UNEXPLAINED.

"All ghost stories may be explained," said Mrs. Marchmont, smiling rather scornfully, and addressing a large circle of friends and neighbors who, one Christmas evening, were seated round her hospitable hearth.

"Ah! you think so? Pardon me, if I cannot agree with you," said Mr. Henniker, a well-known Dublin barrister of burly frame and jovial countenance, famed for his wit and flow of anecdote.

The ladies of the party uttered exclamations in various keys, while the men looked attentive and interested. All that Mr. Henniker was pleased to say was wont to command attention, in Dublin at least.

"So you think all ghost stories may be explained. What would Mrs. Marchmont say to our old woman in the black bonnet, Angela?" And the barrister turned to his quiet little wife, who rarely opened her lips. She was eager enough now.

"I wish I could quite forget that old woman, John, dear," she said, with a shiver.

"Won't you tell us, dear Mrs. Henniker? Please—please do!" cried the ladies in concert.

"Nay. John must tell that tale," said the wife, shrinking into herself as it were.

No one knew how it happened that the conversation had turned upon mesmerism, spiritualism, and other themes trenching upon the supernatural. Perhaps the season, suggesting old-fashioned tales, had something to do with it; or may be the whistling wind, mingling with the pattering of hail and rattle of cab-wheels led the mind to brood over uncanny legends. Anyhow, all the company spoke of ghosts, some to mock, others to speculate; and here was the witty lawyer, prepared to tell a grave tale of his own experience.

His jovial face grew stern. Like the Ancient Mariner, he addressed himself to one in company, but all were silent and attentive.

"You say all ghost stories may be explained, Mrs. Marchmont. So would I have said a year ago; but since we last met at your hospitable fireside, my wife and I have gone through a very astonishing experience. We 'can a tale unfold.' No man was better inclined to laugh at ghost stories than I.

"Well, to begin my true tale. We wished for a complete change of scene last February, and Angela thought she would like to reside in the same county with her sisters and cousins and aunts—"

"Dorsetshire, I believe, Mrs. Henniker?" interrupted the lady of the house.

Angela nodded.

"I intended to take a house for my family, leave them comfortably settled in it and run backwards and forwards between Dorsetshire and Dublin. Well, it so happened that I did leave them for a single day during the three months of my tenancy of the hall. I had seen a wonderful advertisement of a spacious dwelling-house, with offices, gardens, pleasure grounds—to be had for £50 per annum. I went to the agent to make inquiries.

"'Is this flourishing advertisement correct,' asked I.

"'Perfectly.'

"'What! so many advantages are to be had for £50 a year?'

"'Most certainly. I advise you to go and see for yourself.'

"I took the agent's advice, and Angela was enchanted with the description I was able to give her on my return. A charming little park, beautifully planted with rare shrubs and trees—a bowery, secluded spot, so shut in by noble elms as to seem remote from the world. The house—such a mansion as in Ireland would be called manor-house or castle—large, lofty rooms, thoroughly furnished, every modern improvement. My wife, as surprised as myself that a place of the kind should be going for a mere song, begged me to see the agent again, and close with him. It was done at once. I would have taken the hall for a year, but Mr. Harrold advised me not to do so. 'Take it by the quarter, or at least by the half year,' he recommended.

"I replied that it appeared such a desirable bargain that I wished to take it by the year. His answer to this was a reiteration of his first advice. I can't tell you how he influenced me, for he really said no more than I tell you; but I yielded to his evident wish without knowing why I did so, and I closed with him for six months, not a year."

"Glamour, Mr. Henniker!"

"It would seem so, Mrs. Marchmont. We went to the hall, and Angela was delighted with it. The snowdrops lay in snowy masses about the grounds—the garden gave promise of beauty as the season advanced. How the children ran over the house! how charmed we were with every nook and corner of it! Our own bedroom was a comfortable, large room, opening into a very roomy dressing-room, in which my wife placed two cribs for our youngest boys, Hal and Jack.

"Don't forget to say that our bed-chamber opened from a sitting-room," interrupted Mrs. Henniker.

"Well, for three weeks we all slept the sleep of the just in our really splendid suite of apartments. Not a grumble from our servants—nothing but satisfaction with our rare bargain. I was on the eve of returning to dear, dirty Dublin and the Four Corners, when ——"

"When we are all attention, Mr. Henniker."

"Angela and I were sitting in the drawing-room under the bed-chamber I have described, when a loud cry startled us—'Mother, mother, mother!'

"The little boys were in bed in the dressing-room. Angela dropped her tea cup and dashed out of the room, forgetting that there was no light in the room above us.

"I caught up a candle and followed her quickly. We found the children sobbing wildly. Jack's arms were almost strangling his mother, while he cried in great excitement, 'Oh, the old woman in the black bonnet! The old woman in the black bonnet! Oh—oh—oh!'

"I thought a little fatherly correction would be beneficial, but Angela would not suffer me to interfere. She tried to soothe the little beggars, and in a few minutes they were coherent enough in their story. A frightful old woman, wearing a black bonnet, had been in the room. She came close to them and bent over their cribs, with her dreadful face near to theirs.

"'How did you see her?' we asked. 'There was no candle here.'

