to accustom one's self to human back riding; though many of the natives prefer the *silla* to the saddle.

Though the lower classes work indiscriminately, the women do the heaviest share of it, carrying burdens over the mountains equal to the men, and one or two children besides. Indians will walk for three days, men and women together, having upon their backs heavy loads of produce or long strings of fish. Arrived in town, the women will sit all day in the market place, peddling off the stuff, while the men are patronizing the gambling booths. At night, if there is any money left, they will all get drunk together, and then spend two or three more days on the road, traveling home with tired feet and empty pockets.

IN THE VICINITY OF BOGOTA

Are several *quintas* (small farms) which are devoted entirely to the raising of orchids. These lovely parasites grow wild all over Colombia, in infinite variety of form and color. The growers send natives out into the woods and hills to collect them, paying from 1 cent to 30 cents for each plant, and selling the same in Europe at prices ranging all the way between $50 and $500. I visited an orchid ranch where a young Englishman is doing a profitable business. He has 1,000 small wooden boxes, and into each box is nailed a stick, the latter wrapped with sphagnum moss, among which the plant is tied.

Another curious industry practiced hereabouts is the gathering of *Cinch Tancifolia* or chincona bark. A few years ago such quantities were exported from Colombia as seriously to affect the European market; but now the supply is practically exhausted except in the remote interior districts.

It is now near the close of the rainy season and one's perambulations must be circumscribed, for torrents are sure to fall every afternoon, beginning generally between two and three o'clock and keeping it up through most of the night. Though there is no Weather Bureau in South America, one has little difficulty in calculating what is coming. First white mists begin to creep slowly up the stupendous gorge between Guadalupe and Serrate, the twin mountains behind the town, making their bold, dark cliffs appear yet more rugged by contrast with paths of sunlight here and there and the pale advancing vapors. Slowly the mists creep higher and higher, until both peaks are completely shrouded; and then suddenly the floods descend, as if the very windows of heaven were opened, deluging everything in a moment and turning the gutters into brawling rivers.

FANNIE B. WARD.

SPOILED HIS APPETITE.

Human Monstrosities Not Conducing to the Enjoyment of a Meal.

He was a tall old man with sparsely settled whiskers that afforded ample playground for the wind, and he glided into a Fourteenth street restaurant as though he had come straight from the Grand Central Station and was still a little dazed by the crowd and the noise, says the New York *Tribune*. He selected a seat, ordered an oyster stew, and as he quietly awaited its coming the door opened and a man of enormous hight strolled in. The old man looked at the newcomer in complete astonishment. He took in the copious proportions from sole to crown, and, leaning over, whispered:

"Waiter."

"Sah?"

"I calc'late that man is seven foot high."

"Eight, sah."

"Gosh!"

"Eight foot one, sah. Here's yer stew."

The old man had scarcely begun to work upon his luncheon when a little creature not three feet high, but wearing a heavy mustache and plenty of jewelry, walked down the room, climbed into a chair and ordered chops and beer. The stew was neglected. With open mouth and eyes fairly popping out with wonder, the old man studied his new neighbor. At length the demand of the inner man was too clamorous to withstand, and the owner of the stew began the work of stowing it away. He had scarcely devoured two oysters, however, when there was another arrival. A middle-sized man came in. He had a countenance completely devoid of expression, hair and mustache as white as snow, and pink eyes. A look of horror came over the old man's face, and his spoon fell into the stew with a splash.

"Geewhittaker," he exclaimed, "if the people of this New York is monstrosities like these I cal'clate I can't get back to Sodus Point quick enough," and before cashier or waiters could stir the old man shot out of the door into Fourteenth street, leaving one mitten and the oyster stew mute evidence of his hasty departure.

"Jerry," said the cashier, with much annoyance, to a waiter, "go in and tell that museum feller next door that this business is getting all broke up, and we can't serve no more lunches to them freaks."

The famous old mountain fortress of Asirgarh, which was formerly regarded as one of the principal defenses of central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and has many interesting and romantic historical associations.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ACTING THAT CAUSED A MURDERER TO CONFESS HIS CRIME.

