IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The New York *Observer* (Pres.) is well contented, of course, with the present aspect of the Briggs case. It says: "The action of the General Assembly in the case of Dr. Briggs may be accepted as indicating clearly the mind of the church. Taken in connection with the action of last year at Detroit, it shows that the Presbyterian Church has little sympathy with the teachings of the Professor, and does not regard him as a suitable instructor for young men preparing for the ministry of the church. It virtually reproves the Presbytery of New York for dismissing the case, in spite of what seemed to many to be good reasons for so doing, and returns the case to that body for trial. It is evident that the expectation of the majority of those who have directed this course is, that upon a thorough trial of the case the charges of heresy will be established. His heresy is already so well settled in the minds of his opponents, by the Professor's inaugural address and other addresses and writings before and sinse, that no other result seems possible to them. Impartial men of ordinany sence cannot reconcile Dr. Briggs' views of authority and inspration with the teachings of scripture, or with the standards of the church, and the great majority of Presbyterians are men of that sort. They have not allowed technicalities and objections to obscure the main question at issue, and even if they cannot read Hebrew and are not experts in higher criticisms, they nevertheless know what they believe and what is hostile to their faith. They find that the teachings of Dr. Briggs are opposed to their faith, and therefore they demand that he shall cease to be a teacher in the Presbyterian Church. It does not change their mind to call them ignorant, incompetent to decide questions of this sort, bigoted and illiberal. Presbyterians have been accustomed to hear such charges from infidels, and are well acquainted with the intolerent style of so-called liberals and unbelievers. The only novelty is to hear this language from those who are accounted brethren."

The New York *Evangelist* (Pres.) is greatly disappointed by the action of the assembly. "What will the end be?" it asks. "No man knows, for the intellectual world is not governed by fixed laws like the material world. Human opinion does not come and go like the tides, which can be calculated with certainty. Nor does human progress flow on in one broad, resistless stream; but still, with all its eddies and counter-currents, there is progress toward the great sea of truth. Material science has to some extent modified our religious belief. We can remember when that great teacher, Professor Silliman of Yale College, was subjected to grave suspicion because his studies in geology had led him to question the creation of the world in six days of twenty-four hours each. He was said to be 'setting up science above the word of God.' With equal wonder may those who succeed us on the stage recall the fact that we prosecuted for heresy the man whom foreign universities honored as the greatest Biblical scholar in America. But we have no prophecies to make and no forebodings to indulge. We believe in the fullest liberty of investigation, because we believe the end of such investigation will be larger and grander views of truth, and so an increase in the knowledge of God. And no hindrance to truth can be so great as the frantic effort to repress the action of the human mind in the study of God's works or of His word. But such efforts will fail, because liberty has a vitality in herself which throws off all attempts to restrain her. And so will it be proved in the future, as it has been in the past, that

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Though often lost, is ever won."

"The history of this case is extraordinary," says the New York *Christian Union*. "No accuser has up to date appeared against Dr. Briggs, and no one is responsible for any charges against him. On general rumors prejudicial to his soundness, a Committee of Investigation was appointed by the Presbytery. The Presbytery, after hearing its report and Dr. Briggs' explanations, discharged the committee, expressing itself satisfied with the explanation. It was in order for any one who thought Dr. Briggs a heretic to restate the conclusions of the committee as charges of heresy, and demand a trial, or even to appeal from the action of the Presbytery to the Synod, and urge that the explanations were not satisfactory. The assailants of Dr. Briggs did neither. They ignored the Synod, and appealed directly to the Assembly. No one will pretend that this Assembly is an unprejudiced body, or is in a judicial frame of mind. The notion that delay should be secured in order that the trial may proceed before an unprejudiced and judicial body does not seem to occur to the majority. By an overwhelming majority all appeals for delay and for the admittedly ordinary course of procedure have been set aside, and the appeal of the Prosecuting Committee of the New York Presbytery has been entertained and sustained. The result is that Dr. Briggs will not be tried by an impartial tribunal upon charges presented by an accuser, but on charges formulated by a committee of the very court who is to try him, and with at least a public impression that these charges have already been in a manner sustained by the court which is to determine whether they are true or false. By such methods as this the Presbyterian General Assembly is making ecclesiastical law dangerously like lynch law."

The *Cumberland Presbyterian* of Nashville, Tenn., commenting on the decision of the recent General Assembly at Memphis permitting women to hold the office of elder, says: "It is well for us to remember, in estimating the meaning and force of this action, that the General Assembly has no power to change the organic law of the church. It may interpret the law, but cannot, without the approving vote of two-thirds of the presbyteries, change it. The late action does not purport to be legislation, but only an interpretation. The vote was a decision to the effect that the constitution of the church is silent on the question at issue. Those favoring the majority report claim that it is not silent. The decision carries great weight as an interpretation of the constitution by the highest court of the church, and will be accepted by many as an authoritative declaration of the law, while others regard it as unconstitutional. The assembly may at any future meeting reverse the decision. The fact that many are dissatisfied with the late action makes it probable that the question will be raised in a future assembly. The question is one of interest and importance, and should be discussed with calm deliberation and a proper respect for conflicting opinions."

