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RUSSIA is becoming humane. A new police edict provides that female convicts shall no more be punished with the knout. Instead, solitary confinement in the prison of a Pacific island is to be substituted. Thus, if a woman under the old rule would have been subjected to one blow of the knotted lash, she will now receive ten days in the solitary cell. If she would have been punished with the ordinary whip, then for every blow under the former rule she will receive two days in the cell. For thus much of the extension of mercy (?) by the Russian Bear, let all the world give thanks.

FREDERIC HARRISON, a master essayist, in the *Forum* declares that he never studies style, or gives any particular thought to it in his composition. Yet Mr. Harrison is recognized as one of the most finished of writers, whose literary style is well nigh faultless. He says he has a positive and serious purpose in view always; that he aims to change men's opinions, or to bring something practical to pass, and that he goes at the task without conscious art, aiming only to strike direct blows. This, he pronounces the secret of style—earnestness, directness, and sincerity. But he advises that the writer keep himself in close communion with the great masters of literature.

THE Duluth *Tribune* says it must be very reassuring to people of pessimistic views "to find how general is the sentiment in favor of the postal movement against the lottery." It should be, but is not. Your American pessimist never admits that his croakings are mistaken. On the contrary, he already illogically argues that the expressed necessity for the new law proves that it would be wiser to license lottery gambling, since in this day of degeneracy it cannot be suppressed. No, the pessimist who believes that the American people are upon the downward road to eternal smash will have it so, no matter how general an expression of high moral sentiment emanates from the people.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER says:

There are many things to commend cremation aside from the pretty Indian fancy that fire, the purifier, completes the deliverance of the soul from its long time prison of flesh, and by the smoke and ascending heat forms a path on which the spirit ascends to its home in the skies, or, as one tribe has it, the soft, warm chariot conveys the released and purified soul toward the sun * * * The cemetery appeals more strongly to the sentiment than does the crematory. I find no fault with sentiment, but I say it will more appropriately cling around an urn containing the pure ashes of what was once a loved form than about the unmentionable and unimaginable horrors covered by our flowers.

But when we pass from sentiment to sanitary science cremation appeals with greatly more force to our reason than burial ever can. The former speaks to us of uncontaminated earth, of assurance against menace to the living by the rotting of the dead. It convinces the reasonable man that by burial disease germs are propagated and waters poisoned; that the air is laden by burial with enemies of life, and that the sleeping place of the dead is the breeding spot of many of the ills of living flesh.

EDUCATIONAL COMMISSIONER GUILFOYLE, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has espoused the cause of Mr. Cusack, the Paul Pry who discovered the immodesty of Longfellow's master poem, "The Building of the Ship." Everybody outside, and most of the people within Brooklyn, now laugh at Cusack and Guilfoyle. But the latter prude replies, "I will remove my children from the public schools rather than have them contaminated by the reading of such a poem."

Of course that settles it, for the school system never could endure the withdrawal of Mr. Guilfoyle's children. However, the Commissioner will probably gain no victory if his children are retained and Longfellow is sacrificed, for it will be safe to wager that every last one of the little Guilfoyles will, at the earliest opportunity, hunt up and read "The Building of the Ship." And the intellectual exercise will make them better Guilfoyles, unless, indeed, the paternal Guilfoyle is so reflected in his progeny that its betterment is an impossibility.

SINCE the agitation in favor of uniformity of marriage and divorce laws has taken such a hold upon public thought, why not consider the desirability of uniformity in some other things also? For instance, the late Franklin B. Hough, who made the noteworthy report to Congress on forestry in 1877, and who was at one time Superintendent of the New York census, shortly before his death published a monograph in which he showed that in the United States we have four standard bushels for corn and rye, five for barley and seven for oats and buckwheat. Thus, 1,000 bushels of barley in Kansas, at 48 pounds to the bushel, become 1,500 bushels in New Orleans, where 32 pounds is the standard rate. So, too, 1,000 bushels of rye in Kansas, at 56 pounds, become 1,750 bushels in New Orleans. A similar discrepancy in the units of measurement exists for staves, lumber and shingles. He found a gallon of milk in Vermont was 231 cubic inches, while in New Hampshire 282 inches are required. The Vermont gallon was the English wine gallon, while that of New Hampshire was the ale or beer gallon. Some of these conflicts have been reconciled, and quite largely the pound avordupois has become the standard for most commercial transactions where weights and measures enter in. There is still, however, a great deal of conflict, and it would seem, since interstate commerce has become involved with so great a part of the business of the whole country, that some steps may well be taken to bring all the States to official recognition of uniform standards in weights and measures of all classes.

THE NEW AND THE OLD IDEALS.

