THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY.....APRIL 20, 1890

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION,

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

THE SUNDAY UNION,

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

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For six months.....3 00
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Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Fair weather; westerly winds; slightly warmer.

Oregon and Washington—Fair weather; westerly winds; slightly warmer in the western portion; nearly stationary temperature in the east ern portion.

THE question will intrude itself, "Why is it that in all these years, with the knowledge Government engineers had of the condition and the needs of the Sacramento river, no recommendation has been made to Congress to enter upon the systematic treatment of the stream?"

THE working girls have been holding a Convention in New York, and have availed of the great American privilege of "Resolving." Among other things they resolved to establish a working-girls' newspaper. The best resolution they could have passed would have been one declaring that their true place is in the home, and in such service as trains them to domesticity. In short they should have unanimously protested against the conditions that tend to unfit them for home life, and project them into the outer life of business and the world.

THE proposition of an adventurous Italian to erect in Rome the largest theater in the world, will probably not be carried out, though the capital necessary, it is said, can be obtained. The reason that will prevent the consummation of the scheme is that large theaters are uneconomic, and all the new theatrical buildings of recent times are made small, indeed, much smaller than ever before. In a recent article in the *North American Review*, Dion Boucicault treated the subject extendedly, and showed by many examples the financial difficulties to be almost insurmountable in the conduct of very large theaters.

AT the recent annual meeting of the Bell Telephone Company, held in Boston, the net earnings for the year 1889 on the old capital were reported to be 26¾ per cent. and on the new, or enlarged capital, 21 per cent. The net earnings for 1889 were $2,658,738 69. It would seem, therefore, that the company is in an excellent position to reduce the cost of the service. It has an absolute monopoly under its patents, and while these have not a very great length of time to run, the commercial footing of the company, its established lines and connections, and the franchises it enjoys in cities and towns, will enable it to maintain its position against all competitors for many years after the patents expire. That the present rates for service are higher than should attach to an invention or discovery of a scientific character, is the opinion of the great mass of the people, and it is sound judgment.

THE PURPOSE OF STATE SCHOOLS.

Rev. J. Minot Savage, in the *Arena*, puts the question in a nutshell when he says that it is the right of the State to concern itself about the ability of each citizen to be self-supporting and not a public burden. Every citizen should therefore be sufficiently taught to be able to vote intelligently, and not to endanger the State by his ignorance. He should be trained in a knowledge of the fundamental principles of right and wrong, to the end that if he violates the duties the State exacts of him he cannot plead that he knew no better. Now that is precisely the aim of the public school system, not to educate the child in religious belief, not in emotional directions, but in those things which concern the stability and prosperity of the State. As Mr. Savage puts it, the points aimed at are "fitness of the citizen for self-support, and for casting an intelligent ballot." To all the chatter of the religionists that this means educating the intellect only, and thus education that is one-sided, we reply that the State does not by its system at all interfere with the right of the parent and the church to educate the emotional, and cultivate the spirituality of the child. There would not be much difficulty in the question whether codes of morals shall be taught in the public schools, if it did not happen to be true that every church insists that its dogmas are essentials of true morality.

ILLITERATE PHYSICIANS.

New York last year, by legislation, indicted the schools of medicine for negligence and ignorance. For that State set up a law requiring that all persons intending to pursue the study of medicine must pass a preliminary examination in arithmetic, grammar, geography, orthography, American history, English composition and the elements of natural philosophy; that this examination should be conducted under the authority of the Regents of the University of New York, and that the only persons to be exempted from this examination should be those that have received a degree from a recognized college or university. Of course there is nothing in such a law that works a hardship, but it is a direct declaration that one of the "learned" professions admits to its ranks illiterate men. It is not at all creditable to the schools of physicians that this is true; that there are many men practicing medicine who lack most of the ordinary culture of the common school. In New York it appears to have been deemed necessary to pass such a law as that referred o in order to put a rein upon the practice of conferring medical degrees upon men ignorant of some of the fundamentals of a common-school education. If such a law applied in California, and was enforced, it would develop facts that would astonish a confiding public. There are by no means a few men practicing medicine in the State who have not the simple education required by the New York law—at least they do not manifest it. Whether the State has a right to require such standards of learning from physicians is a question that has been raised. But that it has, cannot be doubted, since its right to license physicians is conceded; it may therefore attach conditions as essential prerequisites to the issuance of the permit. It is more than surprising that any of the medical schools should be found actively at work, as they are, endeavoring to secure the repeal of the New York law.

ANOTHER ASSAULT UPON THE SCHOOLS.

