THE SUNDAY UNION.

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Now this is refreshing. Here we have a leading Democratic paper, the Nashville *American*, true to the instinct of obstruction in its party, exclaiming against the anti-lottery law and saying:

So far as the United States Government is concerned the Louisiana lottery stands precisely on the same footing with any other company, firm or business. If the United States Government may deny a citizen engaged in a lawful business the use of the mails because the United States Government doesn't fancy the business he is engaged in, then we may well be in awe of the tremendous power for tyranny and oppression which may be exercised through the Postoffice Department.

That is the keynote of the defense the lottery people will make in the Courts. But it will be noted that the Nashville paper speaks of the Government interfering with a "lawful" business. The fact is that the lottery is an unlawful concern, according to the Federal decree and the statutes of every State in the Union except three. Suppose a State should license houses of prostitution, as an American city did a few years ago, would our contemporary insist that such houses would have a constitutional right to use the United States mails for carriage of the circular advertisements of the "business?" The exercise of judgment on the part of officials of the Postal Department as to what is and what is not matter falling within the prohibitive clauses in the postal regulations, has not endangered, but conserved the liberties and blessings of the people, and is a guard to human rights, rather than an assault upon them.

THERE is one youth in Illinois who is seriously troubled with the big-head. He is a student in the University of Illinois. One of the rules of the institution requires students to attend at least once a week in the college chapel the regular "prayers" or religious service. This youth, who is altogether too smart for his day, resolved to fashion himself into a reformer, or the leader of a new movement that should make him famous. He discovered in the bill of rights a clause providing that "no person shall be required to attend or support any ministry or place of worship against his consent." He thereupon refused to obey the rule of the University, and, being taken to task for insubordination, he was told that if he would say that his refusal was based upon conscientious scruples he would be relieved from obedience to the rule. But this fresh young man declined to present such an excuse, and replied that he "stood upon his constitutional rights." The faculty thereupon suspended him, and now he has appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois for a writ of mandate to compel the faculty to reinstate him in the school. The young man may win, if it can be shown that the prayers held in the University assembly room are within the meaning of the clause cited. But that his attendance in that room constitutes support of a "ministry," or enforced attendance upon a "place of worship," is not to be believed. The law was intended to protect society from the power of churches and priests in legislation and government, and is a reasonable and universally commended bulwark of liberty of conscience. But the regulation of the University is one to be commended also, and that is in conformity with good usage and the wishes of nine-tenths, if not all the parents who send their children to the institution. The smart young man in his attempt to upturn a wise disciplinary custom of the University has made an exhibition of himself that should make him an object of scorn and contempt.

THE SO-CALLED INDEPENDENT MOVEMENT.

A so-called independent ticket alleged to be in the interest of anti-bossism has been secretly born and suspiciously projected in this county. The RECORD-UNION will be second to none in advocacy of genuine reform in municipal affairs. It has reason to be proud of its constant occupation of such a position. But it will strike the intelligent reader that a movement in opposition to alleged dominant powers in politics is absurb and farcical that selects its candidates from the very nominees such alleged dominant powers are charged with placing in the field. The misled citizens who have put forward a composite ticket, denounce the old party management, and with amazing inconsistency in the same breath indorse men, with a single exception, that are the nominees of the very influences they charge with alleged evils of misgovernment or are old-time professional office-seekers. Sacramento has had a searching dose of that kind of medicine, and the result has not been such as to inspire respect for the composite remedy.

All such schemes are plots to give a few Democrats and defeated candidates offices who could not otherwise hope to be elected. In this case, also, there is a king-pin around which the whole plot revolves. Mr. Hamilton, by favor of the Republican party, has long held the office of County Clerk. He did not even appear before the recent County Convention and ask renomination. He was held back by sinister influences having axes to grind, and now appears as the center and circumference of the independent movement, which is intended also to aid a scheming business man to turn a penny in the matter of securing county printing.

Primarily then the heart of this independent [?] movement is to retain Hamilton in office by defeat of the party to which he owes all that he has enjoyed as an office-holder these many years. An untrammeled and harmonious convention of the party put forward a ticket of merit and strength, a greater part of which these bolters indorse, and thereby commend as wise and clean. But because the Convention did not crawl at the feet of Mr. Hamilton and solicit him to do it the favor of accepting a gift at its hands, its work must be assailed in the interest of this same man, and the selfish influences that are pushing him on to political ruin.

The whole thing is absurd, farcical, and will excite the contempt of men who have any regard whatever for the integrity of the Republican organization. They will see in it nothing else than a scheme to forward unworthy ambition, to second Democratic chicane and to create a new corps of bosses.