Referring to the modern novel, the realistic style that prevents nature as we know it and love it, and gives us what the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans denominates "dry plate literature," that journal asks, "How many of us would be willing to exchange the heroes and heroines of the realistic school of fiction for the heroes and heroines we know and know of in real life?" For one we reply that not one human being known to us would for a moment contemplate the exchange. It is true that the hard and fast realism of modern romantic literature that discourses by the rule and plummet, has a tendency to create for us beings who in real life would be most unlovely. The journal referred to sighs as it exclaims:

What a sorry procession of forlorn damsels it is that stretches out before the mental vision as we glance back over those weary leagues of printer's ink! And how hapless the fate allotted them by their stern creators! Verily, it is better to fall into the hands of the living God than into the hands of the realistic novel-writer. But what is the matter with them all! Is joy dead, or have they all contracted blood-poison from too constant devotion to the dissecting table? Or is it possibly only a fashion they feel compelled to follow because it is set by the French. just as, because in England, where the sun seldom shines and the clouds perpetually threaten, it is the style to walk about with a little umbrella rolled into the most compact form, we may see girls and young men walking about under our own blazing skies with the same appendage carried uselessly in his hand instead of over the head? There used to be writers—and once in a while even now we come upon one, though not among those accounted famous—who had, and have still, the art of putting into their work a certain quality of freshness and joyousness so catching as to give a delightful fillip to the blood of their readers and bring a smile to the lip and a sparkle to the eye. But who laughs nowadays over a novel, or cries either, for that matter, though they are melancholy enough, heaven knows? Or rather let us say despairing, for their woes are utterly without remedy.

But our contemporary takes heart in the faith that the day of this style of "romantic" writing is to have an early sunset. It cannot endure, for human nature is stronger than realistic writing, and the heart truer than the pulseless fancies of these people who picture for us impossible beings.

We could wish that our contemporary had carried its criticism beyond the realm of modern romantic literature, and have touched the quick also of modern playwriting, which has also fallen under the baneful influence of the new school. For the fact is, that we have no more the splendid heroes and the lovely heroines of real flesh and blood, and real human nature, such as the earlier school gave us, pulsing with life, true to it and to nature. No, we are treated nowadays to stage people that are little more than silhouettes, cut out with precision to be sure, but as rigid and as devoid of real life as so many automatons. The emotional drama is given nowadays with a tension that is wearisome and mournful; in sheer despair we rush to the other extreme and find relaxation in the thoughtless, loose and often unchaste farce-comedy — whatever that may mean—a title that is intended to exalt farce at the expense of comedy, but which succeeds only in degrading the latter.

The old ideals may be very old fashioned, very much to the distaste of modern tastes, they may not at all suit the pert miss or the too-knowing young woman of society of this day, or yet the precocious youth of the time whose sensibilities so often need powerful stimulants, and are more moved by an impudent retort by the souberette than by the human expression of a genuine artist. Still, the old ideals were rich and noble and human, and measured man as something more than an animal, and woman as something better than a dresser or an emotionally explosive and tearful figure of the stage. But there are hopeful signs that the old ideals are to be again realized, that the true is to displace the false upon the stage, just as the realistic writers in literature are to give place to those who are more human and less analytical, who do not demand that every interpretation of impulse, every manifestation of genius and every flight of imagination is to be put to the scalpel of the critic of methods and of the square and compass.

THE New York *World*, commenting upon the electoral qualification in the new Constitution proposed for Mississippi, admits that "it will be easy for election officers, who must, of course, be the judges of each voter's qualification, to apply one test of 'understanding' to white illiterates and quite another to blacks. The ability to read is measurable, but the question how far a man understands what is read to him is much more difficult, and it is at least possible for interpretation in such a case to be very unfair. It is for the white people of Mississippi to see to it that no unfair advantage is taken under this singularly vague and elastic provision. If they do this conscientiously, the new requirement will secure the State against the danger of ignorant rule. If the clause is enforced with impartiality, it will end the race conflict; if it is unfairly applied, it will only intensify that conflict."

But does not the *World* know that it is intended to enforce the clause unfairly? It was openly stated by the originator, that it was intended to control the elections and repress the vote of the freedman. The Convention applauded that expression and there followed many speeches favoring the clause, for the one reason that by it the negro would be obstructed effectually in his march to the polls.

THE Riverside *Press*, published in Riverside, San Bernardino county, says: "So long as we remain a part of California it is proper that our productions should be counted to the State's credit." We beg leave to assure the southern editor that his section will remain a part of California as long as California remains a State. He is, however, entirely right in his conclusion that the productions of his section should be counted to the State's credit. This is obvious, since San Bernardino, Riverside and their environs are a part of California. The sooner our brethren of the editorial profession in the southern part of the State abandon the feeling that their stay in this State is transient, the better it will be for their general reputation for common sense.

