MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Theatrical Business Booming in New York City.

"Robin Hood" and the Friend of the Illustrious Curran—The Romantic Drama as Presented by Salvini—General Stage News.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of September 3d, says:

"We have had halcyon' days of late. Days during which the nature-loving Greek betook himself to the shady trees and sought babbling brooks where the nymphs and dryads whom he met were not always essences impalpable; or he perched him on rocks and peered at the blue Mediterranean. The Gothamite, while he may have watched the blue Atlantic dashing on the sands, in daylight, has perched him on a soft chair in one of the numerous play-houses, and the managerial heart has swelled with delight. Weather in the days of Socrates, or our own, the poets seem to have missed a name for the supernal time between summer and autumn, sharing the charms of both and free from the imperfection of either. But whatever it may be called, it has given an impetus to things theatrical, and all the play-houses have been well filled in spite of the ugly reports that it is more than probable that cholera will obtain a lodgment on our island and that in a few weeks the dread pestilence may keep empty every theater in town. People, however, feel confident that our great city is too clean and healthy for a great epidemic to be produced, and the great multitude just returned from their summer wanderings are amusing themselves, and between acts hoping that the President will, temporarily, at least, stop the tremendous flow of immigration. There is certainly much, even at this early date, to be amused at in our metropolis. Pay your money and you may enjoy nearly all kinds, from the gilt-edged play to the brass-heeled variety, from the star to the frill dancer.

"The most important production during the week was no doubt Robert Mantell's 'The Face in the Moonlight.' He is one of our best romantic actors, but the stalwart melodrama, cast in the old, old mold, did not make a success, and did not show him at his best. The drama is the work of Charles Osborn, a skilled English play builder, and the theme the oft-used counterfeit resemblance of two half-brothers, one of noble birth, the other an outcast and murderer. The play moves dolorously, all its misery hanging upon the girl's belief that her lover was an assassin.

"At the Windsor Theater another new play called 'The Shamrock' was brought forward on Monday. It is of the regulation pattern and full of horse-racing and sport, very popular at present owing to the nearness of the New Orleans fights. It will no doubt do well on the Bowery.

"At the New Park Theater, which is not managed nowadays by William Dunlevy, but by A. H. Ellis, a season of very good variety was begun on Monday. It is to be continued throughout the season.

"For the first time in the annals of the American stage a farce-comedy is strong enough and popular enough to run at two theaters in town during the same week. This honor belongs to Charles H. Hoyt's 'A Trip to Chinatown,' which continues its run at the Hoyt Madison-square Theater, appearing there on Monday for the 306d consecutive performance, while it was also presented at the Hammerstein Harlem Opera-house. Both theaters were packed, and it is hard to tell which is the best company of the two.

"On Tuesday Mr. Dixy brought out 'Patience' at Palmer's Theater and on Thursday 'The Black Crook' was revived at the Academy of Music, of which more hereafter."

THE OPERA OF "ROBIN HOOD."

The editor of the *Dramatic News* is happy in satisfying the querists. He writes: From the Western art center, Anaconda, Mont., comes the following query, which has to be weeded out of a long and complicated sentence:

"*Editor of the Dramatic News*—DEAR SIR: Being exceedingly gratified that the opera of 'Robin Hood' and the Bostonians met with such signal success in New York, a success which the magnificent interpretation of the opera by this eminently talented company commanded, I am curious to know—as some honors must be accorded to the composer and librettist of 'Robin Hood'—which, the papers tell me, is 'a new and original creation' (as if a creation could be other than new and original), how much of a difference there is in the present libretto and score from the opera of 'Robin Hood' written by the famous Irish barrister, Leonard McNally, and the friend of the illustrious Curran—which opera was originally produced nearly one hundred years ago at the Crow-street Theater, Dublin, and the same season was translated to Covent Garden, where it became an instantaneous success and had one of the longest 'runs' in those days? Yours, respectfully, J. MAGUIRE."

