SACRAMENTO SUNDAY UNION.

VOLUME 1. | SACRAMENTO, CAL., SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1890. | NUMBER 50.

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING AND THINKING AND SAYING.

An Olla Podrida Prepared and Arranged by One of Them for the Sunday Union.

TWO WOMEN.

"I know two women; and one is chaste
And cold as the snows on a winter's waste;
Stainless ever in word and thought
(As a man born dumb in speech errs not).
But she has malice toward her kind—
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.
Void of pity and full of greed,
She judges the world by her narrow creed.
A brewer of quarrels and a breeder of hate,
Yet she holds the key to 'society's' gate.

"The other woman, with a heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name,
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed through death.
Her aim is noble, her pity so broad,
It covers the earth like the mercy of God.
A healer of discords, a soother of woes,
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
A worthier life of the two, no doubt;
And yet 'society' locks her out.

THE LINEN CUPBOARD.

In bygone times, not yet entirely behind us, women prided themselves on their well-stored linen cupboards. Abroad, the practice is still kept up, and the linen is a gauge of the thoroughness and capabilities of the housewife. Our grandmothers would be horrified at the heterogeneous collections forming the store of some of the young housewives of the present day. How some of us ever find the thing required, at the proper time, would be a question difficult to answer. But the necessary confusion would be easily remedied with just a little care.

The first essential is to have a conveniently situated cupboard. In some houses it is well arranged and purposely placed in the vicinity of the bathroom, so that it benefits by the warmth of the hot-water pipes; but, even when such is not the case, some other dry receptacle can be fitted for the purpose. The shelves, being satisfactorily distributed and of the proper width for the reception of the larger articles, should be covered with strips of old linen coarse muslin tacked on the walls, and left hanging sufficiently to cover up the linen when arranged on the shelf to keep all dust away.

It is a convenience to keep inside the cupboard a complete list of the articles stored on each shelf, and to avoid the untidy appearance of pasted paper, alterations, etc., cards hung by narrow colored ribbons may be used with advantage, and can easily be rewritten when necessary. Camphor is very good and wholesome, but where it is disliked little muslin bags of cedar chips placed here and there give a clean and fragrant smell.

With regard to placing the various things a certain amount of discretion can be used—putting, for instance, such articles as are less frequently used on the higher shelves or at the back, if the shelves are deep enough to allow it, and towels, napkins, doilies, etc., in the more accessible places, where they can be found on an emergency, and even, if need be, in the dark, without upsetting the order of the whole shelf. Each pile of things must be well away from its neighbor, in order to secure comfort and tidiness; each set of things must be sorted—napkins of one pattern, towels of one border, etc.—for nothing is more demoralizing to the wholesome atmosphere of the linen store or to the temper of the victim than a useless, and consequently not patient, search amongst an ill-assorted pile for one particular thing that cannot be found because it has not been put into its proper place.

IN MODEST ESTABLISHMENTS,

Especially, it is well to aspire to fewer varieties of things, and, in purchasing linen, to invest in articles by the dozen, or in the largest quantities needed, from the start. It is cheaper in the long run and insures similarity. A set of six towels picked up hastily at a sale, a remnant of odd napkins purchased in a misguided impulse at another, only help to make up a miscellaneous and uncomfortable collection.

Linen can be made to last an incredible time with the exercise of a little judgment and care. It must be well examined, neatly mended and thoroughly aired after every wash and before it is put away. When the sheets begin to wear they can be turned sides to middle. Wornout tablecloths can be made into napkins, sideboard cloths, etc. Use the things in rotation, always placing the last article washed at the bottom of the pile and giving out whatever comes next from the top. Of all the provinces over which the housewife rules the linen cupboard offers as great a scope as any for daintiness, order and refinement, and if well managed it may become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

PICK-UPS.

Very pretty "Red Ridinghood" penwipers are made from the wish-bones of fowls, aided by scarlet cloaks and black petticoats. The following lines, pinned to the apron of each, explain the practical use to which it is henceforth intended to be applied:

"Once I was a merry-thought
Growing in a hen;
Now I am a little slave,
Made to wipe your pen."

The negro has gained 75 per cent. in property during the last decade, while the average gain has been only 50 per cent.

"Do typewriters cost much, Mr. Scrivner?" asked Mr. Conveyancer.

"Well," answered Scrivner, "I find that a pretty one is very dear."

There is a growing demand for fine hand work, but machine stitching must always prevail in the lower-priced articles.

Feather-stitching prevails on everything and is equally popular on silks, cashmeres and washable fabrics. Hitherto this has been entirely done by hand, being paid for at the rate of 5 cents per yard. There is a newly-patented machine for feather-stitching, but it is quite expensive, and after it is purchased a yearly royalty has to be paid for its use. Germany has hitherto furnished all the ready-made feather-stitching; this is executed on narrow bias bands, and is much used on low-priced garments, the bands being stitched on.

The light-weight French flannels are much in vogue at this season, and such is the popularity of this fabric that manufacturers of children's cloaks and garments find it difficult to fill their orders.

Illuminated China silks, pongees, Shanghais, surahs and the Habutai wash silks are all used in making up the little cloaks and gowns.

Cashmere and plain and Jacquard camel's hair come next, cashmere being almost exclusively used for children's long cloaks.

Vandykes are seen both on children's cloaks and ladies' underwear, although many manufacturers fear these trimmings will prove to be only a passing freak of fashion.

St. Quentin embroidery, which is open and has a fine looped edge, is one of the latest things, and embroidered medallions applied on lace are again seen.

The Battenberg cloak of coachman's drab, with loose lapel-front and big smoked-pearl buttons, is a stylish little garment. It has the new Bedouin sleeve, which is loosely puffed, and the puffs separated by bands of hussar-velvet.

A reefer of marine-blue and white stockinet is just the thing for a young girl to throw over her white dress.