"It is very common to speak of this as an age of transition," says the *Christian Register* (Unit.) of Boston. "The term, indeed, has a wide application to both intellectual and material things. There has been a transition from the candle to the electric light, from the emigrant train to the lightning express, from the old-fashioned sloop to the ocean greyhound, from the mounted courier to the telegraph and telephone. There has been a transition, too, in the intellectual world from the old theory of special creation to that of evolution, from the six days of Genesis to the infinite periods of divine creativeness, from oligarchy and autocracy to democracy, from old-fashioned, grim Calvinism to milder, juster forms of Christianity. There has been a transition from superstition to light, from ignorance to knowledge. But if, when people speak of an age of transition, they mean that men are floundering in uncertainty, that they are walking in the air instead of upon the solid ground, and are drifting aimlessly, it may be well to remember that the permanent elements in all religion were never more firmly or grandly believed than they are to-day. That there are large numbers of people orphaned and homeless is true, but it is not because religion has any less to offer than it ever had or that men are any less eager for it. It is rather the fact that a great deal labeled as religious food has proved indigestible and nauseating, and those who have revolted from it have not fully recovered their mental and moral tone."

The following is from the *Watchman* (Bapt.) of Boston: "It is said that the Roman Church is becoming modernized. But the facts offered in proof of this notion fall short of the aim with which they are adduced. They do not indicate any change in the principles or purposes of the church, but only a facility in adapting means to ends, which is no new trait in the Papacy. There was a time when the world was ruled by its kings, and the Papacy took good care to adapt its measures to the conciliation of royalty. When peaceful agreement was impossible war followed—war by ecclesiastical methods. Now that nearly all monarchies are constitutional and more or less affected by the popular will, Rome has parliamentary leaders and factions in her interest and uses means for influencing public opinion. We have come upon an epoch of voluntary associations, and Roman Catholic Young Men's Leagues are doing for youth what our Young Men's Christian Associations have long been doing. Roman Catholic temperance organizations are becoming numerous and influential. But the principles and purposes of the Church of Rome are still the same. When the order of Jesuits was devised as an instrument of papal rule, that was modern, as much so as the projected 'Catholic Chautauqua' is now. And we may be well assured that however novel may by any device of 'the age' for imparting energy to human purposes Rome will not hesitate to adapt it to her own unchanged purposes. Steam and electricity will serve her ends as well as they serve Protestant ends, and the various forms of moral mechanism set in action will be equally adaptable. Rome can use modern expedients without becoming herself modernized. Indeed, a church claiming to be infallible must be essentially unchangeable, tending to one end, and making all practiceable means serve that end."

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

Responses to Correspondents Seeking Substantial Information.

[For responses to questions of practical value. Mere puzzles, and the curious and common, answers to which ought to be found in the ordinary home library, will receive no attention. Queries published without responses are invitations to furnish answers, to make this department an information exchange also. Communications must be brief and signed with name and address.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: How did the stupid expression, "Stuffed Prophet," used by some newspapers in referring to ex-President Cleveland, originate? Is there any sense in it, and, if so, where is it? DEMOCRAT, Sacramento.

[We are not prepared to answer any further than is suggested by "Democrat's" inquiry. It is meaningless, and a mere bit of partisan slang unworthy to be used.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Can you give me the aggregate of the immigration to the United States from 1882 to 1892; whence the greatest number came and how many had trades? If the search is too much labor, tell me where I can hunt up the facts.

LABOR UNIONIST, Sacramento.

[From 1882 to 1891, inclusive, the totals were:

Number of immigrants		4,738,146
Having professions		25,858
Skilled workers		487,446
Agriculturists		311,691
Miscellaneous		1,617,481
Not stated		30,142
No occupation		2,265,528
Hungary		149,221
Other Austria except Poland		247,605
Belgium		21,448
Denmark		89,674
France		52,000
Germany		1,356,039
Italy		367,964
Netherlands		50,310
Norway		166,449
Poland		73,689
Portugal		2,863
Russia, except Poland		255,667
Spain		4,840
Sweden		378,896
Switzerland		77,506
United Kingdom	633,103	1,419,207
Ireland	638,846	
Scotland	147,258	
All other parts of Europe		24,768
Greatest number in one year in that time, 1882		730,349

British possessions in America, and Mexico not included since 1884.

Our correspondent will find these and similar statistics in the official quarterly reports of the Bureau of Statistics, which is received by the State Library, probably by the City Library, and by Federal officials.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: What is the distance around the world by the usually traveled route? HELENA, Elko.

[It is 22,181 miles from New York via San Francisco, Yokohama, Hongkong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Marseilles, Paris, London, Liverpool and back to New York.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Please settle a bet by deciding if it is unlawful to mail money to foreign countries by letter.

J. and C., Carson.

[Yes. It is prohibited by the postal treaty to mail coin, currency or paper money, jewelry and other precious articles in ordinary letters.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Who was the author of the lines beginning:

"O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes,
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again."

I. C. T., Davisville.

[Longfellow.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Are railway cars anywhere lighted by electricity or other means than oil or candles?