Dramatic Scenes in a German Theater—The Old California Theater Company—Stage Notes.

Herr Possart, the German tragedian—now visiting this country—once, while he was enacting a murderous part, by his realistic rendition so strongly affected a murderer who was in the audience that the latter, amid great excitement, ran from the theater and gave himself into the hands of justice. The story was told me last week by an eye-witness of the scene.

The dramatic incident occurred about thirty years ago, while Herr Possart was playing an engagement at the Stadt Theater in Breslau. The police at the time were vainly endeavoring to fathom a murder which had recently been committed there. The victim was an old knife-grinder named Auger, who lived all alone in a frame-house on the outskirts of the town. He worked all day at his trade, and at night shut himself up in his house, associating with no one. He was looked upon as a miser by all who knew him, for it was known that he made money, and it was generally supposed that his wealth was secreted in his house.

On the night of January 20, 1861, the inhabitants of the town were thrown into great excitement by the discovery that Auger's house was in flames. When the firemen arrived they could not find Auger anywhere. After the flames had been subdued they found the dead body of the miser on the floor. He had been brutally murdered. The police tried to find the murderer, but could not obtain even the slightest clue.

At this time Possart was playing R. Gottschalk's Indian tragedy called "The Nabob." It is founded on early Indian history during Lord Clive's regime. The time of the drama was 1757, and the plot and negotiations of the East India Company and the Nabob were represented. This play used to be a very popular one in Germany, and the part taken by Possart was one of his best performances. He played the part of the Indian Mattali.

In the second act he attempts to assasinate Lord Clive, President of the East India Company and Governor-General of India. This was a powerful piece of acting. Mattali tried to steal quietly upon Clive and stab him. Just as he was about to strike the fatal blow he was caught and immediately he buried the dagger which was intended for Lord Clive in his own heart.

Ten days had elapsed since the murder of the old miser, and on January 30th the Stadt Theater was crowded to see "The Nabob" played. In the front row of the gallery was a young subordinate officer, Sergeant Geissler, with his sweetheart, Anna Richter. The audience became greatly interested during the first act of the play, and in the second act the excitement was intense. Geissler was very much worked up over it and sat as if entranced as he watched the plotting of the young Indian against the Governor.

As the plot developed he eagerly watched every movement, and as Mattali was about to kill Lord Clive his nerves were strained to their greatest tension. He sat as if transfixed, gazing at the actors, and when the Indian was seized before he struck the fatal blow Geissler started and became greatly excited. Miss Richter spoke to him, but he did not heed her. He alternately flushed and paled as he watched the remorse and disappointment of the young Indian. The perspiration stood on his forehead in great beads as the dagger was turned towards the Indian's heart, and as he struck the blow Geissler, with a loud cry, leaped from his seat and rushed bareheaded from the theater. The confusion in the theater was great. The curtain was hastily rung down. Many left the house, while others wondered what had happened. After quiet was restored the play proceeded.