"'She had light about her, they said. At any rate, they saw her quite well, An exhaustive search was made. No trace of human being was to be found. I refrained from speaking to the other children, who slept in an upper story, though I softly entered their rooms and examined presses and wardrobes and peered behind dark corners, laughing in my sleeves all the while. Of course we both believed that Hal had been frightened by a dream, and that his little brother had roared from sympathy. 'Don't breathe a word of this to the servants,' whispered Mrs. Henniker. 'I'm not such a fool, my dear,' I replied. 'But pray, search the lower regions, and see if Jane and Nancy have any visitor in the kitchen,' she continued. 'She came through your door, mother, from the sitting-room,' sobbed Hal, with eyes starting out of his head.

"'Who, love?' asked his mother.

"'The old woman in the black bonnet. Oh, don't go away, mother.'

"So Angela had to spend the remainder of the evening between the children's cribs.

"'What can we do to-morrow evening?' asked she. 'I have it! Lucy shall be put to bed beside Jack.' Lucy was our youngest, aged 2.

"All went well next night. There was no alarm to summon us from our papers and novels, and we went to bed at 11. Angela remarked that the three cherubs were sleeping beautifully, and that it had been a good move to let Lucy bear the other two company. I was roused out of sound sleep by wild shrieks from the three children.

"'What! More bad dreams? This sort of thing must be put a stop to,' I said; and I confess I was very angry with the young rascals. My wife was fumbling for the match-box. 'Hush!' she whispered, 'there is somebody in the room.' And I, too, at that instant felt the presence of some creature besides ourselves and the children. The candle lighted, we again reconnoitered—nothing to be seen in the dressing-room, bedroom or the drawing-room beyond, the door of which was shut. But the curious sense of a presence near us—stronger than any feeling of the kind I had ever previously experienced—was gone. You have felt the presence of another person unseen. You may be writing—you have not heard the door open, but though your back is toward the visitor, you know somehow that he has entered."

"Quite true, Mr. Henniker—but there is nothing unnatural or unpleasant in that sensation."

"Nothing, of course; I merely instance it to give you some idea of what we felt on that occasion. We were astonished to find the sitting-room untenanted. Meanwhile poor Hal, Jack and Lucy shrieked in chorus, "Oh, the old woman in the black bonnet! Oh, take her away!

"Poor Angela, trembling, hung over the cribs trying to soothe the children. It was a good while before they could tell what had happened. 'She came again,' said Hal, 'and she came close, close to me, and she put her cold face down near my cheek till she touched me, and I don't like her—oh, I don't like her, mother!"

"'Did she go to Jack and Lucy, too?'

"'Yes, yes; and she made them cry as well?'

"'Why do you not like her? Is it the black bonnet? You dreamed of a black bonnet last night, you know,' said I, half puzzled, half provoked.

"'She's so frightful,' cried Hal.

"'How could you see her? There was no candle.'

"This question perplexed the little boys. They persisted that she had a light about her somewhere. I need hardly say that there was no comfort for us the rest of the night. 'If any one is trying to frighten us out of the place, I'll be even with him yet,' said I. My wife believed that a trick had been played upon the children, and she was most indignant.

"Next day the cribs were removed to the upper story, and Charlotte and Joanna, our daughters of twelve and fourteen, were put to sleep in the dressing-room. We predicted an end to the annoyance we had been suffering. The nurse was a quick tempered woman, who would not stand any nonsense, and Hal's bad dreams would be sternly driven away. We settled ourselves to our comfortable light reading by the drawing-room fire. Suddenly there was a commotion overhead, an outcry—surprised more than terrified, it sounded to us. Angela laid her book down quickly and listened with all her ears. Fast flying footsteps were heard above; the clapping of a door: then—scurry, scurry—the patter of bare feet down the staircase. We hurried across the hall and saw Charlotte in her nightgown returning slowly up the kitchen stairs, with a puzzled expression on her honest face.

"'What on earth are you doing, my child?' cried Angela.

"'I was giving chase to a hideous old woman in a black bonnet, who chose to intrude upon us,' panted Charlotte. 'I saw her in our room; I jumped out of bed and pursued her through your room and the sitting-room. Then I saw her before me going down atairs, and I ran after her, but the door at the foot of the kitchen staircase was shut. She certainly could not have had time to open it, and I really don't know where she could have gone to.'

"This was Charlotte's explanation of her mad scurry downstairs. Her downright sensible face was puzzled and angry.

"'So you see that the little ones must have been tormented by the old wretch, whoever she is. They didn't dream it, father, as you thought. Wouldn't I like to punish her!'"

"What a brave girl!" cried Mrs. Marchmont.

"Brave? Oh, Charlotte's as brave as a lion! She went back to bed, and when we followed her in a couple of hours she was sleeping soundly. But I can't say either of us slept so well. If a trick was being played upon us it was carried out in so clever a manner as to baffle me completely. I need not say that I made a careful search of every cranny about the handsome house and offices, and if there was a secret passage or a door in the wall anywhere it escaped me. We had peace for a fortnight, and then the annoyance recommenced.

"Angela's nerve was shaken at last, and she began to whisper, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—'"

"John, you are making a story," interrupted Mrs. Henniker.