If Messrs. DeKoven and Smith have utilized the work of any friend of the illustrious Curran the public should know it, so H. C. Barnabee, that inimitable Sheriff of Nottingham, was asked: "How about the opera produced by the friend of Curran a hundred years ago?" "I remember the first production well," replied Mr. Barnabee. "The Bostonians were then known as the Boston Ideals and were under the management of the revered Miss Ober. You remember, Tom?" queried the comedian of Mr. Karl, the tenor. "I shall never forget that gala night at the Crow-street Theater, Dublin," responded Mr. Karl, "but I am bound to say that Messrs. DeKoven and Smith were not present and I don't think they know about the work of the illustrious Curran's friend, McNally." It is likely that there have been a half-hundred stage versions of "Robin Hood" just as there have been of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Cinderella." In England there have been so many "Robin Hoods" that when the Bostonians' piece was given in London its name was changed to "Maid Marian," under which title it is now being played in the English provinces. The success of this latest "Robin Hood" shows how much may be done with modern treatment of an old subject. The patriotic Milesian, now resident in Anaconda, does well to stand by the art of Erin, the illustrious Curran and the famous McNally, but DeKoven and Smith evidently have gone further back than a hundred years for their material, which is made up of the ballads of Sherwood's outlaw found in Ritson's collection.

MURRAY'S NEW COMEDY.

Few people are familiar with the word "Voodoo" or its meaning. It is an African superstition or worship mixed with conjuring and witchcraft, and still exists to a great extent among the negro element of the Southern States and West Indies. Frank W. Sanger, one of the most prominent theatrical managers in America, and Gus Bothner are the proprietors of a new musical comedy, called the "Voodoo: or a Lucky Charm," which they will put on the road the coming season, with the celebrated Irish comedian, Thomas E. Murray, as a leading feature, supported by an excellent company. The plot of the comedy hinges on Voodooism. A widow anxious to become wealthy applies to a Voodoo woman for some charm by which she may gain riches. The formula she receives is: To get seven hairs from the face of a man possessing red whiskers, attach them with a seal of clarified wax to a lottery ticket, which will draw the capital prize, providing no other ticket in that drawing is under a similar voodoo. In her search for the required sluggers she manages to get the aid of all the other characters in the piece, by means of many promises of riches. The man with the needed facial adornment appears in the person of a Mr. O'Brady, a power in one of the lower wards. A very lively and exciting chase begins for possession of the coveted hairs, and many amusing and absurd situations occur. Finally it occurs to O'Brady that every one on earth is determined to pull his whiskers out by the roots, and in his excitement to avoid the widow he accidently gets into an explosion and is deprived of his hair and cherished beard. Fortunately the widow draws a large sum of money in the lottery, matters are satisfactorily explained and all ends happily. An excellent company has been engaged to support Mr. Murray, who is well known throughout the country for his long association with the Murray and Murphy "Irish Visitors" combination that J. M. Hill managed. The comedy will abound in singing and clever specialties, and is made up in all specially for a high class comedy entertainment.

THE ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Alexander Salvini deserves the thanks of the theater-going public for his eminently successful feat of reviving the romantic drama, and the new productions of the same school which he has in view are likely to have a very welcome effect. Even though the atmosphere which surrounds his plays belong to a period long since past, is not the sword of a D'Artagnan or Don Cæsar a healthier piece of stage property than the knife of a murderer in the lurid melodrama of the day? The latter is certainly more realistic and the public of course must have action, and by way of variety swords, knives and pistols also. But is it not better to perpetuate the stage pictures of a time when men fought for honor and valor than to illustrate the baser motives of depraved humanity to which the modern stage is so prone?

STAGE NOTES.

Henry Greenwall has gone to New Orleans.

Uncle "Dick" Hooley of Chicago is in London.

Minnie K. Gale will marry A. C. Haynes to-day.

Miss Alice King Livingston is sightseeing in London.

"By Proxy" has made another hit at the Brooklyn Amphion.

Nineteen operas have been written around Christopher Columbus.

Marguerite Lamar is now playing the part of Zamorah in "Ali Baba."

Ben Tuthill has become business manager of the New York Standard.

Miss Isabel Campbell, a member of the Daly company in 1888-90, is dead.

The church people are having a row in Chicago about the Sunday theaters.

Ralph Delmore is now able to promenade Broadway without his crutches.

Gussie Gilbert will soon wed a rich Chicagoan named Harry Hawthorne.

Alan Dale's new novel, "Conscience on the Ice," has reached the news-stands.

Charles "Napoleon" Frohman will have sixteen companies on the road this season.

Fred Zeifel, of "A Texas Steer" company, and May Curtis have become man and wife.

Augustus Thomas' new American war drama, "Surrender," is soon to be done in Boston.

Charles H. Hoyt has started toward the West to overlook the opening of "A Texas Steer" tour.

Dr. Augustin Daly is trying to secure Coquelin to play with Miss Rehan in Chicago next year.

John H. Russell began his tour with the "City Directory" at the New York Grand on Monday.

Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground" begins its tour at Chester, Pa., September 12th, with a very strong company.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert have patched up their differences, and are at work on a new Indian opera.