The Wisconsin issue is about to be repeated in Illinois. In the latter State there is a law that provides, in substance, that children between the ages of 7 and 14 years shall attend for at least sixteen weeks some public school in the city, town or district in which they reside, unless it shall be shown to the satisfaction of the School Board that they have attended for a like period of time a private day school in which reading, writing, arithmetic, United States history and geography are taught in the English language.

Since the Milwaukee election the German Lutheran Synod of Illinois has assembled, and passed a long string of edicts or resolutions, fulminating the thunders of the Church against this reasonable and patriotic law. The manifesto denounces the law as an infringement upon the guaranteed rights of the people, as an assault upon liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religious profession and worship; as interference with the natural rights of parental authority to direct the education of the child as the parent wishes, and as an encroachment upon the parental right to control the religious education of the children. So the manifesto runs on interminably. What do these foreign priests imagine are the rights and privileges of the people of the United States as an aggregation composing a nation, and providing for orderly government? Is it their idea that liberty is license, and that the State has no right to conserve the intelligence of its citizens in the interests of virtue and law-abiding? In what way does the teaching of English in reading, writing and United States history, infringe the assured right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience? Wherein is the conservation of the ability to read the laws and comprehend the Constitutions of the States an invasion of the paternal right to train the child religiously?

We have been told by these same priests and their followers that the schools should be made means for the teaching of religious truths because the parents have not, or will not take the time to instruct their children in morality; that the schools have the children five days in the week and the church but one day, therefore the school funds should be divided among the denominations and sects, and each be given charge of the education of such children as the parents may choose to send, and as a result the whole free and un-denominational school system be abandoned. Now, however, and in the very teeth of this claim, we are told by the Illinois Lutherans that to recognize only such schools as teach four or five branches in the English tongue, is interference with the parental right to religiously instruct the child.

These priests really propose that the Polish, the German and the Bohemian shall take the place of the English language; that the rising citizen shall come to maturity so prejudiced against his country that he shall hold its very language in contempt, for such education as they insist upon must have that result.

The place for these foolish spiritual leaders is anywhere outside the boundaries of the United States. A people who are unwilling to adopt our tongue in the system of education, are unfit to reside with us or be blessed with the privileges of citizenship. The Republican party is responsible for the legislation complained of, and we trust that it will stand true to it, not only in the States of Illinois and Wisconsin, but that it will insist that the English instruction clause shall be inserted in the school law of every State in the Union. Under this sign it can afford to do battle with the enemies of the free school system. If it must come to this, that the issue in the government of this country is to be between alienism and ignorance on the one hand, and common school education and Americanism on the other, patriotic people and those comprehending true liberty will not find difficulty in arraying themselves on the American side. If the German religionists in the West continue to insist upon such follies as the Lutheran Synod has been guilty of, the necessity for "putting up the bars" may be greater than we had supposed.

We have reason to believe that all this contention about English in the schools has been Jesuitically promoted by deeply designing influences as an entering wedge to a still more serious assault; that the scheme is to commit one of the great political parties to the new doctrine that it may the more easily be brought into service for the abolition of the unsectarian schools altogether. This belief is entertained by not a few of the party that it is sought to entrap. Here we have leading Democratic journals such as the Chicago *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Record*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and others, denouncing the proposition to commit the party to the position assumed by the Lutherans and the Catholics in Wisconsin, and more recently the Democratic Mayor of Madison, Wisconsin's capital city, has announced that he will "back the Republicans to the last ditch" in their defence of the Bennet law. Others of the Democratic party are seeking safety in silence and non-commission, and shrewd leaders are doing their utmost to prevent party expression upon the subject. But this is as unwise as it is hopeless—the party must speak out on this new proposition and the sooner the better.

Rules of a Prominent Livery Stable.

Among the rules of a prominent livery stable, where the animals of many wealthy men are kept, are the following: "No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. No man shall speak loud to any of the horses or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse who hears it, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy. No man shall use profane language in the hearing of horses."—*New York Sporting World.*

The largest individual taxpayer in Boston is John M. Sears, who pays $50,000 on $3,617,000 worth of real estate and a personal estate of $125,000.

KATHLEEN.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION by Gale Braith.]

"Boys," said Uncle Robert, looking at the group of faces bent over the table reading, "I have received word from Ireland to-day, requesting me to take the guardianship of my friend's child, Kathleen O'Hay. I suppose you have often heard me speak of Captain O'Hay, the truest and most noble-hearted of men. I met him in India, when I was quite a lad, and he, although some years my senior, was my comrade and confidante. I was a wild, harem-scarem sort of a youth at that time, and constantly into some scrape or another. Many is the time Brian O'Hay has come to my assistance. He returned to Ireland and married an heiress, who died a short time since, leaving an infant daughter. My friend himself was very ill at the time. I went and found him suffering from the effects of a wound which he had received in India. When I looked in his face, pale with suffering, I knew that death was not far distant; in fact, it was for that reason he had sent for me and asked me to take his child and care for her when he was gone. 'Robert,' he said, 'I will trust her with you. She is my most precious treasure. Be a father to her. She inherits all her mother's fortune. Promise me that when I am no more you will take Kathleen and guard and cherish her for your old friend's sake.' And," said Uncle Robert, "with the tears streaming from my eyes, I promised. This letter states he died a week ago."