A day or two ago a gentleman who was visiting his laboratory, and whose son was about to enter upon his first employment, asked Edison to give him a motto for the boy, so that he might have it as a stimulus and guide. Mr. Edison laughed a little at the novel request, then said: "Well, I'll give him this: 'Never look at the clock.'"

It is estimated that the 200,000 bushels of cranberries which New Jersey will send to market will realize to the farmers a round million of dollars.

THE MIRACULOUS CURE.

[From the French of Jean Rameau; translated for the SUNDAY UNION by Mrs. N. E. White.]

I.

Poor old Guichemerre was far from gay on the day of which I write, as he stood alone before his fire of vine-shoots, warming his trembling palms and nervously rubbing them together, while almost every moment he glanced toward the little avenue that led to his door.

"Never a soul!" muttered he, sorrowfully shaking his hoary head, and running his fingers through the scanty beard which encircled his ruddy cheeks. Then he began once more to warm his hands before the blazing knots in the fireplace.

Guichemerre was a health officer, and for more than fifty years had been stationed at Saint-Leon. He was a worthy man—not very learned, to be sure—who had cured his patients as well as the next one, and whose supreme ambition was to become the Mayor of his commune.

This beautiful dream was not so impossible as one might suppose; for, although only a health officer, Guichemerre counted some glorious events in his life. The good people of Saint-Leon were all somewhat indebted to him. For many years he had been the only doctor in the place, and the number of colds, inflammations and stomach troubles that he had cured, or aggravated, would be difficult to reckon. He was therefore held in great veneration by his neighbors.

But of late misfortune seemed to relentlessly pursue him. One disagreeable occurrence after another had followed in appalling succession. In the first place, it had always been the custom of the health officer to sell the necessary drugs to his patients, and he was duly authorized to do so, inasmuch as the nearest pharmacy was nearly ten miles distant; but now a second-rate druggist had just taken up his quarters at Saint-Leon, and poor Guichemerre could no longer sell his marsh-mallow and syrup of Tolu. Alas! he was thereby deprived of the most remunerative perquisites of his office.

But that misfortune was as nothing compared to what followed. The intruder did not limit himself to pecuniary injury, but even attacked the professional capacity of his ancient rival.

"What is this?" he would ask superciliously, when people brought him Guichemerre's prescriptions, his countenance expressing a scientific contempt for the simple remedies demanded.

And, it must be admitted, the humble officer was totally ignorant of the intricate formulas of the modern *materia medica*. He had a few primitive recipes which he had used from his youth, and although they might perhaps have been efficacious in times gone by, they were now quite out of date, and the new comer declared them of no virtue whatever.

In this way Guichemerre lost more than one-third of his practice.

But the most terrible catastrophe happened two years after the installation of the malevolent druggist, when a young doctor, named Albert Preville, came to take up his abode at Saint-Leon. That was the finishing blow.

The doctor was a stranger, and with his Parisian accent and polished manners quite dazzled the feminine portion of the village. They would have been ill most willingly in order to be cured by such a sweetly perfumed dandy.

Guichemerre saw at once that he was a ruined man.

Of course Dr. Preville soon won the good graces of the pharmaceutist. Why should he not? He knew how to formulate a prescription! He ordered rare and costly medicines! He could let fall from his learned lips pompous and high-sounding words to diagnosticate the most harmless and ordinary complaints! Guichemerre called a cold in the head a cold in the head, nothing more. But such plebeian notions did not command the respect of the country people. They felt their dignity offended at being afflicted with such common-place diseases.

Dr. Preville, on the contrary, invariably found their maladies to be of a very serious nature, with strange and complicated appellations, and for their treatment ordered new and expensive medicines, for which the credulous peasants cheerfully paid exorbitant prices.

Guichemerre, who modestly prescribed centaury, chamomile, borage, stramonium and other equally well-known plants, which he openly gathered in the fields of his patients themselves, could not compete with the modern methods of the young Parisian. So, little by little, even his most faithful adherents deserted him; and, as he had not sold his herbs with sufficient profit when he had the trade to himself, he beheld the dark clouds of poverty gathering closer and closer around him, as his hair grew whiter and his steps more feeble.

II.

That winter day, in particular, his cup of sorrow was full to the brim. Among the few adherents that remained to him was Monsieur Bertin, the *garde-champetre*, or field-keeper of the district. This man was his most cherished and intimate friend, and his three-year-old son, Robert, was the playmate of his own little grandchild, Emile. Now, Robert was very ill—had been ailing for the last four days—and his father had not yet sent for Guichmerre.

