MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Charming Legend of "The Twelve Temptations."

George C. Staley in "A Royal Pass"—Dramatic Censorship—Perfection in Dancing-Skirts—St. Paul as a Theater-Goer—Stage Notes.

Commencing Friday next, July 31st, the Metropolitan will present a spectacle which for its worth as a stage entertainment has never been excelled here. Reference is made to the "second edition" of William J. Gilmore's magnificent spectacle, "The Twelve Temptations," which will be introduced here with everything new in the way of scenery, ballets, premiers, specialties, costumes, and music. It is one of, if not the largest, theatrical organization that travels, which has a numerical strength of sixty-seven people.

"The Twelve Temptations" presents a mythical story of the elements, an idyl of ice and sun. It is not more improbable than the average "yarn" that is woven into the ordinary drama. It requires some little elasticity of the imagination, of course, to people the solar and polar regions with creatures and objects so familiar, and to make a Prime Minister of Boreas and a goblin of Jack Frost. The overcritical may be disinclined to yield to the blandishments of gnomes, spirits and queens of sun and snow, and some may be found who are so matter-of-fact as to deny these strange creatures the delight of merry-making, the perils of love, the pangs of jealousy, the bliss of fellowship, and all the sympathy, sorrow, happiness and all the kindred feelings possessed by mortals. The same persons declare William Tell to be a myth; that Shakespeare was not the author of his own plays, and that Pocahontas existed only in the fancy of Captain John Smith. Surely something ought to be left to us in the way of enchantment, so why not spare the fairies, the elves and the sprites?

It is of this material Mr. Yale has fashioned a legend alternately warm and cold, changeable as the seasons, and one that flits from the council chamber of Boreas, past village and sea, through caverns of the Green Dragon, over golden galleys and jeweled terrace to the home of the dazzling Queen of the Sun. The plot is thus epitomized: Zero, the Queen of the Polar Region, has fallen in love with a mortal known as Hubert, a valiant Count of Wurldburg, a supposed principality of Norway. With the aid of Boreas, her Prime Minister, Zero concocts a scheme to place Hubert in her power. Boreas, in the disguise of a monk, visits Hubert and inflames his mind with marvelous stories of the gold, silver and jewels that lie buried in the Arctics. Hubert hesitates, remembering that eleven of his ancestors had perished in the attempt to possess these treasures, but Boreas quiets the young hero's fears by stating that the twelfth of his race was destined to win the great prize. It is from this incident the novel narrative derives its name, "The Twelve Temptations." Hubert finally consents to make the expedition, and, with his followers, agrees to set sail the next morning, the disguised Boreas to accompany them as guide. In the meantime Zero, to make certain of the young hero's undivided love, dispatches one of her attendant goblins, Jack Frost, to abduct Hubert's betrothed, Felicia, whom she intends to offer up as a sacrifice to the Green Dragon, as a tribute for total possession of the Arctic Kingdom. Hubert is warned by Solaris, Queen of the Sun, of the proposed abduction, but arrives too late to prevent it. He therefore embarks immediately for the Arctic region in pursuit of his betrothed. On the voyage he is attacked by Malay pirates, led by Jejeeh, who impersonates a ship-wrecked mariner. Jejeeh and the other pirates, after being cared for by Hubert, endeavor to massacre all on board. In this they are thwarted by Snoro Apropos, one of Hubert's henchmen. The Malays are captured and are about to be executed when Boreas throws off his disguise and claims the entire party as prisoners of Zero. Through magic art, summoned by Boreas, the ship becomes a wreck and is driven into the heart of the frigid zone, where all perish except Hubert and Snoro, who are eventually rescued from death by Zero. Hubert, discovering the power of Zero, apparently accepts her proffered love, and is proclaimed King before her court. Bright Eyes, a snow nymph, who has become enamored of Snoro, informs him of the whereabouts of Felicia. Snoro tells Hubert, and they resolve to resue her. Their plan is overheard by Zero, whereupon she repudiates Hubert and attempts to remove him as a captive, but is unexpectedly thwarted by Solaris, the Queen of the Sun, and Hubert's good angel. Hubert subsequently finds the hidden treasure and returns to Norway with Felicia and Snoro. The marriage ceremony is about to be performed when Zero and her attendants appear and endeavor to carry off Hubert and Felicia, the plot being again prevented by Solaris, who banishes Zero to her icy dominions, never to return.