"It is every word true. I am coming to an end. Angela, in spite of her disclaimer, did believe in a ghost in a black bonnet. Charlotte believed in her, but did not care about her ghostship. The nurse and cook and housemaid declared they were meeting the horrible appearance constantly; and they were all three in a mortal funk. As to the children they would not leave off clinging to their mother, and fretting and trembling when evening came. The milkman, the baker and the butcher all told the servants that we would not be long at the hall, for nobody ever remained more that a month or two. This was cheerful and encouraging for me."

"But you had never seen the charming old woman all this time?"

"No; but I saw her in the broad daylight. I had a good look at her, and a more diabolical face I never saw—no, not even in the dock. I was writing letters in the study about 12 o'clock one morning, when I suddenly looked up to see the appearance that had excited such a turmoil in my family standing near the table. A frightful face—a short-set woman dressed in black—gown, shawl, bonnet—this was the impression I received. But she looked quite human—quite everyday—there was nothing in her air—only the evil face curdled one's blood. I stared at her and then took up a folded newspaper and threw it at her. My motive in so doing was to frighten her who frightened my wife so much. Courtesy such a creature need not expect from me, being, as her villainous countenance proved, one of the criminal class. The newspaper fell upon the floor after apparently going through the figure, and there was a vacuum where it had been. I was not much shaken, however, although my theory of a human trickster dressed like a woman seemed overturned."

"Did you tell Mrs. Henniker what you had seen?"

"Naturally I did. At this period we talked of nothing else. She saw the apparition twice herself. Once she entered our dressing-room and saw the figure bending over a sleeping child (it faded as she looked); another time she was with me in the drawing-room, when she laid down her book and whispered, 'See, see, near the door!' There, sure enough, was the appearance that had visited me in the study in clear daylight. I did not make her out quite as distinctly now because our candles did not light up that end of the long room, or my older eyes were not as good as Angela's?"

"What did Mrs. Henniker do?"

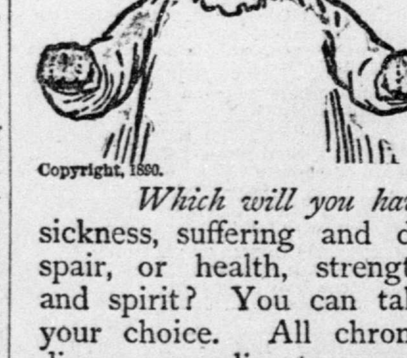
"She started up and ran to catch the old woman in the black bonnet."

"And did she catch her?"

"She caught a shiver—nothing more!

"After this I resolved to give up the hall at once, sacrificing four months' rent for the sake of my wife and children whose nerves would have soon become shattered had we remained. I went to Mr. Harold and told him how disagreeable the place was to us. He was grave and very guarded in manner, confessing that no tenant stayed more than a couple of months at the hall—that his client certainly made considerable in consequence—that he had done his utmost to find out what was wrong with the house, but all in vain. Mr. J—— would not speak about it, and when strenuously urged to explain, replied emphatically, 'I shall never tell you the story of that house.'

"We dismissed the servants with handsome presents at once on our return to Dublin, so desirous were we that the children should never be reminded of their terror. I think they have not heard the old woman in the black bonnet spoken of since we left the hall, and the younger ones have probably forgotten her. As to us, we can only say that the mystery is unexplained."—Argosy.



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Which will you have, sickness, suffering and despair, or health, strength, and spirit? You can take your choice. All chronic diseases peculiar to women are permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores the functions to healthy action. It removes the obstructions and suppressions which cause trouble and misery. For periodical pains, internal inflammation, ulceration and kindred ailments, it is a positive remedy. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled. It's a legitimate medicine, the only *one* that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in the cure of all "female complaints."

IN THAT OL' TOBACKER PATCH.

I jes kind o' feel so lonesome that I don't know what to do,
When I think about them days we used to spend
A hoein' out tobacker in th' clearin'—me an' you—
An' a wishin' that the day was at an end,
For the dewdrops was a sparklin' on the beeches' tender leaves
As we started out a workin' in th' morn;
An' th' noonday sun was sendin' down a shower o' burnin' sheaves,
When we heard the welcome-soundin' dinner-horn;
An' th' shadders 'round us gathered in a sort o' ghostly batch,
'Fore we started home from workin' in that ol' tobacker patch.

With th' hoein' and the toppin' all the summer days we spent,
While the fleecy clouds was floatin' overhead;
An' we sometimes stopped to lazy, with the tree-tops for a tent,
An' we stretched out with the mosses for a bed.
Then we'd talk about th' city, with its glitter an' its noise,
An' we'd wonder if th' time 'ud ever be
When we'd be livin' in it an' partakin' of its joys,
An' be as rich as Crœsus—you an' me.
But th' fox-tail grass was growin' 'twixt the rows as thick as thatch,
So we had to keep a hoein' in that ol' tobacker patch.

When th' sultry days was over an' th' fall had come at last,
An' th' strippin' an' th' stringin' was at hand,
When th' maple leaves was fallin' an' a rustlin' in the blast,
An' th' corn was golden-yeller in th' land;
Then we'd start th' roarin' fires in th' yawnin', mud-dobbed flues,
That peeked out 'neath th' dry-house made o' logs;
An' we'd sit there in the night-time, watch th' firelight's changin' hues,
An' listen to the barkin' o' th' dogs.
Then you'd tell o' bears and taggers, how they'd growl and scratch.
Golly, how it made me shiver, in that ol' tobacker patch.