In the meanwhile Sergeant Geissler had rushed from the theater to the nearest police station, and there gave himself up as the murderer of the old knife-grinder. He was locked up, and within a few days tried. He confessed having murdered the miser in order to steal his gold, but had been unable to find the money. Then he fired the building in order to hide all evidence of his crime. He said that Possart's powerful portrayal of the feeling of the mimic suicide forced him to make the confession. He was sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by the higher Courts on the ground of having confessed. The Governor of Bavaria recently pardoned Geissler, after the latter had been imprisoned for twenty-nine years.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Meeting that old actor and gentleman "Joe" Proctor the other day, visions of that blood-curdling Indian melodrama, "The Jibbenanosay," was brought to mind. Proctor in his prime stood fully six feet, built in proportion, and in the weird make-up of the Avenger was a sight to remember. Old-time plays are coming to the front, and meeting Friend Joe put me in mind of the production of "Never Too Late to Mend" at the California Theater in the 70's. The California Theater boasted then of having the finest stock company in the United States, and it was no idle boast, either, for it had the people. Proctor had a manuscript copy of the play written or revised by Charles Read, the author of the novel. It was put on in splendid shape on the big stage of the theater, and it had a splendid cast. Both Frank Mayo and Bill Mestayer (who was then the heavy man of the theater, and he's a heavy man still), Mrs. Saunders, Harry Edwards, Emily Melville, E. J. Buckley, J. T. Raymond. Raymond, as the low comedian, was cast for Jakey, the Australian native, but Raymond did not cater to the idea of blacking up, and E. L. Walton was told off to play it. He made a tremendous hit in the part, receiving each night a call before the curtain for a bit of pathetic acting that no one had dreamed of when the play was put in rehearsal. The scene represents the overflow of a river. Mayo is a persecuted innocent, wanders to Australia to find evidence to clear himself of some accusation, taken down with fever in a hut, no companion but the native boy Jakey, who hears the rumble and roar of the approaching flood, and begs his master to fly for safety. The man, wild with delirium, refuses to go. The boy, standing at the door of the hut, describes the coming of the flood. Certain death awaits them if they stay. Too weak to carry the master, the boy goes back to the fever-stricken man, and, putting the master's head in his arms, he croons a lullaby and rocks him to quietness and sleep. The soughing of the wind among the trees, the breaking timber and the roar of the coming flood, the lightning flash and the boy in the midst of all crooning a death ditty would bring the house to its feet in a wild tumult of applause. They had no tank then, but the play was a great go, and would be again to-day.—*Dunlop's Stage News.*

STAGE NOTES.

Miss Sophie Eyre is seriously ill at the Hotel Vendome, New York.

Miss Louis Beandet has made the hit of "The Mikado," at the Chicago Auditorium.

"Zig-Zag" may go out again this season, under the management of John P. Slocum.

Pauline Hall's diamonds are the most brilliant features of the "Nadjy" performance.

L. G. Hanna has become manager of the Metropolitan Theater in Denver, Col.

"Bluebeard Jr.," is in St. Louis, and has packed the Olympic Theater at every performance.

Rumor has it that Mr. Wesley Sisson will star young Salvini in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," beginning next month.

Miss Clara Lane, the sprightly soubrette of the Carlton company, appeared last week in the role of "Nanon" at Hooley's.

Miss Alice Whitacre, the Chicago soprano residing in London, it is announced by cable, will be married in April to Dr. Crows, of Windsor.

It is stated that W. T. Carlton has paid over $38,000 for royalties to the authors of "Nanon," and he has sung the opera over one thousand times.

One of the London theaters is in negotiation with Charles MacGeachy for a run of "Old Jed Prouty," with Richard Golden, Dora Wiley and entire present cast.

The three dresses worn by Miss Pauline Hall in "The Drum Major" are said to be superb, they being made for her by Worth, of Paris, from designs furnished by Miss Hall.

Blanche Marsden's society drama, "Gabriel Gerard," will be given a metropolitan trial before the end of the present season. She is said to have inherited her father's talents.

Louis N. Glover will next season appear in a new American play written for him by Mr. Harry W. Emmet. His season will open at the Amphion Theater, Brooklyn, September 8th.

Isabella Urquhart has saved enough money to buy herself a new residence, at One Hundred and Fiftieth street, in New York. She has a fine house, grounds and a large stable. Verily it pays to be a Casino star.

Pretty Frankie Kimble, the versatile singing artiste, has received several offers for next season, one for opera, one for burlesque, another for farce-comedy, and an offer to play principal boy in the London pantomime.

Miss Sophia Shiffman, a young singer who has appeared to advantage in the Chicago Conservatory entertainments, and won high commendation from Mme. Albani, has gone to New York to continue her vocal studies.

The accomplished soprano, Mdlle. Clementina de Vere, has just been engaged for the choir of the Rev. Dr. Paxton's church, New York, at $4,500 a year—the largest salary ever given to a choir singer in this or any other country.

