THE SUNDAY UNION.

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Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Fair weather, preceded by local rains in northern portion; westerly winds; warmer.

Oregon and Washington—Rain; southerly winds; nearly stationary temperature.

THE Governor of Cracow has issued a decree forbidding paupers to emigrate to America. Let the Governor of Cracow receive our thanks. Such favors as these are thoroughly appreciated in this country.

A BERLIN saloon-keeper has been sent to prison for a year for calling the Emperor "a hog." Goodness! Suppose all those had been thrown into hoc who have applied similar pet names to American Presidents.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., is to issue bonds for $1,000,000 for street work for the year 1890-91. There is, then, one city that does not hesitate to put upon the whole assessment roll the burden of street improvement that is for the benefit of all the people.

CONGRESS is hearing the commercial bodies on this coast relative to the proposed reduction of sugar duties, in a way that will command attention and call a halt. The people of California are not prepared to see the beet-sugar industry blotted out.

AND now a San Francisco man turns up who testifies that having been condemned to imprisonment in the Ludlow-street Jail, New York, on civil process, he kept out of the jail until the action against him was dismissed, by paying to the officers of the prison the sum of $100. Truly the ways of the Sheriffs of the great city of New York are tortuous and dark.

A BILL is pending before Congress to grant to all clerks in Postoffices of the first, second and third class fifteen days' leave of absence, on full pay, in each year, and substitute clerks enough are to be employed to enable this idea to be carried out. Such a measure is deserving of hearty support. There is no class of men whose routine duty is more onerous than that of Postoffice clerks, and none of whom the public expect such exact and unfailing service. To give them the holidays contemplated will render the service more efficient, command for the places the talent they should have, and thus the public will become the chief beneficiary.

THE city of Louisville announces that it will not need assistance to care for the sufferers by the cyclone. The city is rich, and public-spirited citizenship is characteristic of it. It is gratifying to know that the people of the Kentucky metropolis feel able to raise all the funds needed for the necessities created by the storm. Other and smaller places, however, that have been seriously injured must be assisted, and to that duty the rich West is fully equal. If it should appear, however, that aid is needed from the country generally, and which there is no reason to anticipate will be the case, California will not be found wanting in sympathetic manifestations of a substantial order.

BISMARCK refused a Dukedom preferred by the Emperor. It may be interesting to know just what it was that he refused. The little Duchy of Lauenberg was held by the French in 1806, but in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, it fell to Hanover. Two years later it was ceded to Prussia, and shortly after was transferred to the control of Denmark. In 1864 Denmark ceded it to Prussia and Austria. A few years after that Prussia purchased the interest of Austria for a million and a half dollars. In 1876 it was incorporated as a part of the Kingdom of Prussia. In none of these disposals of the territory and its revenues were its people ever consulted. In royal estimation their consent was of no sort of concern; they attached to the soil and went with it, no matter how often the proprietorship changed hands politically. It yields a handsome revenue to the Prussian crown, and it was, therefore, a gift with money in it when Bismarck refused it.

IN the East there is certainly a much more friendly feeling between rival journals than in this State. There is manifest in journalism at the East very little of that petty jealousy and narrowness of conduct that is, unfortunatly, too common in the Pacific States. For instance, it is nothing uncommon for the New York *Times*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Sun*, *Star*, *Post* and similar leading journals to speak of each other in terms of commendation and encouragement and to commend each the enterprise of the other. In short, there does not appear to be that disinclination to credit a neighbor with success or with progressive spirit in journalism that obtains on this coast. For instance, when have any one of our San Francisco contemporaries ever spoken of another as the Philadelphia *Record* speaks of its competitor, the *Ledger*?

Yesterday the readers of the *Public Ledger* were treated to the unwonted spectacle of a huge ten-page *Ledger*, something which, however, is likely to become familiar enough in the future. It is but simple justice to add that the reading contents of the ten pages were no less choice in quality than generous in quantity.

Here if one journal has a bit of news ahead of the others it is so rare that it is not remembered to find any of the others giving the paper credit for it or quoting from it. In short, the journalism of the California metropolis appears to be run with the idea dominating in each office that its paper is the only one published, and that it is a confession of weakness to mention another paper in complimentary terms.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' AID SOCIETY.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of San Francisco, through its official medium, has expressed the desire to be aided to acquire a home in an agricultural section, with some hundreds of acres at command, that it may better teach its wards the true value of labor, and instruct them in the art of tilling the soil, and thus find for them constant employment as a means to their proper training for useful maturity.

The late Charles Crocker, with his accustomed liberality, provided for the Society the handsome Home it now occupies, and which is ample as a central gathering depot and temporary abiding place. For the scheme of the Society is not to retain its wards in an institution, but to sever them from their old relations and conditions by finding for them permanent homes where they may have careful parental guardianship and instruction in useful industry. It is a right plan and far superior to that the State has adopted of providing an institution for homeless children likely to develop, if uncared for, into criminals. This is the view the RECORD-UNION has maintained these many years, and that it has never seen any reason for modifying. It has deemed the plan of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society the proper system for the reclamation of wayward children. Under it there is no institutional uniform or badge to attach a stigma to the ward of the Society. On the contrary, the child is removed as soon as the bent of its disposition can be ascertained, to a distant point, and secured a home under some kindly family, where it grows up without the world knowing that it was ever considered a public ward or likely to drift into the criminal class. Massachusetts proceeds upon this plan, and she has failed in less than three per cent. of all the cases she has taken in hand.

