WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Little Manx Island and Its Folk---IV.

Manxmen and Their Wives, Their Homes and Home Belongings—Amplitude Tempered by Thrift—Homely but Pleasing Pictures of Manx Interiors—Interesting Characteristics and Customs—The "Olel Verree."

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

PEEL, Isle of Man, December 9, 1892.

In a somewhat extended study of the home life of Manxmen I have come upon many striking similarities between the character and habits of these folk and those of the "statesmen" of Cumberland and the fisher folk of Cornwall.

Cumberland "statesmen," the actual peasant owners in perpetuity of little mountain tracts of land, which have passed from father to eldest son since the border necessities of feudal times compelled the warlike northern barons to parcel out their lands to their serfs, are tall of stature, stout of frame, grave of aspect, but with a certain fire of calm and conscious independence in their great gray eyes, which, on occasion, would flame into exalted heroism.

All this you see in Manxmen in their comfortable homes, and one has only to acquaint himself with the heroism of this handful of islanders in the past to know that their looks do not belie their real character. There is nowhere on English soil a greater contrast to be found to the head-ducking, tuft-pulling, fawning human whom the English land system has merged into a hereditarily cringing, farthing splitting vassal called an English small farmer.

Most Manxmen, indeed, all save the proprietors of mountain farms, are also fishermen. In a population of less than 50,000 souls, including all town folk, it is estimated that at least one in every five derives his chief support from the harvests of the sea. When boat-builders and netmakers are taken into account, the proportion would be far greater. The immediate proximity to the sea of every inhabitant, and the endless mental absorption of the facts and fancies of sea environment, have, through the centuries, certainly molded the Manxmen's face in sympathy. In repose, it is a handsome face with a far-away, dreamful look. In animation it has sternness and fire. In ordinary attentiveness it bespeaks great caution. When it has a pleasing peat fire for a background and your own face is opposite, set in a perspective of wind-whipped landscape or steely-blue sea, I think it is truly one of the most hospitable faces in all the world.

You would be chased down a mountain side or tossed over a cliff here in Manxland if you offered money for any form of hospitality. The host of a farm-house or cottage regards your coming as an honor, your staying a pleasure, your going with regret. From time immemorial no tramps or mendicants have been allowed to land upon the shores of Man. Not so very long ago a vessel breaking this law was forfeited. Locks and keys are unknown in the countrysides. Utter simplicity and complete repose reign in all farm and cottage homes. "Civilization," represented by an influx of sight-seeing strangers from all parts of the world, has not yet disturbed the serenity of apparently changeless thought, feeling and habit. Strangers are as gratifying to the equable interest of Manxmen as the simplicity of the latter is satisfying to the curiosity of those who come from far-off lands. Outside of the towns uneventful life to these honest souls

* * * is measured in three parts—
A simple way—the birth, the toil, the rest.

The Manx woman is ruddy of face, broad of girth and has a tongue which deals in cordial candor. This face of hers is comely withal, and there is a light behind her pleasant eyes which tells that her fine, rosy mouth and ready tongue are not given to deceiving. It is a better face altogether than you will find in any of the Latin countries; you are not as afraid of it as you are of the more roguish Irish face; it is less selfish than the faces of women you see in England, and it is not conjuring ill of you as the Scotch woman sometimes makes you conscious. Altogether it speaks loyalty, earnestness, some sympathy and about all the trace of merriment you will find in little Manxland.

This woman before marriage is no wondrous blossom. She is often sweet enough to look at, fair enough to remember, shy enough to make pursuit piquant, but she shows improvement with age—one of the best fortunes that can come to woman. She is wondrously prolific and her children make her a glowing mother. Burdens develop her real heroism. The unwritten law is, from superstitious custom, that she shall never precede her husband, but mentally and in all hearthside and marital exigency she is his permanent guidon and superior. In old age she is the brightest, cheeriest, peachiest, handsomest woman you can find in any land.

Only in the more ancient quarters will one find folk and customs peculiarly characteristic of the little Manx nation in towns. In Douglas, aRmsey and even here in antiquated Peel, the humble folk live much as they do in all little old English coast cities. The real Manx home, preserved in its material and human entity for many hundreds of years, is the home of the Manx highlander or fisherman, or of both. All habitations of these Manxmen are places of genuine, though rude and simple, comfort. In wandering in all manner of out of the way places on the fair island I have not been able to find one abode of yeoman or fisherman where poverty is apparent. Even discomfort is seldom seen. Cleanliness and snugness are universal. There is a songful, sunny atmosphere within the walls and without; an amplitude tempered by thrift, but enlivened by content, good-will and often cheeriness, though the Manx nature is bland and introspective rather than demonstrative and turbulent.