Miss Minnie Palmer is one of the most patriotic actresses on the stage. She has so arranged her return voyage as to reach New York before the Fourth of July, as she wants to see the stars and stripes, and plenty of them.

A cablegram from London says that Lady Colin Campbell has written a drama in which she will soon take the leading part. Lady Campbell is a sister-in-law to Princess Louise, and if she goes on the stage she will be the first of Queen Victoria's relatives to join the profession.

A Society of Dramatic Authors is being formed in New York. The writers said to have joined it are Bronson Howard, Clay M. Greene, William Gill, David Belasco, Henry C. DeMille, Charles Alfred Byrne, Archibald Clavering Gunter, A. D. Gordon, Paul M. Potter and Leonard Grover.

Richard Golden has bought the old Prouty tavern in Bucksport, Me., which for almost half a century was run by old Jed Prouty himself. It is stated that Mr. Golden has invited the entire "Old Jed Prouty" company to spend next summer at the Tavern de Prouty without money and without price.

Stuart Robson, in "An Arrant Knave," was greeted by an immense house at the Boston Hollis-street Theater on Monday evening. The audience welcomed the star with cordiality, and, after responding to a number of calls, he was compelled to make a speech. The play was beautifully staged, and made a pronounced hit.

Georgie Cayvan, the leading lady at the Lyceum Theater, New York, was coached in her first important part, Hazel Hirk, by Mrs. Edmund Russell, the prime mover of Delsartism in the United States, and in Europe, also, for that matter. Both Mr. and Mrs. Russell are now in this country instilling the teachings of Delsarte into the ultra-fashionable world.

The greatest rivalry exists between the two companies of girls who perform the march in the third act of "The Drum Major," and to encourage them Manager Aronson presents the company who makes the fewest mistakes with a $20 gold piece at the end of each week. If Manager Aronson would put out more $20 gold pieces to get singers and less for Amazonian evolution that in time past have been the feature of burlesque, he would come nearer giving comic opera than shape shows.

A. M. Palmer took a complete "Aunt Jack" company from New York to Washington last week to play at a matinee for the actors' fund, returning in time to appear at the Madison Square Theater the same evening. The run out was made in four hours and eighteen minutes, and the return in four hours and nineteen minutes, the fastest time on record. "Aunt Jack" was accompanied by W. F. G. Shanks, editor of the *Star;* Albert Pulitzer, editor of the *Morning Journal;* Richard Neville and James F. Graham, representing the *World;* William Henry Frost, representing the *Tribune;* John Keller, the *Times*, and Harry Neagle, the *Press*.

What a Hostess Wants.

A hostess who wants to make her dinners popular may have them as simple as she likes, but there are some laws she must observe as strictly and with as much fear as were those of the Medes and Persians.

She must not have tepid oysters; neither must ice be served about them.

She must not have the napery starched until the man with a young mustache feels that every time he puts his napkin to his lips he is risking the destruction of the pride of his life.

She must not bake what ought to be roasted, not serve a fillet until nobody knows whether it is a rubber shoe or a piece of oilcloth.

She must not have a servant who is interested in anything except good service. He shouldn't smile if the wittiest man in the world told the funniest story, nor should he appear interested if a political secret on which hinged the future of Ireland was heard by him.

She should count the sweets of the least importance, and not believe that a bad dinner can be bolstered up by a very much decorated cake or pudding.

She should see that her coffee is as clear as her conscience and as strong as her love.

She should not ask anybody whether they will have cream or not, for people who go out to dinner should learn to do without it.

She should not attempt to elaborate a menu, for she wishes each dish to reach the hight of perfection, and when the successful dinner is achieved she should give the cook a large dose of encouragement, a medicine pleasant to take.

The woman who understands the art of dinner-giving is the woman who is past mistress of the art of keeping her husband at home.—*New York Sun.*

Pleasures of Wealth.

Mrs. O'Kelly—"You look tired, Mrs. O'Rafferty."