But it is not always possible to secure homes for the children as soon as desirable, and the Society is therefore anxious to procure some 600 acres of land where it can keep the children while attached to the central establishment and engage them in useful employment away from the influences of town and city life. The idea is that if the boys can be placed in harmony with the great productive industries of the State, viticulture, horticulture and all the phases of agriculture, they will be the more readily received in the homes of the people and be the more useful as aids to farmers and fruit-growers. Mr. James C. Kemp, writing upon this subject in "Child and State," says,

> With the land in question, the Society would be able to train and qualify the boys so that twenty-five homes could be obtained where one can now, and with an almost absolute certainty of their giving satisfaction.
>
> The boys are not, as a rule, really bad, but they are frightfully demoralized—just as a comparatively good man would soon become if unemployed and without a home for a year or two.
>
> Such a farm should have the same sort of a fence around it that other farms have, and the boys should be held there by self-interest; each having, say, a quarter of an acre of ground allotted him, on which to raise a little crop, the product to be sold and money placed honestly to his credit.
>
> The family plan would be the most proper, not over twenty boys living in one home, and they should be fed well, clothed well and worked well.
>
> Successful life is one of constant warfare; and hence the boys should have a soldier's training, so that when sent to a home or to work for wages they would know what work meant, and that it was the very opposite of play.
>
> The writer knows whereof he speaks, for he has spent fifteen years in this work, has traveled the State over and over again, came here originally in 1849, and is absolutely sure that, no matter how juvenile reform is brought about in the East, the method he has mentioned is the only practicable one here. And, to sum the same up in a few words, it is to teach boys and girls to work at such employment as they will be sure to find here when qualified. The man or boy, girl or woman, whose hands are honestly employed, generally turns out right, and truly this is all there is to it.

We are impressed with the force and truth of Mr. Kemp's remarks. There are acres enough in the State so situated as to meet the need of the Association; the only question is how shall this praiseworthy society secure its complement of land? Whoever donates the whole, or part of the land, will do a beneficent act that will redound more to his credit than the raising of monuments, or the building of temples of art or the erection of great commercial piles.

Two of the most famous capitals of Europe are now united by rail. But one is still a famous seat of government, while the other is famous as a capital only by tradition. The new line of rail in Central Asia unites St. Petersburg and Samarcand. The latter was the seat of Government at one time of the empire over which Tamerlane ruled. His famous summer palace still stands, as also his mosque and reception room, and the celebrated blue stone on which his throne was placed is still shown. About 1370 Tamerlane made it the most magnificent city of Central Asia, world known for its luxury and its immense wealth, its noble marble and crystal palaces, and its wonderful gardens. It then had no less than forty colleges, and its commerce was unsurpassed in the world, while it had scarcely a peer in manufactures. The ruins of its glories are to this day the finest in Asia, and tell the story of its one time grandeur. It is now Russian property, and while it has a fine trade, its population has declined to less than thirty thousand. The new road gives Russia strategic advantages of immense value, since she now has her front within two hundred miles of the citadel of Herat, the gateway of India. Russia proposes, however, to restore the commerce of Samarcand, and while modern conditions will limit her ability in that direction, she will be able to make it a far more important seat of trade than it has been since the era of Tamerlane. Russia has the art of winning foreign tribes to her, and it is said that the nomadic groups about Samarcand are now as devoted to her as if Russian born. With her new Asian railway, her enlisted Asian friends, her armed strength and her advanced position in Central Asia, Russia is a serious menace to the domination of the British in India. It is no wonder that the British press dislike to speak of this Central Asian line, and that they are disinclined to join in vituperation against Russia for her Siberian barbarities. The threat on the India frontier is too plain to be mistaken, and England does not propose to provoke it into something worse.

The death of Count Peter Alexandrovich Valouieff at St. Petersburg removes one of the last survivors of the Liberal statesmen who surrounded the Emperor Alexander II. As Minister of the Interior it was Count Valouieff who put into practice the liberal reforms, the manumission of the serfs, the establishment of local self-government, of municipal institutions and other important innovations.

"To display a diamond properly," says a prominent American jeweler, "it must be worn alone. Few people seem to understand this. If a solitaire is pure it is obvious that if worn next to a ruby it will reflect the hue of the latter, and thus its value will be obscured."

THE JUDGE AND HIS TROUT.

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

"I say, Scolastique!"

"Well, Monsieur Sourdat?"

"Pay particular attention to the trout. Be extremely careful in preparing the *court-bouillon*—white wine, parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, garlic, and, above all, plenty of onion."

"Have no fear, Monsieur Sourdat; I will omit nothing; the sauce will be perfect."

"Remember, not a drop of vinegar in it, only a slice of lemon! Do not fail to have the table set at half-past 10, and the breakfast ready at 11 o'clock precisely; not five minutes past 11, but 11 sharp! Do you hear?"

Having launched these final injunctions at his cook in a brief, commanding tone of voice, Monsieur Sourdat, Judge of the Marville Court, crossed the square at a brisk but methodically regular pace, and entered the Court-house, situated just behind the subprefecture.

Monsieur Sourdat was a bachelor, 45 years of age, and very active, notwithstanding a marked tendency to obesity. He was square-shouldered, thick-set, with a round, closely-cropped head, in which shone two keen, light-gray eyes. His voice was brusque and imperious, his mouth large, with thin, irascible-looking lips, and his bronzed cheeks were encircled by a pair of sparse, wiry whiskers. In fine, he had one of those bull-dog faces which caused one involuntarily to exclaim: "I would not care to provoke him."