Nearly every cottage is like the Cumberland "statesman's." It is low, broad, ample. Its walls are practically indestructible, and the building, hooded with snug, brown thatching, runs out in all manner of picturesque ways into stables, cowhouses, sheepfolds and cartsheds. These tell their own pleasant story of prudent preservation of possessions and kindly comfort for dumb beasts. There is always a fine garden. This is not only a bit of rare bloom and color in summer, a rich contrast to the vast breadth of golden, ever-blooming gorse, the purple heather and lichen-covered rocks, but Manxmen get as much as Hollanders for home comfort out of these richly-tilled half-acres. The earthen fence inclosing the garden and every hedge between the fields are beautiful from painstaking care. Enriched with roses, where the tiny Burnet rose is a marvel of color and fragrance, with hawthorn and honeysuckle, they furnish one of the most exquisite charms of the island.

Within the Manx yeoman's home the picture is homely but pleasing. The house-place, living-room and kitchen combined, is on one side of a green-painted door and short passage. On the other is a narrow slip of a parlor, for, as with the Staffordshire potters, the parlor is a hereditary and necessary dignity with the Manxmen. It is, as usual, with other places of dignity, the only place of discomfort in these kindly island homes. In the center of these rooms will always be found a little square mahogany table. A family Bible rests upon it. A half-dozen ancient mahogany chairs are adjusted against the walls with a view to their support. A short, low-backed mahogany-framed chintz settee is in the window. Over the mantel piece is a huge mirror whose texture is as choppy as the surface of the Man-encircling sea, but this reflects in a zigzag way a marvelous collection of stuffed birds, dried grasses, China dogs, vases and rampant shepherdesses, with sundry carvings from Druidic days and huge shells which sailor-sons have brought from far-off shores. This dim little retreat is seldom disturbed. Fitly enough it is almost exclusively sacred to the uses of funerals and weddings.

But the comfort of the roomy old house-place and kitchen atones for all this. The stone-hearth is deep and wide, and the feet of a great family might all have place upon it, with room for hide-and-seek for the little ones between the owners' chairs. The fireplaces are broad and deep and high, for burning peat or wood, with huge, vast chimneys above them, where a whole sheep or pig might be roasted, and the great chains and hooks for slinging the pots above the fire would bear the weight of a cow or an ox.

In some of these habitations the chimney is so set back and outward into the garden that a genuine Scottish "ingle-neuk," such as may be found in the olden weavers' village of Gartenside, near Melrose, is formed, with tiny deep windows, splayed inwardly. Others have at one side the Cornish "ungcarnar," or fuel receptacle. There is always a recess for storing peat or wood, sometimes finished like an old-time chest with a wide, long deal cover. This provides a rude settee, upon which, when not occupied by some member of the family, will always be found that strange but ever-beloved animal, the tailless Manx cat. A "stubbins," as this tailless cat of Man is called, is regarded in many districts of the island with an affection bordering on veneration. It is more than a superstitious notion, it is a belief, that anyone injuring a cat will suffer dire harm when at sea, for the progenitors of this curious species were cast upon the island from a wrecked ship, from which no person was saved.

In one corner, on the fireplace side of the room, will always be found the stately dresser, set high in the room, upon its four crooked and slender legs. A wealth of gaudy crockery ware ornaments its capacious shelves, and one of its two deep drawers provides for the reception of the daily gathering of eggs, while the other is heaped to the edge with the weekly baking of barley clap-bread, still the staff of life in most of the countryside homes. Beyond this is the deal table, the family board for common or festive uses. It is a huge, stout affair white as the silvered hair of the dame whose mother's mother's mother set the example of its daily scouring.

Between this and the dresser, as well as beneath the latter, is a row of huge casks and jars. The largest of these contains the greatest of blessings to the Manxman, his "gray" or pickled herring, or "scadden." In another is his store of salted mutton or goose. In others are preserved fruits and vegetables. This region is sacred to the single supervision of the housewife, and woe to the Manx lad or lass in unlawful proximity. In the opposite corner is the family "corner-cupboard," the Mecca of all childish longings and eager glances. More than all else this receptacle stamps the Manxman as a bounteous liver. It is never known to be lacking such comfortable matters as a few pounds of home-made butter, toothsome skim-milk cheese, pots of honey and coarse jam, and slices of fancy bread and cake. All this, outside the family's requirements, serves in a most genial countryside custom. Stranger or neighbor never calls at Manx cottage without invitation to eat and drink; and neighbors' children are never sent away from a Manxman's home without carrying in their chubby fists some hospitable token from the generous corner cupboard.