The regulation coat has a loose, double-breasted front with velvet pockets and officers' stars on the collar.

A Connemara cloak, with a buttoned under bodice, is a capital idea for children, being an English novelty.

The new Turkish cloak is of plaided camel's hair, with loose front and coat back. There is a long over-sleeve, beneath which is a coat sleeve for use in cold weather. When less warmth is desirable the sleeve is simply turned under, and falls beneath the plaitings of the full flowing sleeve.

For wee tots nothing is more charming than the simple little coats of China silk in white or pale colors, either figured or plain. Those of illuminated pongee are among the newest things shown.

Very jaunty is a little jacket of plaid rough-faced camel's hair with corded edge.

For a smaller girl a yoke is formed of crossed white woolen braid, which is very pretty and striking. The cloak is of Jacquard camel's hair in shaded tans, with three double box plaits in the back and front, held in shirrs. These are full-raised sleeves and cuffs and collar of golden-brown velvet. This is for a girl of about 8 years.

A striking garment is of heliotrope soutaine cloth, with a yoke of dahlia velvet, overlaid with black Vandyke passementerie; the cloth is shirred on to the yoke, and there is a Bolero jacket of velvet over the blouse front.

Eiffel Tower points of white faille are elaborately embroidered and applied on white cashmere cloaks, while others are of silk, braided in soutache cord.

The blouse waist infant's cloak is new, and a relief from the ubiquitous yoke.

The Gretchen waist seems to enjoy a perennial popularity, as most of the small children's garments are made in this style.

A delicious little example is a coat of wild-rose surah, with full sleeves, the wide cavalier collar and cuffs being of Vandyke Irish lace.

Cute little coats of amazone cloth have short waists, covered with capes, formed of three pinked collars.

A more ornate style has a yoke outlined by a fringe ruche, the same trimming on the fronts and edges.

A little garment of white Japanese silk is trimmed with lace and relieved by a feather stitching of pale green.

Plaids are still fashionable, but in very soft shades of color. In fancy woolen materials they are chiefly employed for traveling costumes or children's frocks. In surah they form very pretty walking toilets. The shades preferred are light browns and dullish greens, relieved by streaks of white, red or golden-brown.

Fancy stripes are also fashionable, both in woolen and silk materials, but the novelty of the season consists in the pretty chines of light fancy woolens, such as muslin-de-laine, woolen gauze, and chilenne, which is a new name for barege. The chine pattern is in mixed colors, over a light colored ground, cream, ivory, pale gold or rose color. Gowns of this style are made very simply, the skirt plaited in panels, surplice fashion, at the sides, in full double plaits at the back, and almost plain in front, but they require an underskirt of glance silk or foulard of one of the colors of the pattern. The bodice is generally made of plaited and crossed fronts, showing a small peaked plastron of silk in the middle. The sleeves have puffed out epaulettes fastened with a bracelet of ribbon, and finished with silk at the wristband.

Plain fabrics are, on the other hand, made up with jacket bodice, close fitting, with five seams at the back, and coming down a few inches below the waist, with a small peak in front and at the back. Sleeves puffed up at the shoulders and tight at the wrists. The back of the skirt is often made of some other material, arranged in straight plaits all the way down, and slightly trained, while sides and front form plain panels, frequently trimmed with braiding or passementerie. Sometimes the trimming is merely put on around the skirt front.

A handsome garment of this kind is of oak-brown cashmere and faille. The back of the skirt is of plaited faille, the front and sides of the cashmere, with a trimming of passementarie and fringe on each side edging the front of the skirt. The jacket bodice is of cashmere with collar and cuffs of silk and a trimming of passementarie over the back and fronts, simulating a short Spanish jacket.

Nothing is more refined for an elderly matron's best gown than a black armure or a gray faille, trimmed with lace passing round the neck, sleeves, and down the front as a jabot. Sometimes the basque is left plain, and either a black or white lace scarf draped to form a loose plastron, with lace to correspond basted in the sleeve. The pansy shades, in vogue once more, are charming on women past their middle bloom as well as their first freshness.

A charming afternoon gown is of porcelaine surah, having an almost plain front, two box-plaits in each side and a gathered back, with a border of black velvet all round the front of the skirt behind a row of black lace vandykes pointed up. Down the center of each plait run two rows of lace, with the points meeting in the center, and on the straight edges are bands on velvet two inches wide. The round bodice is without darts, and gathered in the middle, front and back of the waist line. Leg-o-mutton sleeves; collar of velvet, with vandykes set around, pointing downward like a yoke.

Sarah Bernhardt, apart from the sensation created by her rendering of the character of Lena in "As In a Looking Glass," has, with the handsome toilets she displays in this part, again given Paris something to talk about. She appears in the first act in a dress of sulphur yellow *peau de soie*. The blouse waist has an arrangement in white tulle, which below the waist is fastened with white satin bands ending in bows in front, the long, tight sleeves, scantily gauged, being edged with lace; white heue collarette, large white tulle hat, of which a falling ruffle of lace on the edge and bows of white satin ribbon and bouquet of cornflower form the trimming. In the second act she wears a Princess robe of Venetian guipure lace over green "Jeune pousse" satin. The front breadth is loosely draped and has revers of green crepe lisse. A toilette of cherry-red and white brocade, devant of white silk gauze and golden embroidery, with revers and bows of red velvet, enhance her charms in the third act; and in the fourth, though imbued with suicidal views, Lena has still some regard for appearances, and astonishes her audience in a princess wrapper on bronze pressed velvet designs on a white ground, bordered with white Thibet fur. The front, of white silk gauze, is drawn together at the waist with a handsomely chased and jeweled belt; long loose sleeves tightening at the waist.

JENNIE B. WARD.

Saying of Bismarck.

A French writer has made a collection of the sayings attributed to Bismarck, and some of them are queer enough:

"A Bavarian is something between an Autrichien and a man."