Certainly Monsieur Sourdat had not a gentle disposition, and he boasted of the fact. Despotic and morose, he treated every one at the Court-house with unvarying rudeness. Hard as a stone toward the accused, boorish with the witnesses, aggressive with the lawyers, he was a veritable thistle, and whoever came in contact with him was sure to feel the thorn. He was dreaded like fire, and naturally very unpopular with those under his jurisdiction.

However, this iron-clad man had two weak spots in his armor. In the first place, he answered to the pastoral *prenom* of Nemorin, which occasioned many a laugh at his expense. Secondly, he was gourmand enough to shame even Brillat-Savarin himself. His extreme and learned fastidiousness concerning the delights of the appetite approached the verge of a mania. In that sleepy little village on the border of the Belgian Ardennes, where the pleasures of the table constitute the sole distraction of the wealthy class, the culinary exactions of the Judge were quoted for ten leagues around. It was related of him that he would eat no fish but those caught at break of day, because he held that repose and the absence of any emotion rendered their flesh more delicate. He it was who first conceived the idea of plunging crabs into boiling milk before cooking them with their usual seasoning. It gave them, he maintained, a melting and velvety taste which was exquisite in the extreme.

The day he mentioned this new freak of fastidiousness to the vicar of Saint-Victor, that worthy ecclesiastic, although he was himself very partial to whatever would tickle the palate, could not help blushing and raising his plump white hands to heaven, exclaiming:

"Oh! that is too much, too much! Monsieur Sourdat! Certainly we are allowed to partake of palatable things in moderation, but such excessive gratification of the taste borders upon mortal sin, and you will be called to an account before the good God."

To the pious scruples of his priestly friend the Judge replied with a Mephistophelian laugh. It was one of his malicious amusements to lead his venerable neighbor into temptation, and that very morning he was expecting him to breakfast in company with the Court Clerk. On the preceding night he had received a trout from the Semois, a two-pound salmon-trout, caught in a clear, rocky stream. It was his favorite fish, and the cooking of that delicious morsel occupied the first hours of the morning. He wanted to demonstrate by incontrovertible evidence the superiority of his *court-bouillon* over the sauces of the Geneva or Holland cook-books. Trout should be served cold in the seasoning in which it was cooked. That was to him a principle as absolute as an article of the Penal Code. He was still repeating it to himself in his office, after putting on his robe, at the same time turning over the leaves of the brief of a recent case of which he had just begun the trial.

It was a grave, criminal affair, which had put the entire bar into a flutter of excitement, and the dramatic details of the case contrasted singularly with the preoccupation which engrossed the mind of Monsieur Sourdat.

At sunrise one morning in the preceding week there was found in a clearing in the forest the body of a forester, quite dead, lying among the brambles in a ditch. It was supposed that the crime must have been committed by some poacher caught in the act of bagging his game, but up to that time no positive indications had been found, and the depositions of the witnesses had served only to deepen the mystery. The murder had taken place near a border where some charcoal-burners had taken up their quarters, and that fact had awakened the suspicions of the Judge. Still, it appeared from the evidence that the very night of the murder, those people were absent from their wood yard, and that the furnaces had been left in charge of the daughter of the head *charbonnier*.

Nevertheless, Monsieur Sourdat had sent out a summons for one of them, a lusty lad of 25, who had once had an altercation with the assassinated man. Besides, he had ordered the daughter of the charcoal-burner to appear before him. And this was the point at which matters began to look suspicious. The girl had not complied with the summons; she was hiding, no one knew where. The Judge had just put the police on her track, and he was then awaiting the result of their authorized search. Toward 10 o'clock the door of the Court-room opened, disclosing the cocked hat and yellow stripes of the Sergeant of Police.

"Well," growled Monsieur Sourdat impatiently.

"Well, your Honor, the nest was empty. We have searched the forest since daybreak, but the girl is nowhere to be found, and the charcoal-burners themselves are very anxious about her, and cannot understand her disappearance."

"Comedy, pure and simple!" exclaimed Monsieur Sourdat in a tone of mingled vexation and disappointment. "Those people are making game of you! They should have been arrested, all of them! Get out! you are a blockhead!"

The Judge looked at his watch—a quarter past ten. The case could not be tried that day, and he wanted to give a final, careful inspection of the dining-room before the arrival of his guests. He divested himself, therefore, of his judicial robes and returned home.

The dining-room, bright and cheerful in the June sunlight, had a hospitable and inviting appearance, with its white woodwork, its curtains of gray coutil, its tall stove of blue china with marble top, and its round table covered with a dazzling white cloth, on which three covers were artistically laid. The dainty little rolls lay gently folded in the blue-checked napkins, and the rosy wine of Inor sparkled in the decanters. Flanked on the right by a lettuce salad embellished with nasturtiums and borage, on the left by a heap of crabs from the Meuse, the trout lay in state on a long platter engarlanded with parsley. His silvery sides were covered with delicate red speckles, the bluish back was slit, disclosing a tempting glimpse of the salmon-colored flesh, and in its pointed nose was inserted a regal rose. By its side in a sauce tureen, the *court-bouillon* was turning to a jelly, and from all these delicacies was exhaled a faint odor of fennel which was delightful to the nostrils.

This spectacle softened the ill-humor of the Judge. He was gradually becoming calm while carefully depositing in the silver basket a dusty bottle of old Cortone, when the door was thrown violently open, and he heard in the entry a feminine voice screaming:

"I tell you that I want to speak to the Judge, and that he is waiting for me!"

At the same time a half-bare arm twirled the Court Clerk, Toucheboeuf, from the door which he was attempting to barricade, and a strange visitor made her way into the room.

