A TENDERFOOT'S EXPERIENCE.

Wild Goose Shooting in the Sacramento Valley.

"Parson" Tells the Readers of "Outing" How It Is Done—Dakota Shooting Not In It.

Commencing life in my youth in a game country, and having an indulgent father, who early placed in my hands a good gun, I soon learned to despise all other boyish pursuits and pastimes in comparison with roaming the prairies of Illinois and the wooded hills of Wisconsin with gun and dog. The passion for shooting has therefore never deserted me, and to-day, in middle-life, the tule marshes or stubble-field, the mountain stream or brushy point, where lurk the trout or deer, the tangled gulch or canyon resounding with the call of the jaunty California quail, or the ground lining the banks of some slow-moving stream, where squat and hide the English snipe, have many times more charm and fascination for me than the crowded routes of some fashionable seaside resort or the roar and bustle of a city's street.

After years spent in the most favored localities of those States which form on their edges the basin for the Father of Waters; having shot successively over large portions of Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas; having killed deer and bear in the pine woods of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan and the cane brakes of Eastern Arkansas; having seen the prairie grouse disappear from Illinois and grow scarce on the great uplands of Minnesota and the Dakotas; having whiled away many an autumnal day on the lagoons of the lower Mississippi and the marshes of Central Wisconsin, luring with decoy and seductive caller to their fate mallard and teal, I find myself at last in the Golden State, with different surroundings it is true, but with the same old passion for gun and dog.

I well remember the impressions created upon my sporting instincts when, on a day some three years since, I made my first entrance into the beautiful Sacramento Valley.

The horizon all around, save just ahead, was set with snowy peaks—to the right the Sierras, to the left the more rugged Coast Range, while at intervals as the train swung round a curve, hanging low down like a fleecy summer cloud more than a hundred miles away, great Shasta lifted his hoary head. But what set every nerve in my body tingling with excitement was the geese. The majority of the passengers paid no attention whatever to this, to them, common spectacle, but during that whole day's ride geese in countless numbers were never out of sight of our train.

I thought that I had seen geese and brant in Dakota, but, like Uncle Toby's reminiscences, they were "nothing to this." Snow geese, in white and glistening ranks on the edges of the green grain; gray geese, wavering up and down in slowly-moving flocks against the horizon; deliberate geese, only getting up as the train was just upon them; frightened geese, rising on nervous pinions from some sedgy pool by the roadbed. Geese, geese, geese! while here and there over the green fields moved men and boys mounted and armed with Winchesters actually herding the geese off of the sprouting grain, as a rancher informed me while complacently spitting out through the window.

"Good many geese 'long here," I remarked to him as we whirled along.

"Yes, tolerable," he replied, "but scarcer than they were!"

"Plenty enough for me, however," I remarked to myself. But it was not until the following fall that I made my first acquaintance with the goose of the Sacramento Valley over the rib of my Parker.

The absorbing nature of my calling, among a new people and amidst new surroundings, prevented an early interview, and that spring I witnessed their countless flocks streaming northward overhead during the day, and listened to their unceasing clangor at night, with the mental determination that on their return southward I would know 'em better.

In the meantime, however, I was not idle. In June following I was initiated into dove shooting, which, while furnishing poor sport as compared with nobler game, still served as a pastime not to be despised—jumping doves in the grain-fields and flight shooting on the passes requiring considerable dexterity in the handling of a shotgun.

The latter part of September found me waiting for the geese, with a goodly store of cartridges loaded with Nos. 4 and 5 shot. I know that this will seem like the rankest heresy to the advocates of large shot, but I long ago discarded both big guns and big shot in decoy shooting at geese, being entirely satisfied with the performance of a light ten gauge and the smaller pellets.

I had discovered on inquiry that little real scientific goose shooting was indulged in along the Sacramento Valley, partly because of the abundance of the birds and partly because plenty could be obtained ordinarily by employing the simple principles of driving on the birds with a fast horse and light wagon; shooting them from hedges and ditches, when on a foggy morning they passed, flying low, from field to field; or else approaching the birds circuitously behind the shelter of a steer or cow trained for the purpose.