"If Austria has astonished the world by her ingratitude, England will astonish it by her cowardice."

"God made men after his own image, and Italians after that of Judas."

"The powers are generally represented by men of mark, but France is sometimes represented by marked men; queer fellows, who are really envoys extraordinary."

"It is easy to recognize the Embassador of France, because he never speaks the language of the country to which he is sent."

"Thiers a diplomatist! Pshaw, he wouldn't know how to sell a horse!"

Who Knows?

We give the following conundrum to the railroad builders of the continent: Which will be first constructed, the through line which shall connect with the north and south roads of South America, or the Alaska line from the Canadian Pacific to connect by a short water route with the proposed Siberian line across Northeastern Asia?—*Albany Journal.*

SIGNALS OF SAVAGES.

HOW THEY COMMUNICATE BY SIGNS AT LONG DISTANCES.

The Power of the Little Glass—System of Signals Among the American Indians and Esquimau.

With two Esquimau hunters, says a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*, I was once standing upon the top of a rocky hill about two days' journey inland from the north shore of Hudson's Bay. We had been looking for reindeer, but had seen none. Already we had walked a long distance and crossed many hills en route, for it is the custom with the Esquimau, as with the Indians, to go over the top of a hill rather than around it. This is not only to have a fine outlook from an elevation, but because it is impossible to convince a savage that it is not a shorter route. It was about noon, and we were tired, so we stopped to rest a few minutes and to smoke a pipe. We had not been in the enjoyment of these luxuries long before I heard the faint sound of a human voice borne upon the stiff wind that was blowing from the northward. I called the attention of my companions to this sound, and, brushing their long black locks from over their ears, they threw themselves down in the lee of a great rock and listened. They, too, heard the voice, and said the person calling was so far off that they could not understand what he said.

In the meantime I swept the crest of a range of hills in the direction of the voice with my field glass, and finally made out the figure of some one who was waving what looked like a huge piece of cloth. I passed the glass to Sebeeucktalee, one of my guides, and he at once recognized a hunter named Aluktay, and said he signaled us to come over where he was; that there were reindeer there. The man did not appear far off, but it was a full hour before we reached the man who had signaled to us to come. He then told us that there were plenty of reindeer beyond that line of hills, and that his tent and that of two other hunters were pitched within easy reach of the hunting grounds. He gave my two friends some raw venison, and to me, as an especial favor, a nice raw tongue, from which he first, very politely, bit off the hard outside skin. It was the first raw meat I had eaten; but, having fasted since the previous noon, I had too keen an appetite to be particular about trifles. During this little luncheon Aluktay t[o]ld of the quantity of reindeer near his camp and invited us to go over there with him. It was nearly dark when we reached the camp, and during the walk I had ample time to wonder how he had succeeded in informing my companions that there were reindeer around when too far away to be heard. I could understand that he might beckon to them to come to him, but the more I thought about it the more I was puzzled over the method of communicating the fact of there being good hunting grounds where he was.

The following day my guides, Sebeeucktalee and Koomana, went back to bring their tent and the old folks up to this new camp, and I went out to hunt with Aluktay. During that day he explained to me the Esquimau signal code. I found it very interesting at the time, and later on its usefulness was demonstrated almost daily during my residence with these people. Aluktay described to me that when an Esquimau wished to talk with those at a distance he would take a position on an eminence, where his body could be plainly seen against the sky or a snow-covered hillside. With his body placed so as to directly face those with whom he wishes to communicate, he extends his right arm and moves it up and down like a pump-handle. This signal means "Come here." When so far away that the motion of the arm could not be distinctly seen, he would take off his coat, and using that as a flag, make the same motion, which would then be more conspicuous. It was with his coat that he made the signal when communicating with us the previous day. If after this he moved his left arm or the coat in a similar manner, but on the left side, he meant "Bring dogs." Then, by pointing both arms nearly straight up from the shoulder, as a rude symbol of the antlers of a reindeer, he would indicate that he had killed reindeer, and the number of times the arms were raised would denote the number killed, so that his friends would know how many dogs to bring. The reply to the message is made by the receiver turning his right side toward the sender and bending his body forward, making a right angle at the waist, which would mean "Yes;" in the opposite direction would mean "No," or that there was no one to send, or that there were no dogs around.

Once, when on a sledge journey from Marble Island, Hudson's Bay, to Depot Island, about 150 miles to the north, I was three or four days behind Lieutenant Schwatka, who was in charge of another party of our native allies. One day we came upon four blocks of snow placed upon each other so as to make a wide pillar, and upon this were set the head and antlers of a reindeer. This was interpreted to me by my guides as showing that Toolooah, Schwatka's hunter, had killed four reindeer there three days before. The number of blocks indicated the number killed and the number of days was apparent to my people by the condition of the snow. They knew it was Toolooah by the way the blocks were cut. I could have learned very easily how to read the symbol that four reindeer had been killed by somebody, but it would take a vast amount of experience to know by whom and the time that had elapsed. These savages can tell unmistakably and so, too, do they know from the condition as to the frost the length of time the snow has been cut. By touching the tracks of people or wild animals they can tell when they passed that way almost to an hour, if the tracks have been made within a day or two.

The Indians of the great western plains have now a system hardly exceeded in efficiency by the military code of the civilized world. For many years their only means of communication at a distance was by signal fires upon the hilltops at night and by columns of smoke during the day. They have a method, not well known to those outside the native tribes, of covering a fire until a sufficient quantity of smoke has been accumulated, when it will suddenly burst forth into a column of thick, heavy smoke that cannot fail to attract attention even at a great distance. These signal fires and smoke signals are still in use among them, but they have besides a code of signals that is telegraphed from point to point by sun flashes made with a small mirror. Their code is not known beyond their own ranks, further than that it is not a system of words, but that certain flashes of longer or shorter duration, or that vibrations intermingled with steady rays, signify conditions or events that it was previously arranged they should indicate. The Indian heliograph is the small, round mirror in a metal case, which has always been an article of trade with savages all over the world.