"A ROYAL PASS."

Although Mr. George C. Staley in "A Royal Pass" has never visited us previous to this season, he has established a reputation in other cities that entitles him to a respectable consideration. He is described as a handsome man of great dramatic ability, especially in comedy, which is his forte. He is a sweet singer, and introduces some very beautiful songs and lullabys during the course of the play. "A Royal Pass" is highly interesting and amusing, is richly and picturesquely costumed, and interpreted by a strong company. Sacramento will have a chance to see it on Monday evening next.

DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP.

The committee of the French Chamber, appointed to examine the whole question of dramatic censorship, has recommended a bill abolishing the scrutiny of plays for a period of three years, as an experiment. It leaves to the Government, however, the right of prohibiting plays which might be offensive to foreign Powers or their diplomatic representatives. There is much difference of opinion, of course, as to the effect of such liberty upon the stage, some writers fearing that unscrupulous managers will seek to attract the vulgar crowd by indecency, while others maintain that the general public, so far as indelicacy is concerned, is likely to prove more conservative than the censorship itself. This latter view is probably the correct one. At all events it would be difficult for any French theater to go beyond the limits allowed by the censorship without transgressing the ordinary police regulations.

PERFECTION IN DANCING SKIRTS.

The dresses of the chorus girls in the new operetta, "The Nautch Girl," at the London Savoy, are said to be as striking as they are correct. The skirts are of Indian gauze, so fine that there is required an eighth of a mile for each. Instead of sticking out in the usual fashion of the ballet dancer, it clings close to the figure and has a billowy effect when the dancer moves. No skirts are required beneath, as it is equivalent to any number of ordinary lace skirts, and the effect sought after in the skirt dance with accordia-plait skirt is obtained in a much more beautiful manner.

ST. PAUL A THEATER-GOER.

Bishop Coxe's criticisms of bicycling by women reminds the *Washington Post* of the time when ex-Chief Justice Drake, of the Court of Claims, addressing a meeting of the Washington City presbytery against theater-going, and being asked where the Bible condemned it, answered that of course theaters were not mentioned in the Bible—a remark which brought up Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the First Church, like a shot, but in his suavest manner, with: "I beg the Judge's pardon, but we read in the book of the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul went to the theater at Ephesus." The Judge was floored.

STAGE NOTES.

Julia Marlowe will return from Europe early in August.

Marie Tempest is down sick with the measles in London.

Manager R. M. Hooley expects to start for Long Branch soon.

"Alvin Joslin" Davis will christen his new Pittsburg theater the Alvin.

Archibald Gordon has sold his new play, "Tennessee," to Lizzie Evans.

"The Fakir" will not be sent out again next season. It has been a heavy money loser.

Robert B. Mantell will play a three months' engagement in England next season.

Francis Wilson is employing his leisure time this summer playing lawn tennis.

Sybil Johnstone has secured a strong American play in which she will appear next season.

Charles A. Gardner's next season will be August 24th at the Grand Opera-house, New York.

Hattie Harvey has been engaged to play a leading part in Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground."

"The Fencing Master," a new opera by De Koven and Smith, has been secured by Agnes Huntington.

Edwin Booth's fine Newport estate is to let. The famous actor says he will never occupy it again.

"The Last Lamented" at the Court Theater is one of the comedy successes of the season in the metropolis.

"Myrella," Gounod's opera, was recently sung in Philadelphia for the first time in America in many years.

Gilbert and Sullivan's grand opera, "Ivanhoe," will receive its first American production at the Globe Theater, Boston.

"Uncle Celestin," Audran's latest successful opera now running in Paris, will be produced this season at the New York Casino.