It was a half-grown girl, thin, sunburnt, bareheaded, with streaming hair. Her stockingless feet were carelessly thrust into a heavy pair of men's shoes, and a tattered, gray blouse and calico skirt scantily covered her slight, childish form. The heat and excitement had given color to her cheeks, her tawny eyes sparkled beneath the light-brown hair which fell in rebellious masses about her shoulders, and her dilated nostrils and half-parted lips were quivering.

"What is the meaning of all this hubbub?" growled the Judge, frowning.

"It is that little charcoal girl!" replied Clerk Toucheboeuf. "She came to the Court-house just after you left, and she has followed me here like a mad-woman to have you take her testimony."

"Ha!" grumbled the Judge, "you are in a dreadful hurry, after making us wait three days for you! Why did you not answer my summons sooner?"

"I had my reasons," said she, casting the glance of a wild bird upon the well-laid table and the two men.

"We shall consider their value after a while—those reasons of yours," replied the Judge furiously, "and they may cost you dear!"

He drew out his watch. "A quarter of eleven! We have time enough. Toucheboeuf, you will find there all the writing material necessary. We will question her."

The clerk seated himself at one corner of the table, with his papers and inkstand before him, and, with pen suspended over his ear, waited for the deposition. The Judge, leaning back pompously in his great armchair, turned his sharp, steel-gray eyes upon the young girl, who stood resting against the stove.

"Your name?" demanded he in a curt voice.

"Meline Sacael."

"Your age and residence?"

"Sixteen years. I live with my father, who burns charcoal in the pits at Ouze-Fontaines."

"You swear that you will tell the whole truth?"

"That is why I have come."

"Raise your hand! Good! You were at the charcoal-pits during the night from the 2d to the 3d. Near your wood-yard Seurrot, the forester, was assassinated. Tell us what you know about it."

"I will tell you the whole story. Our men had gone to carry the charcoal to Stenay, and I was keeping watch of the furnaces. About 2 o'clock, at the time the moon was going to set, Manchin, who is a wood-cutter at Ire, passed before our cabin. 'You are up very early,' said I, 'is everything as you would wish at your home?'

"'No,' answered he, 'my wife has the fever, and my little ones are crying with hunger; there is not a morsel of bread in the house, and I am going to try to shoot a hare, so as to sell it to-morrow morning at Marville.'

"With that he took the road toward Ouze-Fontaines, and was soon out of sight. But toward day-break, the wind having risen, I was putting up the screens to shelter the charcoal, when I heard a gun-shot, and then almost immediately after, a furious race towards our cabin. There were loud words.

"'Rascal!' cried the guard, 'I shall inform on you!'

"'Seurrot,' pleaded the other, 'at least, give me back the hare! my family is starving!'

"'Be off with you!' shouted the guard.

"Thereupon they grappled with each other and the blows fell thick and fast in the darkness. Suddenly the guard gasped 'Ah!' and fell back heavily to the ground. I retreated hastily to the cabin, my brain reeling with what I had seen. Meanwhile Manchin made his escape through the woods, and at the present time is safe in Belgium, you may be sure. That is the whole story."

"H'm!" muttered the Judge, "and why did you not come and tell that to the Court as soon as you received the summons?"

"It was none of my business. And then, too, I did not want to denounce Manchin."

"Indeed! and yet this morning you have changed your mind?"

"That was because they were accusing Gustin."

"Who is this Gustin?"

The girl blushed deeply and murmured:

"He is our fellow-workman, and a boy that would not harm a fly! You see," continued she, with fierce vehemence, "the thought that he should be prosecuted for the evil doings of another pierced me to the heart, so I set out at once and ran with all my might through the forest. Oh! how I ran! I did not heed my fatigue. I would have walked until to-morrow, if necessary, because, gentlemen, as true as there is a heaven above us, *my* Gustin had nothing to do with the crime! I am ready to swear it at the stake!"

The girl spoke with an animation which made her really beautiful, in spite of her tattered garments. Her uncultured eloquence had a profound accent of sincerity, and the Judge himself was impressed by the energy with which the maiden defended "her" Gustin.

"*Hola!*" cried he, suddenly, seeing her change color and grow weak. "What is the matter?"

The girl grew ashy pale, and a cold perspiration gathered on her temples.

"My head is reeling! I am worn out!" she stammered.

The Judge, affrighted, quickly poured out a glass of wine, saying:

"Come, drink that!"

The old bachelor was quite dismayed and not a little embarrassed at the prospect of the young girl becoming ill. He could not think of disturbing Scolastique, who was busy with her culinary duties. He turned a questioning, bewildered gaze toward the clerk, who was nervously nibbling the end of his pen.

"It is only a sudden faintness," observed the latter, reassuringly. "Perhaps she is in need of food."

"Are you hungry?" anxiously demanded the Judge.

The girl nodded her head affirmatively, and added faintly:

"Excuse me, sir, but I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning. That is what made me weak."

Monsieur Sourdat started violently at these words. For the first time in years he felt his selfish heart thrill. To think that such a frail little creature had traveled three good leagues to rescue her young lover from the hand of justice—three leagues in the burning sun, and still fasting! That went to his inmost heart. In his emotion he cast a despairing glance upon the table. Should it be the salad, the crabs? No, that was food for people whose appetite was satiated! So, heroically, violently, he pulled toward him the platter on which lay the magnificent trout, and cut an immense slice, which he placed on a plate before the astounded girl, saying imperiously:

"Sit down and eat."

There was no need of repeating the invitation. She began at once to eat fiercely—even ravenously. In a few minutes the plate was empty, and Monsieur Sourdat, determined to be heroic to the utmost, filled it again.

