BRITISH GYPSIES.

Wakeman Once More On His Favorite Topic.

The Difference Between the Romany of America and That of Great Britain—The Nomads Are Ever Welcome in Scotland and in Wales—How Their Condition Is Improved in This Country.

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Having wandered among gypsies in America for more than a quarter of a century, and for the past five years having given much time and attention to a study of the gypsies as I have found them in different parts of Ireland, Scotland and England, I feel that something like a survey of these British nomads, with a few points of contrast between them and their American brethren, would have interest to many American readers.

At the outset I am forced to confess that my good friend, George Smith of Coalville, is interested in gypsies in a vastly broader, nobler and more evangelical way than myself. He seeks them out and finds them at their worst, and the worst of them, unearthing the horrors of their lives in and near large cities; and then, burning with desire and determination that they shall be made good citizens, rouses all England with his rugged eloquence, insisting that the very world stand still until laws are passed for their complete sanitation and civilization.

I am not worthy to live in the same century with this hero philanthropist, when motive and labor for gypsies are measured. I am theirs and they are mine in America, because with them I have found such rest and peace as the world has elsewhere never given. Because with them the warm heartbeat of nature has come tenderly near. Because among them there have been confidences earnest, friendships true and loyalty sacred. Because wherever I go, by hill or dale, by town or city, the love word they gave me long ago, "Gorgio Chal," goes with me as the seal and reminder of ten thousand endearing experiences, and thrills me that I have a place in so many hearts, hearts of wanderers though they be. And because, perhaps, there is the taint of gypsy blood in my own veins that brings me to my own.

I am theirs and they are mine in this land, because rough and uncouth men have received me everywhere as a brother and an honored guest; haggish spae-wives, with heads awry, as if to catch every syllable uttered, have listened with kindling eyes to the word I have brought them from kindred across the sea; great hulking youths, hearing with open-eyed wonder, have been nerved with hope for a better land and life; blooming gypsy lasses, with arms across their mother's shoulders, and yet with the ever winsome restlessness of girlhood, have stolen glances at the stranger, seeming to look beyond him with yearning eyes to his fair, far country, where gypsies ride in wagons like palaces and eat from plates of silver, while trustful gypsy children, tugging at my knees, have searched my scant pockets, climbed into my arms and fallen asleep—their instinct as to the stranger proving, after all, the truest sesame to the gypsies' hearts at homes. It is always in this selfish, unevangelical way that I have known in all lands the outcast Romany race, and because of it I have not overmuch evil to record of them.

There are not all told—and this includes skulking city Romany, unknown in their town vocations as members of the gypsy race—upward of 5,000 gypsies in Ireland, of whom barely 1,000 follow the precarious but romantic life of the road. Irish Catholics, and particularly the lowliest of the peasantry, without exception, hold them in something like a terrible detestation.

Let a gypsy spae-wife, or fortune teller, once slip into an Irish cabin and begin any of her black art conjurings, the smoke of war will at once rise above that spot. Calling on all the category of saints in one shrill and mighty breadth of appeal, the Irish mother will treat this gypsy cheat to such a whirlwind of eviction as may be heard for half a league away. The very thatching would be pulled from the roof, if necessary, to speed and force the battle for the home against the grewsome wiles. And my gypsy friends the world over know this fact so well and bitterly that universally with their race Ireland is termed, in recognition of its barreness for their purposes, *sallah lodlie*, or the unlucky and accursed territory.

There is a marked difference in Scotland. In proportion to its population there are more gypsies in the land o' cakes than in England. Scottish traditions and literature, especially the ballad poetry of Scotland, are full of gypsy countryside lore and superstitions which have been the outgrowth of a very genial and close relation between gypsies and Scottish peasantry. Gypsy blood is known to course in the veins of many of the Scottish nobility. These people actually secured the countenance, if not the favor, of James IV. James V. entered into a league with "John Faw, Lord and Earl of little Egypt," in 1540, directing all in authority in his realm to compel the return to Faw's submission all those Egyptians who had rebelled against him, and that all officers should assist in detaining and punishing those people "in conformity with his laws," so that, as the edict read, "the said John have no cause of complaint in time coming."