We all sat silent after hearing Uncle Robert's news.

Frank was the first to speak. "Why, Uncle Robert, what in the world are you going to do with a baby in the house. You will have to commence and study up some on Mrs. What's-er-name's soothing syrup."

"Yes. What are you going to do with us all, Uncle Robert?" said Dick, the oldest of the five boys. "Here you are a bachelor with four sons of almost your own age—and a daughter, eh Minnie?"

I did not answer. Uncle didn't think it worth while to address me. His conversation was directed to the boys just as though I were of no consequence whatever.

"Minnie, little woman," said my uncle, "What do you think?"

"I don't care; suit yourself," I replied. "But I don't like children; they are so troublesome and mischievous."

Nothing further was said upon the subject, and word was dispatched on to Ireland to bring on the baby.

It is three years since I came, an orphan, to my uncle's house. He had his dead brother's sons at the time, to whom he gave a father's care, and now here is another to be added to our already large number.

"Oh, dear," I sighed. "And a baby. What a dreadful bother it will be. Why did uncle Robert promise to bring her here?" I am 18, and consider myself quite a woman of the world, and, besides, my cousin Dick and I are engaged. We are to be married in the spring. Dick, as I said before, is the oldest of the four boys; so brave and handsome—the very picture of Uncle Robert. The three others—Ned, Frank and Harry—are wild and boisterous, full of fun; willing to lay down their lives for cousin Minnie.

Uncle Robert had gone to meet the child Kathleen. I have been extremely busy all day fitting up a nursery with crib, doll, toys, etc., and I now stand and gaze with satisfaction at my work.

"I do hope the nurse is a quite middle-aged woman, for I so dislike young, giddy girls about the place."

Dick's arm steals around my waist, and his lips press mine in a long lover's kiss.

"Never mind the nurse, darling; she shan't trouble you."

We are startled by uncle's voice in the hall. I spring from Dick's arms, and run to welcome him, but stop short in confusion, for beside him stands a girl of about my own age, beautiful as a dream.

My uncle smiles. "I see you are surprised, my little Minnie, but not more so than myself, when I expected to meet a baby in long clothes, to find a young lady—"

"In long clothes?" laughs the girl. "I am sorry you are all so disappointed," she says meekly, looking around at our admiring faces. "Indeed, it is not my fault, I assure you. It won't make much difference, will it—Uncle Bob?"

"Uncle Bob!" I look at her in amazement. What a strange girl she is.

Well, Kathleen has been with us now just two days, and already the boys are her sworn slaves—even Dick pays her a little too much attention. Only this morning I found them in the nursery, Kathleen in peals of laughter, while Dick showed her the doll and crib, and I think I noticed a small bottle as I hurried past the door with my face burning. Reaching my room I throw myself across the bed, and cry as if my heart would break.

"It is too bad of them," I sob, "and I wish she never came here. The place does not seem like the same dear old home since she came into it."

I remain in my room for the rest of the day, my cousins come one after the other to inquire what is the matter, but I send them all away with the same excuse, my head aches, and I wish to be alone.

The next morning Kathleen came into the breakfast-room equipped for a ride, and very lovely she looked, in her black velvet habit, which fitted her tall, graceful figure to perfection, and a jaunty cap perched upon her light fluffy hair. "Come, Min," she said, "let us take a gallop this fine morning. Do; there's a dear."

But I reply coldly, "My orders have not yet been given to the housekeeper, and besides, I have a dozen other things to attend to."

"Oh, bother!" she pouts, and her face for a moment loses its smile. But suddenly brightening up, "Oh, there is Dick; he will go, I know."

And sure enough he does, for I see them ride off, side by side, laughing and happy. And what is there which makes me feel so miserable and forsaken; which causes my heart to beat with dull pain for him, and mad jealous hatred toward her. The wind brings their voices back to me in mockery.

"I hate her!" I cry. "And Dick has no right to ride with her."

It is hours later when they return, flushed and happy.

Ah, me! This is only the beginning of my trouble. The boys all love her and jealously watch every chance to wait upon her, while I, their cousin and companion of years, seem neglected. And Dick, my darling, cares for me no longer; he loves her, and I—do I blame him? No, but my anger rises up hot and fierce against her. I was happy until she came and robbed me of my all. She does not love him, I know, and is only amusing herself.

