

STOCKTON SENSATIONS.

Unusual Events That Have Occurred Lately.

The Opening of the Electric Railway and the Elegant New Opera-House.

[Special Correspondence RECORD-UNION.] I had intended to write a series of San Francisco and his adventures in this glorious city of Stockton, and probably would have done so had not a most unlooked-for thing happened, which same shattered my very plans more expeditiously and completely than our Lillian does glass bubbles. I had just gotten well started on the subject of street-car mules, which, as everyone knows, is a subject interesting to people in all conditions of life. At least everyone with a Hutton (not mutton) head on him knows it. I had laid in a large supply of fine writing paper, several boxes of best assorted pens and a fine, ivory-handled, gold-mounted, hand-engraved penholder, which latter I was fortunate enough to procure very cheaply for six-bits, owing, as the dealer told me confidentially, to its having been smuggled up the channel in a mud-screw. I had, as I remarked before, just gotten well started on this profound subject when that most unprecedented, unlooked-for, incongruous and utterly annihilating thing happened. It was all so contrary to the laws of nature, which all means-janics that it seemed absolutely impossible. It was not until I had been knocked down and run over twice by the dastardly things my stubborn mind would admit that the electric cars were running! When I had regained an honorable, upright position, after being de-fected the second time, I retired to the rear of the enthusiastic throng, and from there gazed after the fast-disappearing car which with its load of prominent Stocktonians was howling toward Jackson's gas well at the rate of twelve miles an hour. For some time thereafter I hung around the corner of the prominent Stocktonians streets, and watched the rockaway flight of the dastardly things, noting with a good deal of honest amusement the childish glee with which staid and stately men and maidens boarded the cars for a ride. I have no time to tell of the different antics in which our prominent men got aboard. But I must remark the easy grace with which our revered Justice of the Peace did the thing. The firm, not to say deathlike, grasp with which he fastened upon the extremity of the part of a fleeing car, the gentle, oscillating sweep of his left hand, and the airy wave of his coat-tails sent a thrill of envy into the hearts of all beholders. Even I felt the thrill strike me, and wriggle its way painfully down my trousers-leg until it dropped out at the bottom, turning a ragged newsboy who stood at my feet almost green. It was a very weary and sad-thoughted head that pressed the little pillow in my trundle-bed that night. But bright and early in the morning I made a discovery that infused new life into me, and inspired me all over again. It was very queer that I had overlooked it before, but I suppose it was due to the fact that I was very much confused on the day previous. Great mental and physical shocks some times affect people in that way. The discovery of which I speak, however, was simply that only a part of the electric system was in running order, the other and greater part being in what you might term crawling order, or, more explicitly, being in a crawling order by the bobbed, lathered and lathered course you will understand means the mules and not the drivers. At this joyful turn of affairs I seized my now ivory-handled, gold-mounted, hand-engraved pen-

holder, and drawing down my usually placid brow into a heavy philosophical frown, prepared to wade into my subject, when, alas! I suddenly beheld me of a solemn vow which I had made to myself on that fatal preceding day—to never again write of mules! It is a very alluring subject, but—I shall keep my vow. I was told yesterday that the mules were to be pensioned off as soon as the electric cars took their places, but Mr. Cramer emphatically denies this. He furthermore says that the mules—but there I am writing of mules again! But, you see, I have spent a good deal of time in just studying the mule, and—dang it!

Mules—call them what you will. Cuss it! They tell me that the world's grown old, That all its fiery youth is cold, That it no more of love doth hold. But shoot! Go way! It's false I say! Of love and youth There's naught to-day. They tell me that Ambition's flame Will no more lead men on the same— That all men now are old and lame, but shoot! Go way! It's false I say! The only "old" and "gray." That's "old" and "gray."