This Faw, whose shrewdness stamped the genuine gypsy upon his character, was the progenitor of the many tribes of Faws, Faas or Falls, who, with the Bailies, have been the most noted and numerous of Scottish gypsies, whose descendants I have found in respectable numbers and condition throughout the United States.

The environs of Edinburgh and Glasgow are full of gypsies who are superior in physique to their English brethren about London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool. In Tweeddale, Anandale and Nithsdale are many families of gypsies whose respectability and individual means, although they lead a roving life, would compare favorably with those of the small farmers of the same regions. The gypsies whom I have met in Aberdeenshire and Pertshire are not so well off, but are much tiked and always welcomed among the peasantry.

Within a few years much good fortune, from a pecuniary standpoint, has come to Scottish gypsies through the vast increase of summer visitors, American as well as English, to the highlands and islands of Scotland. They resort to the vicinity of Oban, Rothesay, Inveraray, even cross to the outer Hebrides, and are found in every romantic glen in the Trossachs and along the highland lakes. These are gradually abandoning the life of the road for the greater and quicker profits of "show" gypsies in summer, and during the winter seek lowly quarters in cities.

The smallest and largest collection of gypsies I ever found in Scotland were, respectively, in the far north and at the very southern boundary. The first was discovered one early morning in July. I was coming with an eminent northern Presbyterian divine from grand Strathglass over the bleak moors, down through fairy Glen Urquhart to Drumnadrochit by Loch Ness' side. On one of the fern-spread braes of a little loch stood a solitary gypsy tent—the tiny woolen hood of the true Romany. Its flaps were skewered close. The inmates were asleep. It was the tiniest, snuggest home human eyes ever beheld. I could not but repeat aloud to my reverend companion some gypsy sayings, perhaps 6,000 years old, such as: "Firm as a rounded hill are the tents of our people." "My love's breasts are as hillocks of amber; as bright tents burnished by the sun." "Our tents are firm against the sand wind." And, "As still as the red stars asleep, shall nestle our tents in the valleys." But, as the startled look in the dominie's face merged into ineffable Scotch scorn, I presently desisted.

The largest aggregation of Scottish gypsies, now sadly dwindled, is at the border Teviotdale town of Yetholm. These might be called house gypsies, as they occupy thatched cabins in Kirk Yetholm, the property of the Marquis of Tweeddale, held under the curious tenure of "nineteen times nineteen years" at a nominal rent. But a few families remain. Nearly all the old stock has died off or emigrated to America, though no longer ago than 1847 they mustered from round about over 500 souls and 300 asses to escort the remains of their old king, canny Wull (Will) Faa from Coldstream to the burying ground of Kirk Yetholm. It was here, too, that my late friend, the brightest, wittiest and most sensible gypsy woman that ever lived, Queen Esther Faa reigned so long, so wisely and so well.

These Yetholm, as well as all other Scottish drom, or road, gypsies, chiefly subsist by hawking earthen, tin and white iron ware, horn spoons, "scrubbers" and "besoms," the latter a sort of willow broom, about the country. They travel as far into England as Newcastle and Staffordshire for the earthenware, buying faulty pottery cheaply, and selling the same at a good profit. The remainder of their wares they make in a rude way among themselves, the women being quite as adept as the men. Some drive asses before their little carts, but more possess the hardy "Sheltie," or Shetland pony. For their own shelter at night their carts are "whummel'd" or "whomel'd," that is, turned upside down.

Generally speaking, the gypsies of England are comfortable gypsies in proportion to the distance they make their haunts from the great centers of population. The same is measurably true of all other English lowly folk. The gypsy class, which also includes all manner of traveling and tramping non-gypsy vagabonds, the radical improvement of whose condition has become the heroic work of George Smith of Coalville, never pilgrim far from London, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool. Their members sally out from these cities and forage around and around them in well-defined circles, going and coming as they are prompted by impulse or scourged by necessity. They are Bedouins of civilization, indeed, and their reformation or extirpation would prove a public good. My own observation and experiences have been almost wholly among another and a better class, and the latter is more like our American gypsies than any of the Romany in all foreign lands.