A. B., Willows.

[Yes, by electricity, by the dry carburetor, compressed oil, gas, and other systems.]

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Can you tell me when were envelopes first used and where? CELIA, Folsom.

[About the time of Louis XIV. and in France.]

EMILE, Napa—Yes a good course in black and white and in color can be had in the Sacramento School of Design in a year if the pupil has native ability and is industrious, but thoroughness cannot be had in so brief a period.

D. L. L., Jackson—The expedited fruit train leaves Sacramento daily. It is not run by any agency, but by the railroad company for all. Your informant was in error.

C. M., Sacramento—The officers under the new charter will be elected in the fall of 1893, if the Legislature approves the charter, which it will certainly do. No, there must be a spring election in 1893 also, unless everyone consents, as they should, that the incumbents shall hold over until the officers under the charter come in.

HENRY, Merced—Address the specimen to the California Museum Association, Sacramento, and that society will name it and give you all the details of its composition if analysis will reveal it, if the find is a matter of public concern. If not you had better send it to an assayer. The State Mineralogist would also advise you, but not probably unless it is, as we assume, of public concern and not merely of private gain. Yes, there is a good fire-clay found in this county; it is unlikely that such is to be found in your locality.

ALPHA, Lodi—There is no such business in this State as the making of imitation duplicates of museum specimens. Your specimen can be cópied in Rochester, N. Y., we believe.

C. C. S., Redding—Don't think of it. The carp is profitless, poor food and the carp pond craze is dead.

ABEL, Sacramento—The Humane Society, W. D. Lawton, Secretary, is the proper authority to which to state your case.

HIS OWN DAD.

Up to his three-and-twentieth year Jack Marsden was a failure. At that age, by a quite natural evolution, he became a disgrace to his family. His family said so, and it ought to have known. It said so with emphasis, and also with unanimity, for it consists of one person only, Jack's father. Marsden senior was a crabbed, knotty-looking elderly gentleman, the sort of man who looks as if he could never have been young, but as if he must have been crabbed and knotty in his cradle. He was supposed to be worth a prodigious lot of money, as he ought to have been, for he had passed his life in making it, and had never been known to part with a penny if he could help it. It was a speculation of supreme interest and difficulty to himself and his acquaintances how it could have happened that such a fellow as Jack could be born of such a father.

Like all men with a genius for failure, Jack began to show his bent early in life. His mother, a tearful and despondent lady, painfully aware of her unworthiness to be the helpmate of such a social and financial paragon as Marsden senior, never had more than an apologetic fondness for her offspring, humbly believing those traits of character which resulted in making him a failure were traceable to her, and that if Jack had had another mother he might have been worthier of his other parent.

After leaving school Jack distinguished himself as a failure in one or two walks of life. He was taken into his father's office, with the promise of a partnership to awake his dormant enthusiasm in business pursuits, and afterward articled to a solicitor. It is said that, after standing him for six months, the solicitor offered him £100 down to break his indentures and go to Australia; it is certain at the end of that time Jack quitted the study of law. As a final attempt to start him in life he was sent to sea. He liked that better, but after a few voyages the monotony of a sailor's life disgusted him, and he announced his intention of abandoning it—"chucking it," was his actual expression.

"And how, if you please," demanded his father, "do you propose to live?"

"I'm going on the stage," said Jack.

If he had declared his intention of taking to pocketpicking or arson for a livelihood it could hardly have had a profounder or more awful effect upon Marsden senior.

"Everybody says I should make a splendid actor," said Jack, "and I'm sure I should like the life. I shall never make a business man, sir. Figures won't stick in my head, and I hate the confinement. Besides, what do I want to make money for? You've got plenty, and I'm your only child." Mr. Marsden gasped. "It really isn't a hard line of life, sir. Actors are just as well thought of as any other sort of people, and if they succeed they make heaps of money. Look at Irving! There's Bob Coltsfoot, Sir Robert Coltsfoot's son. I was at school with him. He's on the stage, making £16 a week, he told me, and he goes into just the same set he knew before he went into the profession!"

"Profession," growled his father. "Good Lord! Raddles his face and makes a public spectacle of himself in a booth and calls that a profession!"

"And, besides," continued Jack, with a shrewd idea of the kind of argument most likely to touch his father, "it requires no capital. That's a great point. Why, it cost you a thousand to get me articled. Clean waste—money gone and no return. It cost something, I suppose, to fit me out for sea. That's gone, too. But I can walk bang on the stage as I am."

By this time the old man had recovered from the shock. He said things regarding the stage and those who trod it—more especially the fairer half of them—and of people who wasted their time and money in encouraging such vagabonds, which it might not be safe to repeat in these days, when the profession is recognized as a kind of fifth estate, and expressed his unalterable determination to cut Jack off with a shilling if he dared so to outrage his family.

"Oh, no, you won't," said Jack. "You will get used to it. In fact, the thing's done. I'm off next week with Moore's Comedy Company; signed the engagement to-day. Second juvenile lead: £4 a week to start with. Not so bad for a beginner."

The old man swiftly sounded his mind to see if he had the moral courage to turn the young reprobate into the street then and there. He had not. Jack was his only son, and he was old. He dared not face the prospect of loneliness for the rest of his life. But he made a final effort to assert himself.