Uncle Robert seems not to notice how things are turning, until one morning he speaks for the first time about my pale face.

"Minnie, child, what ails you? Where are your roses, little woman?"

At the kind words I burst into a passion of tears.

Uncle Robert draws me into his arms, pats and smooths my rumpled hair, and with his handkerchief wipes the tears from my eyes.

"Come, come, little girl, tell your old uncle what the trouble is and let him help you."

"It is nothing," I sob, "only I feel so low-spirited and lonesome."

"Low-spirited and lonesome! Why, little woman, that is not complimentary to Dick, is it?"

I don't reply, but feel the color dye my cheeks. "I wish my engagement with Dick ended."

"Impossible, Minnie; you will break the boy's heart."

"Not much fear of that," I reply, scornfully, "he will not have to go far for consolation."

My uncle looks at me with troubled eyes.

"Tell me what you mean, little woman. Is Dick not behaving as he should towards you? I shall speak to him this instant."

As he turned to go I catch his arm.

"Oh, Uncle Robert, don't, please don't. I did not mean to complain; it is not his fault, but her's."

My uncle's face bears a puzzled expression.

"Her's? Who's?"

"Kathleen's; she has taken him from me; but uncle, please, please, don't say a word to them."

My uncle sinks into a chair.

"Minnie, you must be mistaken, Kathleen surely cares nothing for Dick."

"I don't know anything about her feelings for him," I reply, "but what I do know is that he loves her, and I want our engagement ended. So please, dear Uncle Robert, manage to speak to him so without giving him any reasons. He will know what they are well enough."

And dear, kind uncle, who has never refused my slightest wish since I came, an orphan, under his roof, three years ago, consents.

I am sitting in the summer-house, this same evening, thinking sadly about my false lover, when I am startled by hearing voices just behind me. I arise to go, but find, to my dismay, Kathleen and Dick are now almost in front of me, so with a sigh I reseat myself, expecting them to enter. But no, they pause just outside, and I hear Dick's voice, full of passion, pleading to her.

"Darling, darling, you must know how, dearly I love you. I can stand this wretched suspense no longer. Kathleen, give me some hope. Just a crumb."

A laugh rings out, clear and cold. "What utter nonsense you talk, silly boy. I like you, and we have had some pleasant rides together. Besides, if I am not mistaken, you are engaged to your cousin Minnie."

"I was," he replies, "but have found it was but a boy's fancy. It is you I want, Kathleen. I am mad with love for you. Can't you give me the faintest hope, the slightest promise?"

Again her voice answers, cold and low: "I can promise you nothing; you will soon forget this folly, and in a week will laugh over it."

"My God, never. You don't know what you have done." Great sobs choke his voice, and I know he is kneeling at her feet.

"Answer me. Is there some one else?" he asks.

She hesitates for a moment, then her answer comes, soft and tender: "Yes, Dick, there is some one else." And then turns walks quickly away.

And I sit in the summer-house as though turned to stone. Outside I hear Dick's sobs. He is only a boy, after all.

Next morning uncle Robert tells us Dick has gone to India, without a word of farewell to me. He had bidden the boys good-by the night before.

Kathleen starts out for her ride alone, and chooses "Eclipse," the wildest of my uncle's horses; on her return he lectures her mildly upon her daring habits.

"Oh! nonsense! Uncle Bob; I am always quite safe, besides," with a slight quiver in her voic, "what does it matter if I do break my neck?"

Then suddenly laughing, she sings:

"I care for nobody;
Nobody cares for me."

"Ah! child!" replies my uncle, "you do not know."

Something in his voice causes me to look up in wonder. Kathleen's eyes droop before his, and the warm crimson blood mounts to cheek and brow, to the sweet round chin, and tinges the pretty ears and throat. She stands for a moment, and then, with a nervous little laugh, leaves the room.

Uncle Robert sighs deeply, and sits with his head resting upon his hand.

"Oh! uncle! not you," I cry, "surely not you?" He turned to me with a start. "Is it you, little woman?"

"Yes, uncle; and you are keeping a secret from your little woman."

"Minnie, you are a witch, and so you have guessed it! It is rather foolish for an old fogy like me, isn't it, to love a beautiful girl, young enough to be my daughter? What does my wise little woman think of it—eh, Minnie?"

"You are not an old fogy," I reply; "but as handsome and grand as any king; and she is not half beautiful nor good enough for you."

Uncle Robert pats my cheek and laughs. "The world does not think as you do, pet, and, even if it did, I could never hope to win her."

"And why not pray?" I asked, indignantly.

"In the first place, Kathleen is an orphan, an heiress, and under my protection; and another, and equally good reason, is she could never love me—it would be impossible."