I had made my own preparations, however, to shoot this game in the way that I had been most successful in their pursuit years ago on the stubbles of Dakota. Having placed my order early with an Eastern firm for a mixed flock of profile decoys, I spent several mornings after the first flight began in locating the birds and in finding where the geese "used" in the neighboring grain fields. I located several feeding places, as a reward for my patience, where the geese came into the stubbles from the plains or sand bars of the river early in the morning and toward evening of each day.

It was, then, with no slight degree of satisfaction, that on the morning of the fourth day, while the stars were still shining, I put my horse into a light road wagon, into the rear of which were packed a lunch, a dozen and a half decoys and some hay. I had on the day before, with the aid of a light spade and a few barley sacks for the removal of earth, dug two shallow pits something like a mile apart, in which I proposed to take the morning and the evening flight. Very soon my little wagon was bowling over the hard ground, and with a fresh easterly wind in my face I left the town behind.

Crossing several fields I drew near a low-lying swale, distant from the river a half-mile, and on which the wheat that year had grown rank and tall. With the not unusual prodigality and carelessness of the California rancher the wheat here had not been well gleaned with the header, and not a little remained in patches here and there uncut or "lodged." And here had been the geese for a number of mornings, as was plain to the most casual observer of "sign."

Hastily hitching the horse in a grove of live oaks, and gathering up my gun and a part of the decoys, I indulged in a sharp run for my blind—hastened thereto by a clangor heralding the approach of the first flock. They spied me as I breasted a slight rise and sheered off, leaving me to seek my hiding place, which was a shallow pit carefully dug in the center of a patch of partially cut stubble, and from which every particle of loose dirt had been removed. Putting an empty barley sack in the bottom of the hole and disposing of my profile decoys, the majority with heads lowered as though unconcernedly feeding, I squatted down in the pit with my eyes on a level with the top of the headed grain.

The disposition of decoys, as all old sportsmen know, has much to do with success, more especially when dealing with as wary a bird as the goose. Profiles are particularly difficult to set out alluringly, but I had tolerably well learned the art and had my little flock of nine gracefully disposed at different angles, all feeding, save two, who, posted on a little rise, served as sentinels.

Repressing a strong desire to smoke I scanned the horizon eagerly, the deepening flush in the east giving evidence that Old Sol would soon put in an appearance. I had not long to wait. From the hidden river a short distance away, where a long bar lay exposed, came the clamorous sounds of a flock of snow geese—the commonest variety, perhaps, in California. They are beautiful birds, being of pure white, shading in some specimens to a delicate ecru upon the breast, the feathers of the last joint of the wing being raven black.

I had shot many of these birds in Dakota and had found them the most vociferous of the goose family, their flight being characterized by a constant and (if close at hand) almost deafening gabble. Unlike the Canada goose, rare in California in my experience, they are rather poor as a table bird, their flesh, though gamey, being dry and very dark. They are tough birds, too, and although decoying more readily than other varieties, they will at the same time carry off much shot. I have seen the blood follow the impact of the shot upon their white breasts frequently, only to pick up my game many yards away from the firing point. Following the noisy outburst of sounds from the bar, a white cloud of birds rose above the line of the high river bank, outlining themselves clear and distinct against the gray surface of the distant Coast Range. There must have been a hundred of them, and more, for it is a rare thing for these birds to move unless in large flocks. They were headed down stream, and the long line of birds—not as yet striking their flight—wavered up and down as though undecided as to their course.

Though a fair "honker," I cannot successfully imitate the constantly varying note of the snow goose, and I knew that if they were not determined on the field where I lay, or failed to catch sight of their downy brethren (I had three white decoys set out), they were gone geese for me.