Mrs. O'R.—"And it's tired that I am, Mrs. O'Kelly. And I hope before I doi that I'll be wan of thim Fifth avenue ladies, so that afther I've done washin' the dishes and scrubbin' the flure, I can lie down in the afthernoon and slape a bit."

"And it's an aisy toime that they have of it, Mrs. O'Rafferty."—*Texas Siftings.*

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

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

The *Presbyterian* says: "As is well known, there are two religious bodies in this country termed Reformed Presbyterians. They are designated, for convenience sake, Old School and New School. Committees from each of these churches met in Pittsburg, Pa., lately to consult together touching a union of these churches. They found their way to an agreement on every question but one—the relation of members of this civil government. It was proposed to make this a matter of forbearance, leaving members of the church to do as they pleased about voting. But the Old School men were tenacious, and the union has not been accomplished."

The Buffalo *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "The following is from the Catholic *Union and Times:* 'The Protestant Episcopal Bishop, Paret, of Maryland, is much disturbed in spirit at the church's efforts "to obtain the religious control of this nation." That is just what she is here for, Bishop. Her divine mission is the same in every land and age. She converted pagan Rome and she hopes to Christianize pagan America.' Would it not be well for her to try her hand at South America first? She has had free swing there for three centuries, and if she cannot do better work in these pagan United States than she has in those lands where she has had undisputed sway for ages, we should say, Hands off, gentlemen!"

The *Christian Leader* (Univ.) says: "It needs to be said often that the influence and value of the Christian ministry are not to be measured by the number of men in it who achieve notoriety. Notoriety is easily gained. Any marked divergence from those with whom he is classed gives a preacher notoriety. But notoriety is not influence. When a man becomes famous for his eminent usefulness among his fellows, rather than for his eccentricity among them, his influence is likely to correspond to his distinction. And those who are quite unknown to fame, but whose work, like that of the artisans of a great building, is carrying the beneficent enterprises of the Church towards completion, are its real strength and main dependence. If we could, without invidiousness, present the statistics of ministerial labor just as they are, it would appear that much of the precious time and energy of the inconspicuous many is spent in retrieving the damage done by the brilliant and erratic few."

Of American Board affairs, the *Congregationalist* says: "A widespread public opinion holds that the administration is not in harmony with Dr. Storr's letter in the spirit in which the author wrote it and in which the Board adopted it. We do not say that this opinion is just, but that it exists. We do not criticise conscientious brethren for opposing the appointment of Mr. Covell, who, indeed, appears to have felt himself to be in different atmospheres while in different examinations. This widespread impression has, doubtless, been deepened also by the open hostility displayed by our Chicago contemporary. In fact, abundant evidence exists that there is among our churches a current of troubled feeling which is almost sadness, and of considerable anxiety. Our own sources of information tell us of important places, 'conservative' in tone, where officials of the Board are not welcomed, and of contributions loyally raised upon the expressed distinction between devotion to missions and approval of present home methods. An appearance of quiet scarcely conceals the fact that the judgment of many is suspended."

The *Living Church* (P. E.) says: "It is more than a misfortune that what men choose to call 'society' and 'the world' has so far absorbed and captured the Church. It overflows our eligible pews and choice sittings, and lays heavy burdens upon our disciplinary life and teaching, as it toys and trifles with Lent. To be sure, there is an outward cessation of public 'balls' and banqueting and immoderate feastings. But there is another side to this seeming and superficial observance of the holy season. Amusements and indulgences put on a less pretensive shape, but in truth they are only diluted and sugar-coated with conventional deference; they are not squarely shunned and done away with. In the great cities 'society' churchmen will be found flitting hither and thither from one bit of fairyland of pleasure to another, to a rural palace with its secluded diversions, to Europe for a dash in London, or Parisian excitement, to Newport or Tuxedo, or Florida, or Washington. And so 'Vanity Fair' unceasingly shifts and flits, and regales itself on novelties, hiding its delinquencies under the fatuous pretense of 'observing Lent.' But the Church of God is more and stronger than 'society.' She disclaims and repudiates all such pretexts and subterfuges. 'Let him deny himself and take up his cross,' is the sum and substance of her perpetual command, because it is the very Word of the Blessed Lord Himself. Her prescript lies easily within these few tremendous words."