Huge wooden chairs and great arm-chairs, which might have come down from King Orry's time, give the place an atmosphere of restfulness. Flitches of bacon, golden brown from their bronzing of peat smoke, hang temptingly from the rafters below the thatching. The tiny windows are shaded with snowy muslin, and the light is mellowed and softened as it is filtered through a tracery of plants. The flames flicker blue above an abundance of glowing peat, changing the great fireplace anon from orange to purple; while, ticking comfortably and with a friendly and companionable sound, a huge eight-day clock looks blandly down upon all. Not gorgeous homes these, but they are homes of integrity, comfort and content, every one.

Strictly speaking, the Manx are a serious people. They are not given to festivities. They are comfortable, happy, and content during all the year, rather than hilarious and turbulent at stated periods, and moody and discontented in the long and mouraful intervals. There is but one day in the year which may be regarded as of national importance. That is Tynwald Day in midsummer, when the laws of the land are promulgated and solemnly ratified by court and people. Now, as 1,000 years ago, all Manxland comes to the purple glen where this ceremonial takes place, for a few hours stand face to face with customs of Saga times, and returns to the centuries-old Manx homes with the precious wraiths of King Orry and his Norse law-givers revived in giant presences.

The ordinary amusements of lowly European folk have little place among them. A surpassing calm, as if these folk endlessly stood in the presence of a mighty and heroic past, seems to brood upon island and islanders. When midsummer days come, the fires of Beltean are lighted. They flash from hight to hight, as in pagan days. No one can tell you why it is done. There is no weird and fetish exaltation in these scenes as in some parts of Ireland, in the Scottish highlands and in Cornwall. Of course the flames drive away all witches, but with these staid folk the fires of Baal must burn to-day, not in superstitious need, but because the Manx forefathers never failed to light them.

Indeed, unswerving loyalty to established customs is their most marked characteristic and highest charm. They have utterly grown out of superstitious incident, dread or motive which gave importance to the origin of many, but hold to the act and fact of tradition with changeless zeal. "Our fathers did thus and so. We respect the doings of our fathers, caring not for their reasons, save that they had them," governs all retention of what may seem incongruous and uncanny to you and to me.

Weddings are almost secret affairs. All the tender and forgivable excitements of preparation are attended with rigorous and austere repression of publicity. No one can tell you why. It is simply so. It has always been so. On the contrary, as in Cornwall, funerals are drawn out to the utmost limit of sympathetic attention. The body is carried, never driven, to the churchyard. Hours, often days, are consumed from the start to the church. Innumerable delays give occasion for innumerable outbursts of affection and the singing of an equal number of lugubrious psalms, intoned in such shrill minor strains that the weirdest and most thrilling of keening at Irish wakes is often surpassed. The origin of this custom is also a mystery. No matter to the sturdy Manx. Anything different would be sorrow for the living, a wrong to the dead.

In the tender holiday time when these words will be read, Manx folk of the remote countrysides will have already celebrated their most cherished custom. Though discountenanced by the clergy it has almost fiercely held its own since the introduction of Christianity in the island. This is the service of Oiel Verree, undoubtedly a corruption of *Feaill Vorrey*, literally the Feast of Mary. To supersede this, church authorities hold Christmas eve services. But they are of no avail. When the lights are out, someone is always found with a key to the sacred edifice. Then from the remotest corners of the parish come all, young and old, each with a long lighted tallow dip, tied about with a bit of ribbon or rosette.

As the midnight nears, old men advance toward the communion and chant the wildest, weirdest carols and ditties mortal ears may know. Most are addressed to the Virgin. Some are in honor of Saga-time heroes. Still others are of wreck and death. Singers and listeners often reach a tremendous pitch of exultation. Strange and wild these midnight scenes at the moment of Nativity in Manxland. The bardic strain of old, held true and firm down the shining line of a thousand years, thus once each year flashes its flame through Christian fervor in this "dear little Isle of Man."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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.