Any independent movement or protest worthy of respect will operate boldly and openly and not hide in privacy, council in hole and corner and cover its proceedings by a pledge of secrecy that the people may not be able to judge of the temper and spirit of the conspirators.

In the midst of a campaign, the result of which may determine the question of the retention of the Republican party in power in the nation, the projection of any such scheme as this so-called "independent" movement is little short of political crime. It is an offense against good government. We have faith in the good sense of Republicans who are such from principle, that they will wash their hands of this whole silly affair, and at the polls put it under their feet.

FOREIGN AMERICANISM.

A. Caminetti, the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second Congressional District, is appealing to Italians to vote for him because he is an Italian. This appeal his journalistic supporters are taking pains to give the highest prominence, chiefly because there are a lot of Italians in Amador county, where Mr. Caminetti ostensibly resides, and to add emphasis, editorials reminding naturalized Italians that Mr. Caminetti is of their race are being printed in both English and Italian in Democratic newspapers.

We have not observed that Judge Blanchard, the Republican candidate for Congress in the same district, has appealed to Americans to vote for him because he is an American. When men seek office at the hands of a free people, the only considerations which are germain to the issues before the voters relate to honesty and qualification. The fact that Mr. Caminetti is an Italian does not necessarily imply disqualification for office, but the fact that he and his partisans appeal to national prejudice is an evidence of unamericanism which should bring his political methods into contempt.

If the Italians in the Second District vote for Mr. Caminetti because he is an Italian, they are proving themselves unworthy of the elective franchise. No Republican candidate nominated in opposition to a foreigner ever went upon the stump and asked the American partisans of his opponent to forego their political convictions on the ground of race or national prejudice. Judge Blanchard has not printed an appeal to Americans reminding them of his nativity and claiming their support on that ground. He is too broad an American for this contemptible species of electioneering, and if the solid Italian vote is cast for Caminetti the Italian citizens of the district will prove their unfitness for American citizenship, and forfeit the sympathy of all liberal-minded citizens. The question of Caminetti's availability stands very largely upon the claim that he is in control of the Italian vote. It was urged that the majority of the Italians had heretofore acted with the Republican party, but that national prejudices would lead them to abandon their political convictions, and vote for the Democratic candidate for Congress on the ground of his nationality alone. This was in its very nature a charge that the naturalized Italians of this country were influenced more by national and race prejudices than by reason of political conviction.

If Mr. Caminetti's race alliances are an argument in favor of his election to Congress, the question naturally arises as to whether Judge Blanchard's nationality constitutes a disability for holding office in America.

MR. WATTERSON made a speech the other day before the Reform Club of Boston. In the course of his remarks he told the Bostonians that because of the passage of a bill by the Republican majority in Congress recognizing the theory of protection, New England can no longer bring cotton from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and work it up at a profit, as against the cotton factories established upon the edge of the cotton fields, when the far-seeing and energetic young Yankees New England has sent to the South get ready for action. Mr. Watterson, therefore, concluded, with a burst of eloquence, that the Republican theory would destroy the industries of New England. Without at all considering the strength or the weakness of any tariff theory, we must express surprise at the statement of the distinguished journalist. What under the sun has protection or any other tariff doctrine to do with the difference in miles between New England and the cotton fields of the South. That the mill goes to the mine, the wheel to the water, and the machine to the nearest possible point of production of that it works up, is an economic truth that has about as much to do with tariff debate, the issues of protection and free trade, as has the doctrine of the cranks who believe in Symmes' Hole, with the theory of seas on the planet Mars. The centers of manufacturing change in this country because of local conditions. The tariff does affect their existence and prosperity, but that it has or can have anything whatever to do with the utilization of the splendid water power of Georgia as a competitor with motive power at the North, or the saving of carriage of the raw material to the mill by placing the latter upon the edge of the cotton patch is simply absurd. Mr. Watterson must have mistaken New England manufacturers and Boston reformers for backwoods auditors from Kentucky.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Mendocino *Beacon* has entered upon its fourteenth volume, full of life and vigor.

Slavery existed in New York until early in the nineteenth century. Near the close of the eighteenth century the Legislature passed a gradual emancipation law, and subsequently an Act was passed declaring all slaves free on July 4, 1827. The census returns show that there were about 21,000 slaves in the State in 1790, 20,000 in 1800, 15,000 in 1810, 10,000 in 1820, 75 in 1830 and 4 in 1840.

A wild sweet potato, found growing near Paulsboro, N. J., measured twenty inches in circumference.

KATY'S SACRIFICE.

John Griffith, a rich English manufacturer, sat in a room in his elegant mansion one day in autumn. To judge by his face his reflections were of an agreeable nature.