I'm a feelin' mighty lonesome, as I look aroun' to-day,
For I see th' change that's taken place since then.
All th' hills is brown an' faded, for th' woods is cleared away;
You an' me has changed from ragged boys to men;
You are livin' in th' city that we ust to dream about;
I am still a-dwellin' here upon the place;
But my form is bent an' feeble, which was once so straight an' stout,
An' there's most a thousand wrinkles on my face.
You have made a mint o' money; I, perhaps have been your match;
But we both enjoyed life better in that ol' tobacker patch.

—S. Q. Lapius, in Farm and Fireside.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

The watchmaker is a man who works a good deal over time.—Yonkers' Statesman.

There isn't such a difference between an attitude and a natty dude.—New York World.

"Halloa, Stavely. How's business?" "Good, of course. Always good. I deal with sense and judgment." "Ah, yes. Got any samples with you?"

Mabel—"I shall never travel on the P. & O. Railroad again." Maude—"Why not?" Mabel—"There isn't a tunnel on the entire route."—Epoch.

Tommy—"Paw, what is a holdover Senator?" Mr. Figg—"The qualifications of a holdover Senator vary in different States. In Kentucky he is expected to hold over half gallon without staggering."

"May I hope?" he asked, after his seventeenth rejection. "Yes," she replied, "you may." "Because—" he said pleadingly. "Because," she responded earnestly, "this is a free country."—Washington Post.

The Cynic—"Wretched machine! Do you really imagine that you are the greatest of the inanimate liars?" The Gas Meter (loftily)—"Can you name a greater?" The Cynic—"Assuredly. It is the tombstone."

Howard—"I didn't get home till late last night." Richard—"What sort of a hand did you hold?" Howard—"Just the nicest little hand you ever saw. It belonged to old man Goldrock's only daughter."—Detroit Free Press.

Crusty (to his nephew)—"Well, here's another check; but remember to take care of it. A fool and his money are soon parted. Bill Scapegrace (aside)—"That's so; it only took me half an hour to coax this out of you!"—Munsey's Weekly.

"What office are you a candidate for?" inquired the reporter, who was making his hasty rounds of the polling-places. "Me?" exclaimed the man, leaning up against the door frame. "Thunder! I ain't running for anything. I was born in this country."—Chicago Tribune.

Mose Yallerby (in the Coonville grocery)—"Sah, I'se a man who believes in takin' things just as I find 'em." Ebbonie (the storekeeper)—"Mebbe; but ef yo' take any more apples out o' that bar'l 'longside o' yer, you'll find a bit of a bill to settle afore you leave!"—Texas Siftings.

Young New Yorker (walking on Fifth avenue with pretty country cousin)—"I'm awfully warm, Mary! Let's take a 'bus." Pretty Cousin (blushing sweetly)—"Oh, George, some one would be sure to see us here on the avenue. Please be patient till we get to the park."—West Shore.

Mose Schaumburg has been quite ill. Upon his recovery Dr. Blister presented his bill for forty-three visits at $3, or $120. "Oh, mine Gott," groaned Mose. "Death vas de pest doctor after all." "Why do you say that?" asked the astonished physician. "Because he only makes one visit."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Lippie (to grocer)—"Tell Mr. Allspice I'm going to leave him if he doesn't give me better measure." Boy—"Why, what's been wrong?" Mrs. Lippie—"The last butter he sent me was half a pound short." Boy—"Oh, yer mustn't mind dat. It's only his weigh."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Miss Knippy," said the Vassar professor of Greek mythology, "can you tell me the names of the Divine Nine?" "Yes, sir; there is Buck Ewing and ——" "Stop! stop! Who is Buck Ewing?" Then all the young ladies in the class smiled at the poor professor's ignorance, and answered in chorus: "Why, the catcher, of course."—Detroit Free Press.

BEECHAM's pills cure sick headache.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Concert for the Benefit of Miss Gertie Carly-Auld.

Hamlin's Farce Comedy Company With Its Pretty Forms and Faces—Flashes From the Footlights of Many Theaters.

On Monday evening, June 1st, Miss Gertie Carly-Auld will give a farewell concert at the Congregational Church. Tuesday the young lady leaves for Europe to complete her musical education.

She is a Sacramento girl, taken in early childhood from the orphan asylum by Mrs. E. M. Carly and raised by her. From infancy she manifested vocal powers of a superior order. She was given lessons in singing in this city and sent also to Napa Collegiate Institute for further instruction under Professor Bacon.

She made rapid progress, and as she attained maturity, became a great favorite in this city. She had not means, however, for cultivation and study that were needed. Her voice had serious artificial defects, and these she realized. Over a year ago she went to San Francisco, and has studied since then under Professor Passmore, has had a home with Mrs. Heyman, late of Sacramento, and has improved wonderfully. She sang in choirs and concerts, attracted much attention and received hearty critical indorsement in San Francisco. She has worked hard, saved her small means, and aided by Mrs. Heyman will now accompany the latter's daughter to Europe to avail of vocal training under masters of high standing.