"Understand, sir," he told Jack, "that the very moment you disgrace yourself by crossing a public stage I've done with you. I renounce you; I cast you off. You shan't have a penny of my money or see my face again."

"Takes it harder than I expected," thought Jack, "but he'll come round. I must do something for a living, and there is nothing else I'm fit for or should like half so well."

So Jack went on a tour. As he had anticipated he found the life very much to his taste, and as the repertoire of the company was extensive and constantly changing, and he was a born comedian, he made rapid strides in his chosen art. He wrote home to his father once a week, undeterred by the old man's silence, and sent him cuttings from the local papers of the towns he played in, in which his appearance and talents were praised.

It so happened that in a town in the north of England, at which the company appeared, Jack had some cousins living, whose acquaintance he had never made—the children of his father's half-brother, who had been dead for some years past. As in duty bound he called to pay his respects to the family, a little doubtful of how country cousins were likely to accept a young man of his profession, and found himself, to his agreeable surprise, received with delight by the younger members of the family, and with civility by his aunt, an old lady of a tart flavor, with a manner suggesting a mixture of oil and vinegar. The younger members of the family had seen him in his first performance at the local theater, and, like the simple country folks they were, were greatly smitten with the glory of owning an artistic relative. Jack's light, easy manner did the rest, and before he left town the whole family was in love with him, Miss Alicia Maple, a very charming young lady of 19, not least. Jack sighed bitterly when the week came to an end, and he had go on with the company, nor was he solitary in his sorrow; and nobody who had witnessed his parting with Miss Alicia would have wondered that, when the tour was over and the company disbanded, Jack, instead of going straight back to London to seek another engagement, should have betaken himself again to the town beautified by her presence. It was a rapid courtship, and the two were plighted to each other before even Mrs. Maple's keen eyes had detected any serious symptoms of passion on either side. With the honesty of their age they made their engagement known to her, which, as Jack remarked subsequently, was just where the trouble began. At first Mrs. Maple was more than gracious. Mr. Marsden was wealthy and Jack was his only son.

"You have, of course," she said, "communicated your intention to your father?"

"Why, no," said Jack. "I thought my first duty was to make you aware of the circumstances."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Maple. "Quite right and proper. But my answer must depend on your father's."

Jack bit his fingers and hemmed and hawed. He was over age, he knew his own mind; but still, if she thought so, it should be done. He walked home, revolving in his mind the terms of a letter to his father. He was genuinely and honestly in love, and knew his passion to be returned, and those are the circumstances which will make very commonplace people fairly eloquent with tongue or pen. He was more than doubtful as to how his father would act, remembering the strained terms on which they had parted, and that doubt lent his passion a new glow, and he wrote with fervency. He painted Alicia as the most perfect of created women, as, indeed, he thought her, and dwelt sincerely on his unworthiness of such a wife. The letter dispatched, he spent a sleepless night wondering over his father's probable reception of it, and killed the intervening day as best he could, being under a promise to Mrs. Maple not to attempt to see Alicia until he had received his father's sanction. When the answer arrived he tore open the envelope with shaking fingers, and for a minute or so his eyes were so dim that the blurred characters swam meaningless before them. When their meaning became clear to him he dropped into his chair with a groan. His father wrote curtly and harshly, saying that he might marry any one he would, but telling him to expect no further support or countenance from him. It seemed the deathblow to his hopes. Mrs. Maple would never suffer her daughter to marry a penniless stroller. Sadly he betook himself to her house. The lady, seated in the drawing-room window, marked the broken and dejected air with which he approached, and she was alone when Jack was shown in to her. She read Marsden, Sr.'s, letter and was mellifluously regretful at the shattering of love's young dream. "The young man must see," she said, "that her duty to her daughter——." Yes, Jack saw that. It was all over he knew; but mightn't he see Alicia just for one final moment? He would be quiet and keep his self-control, there should be no scene, but he must see her, just to say good-by. Mrs. Maple, perhaps wisely, declined to have her darling's feelings harrowed by a quite useless interview, and somehow, though Jack had quite meant to say farewell to Alicia before leaving the house, he found himself on the doorstep exiled without that final glimpse of paradise. After the first chill fit of dejection had passed he took a train to London and rushed on his father pleading love's cause with an eloquence which left his letter far behind. The old man was deaf to entreaty, and entrenched himself from his son's impassioned assault behind a barrier of cynical humor, from which Jack's rhetorical cannon shots fell dead.

"This is tyranny, sir," said Jack. "You overstep the bounds of your authority, and I warn you that if Alicia will take me I shall try to win her. As for your money leave it where you like. I would not give her up for all the money in the world."

"What play is that from?" asked the old man sourly. Jack left the house boiling, and went back north, where he wasted time and temper trying to persuade Mrs. Maple that, after all, a young fellow with a profession in his fingers is not so bad a husband, as times go, and in trying to get a glimpse of Alicia, in both of which he failed completely. Jack Marsden, with his father's fortune in prospect, and Jack Marsden, the disinherited mummer, were two widely different people, and the vinegar in Mrs. Maple's manner greatly predominated over the oil. She had her duty as a mother to think of. Setting aside the doubtfulness of his position and resources, what kind of husband was a young man likely to make who had started life by quarreling with his father? Alicia, like a sensible girl, shared her mother's view of the situation.

