SOME SMALL COURTESIES.

Ignorance is Very Often the Cause of Rudeness.

MISS PALFREY CRITICISES SOME NEW YORK CUSTOMS.

Discourtesies of Women to Each Other—About Father Ignatius—At a Photographers—A Rebuke to Salesmen—Second Hands on Watches.

One of the excellent customs now in vogue is that of not introducing men to each other in drawing-rooms. Whether it is imported from England, along with other customs and fashions, I confess I know not, writes Miss Palfrey. And, not being an Anglomaniac, I am not fanatically fond of everything English. But this non-introducing custom regarding men I commend from the depths of my heart. Men, being naturally Bohemian in their tendencies, have a general feeling of comradeship for all men, but women are snubbed from prehistoric times down—that is, most of them are—and if not properly introduced to each other will sit and stare like dolls. If they would but have the good wit to talk without waiting for introductions, what trouble they would save their hostesses, for during an afternoon of short calls it is impossible that a woman can introduce half a dozen persons to each other, pour tea and carry on any kind of conversation. Introductions add to her duties, increase the formality of what she wishes to be an informal afternoon tea, and destroy its harmony. All this has, apparently, been carefully considered, and the result is the fashion of not introducing men to each other. They are introduced to the women, and the women to each other, and this is quite enough.

I am often struck with the extraordinary lack of courtesy between women, and my attention has recently been drawn to a very remarkable case. A friend of mine, a very charming woman, and one who is of aristocratic birth and great cultivation of mind and manners, is always extremely courteous to every one, and is very particular about card etiquette and returning calls. Some months ago there came to the apartment house where she is living, and took rooms on the same floor, a middle-aged woman of ladylike appearance. Knowing nothing of this person, and, therefore, not caring to know her particularly, but meeting her constantly in the hall, my friend thought it would be only courteous to call upon her, and did so. It happened that the lady was out, so my friend did not meet her, and the call has not yet been returned, although nearly two months have elapsed. In the meantime they continue to pass each other in the narrow hall several times daily, and to sit close to each other going up and down in the elevator, but no word is spoken, and no sign of recognition of a courtesy is given. It so happens that they have many mutual friends who call to see them on the same day, and before the winter is over they will meet, probably, in more than one drawing-room.

Of course, not returning a first call is a great lack of courtesy, and where the two ladies live in the same house it seems unpardonable, for a want of time cannot be offered in excuse. And this woman who has committed the breach probably thinks she knows all the rules and etiquette of society from A to Z. If she knows better, she is rude, but I am inclined to think she does not know better. I really believe that more than half the discourtesies women show each other are due to ignorance—to a lack of knowledge of the world rather than a desire to be rude.

I live in an apartment house, and while waiting for the elevator the other day, a guest in the house stood near me and I made some casual remark to her about elevators, but she showed no sign of having heard, and I know she is not deaf. Perhaps she thought her silence dignified, swell, the proper thing. I thought it stupidity and ignorance.

There is always a courteous way of avoiding an intimacy, but it requires tact. The majority of persons take hints quickly, and dissimilarity of interests helps to keep people apart. Two things of which a woman of tact may make use without giving offense. The busy life of a great city is, also, excuse enough for declining invitations and for not "running in often."

I dropped in at the Cooper Union the other day to hear Father Ignatius, and two well-dressed women volunteered the information as I opened the door at the main entrance that I would not be able to get near the door of the room where he was preaching. One of them said that she had heard him once and wanted to hear him again.

I told her I knew a man who is reporting all the services for a morning paper, and she said:

"How splendid!"

After some further conversation, I suggested that she should go to the next meeting as a reporter, and then she would be sure to get in and get a seat. She went away without thanking me, but I am sure she was grateful.

I did not hear Father Ignatius that day. As I went solely out of curiosity, and not from a desire to be spiritually benefited, I suppose I am rightly punished.

Although Bishop Potter has given his consent to Father Ignatius to preach in the churches here, but few of them have been offered to him, and the majority of his services have been held in the small hall in the Cooper Union, which is altogether too small to hold the crowds that flock to hear him. Evidently the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is not very much in sympathy with his monkish garb and perpetual vows. There seems to be a certain amount of posing about the man and his methods, but doubtless he suits severe souls. And if the amount of good he does is to be measured by the number of persons who go to hear him, certainly he and his methods are to be commended.

I went through the agony of having a photograph taken the other day, and was very much amused at some of the women who were there for the same purpose. It is at the photographer's that a woman's vanity may be seen in all its strength and glory, for there is where she goes to have made a counterfeit presentment of herself, and if the counterfeit is unlike her by reason of its being far handsomer, just so much more is she pleased.