"With the approach of the Christmas season, the appeals for aid to charitable enterprises of all sorts become more numerous and more urgent," observes the New York *Churchman* (P. E.) "Highly colored pictures are drawn of the wretchedness of various classes of people and the happiness that awaits them if well-to-do persons will only loose their purse-strings and give generously to this or that philanthropic scheme. Competition springs up among the very agencies for relieving suffering or conferring benefits, and the charitably inclined are assured that they can save money and at the same time do a greater amount of good by intrusting their offerings to the Guild of the Busy Workers than to the Society of Helping Hands. Advertisements are put forth in papers and circulars declaring 'that every person contributing 25 cents to our funds furnishes one family more with a Christmas dinner'—the menu, of course including roast turkey, cranberry sauce, and plum pudding. All this has a genial look and seems to betoken kind-heartedness and to insure much good being done. It would seem unkind to suggest that it all means not suffering removed, but misery created by the wholesale. But truth is much better than sentiment and reason than impulse. And in the midst of a complicated civilization, and at a time of transition and change, unthinking beneficence may be as dangerous as wanton cruelty."

"The question of unity among Christians is fundamentally vital," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "No man could be said to have the mind of Christ who did not deplore division—visible division (which we have in excess)—and long for unity—visible unity, which we have not. There can be no veritable unity of the spirit without the unity of the body. When the Holy Ghost shall make men of one mind in a house, they will not want a hundred separate denominational structures. But whether one favors the restoration of visible unity or justifies separatism, we all feel a kindling of the heart when the subject of unity is presented, and there is a conscious indisposition to subject so sacred a theme to critical treatment. It is time to suggest that it may lose its real sanctity, however, if we relegate it wholly to the domain of sentiment. As the Bishop of Albany said in 1888, 'It is a somewhat invidious and odious thing to stand up anywhere to-day and lift a warning voice against the danger of making even so deep and divine a question as the unity of Christ's body a hobby, ridden some times at great risk.' It is a question whether there is not some danger that this matter may become a hobby, with risks to the church as well as to its gallant riders."

"It is a curious fact," says the Cumberland *Presbyterian*, of Nashville, Tenn., "that the churches that are furthest removed from the spirit of Christian unity are the most emphatic and persistent in condemning the sin of schism, the loudest in bemoaning the divisions of Christendom, and urging the necessity of union. The high claims of the Church of Rome, for instance, cut off its members almost entirely from brotherly communion or worship with other Christians. The writer of this article was for a time called to preside as Superintendent of a Sunday-school made up of convicts in a State's prison. A Roman Catholic lady, who came to teach a class composed of members of her own church, asked the prison authorities to give her a separate room for her pupils. She could not unite with the rest of us even in the opening and closing exercises, in singing and prayer, and the reading of the Scripture. Thus the church which more than any other cries out against divisions, also insists more than any other in separating itself from all others. It will not yield an iota of its claim or its peculiarities for the sake of fraternity or union. It condemns schism while it stubbornly keeps up the most far-reaching schism that the world has ever known. Its one plan of union is to abolish all other churches and enroll all mankind as subjects of the Pope. It counts it schism not to be a Roman Catholic. Next to the Romanists, perhaps our Episcopalian brethren are most earnest in protesting against divisions, saddest over the sin of schism: and yet of all Protestants they are probably the most persistent in keeping high the fences that separate them from their brethren in other folds."

"Some of the secular journals," says the New York *Observer* (Pres.), "comment upon the trials of Drs. Briggs and Smith as if the question of the right of private judgment were at issue in these cases, and a few religious papers have made, in addition, some heroic utterances about liberty, with curious misapprehension of the real question. The simple point to be decided in the trials is whether these religious teachers have taught doctrines contrary to the standards of the Presbyterian Church. If they have done so, and declare their intention to continue thus to teach, it is clear that they do not belong to the Presbyterian Church. It is no infringement of the right of private judgment for a church to require that its ministers declare its doctrines and refrain from teaching doctrines which the church does not hold. The owners of a free-trade journal would not hesitate to discharge an editor who insisted upon advocating protection in its columns, and a paper devoted to protection would not allow a free-trader to use its space to advance his theories. The opinion of a large portion of the Presbyterian Church is that Professors Briggs and Smith are opposed to Presbyterian doctrine. The professors contend that this is not so, and that a thorough comparison of their works with the Scriptures and the standards of the church will show that they are not in opposition, but in harmony with both. A trial is the only ecclesiastical means of settling the matter."