"Uncle Robert," I reply, "I don't know what makes me think so, but I do think, and am sure, Kathleen loves you."

A look of joy flashes his face for an instant. "Would to God it were so, Minnie, but I fear not."

Nothing further was said, and in the course of a week the boys start off to college. And then comes an invitation for Kathleen to pay a visit to Ireland, which she accepts. So I and Uncle Robert are left alone.

It is a beautiful sunshiny morning. I am standing at the window and watch Uncle Robert as he rides away on Eclipse, looking so grand and noble. Kathleen has been away now nearly a month, and I feel the big house lonely and deserted without her. Uncle Robert, too, misses her. I watch him in the evenings, sitting thinking, and know in my heart he is longing to hear the sweet voice of his ward.

I take up a book and become deeply interested. I may have read an hour or more, when old Stevens, the butler, rushes into the room, with a face pale as death. "Oh, Miss Minnie! My poor master!"

I spring to my feet in an instant. "What is it? Speak quick," I ask, but he only beckons me to follow. I do so, and in the hall see some three or four men, who bear between them my uncle, pale and motionless.

"What has happened? Is he dead?" I cry. "Oh, Uncle Robert; dearest uncle, speak to me."

One of the men touched my arm. "Hush, miss; he is not dead, but mighty near it. The only chance he has now is to get him into bed as soon as possible. The doctor has already been sent for."

"But how did it happen?" I ask.

"His horse threw him," replied the man. In a short time the doctor arrives and examines Uncle Robert, who still lies in a heavy stupor. He orders the room kept dark and quiet. I vainly beg to be allowed to nurse him. But the doctor gravely shakes his head. "My dear young lady, this case requires skillful nursing. I cannot quite tell just how severe the injury may be, but your uncle must have a couple of trained nurses."

The next morning the doctor meets me with a smiling face. "We had all our fears for nothing, Miss Minnie. Your uncle is as well as ever he was in his life; he has come out of the stupor, and remembers everything."

The relief is so great, after the terrible suspense I have endured, I burst into tears of joy.

"Oh! doctor, may I go to him?" I ask.

"Yes, certainly," he replies, "only don't talk too much and tire him."

With that advice I am off to Uncle Robert's room, which I enter softly. I bend over the pillow and kiss his forehead. "Uncle, dear, I have had such a fright, and am so glad you are better."

"Yes, little woman, I am quite well again, but it was a nasty fall Eclipse gave me. The doctor has ordered me to lay still for a couple of hours. When it gets a little lighter I will dress."

"Lighter?" I repeat, "why, uncle, it is broad daylight. See?" I raise the heavy curtains, and the light floods the room.

He passes his hand quickly over his eyes. "Strange, but I can see nothing but total darkness."

With a shuddering sense of fear and horror, I turn back to the bed. "Uncle! Uncle!" I cry, "It cannot be. Oh! dear, merciful God! Not that; anything, anything but that!"

My uncle's hand rests upon my head. "Hush, Minnie, little woman. Remember, His will be done."

"It cannot be," I sob. "It must not be. What have you ever done to be punished so cruelly?"

Uncle Robert shakes his head sadly. "It is His will, child. He knows best."

And so, when the doctor returns, he pronounces Uncle Robert blind—hopelessly blind. From the jar of the fall, he explained. The cord of the sight gave away, and my uncle's beautiful kind eyes, though not changed in appearance, were utterly useless."

I had written to Kathleen telling her of Uncle Robert's affliction. That is nearly three weeks ago, and no answer has come from my letter. "She is utterly heartless," I mutter. When the sound of wheels bring me to the window, just in time to see Kathleen spring from the carriage. I hasten to meet her in the hall. The lovely face shows traces of grief and tears.

"Oh, Minnie, dear," she sobs, "I have only just received your letter. It had been delayed. Where is he?"

I take her hand and lead her to Uncle Robert's room. Softly I knock. "Come in," answers the dear voice. We both enter.

"Uncle," I commence, "here is some one to see—"

Before I can finish the sentence Kathleen is on her knees by his chair, with her arms around him, kissing his mouth, his eyes, his hair. "Kathleen," he says.

"Yes, Bob; it is Kathleen."

I notice the omission of uncle, and quietly leave the room.

Well, dear reader, my story is about told. It is four years since it happened. I am sitting this evening at my bedroom window, which overlooks the Lamb walk, and watch Uncle Robert and Aunt Kathleen as they pace slowly back and forth, she with her proud, stately step, he with the dependent, faltering step of the blind. His hand rests upon her shoulder with a confident touch, and ever and anon she raises it to her lips. Her lovely face is filled with a true and holy light of love for him, and he, how happy he looks in spite of his blindness. As I watch them my heart sends forth a prayer of love and blessings upon her who was once my rival, and who has been my uncle's true, devoted wife of four years.