The concert tendered her Monday night is to add to her slender funds. On that occasion an orchestra of fifteen musicians, who have volunteered, will take part. C. A. Neale is to be Musical Director and C. M. Prodger, Manager. Miss Kitty Heyman, Mrs. Addie Carter and R. T. Cohn will appear.

Among the principal features of the entertainment will be a poem entitled "Greetings and Partings," to be sung by Mrs. Addie Carter and Richard T. Cohn, accompanied by a guitar orchestra under the direction of Miss Eugenia A. Kelly. The words and music of the poem were composed by Miss Kelly, and those who have heard a rehearsal of it say that it will prove the most charming feature of the programme. It is certainly new and novel.

Mr. Frank Miller, who two years ago set aside the value of a lot in this city to encourage the singing art in local people, proposes to sell the lot and put $100 of it in Miss Carly's purse, on a promise from her that on her return from Europe she will agree to give a concert here for the benefit of this music fund. Of course Miss Carly will accept the offer.

"THE FAKIR."

Hamlin's farce-comedy company, which met with great success in New York, will be seen at the Metropolitan Theater on Monday and Tuesday evenings next. Like its congeners, "The Fakir" is built to make fun. The authors, Paul M. Potter and Harry L. Hamlin, make no claim to high literary merit or elaborate dramatic construction for their bantling. What there is of dialogue is crisp and entirely without the shadow of vulgarity. The costumes of the women are magnificent. Their faces are pretty and their forms all that an artist could desire. The music is "bright," the specialties are numerous and elaborate.

The action hinges on the complications in which a retired fakir, who has made his fortune from a confiding and long-suffering public, finds himself through his relations with the members of the Folly Burlesque company, who have been invited to his country seat through fraudulent advertisement signed with his name, Seth Boker. The opening scene is the lawn of Mr. Boker's summer residence. The incidents of the second act are located in the green-room of the Folly Theater, where the specialists have full swing for uproarious merriment. The final scene is the drawing-room of the fakir's city residence.

It will readily be seen that, within the limits here indicated there is the fullest opportunity for harmless fun-making. The movement is rapid and the action spirited throughout. To the average critic this latest arrival of the farce comedy family, which has taken such a prodigious hold on the popular taste of late, presents several distinct and pleasant suprises. The text is absolutely clean and without a single double entendre. It does not depend for success upon mere horseplay. Every man and woman in the cast has something to do and does it well, so that there are no makeshifts or dummies. There is no skirt-dance, and no imitation of Carmencita. The company has been selected with a view to the ability of every member of it in some special line and every one gets a fair chance for the exhibition of his or her ability in that line. It is said that there is no piece on the stage to-day which can pass an evening more pleasantly for an audience in search of unadulterated fun than "The Fakir," with his group of merrymakers.

In the company are Max Arnold, Alf Hampton, Rosa France, Lillian Markham, Helen Reimer, John Gilroy, Eva Randoph, William F. Mack, Alice Carle, Dan Barrett, Stella Ellis, Madge Abbott and others.

"CREDIT LORRAINE."

Lillian Lewis and the Credit Lorraine Company are on their way west. Of their appearance in Salt Lake the *Tribune* says:

Among the most emphatic successes of the theatrical season will be recorded "Credit Lorraine" by the Lillian Lewis Company last evening. Miss Lewis, coming a stranger to Salt Lake, should feel proud of the warmth of her reception—a warmth evinced in frequent applause and in calls and recalls at the end of each act. It was an audience that, starting apathetic, soon became so enrapt in the production as to give way to laughter, breathless suspense, cheers, horror and tears in turn.

The story of "Credit Lorraine" is skillfully constructed and happily conceived. It is one of the best emotional plays that has been presented to us in many a day. The magnitude of its scope is such as to compel the closest attention of the hearer, as the loss of the least portion breaks the thread of the whole plot.

STAGE NOTES.

Money is still unlocked with "A Bunch of Keys."

Mme. Cerito, mother of Patti Rosa, is seriously ill.

When a show is tied up the performers are "at liberty."

Minnie Palmer is said to have joined the London Gaiety Company.

"Kidnaped" has stolen the hearts of those who love thrilling drama.

Mrs. F. M. Bates is playing Mrs. Stanley in "The Blue and the Gray" at the Alcazar.

Lillian Markham, now with "The Fakir," returns to "The Parlor Match" next season.

The stage manager of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" is Strong; but he is not as strong as Sullivan.

Duncan B. Harrison, in writing "Honest Hearts," has produced a play far superior to a majority of the fortune-winning Irish dramas.

Clever Minnie Dupree has scored quite a success as Zerlina, in Richard Mansfield's new play, "Don Juan," at the Garden Theater, New York.

The Lilliputian Spectacular Operatic Burlesque Company will open at the Baldwin Theater, June 8th. None of the principals are ever three feet in hight.

"The Fakir" was written by Paul M. Potter, author of "The City Directory," and was produced in its present shape before the "Directory" saw the light of day.

Margaret Mather has signed a contract with Joseph J. Levy, who for some years has been the business manager for the Booth and Barrett combination, and will go out under his direction next season.

Toni Meister, the dialect midget actress with the Liliputians, is an authoress of considerable reputation, and her poems and essays are to be frequently found in the principal German periodicals and magazines.