Isabella Annesley has purchased "Mr. Darlington Widow's,' a society comedy, by John Douglas, an English writer of some repute.

Annie Pixley is unable to find a suitable play, and therefore will rest the coming season. She can afford to rest if she wishes to do so.

Joseph Haworth, Minna Gale and George Marion participated in an outdoor performance of "As You Like It" at Pittsburg recently.

"Drink," the London Drury Lane's greatest success, has been revived in a splendid manner. Charles Warner plays his old port of Coupeau.

Ernest Possart, the famous German actor, will make an American tour during the season of 1892-93, for which he is to receive a certainty of $75,000.

It is definitely settled that Henry Irving will appear in New York next year. He will occupy Daly's Theater for the whole season, beginning October, 1892.

Belle Bilton, the Countess of Clancarty, has retired from her role of Venus in the provincial company of which she was a member. Miss Daisy Baldry takes her place.

Tony Pastor, Frank Daniels, A. H. Canby, John R. Rogers, Margaret Mather and Wilton Lackaye are among the American professional contingency in London.

Paul Arthur, of Nat. Goodwin's last season's company, has signed with Chas. Frohman for a term of years. He will play one of the leading roles in the new comedy, "Jane."

From the present outlook the theatrical season of 1891-92 will begin much earlier than usual. A majority of the traveling combinations will be on the road by the latter part of August.

"Amy Robsart" will be the principal play of Marie Wainwright's repertory for next season. This play is the one in which the late Adelaide Neilson scored one of her greatest triumphs.

"Jimmy" Powers has gone to Europe, where he will look for a new play to succeed "A Straight Tip." Powers says he is tired of farce-comedy and may soon venture into the legitimate.

The indications for next season are that farce-comedy will be more popular than ever. Several of the New York theaters have their entire season booked with this class of entertainments.

London gossippers continue to find much to say about Mary Anderson Navarro. The latest rumor is that she is writing a book of stage memoirs. There is probably no truth in the rumor.

It is said that Henry Miller will receive $200 per week salary from Marie Wainwright next season, besides being furnished with a valet and all his costumes. Miller's popularity is on the increase.

Negotiations are pending for the formation of a combination between Louis James and Frederick Warde for a joint starring tour during the season of 1892-93. This would be a very strong combination.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will play one week in Manchester and another in Liverpool before returning to this country in September. These will be their only performances in England before next year.

"Bobby" Gaylor will start early next month on a tour with his new play, "Sport McAllister." His tour this season will be chiefly through the South, and he is booked to open several new theaters.

Richard Mansfield's Summer season at the Garden Theater, New York, came to an abrupt termination July 13th. No explanation was given, save that Mr. Mansfield needed rest. He will resume July 29th.

The new actors' association in England, of which Henry Irving is President, has now 500 members. The objects of it are healthful dressing-rooms, arbitration for disputes, and the suppression of fraudulent and speculative managements.

Frederick Bock, Wilfred Clarke and Fannie McIntyre have been added to Jacob Litt's fine stock company, which is already one of the strongest on the road. They will shortly produce "Diplomacy" and "The Banker's Daughter."

"Dick Wilder," a romantic melodrama by Mrs. Musgrave, author of "Our Flat," was played recently in London, but was not particularly successful. It tells an improbable tale of the tribulations of the virtuous hero caused by his resemblance to his twin brother, a wicked highwayman.

Maggie Mitchell's next season will begin somewhat later than usual. She will present at least one new play, the "Little Maverick," written by C. T. Dazey, which will be mounted and directed by Ben Teal, her husband's partner in the firm of Abbott & Teal. The popular actress will pass the summer at Long Branch.

"Abraham Lincoln," McKee Rankin and Archibald Gordon's much-talked-of dramatic venture, will be produced at Indianapolis in September. A strong scene in the play will be the assassination of the President by J. Wilkes Booth. It is not likely that the introduction of this episode will be very pleasing to Edwin Booth.