Probably the most idyllic form of gypsy life yet remaining in England may be found in Wales and the English lake district of northern Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland. I have been much among the "statesmen," or land-owning peasantry of the latter region, as well as with the gypsies there. Perhaps I have questioned 300 small farmers and others as to the gypsies' status among them. I have never secured an answer unfavorable to the nomads. On the contrary, much as is the case in remote countryside districts in America, the gypsies annual coming is looked forward to with eagerness and delight, while the summer market day and the little village fair would be shorn of much of their attractiveness were the gypsy folk absent. Nor could I learn in all this romantic region of a single act of downright dishonesty on the part of any gypsy within the memory of man. In the winter time, those who follow the Umbrian summer routes, kair or house usually in the larger Lancashire towns, such as Wigan, Bolton, Preston, Blackburn, Colne, Lancaster and Ulverston, and though the beer mug travels gaily among them during this period they are generally liked and often respected in the neighborhood of their habitations.

Again, in Yorkshire, away from its manufacturing towns, the gypsies have well-defined routes of travel, and are never scourged or chased by the constabulary as they are in the midland shires, where they have chiefly come under Mr. Smith's observation. In Wharfedale, in the vicinity of Ilkley, are many families of respectable gypsies. Up about Northallerton they are the only countryside peddlers and tinkers, and do much in the way of buying and selling horses and other live stock. In Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, from Grimsby to Trent, and particularly about Nottingham and Hucknall-Torkard, are very many prosperous gypsies, whose families can be traced nearly as far back as some of the nobility, and often with quite as favorable results. In the county of Norfolk I have passed some of the most delightful days of my life as the guest of gypsy families, who, making summer house-boats of large punts, provide the hosts of sportsmen that annually resort to the "Broads" or marshy lakes, with wicker baskets and bait, and often act as guides to the most desirable fishing and hunting grounds.

In all the west and southwest of England the gypsies are welcomed and treated most generously. In Cornwall they are generally called "vagrom men," as the sturdy Cornish folk class all persons, even to commercial travelers, literary tramps and tourists, who, for any reason, wander from place to place, while in Wales a simpler, more unsophisticated, kinder hearted people do not live than the gypsies. All Welsh people love them. They never leave Wales, and they are as much an integral part of the concrete social structure as are the Welsh peasantry themselves.

The difference between British gypsies and American gypsies is astonishing. But after all it is only a difference of condition. The evolution of our gypsies from ignorance and degradation to opulence, intelligence and some considerable educational acumen, is simply the result of liberation from a hard and often grinding life here, which, anywhere, fosters the worst of human traits, precisely as British lowly, transplanted from a life battle for mere existence, shortly become with us men and women often of competence and frequently of culture.

The British lowly are hard to get along with anywhere in Ireland, Scotland and England, because they suffer sorely from grinding labor, and, to us, almost inconceivable poverty. British gypsies, like their Gorgio-brethren, are degraded and bestial just in proportion to their degree of poverty. The same family which philanthropist Smith finds shivering under a rotten sheet by the English hedge, with, perhaps, not even a skinny hedgehog for the Sunday dinner, transferred to America, nevermore is found among lawbreakers, and in ten years' time becomes one of the vast army of ever welcomed middlemen between American farmers and metropolitan live stock markets, riding from hamlet to hamlet in wagons like palaces and literally eating their ample food from plates of burnished silver.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Mean.

To the large number of stories of "the meanest man," which are frequently related, one should be added of a certain Frenchman, famous for his habit of grumbling at everything and on every occasion.

He was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism, and was carefully nursed by his wife, who was very devoted to him in spite of his fault-finding disposition. His suffering caused her to burst into tears sometimes, as she sat at his bedside.

One day a friend of the invalid's came in and asked him how he was getting on.

"Badly, badly," he exclaimed, "and it's all my wife's fault."

"Is it possible?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Yes, The doctor told me that humidity was bad for me; and there that woman sits and cries, just to make it moist in the room."