Bertha Ricci has been engaged by Manager David Henderson, and will shortly be seen in "Ali Baba" at the Chicago Opera-house.

Messrs. H. S. Stephens and Edward Solomon have shaken hands, and the result is to be a new opera called "The Spanish Main."

Jennie Hill, the well-known English character singer, is dangerously ill with consumption and has been ordered away from England to Australia.

J. K. Emmett, owing to his youth and grace, his voice, his yodling and his good acting, is now called "the best German dialect comedian of the day."

Reports from London have it that Yorke Stephens intends deserting the play-houses for the 'alls, and that Minnie Palmer is contemplating a similar step.

W. E. S. Fales, the well-known dramatic writer, who is at present United States Vice-Consul at Amoy, China, is enjoying a brief vacation at Manilla, Philippine Islands.

At the three hundredth performance of Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," at the Madison Square Theater, 285 persons were unable to buy orchestra seats and 215 were turned back from the gallery box office.

The railroad contracts for the entire season of "Ali Baba" were signed last week. The company will number 115 people, will require a train of seven cars, and will cover about 12,000 miles of territory on its tour.

No fewer than three dancers have written to the London *Era* to mention that they are each *the* original inventor of the serpentine dance. Loie Fuller and the other "inventors" may be trusted to reply later.

The average weight of the professional outfit of a *premerie danseuse* is as follows: One pair of silk tights, four ounces; five ballet skirts, including tucks, nine ounces; one pair of slippers, four ounces; one bodice, eight ounces; total weight of ballet costume, twenty-five ounces.

"The White Squadron" closed a very brilliant season at the New York Fourteenth-street Theater on Saturday, during which it aroused more red-hot patriotism than has ever been let loose in Gotham over a play. With very few exceptions it goes *en tour* with the same high-salaried artists which created the parts, and its elaborate scenery, too, will be carried from port to port as the successful play sails along. It is pretty safe to say that few plays will make more money for its plucky manager during the season, and equally safe is it to say that few plays will give more thorough satisfaction.—Dunlop's Stage News.

The fourteenth week of the remarkably prosperous run of the American Extravaganza Company's big summer spectacle "Ali Baba" is now in progress at the Chicago Opera-house. The third edition of the piece, which was put on some time ago, has proved so successful that the management has considered it unnecessary to make any material changes recently, but elaborate preparations are now under way for the fourth and last edition, which will soon be presented, and which will be the form in which the entertainment will be seen on the road. The story of "Ali Baba's" extraordinary success is best told by the S. R. O. sign, which has been out in front of the Chicago Opera-house at every night's performance for three consecutive weeks.

"Larry the Lord," the new operatic comedy to be produced by Frank Maeder with that well-known comedian, Robert E. Graham, and his company, September 12th, is full of witty sayings, sweet and catchy music; the scenic effects are beautiful, the humorous situations laughable. The exhibition of hypnotism will be well worth seeing, and the mechanical boat race is a marvel. The topical song, "I Wonder What Next They Will Do," by Robert E. Graham, bids fair to become popular throughout the land, as popular as Mr. Graham's "Cawn't Do It Yer Kno'." Miss Mamie Cerbi will sing "I Must Be Loved," and Miss Lillian Swain "When I'm Married." The opera will be lavishly mounted by Messrs. Greenwall and Maeder, and will make a sure enough success.

SO HAPPY.

3 Bottles of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC relieved me of a severe Blood trouble. It has also caused my hair to grow out again, as it had been falling out by the hand full. After trying many physicians in vain, I am so happy to find a cure in S.S.S.—O. H. ELBERT, Galveston, Tex.

S.S.S. CURES by forcing out germs of disease and the poison as well. It is entirely vegetable and harmless. Treatise on Blood and Skin mailed free.

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"MY ERMINTRUDE."

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith—Alice Robertson.

Slowly, slowly the fiery sun is setting, flooding in a golden glory Featherstone Hall, and glinting warmly upon each window with a rich, ruddy glow.

This hour of sunset is the only time the dreary, grand old place assumes a cheerful appearance—albeit, the solid, gray stone structure is now moss-covered and weather stained. See the long road stretching afar and circling around the distant hills whereon there are no signs of travel excepting one solitary, dark object.

Through the far distance a faint tingle of bells may be heard, or, perhaps, a soft low from the grazing cattle upon the sloping hillside. Higher up, with their snowy lambs gamboling among them, are gathered a small band of sheep.

The craggy hills raise high and steep, seeming to cut a long, jagged rent through the dappled sky.