"Is he, too, going to abandon me?" mused the poor old doctor to himself, as he held out his long hands to the ruddy blaze. Yet each time that he looked toward the little avenue he hoped to see his friend Bertin coming at full speed to seek his aid.

But, alas! no Bertin appeared, and the lonely old man was benumbed with despair. How many times he gazed down the deserted path, seeing naught but the dreary, leafless platanes!

It was a cold and gloomy day in December—the mournful season for the aged and infirm.

"What if I should fall ill myself!" thought Guichemerre, in terror.

He had already given his orders to his daughter, the mother of little Emile.

"Remember," said he, "you will have me attended to by the health officer of Mimizan. Let no doctor ever cross my threshold. I would rather die."

The vine knots curled and twisted in the flames and then crumbled to glowing embers. At times the door of the house opened, but not to admit the *garde-champetre*. Never a patient presented himself. Poor Guichemerre felt terrible throbbings in his dejected old heart.

Suddenly his daughter came in.

"Listen!" said she, her face pale with anxiety.

The health officer raised his head and turned pale likewise.

The sound of a horse's hoofs sounded along the road. Oh! that sound, known only too well!

"Yes, yes; it is he!" said Guichemerre, hoarsely. "He is going to Bertin's."

And in fact, ten seconds later, Dr. Preville crossed the narrow avenue. He was mounted on his spirited horse, and, in every movement betraying the glory of his triumph, turned proudly toward the house of the *garde-champetre*.

Old Guichemerre covered his face with his hands. All was over. Farewell the Mayoralty! Farewell the dream of his life! Clasping his daughter's hand in his, he sat a long time silent and dazed, without having even the power to weep.

III.

But, fifteen days afterward, Guichemerre experienced one of the greatest joys of his life. Through the little avenue bordered with platanes came a man who was none other than the friend whose visits he had ceased to look for.

"Monsieur Guichemerre," stammered Bertin, his eyes filled with tears, "we earnestly ask your forgiveness—my wife and I. We thought we ought—that is—well, in fact, you know one sometimes loses his senses. But let us not talk of it any more; we were entirely in the wrong, for our little one is worse since the new doctor has been attending him. He has some terrible disease—I forget what it is called—but at any rate it has never been heard of before in the country. Our poor Robert is therefore doomed. I knew it all along, notwithstanding the overweening conceit of that stripling who calls himself a doctor. So, with penitent heart, I have come to implore you to save the child. Will you not come?"

There was no rancor in Guichemerre's heart. The *garde-champetre* was weeping bitterly, and it was all his old friend could do to keep from clasping him frantically in his arms, but a sense of professional dignity caused him to restrain his feelings and remark with a certain hauteur:

"What you propose, my friend, is a rather delicate proceeding. I do not know exactly how Dr. Preville will—"

"Oh, do not worry about him," interrupted the anxious father, "he will not be surprised, for I have already informed him. Moreover, he will not be apt to darken my door again!"

Guichemerre, not wishing to appear too eager, and inflated, in spite of himself, at the turn affairs had taken, said objectingly:

"It is rather late now for me to take the case; I have not had an opportunity of studying the premonitory symptoms of the disease. The condition of your child may have been aggravated by the course of treatment, and you know—"

"Oh! yes," interposed Bertin hastily, "I understand all that, Monsieur Guichemerre. But we have faith in you, and you are going to cure him for us. You will see. Moreover," added he ingenuously, in order to convince the apparently reluctant health officer, "the clairvoyant told us so. Therefore—"

No need was there of further parley. The clairvoyant vouched for his success! So Guichemerre radiantly exclaimed:

"My friend, I shall call in fifteen minutes!"

It was quite necessary that his toilet should be appropriate for the momentous visit, so he hastened to his room to contemplate in the mirror the magnificent effect of a tri-color silken sash, which he knotted about his waist.

And as he gazed, visions of the glorious consequences of a successful cure rose before his mind. Just fancy! cure a dying patient who had been given up by Dr. Preville! What a rehabilitation! He would be Mayor!—unquestionably Mayor! and perhaps Counselor-General, if he kept on! In two hours everybody in Saint Leon would know the great news; there would be a universal interest in the result, and wagers would be laid on both sides: "He *will* cure him—He will *not* cure him!" Oh! what a triumph, if he should be successful!

"And I will succeed!" swore Guichemerre, as, carried away by his dreams of judicial honors, he raised his right hand before his glass.

So, with sprightly step, his heart thrilled with hope, and his face as ruddy and joyful as it was at twenty, he took his way toward the house of the *garde-champetre*.

IV.

Yes, indeed, little Robert was really very ill. Guichemerre so affirmed, but as to stating the nature of the disease, that was another matter.