Sarah Bernhardt's real name is Sarah Rasine. She is a Jewess, of French and Dutch parentage, and was born in Paris, October 22, 1844. Her first stage appearance was in 1864 at the Theater Francaise. The play, "Iphigene," was not a success. She next appeared with success at the Gymnase and the Porte St. Martin Theaters and made her first marked hit at the Odeon in 1867.

John Stetson, the well-known Boston manager, has secured the rights to "The Tar and the Tartar" for such territory as will not be covered by the regular company. Mr. Stetson has arranged with Marion Manola to star in the opera with her new husband, Jack Mason. The route of the company will be chiefly in the South and New England.

"Niobe," the merry farce by Harry and Edward Paulton, is on its third week at the Boston Museum. As presented by Abbott & Teal's company "Niobe" seems to have made a hit. The idea of having a statue come to life is hardly novel, of course, but in this case the incidents are well worked out and the players keep the action at a lively pitch. Carrie Turner is very clever in the title role.

TWO HOBOS OF SEDRO.

"I swipes things," Hobo Jack said, in reply to my inquiry relative to the ways and means employed by him to live.

At short intervals during the past summer I was called from Fairhaven, on Bellingham Bay, to Hamilton, on the Skaget River. Both places are in Washington. I had frequently to stay in Sedro, at which point the railroad then terminated, for from four to twelve hours, and several times I remained there over night. To kill time I added two hobos to the list of my acquaintances, Hobo Jack and Hobo Paddy. The former was a handsome, well-built, fairly-educated rascal from Baltimore; the latter was a short, stocky, large-headed, merry-eyed and smiling Irishman. Both men were thorough hobos. They were professional thieves. They were never known to be sober, save on rare occasions when sobriety was necessary to execute successfully some rascality. But drunk or sober they were shrewd, conscienceless scoundrels. Hobo Jack affected cleanliness. He was a dandy among hobos. A strong affinity existed between Paddy and dirt—so strong that it might properly be characterized as an absorbing passion. A sincere affection existed between the two hobos. Jack possessed the master mind, and Paddy not only loved him in a hoboish way, but he in addition highly respected him and was dreadfully afraid of him.

A few words about Sedro, so that the *Times'* readers can understand the straits travelers were put to to kill time in that town. It was a new town without any apparent future. Its only industry was to dig up stumps, to pile logs preparatory to burning them, to sell mean whisky and almost undrinkable beer to thirsty or merry men from Scandinavia, and to sell town lots to speculative people. As I have written, the town was new; there was no municipal government, no police officers, no Justice of the Peace, no court of any kind. No man had lawful authority to arrest another. Sedro was a pleasant haven for hobos. There they could safely drink to excess and howl and fight and steal, and no man could say them nay. Hobos and Scandinavians and scarlet women merrily danced in dirty rooms that had threshing-floor-like floors, and that were alleged to be music halls, just as though music could be extracted from a combination of a cracked fiddle and a hurdy-gurdy. The latter is a particularly cruel instrument of torture out of which music is ground by turning a crank, and which has a range of four tunes. At Sedro the artist who turned the crank was usually a Scandinavian just arrived from some near-by logging-camp, and who was more or less under the influence of liquor, but generally arrived at the superlative degree of alcoholism.

I have written that the hurdy-gurdy was built to play four tunes; so it was, but I have heard a score of tunes—at any rate they sounded unlike—ground out of one of these dreadful machines by one Scandinavian, as he gradually and joyously traveled the alcoholic path that leads from 6 A. M. sobriety to 6 P. M. intoxication which was sleep-creating in his case. Gamblers, called tin-horn in scorn, swarmed around the open doors of the saloons as bees around a hive, and coaxed drunken and easily-plundered men to play at their unfair games. There were no hotels. Travelers slept wherever they could—under tables, on floors, in lofts above barrooms, in sheds and in saloons. Such was Sedro when it was young.