Toucheboeuf, the clerk, opened his eyes in amazement. He no longer recognized the Judge. Still he could not help admiring—not, however, without a twinge of regret—the robust appetite of the lass, who devoured that exquisite fish with no more ado than if it were a common red herring, and softly to himself he murmured sadly:

"It is too bad, though! It was such a lovely dish!"

At that moment the door opened and the third guest, the Vicar of Saint Victor, in a new cassock, with his three-cornered hat under his arm, entered the room and stopped speechless before the strange spectacle of that young savage seated at the Judge's sumptuous table.

"Too late, Monsieur Cure!" grumbled Judge Sourdat. "The trout is gone!" And then he related the story of the little charcoal-burner.

The Vicar heaved a deep sigh, for he fully realized the extent of the sacrifice. Then, half in jest, half in earnest, he tapped the Judge approvingly on the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Monsieur Nemorin Sourdat, you are better than you think! Verily, I say unto you, I believe all your peccadillos of gormandizing will be forgiven you on account of that trout which we did not eat."

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

A Chance for Inventors and Scientists to Receive Premiums.

The California Museum Association, having its place of business in the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery in this city, announces that $500 has been pledged to it by a responsible citizen, to be awarded according to these terms. Full and detailed specifications will be forwarded by the Association on application, as elsewhere announced:

Two hundred and fifty dollars for a simple, practicable, safe and inexpensive device for denoting the quality and hygenic condition of the air in a room.

As simple, safe and cheap as a thermometer, and like it as accurate in determining by degrees the condition of the air, differing, however, in this: While a thermometer indicates the degrees of heat and cold, this device is to indicate the quality and degree of the air truthfully, indicating that the air tested is healthful or dangerous to human life. Time and conditions same as in others, only that in place of the committe of three mechanics there will be three chemists.

Two hundred and fifty dollars for a working model, working six consecutive hours, producing no less than three horse power; the power to be obtained by the rising and falling of the ocean tide water.

Place of trial, San Francisco or vicinity, or within ten miles of that city, and time of trial the first week in April, 1891.

Notice for competition by contestent to be given to the committee on or before February 1, 1891. The judges are to be Directors of the California Museum Association, together with three competent mechanical experts to be selected by the Directors. The day and hour fixed for trial is to be the time for determining the value of the experiment and device. The device to be original in principle, practicable and more economical than any known motor power.

Inventors to retain all their rights to their invention.

Many devices have been developed for utilizing the rise and fall of the tides to obtain motive power. That of Read, some fifty years ago, called for filling and discharging a system of tanks. But the gentleman placing the offer with the Association believes a better device can be invented, and that it is now possible to apply tidal power for production of at least small, cheap motive power that will prove of great value to the race.

Whether an inexpensive instrument is possible to denote the insalubrity of the atmosphere in a room is a novel question. Many scientists think it is not to be achieved, but the offer is made to stimulate research and the possible discovery of means to the end suggested.

The Association has consented to act in the matter, and elsewhere officially announces the premiums. Like announcement is to be made in several mechanical and scientific journals of the East.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Cleveland-Haverly "Magnificent Minstrels" performed last night to a crowded house at the Metropolitan Theater. The opening part is a gorgeous affair. The scene discloses first a full-stage scarlet plush curtain, richly trimmed, behind which the company is heard singing. This drapery opening, discloses twenty-five of the troupe in rich parti-colored costumes, suggestive of the Venetian Carnival. Back of them a heavy old gold plush curtain parts and discloses a handsome view in Venice. As each singer is announced by the interlocutor, who wears the robes of a Doge of Venice, a gondola with a Japanese boy as gondolier passes across the scene, bearing the singer's name upon the sail. There are eight end men, and subsequently the old-time favorites, Willis P. Sweatnam and Billy Rice are added. There are seven singers, and four of them sing ballads with chorus accompanying. There are eight instrumentalists in the orchestra. The olio or second part introduces Rice and Sweatnam in a comic scene; a drill corps as ancient Egyptian soldiers; a fine male quartet; five superior song, dance and acrobatic men; Frazer and Bunnell in laughable musical specialties; Sweatnam in a characteristic monologue, and the Sugimoto Royal Japanese troupe of jugglers, balancers and rope-walkers. In this troupe are eight men and boys and two women. Their performances are level with the best of the order. The entertainment as a whole is good, at times brilliant, and in its musical features is thoroughly pleasing, without developing remarkable vocal powers in any one of the performers. Howard, O'Keefe and Nankiville are the leading singers, and are undeniably serviceable and entertaining. Shaw is a falsetto tenor of very high register and distinct enunciation. Mr. O'Keefe, however, in his solo won the honors distinctly as the most sympathetic vocalist. As for Sweatnam and Rice, they have all their old-time jollity, readiness and personal magnetism. One noticeable and commendable omission was the cutting out of the entertainment of the minstrel farce, which so generally closes similar entertainments, and which so rarely have any merit of wit or humor. It was noticeable also, that, with a single exception, the anecdotes, puns and conundrums of the end men were new and devoid of ancient flavor. The entertainment will be repeated this evening. The applause of the audience last night was the sincerest and heartiest that has been given any minstrel troupe here in a long time.

In the Cleveland-Haverly Minstrel entertainment last night one of the tenors. Mr. Nankiville, sang a new ballad, "Only a Picture," that won instant recognition as a charming production, full of human sympathy in words and music. The song is by Julian Holmes, a New York journalist; the music is by Henry F. Smith. If there is any literary accomplishment the men of the press have not, it would be interesting to learn of it. They have made playwriting an avocation, have given us poems of world-wide repute, and Mr. Holmes proves that some of them are skilled as song-writers also.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Edward Christy came down from Folsom yesterday.