A young woman, with blonde hair, prettily dressed, came to me and asked me if I had any powder. I answered no, mentally rejoicing that it was the truth, for with powder she would want a powder puff. She traveled about the room, and pretty soon I saw her powdering her face most elaborately before the glass. She had never been there before, she said, and she did not think much of their toilet articles. And she picked up a comb and combed her hair vigorously. She found a hand mirror, which I had not been able to do, and some hairpins, and used them generously. I told her her hair looked lovely, and she was delighted. It really did look pretty. I wanted to tell her that nothing would induce me to use combs, brushes, powder puffs or hairpins that other persons had used, but I refrained. The ultra fastidious are not the happiest in the world. She wanted a good likeness; another woman there wanted an artistic pose, regardless of the likeness. I hope they may get what they want.

A great deal has been said about the pertness of the shop-girls, or the saleladies, as I believe they prefer to be called, but no one has yet said anything about the salesgentlemen. They need quite as much reprimanding, it seems to me, as do the saleladies. I went to a leading drygoods house the other day to buy some ribbon, but the young man behind the counter was so intent on cutting his finger nails that he could pay no attention to me. After waiting some minutes I asked him if he could not defer the performance of his toilet until some other time and wait on me.

A friend of mine went into a well-known jeweler's shop on Union Square and asked to see some saltcellars. The salesgentleman was using his toothpick vigorously, and asked her if she meant the kind that "you stick your knife into."

"No," she answered, "I want the kind with which a spoon is used."

The man had the grace to appear embarrassed, and laid aside his toothpick. These are first-class shops, and such things should never occur in them. Unfortunately, the toothpick has become, among a certain class, as much a part of the dress as the necktie, the watch or the collar and cuffs.

Apropos of jewelers, a leading watch dealer tells me that watches for ladies are no longer made with second hands. Ladies say they have no occasion for timing races, nor for counting seconds, and they do not care for the second hand. I think the objection is in the name; a "second-hand watch" does not sound attractive. For my part I want the second-hand, for I like to see it go round.

Emma Abbott Opera Company.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—The Emma Abbott Opera Company, which accompanied the remains of its late prima donna from Salt Lake City to Chicago, has disbanded. Mr. Broderick, it is said, intends to reorganize the company and fill its Southern dates.

Seth Abbott, father of the dead prima donna, denies the story that the opera company has disbanded. Miss Abbott's funeral ceremonies were held in the Music Hall here yesterday, after which her remains were placed in a vault in Graceland Cemetery.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE FINANCIAL BILL DISCUSSED IN THE SENATE.

The Army Appropriation Bill Unanimously Reported by the House Committee.

Special to the RECORD-UNION.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—In the Senate the Vice-President laid before the Senate a protest of twenty-three members of the Idaho Legislature against allowing Dubois to take his seat. It was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

Dolph, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported the Senate bill to amend the railroad land forfeiture bill of last session so as to make the period six months for the assertion of the rights of settlers to run not from the time of the passage of the Act, but from the date of the restoration of such lands to settlement and sale, and after explanation was passed.

Sherman, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the bill to amend the Act of February, 1889, incorporating the Nicaragua Canal Company, authorizing the issue of bonds guaranteed by the United States. It was placed on the calendar, and with the accompanying report ordered to be printed.

The Senate then resumed consideration of the finance bill, and Morgan continued the speech begun by him yesterday in support of the free coinage amendment. He soon yielded the floor temporarily, and Dawes presented a conference report on the bill to carry out in part the provisions of the Act to divide the Sioux Indian reservation, and in response to a question by Edmunds, made an explanation. He said the commission, of which General Crook was the head, promised the Sioux Indians, in the course of negotiations, to use its influence at Washington for a redress of certain grievances. The commission subsequently met. Forty representatives of the Sioux Indians were present, to see that those outside assurances were carried out. The Indian Committees of both houses were also present, and, all being together, a bill had been prepared to carry out exactly the assurances as the Indians understood them. The bill passed the Senate in April last, but from the difficulties in the other branch of Congress, it had not passed the House until last month, and that it contained a duplicate appropriation of $100,000. The Senate struck out that duplicate appropriation; and hence the necessity of a conference. As the bill now stood that duplicate appropriation was struck out. The bill carried out to the letter, not only the assurances of the Commission as the Commission understood them, but also precisely as the Indians themselves understood them. With the original bill and the pending bill all the stipulations of agreement, and all the assurances of the commission would be fulfilled, and there would be no ground on which the Indians could complain of the Government in any matter out of which the existing disturbances had arisen.

The conference report was agreed to.

The pension appropriation bill was reported and placed on the calendar.

Morgan then concluded his speech, quoting extensively from one made by the late Senator Beck.

The financial bill was then laid aside, and a message from the President was read, forwarding a memorial of the Legislative Assembly of Oklahoma for an appropriation for the relief of destitute people in that Territory. Referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

Adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—In the House Butterworth, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the legislative appropriation bill, and it was placed on the calendar.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the army appropriation bill.