Early one bright summer morning I arrived at Sedro from Mount Vernon and missed the up-river steamboat and the tri-weekly stage. I was in for a day and probably for a night at the loathsome town. I walked to a canvas-covered saloon call the Sapp, in which was a famous hurdy-gurdy that had driven many powerful and abstemious men to strong drink, and under the floor of which hobos slept the deep sleep of profound intoxication. Waving good morning to the saloon-keeper, I passed through the gambling tables to the rear of the saloon, and placed my light grip under lock and key beyond the predatory clutch of hobos' hands. Then I walked to the front of the saloon, and seated myself on a long bench that stood on the sidewalk and which was vacant at so early an hour. Sedro was asleep. It habitually kept late hours. The saloon-keeper joined me, and as I was enjoying the glories of a summer morning in the Skaget Valley, he told me descriptive tales relative to fights and robberies—the sole news of the town. Presently there was a noise under the floor of the saloon that sounded as though some impatient man was kicking upward against the floor. This sound was followed by low, but exceedingly earnest imprecations directed against the architect who had placed the interior floor sills so low that it was difficult to crawl under them. The muffled voice sounded familiar. I raised my eyebrows inquiringly at my comrade of the bench and said, "Paddy?"

"Yes," he replied. "Paddy is getting up. He 'rolled' a Swede last night and got drunk on a portion of the money. He was so drunk that he was afraid to go home for fear that Hobo Jack, his partner, would heavily fine him or beat him." The saloon keeper was silent for a moment; then he added, as he listened attentively to the denunciation of the architect, which became more vigorous and especial directed against the well-being of important organs that are necessary to healthful life, "Yes," he said, "Paddy is getting up, and he seems to be getting up wrong leg foremost." Which was indeed the case. Paddy crawled out from under the floor. He was very dirty. His shirt was in rags and his back was scratched. He was hatless. He staggered to his feet, caught sight of the saloon keeper, and instantly began to abuse, in terse and vigorous English, the sleeping apartment he furnished his customers. He felt of his head, and discovered that he had no hat. The only logical conclusion was that the saloon keeper had stolen it, and at that conclusion Paddy arrived instantly, and he denounced the whisky seller ragefully and offered to fight him for the hat and drinks, which offer the saloon keeper promptly declined. Then Paddy recognized me. He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew it forth filled with silver, which he exhibited to me. His manner was that of an intoxicated conqueror. In reply to my question as to where he had gotten the money, he, with perfect self-possession and as though he had performed a praiseworthy act, replied: "I swiped it from a Swede last night. Have a drink, Colonel?" he added hospitably, as he swayed to and fro before me. Paddy was possessed of the idea that I had commanded a regiment during the late war, which I had not, and invariably addressed me as "Colonel."

"No, Paddy; no drink this morning," I said.

"Then I will have two," he remarked; and he did. After this slight refreshment he seated himself on the sidewalk and engaged in hobo reminiscence, and I sat looking at his repulsive and dirty face and wondered how long he would live. As I gazed, his face blanched through its coat of dirt, and he started as though to rise. It was too late to escape. Hobo Jack, who bore a case of coal oil on his shoulder, strode from behind an immense cedar stump. He glared at Paddy savagely, placed the case carefully on the walk, and then approached Paddy, who vainly attempted to effect supreme composure, and stood in front of him shaking his long index finger in his face.

Jack said: "You have ruined the clothes I gave you from the contents of the gripsack that I swiped day before yesterday. You have meanly and in a most unfair manner gotten drunk by yourself. Pay your fine for that offense before I go on," he said, as though in an aside, and extending his hand toward the crushed Paddy, who reluctantly thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a half dollar which he humbly handed to Jack, and the cowed hobo's manner was as that of a beaten cur, and Jack, first pocketing the money, resumed his improving lecture. "You know," he said, "that to-day is pay-day in the big clearing where the Swedes work. It will be our busy day. Here you are half drunk at this early hour, and would willingly get wholly drunk if I would allow you to so basely take the bread out of our mouths." Jack pretended to supreme rage, and dashed at Paddy as though to destroy him, and Paddy whined his fear. Then, imperatively, and with clenched hand and waving right arm to emphasize his words, he said: "Go home and wash yourself, put on clean clothes, then eat a heavy breakfast to sober yourself, and do you get ready for business."