The *Churchman* says: "Three weeks ago the Roman Catholic Bishop (Wigger) of Newark announced to a conference of his clergy at Seton College that he was about to issue a circular requiring them to refuse the sacraments to any members of their congregations who should refuse to send their children to schools belonging to the Church. This announcement was very soon made known to the public, and on Sunday, the 16th, it was officially communicated by Mgr. Doane to the congregation of the Newark Cathedral. Happily, while it was freely discussed, it evoked no wholesale denunciations of the Roman Catholics. A loud Protestant outcry would have had the effect of silencing expostulation among Roman Catholics themselves; but there was no Protestant outcry, and the Roman Catholic expostulations were entirely practical and decidedly effectual. That the inward indignation of the Roman Catholics was both hot and bitter there is no sort of doubt. Outwardly they maintained an ominous silence. Practically they treated their Bishop's threatening pastoral with silent disdain, and continued to send their children to the public schools as usual. Last Sunday the publication of the pastoral was to have been made in Jersey City and generally in the churches of the Newark diocese; but it was not made, and it is now understood that Roman Catholic priests have effectually insisted that Roman Catholic laymen shall be permitted to govern their families and the education of their children without dictation from their Bishop."

The *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "What a resplendent view does it give us of Divine grace, in that it forbears to condemn us to eternal death for Adam's sin—a sin committed six thousand years ago, and with which we had no more to do than if it had been committed in the planet of Jupiter—but that does not go so far as to give the faintest ray of hope to the greater part of mankind, since salvation can be bestowed on 'those only who hear the Gospel, and their offspring!' The rest of mankind are condemned to eternal death for not believing what they never heard of and could not by any possibility hear of. Even infants, 'babies from their mothers' breasts,' as Calvin has it, are cast into the all-devouring and bottomless abyss! Now, O wise man of Washington! what would you think of the Czar of Russia if he should send an order to Siberia that all the exiles should be massacreed who did not conform to a certain rule, at the same time that he did not communicate to them what that rule was, so that it would be even possible for them to obey it? Would you not place his name on the role of infamy, beside those of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, who piled up their pyramids of human skulls? And yet you impute to the Almighty Creator, the father of all mankind, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, a treatment of His creatures which would brand a human sovereign as a monster of cruelty. Such a defense of the confession as this makes the case a thousand times worse. If you do not abandon this hyper-Calvinism, the church will. 'The principles of right and justice are not changeable things—one thing in this world and another in the next; one thing with man and another with God; but immutable and eternal; and by that law which is enthroned in God himself it is settled for ever that that which would be cruelty in man cannot be mercy in God.'"

The *Christian Union* says: "Men not interested in religion! There is nothing—neither fashion, politics, nor business—in which they are so profoundly interested. What they are not interested in is unreligion in a religious garb and with a religious phraseology. Neither Phillips Brooks nor Dwight L. Moody spends time in discussing politics or sociology or ethics. They deal with the fundamental truths; with the spiritual life; with the relation of men to God; they speak to men as sons of God. No lesser theme could command such continuous attention. Not even in a political campaign could the most famous of political orators give a succession of six lectures on the tariff or the Southern question and command such a hearing as Phillips Brooks has commanded for his discourses on redemption. A lecturer in Fifth Avenue on success in society, or in Wall street on success in business, could not easily get an audience for one day during business hours; Mr. Moody gets a double audience in Fifth Avenue, and Phillips Brooks could easily have had a double audience, if he could have addressed it, at the head of Wall street. And their theme is religion. No! brethren of the ministry, do not imagine that men and women have ceased to care for the Christian religion. If they do not care for your preaching, either you have not the religion of Jesus Christ, or you do not know how to convey it to souls who are in need of it. The world is as truly bereft without God now as it ever was; it is as hungry for hope, and it is as true now as when Paul lived that to be godless is to be hopeless. Whoever has sympathy with men and touch with God, and knows how to make men feel the presence and power—the gracious presence and gracious power—of God, never lacks for men and women eager to listen to the story of God's grace, if not to receive the gift of His love."