Cutcheon of Michigan, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, explained that the bill was purely an appropriation measure and contained no general legislation whatever. The amount carried was $400,400 more than the appropriation for the current year.

Lanham of Texas took occasion, in speaking of the unanimous action of the committee, to depreciate sectionalism.

Kerr, replying, spoke of the future of the colored people of the South, and paid his respects to Missouri as a State refusing to honor Union soldiers by electing them to public offices.

Tarsney of Missouri entered a vigorous denial.

Pending further debate the committee rose, and eulogistic addresses were made to the memory of the late Joseph P. Walker of Missouri.

The House then adjourned.

Humming Birds.

The food of humming birds consists mainly of insects, mostly gathered from the flowers they visit. An acute observer writes that even among the common flower-frequenting species he has found the alimentary canal entirely filled with insects and very rarely a trace of honey. It this fact doubtless that has hindered almost all attempts at keeping them in confinement for any length of time—nearly every one making the experiment having fed his captives only with syrup, which is wholly insufficient as sustenance, and seeing therefore the wretched creatures gradually sink into inanition and die of hunger.

His Head Was Level.

A sleek pair of Devon steers, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, were drawing coal and the road was sand. Soon the weighty load had to be backed up to a bin. They could not do it. The humane driver did not once cut them, but seeing they were unable to accomplish the task, he soothingly rubbed them and detached the heavy heap. Then attaching them again, heads toward the load, the thing was done in a trice.

Some ladies of high social position in New York are said to have started a society "for the advancement of propriety and frugality in dress." Among the things to be avoided are decollete dresses and sleeveless bodices.

KING AND SKIPPER.

How Frederick of Denmark Entertained a Boatman.

"MOTHER'S" SOUP SUITED THE KING'S TASTE

The Goose Was Nicely Cooked, but the Good Old People Would Rather be at Home with the Children on Christmas Eve.

Frederick VII., the predecessor of the present King of Denmark, was probably the most democratic sovereign that ever ruled a nation. He was the last of a long line of Kings, the first of which was a Duke of Oldenburg that crossed the river Elbe to be crowned monarch of the cluster of islands composing the brave little nation in mediæval times.

Although he lived in the big Palace of Christiansborg and was surrounded with all the the pomp and glitter of royalty, he mixed freely with his subjects, and was never happier than when, unrecognized, he could walk among them and pass as an unpretentious burger.

The Palace of Christiansborg had in olden times been a stronghold, surrounded by a deep moat that could only be crossed by a drawbridge, but the burg had grown around it until it had now become the very center of the city of Copenhagen. The old drawbridge, with its ponderous chains and watchful guards, had given place to a new bridge that spanned the moat, which had become a wide canal, connected with the Oeresund and open to navigation.

Instead of the stagnant water that circled around the the aristocratic pile in olden time, a swift current now ripples by the embankments, and the old building itself is changed into a marble palace, the front of which was carved by the great Thorwaldsen. Commerce had encroached on the opposite bank of the royal domain, and skippers from the numerous islands sold their produce and fish on trim little sloops almost in front of the many white-marble pillars with which the home of the Danish Kings is ornamented.

To watch and sometimes to speak to these hardy toilers of the sea that for hundreds of years have maintained the little kingdom's power on the sea in all parts of the globe, was one of Frederick's greatest pleasures, and those who were so kindly spoken to by a big, stout, plain and unassuming elderly citizen never dreamed that they had been speaking to their beloved King.

Whenever the fancy seized him he would slip out of a back door unattended, cross the canal and saunter leisurely among these people, listen to their dialects—for each little island has a distinct patois, as well as some fantastic peculiarities of dress—chat pleasantly with them, and then continue his walk.

During one of these strolls, on a raw and frosty December day, he walked by the bank of the canal, that in summer was lined with boats, and noticed that several of them had been caught by a sudden cold and frozen in. Approaching one of the sloops, he saw the skipper on deck, and at the same time the delicious aroma of home-made pea soup was wafted to him and made him feel hungry.

"Cold, isn't it?" said Frederick.

"Yes," replied the skipper, sorrowfully, "and we won't get home for Yule. It came so sudden, you know. We couldn't get out in time, and now it looks as if the weather would hold cold and keep mother and I here, with all the presents for our tree under deck, while the young ones are waiting."

"But," said Frederick, encouragingly, "the soup smells good, and you are safer here than you would have been in the Lille Belt, had you been caught there last night."

"Yes," replied the skipper, forgetting all the hardship he would have had to reach home in time for Christmas Eve, "mother does make good pea soup, and you can have a bowl of it if you like. There is enough for all."