"The prospect is," he said to himself, "that my income for the present year will reach fifteen thousand pounds. That is a tidy sum for one who started as a poor boy. And I am not so old either. Just turned sixty. There is more than one nobleman in the city who would be glad of John Griffith's income. My Katy will have a rich dowry."

He was interrupted here by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Griffith," he said, "there are three men below who would like to see you."

"Three men?"

"Yes, sir. They are not gentlemen," said the servant, who understood the question. "They are men from the mill, I'm thinking."

"Very well; show them up."

It was a holiday and the works were not in operation, so that the operatives were off work.

Then was heard the tramp of heavy boots on the staircase, and presently entered three men, whose dress and appearance indicated clearly that they belonged to the class who are doomed to earn their daily bread by hard and unremitting labor.

"What is your business with me, my men?" asked Mr. Griffith, rising and surveying them with interest. "Are you employed in the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the foremost, Hugh Roberts; "yes, Mr. Griffiths, sir, we are employed in the mill, and it's about that we've come to see you."

"Very well," said John Griffith, resuming his seat, "speak on, whatever you have to say to me."

"It's this, Mr. Griffiths, sir, and I hope you won't be offended at what I say. We came here to humbly beg that you would be pleased to raise our wages."

"To raise your wages!" exclaimed Mr. Griffith in a displeased tone.

"Yes, sir. I hope you won't be offended."

"Don't I give as high wages as are paid in other mills?"

"Mayhap you do, sir; but it's very hard to get along on three shillings a day."

"But if I should pay higher wages than others they could undersell me in the market."

"I don't know, sir, but I think we should work more cheerful and do more in a day if we felt that we had a little more to live on, so that the wife and children needn't have to pinch and go hungry."

These words were uttered in a manly and straightforward tone, and there was not a little pathos in them, but it seemed lost upon Mr. Griffith.

"It's only sixpence more a day we ask, sir," said Hugh Roberts pleadingly.

Mr. Griffith made a mental calculation. He had 300 men in his employ. He found that sixpence a day additional would make a sum total during the year of over £2,000. This reflection hardened his heart against the applicants.

"No," he said, "your request is unreasonable; I cannot accede to it."

"But, sir," said Hugh Roberts, "think what it is to support a family on three shillings a day."

"It is hard, no doubt," said Mr. Griffith; "but I cannot afford to make the advance you desire."

"Then you refuse, sir?"

"I do. If you can do any better of course I won't prevent your bettering yourselves."

"We can't do better, sir," said Hugh, bitterly, crushing his hat between his toil-hardened fingers. "We have no other way to live, except to work for you and take what you are pleased to pay."

"Think it over, my men, said Mr. Griffith, more good-humoredly, for he had carried his point, "and you will see that I can't pay more than other manufacturers. I've no doubt your wives and children will earn something to help you along."

The three men departed with sad faces, looking as if life were a weary struggle with little to cheer it.

Scarcely had they left the room when Kitty Griffith entered.

Born when her father was comparatively late in life, she was his darling and the light of his existance. It was for her that he wished to become very rich, that he might make her a match for the highest, as he was wont to express it.

"They will overlook old John Griffith's pedigree," he said to himself, "if his daughter has a good hundred thousand pounds to her dowry."

Katy entered, a bright-eyed attractive girl of 15, of whom her father might well be proud.

"How are you, my darling?" said her father, smiling fondly upon her.

"I'm always well," she said lightly, "but, papa, who were those poor men that I met on the stairs? Had you been scolding them?"

"What makes you ask, Katy?"

"Because they looked so sad and discouraged."

"Did they?" asked Mr. Griffith, with momentary compunction.

"Yes, papa! and I heard one of them sigh, as if he were tired of living."

"They were men from the mill, Katy."

"And what did they come for? Do you tell them about the work?"

"No; the overseer does that."

"Then what did they come for?"

"You are very curious, my darling."

"That isn't telling me, papa," said the young lady persistently.

"Then, if you must know, it was to ask for higher wages."

"Of course you gave it. Of course they need it. How much do they get now?"

"Three shillings a day."

"Only three shillings a day!" exclaimed Katy, "and have to support their families out of that?"

"Yes."

"O, papa, how can you pay them such mean wages?"

"I pay as high wages as other manufacturers," said her father.

"But they can't live on three shillings a day, poor men. How much more did they ask for?"

"Sixpence a day."

"Only sixpence a day, and you refused?" said Katy, reproachfully.

"But, consider, my dear, on all my workmen it would amount to more than two thousand pounds a year."

"And how much do you make in a year, papa?"

"This year," said Mr. Griffith, proudly, "I think I shall make nearly fifteen thousand pounds."