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross and others agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

SUBSTITUTIONS of well-known advertised articles seem to be the order of the day. We deem it only justice to our patrons to warn our readers against this form of piracy. When you want an article, ask your merchant or druggist for it and don't accept a substitute.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Two Novelties on the Stage in the Great Metropolis.

Business is Good in All the Theaters in New York—The Noss Family of Musicians—Edwin Forrest's Ring—Flashes From the Footlights of Many Theaters.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York city under date of November 21st, says:

"The novelties on Monday evening were 'The Lost Paradise' at the Twenty-third-street Theater, and 'Lady Bountiful' at the Lyceum. 'The Lost Paradise,' by Henry C. De Mille, has as a basis the German work of Ludwig Fulda, but the success of the play is wholly due to the splendid work of Mr. De Mille. The play is in three acts. The development of the plot is rapid and vigorous, and the situations are effective. The play succeeds because of these facts and the skillful handling of a delicate theme, which turns upon the relations of labor and capital, including the usual strike and threatened violence, the love of the young factory Superintendent for his employer's beautiful daughter and the employer's treachery to a dead friend in appropriating an important invention which should have gone to the young Superintendent. After many heartburnings and recriminations, everything, of course, comes straight in the end and Cupid reigns. Mr. De Mille has succeeded in keeping clear of the unpleasant and generally offensive features of plays dealing with labor and capital, and by an easy intermingling of humorous and serious work maintains the interest of his audience throughout. He has produced, undoubtedly, the best play on these lines yet seen here. It is superbly mounted, and a realistic scene of the factory machinery in operation is particularly well done. The company which Manager Charles Frohman has selected to interpret this play is undoubtedly the very best stock company now playing in the metropolis, and the unanimous and lavish praise bestowed upon both it and the play by the great daily papers warrants the belief that 'The Lost Paradise' will be one of the biggest money-winners the enterprising young manager has yet launched upon the dramatic world. It is sure of a very long run in New York—in fact as long as Manager Frohman wishes to keep the Twenty-third-street Theater open.

"'Lady Bountiful' is by Arthur Pinero. It is one of the most beautiful plays of the past decade. The argument of the play is simple, but effective. Lady Bountiful is a fabulously rich young lady, whose money supports a worthless father and worthy son. When the son finds it out, he is horrified, and gets out, to become a riding master. Lady Bountiful visits the school, and meets the riding master, to learn that he is to marry the proprietor's daughter. He does not marry her. She dies. After five years elapse, he returns to marry my Lady Bountiful. This is but a mere etching of a most beautiful and interesting story. The play is by a master; the acting is all that can be desired. Miss Georgia Cayvan was beautifully sympathetic. Miss LeMoyne was beyond praise, and Messrs. Harbury, Cook, Walcott, Williams, Kelcey, and Mesdames Whiffen, Robson and Shannon, were adequate and worthy of more than perfunctory praise. 'Lady Bountiful' was artistically staged and costumed, and ought to run the season out.

"On Tuesday the celebrated Meininger Company appeared at the Thalia Theater in 'Julius Cæsar.' Those who expected to see the principal characters enacted with a brilliance like that of familiar American achievements were bound to be displeased. Of course, there was no Brutus compared with Edwin Booth's, nor a Cassius nearly so good as Lawrence Barrett's, and the Mark Antony was hardly equal to Joseph Wheelock's. It was not in the individual eminence of his actors, however, that the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen took pride, but in the general high level of excellence which his famous productions attained. He was an adept in the making of splendidly pictorial and minutely elaborate representations of great dramas, and he held about the same relation to stagecraft in Germany, except that he was not an actor, that Henry Irving does in England, and that Mr. Barrett did in America. The first American audience for Meininger was as large as the big theater at the lower end of the Bowery would hold, and was fully representative of our German residents, beside containing many who, manifestly, did not understand the language spoken on the stage. The enthusiasm was not that of a cordial welcome so much as of hearty appreciation, and it manifested itself particularly after each of the scenes in which the Roman populace had crowded the stage noisily and spiritedly.

"Business during the week has been very good. 'The Trip to Chinatown' is crowding Hoyt's Madison Square Theater to overflowing, and the rest of the theaters playing to fair audiences."