The King chuckled, but accepted the invitation. It was hard for him to crawl over the slippery bulwark of the sloop, for he was very stout, but finally he got on deck and down into the little cabin where the pea soup was boiling. He soon finished a big bowl of it, which the skipper's wife handed to him, and then the skipper gave him a pipe, and they soon had the cabin filled with smoke, while mother washed the dishes and listened to the two men chatting.

"You ought not to fret," said Frederick, looking at the skipper's wife, who was just then wiping away a tear with the corner of her rough, homespun apron. "It can't be helped; the Lille Belt isn't frozen over hard enough for you to cross on foot, and, even if it was, you couldn't reach home by night and deck the Christmas tree. Better be contented as you are, and when the weather breaks and you get home you can put the stem of the fir tree into the tub mother has washed in since you were married, and prop it up with the same big boulders which have held it since little Svend for the first time reached out his tiny hands to catch the pink and blue candles, that sparkled like the three stars in the East. Come over and take supper with me."

"Mother would rather be at home than break bread with the King himself in yonder palace. I have been looking at it all day. It looks cold enough, and the good King hasn't got any children nor Christmas tree."

"I live over there in the palace," said Frederick, "and if you will come over tonight and take your Christmas supper with me at 6 o'clock I will give you a nice young goose, stuffed with apples and prunes. I haven't a wife nor children, so we won't have a Yule tree, but we will mix an arrack punch and smoke a good pipe of tobacco. Come by the back way and ask for Frederick. The porter will show you my room, and we will have a feast at the King's expense."

After a good deal of persuasion the couple accepted, and Frederick climbed on shore.

"Ah," said the skipper, looking at his retreating guest, "he is one of the good King's men, and just see how well he is kept and how fat he is from the good things that come from his father's table! It is more than crumbs he has to eat, I am sure. We'll lock up the cabin tight—though who would come out on a Christmas night to rob a poor skipper?—and, as we are going among the great people of the court, we will put on our good clothes and all the silver buttons. Well, well, mother, it's an ill-wind that blows no one any good. So let us square our sail—the cold Christmas storm will blow us into a warm port."

At 6 the skipper and his wife, in holiday attire, crossed the bridge and the large open space in front of Christiansborg. Her dress was of dark green home-made woolen, trimmed with broad red braids at the bottom, and on the bodice were two rows of solid silver buttons, the dowry she had brought her husband. Her hair was brushed smoothly on her round head and decked by a snow-white lace cap, all encircled in a warm woolen hood. He wore a green jacket, with many rows of silver buttons in front, on his sleeves and at the back. They had all been bought, one by one, as an investment, for this is the way these people save their money, and the poorest of them are sure to have silver buttons enough at least to pay for their burial. His vest was of bright red and had also many buttons, and his trousers were tucked into the tops of a pair of heavy-grain leather boots that reached to his knees. Around his heavy cap and neck was a long, fluffy, white woolen comforter, wound many times aroud him and ornamented at the ends with yellow balls of worsted.

When they reached the palace the porter took them in charge, saying that Frederick lived at the other end, and the couple followed him through long, dimly-lighted corridors, hushed in silence. Then he tapped on a big door and Frederick opened it and bade them welcome.

The room which they entered was almost dark, but it was very large, and in the further end were many shadows moving about a table.

"Come," said Frederick, "the goose is cooked nicely, and I have been waiting for you;" and then he put an arm around each of them and walked toward the table. The moving shadows seemed to retreat as they advanced, and then the skipper said he thought Mr. Frederick lived in a very big room.

When they reached the table and were seated, Frederick called for a light, and in an instant the great Hall of Knights became a flood of light. On either side of the high walls were big pictures of knights of the Order of the Elephant, with their coat-of-arms emblazoned on the gold frames. The shadowy figures were all in brilliant liveries, and on the fine tablecloth were big bunches of flowers, such as the skipper had never seen before. There were cups and plates of silver, and on a large dish before Frederick stood a steaming roast goose.

"Come, good friend," said Frederick, "let us enjoy our Christmas supper."

"Yes, yes," said the skipper, looking at his wife, "let us eat, mother. And then, turning to the King, he said: "But, father, how much happier would I and mother be if we were home with the children."

A. P. DUNLAP

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

An eastern Kentucky man calls his wife "Old Lace," because she has ruined her health with a tight corset—*New York Herald.*

Edward Bellamy has earned $16,000 by "Looking Backward." This is better than Lot's wife, who merely earned her salt.—*Hartford Post*

Mr. Dunly—"I always move about in the best society." Mr. Mayflower—"Indeed?" Mr. Dunly—"Yes; I am the agent of a debt collecting institution."