"You don't surely spend all that, papa?"

"Not more than four thousand pounds."

"And the rest?"

"I lay up for my Katy."

"Then," said Katy, "as it is to be mine, pay the men a shilling more a day. There'll be enough left for me. I shouldn't enjoy money that was taken from so many poor people. Think, papa, how much good the extra shilling would do to your poor men, and how little difference it would make to me. I shall be as rich as I want to be. Come, papa, you were once poor youself. You should pity the poor."

At these words Mr. Griffith recalled the difficult struggle he had early in life and the selfishness of his present treatment of his poor operatives struck him forcibly. His own heart joined with his daughter.

"Are you in earnest, Katy, in what you say?" he asked.

"Surely, papa."

"If I do what you ask it will make a considerable difference in your fortune."

"But I shall feel so happy when I think that the men are more comfortable. Won't you do it, papa?"

"Yes, Katy," said her father, "I will do as you say. Other manufacturers will think I have gone insane, but if I please my Katy I will not care."

"I love you better than ever now, papa," and the warm-hearted girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

A servant was sent to Hugh Robert's cottage to bid him come to the great house. He was sitting in moody silence in his poor cabin, which was pervaded by a general air of want and discomfort. He did not understand the summons, but thought he might be going to receive his discharge in return for his bold request. Again he was ushered into the presence of his employer.

"I have been thinking of your request, my man," said Mr. Griffith, in a kindly tone, "and though I doubt whether any other manufacturer would grant it, I have made up my mind to do it."

"Bless you, sir," said Hugh Roberts, his face lighting up. "Heaven will reward you. Then we shall have three shillings and sixpence hereafter?"

"You shall have four shillings."

"Four shillings? Are you really in earnest, sir?"

"Truly so. The overseer shall receive my instructions to-morrow."

The workman burst into tears, but they were tears of joy.

"The men will bless you," he said smiling, and the words had a pleasant sound for Mr. Griffith. A hearty blessing is not to be despised.

It was found on experiment that the profits of the business were but little affected by the increased wages, for the men now worked with a hearty good will, which enabled them to accomplish more work in a day, so that Katy's sacrifice will be less than was supposed. Every day she rejoices over the additional comfort secured by the extra shilling paid at her instigation.—*Yankee Blade.*

Art of Fast Walking.

Persons who have never been trained to walk fast generally quicken their gait by bending forward and lengthening the stride, at the same time bending the knees very much at each step. It is pretty safe to say that no one can possibly adopt this style and keep a fair walk at a faster gait than six miles an hour. The fast walker must keep himself erect, his shoulders back, and chest thrown out. He must put down his forward foot and heel first, and with the leg straight. He must take strides so quick that they look short. He must, if he expects to get a good stride, work his hips considerably, overcoming the sidewise tendency of the hip movement by a compensatory swinging of the arms. The length of stride in fast walking is astonishing to those who look at it. A little figuring will make it clear why this is so. There are 1,760 yards in a mile, or 1,760 strides 3 feet long. To do a mile in 8 minutes a walker must cover 220 yards a minute, or 11 feet a second. Now 220 steps a minute—nearly four a second—is pretty quick work, as any one may discover for himself. Even three steps a second, or 180 to the minute, seems quick. The chances are that your eight-minute man, although his legs move so quickly that the steps seem short, is not doing as many as 200 steps to the minute, and consequently that the stride is at least 3 feet 6 inches. With a little practice a man 6 feet high can easily maintain a four-foot stride for half a mile.

It is true that fast walking is an artificial gait; but it is also true that practice at fast walking will quicken a man's unartificial gait. One who can do his mile in 7:30 in racing trim and on the cinder path, can walk in the street at a six-mile gait without either getting out of breath or becoming red in the face, and without attracting attention by any peculiarity of his gait except its swiftness. It is a real gain to any man to be able to walk a mile in ten or twelve minutes without over-exertion or fatigue; to be able to walk five or six miles for every four he used to walk without any more conscious effort, and with a sense of enjoyment in the mere exercise that he never had before.

The walking records at some of the ordinary distances stand: One mile, 6 minutes 29 3-5 seconds, F. P. Murray; two miles, 13:48 3-5, F. P. Murray; three miles, 21:09 1-5, F. P. Murray; five miles, 38:00⅗, W. H. Purdy; seven miles, 54:07, E. E. Merrill; ten miles, 77:40⅘, E. E. Merrill.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Wasn't Quite Ready.

During a revival in one of the Southern States, the minister noticing that a young fellow named Hank Boyd had begun to sink down under apparent conviction, approached him and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Oh, middlin'."

"Don't you feel that your life has been sinful, and that it is time to turn from the certain destruction that awaits you?"