Every Indian hunter or warrior wears one of these little mirrors around his neck, and its use is constant with him. An officer of the army who recently was acting as Commissary of Subsistence on an Apache reservation, told me that on one occasion the stock cattle for issue to the Indians arrived unexpectedly, when he found that there were not more than ten Indians within twenty miles of the post except those around headquarters. These at once put their little heliographs to use, and responses were immediately flashed from the neighboring hilltops and repeated to those beyond. The result was that within three hours there were more than 2,500 Indians at the point of issue, and others were still coming in hot haste from every direction across the plains.

SAID IN FUN.

Alaska ought to be a good place to pop the question. It sounds so much like "I'll ask her."

It is almost time for Congress to adjourn. The other circuses are getting ready to start out.

"Is she not passing fair?" remarked our humorous editor in the street car as the girl on his left handed him five cents to put in the box.

Briggs—"I did not see you at church last Sunday."

Braggs—"No; I didn't get in till you had gone to sleep."

Kate Field doesn't seem to understand why "some of our Congressmen sit on their spines." They are thus given an opportunity "to get their backs up."

Wibble—"What a sordid, unsatisfying thing it is for a man to devote his whole life to the mere pursuit of wealth!" Wabble—"Especially if he doesn't get it."

When night is stepping from the scene
To then that nature, viewing
Her daily task with thoughtful mein,
Says, "I'll be up and dewing."

Neighbor—"Why do you wish your husband to join a lodge or a club?" Wife—"It will make me happier." "In what way?" "By giving me something to complain of."

In the next world there will be plenty of time for us to spend in wondering how it happens that the world which we have left manages to get along so comfortably without us.

"See the capitalists riding along in their fine carriages!" yelled a socialist speaker. "Where, I ask you, are our carriages?" "S'loonkeepr's drivin' mine," responded a red-nosed reformer of society.

A Western cyclone seems capable of destroying everything about a building save the mortgage thereon. If it could only lift the latter as easily as it does a roof, it would possess one redeeming feature to the Westerner.

"I wonder if people will know each other in the next world," asked Cadbury.

"I question it very much," answered Ratbone, "for I have noticed that after people get up a little they are not too fond of recognizing you here."

Servant (at sweet girl's boudoir)—"Mr. Nicefellow is in the parlor, miss."

Sweet girl (throwing down a novel)—"Horrors! And my hair is all down! Tell him he'll have to wait a little as I'm in the kitchen helping mother."

Merchant, angrily to a lady who insists on beating him down in price—"Why, madame, I am really making you a present of the goods." Lady—"All right, then, I will take it; but be sure you send it to the house before two o'clock."

"That is a spirited battle-scene of yours. What do you call it?"

"The Charge."

"You ought to paint a companion piece showing all those fellows dead on the field and mark it 'Paid.'"

Emperor Wilhelm—"Say, Bismarck, what was the longest tennis game on record? Do you know?"

Bismarck—"Give it up, Willie."

Wilhelm—"Go and read your Bible, man, and you will find that Jacob served seven years for Rachel."

Bismarck resigned next day.

Father—"I hope you are doing well in the financial world, my son?"

Son—"Yes, father. I made $2,000 last year, but if I have good luck this year I shall make a cool $50,000."

Father—"You have great business ability, Jack. Is it a legitimate speculation?"

Son—"Oh, yes; Miss Hendricks is going to answer me to-night."

How often in the crowded car
You've risen to your feet
To give a woman who comes in
The comfort of a seat.
"Oh, no; I thank you," she protests,
"I'd really feel to blame;
I don't mind at all mind standing"—but
She takes it just the same.

The friend you ask to take a drink
Says alcohol's a curse;
It never does men any good,
And always makes them worse.
Men never know just when to quit;
'Tis really a shame.
He greatly disapproves it—but
He takes it just the same.

Gripp—"Well, doctor, did you succeed in breaking up Cable's fever?"

Young Doctor—"I would have done so in another week had I been given half a chance."

Gripp—"They didn't call in another doctor, did they?"

Young Doctor—"No; but this morning, just as I was noticing an improvement in Cable, he died."

"My friends," said Rev. Letus Hittemup, "the extent to which gambling is carried on in our town is alarming! For from my study I can look into a club-room across the street, and last night I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. There at a table sat four young men playing poker—for money! Yes, for money; I do not wonder that you shudder, brethren! Large stacks of money were before them, and, would you believe it? I actually saw one young man who ought to have known better, bet ten blue chips on a pair of kings!"

When the sunbeams break in sprays among the
fluttering twigs and leaves;
When the merry birds lift up their heads to
sing;
When there isn't any place on earth to hold a
man who grieves;
When forgotten is each folly that bewitches
and deceives—
Then it's spring.

When the dandelions blossom and the grass begins to thrive,
And you greet the kisses that the zephyrs
fling;
When forgotten on the rainbow ends for which
we vainly strive;
When it's satisfying just to sit and know that
you're alive—
Then it's spring.

Wonderful Gun.

Paul Gifford, the original inventor of the Paris pneumatic post system, has made a pneumatic rifle, which is said to be a wonder. It is described this way: The weapon is much lighter than any of the army rifles now in use. It resembles the magazine gun in that a steel cartridge about a span and a half long and as thick as a man's thumb is attached to the barrel by means of a screw. The cartridge contains 300 shots, which can be discharged as rapidly or slowly as a man desires. At a recent trial the ball traveled with wonderful accuracy and penetrated deep into the wall of the shooting-room. As soon as one cartridge is emptied of its 300 shots another can be screwed on the gun in the twinkling of an eye. Mr. Gifford says that the 300 shots in a cartridge can be produced at a cost of about three pence. The gun itself can be manufactured for about $5.

Never Forget.

That the enemy of man is man.