But fate had destined that I should dip into that flock, and as the leader veered a little eastward toward the wind the balance of the flock swung well around him in the teeth of the breeze. That settled the business, for now they had seen the decoys, and with a renewed burst of cries, as though rejoicing over a prospective reunion, they came straight toward me, setting their wings as they came. By this time I was well down in my blind, watching through the close-growing stalks of grain the approaching game, with my right forefinger nervously toying with the trigger.

On they came, and I knew I must take my shot pretty soon, since it has been a rare thing in my experience to have birds actually come into and alight among profiles. The deception, on close approach, is too glaring for that and is generally detected in time to sheer off, but not until—if the decoys are well placed—the concealed gunner gets a fair shot. In this case the birds came near enough to drop their legs preparatory to alighting—whether they would have alighted or not will never be known. This was a good enough opportunity for me, and raising just above the stubble I poured right and left into the struggling mass, and as the birds rose wildly into the air—strangely silent now—I quickly transferred a shell from my mouth to the gun, and knocked down another with a broken wing. Three dead birds lay among the decoys, while two, including the one last shot, waddled awkwardly off, dragging and tripping over their broken wings. Quickly securing and killing the wounded, and setting out those that showed the least blood by the aid of forked sticks, I re-entered my pit and yielded to the temptation to light my pipe.

While bending over hands which sheltered the glowing match, "whif, wif, wif," right over my head, and there go a flock of seven gray geese, the large and irregular spots upon their breasts plainly showing. To drop match and pipe and make a wild grab for the gun was the work of a second—but a second too late. However, those geese do not propose leaving the field, and though plainly unattracted by the decoys, over which they had passed, they turn and in a wide circle commence their inspection. These birds, very different from the last, are silent, save for a "peer wekes" now and then from the leader. The circle grows a little narrower, and now I see I must risk a shot, else they will alight a hundred yards from me. As the leader swings into the wind's eye to the westward of me, a full seventy-five yards away, I cover him, move well ahead and draw the trigger of the left barrel, which is heavily choked. Ah! see him climb and tower. That means a head shot, and even as you gaze he comes down tail first with a thump upon the ground.

Once more I crouched down in my burrow, and by the time my watch indicated 8 o'clock I added five more to my score; also a trumpeter swan which drifted by me, a lone bird.

The evening shooting was not as good, the location being not as well chosen and my luck was very indifferent. There were birds in plenty, and they came toward me, but from some inexplicable cause most of them located me and veered off. Nevertheless the rising moon that night found me trotting merrily homeward with nearly a score of birds jolting among the decoys in the wagon box, the result of some thirty odd empty shells.

MINNIE AND MARCELLUS.

Both are Punished for Unwisely Employing Their Muscle.

Minnie Talbot, a resident of lower L street, was in the Police Court yesterday to receive sentence for committing a battery on another of her sex. Judge Cravens ordered her to pay a fine of $20.

Marcellus Burr, who struck a Chinaman for fun, was fined $40.

T. W. Morgan, accused of petit larceny and assault with a deadly weapon, was discharged. His brother was the complaining witness, but when he commenced to prepare his case he found all the witnesses on the side of the defense, and concluded that he had no show at all.

CALLED TO HIS MAKER.

Constable Martin's Youngest Son Succumbs to Dread Disease.

Willie H. Martin, the 15-year-old son of Deputy Constable George R. Martin, and a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Strong, died at the residence of his parents yesterday morning after an illness of four weeks. The lad was stricken down with inflammation of the bowels, and while his case was considered a serious one, yet its fatal termination was not looked for.

The deceased was a native of this State, having been born in Santa Rosa.

The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon, from Calvary Baptist Church, Thirteenth and I streets.

The Mayor's Figures.

The omission of a figure in yesterday's report of an interview with Mayor Comstock made that gentleman say that $2,000 was to be expended on the levees. The amount to be thus used is $12,000.

The Mayor yesterday expressed himself as in favor of the old Wells-Fargo building on Second street for a temporary city jail.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief, and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., sole agents. Try C. C. Liniment for aches and pains.