Wickwire—"Going to hear the lecture to-night on 'The Young Woman of To-day?'" Yabsley—"Guess not. The young woman of to-night is more interesting to me."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Father—"Why don't you work?" Son—"Why, I am as busy as a bee." Father—"You do nothing but eat." Son—"Well, that is all the bees are doing just now."

Sniggins (angrily)—"Do you know that your chickens come over into my yard?" Snooks—"I supposed that they did, for they never come back again."—*New York Herald.*

"I love to sit before the blazing fire and watch the figures in the flame." "Vhell," said Isaacs, "dher bleasure ohf dot dependts larghly on dher insurance."—*New York Sun.*

"I bought my wife a bonnet to-day," said Bellows, "that only cost $5, and my wife was overjoyed at it." "That's strange, isn't it?" "Not at all; you see I told her it cost $50."

Pat (to parrot who has just finished whistling "God Save the Queen"—"Begorra, it's a good thing ye hev green fithers on yez; if yer was a canary, I'd twist yer nick fer yez."—*Life.*

"Would you want to marry a man with a title?" asked Mildred of Ethel. "Oh, I don't know; if he had a title to several good blocks of business property, I shouldn't mind."—*Washington Post.*

Aristocrat—"My ancestors, sir, took part in the Crusades." Hebrew—"And my ancestors, sir, loaned your ancestors the money which enabled them to join the Crusades."—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

Maria, I have come to ask you for your hand—I—" "You ask for a great deal, Mr. Smithers." "On the contrary, it is such a very little one that—" "It is yours, George dear."—*New York Sun.*

Oldboy—"Young man, don't try to fly too high at first. Always begin at the bottom and work up." Flippant Youth—"That's all right if you want to climb a ladder, but what if you want to dig a well?"—*Light.*

"Do the physicians travel in the summer because the health of the city is good, or is the health of the city so good because the physicians are on their travels?" We don't dare to ask about the clergymen.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"The difference between a monarchy and our glorious republic," quoted Cynicus, "is here—in a monarchy the crown is handed down from one generation to another; here we pass around the hat."—*New York Herald.*

Wife—"What is the difference between the words induced and compelled?" Husband—"There is a great deal of difference. For instance, a man who is induced to marry a woman is compelled to live with her afterward."

Johnny (as his father ushers in Mr. Glib, the latter having just removed his hat, revealing as he did so, a highly polished crown)—"Oh, pa! now I know why you always call Mr. Glib 'a slippery old fellow.'"—*Boston Courier.*

Sanso—"What was the population of the earth at the time of the flood?" Rodd—"It is hard to say. You see, it was impossible to have an accurate census, owing to the extent of the floating population."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wife (reading paper)—"I always held that Col. Hooker was an honest man. I see that a man filled him full of buckshot last night." Husband—"Where does the honest part come in?" "Why, the article says the colonel returned the shot."—*Life.*

Indignant Maiden—"Sir, if you attempt to kiss me I'll call my mother." Independent Young Man—"If you call your mother I'll kiss her too." Maiden (no longer indignant)—"You will, eh? Well, don't you think we can get along without her?"

"Hullo, Pat; I hear yer workin'. How's that?" "Yer roight. I'm workin' on half toime down to the coal yards. Half a loaf is better'n none." "Mabbe it is. But ye see, me boy, I'd rather loaf all the toime. Good day to ye, sor."—*New York Tribune.*

"I see Miss Fluvow has taken to the stage. What part does the young aspirant assume?" Frenchman (with limited English vocabulary)—"What duz ze mean?" "I mean what part does she take off?" "She takes off everythings; she is in ze ballet."

"There, there, Charles," said Ethel, "don't scold the cabman any longer." "Why," said Charles, "I was only giving him what he deserved—a piece of my mind." "Yes, I know, dear," replied Ethel, "but you know we can't afford to be so extravagant."—*Chicago Times.*

Brown—"Tell me, do you think that Hobbs ever says what isn't exactly true?" Fogg—"Well, I should not like to charge Hobbs with untruthfulness; but if he himself believes one-hundreth part of the stories he tells, he must be the most credulous man alive."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Oh, no," said the giddy young woman, "I never expect to adopt music as a profession; I merely make it a means of killing time." "I have no doubt," replied the unenviable old gentleman, "that in your hands the weapon proves as effective as could be desired."—*Washington Post.*

The nights come very early now,
And all of us remember
That days are at their shortest
In the month of chill December.
But their shortness isn't "in it"
With the shortness of the men
Who've been buying Christmas presents
For families of ten.

Architect—"Now, in this hall I think it would be very pretty to have nine niches in which we will place the statues of the nine Muses." Mr. Mushroom—"Yes, that sounds all right. The idea is similar to the one I sugested to Upstart. He has nine Muses in his hall. Well, give me an even dozen, then. Upstart ain't going to get the best o' me."—*America.*

Tourist—"Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?" "Kansan—"You bet! Wy, at meetin' Wednesday night I prayed good an' loud fer additional blessin's on our bloomin' little city, sorto mentionin' at the same time the unbounded prosperity that Providence had showered upon us, an' early next mornin' I sold four lots at 30 per cent. advance to a new-comer who had been at the meetin'."