"The liberty of Christian men is threatened, we are told," exclaims the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.), "and we are bidden to stand fast in the cause of spiritual freedom. It is a thrilling battle cry; blood has often flowed for one not half so good. But let us ask a question or two before the Berserker rage comes upon us and we rush to combat. Whose liberty is threatened? Liberty to do what? Is there any man in our country whose right is questioned to think what he chooses? Will any civil tribunal punish him as long as he does not incite violence or attack the good name of others? Is he in any danger of incurring any physical pains and penalties because of his writings, as he might in Russia or in Germany if he offended the powers that be? The cry for liberty is absurd; nobody's liberty is threatened. What do those mean that cry out for liberty? Liberty to do what? They mean liberty to play fast or loose with pledges that honorable men regard as sacred; they mean liberty to profess one thing and teach another; they mean liberty to eat one's cake and keep it too; they mean liberty to accept snug salaries for defending a system of doctrine, and to devote every energy to tearing it into shreds; they mean liberty to do what the world has hitherto counted base, and yet suffer no tarnishing of reputation as honest men."

"The attempt to found missions upon the assumption that the heathen are condemned to eternal torment by God unless we save them by our efforts is as unscriptural as it is irrational," exclaims the New York *Christian Union*. "It creates an artificial, factitious, emotional zeal, inflamed by rhetoric, producing spasmodic emotions, coercing sometimes large contributions, but never sustaining patient, enduring work. It was not the motive which supported Paul in his missionary labor and self-sacrifice. It is not the motive which inspires and sustains missionaries in the field to-day. It is not the motive which the Bible brings to bear upon men in urging them to missionary endeavor. The motive for missions is drawn from the love, not from the wrath, of God. Paganism is superstition—that is, it is religion founded on fear. Christianity is religion founded on love. The message of the Christian church is the message of Paul to the Athenians—Whom ye worship without knowing Him, Him declare I unto you. The pagan lives under the shadow of a great dread. The power of his priesthood rests upon this dread. The object of his pilgrimages, penances, prayers, sacrifices, is to appease the wrath of the gods. The message of Christianity is the message of the angels to the frightened shepherds, of the Christ to the trembling disciples, of the resurrection messengers to the terrified women—Fear not. It is the declaration that God is love, that his mercy endureth forever. It is a message that supplants fear with hope, and the slave's trembling service with the son's joyful service of love. The calm assumption that the 'larger hope' will cut the nerve of missions is an assumption that does violence alike to Scripture, to history, to human nature and to present observation."

The following lay opinion of the Spree incident is from the Boston *Transcript*: "Mr. Moody's old friend and co-worker, Mr. Bliss, was lost in the terrible railroad disaster at Astablula, yet he practically prayed as well as Mr. Moody on the Spree. The wisdom of the Almighty had been imparted in some slight creative and preventive degree to the men who invented water-tight compartments. And prayer at sea or on land in times of terrible stress is less an evidence of any man's ability to work upon the Divine Power by special pleading than an evidence of all men's perpetual dependence intensely recognized at such a time. Even a man as gifted in prayer as D. S. Moody should give the larger laws of the Ruler of the Universe a little more humble praise and the efficacy of evangelistic praying a little less. On the whole, General Howard's 'intuition' that the passengers would all be saved was a good deal more like the simple faith enjoined upon the children of the Kingdom."

Speaking of certain recent occurrences in the Roman Catholic Church, the New York *Independent* says: "Now, such exhibitions of dissensions in the Roman Catholic Church will appear to some a sign of weakness. They do not so appear to us. They are a sign of a life and independence which will give the church greater purity and strength. It is breathing a freer air than it ever breathed in the Old World. It demands more liberty for its members than they have yet enjoyed in this country. It is better for priests and people to proclaim their liberty with some sputter and noise than to live in a condition of servile pomp and splendid vassalage. The last Baltimore Council put some added protection around priests and people. One of Archbishop Satolli's missions to this country is to strengthen these safeguards. The next Baltimore Council will doubtless do more to strengthen the priests against the Bishops and the people against the priests. All these contentions, which seem so factious to the careless observer, are but signs of healthy vigor. They indicate the interest which the people have in their church and their desire to make it more useful and more popular. If the Catholic Church has life, it is expected to show some of those signs of life which living organizations exhibit. There must be differences of view and constant development."

MY ANGEL WIFE.

The following lines are copied from a booklet, elegantly penned and adorned with India ink sketches by a young man of this city. The work was done as a memorial souvenir of the departed one by the bereaved husband, and is in itself an artistic gem. The verses seem to throb with the heart in its saddest mood, and to embody sentiments which find best expression in the simplest words.

The lines were not intended for publication, but they will not fail to stir the hearts of many who have loved and lost, as no man can say of his grief, "It was or is felt by me alone." Hearts respond to the deepest expressions of grief as quickly as they echo to those of joy:

My darling, where is she?
Dead! Oh, no; it cannot be!
Just now her voice I heard,
Singing like yon happy bird.
If I could speak to her a word,
I know she'd come back to me.