J. K. Emmett, it is announced, will shortly wed Helen Sedgwick, a clever and pretty young actress who has been a member of his company for some time. Mr. Emmett and Miss Sedgwick are at present in England.

Miss Blair is making a great hit in "A Royal Pass" in the character of Loris, a spy and a supposed deaf mute. Her acting throughout is said to be remarkable for its earnestness and intensity, and her whole treatment of her part is skillful.

Eva Randolph, Alice Carle, Lillian Markham and Stella Ellis are four of the most talented singers and actresses ever seen in farce-comedy. They all have prominent parts in "The Fakir," which comes to the Metropolitan Theater Monday evening next.

Manager Charles P. Hall's coming attractions for his Sacramento theaters are: "The Fakir," June 1st-2d; "Mr. Barnes of New York," 12th-13th; John L. Sullivan, 15th-16th; "The Limited Mail," 19th-20th; Katie Emmett, 26th-27th; Chas. Frohman's Company, July 3d-4th.

Horace Lewis of the Barnes of New York Company has a son, aged about six, names Walter, who has shared with the older and more experienced actors and actresses of The Soudan Company the honors of the season. Next season he will play the part now intrusted to Willie Eddinger in the traveling company—that of Dick, the waif.

Charley Hall was speaking after the performance at the Bush-street Theater Monday night about the ten boxes in the theater. Ed. Bloom corrected him: "Eight, Charley." Hall reiterated "ten," and explained, "Four on each side." Bloom interrupted, "That makes eight." Hall resumed, "And two on the stage—Sullivan's box makes nine, and Lannon's box makes ten." Will McConnell fainted. —Music and Drama.

THEY'RE OUT OF STYLE.

The maiden frail and airy,
She who emulates the fairy,
Has by Dame Fashion's stern decree become passe of late.
Her charms which once delighted
Now are almost wholly slighted,
In fact, the fragile maiden's very sadly out of date.

We used to bow before her,
But no longer we adore her;
Her baby ways and helplessness our hearts cannot beguile.
The pale, angelic creature's
Lily-white, sun-guarded features
We do not now appreciate because they're out of style.

Within the present summer
We have met a fair new-comer,
Who does away with helplessness and all that sort of thing,
Who's an adept at rowing,
Swimming, tennis, fencing, throwing
And walks most any distance with an easy, pleasant swing.

She's graceful, strong and agile,
Not the least bit pale or fragile,
She doesn't faint because her face may catch a shade of tan;
She's neither weak nor stupid,
But she's just the girl that Cupid
With honest joy can join for life with any lucky man.
—Chicago Post.

Population of Leading Cities.

The leading cities of Illinois, along to the sixth place in population, are Chicago, Peoria, Quincy, Joliet, Rockford and Springfield. Chicago has 1,099,133 inhabitants; Peoria, 40,758; Quincy, 31,478; Joliet, 27,407; Rockford, 25,589; Springfield, 24,852. No other Illinois city comes up to the 20,000 mark in population. The five leading Indiana cities, with their population, are Indianapolis, 107,445; Evansville, 50,674; Fort Wayne, 35,349; Terre Haute, 30,287; South Bend, 21,786. These are the Indiana towns having 20,000 inhabitants and upward.

A man walked into a Lowell, Mass., bar-room last week, bought 25 cents' worth of cigars, and offered a $1,000 bill in payment, He was somewhat taken aback when the saloon-keeper pocketed the bill and counted out for change $999 75 in silver.

THERE would be no indigestion in the world if Angostura Bitters were used by all. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, manufacturers.

BRONCHITIS.—For hoarseness and sore throat, Brown's Bronchial Troches are a specific.

PINCHED FACE, BLUE LIPS.

Why a Lady Was So Unattractive.

"I saw a lady with pinched features, blue lips and a ruddy nose, as I came down in the cars this morning," said one of the leading doctors of America recently. "She was unhappy, and really did not know the cause. But I, as a physician, though never having seen her before, knew exactly the source of her trouble. What was it? She was suffering from malaria. This, you know, is now the great disease, and it seems to be on the increase."

"Is malaria dangerous, doctor?"

"Yes, and no. It is the indirect cause of many, perhaps most diseases, and it always puts a person in a condition to invite disease, although it is bad enough of itself."

"And what do you do for it?"

"Ah! There is the hardest part of the subject. The principal remedy has been quinine, but it is not always advisable. One thing, however, is almost a necessity in any case of malaria, and that is a pure stimulant, preferably whisky. Where it is the right kind it seems to kill all the germs of malaria quicker than any other known thing."

The remarks of the doctor are most valuable, but he did not go on to state what is known to the writer—that both himself and most prominent physicians prescribe Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky. Their reasons for this are many, the principal ones being that it is the only medicinal whisky in the market and the only one which for years has stood the most scrutinizing chemical tests. Of course cheaper and impure whiskies have been advocated and certain unscrupulous dealers try to sell them because they can make a larger profit upon them than they can upon a pure and expensive whisky like Duffy's Malt, but any one who desires health and to keep off malaria should insist upon having Duffy's and take no other.

SPECIAL TO-DAY:

Fresh Ranch Butter	30c per roll
Coal Oil	$1
Gasoline	$1
Coffee	25 cents per pound
Tomatoes	10 cents per can
Honey	10 cents per comb

Choice Teas and Coffees.