Counting the practical beginning of the electric road as one, two great events have happened in Stockton lately, the second being the opening of the new Yosemite Theater on the 12th inst. In connection with this latter auspicious event a heart-rending "tale of woe" has reached me. It was reported sometime before that the opening would be a "full-dress" affair, but the report was sufficiently uncorroborated to be generally ignored. I am not allowed to give the names of my dramatic persons, but suffice it to say that they all aspired to brilliant positions in the social domain. I say aspired, because one at least had nothing with which to back himself save a handsome face and figure, a high sense of honor and a suit of tailor-made clothes, which all means that he was very poor financially. This suit of clothes, by the way, was the only decent one he possessed, and alas! and alas! the coat of it was cut Prince Albert. But this latter fact did not effect the spirits of the young man, whose name we will call William, whose name we will call William.

He had not yet heard of the "full-dress" command. He had been bestirring himself in preparation for the great event, and as the time drew nigh he whistled and sang and was as happy as a jay-bird in acorn season, for he had managed to secure tickets for the "show," and what pleased him infinitely more, he had the promise of a beautiful girl's company. But now for the tragic part of the tale. He had a rival. He did not know this until after the whole thing was over, but he realized it then most bitterly. This rival was not poor like himself, but on the other hand, he was not so good-looking; neither did he have that high sense of honor which characterized William. He was a villain, as rivals always are. He saw how happy William was, and he swore in his black heart that he would strangle William's happiness, and throw it on a garbage heap. He straightway called in a sympathetic friend to counsel with him. This friend was also a de-fected villain. The two worked well together, and before long a most infamous plot was hatched. It grew with the rapidity of a

young pigeon, and ere the shadow of the momentous "opening" night had enveloped the great San Joaquin Valley it was full grown. Just as William the Happy was giving the final touches to his toilet, preparatory to leaving for his loved one's residing to convey her to the theater, his rival's friend, Jack, entered the room. Jack had always seemed to be a good friend of William's and so he did not dream of doubting Jack when Jack said that only those gentlemen in full dress would be passed at the ticket window. It was a heavy blow to William, and for awhile he could not believe it. Then he said he would go anyway, but so skillfully did Jack work that he soon brought William around to a realization of what a precious ass he would make of himself if he persisted in attending robed in a Prince Albert. "But what can I do?" cried William in anguish. "This is my only coat and I've got the tickets, and the coach, and the girl—but here he choked. What would the young lady think of him if he failed to call for her?" He glanced at his watch and found it to be even later than he supposed. Even now she might be waiting and watching for him. He thought that if he again cried helplessly, Jack very kindly told him to sit down and compose himself. Meanwhile he (Jack) would go out and see if he couldn't procure a suitable coat. But when Jack returned, some time later, he had not succeeded. The fact was he had only been outside perfecting plans with the villain who was waiting just around the corner. Then, indeed, was William in despair. "What to do? What to do?" was all he could utter. Jack did not dare to suggest the idea of a substitute. And it was well for his master villain that he did not, for had he done so William would have gone without a coat or anything else before he would have trusted his darling in the hands of another, be he friend or foe. What Jack did suggest, however, was that William send an excuse. "I can't," cried the latter, crying frantically. "You do it for me!" "But what shall I say?" Jack asked calmly. "Say," screamed William, "Why, say anything! Say anything! But let me die!" And he rushed tragically from the room. Jack hugged himself and retired almost as rapidly. A few moments later a cab might have been seen rattling at a terrible rate in the direction of a certain young lady's residence. Lolling comfortably within it was the villain, William's rival. How the matter was explained to the young lady's history does not tell us, but her innocent, trusting soul was probably easily satisfied with the plausible story told her of William's non-appearance. Anyway, the villain had her all to himself for that evening, and as if that wasn't enough, boasted next day that he "went to the theater without even having his boots blacked."

William is looking for the villain now, but they say the latter will stay at the seaside for the rest of the summer. ELWYN HOFFMAN. Stockton, July 20th.

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 50 drops of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Siefert & So. At all druggists.

D. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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The Nonpareil. To-day will be a day of bargains with us, for in addition to the lines of Skirts which were advertised in last evening's "Bee" we will place on the bargain counter at 9 A. M. the following exceptionally good things in Hosiery, Mitts and Gloves:

- Broken lines of Children's Fast Black Hosiery, all sizes, will be closed out at 18 cents per pair.
- Broken lines of Ladies' Fast Black Hosiery, worth fully 50c per pair. Sale price, 25c per pair.
- Broken lines of Ladies' Fast Black Hosiery, that we have been selling at 75c per pair. We offer them to-day at 35c per pair.
- Lisle Thread Mitts, in black, that have sold ordinarily at 20c per pair. Will be sold to-day for 10c per pair.
- Ladies' Pure Silk Gloves, in black. Reduced for to-day to 20c per pair.
- A line of Pure Silk Black Gloves. Regular 50c Gloves. To-day's price will be 25c per pair.

Mail Orders Carefully Executed. Samples and Prices Free on Application. Waterman Dair's & Co. CORNER FIFTH AND I STREETS, SACRAMENTO. AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

General Notices. THE DAILY NEW YORK HERALD... DRESSMAKING - STYLISH SUITS... REMOVAL SALE - WILL SELL PIC... FOR RENT - A FARM WITHIN 2 1/2... FOR RENT - A PLEASANT FRONT ROOM... FOR RENT - THE FINEST ROOMS IN... FOR RENT - FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS... CLEAN HOUSE - FURNISHED... For Sale. FOR SALE, CHEAP - LODGING HOUSE... FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR CITY... FOR SALE - HORSE, CART AND HAR... FOR SALE - THOROUGHBRED YOUNG... FOR SALE - GOOD SQUARE PIANO... FOR SALE - BARGAIN - NEW COT... FOR SALE - \$100. TWO SORREL... FOR SALE - FINE LOT OF SHEET ZINC... FOR SALE - CHEAP - A GOOD TUB... RANCH FOR SALE - TWO MILESSOUTH... FOR SALE - LOTS 40 OR 80x160 FEET... FOR SALE. A FIRST-CLASS BUSINESS... DELIGHTFUL RESORT - DON'T FAIL... SEND THE WEEKLY UNION TO YOUR friends in the East.

CLEARANCE SALE. Fourth Week. Jersey Mitts. Ladies' Black Silk Jersey Mitts at 19c per pair. Ladies' Vests. One case of Ladies' Fancy Ribbed Cotton Vests to go on Sale at 23c each. Children's Hose. Children's Black Lisle Thread Hose in sizes 5 1/2 to 8 1/2, at 18c per pair. Fourth Week. THE OPPORTUNITIES - FOR - NEXT WEEK. Read About Them Then. Come and See. DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT. 5c Per Yard. At this price we place on sale Black Long Cloth, 36 inches wide. A popular dress material used instead of Lawns and Satens. 10-4 BLEACHED SHEETING at 20c per yard. TURKEY RED DAMASK TABLE COVERS 60x72 inches in size, at 60c each. A fine assortment of BEDSPREADS, 84x90 in size. Sale price, 95c each. WINDOW SHADES AT 25c EACH. Plain Opaque Window Shades, mounted on patent spring rollers; colors light and dark olive. DRESS GOODS. A great many lines of DRESS GOODS have been marked down and will be found displayed on counters. THE FOURTH WEEK More lively yet, if INVITING PRICES have any influence. YOU SHOULD Know About Them. WE MEAN THE BARGAINS FOR NEXT WEEK. CLOTHING. CHILDREN'S TWO-PIECE KNEE PANT SUITS, ages 4 to 14, have been reduced to \$1 50 per Suit. SHOE DEPARTMENT. A mixed lot of LADIES' LOW CUT OXFORD TIES to be closed out at \$1 per pair. DOLLS. One lot of 18-inch DOLLS reduced to 13c each. Gents' Furnishing Dept. Men's Twill Muslin Underdrawers reduced to 19c per pair. Light weight Merino Undershirts and Drawers go on sale at 19c per garment. Men's Fine Straw Hats in a large assortment of styles, reduced from \$1 and \$1 25 to 50c each.