"Let her tell me so," said Jack. "Let her write it to me if she fears to see me and tell me so by word of mouth."

Mrs. Maple promised that Alicia should write. Jack went home and waited three days for the letter. Then he called again to receive the answer. "Not at home."

On the following day, to quote a favorite phrase of a popular author, a remarkable thing happened. Mrs. Maple received a card bearing the inscription, "Mr. Richard Marsden," with a penciled line asking for a moment's interview. Entering the drawing-room she found there a white-headed, crabbed-faced old man engaged in examining the books on her drawing-room table.

"Mr. Marsden?" she asked.

"The same, ma'am," answered the old gentleman. "We've not met for so long I can excuse you for not recognizing me. You are not looking any younger." Mrs. Maple was conscious of the fact, but thought its statement unnecessary. "I have a letter here from that scamp of a boy of mine." He took the document from his pocket and scanned it through his glasses muttering phrases from it. "'Eternal affection,' 'unchangeable,' 'my darling Alicia,' the usual sort of thing. I needn't trouble you with the young idiot's ravings. You saw my answer to his first letter?" Mrs. Maple intimated an affirmative by a bend of her head. "I've been thinking since I wrote it," he went on, scowling at the lady from under his brows, "a good wife would be a Godsend to him—the making of the dog. He says here the young lady—Alicia, isn't that her name?—confound her, where is it? Yes, Alicia—he says Alicia would marry him if you did not stand in the way. Is that so?"

Mrs. Maple hesitated. The old man's mind had obviously changed since he had answered Jack's letter. If that were so the penniless actor was not so bad a match after all.

"Girls are foolish creatures," she said simperingly. "I have had trouble with her. Of course, she would do her duty if I called upon her to do it, but—"

"But she'd have no objection to marrying ten thousand a year, nor you either, eh?" said Mr. Marsden, with his usual cynical chuckle. "Let me see the girl, ma'am. I'll sound her mettle I warrant you."

Mrs. Maple rose, saying she would send Alicia to him.

"No you won't, ma'am, if you please. Ring the bell for her. I don't want her prompted. I wan't to know her real mind."

Mrs. Maple obeyed, subjected by this rude old man.

"Send Miss Alicia to me, if you please," she said to the servant who answered the call.

Alicia appeared. She started slightly at sight of the old man, struck by the strong family resemblance to Jack traceable in his rugged features. She had little need of her mother's instructions to be sure of him. Mr. Marsden stuck out an ungracious hand to her, but she courtesied and ignored it.

"Got pluck!" muttered the old gentleman. "I like that. Good sign when a girl has pluck. So you're in love with that scamp of a son of mine?" he continued aloud. Alicia shot a glance at him which should have dumfounded him, but it didn't. "In love?" he pursued. "Why, how old are you—16?"

"I was 19 last birthday," replied Alicia, covering a strong disposition to tears with a demeanor of cold dignity, at which the old gentleman chuckled afresh.

"Lord, Lord!" he said, "as venerable as that! What a female patriarch you must feel! So you're in love with Jack, eh? In love with a young ass who offends an affectionate father and throws ten thousand a year into the gutter to join a pack of strolling mountebanks?"

"Shakespeare was an actor," answered Alicia. "And so was Moliere—if you've ever heard of him."

"Alicia," cried Mrs. Maple. "My dear child!"

"Don't you interfere, ma'am," said Mr. Marsden, turning on her with a sudden snap. "I won't have her prompted, I tell you, and if you would kindly spare us your society for ten minutes I think there will be a better understanding."

Mrs. Maple rose and left the room, bristling with anger. A party with ten thousand a year was worth enduring some thing for, but to be told to leave her own drawing-room in that fashion!

"So you tell me," continued the old gentleman in a milder tone when they were left alone, "you really love the scamp, eh? Don't be afraid of me, my dear. You're pretty, too. Very pretty. And you're really fond of him, eh?"

At this Alicia's pride, which had been sustained by contumely, began to waver, and the tears came to her eyes, "Yes," she said, in a scarcely audible tone, broken by a sob, "I love him."

"Love him," said Mr. Marsden; "but that's a word girls don't always know the meaning of. Yes, yes, I know," he continued, checking her as she was about to answer him. "But how much do you love him? Suppose I cast him off—won't give him a penny?"

"It would not alter me," said Alicia. "I would die for him."

"Die!" answered the old man. "You talk easily of dying you young people. Maybe you wouldn't be so fond of the prospect if you were a few years nearer it. Would you live for him, that's the question? Would you marry him if he were only a poor actor and not a rich man's son?"

"Yes," said Alicia. "Oh, sir, I love him so." Nature spoke in the cry; her voice, eyes, hands, were eloquent.

"My darling, cried the old man, in quite another voice, and she found herself in his arms.

"Jack!" she half shrieked, but he covered her mouth with his hand.