THE NOSS FAMILY.

The northern papers are full of notices of the performances given by the Noss Family, a musical combination now on its way to California. From the various accounts it appears to be a very jolly company. The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* of November 14th says of the appearance of the company in that city:

"The Noss Family opened at the Seattle opera-house last night in their specialty musical entertainment, and gave a performance that was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Brooms, barrels, old bottles and boots and various other odd objects were called into service to make music, and wonderful effects were produced by the talented company. Both the men and women were exceptionally clever. Their marches and costumed drills were executed with easy and dexterous grace, capturing the audience and winning warm applause. The whole wound up with a rattling farce entitled 'A Quick Match,' which brought out the full strength of the company. This amusing skit is full of fun and gives the musicians sufficient opportunity to show off to best advantage their peculiar and special abilities. The show is thoroughly clean in all respects."

JUST FOR LUCK.

James Conner Roche, wit, actor, dramatist and capital good fellow in general, is exhibiting with pride a present he lately received. It is a magnificent seal ring, with a beautifully cut head of Shakespeare in intaglio, and the name Edwin Forrest in reverse. The ring was formerly the property of the great American tragedian, and is gazed upon almost reverently by actors. Mr. Roche has been offered large sums for it since it came into his possession, but he says "money cannot buy it." When Thomas W. Keene goes to Vienna to represent America at the great dramatic festival he intends that he shall wear it for good luck.

"SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON."

This laughable show and old favorite will soon appear in Sacramento for the first time in some years. It is the present attraction at the Bush-street Theater in San Francisco. Its tour of Southern California was very successful, financially and otherwise.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Jennie Weathersby has joined the Casino forces.

George W. Lederer and Marcus Mayer are out. Mr. Lederer is to be congratulated.

Richard Golden is said to have been cured at Dwight, and has rejoined his company.

Henry Ferguson and Major Charles E. Rice are coining money with "McCarthy's Mishaps."

The Emerson Minstrels have disbanded. George T. Almer was the backer to the extent of $6,000.

Rudyard Kipling has made a play out of his novel, "The Naulahka," which will soon be produced in England.

On November 12th Henry C. Miner presented Mrs. Miner a $100,000 life insurance policy as a birthday present.

Harry Lacy's "Jack Royal" has been warmly received in Boston, and both the clever star and author are being highly praised.

Sam Dessauer will not zig-zag with Flora Moore on her coming tour, owing to a disagreement. Sam has zig-zagged Europeward.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew's baby has been christened Sidney Rankin Drew; the middle name after its beloved grandfather, McKee Rankin.

Joe Murphy has concluded to make a short tour of the country, beginning December 7th. Time hung too heavily on his hands in New York.

R. A. Roberts, for many years stage manager for Manager Charles Frohman, has become stage manager for Hoyt's Madison Square Theater.

Nellie McHenry is playing to enormous audiences in Chicago, where her new play, "A Night in the Circus," has "caught on" tremendously.

Clyde Fitch is on the deep blue sea on his way home. He is said to be "dead sore" over his treatment in London, and is an anglo-maniac no more.

Emma Stockman, formerly Mrs. John Norton, has returned to the stage, and is at present playing in "Hoodman Blind," at Forepaugh's Philadelphia Theater.

Miss Florence Ashbrooke, who has been ill in New York for some time, has rejoined the William Barry Company and is playing her old part, Mrs. Mary Ellen Ryan.

Duncan Harrison has written a new play called "Broderick Agra," in which John L. Sullivan will appear December 14th, at the San Francisco Bush-street Theater.

Paderewski, the great Polish pianist; Paderewski, the fiery haired; Paderewski, at whose feet musical Europe fell in ecstatic convulsions, has captured New York.

Charles T. Vincent has written a play for Nat Goodwin, called "A Gay Deceiver," which is now being rehearsed in Chicago. It is an adaptation of "Le Voyage D'Aquement."

Louis James will be out of a position in consequence of the "Soudan" company closing the New York Academy, and will probably head a company of his own for the rest of the season.