"Yes, middlin'."

"Well, won't you come up now and kneel down at the altar?"

"No, don't believe I will right now."

"But now is the accepted time. How much danger do you suppose your soul is in this very minute?"

"Middlin' danger, I reckon."

"Come with me," the preacher urged, taking hold of his arm.

"No, not right now. "I'll see you after a while."

"Do not let anything stand between you and the cross, my dear boy."

"Won't ef I kin he'p it."

"Well, then, come along with me."

"No, not right now."

"Don't you know that it is dangerous to wait?"

"Yes, reckon thar's middlin' lot of danger in it."

"Then, for heaven's sake, come."

"No, I kain't till I do one thing. I've got to whup Abe Bender befo' I kere to profess religion. After that's done I'll be on the Lord's side."

"Oh, you must not think of whipping him."

"Kain't he'p it when he has done me so mean."

"What did he do?"

"Wall, I war away from home tuther day—off on the country road ten miles from a house, an' I wanted a chaw terbacker wus'n a houn' pup ever wanted a hunk of liver, an' I war powerful nigh dead an' war a slobberin' like a hoss eatin' white clover. Just then I met Abe. I axed him fur a chaw, an' he grinned at me, a showin' a mouthful of long green, but 'lowed he wouldn't give me none. I war to weak to whup him then, but I'm pearter now, an' I think I kin fetch him; an' after I have tried, w'y, I'll come into yo' flock."

"My son," said the preacher, as he bit off a chew of long green, "I don't blame you, and more than that, I'll help you whale him."

A Speedy Cure.

A woman who was painfully making he way on two rude crutches called at a house on Third avenue yesterday and asked if the man was at home. He was, and he appeared and asked what was wanted.

"I was passing your house three days ago and fell on your sidewalk," she explained.

"Well?"

"Well, I think you ought to pay me damages."

"But my sidewalk is all right; there are no holes."

"But I fell, sir."

"I don't doubt that, but it was your own carelessness."

"No, sir."

"It certainly was."

"I want $25 damages."

"You won't get a cent, madam!"

"I am so badly hurt that I'll have to crutch around for three months."

"I'm sorry, but I am not to blame."

"Then you won't give me anything?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not even $5."

"No."

"Then take that."

She dropped her crutches, swung her arm, and he received a box on the ear which made him see stars. Before he could recover she pushed him over the rail, and as he brought up on the grass in a heap, she pitched her crutches after him and walked off, saying:

"There's no man on top this earth can walk around on me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The doyden of Congress is the venerable Senator from Vermont, Justin S. Morrill, who has served twelve years in the House and twenty-three in the Senate. Next to him comes Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, with thirty-three years to his credit, and then John Sherman, who has been in public life thirty-one years. Although Mr. Sherman's term is four years shorter than that of Mr. Morrill's, he is really the senior Senator, as he has been twenty-five years in the Senate against Mr. Morrill's twenty-three.

It has long been conceded that hotel clerks become the greatest of all experts in human nature—the most successful students.

The car reporter was convinced of the truthfulness of this the other day.

Lee Bell, the genial night clerk of the Golden Eagle shared the reporter's seat on an afternoon outward-bound open car, and the conversation was drifting from baseball to horse races, prize-fights and the like, when the car was hailed by a young couple at Tenth street.

"Newly married," whispered the clerk, nudging the reporter and jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the approaching couple.

True, they were both young, but there was nothing in their appearance to indicate that they were but recently joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

"Do you know them?" asked the scribe.

"Nope."

"Ever see them before?"

"Oh, yes; once. They came up from San Francisco last night and stopped at the hotel."

"Then, they told you about it."

"No, they didn't, either. Nobody told me of it. I just simply sized them up and knew that they were brand new."

"Explain. How do you tell?"

"Easiest thing in the world. They registered—or, rather, the husband registered for both—as 'Mr. and Mrs. Blank.' That's what gives it all away. When they are new they register as 'Mr. and Mrs.' every time—never known to fail. The old-timer always registers 'John Jones and wife,' or whatever his name may be, you know. Just look into the matter, and see if I'm not right."

"Did you ever meet Miss Lillian Lordly, the accomplished young lady who writes such delightful stories for the SUNDAY UNION under the non de plume of 'Len?' asked a lady of her companion on a J-street car the other day.

"No," replied her friend; "but I have taken a great deal of pleasure in reading her beautiful stories. She has an original style which I like, and I consider her one of the best short story writers we have now."