Those everlasting hills, which stand like faithful sentinels, tall and grim, separating the estate from the outer world, whilst I, Margaret Calthorpe, nearing the sunset of life, do watch, with eyes grown dim with tears, the sun descend behind the rugged peaks.

Oh, ye hills! despite your massive strength and splendor my Ermintrude has strayed far, far away. How many times have my tired eyes vainly sought to pierce your smooth, green sides to seek my lost one amid the crowded walks of your black and loathsome city? My Ermintrude, with your fair, dainty beauty, jostled and crowded among that rough, rude throng, while I sit here, lonely heart and empty arms, longing, yearning, hoping for her return. The soft, wee infant who has laid at my breast; whose whose dimpled arms have clasped my neck; whose little fingers have strayed and tangled themselves amid my hair, and whose sweet breath I feel upon my lips this instant.

O, art Thou just, my Father, to create so fair a thing for the destroyer's leprous touch? O! Thou, who knoweth all; Thou who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, on my knees I beseech Thee to guard and guide her safely back. But why do I pray to Thee so oft in vain? Thou art a man and cannot understand a woman's grief. O! forgive me, I blaspheme. I have wearied Thee long with my constant fretful praying. There are others more worthy, whose turn comes, perhaps, before mine. When my time comes listen to my supplication, O! dear Lord!

Strange memories cling and flock around me to-night. Before me the musty curtain of the past hangs heavy with dust and cobwebs. Ruthlessly I thrust it aside. With one wrench I tear it from its moth-eaten fastening. The dust arises, almost stifling me. I open the casement. The pure, fresh air sweeps in enabling me to distinguish my objects clearly.

I am gazing upon Featherstone Hall, not as it now is. Crisp and green are the sloping lawns, grim and neat the flower-edged walks. To the right a white marble fountain splashes and dashes a million narrow jets, in a curved radiant spray, reflecting in the noonday sun the brilliant hue of a rainbow, to fall down, down into the wide, deep basin wherein floats a dozen sweet water lilies.

It is an excessively warm day. Carefully placing my basket of eggs upon the broad brim of the basin I dip my burning fingers into the cool, delicious water. I start at the harsh, discordant cry of a noble peacock as he struts past me, his gorgeous tail a glittering mass of beauty. Involuntarily I glance upward to my lady's chamber window. How happy she must be. Over the portico, in front of the windows, thousands of creamy roses climb and hang over the sides like a great white rug.

"White roses," I murmur, "keep the babe just born pure and white as your spotless petals." Again the peacock utters a loud, shrill noise as if in mockery.

A bad omen. I shudder, and carefully dry my hands upon the soft lace handkerchief—my lady's latest gift—and slowly raise my basket. A maid runs toward me, her face swollen and red from weeping.

"Thank God you are here. She is asking for you. Come quickly."

No questions arise to my trembling lips. Meekly, with an overpowering sense of awful misery upon me, I follow her flying footsteps, ascend the wide stone steps and silently enter the outer door.

A solemn, mournful hush prevails. Hurriedly we pass group after group of weeping servants standing or sitting with bowed heads, until we pause breathless before a heavy oaken door which the maid pushes quickly open.

There are, perhaps, a dozen people in the room. But my troubled eyes seek only one, and rest upon my lady lying so white and still.

Kneeling by the bedside, with head bent down, is her young husband. At the other side a gray-haired doctor stands with fingers lightly pressed against my lady's wrist. I walk hurriedly toward her. I kiss tenderly, lovingly the beautiful forehead. Her dear eyes brighten. She feebly tries to lift her hand to mine. The sweet lips murmur:

"I wanted you, Margaret. I prayed for you. God is good. He has heard my prayer. I am dying. Don't cry, dear. It grieves me. Listen. Will you take my baby? Will you raise her and be a mother to her? I can trust you, Margaret. Will you do what I ask?"

"Yes, yes," I sob, "willingly."

"Then heaven bless you, Margaret. Call her Ermintrude. It was my mother's name. Kiss me now, dear, I am very weary."

Choking with sobs I press my mouth to her cold, blue lips. Then someone laid a soft, warm bundle in my arms. 'Twas you, my Ermintrude.

I will not linger over the next few years. After my lady's death her husband went abroad. Letters came occasionally from foreign parts whilst the uneventful years flew by, until we received news of his death.

The estate fell to a distant relative very unjustly. The female heirs of Featherstone did not inherit. My beloved was left an ample allowance.

We lived, my kind old father, the rector, Ermintrude and myself, in our pretty, cosy cottage.