A new romantic Indian opera called "Si'Lootah" will soon be put on the road. The music is composed by Rufus C. Garland, son of Attorney-General Garland, and the book is written by Taylor Grimes.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons purposes returning to the stage this winter. She has a play, called "The Adventuress," a translation, by Henry St. Maur, of "L'Aventurier." It was from this French play that T. W. Robertson took "Home."

"A Railroad Ticket" is the title of a new farce-comedy, which will be produced next season, under the direction of Charles E. Blanes and Joseph M. Gaites. A railroad ticket broker figures conspicuously in the piece, which is said to be very funny.

Theater-going people are quite willing to accept J. K. Emmet as the legitimate successor of the original Fritz. It was quite a surprise to those who knew young Emmet only as a manager to discover that he was a thoroughly well-trained actor and singer as well.

The excellence of Joseph Haworth's work on the stage is a tribute to the value of the all-around training given by the old stock companies. Mr. Haworth is one of the very few young actors who has had to equip himself to play a dozen parts in a short season. He is doing a splendid business with "St. Marc" and "The Leavenworth Case."

"The Country Circus" success has started curious minds to hunting up earlier plays, involving some of the same realisms. For instance, "Le Voyage de Suzette," originally acted at the Paris Gaiete January 20, 1890, contained a Barnum Circus parade, in which the cavalcade was described as extensive and gorgeous—much as it is in "The Country Circus." But whether or not the realisms in the American piece are original, they seem to be mighty successful.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A ROMANCE OF FRENCH CAMP.

Humph! Pretty good love story, but I vow
I can tell one better'n that.
Tell it? Well, you wait till I've made my bow,
And then I'll tell it, don't fret.

You see, as it happened 'long time ago,
I've got to collect my wits.
I ain't like you, with the whole blasted show,
And clown, at my finger tips.

Begin? Well, look here, stranger, you'd better
Hold up for a little spell,
Or 'twon't by no means be a red-letter—
The day when you rile Old Bill.

You see, now, as I said (or did I say?
Derned if I haven't forgot);
But it don't matter much, for anyway
We were a mighty tough lot.

There was Bill Haskit, a terror, you bet!
Though his heart was warm and true;
For I mind the day that his cheeks were wet,
When his old pard died—McGrew.

French Camp was a roaring place at that time,
For the diggin's there was rich,
And there wasn't a chap but what could shine
Some dust, or nuggets, or sich.

As I said, we were rough and pretty wild,
With seeing nobody but men—
For there wasn't nary woman or child
In twenty miles of us then.

It was 'bout that time that this feller came—
The feller I'm telling 'bout.
He came from the East—Carl Knapp was his name;
'Twan't long till we found that out.

I remember the time I saw him first.
Saw who? Why, this dainty chap,
Who'd left the East, with a mighty slim purse
To renew from Nature's lap.

He got into camp one night about dark,
And he acted lost and shy;
But next morning he was up like the lark,
'Fore the sun riz in the sky.

He looked at the ground and staked out a claim
Close up to mine, on the right,
And all that winter he worked through the rain,
And from dawn to late at night.

He didn't go to the Nugget Saloon
And play and drink like the rest;
But his face wore smiles from morning to noon,
And till light forsook the west.

And somehow our hearts all went out to him,
In spite of dandified ways.
And in turn we all helped, with hearty vim,
At his claim, on clean-up days.

Well, all next summer he worked in that place,
Till he must have saved a pile,
When one night we all noticed on his face
A powerful proud-looking smile.

Next morning he wasn't out on his claim.
"He's gone to 'Frisco," Bill said,
"But he carculates to be back again
In three days, if he ain't dead."

Carl was gone three days, and then he returned.
And what d'ye think he brought back?
A wife! If he didn't then I'll be derned
If I don't go jug my sack!

We found out afterward that she had come
Around the Horn with old Lane,
Who paid for her trip from her Eastern home,
Which Carl paid him back again.

That was why Carl hadn't taken no part
In the carousing and play,
But had saved his dust to have his sweetheart
By his side some happy day.