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says: "As long as a man behaves himself and preaches the Gospel the press does not trouble him. His sermons are not reported, and his name does not get into print, and he lives in his obscurity, having his reward only in his own conscience and the approval of God. But let him wound Christ in the house of his friends, deny the Gospel, fling out some monstrous theological error, break loose from the Christian world, and he becomes famous at once. The press pets him as if he was a young lion. He is lifted upon stilts of theological falsehood until he can look over the heads of the old ecclesiastical giants who have made their names famous by their learning and their piety. He becomes taller than Paul, and every theological photograph gallery hangs his portrait beside that of the great teacher of Galilee. It was so with Dr. Newton, and the wonder was what he might grow to and what his destination would be. But the man of the unanchored faith surprised his votaries on a late Sunday by tacking ship and sailing towards Rome. Whether he has found that agnosticism don't pay, and that his notoriety in that direction is at an end, or whether he has really become tinctured with Romish notions, no one can tell until the ship anchors or touches land. But if he believes all he said of Rome, in his extravagant, energetic way, he can hardly fail to be far from going over to the Roman communion. The intellectual curiosity of the whole thing lies in the rebound. A short time ago the man was sailing directly on the bare rocks of agnosticism; now he is within pilot-limits of the Vatican. Such a case as that of Dr. Newton has its lessons, which ought to be studied by all men of unanchored faith. Some men anchor very early in life; some never anchor. Their mental anchorages are such that they drift. If no storm comes, they are safe, but if they meet a cyclone they are wrecked. We are surprised sometimes to see men who have studied theology twenty years or more shifting about as if they did not know what they believed. They have never anchored—ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth."

FROM THE FUNNY PAPERS.

You never hear of a strike among the astronomers. Their business is always looking up.—*Texas Siftings.*

"General Greely, do you know a snowball from a charity ball?" "Yes; one strikes you on the neck and the other hits you on the pocket."—*Life.*

"What is mist?" asks an exchange From our experience with humanity, we should say that it is generally an um brella.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Merchant—"But do you think the man can be trusted?" Head Clerk—"He evidently has been. You notice he wears good clothes."—*Boston Transcript.*

The house-dog swallowed the sausage down,
He smiled a little, then heaved a sigh,
"I'm the toughest," he murmured, "in all the town—
A cannaba'is ic canine I."
—*Washington Post.*

"What have you got?" asked the minister of the coachman who rang his doorbell. "One pair," replied the coachman, as he opened the carriage door for the eloping couple.—*Washington Post.*

Man (to friend)—"Well, sir, I never saw a woman who can do as much work as my wife. By George, she is a regular machine." Friend—"Oh, I see. You married a type-writer."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"Salvation's free," sang the choir. "I'm glad of that," said a poorly dressed old gentleman who had just dropped in; "but you jest wait till some o' them English syndicates get hold on 't."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you see that man over there?" said one rural visitor in the House gallery to another. "The one who was jes speakin'?" "Yes. He was once a famous Know-Nothing." "Well, he don't seem to be clean over it yet."—*Washington Post.*

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess there ain't. If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it's just cunning!"—*Puck.*

"Have you any automatic toys?" "Yes—a large assortment. How do you like this?" "It appears to be broken." "No, madam; you do not seem to understand the idea. It is an automatic tramp and does not work."—*New York Sun.*

"Well, Jack, I gave you a violin your last birthday; are you making progress?" "Oh, yes, uncle. I can't play very well yet, but I'm surely making progress, for my teacher said yesterday, 'My, Jack, there you are again—several bars ahead!'"—*Epoch.*

Miss Highup—"It's perfectly scandalous! Did you hear about Miss De Pink?" Miss Tiptop—"No. What has she done?" "Oh, the most immodest thing imaginable! She's let all the world know that she is crazy to get married by going and joining a cookery school."—*New York Weekly.*