"For heaven's sake, no hysterics. I wanted to test you, that's all, and I have succeeded. If you mean what you say, be at the end of the lane at 8 o'clock to-night. Pull yourself together. Your mother will be back directly."

When Mrs. Maple re-entered the drawing-room she found them in their former positions.

"Well, ma'am," said the old man, rising, "I must have time to think this over. I'll write or call, and so good day to you. Good day, my dear."

"Extraordinary old man," said Mrs. Maple. "Well, my dear, will he consent?"

"I—I think so, mamma," stammered Alicia, and she ran to her room.

I must confess that I should have my doubts as to the morality of this story but for two circumstances, which help me to take the same view of it taken by Jack and Alicia. The first of these circumstances is that, for the first three years of their married life Jack and Alicia justified their faith in each other's affections by fighting the battle of life together unaided, except by a very small ally, who joined their forces toward the end of the first year. The second is, that Marsden, Sr., has consented to reinstate Jack as his heir, spends half his nights at the theater of which Jack is the principal star, and vows that Alicia is the best wife and daughter-in-law in England.—New York Advertiser.

MONITORS AT WORK.

The Anti-Debris Agents Say They are at It.

The agents employed by the Anti-Debris Association report as follows:

To the President and Board of Directors of the Anti-Debris Association of the Sacramento Valley: We, your agents, beg to report as follows: On our recent visit to the hydraulic mining regions on the Feather River we found one monitor located in the Cadwalader claim, on Spanish Creek. This machine has been worked this season on a bank about eight or ten feet in perpendicular hight, but was dead during our visit.

Adjoining the Cadwalader claim on the northeast is a claim owned by Richard Thomas. In this claim we found one monitor playing on a bank forty feet in perpendicular hight. The pressure is about 200 feet, and the machine carries about 400 inches of water. Two men and a boy were in the claim when we approached, but the men sneaked out and left the boy alone. The boy stated that "Niles Jack" was working the claim.

On Spanish Creek, below the American Valley, we found a claim owned and operated by John B. Higgins. The bank is about forty or fifty feet in perpendicular hight. The water has a pressure of 250 or 300 feet. We first visited this claim on June 4, 1892, and found the monitor dead, but returning on the 6th we found it alive and in active operation. Higgins and an Indian were in the claim, but neither would open his mouth.

At Nelson Point, in the Metcalf claim, we found two monitors, both of which were dead during our visit on the 7th, but returning on the 9th we found both alive and active. The bank in this claim is about sixty or seventy feet in perpendicular hight. The machines use about 500 or 600 inches of water under a pressure of about 300 feet.

On a ravine between Nelson Point and Onion Valley we found a mine owned by Reece and operated by Chinamen. The bank in this claim is about forty feet in perpendicular hight. The machine is small, two and one-half-inch nozzle, and carries not to exceed 200 inches of water. The claim dumps into Nelson Creek.

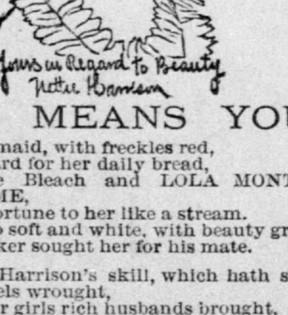
On Jackson Creek, just above the Twenty-mile House, we found a claim owned by L. V. Tifft. This claim was in operation when we we were within 300 or 400 yards of it, but before we reached the monitor the water had been turned off. The bank is about thirty feet in perpendicular hight, and the monitor will carry about 600 inches of water under 300 feet pressure.

On the head of Nelson Creek we found a claim owned by D. R. Thomas and worked by Chinamen. Bank about sixty or seventy feet. The water has a pressure of about 300 feet. This machine was in active operation, but the Chinamen (five) had left. I (Magruder) went to the machine and began to move it around on different parts of the bank, and in about ten or fifteen minutes a Chinaman poked his head out of a cabin behind us. On investigation we found five of them in the cabin.

During our visit we talked to several persons about the mining question, and all hoped that Congress would do something to assist the mining community. Those who are actively engaged in hydraulicking claim, as is always the case, not to be doing any material damage. One gentleman whom I (Magruder) talked with, however, said: "These miners are not acting in good faith. They went into the Miner's Convention, which pledged them to cease work until provisions were made by Congress to restrain debris, and where they persist in working they ought to be shut down."

Respectfully submitted,
GEORGE H. MAGRUDER,
GEORGE F. VAN BUSKIRK.

Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.



THIS MEANS YOU.