"I agree with you in that," said the first speaker, "and I look in the SUNDAY UNION the first thing every Sunday morning to see if there is a story by 'Len.' But I heard a good story about her a few days ago. She has left beany old Boston, and is at present living with her uncle up in Yuba county. A couple of weeks ago the cook took a vacation, and 'Len' volunteered to take charge of the culinary department. Imagine her uncle's consternation when she asked him to bring in the jack-screw to raise the bread?"

A well-known local job printer told this one:

A motherly looking, middle-aged lady dropped into his place of business and exhibited about a yard of wide blue ribbon.

"I want you to take this," she said to the printer, "and print on it, 'This is Tommy Jones, of 739 Blank street.' Put in big letters, please."

"Well, do you only want one printed?" asked the printer.

"That's all."

The printer explained that it would be rather an expensive job for only one impression, but the lady didn't care, she said, and would pay whatever was asked.

Then the gentleman's curiosity asserted itself, and he inquired what she intended doing with the ribbon and its inscription.

"Well," she said, "I have a little son who has a mania for losing himself. I have had more trouble with him on that account than anybody I ever heard of. Nearly every week I have to appeal to the police to help me find my boy, and it occurs so often that I am ashamed to go to the police station any more. My plan now is to sew this ribbon to the waist of his trousers and then turn him loose. He can get lost as often as he pleases then and people will see the ribbon and bring him home."

Mothers who read this will no doubt bless this lady. She has indeed solved the problem of the age.

They were all shooters and they were returning from the big shoot.

"I say," said one of the experts to his companion, "have you noticed Charley Reams particularly during yesterday and to-day?"

"Well, yes," was the reply, "he doesn't appear to be himself. He's been acting like a man in a trance. Has anything happened to him?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Anything happened? Well, rather. Nothing so very serious, but humorous—although not very humorous to Charley."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, you know, Reams is now a Sacramentan, but only recently came here from Vacaville. He worked hard during the State Fair, and went down to his old home after it was over for a rest. He's a great crank on shooting, though, and would not have missed the State Sportsmen's shoot for anything. He started for Sacramento the night before the shoot began and boarded the Oregon Express at Elmira. He fell asleep on the way up, and when the train rolled into the depot here he was snoring at a great rate. He continued to snore when the train pulled out and did not wake up until compelled to by the conductor, who wanted another fare. Charley declared that he had paid already, and a warm discussion ensued until the truth was reached. The next place, of course, was Roseville, and Charley dropped off there. Then his troubles commenced. There was not a house open or a soul in sight. It was bitter cold, and Charley didn't have his sealskin with him. There would be no down train for four hours. Well, he had to make the best of it, of course, and proceeded to patrol the platform. He had shivered and stamped about for nearly three hours and a half, and was numb with the cold. He was just contemplating taking a brisk run up and down the railroad track to warm up, when he heard a savage growl behind him. Turning around, Charley saw a pair of glowing eyes and a shadowy form advancing toward him. Was it a bear or a lion or only a dog? Charley didn't know, and he didn't wait to inquire. He just took to his heels and ran around that station like a crazy man. The canine—for that is what it was—gave chase, and kept within a yard or two of Charley's heels. Round and round they went. Poor Charley at the end of half an hour's sprinting was nearly dead. He was just about to give up, when the down-train hove into view, and the canine fled. The poor man admits that he was scared out of a year's growth. Do you wonder that he has been looking queer during the last couple of days."

CAPTURING A GENERAL.

Daring Exploit of a Cavalryman at Waterloo.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French General, whose capture was due to the cool and stout heart of a young Brigade Major, anxious for an adventure. Baron Malortie tells the story in his book, "Twixt Old Times and New."

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French General and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen.

One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young Brigade Major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French General over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?"

"Done—done—done," shouted several officers.

The Captain examined his saddle girths and his pistols. Then shouting, "good-bye!" and putting spurs to his horse he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word.

The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through.

Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted General on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines.

When the General's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire, for fear of hitting the General. Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns.

Amidst the maddest cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the General half dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, and in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply, "Praise my horse, not me!"

The captured General was treated with the utmost courtesy. Horses and servants were placed at his disposal, and he was sent under escort to Brussels.

UNDER A SPUTTERING LAMP.

It Needs No Moon When Real Romance Is In Question.

There was something the matter with the big electric lamp on top of the high pole at the corner. It kept sputtering and hissing its discontent with whatever ailed it, and now and again it shut out its rays entirely, save for a dull red glow that made ugly shadows beyond the house stoops and awnings.

"Faith!" exclaimed Mrs. Flanagan, "phwat bedivilment is it I dunno in the light th' night? It's been aisy enough now for a week. Phy don't it burn or shut up an' be done wid it?"

"A little light's better'n none, Mrs. Flanagan, on such a night," replied Kate, "when the moon must be wearin' her eyes out lukin for the earth, the clouds be so heavy."