Your Last Chance.

Just received a large consignment of Georges late clingstone peaches. They are something elegant. Secure a box before they are all gone at The Pacific. Christianson, Dierssen & Co. *

LESSONS given in painting on plush, satin, moleskin or bolting. Perforated patterns and stamping materials for sale. Stamping and fancy work to order. Mrs. Keller, rooms 3 and 4, 520 J street. Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.*

STEINWAY & SON'S, popular Pease and brilliant Gabler Bros.' pianos; easy installments. A. J. Pommer, corner Ninth and J. *

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

General Sumner's Talk to the San Francisco Militia.

President Lincoln's Solicitude for the Private Soldiers—Completion of the Overland Telegraph.

There are doubtless many men now living who were members of the McMahon Grenadier or the Montgomery Guard, the two crack military companies of San Francisco thirty years ago. The survivors of these old-time companies must experience a thrill of emotion whenever they hear mentioned the name of General E. V. Sumner, the man whose timely arrival in 1861 prevented General Johnston from turning over to the sympathizers with the Southern cause the forts and arms of the Government on this coast.

General Sumner in October of that year received orders to report at Washington for service at the front, and just prior to his departure he was tendered a reception by the citizens of San Francisco, which included a review of the two military companies mentioned above. After the review General Sumner addressed the men as follows:

"My gallant friends: It gives me pleasure to receive this compliment from you to-night. I have been so long associated with Irishmen in the army that I feel as if I almost belonged to you. I want no better soldiers than our Irish-born citizens, and I ought to say, aloud, that in all my long service, and in some very tight places, too [laughter and cheers], I have never yet seen an Irishman who refused to follow wherever he was led, nor who refused to lead wherever one man would follow him, no matter if it were straight into the jaws of death. [Cheers for Irishmen and the Sixty-ninth.] And further than this, I have sometimes seen them in cavalry charges when it took devilish sharp riding to keep ahead of them. [Loud laughter and applause.]

"I am going into the field, my friends, and I really wish I could take you with me, for I have no doubt I shall see the time when I would like to say to the battalion, 'Pitch in with a will! Give it to 'em, boys!' [Great applause.]

"Farewell! If I should pull through the campaign—if the war should be ended, I hope to come here again. I like, I love California. I feel grateful for the kindness I have met with here on this beautiful coast. Boys, I go to fight for the flag which you Irishmen have so nobly upheld. God bless you! Farewell!"

.....An incident occurred at one of the army outposts, near Washington, that bears out President Lincoln's reputation for tenderness of heart and interest in the welfare of even the humblest soldiers in the army. One night a private in a Vermont regiment, named Scott, was found sleeping on his post and was ordered to be shot at sunrise one morning.

The facts of the case were laid before the President, and on the evening before the morning fixed for the poor fellow's execution Lincoln concluded to pardon him, and accordingly telegraphed to the commanding officer of the post to that effect.

The night wore on, and not receiving any response from the officer the President left the White House and proceeded in the darkness of the stormy night to the camp to assure himself that the Vermont lad who had volunteered to fight for the Union should not be shot because he fell asleep at his post after a long and wearisome vigil.

.....Jem Mace then claimed to be the champion pugilist of England, Sayers having retired from the ring. There was, however, considerable jealousy existing between the men, who were exhibiting with rival circus shows. One night they met in a hotel in Liverpool, and Mace taunted Sayers with being afraid to meet him in the ring.

A quarrel ensued, and from words the men came to blows. Each shed his coat, and at it they went. After a half-hour's fast and furious fighting Sayers knocked Mace out.

.....Captains Poole and Farrell, of the river steamboats Antelope and Sacramento, were arrested on their arrival in San Francisco on October 20th for criminal carelessness, their vessels having collided on the down trip from this city. There was great competition and rivalry between the river steamboats in those days, and many an accident was the result.