PLAZA CASH GROCERY,

HOECKEL & CO., Proprietors,

Northwest Corner Tenth and J Streets.

Moynihan's

418 J STREET, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Home-made Candies and Ice Cream Soda. my21-6m

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S ALWAYS RELIABLE PILLS PURELY VEGETABLE

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy,

CURES ALL DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Piles, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. PRICE, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists. ☞ If your storekeeper is out of them we will mail you a box on receipt of price, or five for $1.

WS&w RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

Auctions.

GRAND EXCURSION.

TO THE COUNTY SEAT OF THE

New Glenn County,

Formerly part of Colusa County,

WILLOWS.

EXCURSION TRAIN WILL LEAVE OAKland Ferry, foot of Market street, on

Saturday, June 6, 1891,

At 7 o'clock A. M. sharp; arriving at Willows at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at Port Costa, Dixon, Davisville, Woodland, Williams, Colusa Junction and Maxwell.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

To Willows and return from the following stations:

$3 00	San Francisco	$3 00
$2 50	Dixon	$2 50
$2 00	Davisville and Woodland	$2 00
$1 00	Will'ms, Colusa J'n & Maxwell	$1 00

Excursion tickets from San Francisco obtainable at Easton, Eldridge & Co.'s, 638 Market street, San Francisco, and from way stations on board the train. FREE COLLATION on the train before reaching Willows.

Upon arrival of the train we will sell at

AUCTION

—ON THE PREMISES—

50—TOWN LOTS—50

Fronting Plumas and Willows streets, Murdock and Marshall avenues. ALSO, in the EAST WILLOWS Addition to the town of Willows

75—Choice Town Lots—75

—AND—

25—Choice Villa Lots—25

Comprising from 1 to 10 acres.

—ALSO—

A CHOICE RANCH OF 205 ACRES,

With comfortable house and barn, known as the JAMES McCUNE RANCH, 5 miles east of the town of Willows and adjoining the celebrated Glenn Ranch. Elegant land for fruit, etc. Irrigation canal within a very short distance.

ALSO, Fine Ranch immediately adjacent to the station of Logandale, the first important station south of Willows, being N. E. ¼ of section 4, township 18 north, range 3 west, M. D. B. M., containing 160 acres.

For catalogues, terms, etc., inquire of

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Auctioneers, 638 Market St., S. F.

my28,30,je2,4,5,6

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

GERMAN Sweet Chocolate.

The most popular sweet Chocolate in the market. It is nutritious and palatable; a particular favorite with children, and a most excellent article for family use.

Served as a drink or eaten as Confectionery, it is a delicious Chocolate.

The genuine is stamped upon the wrapper, S. German, Dorchester, Mass.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

The Original and Genuine

(WORCESTERSHIRE)

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Beware of Imitations;

see that you get Lea & Perrins'

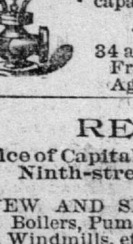
Lea & Perrins

Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Wood-working Machinery

OF ALL KINDS, OF BEST make and Lowest Price. SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY, HOE CHISEL TOOTH SAWS, Etc.



ENGINE GOVERNORS,

IRON-WORKING TOOLS, CROSBY STEAM GAUGES, ENGINES and BOILERS of any capacity, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN, 34 and 36 Fremont street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Agents. WS

REMOVAL.

Office of Capital Iron Works Removed to Ninth-street Side of Building.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND ENGINES, Boilers, Pumps, Gas Engines, Horse-powers, Windmills, etc. Wells bored by steam. ap24-S&wtf M. R. ROSE.

$4 BUYS A CORD

OF OLD LUMBER WOOD, OR $6 A TON of Coal at the C. O. D. YARD, Fourth and streets.

Capay Valley Lands.

A CAPAY COLONY.

Busy Fruit-Growers in a Pretty Yolo Valley—Tancred and Its Adjoining Farms.

IN THE SPRING OF LAST YEAR Robert A. and Neal D. Barker associated themselves with William McKay, all of Oakland, with a view of searching out a suitable location in which to engage in the profitable occupation of fruit-growing. After visiting many localities, they decided on the Capay Valley, Yolo County, and the Rhodes tract at Tancred.

Negotiations were opened with the Capay Valley Land Company, owning the tract in question. With W. H. Mills, the General Agent of that company, they arranged for the purchase of about 220 acres of foothill land. This being more than they had thought of taking for their own use, they spoke to a number of friends about it, with the result that the tract was divided among the following people: B. L. Hickok, 40 acres; W. T. Barnett, 20 acres; N. T. Greathead, 20 acres; Mrs. L. Greathead, 20 acres; W. McKay, 20 acres; N. D. Barker, 20 acres; R. A. Barker, 20 acres; J. P. Brownlee, 20 acres; E. H. Haslett, 10 acres; Joseph Barker, 10 acres; A. W. Kelly, 10 acres, and Frederick Kelly, 10 acres.