We was sorry that they'd been married there
Before they came from 'Frisco,
For if they hadn't, we'd had an affair
Cel'brated from 'Bolt to 'Bispo.

So they settled down in their little house,
Though it was awful plain and rough,
And hardly too big for a good-sized mouse,
Yet they said 'twas big enough.

Carl's face was even more happy and bright,
Though he toiled on like a Turk;
And often I heard 'em singing at night
When she had finished her work.

Was she pretty? Well, it's lucky for you
This happened so long ago,
For I tell you that then all but a few
Would shoot if you'd asked to know.

Pretty? Well, her eyes was like sparks of dew;
Hair brown as the autumn leaves;
Her cheek of a delicate pink-white hue,
Like Shasta on summer eves.

It wa'nt any wonder we loved her, eh?
Well, stranger, I should say not,
For a kinder heart and gentler way
No mortal before her got.

Why, when Bill Haskit was hurt in his claim
She came, like Charity's elf,
And nursed the poor fellow to life again
By smiles more'n anything else.

And Bill Haskit? He almost worshiped Dell,
For that matter so'd the rest;
For there wasn't a man but would go—well,
Long ways to get her the best.

So they lived happy, if their lives were slow,
Till the winter came again;
And then one day they both started to go
Up the hills to see a claim.

The morning they started the sky was clear,
Though the north wind blew quite chill,
And there floated back Dell's faint little cheer
From the top of Mason's Hill.

But they hadn't hardly got out of sight
'Fore the day turned cold and drear,
And the clouds in the sky, with all their might,
Raced around, as if with fear.

By noon the dark clouds had bunched in the sky,
And darkness closed 'round the camp,
And with it came snow, that went swishing by
With the wind, that blew rampant.

Well, we waited a hour, or thereabout,
But as they hadn't got back
We got uneasy, and so started out
With a dog to find their track.

We went to the claim and back again twice,
And hunted all through the woods,
With the wind blowing in our face like ice,
And snow coming down in floods.

We tramped for six hours in that blinding snow,
With the pines crashing o'erhead,
But we didn't have a ghost of a show
To find 'em—other than dead.

By 7 o'clock we was all fagged out,
And started home in despair,
And though Bill was so hoarse he couldn't shout,
He fired his gun in the air.

But it wasn't no use; no answer came,
And our hearts sank down like lead.
But just as we started for camp again
We heard the dog bark ahead.

And there we found 'em; two little white mounds
Together beneath some trees;
And little Dell, in Carl's coat wrapped around,
Knelt by him there on her knees.

Was they dead? Well, stranger, there both in one grave,
In death, as in life, hands clasping;
And only the pine is left to bereave,
And to tell of love e'erlasting.

And what is my name? Well, I'm bound to say
It's mighty queer you ask it.
But I s'pose you'd find it out anyway—
So, stranger, I'm Bill Haskit.

ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

Nevada City, Cal.

The Clergyman and the Jockey.

A clergyman, who is in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country was, not long since, at a country hotel, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed:

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

Japanese Etiquette.

The Japanese young lady now learns fine manners, the etiquette of society, and above all, the arrangement of flowers. The mistress of a house who was unable to arrange them would be regarded as absolutely incompetent to take her place in the world; and not only must she have the artistic sense of color and form, she must be learned in the deeper science of their allegorical significance. Flower language is one of the tongues in which she must be able to converse.

SICK headache? Beecham's Pills will relieve.

FALL IS HERE

and with it have arrived Coughs and Throat and Lung Diseases.

KNOW YOU

that an old and tried remedy is at hand which will surely cure you. We allude to

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Sold by all Druggists.

CONSUMPTION CURED. FOR 40 YEARS DR. WM.

HALL'S BALSAM

FOR THE LUNGS

Has been a never-failing family remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, "LA GRIPPE," SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, PNEUMONIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST, SPITTING OF BLOOD and all diseases of the

Throat, Chest and Lungs

Leading to CONSUMPTION

Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM contains no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by disease, and prevents night sweats and tightness across the chest. It is pleasant to the taste. Be sure and ask for Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM and take no other.

Trade Supplied by KIRK, GEARY & CO., Sacramento, Cal.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., $1.