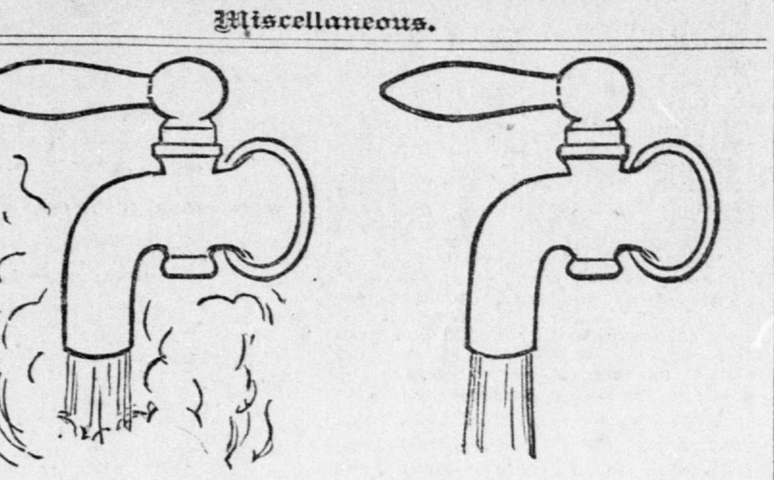
A homely maid, with freckles red,
Worked hard for her daily bread,
Used Face Bleach and LOLA MONTEZ CREME,
Then ran fortune to her like a stream.
Her skin so soft and white, with beauty great,
A rich banker sought her for his mate.

It is Mrs. Harrison's skill, which hath such marvels wrought,
And to poor girls rich husbands brought.
Come one, come all, and test her golden charm;
Nor in old maidenhood die with fear alarm.

Mrs. Nettie Harrison,
26 Geary street, San Francisco. Also treats ladies for defects of face and figure. Ladies treated at a distance.

Mrs. Mattie Stice,
Lady Hairdresser and Manicure, 525 J street, Lady Agent for Sacramento, Cal.

Miscellaneous.



In either of these,

with a little *Pearline*, you can wash clothes more easily, more quickly, and more cheaply, than in any other way. *You* can, we say—but perhaps you don't have to. Then (?) the ease of it doesn't affect you so much. But the quickness, the thoroughness and the economy of it does. The less time that's spent on your clothes, the less it costs you—it's money in your pocket every time they're saved from the wearing rub, rub, rub of the old way. But the *water* doesn't make any difference. Use what's handiest. Hot or cold, hard or soft, salt or fresh, rain or shine, it's all the same if you have *Pearline*. When you *don't* have it—then there *is* a difference.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you some thing in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*.
304 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A Family Affair
Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.
Hires' Root Beer
THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK
is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

1875
Was the year in which
We Originated
Cotton GARDEN HOSE

To-day our Black Line is known the world over as the standard. We were the first to put a colored line in cotton hose. Why? Because others were trying to imitate our goods, compelling us to protect ourselves. To-day other manufacturers are putting colored threads in cotton hose, but *do not be cheated;* insist on a **Black Line.** Your dealer may tell you others are as good, because he can make more money out of them. Buy only hose with this pink wrapper and a **single** pure Black Line.

If your dealer offers anything else, remember we will send express free, for price. Sold everywhere.
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO.,
275 Devonshire St., Boston. 205 Lake St., Chicago. 14 Fremont St., San Francisco.

CRUSHED FRUITS
—AT—
The Bon Bonniere

Otto, formerly of Maskey's, has charge of candy department.
LEITH & BARTON, Proprietors.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, trustee for the creditors of the late firm of GEORGE W. CHESLEY & CO., that he will until and including MONDAY, the 20th day of June, 1892, receive bids for the purchase of the property belonging to said firm, and now in the hands of the trustee, in the premises known as 911 and 913 Second street, Sacramento, Cal. Said property consists of groceries, wines, liquors, cigars, etc., with the fixtures of the store and the good will of the business; also, horses, wagons, harness, buggies, etc. An inventory of the property may be seen at the store, where full information can be obtained by all intending purchasers. The property comprises a part of the assets in the hands of the trustee and formerly belonging to the said firm of George W. Chesley & Co. Until said 20th day of June, 1892, the trustee will, as strated, receive bids for the disposal by him at private sale of all said property. Bids must be for the whole of said property, and the trustee reserves the right to reject any and all bids. If a satisfactory bid is made for the said property on or before the 20th day of June the same will be sold. If, however, by that time no sufficient or satisfactory bid is made for said property, then the trustee will, on the day following, to wit: the 21ST DAY OF JUNE, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at said premises, sell said property, either in one lot or in parcels to suit buyers, at public auction to the highest cash bidder. Said sale will begin at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and continue thereafter until completed.

Dated Sacramento, June 15, 1892.
je16-4t [B. C.] L. ELKUS, Trustee.

STEPHEN N. ANDERSEN. ARTHUR T. ROBLIN.

NEW MEAT MARKET.

WE WISH TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS, and the public generally, that we have this day opened up a New Meat Market at the

Southwest Cor. Twentieth and J Streets,

Sacramento, where we will keep on hand a fine supply of all kinds of Fresh, Salted, Smoked and Cooked Meats, Lard, Sausages, Etc., which we will sell at the most reasonable prices. Your custom is most respectfully solicited.

ROBLIN & CO.

C. SCHNERR & CO.,
SACRAMENTO.
Sarsaparilla and Iron and Orange Cider.

PROPRIETORS CAPITOL SODA WORKS. Agents for Fredericksburg Beer. Dealers in all kinds of Liquors and Mineral Waters.

HAMMAM BATH.

IF YOU DESIRE THE LUXURY OF A Hammam, Sulphur or Steam Bath go to Seventh and L streets, one block from new Postoffice building. Experienced attendants in both ladies' and gentlemen's departments. Open every day, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Telephone No. 361.