So far this had been merely a private venture of the gentlemen above named, but in talking up the question of dividing the land already purchased, it was found that so many more would like to join it than the area of the purchase would admit of, that it was suggested on all hands, "Why not get some more land and divide it up in the same way?" Then followed the idea of a stock company to take hold of a larger tract and arrange for the cultivation of the whole of it, after subdividing it according to the requirements of the subscribers. A provisional board was formed, a prospectus issued, and finally, on the 5th of June, 1890, the Western Co-operative Colonization and Improvement Company was duly registered and proceeded to business, with the following officers: President, William McKay; Vice-President, M. P. Brown; Directors—H. C. Ellis, Charles Brooke and R. A. Barker; Secretary and General Manage Neal D. Barker; Solicitor, C. E. Snook; Treasurer, First National Bank of Oakland.

The balance of the tract, 373 acres, was purchased. A contract was entered into for the purchase of a large number of fruit trees, vines, etc. This early purchase of trees was the means of saving between $3,000 and $4,000 to the company, the prices in some cases having more than doubled since then.

The ideas which the prospectus set forth have been but slightly modified and the progress of the company has been uninterrupted. Those who went into it doubtingly have become enthusiastic, and almost all the members arranged to set out all their lands in fruit trees, etc., the first year. Consequently in this, the first season, some 40,000 trees and between 20,000 and 30,000 vines will be planted.

The satisfactory working of this scheme has had the effect of attracting considerable attention to the work of the Colony Company, and a number of people are now desirous of joining in with them. An additional 200 acres have been added to the sixty acres originally purchased.

For the company is predicted a very bright future, as well as for the beautiful valley in which their operations are conducted. How this marvelous little garden has come to be so long neglected is a puzzle to every one who has visited it, but one thing is very sure, and that is that this neglect will never again be felt in the valley.

The fruits set out are mostly of the standard varieties--peaches, apricots, Bartlett pears, prunes, figs, raisin grapes, etc., while along both sides of the avenues, throughout the tract, walnuts will throw their grateful shade. A considerable number of citrus trees are also being set out; quite a sufficient number to demonstrate that these fruits can be successfully grown in the valley, about which the colonists appear to have no doubt, provided proper care is given to the young trees. Neal D. Barker, General Manager of the company, resides on the tract, and to his care is to be ascribed much of the success of the venture.

Mention should be made of the town-site, about which there is a pleasant innovation which might with profit be followed by more ambitious places. A small park of some three acres has been laid out right in the center of the town. This park it is proposed to beautify by planting in it from time to time as many of the beauties and curiosities of tree and shrub life as may be obtained by diligent search and a wise expenditure of money. It is not expected that Tancred will ever be a large and busy city, but it is thought that it can be made a very pleasant little place to dwell in.

A petition has been circulated recently and very largely signed, asking the county to accept Island avenue, on the colony tract, as a county road, and to build a bridge across Cache Creek at this point, in order to give the settlers on the east side of the creek access to Tancred Station. The Tancred colonists are quite willing to give the necessary right of way, and are very desirous of having a bridge there, as the colony lands extend along both sides of the stream. It is thought that it would be a very wise expenditure of public money to grant them this very necessary improvement, as the operations of such companies are of widespread benefit to the whole county and State. The attractions and comforts of the cities are well known, but to those who are willing to settle on the land and show that the country also affords attractions and comforts, and ways of making money pleasantly, every inducement should be held forth.

The following is a list of the principal members of the Tancred Colony, with the number of acres owned by each, and a fact worthy of mention is that in each contract or deed issued by the Colony Company there is a provision that no intoxicating liquor shall ever be manufactured or sold on the land. The apparent success of the enterprise shows that the ideas and plans of the colony, as set forth in the prospectus some time ago, are not impracticable: C. T. Hull, Berkeley, 5 acres; W. P. Hammond, Oakland, 14 acres; C. S. Kasson, San Francisco, 11 acres; Jos. Barker, 10 acres; A. W. Kelly, Kincardine, Ont., 5 acres; N. T. Greathead, 5 acres; R. G. Greathead, Oakland, 10 acres; R. A. Barker, San Francisco, 10 acres; N. D. Barker, Tancred, 10 acres; Dr. K. Favor, San Francisco, 27 acres; J. P. Brownlee, Kincardine, Ont., 9 acres; W. T. Barnett, Berkeley, 5 acres; M. P. Brown, 10 acres; Chas. Brook, Sr., Oakland, 10 acres; W. C. Boutelle, Berkeley, 20 acres; Mrs. T. A. Crellin, Oakland, 5 acres; C. H. Peach, Tancred, 5 acres; H. C. Ellis, Oakland, 10 acres; J. Vanstone, Winnipeg, 10 acres; E. A. Vanstone, Tancred, 5 acres; E. Wadsworth, Sacramento, 5 acres; M. A. Thomas, Oakland, 6 acres; James Graham, San Francisco, 11 acres; A. Stark, 12 acres; J. Stark, 10 acres; Mrs. M. Vrooman, 5 acres; C. E. Snook, 10 acres; C. T. Greathead, 12 acres; Wm. McKay, 5 acres; Mrs. Wm. McKay, Oakland, 5 acres; Mrs. E. C. Wooley, Brooklyn, N. Y., 10 acres; Mrs. H. Beckley, Oakland, 5 acres; T. A. Marriett, 5 acres; J. C. Harrison, Tancred, 5 acres. The land reserved by the Colony Company, including townsite, consists of 61 acres.

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