Dr. WM. HALL CO., NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S PILLS

ALWAYS RELIABLE — 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.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "Nerve Seeds," the wonderful remedy is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which soon lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up convenient to carry in vest pocket. $1 per package by mail; 6 for $5. With every $5 order we *give a written guarantee* to cure *or refund the money*. Circular free. Address Nerve Seed Co., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale at JOSEPH HAHN & CO.'S, Druggists, Fifth and J Sts., Sacramento

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*

A Small Quantity of

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy gives Strength and Fine Flavor.

Invaluable in Improved and Economic Cookery. Makes cheapest, purest and best Beef Tea.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

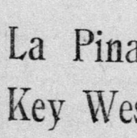
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
A.A. { Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; ☞ Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Corner William and John Sts., New York.



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Carpets, Heating Stoves, Furniture.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR GOODS AND PRICES:

L. A. JACOX & CO.

920 and 922 K Street. n18-tf3p

ELECTION NOTICE.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION HELD in this city

Monday, December, 7, 1891,

When the following School Officers are to be elected to serve full terms of two (2) years each:

City Superintendent of Common Schools.

Four School Directors—one from each Ward.

Also Fifteen Freeholders, to frame a Charter.

The election will be conducted under the General Election Law and power conferred by the City Charter.

The qualification of voters is that their names are on the Great Register of Sacramento County.

The Polls will open at sunrise (7:03 A. M.) and close at five (5) o'clock P. M.

The polling-places, boundaries and Boards of Election will be as follows:

First Ward.

North of the center of K street and west of the center of Seventh street. Polls at No. 306 J street. Inspectors, J. J. Bauer and H. F. Dillman. Judges, J. F. Dreman and I. Boysen. Clerks, George W. Ficks and J. W. Hughes. Ballot Clerks, Thomas Harper and J. W. Tryon.

Second Ward.

South of the center of K street and west of the center of Sixth street. Polls at Armory Hall, Sixth and L streets. Inspectors, C. M. Harrison and W. R. Jones. Judges, Joseph Hopley and Wm. Coyne. Clerks, D. J. Long and E. A. Boyyer. Ballot Clerks, Chris Green and J. C. Kelly.

Third Ward—First Precinct.

North of the center of K street, east of the center of Seventh street, and west of the center of Twelfth street. Polls at Meister's, Ninth, between I and J streets. Inspectors, Dugald Gillis and John Riley. Judges, C. W. Baker and M. J. Burke. Clerks, Martin Devine and V. W. Hartley. Ballot Clerks, R. B. Harmon and Fred Neary.

Third Ward—Second Precinct.

North of the center of K street, east of the center of Twelfth street and west of the center of Thirty-first street. Polls at No. 2003 J street. Inspectors, W. H. Bradley and H. D. Nash. Judges, Benj. Leonard and E. D. Shirland. Clerks, A. H. Rott and Louis Nicolaus, Jr. Ballot Clerks, C. H. Todd and W. D. Lawton.

Fourth Ward—First Precinct.

South of the center of K street, east of the center of Sixth street and west of the center of Tenth street. Polls at Rose's, Ninth street, between K and L. Inspectors, S. W. Butler, Sr., and Hugo Hornlein. Judges, S. J. Jackson and H. M. Bernard. Clerks, E. R. Tiel and Joseph McGuire. Ballot Clerks, James Seadler and Wm. H. Devine.

Fourth Ward—Second Precinct.

South of the center of K street, east of the center of Tenth street and west of the center of Thirty-first street. Polls at New Pavilion. Inspectors, John Weil and Thos. W. O'Neil. Judges, W. K. Cothrin and Fred Day. Clerks, Geo. P. Royster and Ed. F. Smith. Ballot Clerks, W. D. Knights and R. M. Clarken.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

J. D. YOUNG, Clerk.

Sacramento, November 18, 1891. n25-4t

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
OGDEN ROUTE
Dining Car Service
Daily
No. 3—Fast Mail Train—No. 3.
Leaving San Francisco 7.00 p.m.
Making almost continuous
Dining car Service to
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