Mrs. L. Rose, of Biggs, Butte county, is visiting friends here.

Dr. C. G. Spencer, of Georgetown, El Dorado county, is spending a few days in this city.

Governor Waterman is recovering from an attack of bronchitis, and will be at his office by Monday. Miss Lou Waterman is also recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Arrivals at the Capital Hotel yesterday: F. Ray and wife, Salt Lake; Miss Smith, Loomis; J. E Manlove, Redding; Edward Christy, Folsom; D. D. Trahern, Stockton; W. A. Shephard, Fresno; George W. Hack, San Francisco; John Fairchild, Modoc; C. P. Berry, Wheatland.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: J. A. Hudson, W. Schmidt, New York; H. Hutchins, Boston; C. N. Jenkins, Marysville; A. H. Wilson, Charles S. Harris, A. R. Smith, W. H. Worswick, San Francisco; W. A. Pearis, Zanesville, O; O. H. Bolles, Chicago; W. Black, New York; H. E. Wright, F. W. Thompson, Sam Jones, R. W. Curry, R. B. Randolph, San Francisco; W. S. Cleveland and thirty-six members of minstrel troupe.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 29, 1890.

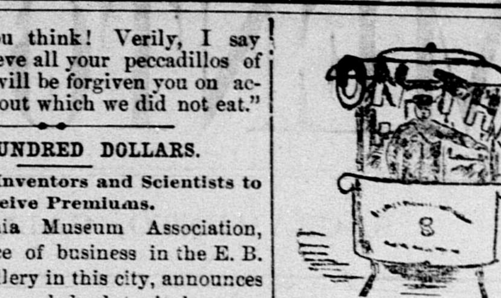
MORNING SESSION.

Ophir	4 40	Silver Hill	35@40c
Mexican	3 25@3 35	Challenge	1 60
G. & C.	1 60	Occidental	1 60
B. & B.	3 05	Lady Wash	30c
Potosi	4 45@4 60	Andes	55c
C. C. Va.	4 50@4 55	Scorpion	20c
Savage	1 80@1 85	N. G. & C.	25c
Chollar	3 30@3 50	New York	35c
H. & N.	2 70@2 75	B. Isle	20c
Point	2 10@2 15	Mt. Diablo	2 75
Jacket	2 30@2 25	N. Belle Isle	1 20
Kentuck	80c	Queen	60c
Alpha	1@1 05	Argenta	5c
Belcher	2 05@2 10	Com'wealth	2 60
Confidence	3 60	N. Com'wlth	1 50
S. Nev	2 35	Delmonte	95@1 00
Utah	60@65c	Bodie	65c
Imperial	35c	Bulwer	65c
Bullion	1 10@1 15	Mono	40c
Exchequer	65c	Prize	65c
Seg. Belcher	1 85	Navajo	25c
Overman	1 20	Peer	20c
Justice	1 45	Peerless	20c
Union	2 25@2 30	do....assessed 10c.	
Alta	1 20@1 40	Crocker	20c
Julia	35c	Weldon	15c
Caledonia	25@30c	Silver King	30c

Articles of incorporation of the Pacific Gas, Light and Fuel Company, of San Francisco, were filed in the Secretary of State's office yesterday. The capital stock is $1,000,000, and the Directors are Thomas Flint, A. M. Belt, J. C. Brown, T. D. Poole and J. J. Scrivner.

This is Palm Sunday, a day full of significance in the Catholic and Episcopal churches.

A bridge across Eagle creek, Oregon, was finished recently by Baker county taxpayers, who paid $2,600 for it. Before it was a week old a drove of cattle was driven upon it, when the whole structure collapsed and fifty animals were drowned.



"Say, driver, have you got time to answer a conundrum?"

The speaker was a tall, thin gentleman, of middle age, who looked as though he might be an ex-professor of mathematics, or a scholar of some sort.

The driver said he had plenty of time, and if the conundrum was not too tough would answer it.

"Well," said the passenger, "I want to know how fast a street car can make a mile."

The driver scratched his head and thought for some time. "Well, sir," he said finally, "I'll have to give that up. I couldn't ever guess it."

"That's too bad," said the propounder of the riddle. "Wonder where I could find out?"

"Dunno. Better see the Superintendent—he might know."

A reporter, who had overheard the conversation, ventured to ask the tall man why he wanted to know.

"Why," said he, "I am getting up one of the most complete books of statistics that was ever heard of. I'm going to have figure on everything. Among the items, I will give the records showing the time in which a man may travel one mile. For instance, he can ride a bicycle in 2 minutes and 29 4-5 seconds; a tricycle in 2 minutes 49 2 5 seconds; he can skate it in 2 minutes 12 3 5 seconds; swim it in 26 minutes 52 seconds; walk it in 6 minutes 23 seconds; on snow-shoes he can cover a mile in 5 minutes 39¾ seconds; he can run it in 4 minutes 12¾ seconds; behind a trotting horse he can do it in 2:08¾, and on a running horse in 1:39¾. The greatest speed in which he can cover a mile is 50¼ seconds, and that is on a railroad train. These are some of the figures I happen to remember just now. I propose to get a lot more, and want the street car record included."

"I've got a new one," said Dave Davis, the mixologist, taking a seat beside the car editor.

"New hat?"

"No; new story."

"Let's hear it."