Guichemerre, in his distress, thought of going to consult the clairvoyant somnambulist. But this was not the first quandary from which he had successfully extricated himself; so he put on a wise expression, felt the child's fluttering pulse, looked at his tongue, passed his hand gently over the tiny emaciated form, and as he saw the mother weeping by his side, he, too, wept a little, in spite of himself.

"Oh! we will cure him," declared he confidently, while endeavoring to conceal his emotion.

Then he glibly made use of a few medical terms in order to reassure the sobbing mother.

But, *mon Dieu!* what was he to prescribe for that dear little fellow?

Ah! at that moment he would have joyfully given half his remaining years to have his diploma! How he longed to be able to cure that poor three-year-old baby who had so often played and romped with his own Emile!

"Yes, yes!" we will cure him!" he reiterated soothingly.

In order that his prescriptions might not be criticised by the hostile druggist, he sent them by his own servant to the pharmacy of the neighboring town. But they were of no avail. Then Guichemerre changed his recipes, one after another, using nearly every old formula he had known from boyhood. There was no virtue in any of them.

In his trouble he had recourse to the good God in whom he had once piously believed, and recited devoutly, with lips long unaccustomed to prayer, a rosary to obtain from above the recovery of little Robert.

But his prayers were seemingly as unavailing as his medicines, and the poor man could no longer conceal his despair.

However, the people of Saint-Leon followed with intensity the phases of the malady. The entire community was in the greatest excitement.

"He will cure him!" said some.

"He will not!" declared the others.

Dr. Preville was steadily losing his practice. On Sunday crowds collected before the house of the *garde*, and most extraordinary reports were circulated. Little Robert died every morning and was resuscitated every night, according to the wild rumors which ran through the town. Guichemerre was in a constant state of terror. What if he should let his little patient die? It would be ruin, irremediable ruin!

But if he should cure him—oh! what glory!

Days passed and the condition of the child remained unchanged. The health officer no longer knew to what remedies to turn. The poor man had exhausted his small store of knowledge! and the clairvoyant was too gossiping for him to dare to have recourse to her occult science.

Every night he wept with chagrin at the impotence of all his efforts. Finally he requested the parents not to remain in the room when he came to see the little patient. He pretended to have invented some secret and marvelous system, the effect of which he wished to try privately; but, in truth, he sought only to dissimulate his annoyance and the ignorance which he feared to confess.

One day—it was the 2d of January—he was returning from the depot, where he had been to get a package, a New Year's gift that a friend had sent to his little grandchild. It proved to be a splendid locomotive of brass, which rolled, whistled, smoked, puffed and made a deafening noise, just like a real steam-engine. Guichemerre, who was as curious as a child, notwithstanding his snowy locks, had raised the cover of the box to examine then and there the attractive toy.

Then, with his package under his arm, he stopped at the house of the *garde-champetre*, and, as on the preceding day, he shut himself in the room with his little patient. Robert was awake; without speaking he turned his large, dark, mournful eyes toward his visitor, who laid his box on the table, and for want of more salutary medicine, endeavored to chat with the child.

"That is pretty!" said Robert softly, pointing his almost transparent finger admiringly toward a yellow wheel which gleamed temptingly through the battered box.

"Oh! how pretty!" repeated he, while his heavy eyes seemed to light up with pleasure.

A thrill of joy passed through poor Guichemerre's discouraged heart.

"Is it not beautiful?" said he, a tear of gratitude in his eye. And he opened wide the box, displaying the marvelous plaything in all its dazzling splendor.

A flush of pleased surprise crept over the wan cheeks of the child, and after a moment's hesitation, he asked:

"Say, does it go?"

"Indeed it does!" replied the old man, weeping now in earnest.

That day, when he went forth from the sick-room with his locomotive carefully concealed in its box, the parents saw a beaming face.

"How is he, Monsieur Guichemerre?" inquired they, encouraged by his joyful expression.

"Better! much better!" replied he gayly. "I will return this evening."

He came that evening. He came again the next morning. And again and again he returned, the visits becoming each time longer and longer. Guichemerre always carried his mysterious box beneath his arm, and the parents, listening at the door, heard singular sounds issuing from within: "Pouf! pouf! chu-chu-chu! r-r-r-r-r!"

And then they heard the voice of their child "Oh! that's so pretty!"

And, little by little, the child seemed to improve. He chattered gayly and appeared content. His eyes brightened once more with animation. He adored his doctor, whom he called, with his pretty infantine lisp, "Papa Gissimay." He babbled constantly to his astonished parents of railroads, yellow wheels and black smokestacks. His appetite returned, and with laugh and shout he repeated the inexplicable sounds overheard during the doctor's private seances: "Pouf! pouf! chu-chu-chu! r-r-r-r! Isn't that fine?"