Mr. Einstein—"Vull, Leah, vot vull ve do dis mornin' for amusement?" Mrs. Einstein—"Leave us get a hack, Mosey, and dake a little trive der park arount." Mr. Einstein—"How much vull a hack cost, my tear?" Mrs. Einstein—"I subbose aboud tree dollars." Mr. Einstein (after reflection)—"Vull, I'll dell you vot I'll do, Leah; I'll gif you two dollars und a halluf und ve vill stay at home."

DEVELOPING MUSCLE.

Miss Susie a Victim of the Physical Culture Fad.

SHE HAS A ROUGH TIME, BUT ENJOYS HERSELF.

How She Learned the "Flying Rings" Act—She Forgot to Bend Her Knees and was Jeered—A Thrilling Feat on the Ladder Mastered.

Miss Susie Blank is a vivacious little lady of Sacramento who caught the physical culture fad.

Her friend, Miss Strongarm, had joined the ladies' class of the Sacramento Athletic Club some weeks previous, and her much-expanded chest, straight back, graceful carriage, healthy color, and cord-like muscles fairly set Miss Susie wild.

She would be an athlete, too.

Miss Susie took her first lesson the other day. When she was ushered into the gymnasium, in the old Pavilion, and beheld the array of Indian clubs, dumb-bells, horizontal bars, trapeze, and countless other muscle-making paraphernalia, she clapped her hands and laughed with glee over the prospective good times she would have. But what took Miss Susie's eye most was the score or more of ladies in picturesque costumes, who were engaged in the most extraordinary acrobatic and gymnatic feats our young and enthusiastic friend had ever seen—even at boarding-school. Some were flying through the air, hanging to the big iron rings, others were making desperate efforts to balance themselves on their hands, some were juggling the Indian clubs, and two of them were actually punching each other with the boxing-gloves. But for each feat she saw performed Miss Susie made a mental resolve that she would soon do likewise.

Professor Godefroy cut short Miss Susie's contemplations by ordering her to divest herself of all tight-fitting garments (including stays) and get into regular gymnasium rig, so she retired into the dressing-room, and, borrowing a suit from a a non-participating member, soon appeared quite as grotesque-looking as anyone there, in a full blouse waist and very short full skirt, which allowed free movement to all the members of her body awaiting development.

The order was given, "Form in line!" and all the flying figures came to earth again and stood in an orderly row, the tallest girl at the head and our Miss Susie well down toward the foot. Then they marched and countermarched, shuffled their feet like the regular militia, "right about faced," and went through a regular drill, in which the new scholar felt rather uncomfortable, as she could scarcely tell her right foot from her left, or which heel to turn upon, the orders came so rapidly.

After that came the regular calisthenic exercises, and Miss Susie waved her arms and bobbed her head and knocked her knees together until she felt like an automaton, with just enough sense left to wonder eagerly if the muscles were growing any after all that hard work.

At any rate, she was in a delightful glow, and the blood was tingling in her veins when they got through that and were ordered to "practice on the rings."

"Whatever that is," thought Miss Susie, "I am in for it, and I hope I won't break any bones." She echoed the hope as she saw each girl in turn go forward to practice. The ring was suspended from the ceiling, and about eight feet from the ground. The exercise was to jump up, catch hold of it and swing first from side to side, then backward and forward, then round and round in a circle.

Those who were timid were hoisted up by the Professor, the others jumped up themselves, but Miss Susie's heart failed her as her time came. She looked first at the ring, then at the floor, then at the Professor, but he without any waste of words placed his hands on her hips and said, "Jump!" She made a mild effort and raised herself two inches from the ground.

"We'll try it again," said the Professor, kindly. "Bend your knees this time."

She bent them double, made a spring with his assistance, clutched wildly at the ring, which eluded her grasp, and came down with a heavy thud that shook the building.

"Always bend your knees," said her instructor, "and that will make you come down more lightly."

With a third and last effort Miss Susie caught the ring and hung on to it like grim death, shrieking to her supporter not to let her go or she would surely fall; but he did not notice the despairing appeal, and calmly moved aside, leaving her hanging up there, feeling as if her arms would leave their sockets, her neck break and other disagreeable things take place, while the rest of the class were in one broad grin at her misery. But the climax was reached when the Professor told her to swing, and started her with a fine shove that took her breath away. She closed her eyes and gave herself up for lost as she swung up almost to the ceiling and came back again almost to the starting point. Then she begged to be taken down.