"God bless her," I murmur. I am so intent with watching them I do not hear a patter of baby footsteps coming towards me until a tiny hand pulls my gown.

"Tousin Minnie, Bobbie wants a 'tory." I start, and take him in my arms—Uncle Robert's little son.

"What sort of a story do you want, darling?" I asked, looking into the beautiful dark eyes, so like the father.

"I don't tare; tell me about tousin Dick, and what he will bring Bobbie."

And so I tell him of the wonderful presents his Cousin Dick will bring him. "Yes, yes; Dick is coming home to-morrow." And in my bosom is a letter in which he asks for my love again—and I—shall I give it? Yes; for forgiveness is sweet.

I sit lost in thought, until the pretty brown eyes close in sleep, and I, with the little curly head pressed against my heart, watch the two in the laurel walk and dream of the morrow.

ALL IN FUN.

It is really difficult to tell which is the hardest to endure, the weather we have been having this winter or the man who talks about it all the time.

We have always observed that the man who is loudest in the assertion that "he can take a drink or let it alone," never allows it to get very lonesome.

Nurse—"Come, Bobby; and see the little baby the angels dropped from heaven last night." Bobby—"Well, if it cried like that, no wonder they dropped it."

Cholly (to Irishman ringing fog bell at ferry landing)—"Aw—my man, why is this bell ringing?" Irishman—"Can't you see, phool, it's becase O'im pullin' th' r-r-rope."

When men say millions are in a scheme,
They mean it oft quite square;
They know it holds the millions named,
Since they have sunk them there.

Mr. Lawlor wants the phonetic method of spelling introduced into the *Congressional Record*. It would be very realistic, since most of our Congressmen speak that way.

"It is said to be fashionable now to move at night." The fashion is not new. It was introduced years ago by the young man who was a few weeks in arrears for his board.

Pompous Senator (to meek and lowly correspondent)—"I can not give you information on any subject, sir." M. and L. C.—"Beg pardon, but hadn't you better resign and go to school for awhile?"

Now come the nights, the blissful nights,
The nights of budding, balmy sping,
When 'neath the twinkling stellar lights
Fond couples on the gate will swing.

Jinks—"Do you ever do any shopping for your wife?" Binks—"No. When she asks me I always refuse." J.—"Why?" B.—"Because when I married her I made up my mind that I would never deprive her of any of the enjoyments of life."

"You are an authority on feats of strength, I believe," remarked a stranger to the sporting editor. The latter bowed and replied: "What can I do for you?" "I wish you would tell me which is the stronger, the female shoplifter or the woman who holds up a train?"

"Cognac brandy is, after all, the best cure for pain in the chest, don't you think so, Frau Hirschmaler?" "I am not so sure of that. Formerly my husband used to be troubled that way only twice or three times a year; but since I began to keep brandy in the house he has been ailing nearly every day."

"Give you a kiss, indeed!" said she.
"Give you a kiss! My goodness!
'Tis strange that you should make so free,
I wonder at your rudeness.

"I could not such a thing endure."
And then with manner nervous
She added, "for I am very sure
That some one would observe us"

"You have only known me a week, darling," she cooed affectionately, "and here all your fear and hesitancy is over. Had you chosen some flippant, high-flying maiden instead, she might keep you dangling undecidedly at her heels for years. Knowing how and being able to avoid this," she added, "is the only advantage we poor widows possess."

Clergyman (to eloping couple)—"You are sure you are doing the right thing in getting married; that you have deliberated on this step?" He—"Deliberated? Parson, we were two hours on the road, and the gal's father is only ten minutes behind us!" Clergyman—"Join hands—man and wife—spliced—two dollars. No; there's nothing like due deliberation in matters of this kind."

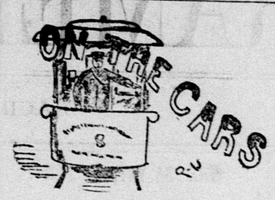
Husband—"Mary, I saw a very handsome bonnet as I came down the street this morning." Wife—"Handsome bonnet! Well, suppose you did?" Husband—"I thought it would become you well." Wife—"Become me? I don't want any more bonnets than I have now." Husband—"You don't want another and newer fashioned bonnet?" Wife—"Certainly not." Husband falls to the floor and dies and wife wonders what killed him.

"It is sad to think," sighed the cashier as he walked into the night with his valise in hand and gazed upon the marble bank building shining in the moonlight in all its massiveness—"sad to think I must leave that noble structure behind me. But I must do so. I can not take it with me." And dropping a tear he gripped his valise with a tighter grip and hurried off to catch the Montreal train.