That the fairest flowers fade the soonest.

That knowledge leaves no room for chances.

That pride is never so offensive as when in chains.

That a sealskin sacque does not always keep the heart warm.

That when men are lonely they stoop to any companionship.

The darkest cloud often contains the most fruitful showers.

That an open enemy is to be respected, a secret one to be suspected.

That the pure worship of a pure heart is an inspiration and a song.

That there may be loyalty without love, but never love without loyalty.

A milk-white deer was shot recently near Mt. Katahdin, in Maine.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LILIAN RUSSELL AND THE BEAUTIES OF THE CASINO.

Orchestral Concerts and Pianists—Opera Bouffe—Emma Abbott's Wealth—Art in Stage Setting.

Rosalind May, the regular New York correspondent of the SUNDAY UNION, writes as follows in regard to amusements at the metropolis:

"That New York and the country at large can support both German and Italian opera is settled beyond question by the enthusiasm with which the latter has been received, vacant seats during the non-Patti nights being entirely due to very high prices. Patti is the one singer who can fill a house at a scale beginning at $7 per seat, but those who came on the off-nights represented a throng who would have pressed for admittance at German opera prices, and by their warm welcome to distinguished artists they proved their love of genuine song. The season has been memorable as affording marked progress in music and potent, therefore, in refining effect. Any art which can draw away Americans from absorption in money-getting may be set down as successful missionary effort. Equally encouraging has been the support given

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AND PIANISTS.

The celebrated Russian pianist, Vladimir de Pachman and his wife, Mme. Marguerite de Pachman, have had a flattering reception at Chickering Hall, which was packed to the doors on the occasion of their three concerts. Mme. de Pachman's unusual beauty winning approval before her skilled fingers touched the instrument. She is an Englishwoman, and to say that she nearly approaches as an artist her distinguished husband, is to accord her high praise. Dr. Von Bulow has not long departed, a return engagement of d'Albert and Sarasate may be expected, while little Otto Hegner again looms up and is announced for a performance next week. It is stated on good authority that in the entire history of that very successful place of amusement,

THE CASINO,

No presentation has aroused enthusiasm equal to that now accorded the 'Grand Duchess.' Scenic effect, of course, has much to do with such happy result, and Aronson's well known liberality in this line is bringing in a rich reward. Chiefest of all, however, is an array of handsome women, with Lilian Russell, the incomparable, coming foremost. Neither is she a doll-like beauty, for her singing and acting are vivacious and appropriate, and no wonder, therefore, that at each performance the house is packed and seats ordered quite in advance. Despite present successes, however, signs of a waning season becomes each week more apparent, Daly's company have gone elsewhere and their places is filled by that always popular actress, Rosina Vokes. 'Shenandoah' will next week give place at Proctor's Theater to Robson in 'The Henrietta,' and delightful 'Aunt Jack' at the Madison Square will bid good bye shortly to the metropolis.

"The small boy's soul is full to overflowing by 'the greatest show on earth' at One Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue. This is a significant sign of uptown advance and the exhibition is announced by the colossal Barnum as that which electrified Europe."

EMMA ABBOTT'S WEALTH.

Few American songstresses, says a New York paper, can prove the substantial success that is the lot of Emma Abbott. She is an example of the pluck and perseverance of the American girl. At the age of eighteen she was a soprano in Dr. Chapin's church in New York, and known to the communicants as a very pleasing singer. She was ambitious to succeed as a concert singer, and an operatic future she had never believed possible; but, through the interest of friends, she was induced to go to Paris and complete her studies. She was even at that time the betrothed wife of Eugene Wetherell. He urged her to accept the proposition, and she went abroad and studied with such ardor that she inside of a year had completely lost her voice through overwork, but by careful medical attention she was enabled to regain her former vocal capabilities, and returned to this country, where she was introduced to C. D. Hess, and a coalition was formed by Wetherell, Hess and Miss Abbott to star the latter with the Hess English Opera Company. Last Saturday she walked into the Treasury Department at Washington with an ordinary package of brown paper, about eighteen inches thick, carried carelessly in her hand. General Rosecrans had one of the clerks examine the package and it was found to be $135,000 in Government four per cent. bonds. Miss Abbott had brought them to have them registered. This amount represents the partial profits of her stage career, and it is safe to say that no other prima donna can match Miss Abbott in wealth, with the exception of Adelina Patti.

STAGE DRESSING.

Said a prominent tragedian the other day: "I am not one of those who decry elaborate stage settings on the ground that they detract from the actor's art. I know that the idea is being advanced that people, in their admiration of the spectacular glory of a production, lose sight of its dramatic worth; in other words, they go to the theater to see the show and not to see and hear the actors. Now, I believe that nothing can be further from the real truth. I believe that good stage dressing and good acting should always go together. I am not afraid to put myself and my art against the scene painter and the stage carpenter at any time, and I am frank to declare my belief that anyone who is thus fearful has no call to walk the stage at all.

"What! Would you have us go back to the days of Shakespeare, when the setting of the stage was indicated by placards, as 'A Street in Venice,' 'Tomb of the Capulets,' 'Roman Forum,' etc., it being left to the imagination of the audience to furnish the scene? Now, you cannot convince me that the people could appreciate and enjoy the plays thus presented as thoroughly as though they had been shown in adequate setting. It is only begging the question to say that a happy medium that should be followed between this barrenness and the present elaboration of scenery. If the stage should be set at all, it should be set as completely and as perfectly as possible. That work cannot be overdone, provided it is artistically and truthfully done.

"I hold that the finest surroundings are an inspiration to the true actor. I always feel the influence that arises from good costumes, good scenery and good accessories, and say what you may, I believe that I am able to throw myself more completely into my part when I am thus encompassed than as though I were on an empty stage in a sack suit. And I believe"—I know—"that my audiences feel my acting more under such conditions and are more impressed by my individuality.