.....The Philharmonic Society was one of the local institutions in those days. It was organized as early as 1855, and among its members were many fine vocalists. The officers in 1861 were: Musical Director, N. A. H. Ball; Business Directors, John McNeill, S. B. Leavitt and T. Steudeman; Pianist, Charles Winter; Librarian, Louis Bien.

.....Sacramento was quite a military city in the fall of 1861. There were several companies of recruits stationed at Camp Union, and other companies were constantly coming in from other places and going to and from the camps in Placer and El Dorado Counties. Bluecoats were thick on the streets in those days.

.....In the Nevada Legislature, thirty years ago this month, a bill was passed granting to C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, L. A. Booth, Theodore D. Judah and James Bailey the right to construct and maintain a railroad across that territory, the privilege to be exclusive for a term of fifty years.

.....General Fremont died poor—practically a pauper. And it is no wonder, for in 1861, while at the head of an army of 40,000 men in Missouri, and drawing a Major-General's salary of only $6,000 per year, he was paying an agent $24,000 a year to look after his private business affairs.

.....The overland telegraph line connecting Sacramento with the East was completed on the evening of October 23, 1861, and the first news flashed across the country was that of the death of General E. D. Baker, who fell leading his men at Ball's Bluff, Virginia.

THAT SPECIAL TAX.

Burr's Suit to Test Its Validity to Be Heard Next Week.

The suit of E. A. Burr against Mayor Comstock and the other Trustees, which involves the legality of the special tax levied to pay the policemen's salaries, was called in Superior Judge Catlin's court yesterday.

Attorney Albert W. Johnson stated that the senior member of his firm was absent and had been attending to the case. He, the speaker, was not familiar with the matter. He, therefore, asked for a continuance.

Attorney Holl, who represents Burr, was opposed to a continuance. He said he had been ready to go on for six months, but the other side had appealed for continuances. Mr. Holl said the case was an important one, and should be settled as soon as possible. A great many people had refused to pay the tax, and the District Attorney wanted the validity of the tax decided before he proceeded against the delinquents.

Mr. Johnson said he could not possibly handle the case, but promised to be ready next Friday. With this understanding the case went over.

WANTS A CHANGE.

The Mohawk Canal Company Prefers San Francisco.

The suit of Mary Beatty Lindley against the Mohawk Canal Company came up before Superior Judge Catlin yesterday on the corporation's motion for a change of venue to San Francisco. Frank D. Ryan appeared for the company on behalf of Messrs. Dorn & Dorn, the company's regular attorneys, and stated the grounds for the change. The company was located at the bay, the contracts had been drawn there and the company's attorneys were located there, he said.

Chauncey H. Dunn, counsel for the plaintiff, opposed the change. He said that his client was suing to recover a deed for property in Arizona, and not in San Francisco, and the alleged breach of contract occurred in Arizona. Therefore, he argued, there should be no removal to San Francisco. Mr. Dunn said he could cite a decision which settled the whole matter, but he did not have it with him.

It was finally decided to postpone further hearing of the matter until next Friday, both sides in the meantime to submit their points on briefs.

CONCERNING TROUT.

The Eel River and Webber Lake Species Properly Classified.

A question having been made as to the classification of certain fish found in Eel River, in salt water, during the month of September, specimens were obtained ranging from one-third of a pound to a pound and sent by the State Board of Fish Commissioners to Dr. David S. Jordan, the well-known ichthyologist, now President of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, for classification. He pronounces them trout, young steel-heads, *Salmo gairdneri, Richardson.*

Under the law (Section 632 of the Penal Code) it is unlawful to catch these fish at any time, except with hook and line.

Dr. Jordan and Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, Professor of Vertebrate Zoology in the same University, who is also an experienced ichthyologist, have very kindly offered to assist the commission in classifying any fish which may be sent to them.

Specimens of trout taken from Lake Webber have recently been sent to Dr. Jordan, which, he says, belong to the form known as the Tahoe trout, *Salmo henshawi.* He now regards these trout as a variety of the red-throated trout, and writes its name as *Salmo mykiss henshawi.* He has substituted the word *mykiss* for *purpuratus*, as it is a much older name than the latter.