"Well, you know we had a warm evening last week, and the bugs swarmed in from the tules to commit suicide in the electric lights. I was walking down J street that evening when my attention was attracted by a German who was gathering up a lot of those big black beetles and stuffing them into his trousers' pockets. I thought he was crazy, and concluded to find out what his hobby was. 'What are you going to do with those bugs?' I asked, stepping up to the fellow. He stood up, and with a grin put his finger beside his nose drolly. 'I vas fool my vife a leetle while, pimeby. Efery night she vas go troo my poggets und take my mooney. To-night she vas find somedings else, hey? Ha! Ha! Ha!'"

Two young gentlemen—both of them members of Sacramento's Four Hundred—were sitting together near the fare-box, conversing on current events.

"By the way, Harry," suddenly said one, "what has become of Frank Rollo, the handsome young J-street real estate agent?"

"Why," said the other, "didn't you know that he has gone to the State of Washington?"

"No."

"Fact. Left here only recently. He's got a fine position in a bank up there. That reminds me, George, that I have a mission to perform which was intrusted to me by Rollo just before he went away. He made me promise that I would tell the boys after he had got well out of town. They'd have murdered him, sure, if it had leaked out while he was here."

"Must be something serious," remarked George.

"Yes, you will think so when you have heard it; and there will be several young men—high rollers, dudes—who will be hopping mad when they have heard it, too."

"Well, let's have it."

"All right. You know several weeks ago a theatrical company was playing here, and one of the ladies connected with it was a stunner for beauty. Her name was Dolly. Well, all the boys were terribly smitten, and all sorts of schemes were resorted to by them to gain her acquaintance before she left town. Rollo was among them. Each one realized that if he could only be seen in her company, or have it known to the rest that he had met her, he would be the hero of the hour. Well, none of them could make it. Rollo, however, determined to get ahead of the rest. Early on the evening of the final performance the boys were congregated at the Golden Eagle, and Rollo deliberately told them a yarn about meeting the beauty that afternoon, forming her acquaintance and enjoying a delightful little promenade with her around the Capitol grounds. The crowd turned green with envy. To make matters worse, Rollo went on and said he had an engagement to meet her again the next day and take her to the Art Gallery. This floored the boys. Then they all began to shower Rollo with requests for introductions to her, but he tantalizingly refused. They all declared that they would haunt the art gallery to see Frank and the lovely actress go by, but Frank was too smart for them. A messenger, whom Frank had previously fixed, dropped in and handed a dainty little scented envelope, and Frank, upon opening it, affected to be much surprised that it was from Dolly, and that in it she called him "Dear Mr. Rollo," and explained that as the company intended to leave earlier for San Francisco than had been calculated upon, it would be impossible for her to keep her engagement with him the next day. In conclusion, though, she invited him to call upon her in San Francisco and take lunch with her. Of course, it is needless to say that the letter was written by Rollo himself. The boys declared that he was the boss lady-killer in Sacramento, and have had the greatest admiration for him ever since. Several of them implored him for letters of introduction to her so that they might hie themselve to the bay, but he was immovable. He took a couple of trips to the bay himself during her engagement there, but of course, never saw her—but the boys thought he did, and that was all he cared about. Maybe there won't be a howl now, when the truth gets out!"

"Whew!" chorused both of the young men.

An attache of the Controller's office was berating the people of Sacramento for not patronizing distinguished lecturers. "Why," said he, "what is it coming to, when only ten or twenty people turn out to hear such a famous and learned man as John Boyle O'Reilly? What kind of an opinion do you suppose people in the East will form of us?"

"Well," said his companion, who, by the way, is a very matter-of-fact young man, it's easy enough to see why O'Reilly didn't draw. He charged too much admission. Just think of it—a dollar to hear a lecture! Why, man alive, don't you know you can see a regular three-ring circus and menagerie for a dollar!"

Arbor Day in Sutter District.

The Sutter District School (Miss Susie Leonard, teacher,) appropriately celebrated Arbor Day with an excellent entertainment. Many relatives and friends of the pupils were present, and the spacious schoolroom was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Among the mottos, "Arbor Day" and "Welcome" were noticed. The following were some of the recitations: "Voice of the Grass," concert recitations, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "Ivy Green," (song), "Under the Willow," "The Mission of Flowers," "Lillie's Ball," "Autumn Woods," "The Flowers," (song), "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Light Brigade," concert recitations, (song), "Children of the Tree." At the conclusion of the exercises trees and flowers were planted.

B. F. Stoll, Dentist, 606 J street, wishes to inform his patients and all those in need of dentistry that he has reduced his prices one-half, and will guarantee all operations to be first-class and satisfactory or no charge made. j5-tf-Su

WANTED—FOUR YOUNG MEN FOR SUITE of rooms and board in private family. Terms very reasonable. Desirable location. Address "H," this office. 1t

STOLEN—FROM 923 TWELFTH STREET, A small yellow dog; answers to name of "Churchie." Return and be rewarded. mr30-2t*

FOR SALE—"A YANKEE AT KING ARTHUR'S Court," Mark Twain's great work. W. H. MOORE, Agent, State House. mr26-1t&Su

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CHAS. P. HALL..........Proprietor and Manager

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This (Sunday) Evening, March 30,

LAST NIGHT! LAST NIGHT!

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SUMPTUOUS SPECTACULAR SCENIC FIRST PART! VENETIAN NIGHTS! THE EGYPTIAN PHALANX! THE JAPS—4 LITTLE ALL RIGHTS!

PRICES—50c and $1. No higher. Seats on sale all day. mr27 3t&Su

$500—PREMIUMS.