'Tis vain to tell me she is dead,
And 'neath the sod they've made her bed.
I see her here, I see her there—
I see her lingering everywhere.
From my fond heart they n'er can tear
The wife to me so truly wed.

Strange fancies in me come and go,
Some fleeting fast, and others slow.
Mid sleep, of her I dream;
In waking hours, I seem
To see the winsome beam
Of her soft eyes e'er laughing so.

And each familiar door I ope
Oft fills me with a ray of hope;
Adown some winding stair or hall
Methinks I hear her footsteps fall,
And then my name she'll softly call,
While I, 'mid blind illusions, grope.

In that cold heap of moldering clay
They've laid my darling love away;
From earthly shackles now she's free
To rise 'mid scintillating sea
Of stars and suns. Eternity
To her is now her brightest day.

In yonder star she's smiling bright,
In that one, trippling gay and light.
Could I unloose the coil
That binds me to this soil
In endless strife and toil,
I'd fly to her 'mong angels white.

What is it makes my hair turn gray,
And sorrow's lines on face display?
Ah, if you only knew the smart
Of Life and Love thus torn apart,
While bleeding sore is my sad heart,
An answer quick you'd read, and say:

"Alas! 'tis thus we live and die—
To-day a joy; to-morrow, sigh;
More of tears and less of laughter,
Sorrows quickly coming after
To the end, and then a softer,
Sweeter life beyond the sky!"

Oh, if my work were only done—
If I could rest beside the one
Who is to me far more than life,
With all its earthly pleasures rife,
E'en more than Heaven above—my wife,
My Earth, my Moon, my Star, my Sun—

Happy, then, my lot would be,
Crowned with immortality,
Singing, laughing as of yore
On the eternal golden shore,
Reunited evermore
To the heart that beats for me. G. H. S.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THE SUN MAY SHINE TO-MORROW.

Do not lose hope, tho' dark the day
That bringeth to thee sorrow,
For soon the clouds may disappear,
The sun shine bright to-morrow.

To-day we see our fondest hopes
Crushed 'neath the weight of sorrow;
Do not despair, faint not, sad heart,
The sun may shine to-morrow.

We walk life's path with weary tread,
Our hearts replete with sorrow,
And yet for us fond hopes may reach
Fruition on the morrow.

Shipwrecked upon life's stormy sea—
Stranded, engulfed in sorrow,
My heart finds solace in the thought—
The sun may shine to-morrow.

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.
West Oakland, December 10, 1892.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief, and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Plays That Are Now Entertaining the New York People.

Emile Zola's "Therese Raquin" on the Boards—"Popular Price" Amusements at the Clunie—General Stage News.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of December 17th, says:

"Of the new things this week, Emile Zola's 'Therese Raquin' at the Union Square Theater drew most attention. It is the same story used in Zola's horrifying book and tells of a man and woman, vicious and brutal in their instincts as in their passions, and these are depicted on the stage with unblushing fidelity. The woman murders her husband and marries her lover and accomplice. Fear and remorse assail them before the nuptial night, and the ghost of the dead man is ever between them. The remainder of the drama depicts their mental terrors, then their cowardly flight upon learning that their victim's mother knows of the crime, their respite through this old woman's paralysis, the change of their love to hatred and loathing, their simultaneous resolve to kill each other, and finally their suicide. There would be no denying the potency of this horrible example of crime if it were not for the pruriency of the bridal-chamber show. This being eliminated, the play would remain a tragedy of modern life, teaching a lesson with tremendous force. There is nothing *risque* in the play, and both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Drew failed to shock any one. To those who like plays of this kind, 'Therese' must be a sweet delight. To those who do not, it appears like the painting by a great master of a festering, angry ulcer, in which the greatest care has been taken to give the precise shading and coloring to the pus and gangrene, while the artistic atmosphere hangs heavy with the putrefactive smell of cariousness. To the first, men and women who advocate this kind of amusement are apostles; to the latter, merely scavengers. But, be it said in praise of Mrs. Potter, Messrs. Kyrle Bellew, John Stetson and Ariel Barney, that the play has been considerably toned down, both from the original and even from the first production in Boston.

"At the Star Theater E. S. Willard brought forward on Monday Sydney Grundy's 'The Mouse Trap,' seen at Wallack's five years ago under the name of 'A Fool's Paradise.' That, too, tells of the evil passions of a woman who tried to poison her husband, so that she might marry a former lover, but it took no strong hold of the audience because of the paucity of the dramatic element. It is, however, a very good comedy, written in Mr. Grundy's best style, and gives Mr. Willard the role of one of those ever captivating men on the stage, which have become very familiar, and although Mr. Willard did nothing new with the conventional part he acted it with his accustomed care, correctness and dignity.