"Examples? There are plenty to support my argument. Do you not think that good stage settings would have enhanced the success of the Booth-Modjeska season? The people have tired of the barren stage upon which Mr. Booth appears year after year, and his art thereby loses in its force and in its drawing power. I know of no one on the stage to-day who stands less in need of elaborate stage settings to help his art and to increase his popularity.

"Then do you insist upon it that people will go to see the show regardless whether there is worthy acting or not in connection with it? It seems to me that all the gorgeousness of Mrs. Potter's 'Cleopatra' last season and all the archæological glory of Mr. Mansfield's 'Richard III.' this year failed to move the public to any great degree of admiration. The spectacular part of the show was there, but there was no power of acting, and the productions were dismal failures.

"On the contrary, look at the two most successful Shakespearean productions that the New York stage has known this season, the 'As You Like It,' at Daly's Theater, and the Marie Wainwright company. In both instances there were handsome stage settings and admirable acting, a combination that won success prompt and pronounced, while the merely spectacular Shakespearean production went to the wall at once.

"I have yet to learn that Miss Rehan and Mlle. Wainwright and the members of their companies failed to receive adequate popular recognition of the dramatic worth of their several impersonations. The handsome manner in which their productions were put upon the stage did not seem to overshadow their own individual work.

"Instances of this kind might be cited almost beyond number to further show the truth of my proposition. They are not needed, however. But let me prophesy that you will see more elaboration in stage settings rather than less in the future, and that work of this kind will engage the attention of the best mechanics and the most accomplished artists in the community. Stage dressing will become a branch of the fine arts as much as painting and sculpture now are."

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Metal ties for railroads are proving very satisfactory.

An immense flume four and a half miles long is to be built at Spokane. The pipe is to be made of steel and will be twenty-two inches in diameter.

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

French engineers propose ascending the Jungfrau by a succession of slanting roads, forming a zigzag to a hight of some 12,000 feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain.

There has lately been a plague of locusts in the province of Gizele, Egypt. In five days the authorities destroyed six tons of them. Exposure to the sun is said to be fatal to their eggs.

Experiments with the 25,000 candle-power search lamps show that vessels three miles off can readily be detected, and that by throwing the light on the clouds, signaling is possible at a distance of fifty miles.

Sending pictures by telegraph is one of the latest inventions. The salient points of the picture are established by a previously agreed upon system or co-ordinates, and the details are filled by the descriptive words added.

A very ingenious electrical device has lately been patented, by which the hands of a clock set to a certain hour are made to complete an electric current connected with the kitchen stove so that the fire is started when the given hour arrives.

A rare phenomena is reported from St. Malo. Recently during the afternoon, between 4 and 5 o'clock, three suns were seen all in a row a little above the western horizon. The real sun, which was in the center, shone with unwonted brilliancy, while from its supporters darted rays of prismatic colors.

The Paris Academy is in receipt of information relating to prehistoric remains found in southern France. Two skulls have recently been dug up bearing every evidence of belonging to the Aryan race, and some human bones that from their proportions must have belonged to a man ten feet in hight.

In London specimens of Mexican dry moss were shown before the Botanical Society that were green and flourishing, although they had been shut up for three months in a dry place. These plants are said to have the power of rolling up in a ball when dry and becoming apparently dead, only to bloom again, however, when exposed to moisture.

A singular case of "mind blindness" recently occurred, the subject being a man of eighty who had complained for a month of inability to find his way about, to tell his own position in a room, and to recognize objects, although his perception to light was scarcely impaired. Although he could not recognize objects by looking at them, he at once perceived and named them by means of tactile or auditory impressions from them.

His Faith Returned.

"Look a-here," he said, as he approached officer Button at the Third-street depot the other day, "have you any faith left in human nature?"

"Very little, sir," was the prompt reply.

"You look upon most people as deadbeats and sharpers?"

"I do."

"Beat you if they can?"

"They will. They'd steal my teeth if they weren't solid in the jaw."

"You have lent money once or twice, I presume?"

"I have, sir."

"And never got it back?"

"Never."

"Well, I've got to tackle you just the same," continued the man. "D'ye see that woman with the red bow?"

"Yes."

"She's my bride; married last week; came in on our bridal tour. We toured too long for the size of my wallet, and now I lack just 4 cents of enough to buy our tickets home."

"Only 4 cents?"

"That's all. If any feller in Michigan can plan a bridal tour closer than that I'd like to meet him."

"So would I. Here's a quarter, sir, and that will give you 21 cents for peanuts and apples on the train. Car is now ready, sir, and there's the ticket office. Go home and be good and happy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Dog Story.

They were telling dog stories yesterday in the Agricultural Department, and after Walter de Wolf had narrated some of the remarkable instances of his dog's wonderful intelligence, Will Henderson began talking.

"The father of De Wolf's dog," he said, "is nearly the most intelligent animal I ever saw. Why he can almost talk. I used to give him a quarter every morning, and he took it in his mouth way into town, and would wait at the butcher's until they gave him his meat and 15 cents change to bring back. One day the butcher thought he would play a joke, and he gave that dog back 10 cents change instead of 15. Sadly the dog looked at the two nickels for a minute, then he went out. Five minutes later he returned leading a policeman by the tail of his coat. Now that is a dog worth ——"

But the room was empty.

A Bad Case.

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight. Give me the nose that I breathed through last night! Bring back the smeller that two days ago, Knew not the torment of continual blow. Wipe from my mustache the moisture of sneeze, Put wooden splints on my poor, weakened knees, Rub my red nose as you have before, With tallow, dear mother; oh, it is so sore. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the nose, I am so tired from my head to my toes. Tired of sitting with mopping and coughing and sneezing. Weary from handkerchiefs constantly seizing; I have grown weary of sniffle and snuff. Of wiping my bugle until it is rough. Stick my head in a big pillow-slip, And tie it up, mother, I have "la grippe."—*Atchison Globe.*

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

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

The *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.) says: "The American State can recognize no religion as such; but at the same time it has pledged itself not to oppress any persons because of their religious beliefs. So long, then, as it, discriminates against Catholics and conscientious Protestants by forcing them to pay taxes for the support of schools they cannot use, the State obviously fails in its profession. Nor is the remedy to be found in making the schools worse than they are. It lies before us plain and simple. It is the perfection of the public system by the admission of voluntary schools, which would assume their place therein with the greatest ease and facility, and thus complete a noble institution in itself."