"Ay, ay," assented the elder woman, "that's like ye; yous'd be findin' some good in it if bot' the sun an' the moon should get lost altogether an' niver show us their faces again, so ye would."

Kate laughed and looked tenderly down at the wee face resting on her arm. They were sitting on the steps, getting what cool there might be in the late hours of the evening. The narrow streets lined with upturned drays and trucks, and scattered over with refuse, was silent save for the low rumbling of the machines in the bakery opposite, where white-capped Germans were making bread for the city.

"It's a hard time ye're havin' since the mother died, Kate," said Mrs. Flanagan, dropping the bantering tone with which she had scored the sputtering lamp.

"Hard ye may say, Mrs. Flanagan," responded Kate with trembling lip, "but sure it is much harder for the children to be without her when they need a mother most," and she rose to put the baby in bed, hoping that sleep had become so sound that the hot, close air of the tenement would not again rouse her before morning.

"Ay, ay," muttered Mrs. Flanagan, "always a workin' an' thinkin' for somebody else, an' divil a bit of comfort to be takin' for herself," and she, too, rose to seek the back room up three flights of stairs, where she slept.

When Kate came down a few minutes later, and found the steps deserted, she sat with her face in her hands, trying to banish her thoughts in listening to the dull sounds from the bakery. Presently the trap door to the stairs leading down to the underground workshop opened, and a head, white-capped, appeared. Slowly it rose, and a young man with a white apron and flour-stained clothes peered anxiously across the street. He crossed over and sat below Kate on the steps.

"It vas oful varm zu nacht, Katie," he said, laying his cap beside him.

"Yes, Karl," she replied; "it must be terrible in there by the ovens."

"So it vas," assented Karl, "but of dot I tink not. I vas tinking of you, Katie."

"Me?" she exclaimed, in mock derision, "faith, haven't ye enough to think of with yourself, what with your dough, and your yeast and your long shovels for reaching after the bread?"

"Nein, Katie," responded Karl, with the equanimity of a man whose mind is set upon a definite policy; "no; dere's someting more, more as all dot. It vas you, Katie, all of it. You know me, Katie, a goot many years, already. Vat you tinks?"

The lamp at the corner sputtered furiously, shook its flame angrily, and went out.

"Karl," began Kate tremulously, as she rose to her feet.

"Yah, Katie, I lofe you a long time already. I haf my pay to-night raiset. I tink you lofe me, Katie; better as dot, I know it."

Karl had risen, and they stood close together. The lamp at the corner drowned in a vigorous hiss, whatever happened between Katie and Karl's lips, and when in the next instant the street was aglow with light a young man was plodding across the way to look after his dough, and a young woman was making her way up stairs with a lighter heart than she had ever known.—*New York Sun.*

Hard Names Applied to Titled Personages.

Among the relatives of the Earl of Dysart are Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nester Egbert Lyonel Toegmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxson Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet, born 1876; Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Lou de Orellana Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon, born 1872; Lyonesse Matilda Dora Ida Agnes Ernestine Curson Paulet Wilbraham Joyce Eugenie Bentley Saxonia Dysart Plantagenet, born 1874; Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet, born 1878. These are but four out of the very numerous family of one of the uncles of the late Earl, and it is recorded that they survive under the heavy burden inflicted upon them at their baptism.

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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FRED. H. METCALF, D. D. S.,

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF EIGHTH AND J streets, Sacramento. f5-1ySu

Statement to the Public.

Under the head of "An Apology," yesterday evening's *Bee* makes a few misstatements to which we wish briefly to call the attention of the public. The only statement in its "apology" which is unadulterated truth is that "the entire force in the composing room, except the foreman, Wm. McKenna, and one of the compositors, S. W. Harris," left the office.

Now we desire to give a plain statement of the facts. The *Bee* proprietors have long since announced their antagonism to trades unions; that is, organized labor, and have, on more than one occasion, boasted that they would, on the first favorable opportunity, commit some act that would bring on a conflict. On Saturday, October 4th, V. S. McClatchy, business manager of the *Bee*, called his stereotyper, George McMillan, into the office and asked him if, in a certain emergency, he would stand by the *Bee*, or with the Union, and Mr. McMillan gave him to understand that he was a member of the Typographical Union, and would abide by its rules and regulations. Mr. McClatchy then advertised in San Francisco and various country papers for non-union hands, and commenced to make preparations, as he said, "in time of peace to prepare for war."