The hall remained unclaimed and neglected for six years, the weeds growing rank and high, and the ivy spreading and entangling the flowers and trees, when, suddenly, the heir appeared.

Ah! the burning tears are rushing to my dim, old eyes. I must pause a moment. The drops fall and blot these pages as I write, for woe and bitterest misery followed.

Oh! Ermintrude, why could you not resist the base, vile love of man? "Man's love!" I groan aloud, "'tis naught but a selfish passion to soil and tarnish."

What use to linger over his arrival. We met him idly sauntering down the grass-grown road. He stopped, and doffing his hat, bowed low to Ermintrude, who blushed and smiled.

As I glanced at him my heart grew light as if I were gazing upon something divine, so beautiful was this man.

Thus the beginning.

They loved.

"'Tis well," I said. "Featherstone Hall shall be her home."

It was a brief, passionate wooing, when the larches and lindens were coated with their brightest green, Basel Featherstone and my Ermintrude were wed.

Then, for the first time, she left me—the first time since I held her, a day old infant, in my arms.

They went to France and returned a month later. I hardly knew my dear. Happiness had lent a new and wonderful charm to her beauty.

I must pause a moment. These memories of the past are fraught with grief and pain. The sun has completely set. White and desolate the long road gleams before me, nearer the dark blotch has drawn. It is swiftly approaching. The sound of wheels falls on my ear.

I draw the blind, light my candle and resume: Ermintrude was supremely happy, loving her handsome husband with a love bordering upon idolatry. Swiftly the months flew by. One morning she came to me, her pretty face blushing and dimpling. Throwing her arms around my neck she whispered the sweet secret.

It was about this time we heard of a new comer at the village inn. A wonderfully beautiful, dark foreign woman, accompanied by two children—both girls. She inquired, in broken English, eagerly about the hall, its master in particular. I was spending the forenoon with Ermintrude, whose husband was absent in the distant city. We were busily employed sewing upon and shaping various tiny garments, when the stranger woman confronted us.

There was little to be told. Her story was a simple one, the proofs convincing, which revealed Basel Featherstone a villain of the deepest dye. This woman was his wife—he, the father of her two children. Eight years previous he married her in Lisbon, whence, with the slight clue she possessed, she followed him hither.

I shall never forget my darling's face. With outstretched arms she turned piteously toward me, but ere I could reach her side, she swayed and fell like a murdered thing at the woman's feet, who, I think, was touched, for a soft shade of pity crossed, for a moment, her hitherto hard, defiant face. I bent down and caught her to my breast. I carried her senseless form and laid it upon a soft, low couch. Frantically I ran for restoratives. When I returned she lay quiet, pale and dry-eyed—a strange, unnatural look upon her white, calm face. What became of the strange woman I never knew.

Toward evening I was obliged to leave the hall for a few minutes. Upon my return my child was gone—all trace of her lost. I have not seen nor heard of her since, and simply write these lines to ease my breaking heart. Hush! The carriage wheels are drawing nearer, nearer. Stay. They pause outside.

Shall I unlatch the door? Yes, kind heaven, 'tis Ermintrude.

Again I stand at the marble fountain and dreamily watch the sparkling water. Once more the pale, white roses fling their buds and blossoms over the balcony. A few snowy petals flutter in the soft, sweet breeze to waft hither into the shallow basin to dance and float upon the rippling surface. Again I gaze upon the short, green sward and trim, fragrant flower beds of Featherstone Hall, which, by almost miraculous swiftness, has assumed its former imposing magnificence.

I left you rather abruptly, dear reader, when my child returned—returned after a seven years' absence.

Half maddened with grief her husband met her wandering aimlessly across the opposite hills. He immediately returned with her to the city. For months the most eminent physicans watched over her until, aided by their professional skill, she eventually regained her reason.

The woman's visit was easily explained. She had confounded Ermintrude's father, to whom she was secretly married, with the young heir, they being of the same name.

My child wrote to me, but, unfortunately, the letter was miscarried. We old folks must not be too exacting. Why should she think of me with a handsome, adoring young husband constantly by her side?

See, they come toward me now. How fair and sweet she is. Her husband's arm around her waist as, with head bent low, looks tenderly into the pure, sweet eyes upraised so trustingly to his.

Then children's footsteps sound upon the graveled walks; merry voices fall upon my ear; chubby hands tug and pull my gown; little fingers clasp my hands; baby voices ring across the lawn; joyous laughter echoes from the distant hills, and, as my life is so soon to sink behind the shadowing hills of time, in blissful content I say farewell, farewell!

WOMAN'S CHANGING FASHIONS.