"The following letter," says the *Christian Secretary* (Baptist), "came to a well-known minister lately. The reply sent was that an angel from heaven was needed to fill the bill of requirements. We omit names and places:

"*My Dear Sir:* The first church of —— will soon be without a pastor, the Rev. —— having resigned to go to Boston. He has had good success during his year and a half here, following ing the Rev. ——. Our congregations are very large, and about forty have recently united with the church. We think that we require, to succeed him, a man having similar gifts as a preacher, great fluency, free delivery without manuscript, and marked ability as a natural orator. We should like to know if the Rev. —— is such a man, and have been informed that you can tell us all about him. We not only want all this, but more—that he be an excellent pastor, sound upon the temperance question, interested in the Sabbath-school and the young people, ready to lead in all benevolent activities, and generally to be in all things an ideal minister. If you will kindly tell us wherein he falls short of satisfying all these requirements, we shall then be perhaps be able to decide if he is likely to please our people. Mr. —— has been so heartily commended to us that we are already prejudiced in his favor, and he will have first preference as a candidate, and indorsement of the committee if we get a satisfactory report upon all these points.

"CHAIRMAN OF OUTLOOK COMMITTEE."

The *John Bull* (London) says: "An American Roman Catholic has a remarkable article in an American magazine, in which he tells the story of a gray-headed priest who was present at a dinner of Roman Catholic clergymen, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. Ten of those present were foreigners by birth or of immediate foreign extraction. Two only were genuine Americans. Of these two the priest in question was one, and he, being rallied by his fellow-American on the fact that younger men were promoted over his head, remarked: 'I am not Irish enough.' The narrator of this story goes on to say that in the United States of America there are thirteen Archbishops and sixty Bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter being genuine Americans. And yet he remarks that this is the United States of America, not Ireland, not Italy, not France, not Spain, not Holland; and he rightly concludes that this is the reason why Roman Catholics are taunted with being foreign, un-American and unpatriotic. In Ireland all the Bishops and Archbishops are Irish. In France all the Bishops and Archbishops are French; and so it goes everywhere, in every country under the sun, except in the United States of America—the Bishops and Archbishops are the sons of the country in which they live. This American Catholic further calls attention to the fact that the Jesuits who did all of the hard missionary work for the first half century for the establishment of the American hierarchy were French, not Irish. There is a moral in what this American Catholic says, and it is not far beneath the surface."

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's, says in the *Churchman*: "The advantages of pew churches are obvious. Among them may be enumerated a regular income; renting the pews is certainly the easiest way to raise it; experience has proved this. The officers of the church know what the income will be, and can shape their expenditure accordingly; and a regular income means a load of care lifted from the minds of pastor and vestry. The rented pew also provides full recognition for the family; and if in these too busy times some members of it are late in arriving at the place of worship, they still can be assured of comfortable seats, in the same place and beside those they know and desire to worship with. Another and very important advantage is the facility it affords to the pastor to keep a correct list of the names and addresses of his people. Changes are quickly known, if coming to the church or leaving the church means the renting or the giving up of a piece of property; and in a city like New York, where the changes among the population are bewilderingly frequent, this is a great help to parish work. On the whole, I think it may be said that the most natural church for a business community to form is the pew church as we know it to-day. But to my mind, there is a very serious question whether such an organization has the right to call itself a Christian church. It certainly has resulted in putting the rich people together in one church, and the poor, when they are collected together at all, in another; and after all that can be said in its favor is said, the chief argument for it, is that it is the only practical way to carry on an unendowed church, and this I distinctly believe to be a mistake."

The *Churchman* says: "We read in one of the secular papers the account of the reception of an honored Methodist doctor of divinity into the Baptist fold. The learned doctor conducted the services, preached, generally manifested himself as a Christian minister, and then came down from the pulpit and committed himself to the care of the pastor of the Baptist congregation where he was officiating, and was then duly and reverently immersed. According to the tenor of his sermon, he was represented as declaring immersion to be the only valid mode of baptism. This means to the ordinary understanding of the church that he was then and there admitted to the Christian community. Previous to that he was a heathen, at best a catechumen or a postulant. We see no possible exit from the dilemma here suggested. Either immersion is not admission by baptism, or a man can be a fully qualified minister without being duly dipped. It can hardly be supposed that immersion made valid, not only his membership, but his order also, the doctorate in divinity included, and that these were existing qualities, real but technically defective, which the water in the tank cured and brought into wholesome activity. In that case the immersion should have preceded the long and short prayer, the Scripture reading, the giving out of the hymn and the discourse. These gifts, it seemed, needed no immersion—not even the D. D. which adorned them. The only thing that needed to be 'buried in baptism' was the individual person to whom they were attached. It seems to us, with all deference to the excellent body of which the doctor is now a shining light, that immersion appears somewhat in the light of a ceremony, and a ceremony in which the apparent neediness is in exact proportion to the zeal with which it is required."