"Jump," said the Professor, "and remember to bend your knees."

She said her prayers, shut her eyes tight, and drew up her knees as high as she could, then let go and came down, not on her feet or knees either, but very nearly on her nose. She was picked up and put on a bench to recuperate, while the others went through their "ring practice."

Miss Susie thought she had had enough of it for one day.

Then they were ordered to march to the ladder. "If it is climbing," thought Miss Susie, "I can do it already!" But it was not climbing; just more jumping and swinging. It was not very high from the ground, so she acquitted herself well; but the last exercise stumped her and a good many others, too. It was to jump up to the highest round of the ladder in reach, swing from side to side, and with each swing move your hand one round higher until you reach the top of the ladder, then come down again any way you can. The Professor did it beautifully, but somehow the girls stuck fast. They could not advance even one round, and Miss Susie sat down on the lowest round in perfect despair, hot and tired. But their patient instructor made the whole class go over it again, and finally the tallest one did manage, by dint of strenuous exertions, to slowly push herself up, inch by inch, until she advanced about three rounds; then she dropped, flushed, but triumphant.

Miss Susie was fired with ambition, and determined to try once more. She caught at the ladder with both hands and, suspended from it, worked her body like a pump-handle, first this way, then that, until every bone cracked again, and some one said: "She must be breaking!"

But the only result of all her kicking was to raise a large blister on each hand, and nearly dislocate her spine; so she, too, dropped with more force than elegance.

This concluded the exercises for the day. The class trooped into the dressing room and doned their street apparel—a warm, rosy and tumultuous set—and Miss Susie just as rosy and tumultuous as any of them, though she had added to her facial adornments by a scratched forehead, and a lump on the tip of her nose. However, she expressed herself as delighted, and having had a "perfectly lovely time."

ILLINOIS POLITICS.

The Farmer Representatives Will Not Support Palmer.

SPRINGFIELD (Ill.), Jan. 10.—The standing of the three farmer members of the lower house of the General Assembly in the coming Senatorial fight is no longer one of uncertainty. While it is not yet known who their candidate will be, it is certain that it will not be John Palmer.

Representative Cockrill, in an interview this evening, said that under no circumstances would he or his colleague support Palmer. They had no objection to Palmer particularly, except that he stands on the old Democratic doctrine that the Government can make nothing a legal tender but gold and silver.

"What we desire," he said, "is a per capita circulation, and we want an American system of finance. We have come to the conclusion that money is neither silver nor gold nor any other material. This old Democratic idea of money, which is also indorsed by the Republican party, is a fraud."

Cockrell further said that it is their irrevocable decision not to support any caucus nominee of the old parties, or any man, if they have any doubt as to his views on the questions of money. "We will elect our man or force the Republican or Democratic party to adopt our policy."

EASTERN TURF.

Results of Yesterday's Races at Guttenberg and Gloucester.

GUTTENBERG, Jan. 10.—A pleasant day and a fast track were had here today for the six events on the card. The three first horses in each race were:

Five-eighths, selling, for beaten horses, Flambeau 1, Marty 2, Blackburn 3; time—1:02¼.

Three-quarters, selling, Ben Harrison 1, Pearl Jet 2, Objection 3; time—1:14¼.

Three-quarters, Frances S 1, Lizzie 2, Cascade 3; time—1:15¾.

One mile, handicap, Fortunatus 1, Brussels 2, Winona 3; time—1:43¼.

Five furlongs, Autocrat 1, Sunday 2, Red Elm 3; time—1:01¼.

One mile, selling, McCauley 1, Supervisor 2, Melodrama 3; time—1:44¾.

AT GLOUCESTER.

GLOUCESTER, Jan. 10. — There were five spirited events on the programme here to-day. The winners were:

Thirteen-sixteenths, Hot Scotch 1, Lannes 2, Mamie Hay 3; time—1:27¼.

Three-quarters, selling, Oriental 1, Count Me In 2, Alice Ward 3; time—1:19¾.

Nine-sixteenths, selling, Tartar 1, Silence 2, Venay 3; time—57¾.

Seven-eighths, Belisarius 1, Aftermath 2, Lady Pulsifer 3; time—1:33¾.

One and one-eighth, selling, King Idle 1, Armour 2, Darling 3; time—2:02¼.

SUGAR TRUST.

Reorganization Under the Laws of New Jersey.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Negotiation for the reorganization of the Sugar Trust were completed after Judge Pratt's decision, and the People's Trust, a company in Brooklyn, has turned over all assets to the trustees. The stocks of the various companies were taken to Jersey City, where the successor company, under the title of the "American Sugar Refining Company," has already been formed.

The reorganization was declared complete, and all assets and properties of the sugar trust were turned over to the American Sugar Refining Company. The company at once issued $25,000,000 preferred stock, $25,000,000 common stock and $10,000,000 bonds.