The *garde-champetre* did not understand it at all, but he acknowledged the steady recovery of his son and wept for joy. Guichemerre, too, was supremely happy. The miraculous cure which he had effected was turning the tide of public opinion in his favor. He would be Mayor! he would be unanimously elected! Oh, ecstasy!

VI.

But one day, when little Robert was almost well, Guichemerre made rather too much noise in the room with his young patient. Robert gave a shout of laughter.

Then the parents, puzzled and quivering with impatience and mystification, disregarded the doctor's orders, and hastily opened the door.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Guichemerre, in dismay, as he hastily concealed the locomotive.

But he was too late. They had seen it! The poor fellow thought he would expire with shame. Scarlet with rage and confusion, he rushed out of the house, carrying the innocent cause of his misadventure under his overcoat. He thought of hanging himself on arriving home.

What would the people of Saint-Leon say! What would the supercilious doctor say! Oh, what ignominy! The idea of curing children with toys! And, in his mortification, Guichemerre was tearing out his few remaining locks, when he saw the district school-teacher coming in the door.

"Monsieur," said that gentleman politely, "I am the correspondent of a scientific journal in Paris, and having just learned of your success, I wish to mention it in my next article. Would you be so kind as to permit a curiosity-seeker to examine the wonderful apparatus you have invented, and thanks to which the *garde-champetre* declares—"

Guichemerre started, as a flash of triumph traversed his brain. He understood it all. The Bertins had only caught a glimpse of the yellow locomotive, and in their simplicity had taken it for some new instrument of surgery!

"Monsieur," said he to the teacher, while struggling violently to preserve his gravity, "I sincerely regret not being able to comply with your request; but, for reasons of the greatest importance, I am obliged to keep my invention for the present an absolute secret. Furthermore," added he, impressively, "my apparatus is to be made the subject of a special communication to the Academy of Medicine."

* * * * * * * *

VII.

One day the local newspaper contained the following: "Monsieur Guichemerre, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Mayor of Saint-Leon, announces himself as a candidate at the next legislative election."

An Unwritten Romance.

Amalie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions.

"I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happier."

"And I," returned Amalie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of everything that God has ever made."

So they were married. and they determined to immediately begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we will convey our message to the world," decided Amalie.

"Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction is the hand-maid of truth."

"Fiction," said Amalie, "is the torch which illumines the dark chambers of fact."

"Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical resolvent which married the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction, life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

"Therefore," said Amalie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstance. He is not the creature of it, but the creator of it."

"Ah," cried Edward indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstances that makes man! How could you have a Washington without your revolution?"

"There you are wrong," said Amalie, "for it would not have been possible to have had a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward sententiously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amalie, with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amalie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I supposed it was Walter Scott."

They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amalie died, and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Jocko in Church.

A pet monkey attended the services at a Catholic church in Savannah on a recent Sunday. Jocko looked around in a comical way and jumped upon a window. He sat there for a moment, attracting the attention of everybody around. He looked up at the choir and measured the distance between his perch and the gallery, and for an instant seemed to have a mind to go up higher among the fair and sweet singers. But it was too long a jump, and Jocko sprang down on the back of a pew. Then he started up toward the altar, skipping from pew to pew. The ladies hurriedly got out of his way. One young man ducked his head to let the monkey go over him, but Jocko lit squarely on his back and startled the worshiper. Jocko was startled, too, and he kept on going until he reached the chancel. A flying leap took him on the altar rail, along which he skipped all the way across the church. Father Quinlan paused and the sexton ran up with a long pole and poked at the intruder. Jocko startled back across the altar-rail and went on a run. From the rail he jumped to a pew back and up into a window and then out, to the great relief of the congregation.

The Force of Habit.

After shopping for the greater part of a recent afternoon, a well-known Brooklyn lady, with a letter in her hand, entered a drug store. She asked for and received a postage stamp.

"Anything else to-day, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I think not," she replied; "please it to the house."

"I—I beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the clerk, "but what is it you wish to have delivered?"

"Why, the—the—" Then suddenly refreshing her mind, she quickly added: "Oh! well, never mind it." she took the postage stamp and walked out.

The clerk afterward said he had never seen a better illustration of the force of habit.—*New York Herald.*

Torrington, Conn., has a farmer whose piety takes the form of watchfulness on Sundays to catch persons picking fruit or berries on his grounds. He has such offenders arrested and fined, asserting that it is not the loss of his fruit or berries that he minds, but that he will not tolerate Sabbath breaking upon his property.

It is illegal to sell cigarettes to boys in Cincinnati, and all boys found smoking are to be arrested and held until they tell where they got the prohibited articles.

Senator Yell of Mendocino was in town lately and talked of nothing but the recent gigantic Native Sons celebration at San Francisco.