THE CALIFORNIA MUSEUM ASSOCIATION is authorized by a citizen to offer $500, to be awarded within a year; $250 for invention of a device to utilize the rise and fall of the tides to produce at least three-horse power for six consecutive hours; $250 for an inexpensive device to denote the hygenic condition of the air in a room. Inventors' rights to be retained by them. Full conditions, specifications as to trials, judges, time, payment, etc., will be forwarded to applicants addressing "California Museum Association, E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento, box 495." J. A. WOODSON, President.
M. S. CUSHMAN, Secretary 1t

ICE!

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1890, THE Union Ice Company will supply PURE MOUNTAIN ICE at the following rates for the season: Families, one cent per pound; hotels; restaurants and saloons, half-cent per pound; ton lots, $8 per ton.

UNION ICE COMPANY,
CHAS. SELLINGER, Agent. mr30-tf&Su

TESTIMONIAL.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER FROM Mrs. George Stoneman, wife of Hon. George Stoneman, ex-Governor of the State of California:

GRAND AVE., LOS ANGELES, CAL., August 13, 1889.

MR. COOPER: Your letter received this morning, and I am happy to oblige you by testifying to the excellence of the Mathushek Grand sold me some four years ago. It has been in constant use, and, I think, instead of deteriorating and becoming thin, it has softened and deepened in tone. It required a little tuning through the first year. I have frequently recommended the piano, and consider that its merits are equal to those of the best in the United States. The singing quality of this piano is particularly suited for vocalists, and, while agreeable in a small room, it can, by its brilliancy and power, fill a large auditorium effectively. Yours, etc.,
mr2-1mSu MRS. GEORGE STONEMAN.

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MEN.

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n17-tf WM. LAND, Proprietor.

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n7-tf-Su W. A. CASWELL, Proprietor.

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IN ADDITION TO THE CATALOGUE OF 5- and 10-cent music, COOPER'S Music Store will sell to teachers and all purchasers all music at a price lower than they have ever before had at any other music store, either here or in the East. Write to him for the new Catalogue of the solid iron-frame MATHUSHEK PIANOS, 631 J street, Sacramento. mr2-1mSu

GUTHRIE BROS.,

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HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Send for circulars.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

March 30, 1890.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
6:45 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	7:25 P
9:30 P	Ashland and Portland	6:20 A
7:05 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:45 P
8:15 P	Knight's Landing	7:40 A
10:50 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
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:45 A	San Francisco via Benicia	9:10 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
10:50 A	San Jose	2:25 P
7:05 P	Santa Barbara	9:55 A
6:45 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7:25 P
8:15 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
6:45 A	Vallejo	11:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	†7:25 P
*12:15 P	Folsom & Placerville(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

Southern Pacific Company.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN TIME

FROM SACRAMENTO,

SUNDAY, March 30, 1890.

6:45 A. M.—Daily Express to San Francisco and intermediate points. Formerly leaving at 4 A. M.

8:15 A. M.—Daily for Stockton, Lathrop and intermediate points. Formerly leaving at 9 A. M.

10:50 A. M.—Daily for Stockton, Lathrop and intermediate points. Formerly leaving at 11:25 A. M. Makes connection at Lathrop with Los Angeles Express for Los Angeles.

8:15 P. M.—Daily for Woodland and Knight's Landing. Formerly leaving at 7:25 P. M.

9:30 P. M.—Daily Shasta Route Express, for Portland and Puget Sound, connecting at Portland for all Eastern cities. Formerly leaving at 11 P. M.

Train leaving Sacramento at 6:50 A. M. has been withdrawn.

R. GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, G. P. and T. Agent.
mr28-3t&Su

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, San Francisco, March 24, 1890.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, in the city of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the 8th day of April, 1890.
mr24-td&Su E. H. MILLER, JR., Sec'y.

California Pacific Railroad Company.

NOTICE.—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, April 9, 1890, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
W. V. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.
San Francisco, March 24, 1890. mr26-td&Su

Northern Railway Company.

NOTICE.—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, April 9, 1890, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.
W. V. HUNTINGTON, Secretary.
San Francisco, March 24, 1890. mr26-td&Su

SEALED PROPOSALS

WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE BOARD OF Trustees of the City of Sacramento until MONDAY, March 31, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., for furnishing Fuel for the City Water Works.

Bidders will state price for million gallons of water pumped. Also, price for furnishing fuel for one year from March 31, 1890, and the kind of fuel furnished.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or cash to the amount of $200, as security for the faithful performance of the terms of the bid.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees.
Sacramento, March 13, 1890.
H. C. WOLF,
m27-td&Su Superintendent of Water Works.

SALE OF FINE CATTLE.

To the Breeders of Cattle of the Pacific Coast.

THERE WILL BE HELD AT AGRICULTURAL PARK, Sacramento,

THURSDAY, April 3, 1890,

At 1 o'clock P. M., a sale of PURE-BRED SHORTHORN CATTLE, under the management of the Pacific Coast Shorthorn Breeders' Association. The cattle offered for sale comes from the herds of the following well-known breeders: E. A. Bridgford, A. Heilbron & Bro., P. Peterson, E. S. Driver, P. S. Chiles, Joseph Marzen and P. H. Murphy. This is sufficient guarantee of the quality of the stock.

CATALOGUES can be had by addressing J. F. CHILES, Secretary, Davisville.
mr28-6t&Su E. A. BRIDGFORD, President.

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FRANK MILLER, Cashier...............351 Shares
CHAS. F. DILLMAN, Asst. Cashier....125 Shares
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n17-tf&Su

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