R. A. OLMSTEAD & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Choice Family Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Millstuffs; Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos; Fresh Butter and Eggs a specialty; Goods delivered Free of Charge to any part of the city, railroad depot or steamboat landing; Highest Price paid for Country Produce. 400 L STREET, southeast corner Fourth.

Delinquent Tax List.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST For 1891.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, } ss.

By virtue of, and in accordance with the provisions of Sections 3,764, 3,765, 3,466 and 3,467 of the Political Code, I will sell the real property upon which the taxes on the property hereinafter described is a lien and delinquent for State and county taxes for the year 1891, in front of the Courthouse door, at the northwest corner of I and Seventh streets, in the City of Sacramento, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on

MONDAY,

The 20th Day of June, 1892,

For gold coin of the United States, each piece or parcel so described for the amount of taxes thereunto annexed, together with 20 per cent. on the first installment and 5 per cent. on the second installment added thereto, and 50 cents on each lot, piece or tract of land separately assessed and described, and on each assessment of improvements, and on each assessment of personal property additional thereto and accruing costs.

THE FOLLOWING ABBREVIATIONS are used for the words set opposite them: Blk., block; sts., streets; impts., improvements; per. prop., personal property; N., north; E., east; S., south; W., west, sec., section; T., township; R., range; S. L. S., swamp land survey; frac., fraction.

CITY ROLL.

Against the following-named persons and the following described lots, pieces and tracts of land and other property in the city of Sacramento:

No. 1,233—J T Griffiths and E ½ lot 7, blk G and H, 12th and 13th sts, and impts and per prop. Total tax and costs $38 98

No. 1,532—R Horton and W ½ lot 3, blk U and V, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $1 91

No. 2,752—H Ross and N ½ of E ½ of W ½ lot 6, blk N and O, 3d and 4th sts, and impts. Total tax and costs $6 13

No. 3,133—Robt W Sullivan and lot 7, blk S and T, 4th and 5th sts. Total tax and costs $3 15
And lot 8, blk S and T, 4th and 5th sts. Total tax and costs $3 88

No. 3,285—Sarah L Talbot and W ½ lot 6, blk P and Q, 5th and 6th sts, and impts. Total tax and costs $5 00

No. 3,351—Mrs A Warring and lot 1, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $7 82
And lot 2, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $7 25
And lot 3, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $7 25
And lot 4, blk U and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $7 82
And lot 5, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $5 34
And lot 6, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $5 00
And lot 7, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $5 00
And lot 8, blk Q and R, 26th and 27th sts. Total tax and costs $5 34

No. 3,669—R H Hawley and S ½ of W ½ of E ½ lot 6, blk L and M, 4th and 5th sts, and impts. Total tax and costs $8 33

Against lots and blocks in the city of Sacramento and assessed to unknown owners:

No. 3,954—E ¼ lot 2, blk P and Q, 28th and 29th sts. Total tax and costs $3 32

No. 3,998—E ¼ lot 2, blk U and V, 24th and 25th sts. Total tax and costs $1 38

No. 3,999—E ¼ lot 7, blk U and V, 24th and 25th sts. Total tax and costs $1 38

No. 4,015—Lot 1, blk W and X, 15th and 16th sts. Total tax and costs $3 32

No. 4,017—Lot 7, blk W and X, 15th and 16th sts. Total tax and costs $3 32

No. 4,018—Lot 8, blk W and X, 15th and 16th sts. Total tax and costs $3 65

COUNTRY ROLL.

All property described by township and range is north and east of Mount Diablo base and meridian respectively.

No. 6,416—N Klausman and lots 8, 9 and 10, blk D, Highland Park. Total tax and costs $3 55

No. 6,768—Estate of Ellen McCarty and W ½ of S E ¼ and N E ¼ of S E ¼ and S E ¼ of N E ¼ of Sec 26, T 7 N, R 8 E, 160 acres. Total tax and costs $9 14

No. 6,937—Charles H. Powers and E ½ lot 21, G H Kerr Tract, Elk Grove, and impts and per prop, subject to a mortgage for $300. Total tax and costs $3 00

No. 7,108—John Ream and lots 9 and 10, blk I, Highland Park. Total tax and costs $2 54
And lot 5, blk J, Highland Park. Total tax and costs $1 58

No. 7,739—Estate of N Williams and S 46 acres of S L S No 429, in T 6 N, R 4 E, and impts and per prop. Total tax and costs $72 73

No. 7,441—Philip Waggoner and frac E ½ of Sec 5, T 7 N, R 8 E, 54 acres and impts. Total tax and costs $5 41
And S ¼ Sec 28, T 8 N, R 8 E, 160 acres. Total tax and costs $2 83

No. 7,780—William Winters and S L S No 559, Webber Island, 175 acres. Total tax and costs $2 86

No. 7,825½—Catholic Church, Onisbo, and mpts, on N W corner of S L S No 251. Total tax and costs $7 25

LEE STANLEY, Tax Collector.

The above sale will be postponed until MONDAY, June 27, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M.

LEE STANLEY, Tax Collector.
my28-4tS