When hoops were worn by women fair,
A nuisance they were found;
One ran against them everywhere,
The hoops were always round.

And then they retarded, it was clear,
The rise of womankind,
For by the fashion to her sphere
Each woman was confined.

When hoops went out, by some cracked brain
The bustle was designed,
And woman's fashions, it was plain,
Were getting quite behind.

The bustle also saw its day,
Though to it they adhered
For years, and when it passed away
The clinging dress appeared.

And as it suited old and young,
'Twas worn without demur:
To fashion women long had clung,
Now fashion clung to her.

In time the train became the style,
And every woman wore it;
In fact, the fashion for awhile
Swept everything before it.

And thus the years new fashions bring
Which flourish and decay;
The corset is the only thing
That ever came to stay.

—Yarmouth Register.

Mrs. Logan's "Home Magazine" and the "Weekly Union."

Both only $1 75 per year. The *Home Magazine* of Washington, D. C., conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, is the best and most popular low-priced periodical ever printed. The publishers of the WEEKLY UNION will furnish the magazine to its subscribers for a mere nominal sum above the price of subscription to the weekly.

Chauncey M. Depew has leased the place of Daniel Lindley, near Dobbs' Ferry, on the Hudson. It is one of the mansions built by Cyrus W. Field and his son Edwin, and is handsomely furnished. Dr. Depew has room enough in it to entertain political visitors sure to find him quite often this year.

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Is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Honduras sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because the yellow dock, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. It is

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LESSONS OF THE TURF.

Men Should Profit Through Life From Some of Them.

What a Montana Clergyman Learned by Attending a Modern Racing Meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Rounder, a Montana clergyman, recently attended the races at Butte, from which came the inspiration of the sermon which he delivered the following Sunday. He does not share the views of many of his brethren, who delight in launching anathemas at the turf, but gathered a valuable lesson from what he saw and heard.

"I must confess," said the reverend gentlemen, "that I did admire those horses. I believe that many of them have better blood—truer blood, honester blood than the men who are driving them. The only creatures on the track that you could swear were absolutely on the square were the horses themselves. They all tried to win as hard as some of their drivers tried not to win. If I were a horse and was leading in a race, and my master should give me a mean jerk of the reins to send me off my feet, and let some contemptible scrub of a horse go flying past me and win, I should send my heels through the dashboard, and throw him heels over head to the ground.

"The horse races are a great deal like humanity's race. I notice that all the horses must enter the track by the same gate, and whether they are fast or slow, winners or losers, high-bred or mongrels, all must pass the same judge's stand. All must be judged whether they go past the grand stand amidst the shouts that greet the winner, or the jeers that proclaim the last horse in the race.

"I notice that the finish shows the race horse. It is not the horse which prances and cavorts the liveliest at the starting post that runs the best race. I notice it is not always the horse that wears the gold-plated harness, or has the finest ancestry, or the sleekest skin, or sells favorite in the pools, or that has the best bottom for a long race. It is the finish that proves the race horse.

"The saddest spectacle on the race track is the horse that breaks under the wire. It is the saddest thing in the human race, too. After running the race of life faithfully and well, past the quarter pole, down the back stretch and into the home stretch, after resisting all the temptations and allurements which would draw one from the path; after striving to win the fight with all the energy of youth and manhood; and then at last, when old age has come, when the fight is nearly completed and the victory in sight, to fail at the last moment and break under the wire! It is the saddest spectacle in life! A horse breaking at the finish is like a man who has built a fortune by years of hard and earnest labor, and then lost it in his old age by one bad speculation; or like a man who has lived a moral life and gained the respect of the world, to lose it by a false step after his head is crowned with silver.

"I notice that no horse can live to-day on the victory of yesterday. A horse may make the grandest race on record. He may win for his master and for his friends bushels of money and receive the applause, the adulation of the grand stand full of people. But when he races again to-morrow he must win again or the people will all turn against him. If he fails he receives the execrations of the same people who yesterday applauded him, but in proportion to two jeers for one cheer. You cannot live to-morrow on the record you make to-day, or to-day on the record you made yesterday. Life must be one constant striving.

"It is the horse that draws the crowd and makes the money, but it is not the horse that gets the money. The hardest workers in the world seldom get the bulk of the reward. The horse does the work; his master gets the money. If the purses are increased, or if the entrance money is reduced, the master gets all the benefit. There is no increase in the wages or decrease in the work for the horse, however the value of his services to his employer may be increased. It is like some other kinds of 'protection' I have heard of.