Mrs. Van Bibb—"What is the matter with my husband, doctor?" Dr. Schmerz—"Well, he has symptoms of mania a potu in addition to acute cephalalgia and nasal hypermæia." Mrs. Van Bibb—"Oh, dear! What do you suppose caused it?" Dr. Schmerz—"I think it is due to excessive cerevisiac and caudagallic absorption." Mrs. Van Bibb—"Poor, dear fellow! And mother said there was nothing the matter with him, except that he had been drinking too much. I shall never forgive her."

The world is full of changes; there is nothing here abiding:
All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding.
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—where'er the fancy ranges,
The tooth of time forever mars—all life is full of changes.
Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe—there is no power to block it.
There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket.

The Swiss watchmakers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is put in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving toward a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.



"We're catching it about our streets from all sides, and we deserve it, too," said a well-known member of the Improvement Association, addressing several acquaintances who were seated near him on a J-street open car. "'Sacramento's streets,' is getting to be the by-word everywhere. Every minstrel show or variety combination that comes along now gives us a dig about it."

"Right you are," spoke up another gentleman. "By the way, did you hear that shot we received in 'Evangeline' last Tuesday evening?"

"Yes, indeed, that was just what I was thinking of when I brought the subject up just now."

"What was the shot? I wasn't there," put in a third interested party.

"Why," said the first speaker, "one of the burlesquers, Gus Frankel, who takes the part of Captain Dietrich, is run through with a sword in the second act and introduces a lot of funny business in dying. He picks out a soft spot on the stage, lies down gently and expires. On Tuesday night, however, he raised up on his elbow and asked his slayer if he could make a dying request. The slayer consents, and the Captain begs him to use his influence with the people of Sacramento to induce them to improve their streets. Of course everybody applauded the joke, but I dare say there were some in the audience who blushed for Sacramento at the same time—I was among them."

An attache of the Metropolitan Theater, who had overheard the conversation, turned around at this point, and after excusing himself for intruding, said: "There was more behind that player's little joke Tuesday night than you fellows imagine. I'll tell you about it. He is very fond of his dog and gun, and when in San Francisco was told that he would find some good snipe shooting when he got up this way. Well, on Tuesday morning he came to me and asked me where to go. I advised him to get a team and drive out of town a few miles, where there are plenty of snipe. I didn't see any more of him until late in the afternoon, and a more broken up and disgusted mortal I never laid eyes on. I asked him what luck he had. 'Luck!' he said, 'why, d—— it, I couldn't get out of town on account of your confounded streets.' I was not surprised, then, when I heard him get off that little piece of sarcasm at that evening's performance."

Two happy fathers were telling the passengers how smart their respective two-year-olds at home were.

"Why," said one, after he had just finished a "corker" about his offspring, "I actually believe that boy of mine could make a watch if he had the tools, and knew how."

"Humph!" said the other, "that's pretty good, I'll admit. But my little girl got off something the other night that couldn't be equaled by Bill Nye. We had all retired for the night and had been asleep a couple of hours, when the youngster suddenly woke up and shouted, 'Oh, papa, I had such a lovely dream just now.' I asked her what she had dreamed. 'Oh,' said she, 'I dreamed I was going to heaven. The little angels came down and dressed me all up beautifully, and one of them sewed a pair of wings on my back. Then we all started off together.' 'Well,' said I, 'did you arrive there all right?' She looked puzzled for a moment. 'Well,' said she finally, 'I didn't dream that part of it. But, then, that's all right. I'll lay right down again and dream the rest of it. Then I will tell you all about it in the morning.'"

"They are experimenting with a new motor in Stockton, which is liable to revolutionize the street car business," said one of the stockholders of the Central road to a reporter the other day.

"Electricity?"

"No—steam. The inventor, a Mr. Hoskins, is now building a track, running some distance out of Stockton, on which he proposes to exhibit the workings of his machine. It has already been tested in San Jose, and found to work admirably. The electric people in San Jose shut Hoskins out, so it was not put in practical use there. The Stockton Street Car Company, however, saw the value of the motor, and are going to use it on their road, if the experiments are satisfactory. There is some talk among the stockholders of our line here in Sacramento, of using it, too, if it is successful in Stockton."

"Well, what sort of a machine is it?" inquired the reporter.

"It's a steam engine, but is noiseless and smokeless. It burns petroleum principally, though wood and coal can also be used. It is not an ugly looking machine, either, as most motors are, and does not frighten horses. It is very compactly built and the machinery is all hidden from view in an inclosure of sheet iron. I was greatly pleased with it when I saw it in Stockton last week and I'll be glad when we get it up here. I think they are even safer than horse cars. They can be stopped quicker, carry heavier loads, run smoother and quicker, and out-class them at all points."