The Attorney-General of New York said to-night that he had not been consulted regarding the reorganization, and would not talk further.

FRUIT SHIPMENTS.

Large Increase This Season Over Past Years.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.—The annual meeting of the California Fruit Union will be held in a few days, and the report which will be presented by Secretary H. A. Fairbanks will be very gratifying. It will show that 2,000 carloads of green deciduous fruits out of a total of about 3,000 carloads which left this State, were shipped by members of the union. Of these, 1,400 carloads went direct to agents of the union in eleven Eastern cities, and about 600 carloads went to points where the union had no agents. The totals all around show an increase of several hundred carloads over 1889. The gross receipts from the 1,400 carloads handled directly by the association's agents were $2,000,000.

Eastern Weather.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Rain continues throughout the Southern States, and light snows in the central valleys. Fair weather is reported from New England, New York, the northern portion of the Lake region and the extreme Northwest. It is warmer east of the Mississippi, and below zero in Colorado.

THE TEMPERATURE.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—The temperature this morning at 8 o'clock was as follows: Chicago, 30°; Cincinnati, 34°; St. Louis, 30°; Winnipeg, 12° above.

Salmon Eggs for France.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The La Gascogne, this morning from Havre, carried 100,000 Columbia River salmon eggs, consigned to the French Society for the Propagation of Fishes. The eggs came from the United States hatching station, and were shipped by order of United States Commissioner of Fisheries McDonald.

Strikers Return to Work.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—About a thousand steam-fitters, who have been on a strike for some time in this city, returned to work to-day. They returned unconditionally.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1891.

MORNING BOARD.

Ophir	3 95	Silver Hill	25c
Mexican	2 35	Occidental	80c
G. & C.	2 05	Lady W	15c
B. & B.	2 35	Andes	85c
Con. Va	3 35@3 40	Scorpion	15c
Savage	1 60@1 65	Benton	1 10
Chollar	1 95	Iowa	25c
Potosi	4 50@4 55	Baltimore	20c
H. & N.	1 30	New York	25c
Point	1 60	W. Comstock	40c
Jacket	1 80	E. Sierra Nevada	5c
Imperial	20c	Eureka	2 75
Kentuck	85c	Prize	20c
Belcher	1 35@1 40	N. Com'wealth	60c
Alpha	85c	Bodie	80c
Utah	25c	Bulwer	20c
S. Nevada	1 65	Mono	60c
Bullion	2 05	Silver King	30c
Exchequer	45c	Peer	15c
Scg. Belcher	80c	Crocker	15c
Overman	1 65	Peerless	20c
Justice	95c	Central	15c
Union	1 80	Weldon	15c
Alta	60c	Locomotive	5c
Julia	20c	S. V. Water	94½
Caledonia	40c	Oakland Gas	33¾
Challenge	1 55		

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Wanted.

WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN PERmanently located in this city, room and board in a private family, or room without board in same. Address Box 23, this office. 1t*

WANTED—BY A YOUNG LADY, A POsition as bookkeeper, stenographer or office work of any kind. Address, Miss E. S., 922 M street. ja10-2t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—TWO LADY agents to sell our new book of art, music and literature. Outsells all others of its kind fifty to one. For exclusive right of territory address J. McLAUGHLIN, Room 101, Flood Building, San Francisco. ja6-7t*

WANTED—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY—One or two boarders. Call at 1502 G street. ja6-7t*

WANTED, AGENTS!—GOOD ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies for something entirely new; light and profitable; takes with every one. Apply 1033 Eighth street, from 1 to 9 P. M. ja4-tf

WANTED—PARTIES TO TAKE AN INterest in the Sectional Giant Quartz Mill, of meritorious qualities; patented. JAS. A. SCOTT, Golden Eagle Hotel, Sacramento. d25-tf

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEyards, dairies and all kinds of labor. Women and girls for cooking and general housework. Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth street, K and L.

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A JAPANese to cook. Understands his business thoroughly. Address Jap., this office. ja9-3t*

WANTED—A SITUATION BY EXPERIenced horseman, as coachman or trainer of horses. Address "22," this office. ja9-3t*

Lost—Found.

LOST — AT INAUGURAL BALL, ONE gold and platinum locket, set with one diamond in center and containing pictures of two children. Finder will please return to DR. W. R. CLUNESS and be rewarded. ja11-tf

LOST—TWO COWS FROM MRS. TELler's ranch, one mile east of city, a brown and red cow. Any person giving information of them at 2224 O street, or returns them to ranch, will be rewarded. ja9-3t*

To Let or Rent.

TO LET—A SUITE OF NICELY FURnished rooms and one bedroom; 1129 O street. ja11-3t*

TO LET—