Paddy fled in fear-inspired obedience. "And," Jack shouted after him, "if you get drunk to-day before business is over I will murder you." Jack turned to me, and I was shocked to see that he, too, had been toying with the demon rum at so early an hour. "Colonel," he said, and his voice was thick with hospitable welcome and his bright eyes smiled with his red lips, "come have a drink with Hobo Jack," which invitation I most politely, but firmly, declined. Jack said that under the circumstances he would have two drinks, which he did, and which apparently refreshed him greatly.

"Charles," he said, addressing the saloon-keeper, "how much for the oil? I found the case last night and will sell it to you far below value."

"You stole it," the saloon keeper replied, "and I will not buy," which blunt remark created an embarrassing silence for a few minutes. Presently the early morning drunkards crawled out of hollow cedar stumps and from under houses and wandered by devious paths to the saloon to drink cocktails and more cocktails in hopes to steady their jerking nerves and to quiet their rebellious stomachs. The saloon-keeper left us, and Hobo Jack and I sat silently for a short time and then drifted into a preliminary conversation that became confidential, and which terminated in the remark which is the initial sentence of this sketch, and which I here repeat: "I swipes things," Hobo Jack said; "swipes things steadily, and I works a game, and a good game it is, too, on the Swedes on pay days and on Sundays. I make enough to live comfortably and to keep Paddy, too."

"Explain the game to me, Jack," I said.

"I will if you will promise not to give it away," he replied. I promised not to betray him. He looked at me earnestly for an instant and then said: "Colonel, a few months ago a gentleman of Sedro could live fairly well on the gripsacks that he found. He could keep well dressed even if the garments did not fit him. Occasionally a drummer for a cigar and tobacco house would lose a bag or a small sample trunk and the fortunate finder would be well supplied with cigars, though some of those cigars were not good." Jack ceased to talk. He shook his head and puckered his face as he conjured up the taste and smell of that famous Skaget Valley Cigar, "The Undertaker's Friend," several boxes of which he found in one gripsack that belonged to a gentleman who waved his hands wildly and palm uppermost around his shoulders when he discovered his loss. "Those were tough cigars," he said, and then he resumed the one-sided conversation. "It was easy in those happy days of the infancy of Sedro to 'roll' a drunken workingman. There were no dance-halls to absorb money that should be kept in circulation. Tin-horn gamblers did not then infest the town and rob honest hard-working men at their brace games. Paddy and I lived easy lives. The town grew. Gamblers and dancing-girls flocked in, and an alleged hotel was built, and now it is a red-letter day if we pick up a gripsack. We are no longer particular as to the size or quality. Time was when I would not look in a business way at anything in the shape of a grip unless it were made of alligator skin. At present I am thankful if I find a cheap, black oilcloth grip. And last week, Colonel," here his voice fell to a whisper and his head hung in shame, "last week I swiped a Swede's roll of blankets, and was glad to get them."

"Jack, I am dreadfully ashamed of you!" I exclaimed, in mock astonishment.

"Well, Colonel, I acknowledge that it was not nice, but,"—he added briskly, and as though to cause me to forget the blanket business—"but next day I picked up a bundle of law books that some fool lawyer was toting to Mount Vernon to enable him to make a bluff at a cheap judge before whom he was to try a case that neither of them knew anything about. This lucky find gave me my idea. You may have noticed Paddy's head!" he said, looking at me inquiringly. I recalled that close-cropped and shovel-scarred head, and frankly acknowledged that I had noticed it and thought that it was a hard-looking head to expose to the eyes of a critical world. "It is a large, well-shaped head," Jack said, "and when you make Paddy put on a clean shirt, first having thoroughly washed his face, and seat him behind a table, he is a grand-looking man, and far superior in appearance to any judge before whom I have been tried on this coast.