"The only absolutely new play this week is 'The Prodigal Father,' at the Broadway Theater, by Glen McDonough, a son of Clever Laura Don, a brilliant actress and authoress, who died a half dozen years since. It is Mr. Mconough's first effort, and it is fortunately a rare occurrence that so inadequate a play is seen on Broadway. It was also very badly acted, and really does not merit the space given to the plots of all new plays, but as a matter of record the silliness may be described briefly, thus: An old gentlemen, the most distinguished citizen of a small town, pretending to have been on an exploring expedition to Africa, but really having been chasing a variety actress about the country, returns home to find himself in a maze of complications. The actress comes to see him, bringing a terrible child with her and it turns out that she has married the old man's son, who is a student in Yale College, and also that she is the wife of still another person. Everybods meets everybody, and there is considerable boisterousness during three not very exciting or very amusing acts."

"POPULAR PRICE" AMUSEMENTS."

The advent of a cheap-priced family theater in our midst is undoubtedly an important movement—one that is worthy of unstinted support, providing the members of the organization are ladies and gentlemen and the entertainments are meritorious and refined. Sacramento, like all other cities, contains thousands of families whose income will not justify them in expending several dollars each week for entertainments of any character, and, as a consequence, visit the theater occasionally, and often expend more than the attraction warrants, and the profits of such an exhibition go to enlarge the purse of New York amusement speculators, whose only interest in each respective city is to secure all they can from it by an annual visit.

The best feature of a permanent stock stock organization, however, is its moral advancement of the younger element, and its tendency to educate against vice in any form. The theme of all successful stage representations is based on the outwitting of villainy and the advancement of manhood and womanhood. A few indecent dramatic productions, such as "Thou Shalt Not" and "Clemenceau Case," have managed to exist for a short time by pandering to the vicious tastes of the rabble, but their death was foreshadowed from their inception, and came none too soon to satisfy the intelligent public.

It is safe to say that there are at least five hundred young men in this city growing to manhood, and fully seven-eighths of that number are thrown into temptation or amidst evil companionship just for the lack of proper entertainment being supplied, and ten times the amount expended to satisfy his mind that is necessary. Where the public, be they young or old, are furnished with diversion from 8 to 10:30 P. M., they retire to their homes satisfied, and if such an entertainment was elevating the attendant is mentally improved.

Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Stockton wisely support similar organizations and the members in each case are part and parcel of their respective communities, participating and assisting in all suggestions for the advancement of their respective communities. Let Sacramento have such an organization, by all means; let us encourage all enterprises that will make and circulate their money in the city and become part and parcel of the capital.

Manager Dailey is making every preparation for the opening next Monday evening, and to-day received a letter from Stage Manager Waldron, in which he stated that the company are perfect in the piece, "Inside Track," and could give a faultless performance even now. In order that there may be no misunderstanding regarding the seating, the house has been divided as follows: The first four rows in the orchestra, 20 cents; the balance of the orchestra and the first four rows in the family circle, 30 cents; the balance of the family circle and the first three rows in the gallery, 20 cents, with the balance of the gallery at 10 cents. These figures should attract an audience that will test the capacity of the Clunie.

STAGE NOTES.

Henry E. Abbey has arrived in New York.

Margaret Mather's illness is said to be all in her eye.

Lizzie Daly has quit "The Dark Side of a Great City."

Harry Cushman has written a play which he calls "Auld Lang Syne."

Elita Proctor Otis has become Edytha Proctor since she went on the stage.

Mrs. Ettie Henderson has completed a new play called "The Scarlet Cord."

Maggie Cline's throat is so seriously affected that she will not be able to sing for a long time.

"A Kentucky Colonel" came to grief in New Orleans last week all on account of a $62 judgment.

Phosa McAllister has the credit of giving New York the grandest production of "Theodora" ever witnessed on any stage. It cost $11,000 to raise the curtain on the initial performance.

Jennie Calef of the New York Stock Company is reputed to be the only rival Mrs. Shaw ever had as a solo-whistler.

The coolness between J. M. Hill and Rudolph Aronson, both of the New York Casino, is exceedingly arctic these days.

Rumor says that Henry E. Dixey is to make a tour of the world, taking in the Sandwich Islands, Australia, China, India and Persia. Shah!

Little Irene, the talented child artist who scored such a hit as Editha in the "The Burglar," will be a feature of the New York Stock Company at an early date.