"I just tell you we Mendocino natives went down there in style," said he warmly. "We took Indians and bears with us and everything else to create a sensation with. But speaking of Indians, that reminds me of a little incident. Among our band of Indians was one big buck who was the pride of his tribe. He was a smart chap, but had one terrible weakness—drink. We had a special guard to watch our curiosities, and particular instructions were given to keep an eye on this fellow and prevent him from getting drunk.

"But the big fellow was too smart for the guard and made his escape the day before the big parade. He wandered down to the Barbary Coast and into one of the grogshops there. Taking a seat at one of the tables he ordered. 'Gimme big beer,' he demanded, and the barkeeper supplied him with an over-grown schooner. His highness swallowed the contents at one gulp. 'Gimme 'nuther,' he said, and the same performance was gone through with again. He got on the outside of about five of those baths, and then started to walk out.

"'Hi there' yelled the barkeeper, jumping over the counter and seizing the buck by the arm, 'where's the money?'

"'Injun no money,' calmly replied his tallness.

"'Wow!, you long legged, yellow-eyed devil!' howled the saloon man, reaching for his police whistle. 'I'll have you arrested!'

"'Ugh! Put Injun jail?'

"'You bet.'

"'All right. Me put you jail too. He! he! he!'

"'What d'ye mean?'

"'You put Injun jail, me put paleface jail. Paleface giv um liquor to Injun. He! he! he!'

"The barkeeper wilted. 'Come and have a drink with me, ole man,' he said, and the two became such fast friends that we couldn't get the buck sober for three days."

Justice of the Peace Henry is developing into quite a humorist.

The other day he was riding townwards on a summer car, when he called the reporter's attention to a man who was walking up the street carrying a heavy string of fine catfish, evidently just caught.

"Gee-whizz! Those look nice, don't they?" said the Judge enthusiastically.

"They are fine, indeed," replied the item hunter.

"And yet they are not fit to eat," added the Judge.

"Why, what's the matter with them?"

"Can't you see? They ain't cooked!"

"Fine day."

This was the remark addressed by the man who was waiting for the street-car to the lank individual leaning against a lamp-post.

"Um—so, so," replied the lank party, after taking a survey of the sky.

"If the wind keeps blowing in this direction for twenty-four hours longer, there will be rain," ventured the first speaker.

"Um—I'm not so sure about that," said the other cautiously.

"The wind, at least, is dead south now."

"Um—perhaps."

"It certainly isn't north."

The lean individual pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, looked at the sky again, shook his head slowly, and said:

"I'm not so blamed certain it isn't."

"At any rate, sir, it isn't raining now, is it? Hey?"

Another careful examination of the firmament, and the cautious remark:

"It may be raining and it may not. You can't always tell about these things."

"Great Jehosaphat! Can't you see there isn't a cloud in the sky!"

"Um—likely enough. Likely enough. It may appear that way to some folks. But it's best not to be too sure."

"May appear that way? Why, good gracious, man! Haven't you got any eyes?"

"Maybe I have and maybe I haven't," retorted the attenuated individual, passing his hand over his face as if to find out. "All that I know is that there is nothing certain in this world. You think there's a fair-ground at the end of this street, perhaps."

"I certainly do."

"Just so. I was certain of it yesterday myself. I was certain that there was a man out there with two or three walnut shells he was moving about on the head of a barrel. I was certain I could tell which shell the little black ball was under. I was just as certain of it as you are that it isn't raining. It cost me every darned cent I had to find out that I didn't know anything about it. I am not going to be sure of anything again as long as I live."

He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, looked at it as if he were not sure whether it was tobacco or not, put it back in his pocket, sighed a long, heavy, dismal sigh, and looked straight through the other man into the far-off depth of space.

The theater had just let out, and the car was crowded.

"I tell you it's a shame," exclaimed the deacon, vehemently. "People who own squalling babies should either leave them to home or stay to home themselves. When people go to the theater they pay to hear the play, and not the song of some leather-lunged three months old youngster. That third act to-night was completely ruined by one of these musicians. It's an evil, sir, that should be stopped—an evil, I say."

"Yes," assented Major Anderson, who was standing up in the aisle, "it's a crying evil, I say."

The Major explained afterwards that he didn't mean it as a joke at all.

One of our local humorists is telling a yarn that he swears is true—that it actually happened during the recent fair. The race between Marigold and Daisy D. had been rung up, and Moses Isaacstein stood in the grand stand with his son Ikey, nervously watching the racers as they prepared for the start.

"Mine Gott, Ikey, dey vas off!" shouted Moses, clutching his son by the shoulder as the starter's flag fell. "Glory be to Abraham, Maricolt vas ahet! Oh, Ikey, ve vins—Maricolt vas ahet!"

Sure enough Marigold did lead off in the start. Moses watched them as they dashed into the quarter stretch and became so excited that he could not contain himself. "Oh, Ikey, I can't look at it, I vas so oxcited!" and he turned his back upon the scene and began to mop his brow with a huge bandana. After several seconds had elapsed Moses seized his son by the coat-tails and in a husky voice said, "Ikey—Ikey, my poy, vere is Maricolt now?"

"Oh, Paba, Maricolt vas behint. Dey vas near de halaf-mile bole."

"Mine Gett unt Himmel!" wailed Moses wringing his hands. "Dot vas awful, Ikey!"

The racers dashed on around to the three-quarter pole and poor Moses was almost beside himself.

"Ikey—Ikey, my poy, vere ish Maricolt now?"

"He's behint, paba."

"Oh! oh! Dis vas too much. Oh! oh!" Moses dropped into one of the benches and buried his face in his hands.

The flyers dashed into the home-stretch and the crowd began to yell. Moses was trembling like a leaf, and with tears in his eyes he grasped his son again.

"Ikey—Ikey, my dear poy, vere ish Maricolt?"

"Oh, paba, he vas behint yet."

Moses was just swooning away when the horses dashed under the wire, and the crowd was yelling itself hoarse.

"Paba! paba!" exclaimed Ikey, shaking his father vigorously. "Got up! Maricolt vin!"

"Vot's dot" Moses sprang up as though a bomb had gone off under him. "Maricolt vin, you say? Glory be to Abraham! Oh, Ikey, vasn't dot beautiful!"

Moses capered about the stand in great glee for a few minutes. Then, diving into his vest pocket, he said:

"Here, Ikey, go down stairs unt cash dis dollar unt a quavarter pool."

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FOR SUPERVISOR, FIRST DISTRICT.

Chauncey H. Dunn,
SACRAMENTO, CAL., NOMINEE FOR Attorney-General of the Prohibition and American parties. Election Tuesday, November 4, 1890. au16-td(Su)*

Election Blanks.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF COUNTY Clerks and Supervisors to the fact that our ELECTION BLANKS are the only ones made under the supervision of HON. CHARLES R. STORY, the author of the new law—a synopsis of which appears in the RECORD-UNION of September 30th.

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NOTICE TO VOTERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL parties interested, that at a regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento county, California, held on the 16th day of June, 1890, an order was duly made and entered cancelling the Great Register of said county, and ordering a re-registration of the voters thereof. Said order was made pursuant to Section 1,094 of the Political Code, and all persons desiring to vote at the next ensuing general election are notified that they will have to be re-registered, as provided in said section and in conformity with this order.

Attest:
[SEAL] W. B. HAMILTON,
Clerk of Board of Supervisors Sacramento county, California. jy31-tillo22(Su)

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LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	7:30 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A
5:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:45 P
7:30 P	Knight's Landing	7:25 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles	8:45 A
8:00 P	Ogden and East — Second Class	5:25 P
12:01 A	Central Atlantic Express For Ogden and East	5:55 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
6:10 A	San Francisco via Benicia	7:30 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	‡6:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	3:50 P
5:50 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
5:30 P	Santa Barbara	8:45 A
6:30 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 P
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7:30 P
8:15 A	Stockton and Galt	6:45 P
5:30 P	Stockton and Galt	8:45 A
8:00 P	Truckee and Reno	5:25 P
12:01 A	Truckee and Reno	5:55 A
12:05 P	Colfax	10:20 A
6:30 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	†7:30 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*3:50 P
*3:50 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

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BIDS
—FOR—
Printing and Binding Precinct Registers.

PURSUANT TO RESOLUTION OF BOARD of Supervisors of Sacramento County, adopted September 25, 1890, bids will be received by the said Board for printing and binding the Precinct Registers for the year 1890. Bids must state the price per name and number of copies; the work to be done in accordance with specifications on file in the office of the County Clerk. A certified check of ten per cent. of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid. Bids to be opened by said Board of Supervisors on MONDAY, October 6, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. C. ROSS, Chairman.
[SEAL] Attest: WM. B. HAMILTON,
s26-10t(Su) County Clerk.

BIDS FOR PLANKING
The Trestle-Work North of the American River Bridge, on Twelfth Street.

PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE Board of Supervisors of Sacramento county, adopted September 25, 1890, bids will be received by the said Board for replanking the trestle-work north of the American River Bridge on Twelfth street. A certified check of 10 per cent. of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid. Bids to be opened by said Board of Supervisors on MONDAY, October 6, 1890, at 2 o'clock P. M. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. C. ROSS, Chairman.
[SEAL] Attest: WM. B. HAMILTON,
s26-10t(Su) Clerk of the Board.

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