"The idea came to me with a rush. I would establish a court over which Paddy should preside. I would be constable and sole runner-in of drunken Swedes and make complaints against them, and collect such fines as the judge in his wisdom and mercy should sentence the prisoner to pay. Arrived at home, I explained the scheme to Paddy. He fell in with it at once. We cleaned up the courtroom and piled up the law books on the table. Then I cut a tin star out of the bottom of a fruit can and fastened it under the lapel of my coat, and after I had fashioned a club we were ready for business. We went to the saloons to search for drunken Swedes. You see," he said, in explanation of his apparent leaning toward that Scandinavian people, "Swedes cannot talk English, they know nothing of our laws, and, though a hard-drinking people, they are law-abiding and respectful to officers who represent law.

"We quickly found a Swede who had bought a semi-jag and who had money in his pocket. We watched him for hours, during which time he passed from the semi-jag stage to the wholly drunken condition that results from too free drinking of poor whisky. Paddy hurried home, leaving me to care for the victim. I talked to him and extolled the excellence of the beer that was drawn at the Sapp. Presently the Swede staggered out of the undesirable saloon he had been drinking in and among the vision-obscuring stumps toward the Sapp. That was my chance. I hastened after him, grabbed him by the shoulder and said savagely, 'What do you mean by getting drunk in this civilized community? You have broken the law. Come along with me!' I brandished my club and made as though to strike him. I jerked him and swore at him. He begged me not to kill him, and walked as a tottering child at my side. Soon I had him before the first Judge, who with commendable promptness fined him $10, and who gave him ten minutes to get out of town. He paid the fine, and released he staggered up the railroad track toward the camp where he worked.

"About dark I caught another drunken Swede, who was inclined to resist arrest. To him I show my tin star. He looked at it and weakened and appeared at the bar, and was fined $5, after paying which he disappeared into the forest. We do not operate extensively, just sufficient to keep us in food and whisky. We habitually steal cases of coal oil, or fruit, or canned meats, and liquors," here his voice dropped to a confidential whisper; and after a quick glance at the bar where a thirsty crowd stood, he said: "Last night I swiped a case of wine from the whisky mixer in there. How he will howl when he discovers his loss," he added, exultingly, and he filled a pipe and smoked calmly and listened attentively while I warned him of the danger he and Paddy ran in personating officers of the law and in establishing a bogus court.

"It is a bold fake, I know," Jack said as he removed the pipe from his mouth, "and a dangerous one to play, but it will be safe to keep the court running for a few weeks longer; then we will go to Hamilton."

"I will have you hanged if you do," I sweetly said. He looked at me intently for an instant, then knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said lightly: "Then I am not going. Don't you want to go to my house and see Judge Paddy and the courtroom?" he asked. I accepted the invitation. Jack shouldered the case of coal oil and we walked together among the stumps; arrived at a two-room house, small and poorly built, and which Jack and Paddy had squatted in directly after the builder and owner had abandoned, we entered. In the front room were a bedstead on which was spread a thick layer of old clothes covered by some blankets, probably those stolen from the Swede, a badly cracked and legless stove, two chairs, a broom, a few chipped dishes, two frying pans, two tin cups, a coffee pot that was far from clean, a pine table on which were a few law books, an ink-pot, pens and writing paper. If there was anything else in the room I did not see it. Paddy sat behind the table with steel-rimmed spectacles astride of his bulbous nose. He looked severely at me and admiringly at Jack. His eyes wandered toward my pocket as though to say, "It will be lighter when I get through with you, my boy." He did not smile when I complimented him on the fact of his having washed his face since I had last seen him. He listened gravely to Jack's explanation of my visit; at its conclusion he unbended and laughed merrily as he vividly painted the scenes that the afternoon would bring forth.

I talked long and earnestly with the hobos, too, and urged them to close their court and go to work. I assured them that the future held serious trouble in store for them if they continued to run their evil course. They laughed at trouble, as is the wont of the hobos, and made light of the future.

A tramp steamer whistled hoarsely down the river. I bade the hobos of Sedro farewell. As I walked briskly to the steamboat landing I passed drunken men. When I mounted to the deck I looked at the stump-incumbered clearing on which Sedro stands and saw Hobo Jack inspecting the drunken men through the keen eye of an expert to see if they had arrived at fit condition of alcoholism to be arrested. As we steamed up the river I saw Jack dodging among the stumps. I have never seen him since.