The trout found in Webber Lake are said to have been planted many years ago by Dr. Webber, and that he took the original stock from Feather River. They have been commonly known in California as the Feather River or Cutthroat trout.

ERRORS IN GEOGRAPHIES.

Publishers are Responsible for Many Mistakes Made by Pupils.

"The publishers of school maps," says a teacher in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "are responsible for more errors than any other class of people on the planet. They use sometimes half a dozen different scales of sizes in a single book, and it is impossible for children to get a correct idea of the relative sizes of different countries because of their lack of uniformity in the scale. In an atlas for school use all the maps should be on the same scale, otherwise most incorrect ideas will be formed. I recently asked a bright boy, who had just finished the study of geography and laid it by because he knew all about it, how large he supposed Arabia was. He reflected a moment, and then, with some confidence, replied that Arabia was about the size of Massachusetts. I suggested the possibility of his being mistaken, when he got his atlas and showed me that Arabia and Massachusetts were the same size, that is, on the map. He opened his eyes when I explained to him the mysteries of the scale, and that instead of being a mere speck Arabia was as long from St. Paul to New Orleans, as wide as from St. Louis to New York, and contained more than one-third as many square miles as the United States. He had been misled by the maps, as his teacher probably had also, and thousands of other people besides. A uniform scale would prevent many false ideas, and if a national series of text-books is ever adopted the atlases should have that feature prominent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Decked in a new artistic Thanksgiving cover, the November "Ladies' Home Journal" comes as the first reminder that the holidays are approaching. Whether one reads Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's second reminiscent paper of "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," or listens to Delmonico, the caterer, as he tells how to set a table and arrange a dinner; or to Russell Sage, the New York financier, as he describes, for mothers, "The Boy That Is Wanted" in business to-day—each feature is good. A whole page most timely illustrates "A Group of Pretty Dolls," and tells how to make them; Max O'Rell's wife is sketched in the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men"; Rachel Sherman, the pretty daughter of the late General Sherman, opens the new series of "Clever Daughters of Clever Men"; Palmer Cox's "Brownies" appear and Ella Wheeler Wilcox tells of "Mistakes We Make With Men." Dr. Talmage has a page on Thanksgiving, and, so likewise has Maria Parloa; "Miss French, of the State Department," is an excellent story by Mary Bradley, as is also another short story, "The Flowing Shoestring." The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The "Magazine of Art" for November (Cassell Publishing Company publishers, New York) has for a frontispiece a plate called "The White Cow," etched from the original painting by Julien Dupre, by C. de Billy. "The White Cow" was considered one of the best pictures in last year's salon. "David Murray, A. R. A.," is the subject of a sketch by Walter Armstrong, which is freely illustrated. Claude Phillips discusses the "Sculpture of the Year," calling especial attention to the work of Mr. MacMonnies of New York, and Douglas Tilden of California. An interesting paper is devoted to the late Charles Chaplin, by Marion Hepworth Dixon. "The Comic Paper" is the subject of the paper on "Illustrated Journalism," from the pen and pencil of J. F. Sullivan. "Linseed Oil in Painting" is by H. C. Standage. A fascinating article is "Knole," by F. G. Stephens, descriptive of Lord Sackville's seat near Sevenoaks. The number is, as usual, brought to an end with the notes, which give a concise report of the art work of the past month.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for November presents these papers: "The Lady of Fort St. John," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; "Count Tolstoi at Home," by Isabel F. Hapgood; "A November Prairie," by Katharine T. Prescott; "The Chief City of the Province of the Gods," by Lafcadio Hearn; "A Trumpet Call," by E. Cavazza; "E-lim-in-ah-do," by Clinton Scollard; "James Clarence Mangan," by Louise Imogen Guiney; "The Chaperon," by Henry James; "The Schools at Oxford," by S. E. Winbolt; "Beyond the Day," by John Vance Cheney; "A People Without Law," by James Bradley Thayer; "Journalism and Literature," by W. J. Stillman," besides the usual editorial departments. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The history of the French codfisheries on the Newfoundland banks, with an account of their present condition and importance, is the subject of a leading article in "Harper's Weekly." The paper is written by Marcel Edant, and is accompanied by six illustations, including a double-page picture. The procession of the Veiled Prophets in St. Louis is appropriately illustrated. The fiction of the number includes the continuation of "The Jonah of Lucky Valley," and a new story by Rudyard Kipling entitled "Brugglesmith," both illustrated.