On Friday afternoon, October 10th, Mr. McClatchy again called Mr. McMillan into his office and discharged him. No complaint had been made against Mr McMillan's workmanship up to this time (Mr. Goss having brought Mr. McMillan from Chicago with him when he set up the *Bee* press, knowing him to be a good workman, and Mr. McMillan has held the situation ever since—nearly three years), and knowing of Mr. McClatchy's threats the Executive Committee took the matter in hand, and on Saturday morning, when the new stereotyper made his appearance at the *Bee* office, the Chairman of the *Bee* Chapel interviewed him and found he was a non-Union man. Mr. McClatchy was then expostulated with in a gentlemanly manner by his Union compositors, but Mr. McClatchy gave them to understand that his position was taken, and they must abide by his decision or leave his employ, and they thereupon left the office.

This is a plain statement of the facts. We have no personal fight with the proprietors of the *Bee*. It is a square fight for the rights of manhood and organized labor, and we respectfully ask the moral support of all who believe that laboring men have rights that even the proprietors of the *Bee* should respect. By order of the

PRESIDENT AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
Sacramento Typographical Union, No. 46. 1t

MARKHAM AND REDDICK.

Hon. W. W. MORROW

Will address the people at

SACRAMENTO,

—ON—

MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 13.

The County Committee will make the necessary arrangements for the meeting.

IRWIN C. STUMP, Chairman Republican State Central Committee.
C. F. BASSETT, Secretary. o10-4t(Su)

MARKHAM AND REDDICK!

Grand Torchlight Parade!

AND PUBLIC MEETING,

—ON—

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13th.

The speaking will be held at the Republican Headquarters (Old Pavilion), Corner Sixth and M streets.

ADDRESS BY

Hon. William W. Morrow,

Congressman from the Fourth District.

Without regard to party, the public are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the Republican County Central Committee. WINFIELD J. DAVIS, Chairman.
P. R. BECKLEY, Secretary. o10-3t(Su)

J. C. Boyd,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR. o1-td(Su)

Joseph Sims,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR. o1-td(Su)

R. C. Irvine,
Regular Democratic Nominee
FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR. o1-td(Su)

G. W. Harlow,
Republican Nominee for
PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

George F. Bronner,
Regular Democratic Nominee
FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR. o1-td

J. C. Bainbridge,
Regular Democratic Nominee
For SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS. o1

Jud C. Brusie,
Regular Republican Nominee
For the Assembly, Eighteenth District.

J. J. Campbell,
Regular Republican Nominee
For the Assembly, Twentieth District.

George C. McMullen
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR SHERIFF. s30-td(Su)

W. W. Rhoads,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR COUNTY CLERK. s30-td(Su)

M. R. Beard,
Regular Democratic Nominee
FOR COUNTY CLERK. s30-td(Su)

Wm. B. Hamilton,
INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY CLERK of Sacramento county. jy27-tf(Su)

Frank T. Johnson,
Regular Republican Nominee
For COUNTY AUDITOR and RECORDER.

S. P. Maslin,
Democratic Nominee for
AUDITOR AND RECORDER. o7-td

Frank D. Ryan,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY. s30-td(Su)

E. Lyon,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR COUNTY TREASURER. s30-td(Su)

George H. Clark,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR CORONER. s30-td(Su)

A. J. Senatz,
Regular Republican Nominee
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)*

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

August 1, 1890.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

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
8:10 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	2:50 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.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. tf&Su

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THE SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING Company, publishers of the RECORD-UNION, SUNDAY UNION and WEEKLY UNION, has contracted with the Goss Printing Press Company, of Chicago, for one of its

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Which will print, paste and fold a Four, Six, Eight or Twelve-page Paper at the rate of TWENTY THOUSAND PER HOUR for the four and six-pages. This press will be set up in our office and in running order IN A FEW WEEKS, and we can then dispose of the remaining

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Which we are now using. We have already sold its mate to the Fresno *Republican*. THIS HOE PRESS IS IN PERFECT ORDER, and will be guaranteed to do FIRST-CLASS WORK. We will sell it AT A SACRIFICE, as we will have no further use for it when our NEW PRESS IS IN OPERATION. The size of bed-plate is 40x60. This is an opportunity to secure a bargain that is rarely presented to the newspapers of this coast. Terms of payments can be made easy for the purchasers if desired. The press can be seen in operation at this office at any time. tf&Su

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n17-tf&Su

Sale of Book Accounts and Debts.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON WEDNESDAY, the 15th day of October, 1890, at the hour of 10 A. M., at the front door of the Court-house, in the city of Sacramento, the undersigned will sell for cash, to the highest bidder, at public auction, all the debts outstanding and book accounts due to the late C. HANSEN.

F. E. JOHNSTON,
Administrator Estate of C. Hansen, deceased.
October 10, 1890.
JOHNSON, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Attorneys.
o11-5t(Su)

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