"'Score with the pole horse!' There are a good many false starts in life because men won't do that. The soldier wants to be a Captain before he has become a good soldier. The clerk wants to be a floor-walker before he has learned to sell goods successfully. A good mechanic thinks how much better a foreman he would make than the man who is over him, and spends the time in criticising him that he should spend in learning the details of his trade.

"I notice that many races are lost because a trotting horse tries to run, or a pacing horse changes his gait into a trot. It is like a good blacksmith who spoils himself by becoming a poor merchant; or the good miner who becomes a contemptible lawyer, or thinks he would make a successful Congressman. It is a wise man that sticks to his own sphere—who finds his natural gait and keeps it.

"Doubtless there are lots of horses that look over the palings into the track and watch the races who feel that they could go faster than the high-bred, conceited horses entered for the trot. But they never had an opportunity to show what they could do on a race track. They were not trained for race horses, although they feel that they have it in them. They are only road horses, or plow horses, or they draw delivery carts. They never hear the plaudits from the grand stand. They never pass the judges' stand in a neck-and-neck race. They never run for office. They do the work they have to do faithfully and well, known only to their neighbors and their fellow workmen. These honest, faithful men who stick to the work they have to do, and do it well, are the men who make the nation and preserve it. If all men were lawyers or politicians the country wouldn't last very long. If all horses were race horses, horse flesh would be a drug on the market. My brethren, learn from my sermon the lessons which the race track teaches."—Clark's Horse Review.

TO PROTECT THE PUBLIC

from fraud and imposition, the *genuine* medicines of Dr. R. V. Pierce are now sold only through druggists, authorized as agents. They are the *cheapest* medicines to use, as well as the best, because in every case *you pay only for the good you get*. The money is refunded if they ever fail to benefit or cure.

Being sold on this *peculiar* plan of "value received or no pay," the prices of the *genuine guaranteed* medicines always have been, are, and always will be, as follows:

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (the remedy for all diseases arising from a torpid liver or impure blood), . $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (the remedy for female weaknesses and derangements), ... $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (the original and best Liver Pills, . . 25 cents per vial.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, ... 50 cents per bottle.

Suspicion naturally and rightfully attaches to any medicines purporting to be Dr. Pierce's when offered at any other prices than those above given.

Dealers not authorized to sell Dr. Pierce's *genuine* medicines may offer dilutions, imitations, or substitutes, at less than the prices given above. Beware of them.

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.

LACE CURTAINS.

SPRING TIME HAS ARRIVED, AND house cleaning is under way. Send your Lace Curtains to the

AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY, Nineteenth and I Streets.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

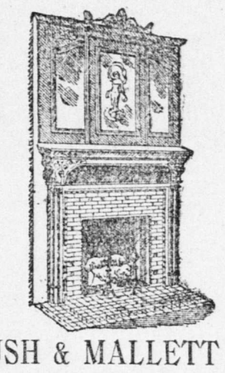
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer; a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Internally taken in doses of from thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will cure in a few minutes Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Colic, Flatulence, Heartburn, Languor, Fainting Spells, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, Sick Headache, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Malaria and all internal pains arising from change of diet or water or other causes. 50 Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WOOD MANTELS,
Grates and Tiles,
GAS FIXTURES,
Electric Fixtures,
TILE FLOORS AND VESTIBULES.



BUSH & MALLETT CO.,
34 Geary St., San Francisco.

NOTICE OF BOND SALE.

PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE Board of Directors of the Perris Irrigation District, duly passed at a regular meeting of said Board, held at its office in said Perris Irrigation District, County of San Diego, State of California, on Tuesday, the 7th day of June, 1892, notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by said Board at the office of said Board in Perris, County of San Diego, State of California, up to and including the FIFTH DAY OF JULY, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, for the purchase of bonds of said district to the amount of one hundred and seven thousand ($107,000) dollars. Said bonds are of the first and only issue of the bonds of said Perris Irrigation District—are of the denomination of five hundred dollars each, payable in gold coin of the United States of America, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semi-annually, on the first day of January and July of each year.

At the time appointed the Board will open the proposals and will award the bonds to the highest responsible bidder.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids are to be filed with the Secretary of said Board of Directors at the office of said Board in Perris, in San Diego County, State of California, on or before the day and hour in said resolution appointed.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Perris Irrigation District.

je15-td H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

The time of receiving and opening the above proposals is postponed until TUESDAY, the 2d day of August, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day.

By order of the Board of Directors of Perris Irrigation District.

Perris, County of San Diego, State of California, June 25, 1892.