Business called me from the Skaget Valley. When I returned to the fair land the other day I was told that the two hobos of Sedro had fallen into the clutches of the law, that they had been arrested and brought before a lawfully-constituted court, over which a Judge who possessed no sense of humor presided, and that my hobos had retired from business and the public view simultaneously, and I further learned that they would not reappear for some years. I grieve for my hobos. They were by far the most interesting people whom I met in Sedro. They, with merry tales, had aided me to pass many hours that would otherwise have hung heavily. I am grateful to them for that service, and I trust that they enjoy the memories of the days when they owned a court.—*New York Times.*

THE CROWN OF WOMANHOOD.

Give back, O man, my ancient crown,
 Nor hence deny by sovereign right;
Bar not my way to fair renown,
 Nor seek to stay my upward flight.

The superstitions old as time,
 The haughty pride, the cruel sneer,
Must yield at last to truth sublime,
 The day of freedom draweth near.

What man hath done may woman do;
 Her brain as large, her sight as keen,
Her will as firm, her heart as true,
 As ever lordly man's have been.

Out of the dust I rise at last;
 I break my chains, defy my fate,
The days of servitude are past,
 I claim my place in Church and State.

O woman fair, surprised I hear
 Thy stern demand, thy lofty tone—
Of man I thought thou wert the peer,
 That all he has was all thine own.

I did not know that thou wert shorn
 Of what was thine by vested right;
The crown thy mother Eve had worn
 In the world's early morning light.

But, woman, if it be thy will
 To wear the crown which I have worn,
Take it, and wear it to thy fill.
 But know its laurel hides a thorn.

A thorn to stab thy heart and brain,
 To wound thy love, destroy thy rest,
And make thy toil and triumphs vain,
 And peace a stranger to thy breast.

A thorn to mar thy face so fair,
 And rob thee of thy grace so sweet,
And break the charm which everywhere
 Has brought earth's monarchs to thy feet.

Suppose the end long sought be won,
 And thou at length with man to stand;
And do with him whate'er be done
 Upon the sea, upon the land.

Remember, this is to uproot
 Distinctions, whether false or true,
Which underlie thy high repute,
 And bring thee honor as thy due.

Man as a builder makes the plan,
 He hews the timbers, breaks the stone,
But toiling on as best he can
 He fails at last if left alone.

Woman completes what man begins,
 'Tis hers to polish and refine;
But if she builds alone she sins
 Against her art and God's design.

Man searches for the truth unknown
 On seas where none have sailed before,
And every ocean, every zone,
 Adds to the wealth he brings to shore.

But love it is that braves the gales;
 Love is the anchor on his ships;
The winds which fan his drooping sails
 Are kisses from a woman's lips.

Blame not the world with partial meed,
 With friendly leaning to the man,
Nor say, till thou art sure, its creed
 Has put the woman under ban.

The world, though selfish, still is just;
 Sex is no bar to praise or blame;
Weakness is buried in the dust,
 And strength is lifted up to fame.

Depart the shadow from thy brow,
 The flash of anger from thy eye;
Recall again thy hasty vow,
 There's nothing left for which to sigh.

Love is thy scepter, hearts thy throne—
 Than this there is no higher good.
No crown so royal as thine own—
 Thy peerless crown of womanhood.
 —By the late Rev. A. D. Yocum.

Female tramps are becoming quite numerous in Michigan, and are giving the crews of the Michigan Central trains considerable trouble. A conductor on the road says they are found clinging to all parts of the cars and in dangerous places where the male tramp will not go.

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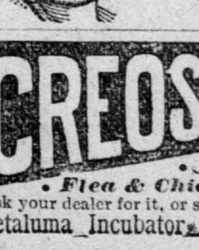

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Capay Valley Lands.

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 Manager 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. Bovtelle, 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, 6 acres. The land reserved by the Colony Company, including townsite, consists of 61 acres.

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