A British regiment returning to England from China, next month, is to make the trip eastward by way of Canada. This will be the first practical test of Britain's new military highway to the East across her American possessions, and the result will be looked for with much interest. Great Britain expects this route to be of enormous value in case of trouble in India and of the Suez Canal being blockaded. The agreement between the Government and the railroad for the use of the route was made public recently.

A ladies' regatta at Stockholm the other day comprised nine boats, all rowed by young ladies in pretty dresses.

ON THE CARS.

The Sad Story of a Baggage Master's Fall from Grace.

An Ancient Prank Revamped and Played Upon a Hotel Man—Marriage a Failure.

As the car whirled around the corner, a gang of men were observed putting down a new switch. One of the men, it was plain to see, was not satisfied with his lot.

The deacon, who had left the car at this point, became interested in this man.

"You appear to be somewhat sad," said the deacon; "any misfortune overtake you?"

"Well," said the man, leaning on his shovel and heaving a sigh, "I'm not used to this kind of work. I have fallen from the station in life I once held. I used to be head baggage-master at a railroad depot—big salary, lots of men under me, and in reality monarch of all I surveyed, so I thought. But one day I fell from grace. I had just shoved a trunk off the top of a large pile of 'em, and it came down with a great crash. There was a quiet-looking old man with whiskers standing near, and he asked me if I was trying to break the trunk. Of course, I became indignant, that any ordinary mortal should talk to me in that manner.

"'What if I am trying to?' I said, glowering at the meddlesome individual. 'Does the trunk belong to you?'

"'No,' said the stranger, quietly, 'but this road does.'

"I bought a ticket for the West a week later. There was no more work for me there."

The deacon walked up the street, musing over the fallen baggage-master's troubles, and come to another batch of laborers who were engaged in grading an alley. Here he discovered another sad looking man.

"Pray what may your trouble be," quoth the deacon in his kindest tones. "Have you, too, seen better days?"

"Nope."

"Don't you like your present job?"

"Nope."

"What's the matter—wages too low?"

"Nope."

"Mean boss?"

"Nope."

"What's the matter with the job then?"

"It's de-grading."

The deacon saw the point, and if he had not been a temperance man the shoveler would have fallen in for a schooner.

"Marriage may make two one," said the groom as he walked away from the ticket office, "but it don't work worth a cent when it comes to buying railroad tickets."

A venerable practical joke was resurrected and played on a good-natured hotel proprietor, whose caravansary is not a great way from Ninth street, the other evening.

He was exhibiting a brand new plug hat, which he had purchased for the Odd Fellows' parade, when a well-known contractor offered to wager four bits that he could mix up a milk punch in the hat without soiling it.

The hotel man is noted for taking up all the "soft snap" bets that come his way, and covered the contractor's half dollar in a twinkling.

The would-be sleight-of-hand man called for some milk, sugar, rum and other necessary ingredients, and dumped them into the new hat. He stirred them up thoroughly and then poured the mixture out into a glass, pronouncing it complete.

"Yes, but look at that hat, though," said the hotel man, holding up the soaked and mushy tile.

The contractor scratched his head and looked worried. "Well," he said, "I guess I missed it that time. You win the money."

The duped hotel man picked up the fifty-cent piece, looked at his new hat and then pelted both at the contractor. He didn't even setemup.

They were discussing politics and the outlook for the next National struggle.