W. F. PERRY, President.
H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

The time of receiving and opening the above proposals is further posponed until TUESDAY, September 6, 1892, at 10 A. M. of that day.

By order of the Board of Directors of Perris Irrigation District.

W. F. PERRY, President.
H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

The time of receiving and opening the above proposals is further postponed until TUESDAY, the 4th day of October, 1892, at 10 A. M. of that day. W. F. PERRY, President.
H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

EXTRA DOUBLE PRESENTS GIVEN
—AT—
GREAT AMERICAN
Importing Tea Co.'s Store
617 J STREET.

A VISIT TO THEIR STORE WILL SECURE you the best TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES at lowest prices.

A second generation of smokers to-day agree with their fathers in declaring

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

This Tag attached to every Bag.

by long odds the best in the world. Sold and smoked everywhere.

THE WONDERFUL CURE

For Nervous Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Insomnia, Night Sweats, Pains in the Back, Cold Hands or Feet, Bad Circulation, Blue Lines under the Eyes, Pimples, and all Nervous or Blood Diseases in either sex is DR. HOBB'S NERVE TONIC PILLS. They make new, healthy blood, RESTORE VITAL VIGOR to the nervous system and bring the rosy FLUSH OF HEALTH to the cheek. Sufferers from Derangement of the Nerves, Impure Blood or Past Errors, should at once take this Wonderful LIFE RENEWER. 50 cts. a vial. For sale by Druggists, or SENT BY MAIL. BOOK FREE. Safe! Certain! Speedy! Hobb's Medicine Co., San Francisco and Chicago.

J. W. GUTHRIE,
127 J Street,
Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter,
Sanitary Engineer.
Telephone No. 165.

Sportsmen's Headquarters.

HENRY ECKHART, MANUfacturer and Importer of Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, and Sporting Materials of every description. Guns choke-bored, stocks bent, and repairing on guns and rifles a specialty. Send or price-list. No. 523 K street, Sacramento.

CHAS. FLOHR,
1024 SIXTH STREET, IMporter and dealer in Fine Shotguns, Rifles and Pistols. Agent for the celebrated Imperial Shotgun. Safes and Scales repaired and Locksmithing given prompt attention. Repairing of all kinds neatly done and warranted.

OPERA HOUSE
CANDY HOUSE AND ICE CREAM PARLORS,
813 K STREET.

FINEST AND PUREST HOME-MADE Candies, Ice Cream, Soda Water, etc.
AL. BOYNE, Proprietor.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

YOU WILL FIND THE PROPHYLACTIC Compound just what you want. The only sure and absolutely safe PREVENTIVE ever discovered by medical science. Every bottle guaranteed. JOS. HAHN & CO., Fifth and J streets, sole agents.

FREE FOR WEAK MEN
CURE
New, Certain Remedy. Lasting cure, never returns. I will send (sealed) free to any sufferer, a prescription to enlarge small weak parts and certain cure for Lost Vigor, Emissions, Varicocele, Impotency. J. D. House, Box 43, Albion, Mich.

Political.

F. D. RYAN,
Regular Republican Nominee for
District Attorney.

GEO. C. M'MULLEN,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Sheriff.
Election TUESDAY, November 8, 1892.

WM. CURTIS,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Supervisor,
Fourth District. s9-td*

H. C. CHIPMAN,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Assemblyman,
Twenty-first District.

G. B. DEAN,
Regular People's Party Nominee for
Supervisor,
Second District.

WILLIAM BOYNE,
Regular People's Party Nominee for
State Senator.

M. A. HOWARD,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Supervisor,
Third District.

E. C. HART,
Regular Republican Nominee for
State Senator.

W. W. RHOADS
(PRESENT INCUMBENT),
Regular Republican Nominee for
County Clerk.

T. W. O'NEIL,
Democratic Nominee for
Sheriff.
If you wish to vote for me see that this mark (X) is opposite my name.

FRANK T. JOHNSON
(PRESENT INCUMBENT),
Regular Republican Nominee for
Auditor and Recorder.

E. LYON
(PRESENT INCUMBENT),
Regular Republican Nominee for
County Treasurer.

GEO. H. CLARK
(PRESENT INCUMBENT),
Regular Republican Nominee for
County Coroner.

J. W. TODD,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Supervisor,
Second District.

GEORGE F. BRONNER,
Democratic Nominee for
Public Administrator.

EBEN B. OWEN,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Assemblyman,
Twenty-second District.

S. B. SMITH,
Regular Republican Nominee for
Public Administrator.

Notice to Voters!

The Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County having made an order directing a

RE-REGISTRATION

Of all the vo