The *Churchman* (P. E.), says: "Is there not something pitiful in the often inarticulate but virtually universal cry of men for 'the Christianity of Christ?' Is there not something terribly suggestive in the charge that workingmen make against churches in general, that they profess to follow Christ and do not follow him? Is there not something strange in the fact that in this age Jesus is honored with passionate devotion and his personal teaching accepted with passionate conviction by thousands of person whose misconceptions of Christianity keep them apart from Christ's church? So powerful is the mere phrase of 'the Christianity of Christ,' that it is in danger of degenerating into cant. The cant may be made to cover unreality, as all cant does, but it is only truth, and accepted truth, that is capable of such perversion, and the truth of that phrase is that among all unlearned Christ is personally honored and revered, and his teachings reverenced as they never were before. What does it mean that John Stuart Mills confessed that the ethics of Jesus can not elsewhere be equaled? What does it mean when Herbert Spencer affirms that the 'ultimate ethics' of humanity will be those of Jesus, rationally understood? What does it mean when Felix Alder declares that when Christians live up to their perfection there will be no need of lectures on 'ethical culture'? What does it mean when Prince Bismarck asks for social well-being nothing more than Christianity without phrases? What does it mean when we find that every man, the agnostic and the skeptic as well as the Christian, who speaks on any subject whatsoever, speaks with double confidence and satisfaction when he finds that he can quote some saying of our Lord in support of his opinion? It all means this, at least, that the mind of this generation is turned to Christ and is intelligently open to him as to no previous generation ever was. It means this, at least, that the mind of this present generation is in much the same attitude as that of Christ's first hearers. The people of this generation is 'a people prepared for the Lord.' That it is not dogmatic in its tendencies proves nothing to the contrary, for neither were the people who first heard him."

The Rev. George T. Rider says in the *Living Church* (P. E.): "Time was, and not so very long ago, when artistic and esthetic tests alone prevailed in the organization and constitution of church choirs, particularly for important churches in the larger cities. There was a dearth of accomplished organists and choir-masters. The half-secular spirit of the prevailing music demanded soloists of exceptional accomplishment, not often found among amateurs. Music committees restricted their inquiries pretty much to the questions of digital and pedal dexterities; to skill and grace in accompaniment; to the artistic effects down stairs among the pews. It is pretty much *vox et preterea nihil*, in the inquest for soloists. Those were the days of curtained choir-galleries, within and behind which, if we may credit the veracious chroniclers, many a tedious, long-winded sermon was beguiled by quiet games of cards, while behind the organ in the choir-room 'spirits,' both red and white and of various potencies, responded not infrequently to the open seasame of the initiated. It seems never to have occurred to those early churchmen that church music had anything to do with religion and personal devoutness and reverence, and the music mostly in vogue did not make any very special appeals to the spiritual and churchly resources of the organ-loft. 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' and 'The Last Greeting,' and 'Les Deux Anges' of Blumenthal, and the grand aria from 'Der Freischutz,' were purely in the range of concert-room business; and so were the frisky and tra-la-la adaptions for our canticles, and anthems from Mozart, Donizetti, Rossini and other renaissance composers, savoring rather of the opera house than of the Lord's house. The great Catholic revival directly and indirectly changed all that, and brought a fresh and new access of reverence and churchliness in public worship. The Lord's house became recognized as indeed and truth the Lord's house. Timidly and very cautiously the weeds and unseemliness of the great Puritan invasion were sloughed off, and choir and chancel met together in the decency, order and the spiritual and choral beauty of holiness. Tipsy organists, free and easy-going soloists, together with surreptitious 'cards,' and 'flasks,' and 'private stores' were got rid of, with their trumpery repertories of voluptuous impieties, and a clean, sweet, start was made on nigher and holier lines. The principle was conceded that church services must have religious music, and that the only proper and competent interpreters of true church music must needs be religious persons; and it is generally felt that an irreligious, disreputable organist or choir would be as offensive and scandalous a solecism as the tippling parsons of old Hanoverian times in the mother church."

Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the *North American Review*, says: "Every denomination has its wise leaders, who are trusted and followed because they are able to speak by the event and carry the rank and file with them. You can think of these men, and can trace their hand-prints in our ecclesiastical history as you can trace the furrow of a plow through a large field. Francis Wayland left such an impression upon the Baptist body; William Ellery Channing had such a guidance of the earlier Unitarians; Jonathan Edwards for one generation, and William E. Park for a later one, led the Congregationalists like a flock of sheep; John Carrol first organized the Roman Catholic body in Maryland; Francis Asbury set in order the Methodist household when his preachers lived on horseback; William Penn made the Pennsylvania Quakers a unique Christian sect; the Hodges have set their mark in this century upon the Presbyterian body, and among Churchmen there have been at least two Bishops who have stood head and shoulders above others of their order in the ability to organize and develop a diocese into vigorous and expansive life—John Henry Hobart and Alonzo Potter. These natural leaders can neither be commanded when they seem to be most needed, nor can they be grown at will. They will be called, but it is the mark of wisdom in ordinary affairs that they shall be selected, whenever it is possible, to take the control of their fellow-men and to guide them in publ c affairs. It matters not whether the episcopate is clearly traced in the records called the New Testament or not; the important fact to be noted is that the moment you begin to find anything like historical facts pertaining to Christianity, you discover that Bishops have the leadership in the Christian church, and that the endeavor everywhere seems to have been in the earliest days to select the best man among the clergy for this important apostolic office. The period in which we are now living, and the community in which the Catholic faith is to be extended, are not favorable to that type of Christianity which, for the sake of distinction, we call historical. It is true that if the Roman and Anglican population are taken together, historical Christianity has numbers in its favor; but if you take account of the element which at the hour are most active in our religious world, it is Protestantism of evangelical or Puritan type which now controls North America, and is likely to control it for a long time yet to come. It is still the purpose of Americans, as it was two and a half centuries ago the purpose of our forefathers, to found a church without a bishop, as well as a State without a King. The American bishop of to-day does not differ in his title, in his functions, or in his authority from his Episcopal brother of the first five Christian centuries; but his place is in the life of to-day, and unless he takes account of the element which are around him, and knows how to organize public opinion and found institutions and repair the leakages of society, he may be an excellent functionary, but he is also practically a cipher in the Christian world."

The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like $700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.