"I have studied the situation thoroughly," said the Republican, "and I am satisfied that Cleveland will not be in it."

"Why not?" asked the Democrat.

"Oh, he's too indiscreet in politics."

"Well," said the hopeful Democrat, "he may be indiscreet, but it certainly cannot be said that he is Ruthless."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed a young lady just from the East to a companion as they rode out in an O-street car the other day. "What funny things they do in California!"

Her Sacramento companion stared about, but saw nothing unusual. "What is it that strikes you as being so funny?"

"Why, look at that laundryman's wagon! Read the sign on its side! There's a man who appears to be in the business, and yet warns people not to patronize him!"

The Sacramentan read in big characters on the Chinaman's wagon:

"Shun Lee—washer and ironer."

Notarial Appointments.

The following Notaries were appointed by the Governor yesterday: Ella Montegue, Oakland; Benjamin Harris, Garberville, Humboldt County; S. B. Teter, Rosamond, Kern County.

ALL in want of anything in music remember Cooper has the largest stock and sells the cheapest. Mathushek Pianos, the best, are indestructible. Cooper's, Seventh and J. *

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Changed Daily for the Red House.

TO-DAY

Continued sale of the elegant assortment of Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Toques, 50 different styles to choose from, at $1 95.

TO-DAY

—IN OUR—

REGULAR SATURDAY'S BARGAIN SALE

The following lines, all of extra value:

Ladies' Fine Ribbed Hose, full finished, white feet; regular value, 50c; our sale price....33⅓c
Ladies' Seamless-feet Black Ribbed Hose, English length; regular value, 25c; our sale price....16⅔c
Ladies' Fancy-striped Full-finished Cotton Hose, extra long; regular value, 45c; our sale price....20c
Ladies' $1 Chatelaine Bags, nickel plated metal mountings, for....50c
One line of Windsor Henriettas, extra value...14 yards $1
One line of Green Seal brand Turkey Red Calicoes....10c per yard

TO-DAY,

IN FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT

Colgate's Fine Shaving Soap....2c per cake
Men's Fleece-lined Dogskin Driving Gloves, fur tops...50c
Men's Light Leather Gloves....25c per pair

SHOE SPECIALS.

Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, opera toe, patent leather tip....$1 45
Men's Full Stock Kip Buckle Working Shoes, extension soles, sewed, 6 to 12....$1 50
One lot of Heavy Canvas Game Bags....25c

CLOTHING SPECIALS.

Mixed lot of Men's Cotton Working Pants, heavy and medium weight....50c per pair
Men's Dark Striped Satinet Pants....$1 25
Men's Extra-heavy Dark and Striped Cassimere Wool Pants....$2 50
A special line of Men's Fine Dark Steel-gray All-wool Frock Suits, regular sizes....$11 50
Lot of Boys' Brown and Gray Check Turban Hats, sizes 6½ to 7....25c
Men's Fine Nutria Felt Hats, 4¼-inch crown, 4-inch brim....$1 25

C. H. GILMAN,
RED HOUSE, SACRAMENTO.

AHEAD OF ALL, MAGEE RANGES.

Just received the second carload of those celebrated MAGEE RANGES, the world's best. This makes the second carload this month. Our sales on the MAGEE RANGES are rapidly increasing. Buy a MAGEE and you will use no other. Prices for a No. 7, $29 and up.

I have the largest and most complete stock of

PARLOR HEATING STOVES

On the coast, and at the lowest prices. I also have a large invoice of HOT-AIR FURNACES. Parties wishing a Furnace for their residence will do well to call on me before giving their order, for I have the only Furnace guaranteed to heat five rooms with no more fuel than you would use in an ordinary Parlor Stove. Be sure and see them. I am sole agent.

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Wall Paper of All Kinds. Send for Price List.
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No. 628 J St., Sacramento, Cal..
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Miscellaneous.

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SHERWOOD HALL NURSERIES,
Timothy Hopkins,
MENLO PARK, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.
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