"It ought to be good proof that the machine is a success," continued the gentleman, "when the Southern Pacific Company ordered ten of them to take the place of the horse cars on Telegraph avenue, from Oakland to Temescal. It is also to take the place of the dummy engines running between Temescal and the State University. Heretofore no steam motor was allowed on the Oakland side of the Temescal line to the university, owing to the danger of frightening horses. But the new device obviates all that."

"What were you tearing down the street at such a racing speed last Thursday night for?" asked the reporter of the police officer who had just boarded the car.

"Ha! ha! ha! That was a pretty good joke. I was called by a telephone message from Seventh and M streets. They said somebody was being murdered up in the old pavilion—the Athletic Club."

"How did it turn out?"

"Oh, I ran up stairs, expecting to have to wade through somebody's gore. A terrible howling was coming from the rear part of the place, and I ran there as fast as I could. I felt a little cheap when I found that it was only young Arnold taking a cold shower."

"I see by the papers that a prominent Canadian engineer has pronounced the utilizing of Niagara Falls for commercial purposes as easy as 'rolling off a log'," said Samuel Swan, a resident of Nevada county, who spent a few days in Sacramento last week. "That will be another feather in California's cap, when it is accomplished."

"Why, how's that?" asked the reporter.

"My dear friend, don't you know that the only wheel they could use to advantage would be the Pelton water-wheel? And don't you know that the Pelton wheel is a California invention? More than that, it is a Nevada county invention—Nevada county, where I come from."

"I have heard of the wheel, but I had either forgotten or didn't know that it was a Nevada county invention," confessed the scribe.

"Well, it's a fact, nevertheless. Now I'm something of an engineer myself, and the scheme of utilizing the force of Niagara seems easy to me. The Canadian's theory—and mine, too—is to carry the water of the river a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the falls to a point below the rapids, in steel conduits. This, with the 176 foot fall of the falls would make a total fall of 240 feet. Put this force onto a Pelton wheel and you would have power enough to run all the machinery in New England. It's practicable, and I'll back my opinion with coin."

What a Woman Can Do.

"Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?" asked the woman's rights advocate, as she adjusted her spectacles and looked around upon the audience.

"That's it," said a bald-headed man in the back of the hall, "put it to 'em straight. Bring these opponents of woman suffrage right to their mutton."

"You see," pursued the lady, "we are not without our friends among the stronger sex. Again I ask the question, Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?"

"Good, good," cried the bald-headed man, enthusiastically; "she can do more. A woman can do things that a man can't do. I know it."

"You hear," said the lady triumphantly, as she waved her hand, "you hear what the champion of our down-trodden sex says. A woman can do things that a man can't do. Tell us, my friend, what a woman can do that a man can't do."

"She can talk a man to death, by jingo," said the bald-headed man, "and if you could hear my old woman when she gets her tongue on to me you'd believe it, and don't you forgit it."

This speech broke up the meeting.

Married a King.

Max Maretzek tells the story of the stage career of Eliza Henzler, who has become the wife of the King of Portugal. She was the daughter of a Boston tailor, who attracted the attention of an opera manager by her fine voice and her well-shaped figure and large brown eyes. When she become noted as an opera singer, Dom Fernando, the consort of Queen Maria della Gloria of Portugal, took her under his protection. Soon after the death of his Queen he created our Boston girl Countess of Edia, and after paying due respect to the Queen's memory married the Countess, otherwize Eliza Henzler. Her husband being originally a Prince of the house of Coburg, the Boston tailor's daughter became sister-in-law to Queen Victoria, aunt of the Prince of Wales and the present King of the Belgians, and the mother-in-law of the reigning King of Portugal.

When Queen Isabella of Spain was sent into exile Bismarck tried to put a Hohenzollern on the Spanish throne. Louis Napoleon opposed it, with an eye to a Bonaparte for the position. At the same time a strong coalition of the grandees of Spain favored placing Dom Fernando of Portugal on their country's throne, with all the chances in his favor. But while the grandees were content to have Dom Fernando, their wives declared that they would never appear at court should the plebeian Bostonese be permitted to do the royal honors. A compromise was proposed in secret caucus—viz., to obtain from Pius IX. a divorce—but Dom Fernando, rather than renounce Eliza Henzler, put away the Spanish crown. Thus the indirect consequences of this heroic royal attachment were the Franco-Prussian war, the downfall of Napoleon III., the loss of Alsace and Lorraine to France and the still uncertain future of Spain.

Wearing Out Shoes.

A writer, in answer to the question, "Are more shoes worn out in wet than in dry weather?" says there are more actually worn out, particularly at the bottoms, when the walking is fine; but the destruction of shoes is at least 25 per cent. greater during wet spells. In the former case