"A Trip to Chinatown" is still filling Hoyt's Madison Square Theater nightly just as it did fourteen months ago. It will be continued during the entire season and next summer.

J. K. Emmet, the best German dialect comedian on the stage to-day, as he is the most profitable star on the road, continues to do a large business. He is on his way to the Sunny South.

"No reserved seats," "no bonnets allowed in any part of the house" and "no admittance while the curtain is up" are some of the rules of the new Theater of Arts and Letters in New York.

Mortimer Snow, the heavy juvenile, has been engaged for leading business by the management of the new theater now in course of construction on Jones and Eddy streets in San Francisco.

A Boston theater publishes the following conspicuously on its programme: "To the lady patrons of this theater: Will you aid the management in its work of hat reform? Wear a small bonnet, or remove your large hat during the performance. The theater is well heated and protected from draught."

The Baroness of Blanc has disappointed a good many who prophesied failure, for she has made a success in Buffalo, and the critics say she read her lines with excellent effect, her voice is clear and was delightfully modulated. She was graceful on the stage and surprisingly at ease. The play was well Englished by Mattie Sheridan, and the support, especially in the person of Byron Douglass, is pronounced excellent.

Oddly enough the English critics, who have been digging and delving lately to discover the source of Shakespeare' "King Lear," seem to have overlooked the fact that the tale—but with a happy ending—is concisely related in Spenser's "Faerie Queen," book II., canto 10. It begins:

Next him King Leyr in happie peace long rayned,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters which were well up-trained
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed.

A house programme of the Alhambra Theater, Chicago, for December 11th, has been received by William Halley from his father, which shows that Sacramento is not overlooked by the playwrights. The piece scheduled is "The Eagle's Nest," and among the list of characters therein is "Robert Blasedon, of the Sacramento Stock Board." In the synopsis, scene 1 in the third act, is "Milford's office in Sacramento." The Alhambra Theater is under the management of W. A. Edwards, with Edwin Arden as the star.

Thomas W. Keene, in Kansas City last week, was a veritable triumph of his Richelieu. The *Journal* says: "Mr. Keene gives evidence of having made a very careful study of the great French Cardinal as Bulwer drew him, and his performance is well nigh faultless. All the ecclesiastical dignity, all the churchly power, all the profound subtlety and all the patriotic eloquence that Bulwer gave this man are brought out by Mr. Keene with distinctness and force. He shows a proper regard for the extravagant platitudes of the author and the theatrical arrangement of the scenes, without descending once to the commonplace. His Richelieu is truly a great performance." Of his Richard III. the same paper says: "He is surrounded this season with perhaps the best company he has ever had, and his production of 'Richard III.,' as seen last night, has not been equaled by any Shakespearean revival seen on the local stage for a long time. Mr. Keene is more popular in 'Richard III.' than in any other of his plays."

Worth five dollars a bottle, but sold for only one dollar, and *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or money refunded—the *genuine* Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Fraudulent imitations of this medicine are sometimes offered and sold at 60 and 70 cents.

To protect the public from such imposition, the *genuine* is now sold only through druggists, regularly authorized as agents, and at the uniform and long-established price of $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.10.

But each bottle of the *genuine* Golden Medical Discovery carries with it something that makes it the *cheapest* blood-purifier and liver-invigorator that you can buy. It's the printed *guarantee* of its makers that, if it fails to benefit or cure you, they'll return the money. *You pay only for the good you get*, with this and with all of Dr. Pierce's medicines. You pay the one fixed price—but if there's no help, there's no pay. It's "value received, or your money back."

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb; branch, 1700 Market street, corner Polk, San Francisco. For the half year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-fourth (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after TUESDAY, January 3, 1893.

d23-2wd&w] LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

OPEN EVENINGS | OUR STORE WILL REMAIN OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL DEC. 31. AVOID RUSH. COME EARLY.

PICTURES FRAMED FOR KHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HEVENER, MEIR & CO.,
615 J Street.
Call and see our novelties. Telephone 280.

COLUMBUS LANDED IN AMERICA 1492

J. F. HILL
LANDED IN SACRAMENTO 1852,
AND HIS STOCK OF
Carriages and Wagons
Is complete. Call and see them.
Thirteenth and J streets. - - Sacramento.

RIPANS TABULES

REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effectual. Give immediate relief.
Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. Address
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

To Preserve

The richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to

THE HAIR

a silken texture and lasting fragrance. No toilet can be considered complete without this most popular and elegant of all hair-dressings.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Texas.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to

USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs.