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.

"In this sense the Christian religion is essentially intolerant," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago. "She cannot grant that other religions have come from God or that this has come from man. When the time comes that those who stand for the Christian cause assent to the position that the religion which they profess is, in origin and character, one with the great world religions, only contending that it is a later and more advanced product of human evolution, Christianity will have changed its essential character. It will no longer be the cause which produced martyrs. It will no longer be the religion of the Apostles and Fathers. It was the intolerant aggressiveness of Christianity which brought down upon it the hand of prosecution. If it had been willing to live on terms of equality with other systems, courteously conceding to them a legitimate place in the economy of the universe, it would easily have become a legalized system in the Roman world. But it would engage in no such compromise. It would not agree to 'live and let live.' It could never be hindred from asserting that it alone was right and all the rest were wrong."

The New York *Christian Enquirer* says of the Parliament of Religions: "'What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?' So wrote Paul to the Christians of Corinth; so would he write to the Christians of Chicago if he had been invited to attend the 'Parliament of Religions' on the shores of Lake Michigan. For many of the gentlemen in that so-called Parliament we have great respect. Some Baptist brethren, whom we highly esteem, read papers and added greatly to the interest of the meetings. We were delighted with the speech of Dr. Abbott of the *Outlook*, and with others of a like stamp. To many of the sentiments uttered we can cheerfully respond, but for the thing itself, a conglomeration of odds and ends, opposites and antagonisms, an *omnium gatherum* of clean things and foul, true ideas and false, we have nothing but criticism and contempt. A noble sight, men say it is, for all religions to meet on one common platform! Yes, it would be if all religions came together to fuse their differences and unite to crown Christ King of Kings. But they are met, each to blow his own trumpet, 'crack up' his own religion, and go away without the least approach to practical harmony. First a rule is made that there shall be no discussion, no answering back, no reply to false statements or false doctrines, and and then Hindu and Mussulman, Papist and pagan, each one declares his religion the true one and the only one. Christianity seems to have been placed upon a pedestal for pagans to poke fun at and traduce."

"Is there any good reason," asks the New York *Churchman* (P. E.), "why this church cannot have a special society of preachers? We are not without experience of the benefits of a preaching order. Father Hall of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Canon Knox-Little, and other visitors from the cathedrals and universities of England, have made us aware of the peculiar power possessed by men who have a vocation for preaching, and who have had an opportunity for the development of their gifts unhindered by the distracting cares of a parish. The setting apart of a number of men who are privileged to devote themselves exclusively to the preparation and delivery of sermons commends itself to common sense. Division of labor, and specializing of its various departments, are notes of the best material and intellectual progress of the times. We surely need not attempt to specify all the many directions in which the labors of specialists in the art of preaching would be welcomed. We are sure that many an overworked parish priest would oftentimes be thankful for such a society, to which he might go to get a preacher for special occasions, for Lenten lectures, for Good Friday meditations, for vacation times, or for such an awakening of spirituality as may often attend the ministrations of one who can speak the old truths of the Gospel with a fresh voice and a peculiar persuasiveness. Many a small parish or mission might be lifted out of stagnation into new life and vigor by the energizing efforts of one endowed with eloquence in the cause of God."

"The duty of the American Board at the approaching meeting at Worcester is in one respect absolutely clear," says the New York *Outlook*. "At the meeting last fall the desire of the missionaries in Japan to have Mr. Noyes taken upon the Japan mission was brought to the attention of the board, and the matter was referred to the Prudential Committee with power. The committee opened a correspondence with Mr. Noyes, and finding, as a result, that he had not retracted and was not willing to retract his theological opinions previously expressed, decided that it had no authority to confer an appointment upon him. Neither the committee by its minute, nor the President in the open letter sustaining the committee's action, declares the appointment to be expedient. They simply put the responsibility of a decision on the board. It is clearly the duty of the board to accept that responsibility; to evade it would be neither just nor politic. The Prudential Committee has a right to know explicitly whether the board means to authorize Mr. Noyes' appointment. The churches have a right to know whether, in the opinion of the board, Mr. Noyes' views are a sufficient ground for refusing an appointment recommended by a representative council and asked for by the unanimous voice of his coworkers in Japan. Those who think that appointment desirable and those who think it undesirable should surely be able to unite in asking the board to relieve the Prudential Committee and the executive officers of a responsibility which does not belong to them and does belong to the board, to which the Prudential Committee has, by its minute, practically referred it for adjudication."

"We are beginning to learn," remarks the New York *Examiner* (Bapt.), "how much the so-called 'Lambeth Articles' are worth, as a basis of Christian unity, from the strict churchman's point of view. Bishop Seymour makes bitter accusations against his fellow-Episcopalians of sophistry, craft and deceit, and crowns his attack by saying that a fellow-bishop has actually proposed 'to throw overboard the Thirty-nine Articles in the interest of so-called Christian unity.' This is indeed surprising. Most of us had supposed that a churchman who really believes the Thirty-nine Articles is so rare that he might well be put in a glass case and exhibited in a museum. For ourselves we do not credit that Bishop Seymour himself really believes them. Their Calvinism is as explicit as that of the Westminster Confession, and their doctrine of the church and sacraments is totally irreconcilable with churchmanship of the Seymour type. Subscription to the articles is no longer required, we believe, even of the clergy; and they are almost universally regarded at the present time as obsolete and binding on nobody. The Bishops of England and America so regarded them when they issued the 'Lambeth Article,' but Bishop Seymour now proposes to make them a test by which the church must stand or fall. We shall be interested to note whether Episcopalians take him seriously."

"There is a seeming liberality about the public school policy of Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota," remarks the New York *Observer* (Pres.), "that has won for him the sympathy of numbers of Protestants, especially where his policy has brought him into conflict with other prelates of the Roman Catholic Church. But we are not prepared to credit him with unmingled ingenuousness in the promulgation of his Faribault plan. In view of his claim that it is not a dead issue, but, though no longer in existence in Faribault, it has been introduced very successfully in other places in Minnesota, and is fully in operation in hundreds of places in other States, we may well revert to it. The Archbishop claims that his plan is an honest effort at reconciliation between parish and State schools, a thing to be desired by all fair-minded and patriotic citizens. He denies emphatically the rumor that he advised the abandonment of the plan in Faribault in obedience to instructions from Rome. He claims to know well the mind of Rome on the school question, says he has never misrepresented it and never will misrepresent it to his fellow-citizens of America and adds: 'And so, whatever happens in the one locality of Faribault, the "Faribault plan" survives, and inasmuch as it is an augury of an era of general peace and conciliation, its march shall ever be forward. It is but one part in the decided and official policy of the Catholic Church in America to go onward, "bearing in one hand the book of Christian truth, and in the other the Constitution of the United States."' This is most dramatic, but there will yet lurk in the minds of many Protestants a shadow of conviction, to say the least, that the Faribault plan is a shrewd device to aid in reaching the goal of Romish desire, State-supported parochial schools. At the same time it must be admitted that if it were accepted as the Ultima Thule, it would be less obnoxious than the parochial schools sustained from the public treasury."

The New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) takes a very serious view of the moral condition of the age: "Unless from this watch-tower we are incompetent to observe the religious signs of the times, it will be a grievous error for people and pastors to delay a day to enter upon earnest revival efforts. A wave of demoralization sweeps over the nation. Sunday traveling was never so common. Devotion to amusement was never so intense; absorption of the people in general questions never more complete; political activity never greater in a non-Presidential election. Gambling pervades the land. Pool-selling is common throughout the country. Horse-racing gains in popularity and strength; its promoters are more arrogant, and traps for the young in every direction are set with unusual skill and openness. In various States Legislatures are corrupt, pandering to the liquor and other base interests. The fibers that bind the church together are relaxed, and its energies, such as are available, absorbed in 'enterprises' and 'causes,' while growth in grace and the conversion of souls receive only the remnants of attention. The general report is that prayer meetings are dull and slimly attended, and signs of spirituality few and occasional. Yet many people are idle, many working on short time, and most financially embarrassed or anxious. Both in the need and the opportunity the evidence exists that now is the day for effort, the best time—perhaps the only available time. 'It is high time to awake.'"

The *Interior* (Pres.) of Chicago says: "The United Presbyterian General Assembly, in view of the growing dissatisfaction in many quarters with hymns of human composition, devised means for bringing Bible songs more prominently to the attention of those who are unacquainted with them, and securing their adoption. This is a good movement from the right quarter. The United Presbyterian Assembly spoke truly both in saying that there is dissatisfaction with irresponsible hymnologists and a desire for more of the Scripture psalmody—at least by those who know its adaptation for public and private worship, and those who do not know this will desire them when they do know. The real difficulty is that a considerable portion of the book of Psalms was never intended for praise service, and there is no trace of their ever having been employed for that use either under the old or the new dispensation. The consequence of metrifying them and offering them for a use to which they are not adapted, leads to the improper conclusion that the Psalm book was intended only for the ancient church. That is the obstacle which the United Presbyterian Committee will meet. If they will prepare a volume of the praise-psalms and bring them to the attention of the hymn-singing churches they can scarcely fail to create a sentiment in favor of the use of the Bible hymns."

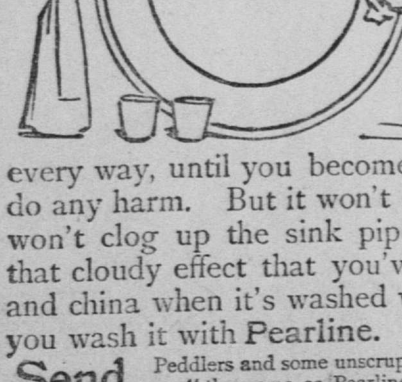
Willing to do His Best.

It has been said that scribblers are not much given to enterprise, but certainly the penny-a-liner who figures in this story had a good business head. A correspondent of a certain New England newspaper having asked, through the correspondence column, "Where can I find a short sketch entitled 'The Paragram Family?'" the enterprising youth immediately tried to answer through the same column to this effect:

"I cannot say where J. B. can find a short sketch entitled 'The Paragram Family,' but upon receipt of $10 I will write a short sketch under that title whose excellence I will guarantee."—Harper's Magazine.

A jealous wife of Perpignan, France, soaked her dress with petroleum, locked the house door and then called her husband to her. Just as he approached she lit a match and set her clothes on fire. Then, seizing her husband in her arms, she held him tight till they were both enveloped in flames. The woman died and the man is crazy and likely to die.

For washing Dishes,



there's nothing like Pearline. Why don't you begin the use of it in that way, if you're one of the timid sisters who still think that Pearline "eats the clothes?" Then you can soak things in it for a year or two, and test it in every way, until you become convinced that Pearline can't do any harm. But it won't eat your dishes, that's sure. It won't clog up the sink pipes, either, as soap does. And that cloudy effect that you've probably noticed on cut glass and china when it's washed with soap—that won't be there if you wash it with Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 412 JAMES PYLE, New York.

MISSOURI JUSTICE.

How It is Administered in the Rural Districts.

A Citizen Arrested, Tried, Convicted and Landed in Jail Within the Space of Three Hours.

That justice is freely dispensed to all comers in the petty tribunals of Jackson County, known as the Justice Courts, no one will deny, says the Kansas City *Journal*, but in the particular case of George Miller, who now views the outer world from the other side of the steel bars of the Jackson County Jail, there seems to have been too much justice, too speedily as well as too unequally divided.

Arrested, tried, convicted and landed in the County Jail all within the space of about three hours, and for a crime of which it is yet doubtful if he was guilty; such is Miller's history. And to make a bad matter worse the complications of the law are such that it is highly improbable that he can regain his liberty, even should he establish his innocence of the charge placed against him.

The case has its humorous as well as its serious side, and for its unique features and original legal methods. Miller's trial is probably without an equal in the court history of Missouri. It seems that Miller, who is a young man of good character, had been employed in a Main-street restaurant until illness compelled him to abandon his position, though he was almost penniless. In his dilemma he found a friend in the person of Edward J. Froisey, who offered to support him until his recovery if he would take care of Froisey's little farm, on the south side of the Blue River, near Troost avenue.

This proposition Miller gratefully accepted and the next day was installed in the Froisey household, where also lived Froisey's aged mother.

All went well with Miller until last Saturday morning, when, as he stepped from the back door, he observed an individual, unknown to him, just leaving the hen house with a fat pullet under each arm. He had been particularly cautioned by Mr. Froisey to keep a lookout for chicken thieves, and he thought this an opportunity to display his valor and earn his patron's everlasting gratitude.

"Hold on, there, young feller," he shouted; "where you goin' with them chickens?"

The stranger looked tough as he replied: "Say, is dat any of your funeral?"

"If you don't drop them chickens I'll blow the roof of your head off," yelled Miller, making a dash for the kitchen, where a loaded revolver was lying.

But when he reappeared the stranger was making rapid tracks for the gate, and he did not fire on him. Half an hour later he was considerably astonished when a Constable hove in sight and arrested him on a charge of assault with intent to kill. Having no choice in the matter he went with the constable.

Now the thinly settled and purely agricultural region lying south of the Blue boasts the presence of a duly elected Justice of the Peace, a well-to-do farmer, by name D. P. Antony, and as legal proceedings in "Judge" Antony's court are by no means as plentiful as the bull-frogs in his meadow, that official prepared to make the most of the case.

He had no court-room ready, but the spreading branches of a giant apple tree in the orchard near by served the purpose admirably, and here the court was established with the soft side of a log for a bench and seats enough on the grass for the thousands of spectators who might or might not choose to attend.

"Bring in the prisoner," thundered the Judge. And straightway the Constable appeared dragging his victim unwillingly to a seat at the other end of the log. The complaint was read in the Constable's most doleful tone and the Judge stroked his whiskers and meditated. "Aha!" quoth he, "this, I see, is a serious case. We must have a jury." It was the prisoner's prerogative to ask for a jury if he wanted it, but that made no difference. The Constable sallied forth and soon returned with "six good men and true," five farmers and a workhouse guard, recruited from the road near by where a gang of county prisoners were at work. The six solemnly arranged themselves in a semi-circle on the grass before the Judge and the trial (?) began.

Miller briefly told his story, and then the stranger, whom he believed guilty of stealing Froisey's chickens, appeared on the scene and told his story. He claimed that he owned the chickens, they having wandered into Froisey's yard, and he was simply recovering his property. That ended the trial, and the jury thereupon filed into the jury-room, the cleared space beneath an adjoining apple tree, where they were speedily joined by the Judge and Constable, and together they arranged the verdict. When they returned to the courtroom Miller was informed that he had been convicted of "threatening to kill," and that he had been fined $25 and costs, amounting in all to $35 40. He could not pay, and so Judge Antony tore a leaf from a notebook loaned him by one of the jurors and made out his commitment, ordering Marshal Stewart to confine Miller in the County Jail until the fine and costs were paid.

And then court was adjourned, the farmers returning to their wheat fields, the guard to his prisons and Miller was taken away by the Constable, and within an hour the door of the County Jail opened to receive him.

THAT LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

Senator Vance Gives a Version of the History of the Expression.

In the olden times of our Statehood, before the steam-engine bullied the earth, when whisky with sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned as that glass was filled, and when a white man was considered as good as the negro if he behaved himself, the Governor of North Carolina took it into his head one day to pay a long-promised visit to his neighbor, the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and a pair of socks in his saddlebags, mounted his horse and rode away through the pine forests toward the south. Diligently following his nose in this direction he came in due time to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of genuine Southern hospitality. When asked how he felt his characteristic reply was:

"Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober."

The latter cordially assured him that he could remedy all these.

The next day dinner was served at 12 o'clock, as the horn blew for the hands to come in. After it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back porch, where corncob pipes, with long twists of home-grown tobacco, awaited them. There, in the long, soft afternoon, reclining on easy bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away. Betwixt the twain, on the floor, sat a brimming pitcher of apple-toddy, the mellow, roasted fruit floating on the surface of the divine tipple. From time to time this aided and enlivened the conversation. They talked of the comparative excellences and advantages of their respective States, of the price of cotton, of horse raising and runaway negroes; as they talked they smoked, and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country, they pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborly courtesies between the two Carolina States forever and forever, amen! Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs, under the mellow influences of their happy surroundings, and on waking up indignantly deny having been asleep and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on, according to Senator Vance, writing in the Chattanooga *Times*.

Now it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife—as all good Governors should have, on the principle of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should first learn to obey—and her name was Betsy Jane. She well knew the failing of her Governor, and she easily guessed that the visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching proceedings she at length concluded that these two old cocks were about as full as they could well hold without slopping over, and it was time to stop. Watching her opportunity during a rather protracted doze, she slipped away the pitcher, still half full, and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water, with a clear, yellow gourd hanging on the handle.

Though sound asleep, the Governor of North Carolina felt that something was wrong. Every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His perturbed soul had not deceived him. The pitcher of toddy was gone. He immediately awakened his host, who courteously inquired: "What is the matter?" "Don't you see what is the matter?" said the guest looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd. "Indeed, I see nothing wrong," said the now distressed host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear Governor." "The devil you say! Nothing wrong, indeed? I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me, I wake up and find a piggin of spring water, and the Governor of South Carolina tells me in his own house that he sees nothing wrong in that. Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina, rising with a very great but rather unsteady dignity, "is that it is a—long time between drinks." "Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina, as the situation flashed on him, "I see; that's Betsy Jane. She means stop, and we're done for the day. I'm sorry I can't bring that pitcher back. I humbly beg your pardon, Governor, but maybe there is a Betsy Jane at your house, and maybe you know how it is yourself." The offended dignity of the Governor of North Carolina dissolved slowly into a genial smile of intelligent comprehension, and, solemnly winking one eye, he fell—either upon the neck of his host or upon the porch floor, tradition does not say which—exclaiming: "You bet, old boy; you bet."

And that's how it came about. Throughout all that Southern land tradition has wickedly repeated and kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of jogging the memory or stimulating the flagging hospitality of a host, but has failed to embalm in human memory the righteous prudence and wifely virtue of Betsy Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For near on to one hundred years the saying has been a faithful one, and worthy of all acceptation in our country; that is to say, it has been faithfully repeated all that time, and anything offered in response thereto has been universally accepted, either straight or with sugar.

CHILDREN AT WEDDING PAGEANTS.

Clad in Picturesque Garb They Form an Interesting Feature.

Children as part of wedding pageants are more seen this season than ever before. A fashionable London wedding is almost unknown just now that does not show in the bridal procession one or more children in picturesque garb, lending, with the flowers, a charming effect of unconscious beauty. At a recent New York wedding four children assisted. In describing the event the New York *Times* says that two flower girls, each about 10 years old, in empire frocks of white India silk and carrying large white enamel baskets of daises and orange blossoms, led the train of six bridemaids down the aisle to meet the bride, whose maid of honor was another young miss of 10, as pretty as a picture, in her graceful gown of white crepon and big hat with drooping plumes, as was the bride herself. At the altar the groom and best man were waiting, and beside them stood a little fellow of 5 in a continental suit of black velvet, with white satin waistcoat, lace ruffles and low shoes with buckles. He carried in his small gloved hands a silver tray, upon which, on a tiny mat of white velvet, rested the ring. It was noticed that when the best man stooped to take it from the small page it was tied in a corner of the open-work rim of the tray with narrow white ribbon, a wise precaution, since otherwise such inexperienced little hands might easily have tilted the important circlet to the floor. When the ceremony was over the flower girls preceded the bride again, scattering blossoms before her as they walked, and the small page, still holding his tray, marched along in solemn state directly behind her. It was amusing to watch the little fellow, who had evidently been instructed not to step upon the bride's train, but as evidently had not been told about the flowers that lay upon the floor in his path. These he decided were to be equally respected and with a careworn expression of responsibility on his face he made his way down the aisle taking funny little skips this side, and that to avoid trampling the blossoms, but keeping always in serious mind and sight the trailing length of satin that swept just before him. It is these little unexpected things which children do, their tremendously grave interpretation of trifles, that make their incongruous presence attractive.

NEWSPAPER WIT.

She was doubtful of his love,
Half suspected him untrue,
Feared his vows would fickle prove—
And she told him of it, too.
He protested he adored
Only her, his heart's delight;
Confidence was then restored,
With the ratio all right.
—Kansas City Journal.

Stranger (uncertain about the music)—That sounds familiar. What is he playing? Can you tell me? Columbian Guard—I think it's a cornet. "Oh, thanks! Thanks!" "Don't mention it. That's what I'm here for."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, sir; this young man can take your business right in hand, and—" Merchant—Well, that's enough. The last young man of that kind I had took my business in hand and went over to Canada.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"That's a fine boy, Wiggins. How much does he weigh. "Depends on the time of day. About 3 o'clock in the morning his weight seems to run up to about eighty pounds."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I say, Jessie, do you understand French?" "A little. Do you?" "Oh, yes. I understand it very well; because when pa and ma talk French I am going to have medicine."—Boston Globe.

"Ho? You say your prayers every night and morning, do you?" jeered the bad boy. "Yes, and so would you if you had to do it or take a lickin'," replied the good boy, firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

"The autumn tints, in red and gold,"
He said, "are coming soon, I ween."
"'Tis true," said she, "and pity 'tis
That you still stay a perfect green."
—Detroit Free Press.

He—How long should a man know a girl before proposing. She—That depends on his income.—Raymond's Monthly.

Working for appreciation is about as remunerative as planting pebbles with the idea that they will grow into marble columns.—Milwaukee Journal.

Bigby (to friend in art gallery)—What the deuce is there about that figure to attract your attention for so long a time? R. Dent Gazer—Nothing.—Truth.

Americans in Siam.

Americans first introduced schools into Siam. Americans first introduced steam rice mills and steam sawmills. An American established the first hospital. The first medical class was established by an American and is now conducted by him. Americans have done more than any other nation to establish a friendly feeling and confidence with most of the foreign powers. Americans do not harass the Siamese or covet any of their territory. The King's own words: "They bring peace and good will."

Americans are said to have the poorest teeth of any people in the world. It is said the more brain work a person has the worse his teeth become. The same result is attained by lack of proper nourishment, and it is said by a well-known dentist that fifty years hence, among the very poor classes, everybody will be toothless at the age of 20.

MOMBASA TO VICTORIA NYANZA.

An African Railroad 657 Miles Long to Be Built by England.

The railroad between the Indian Ocean and Victoria Nyanza, which was surveyed at the expense of the British Government, is likely to be built, says the New York *Sun*. The report of the surveyors has been published, and the friends of the enterprise are gratified to hear that there are no serious difficulties in the way. The most direct route possible to the northeast shore of the lake has been followed, and it is found that the road will be 657 miles long. The estimated cost of the projected railroad is $13,200,000, or an average of $17,245 a mile. The gauge proposed is three feet six inches. No tunnels will be necessary, and none of the bridges would be considered in other countries even second-class in point of size. Steel rails weighing fifty pounds to the yard and from thirty to thirty-six feet in length, are recommended, and also steel transverse sleepers, each weighing seventy pounds. It will not be economical and hardly practicable to use wood for sleepers. If the road is built entirely of steel it will be practically indestructible by such mechanical appliances as are within reach of the natives. It is also better to use steel, because the custom of firing the grass and the temptation to use wooden sleepers for fuel or for building huts would expose a line laid with timber sleepers to many risks. White ants also are numerous, and timber can hardly withstand their assaults.

Only a local traffic is expected at the outset, and in order to keep down the working expenses the surveyors recommend that the stations at first be built at least thirty miles apart. Additional stations will be provided later at such points as the traffic demands. The terminal stations will be at Mombasa on the coast and at the northeast corner of Lake Victoria. During the construction of the railroad a telegraph line will be necessary, and the large number of workmen employed and the constant movement along the line will render the telegraph line free from any danger of destruction by the natives. The surveyors anticipate that the construction of the railroad will have a revolutionary effect, and will entirely do away with the Masai raids upon the territory adjacent to the railroad. For the first two years it is expected that the bulk of the labor on the railroad will have to be imported from India. It will also be necessary to maintain a special railroad police force. The route passes through some of the richest cultivated districts and most populous regions in East Africa. From its terminus on Lake Victoria communication by steamboats plying on the lake will connect the railroad with the fertile districts around the shores and grant the outlet that is so necessary for the development of these countries.

The general average speed of trains is estimated at twelve miles an hour, including stoppages. On sections with easy gradients, and these include the greater part of the line, a speed of twenty miles or more may be permissible. When the line is first opened trains will be run only by daylight. This gives a running time of ten hours, or a total distance traveled each day of about 120 miles. The officials take a favorable view of the earning capacity of the road. They say that, in their opinion, the actual working expenses of the road for the first few years would not exceed $316,000, and it is probable that the road at the outset would be able, from the freight and passenger traffic to pay the working expenses. This does not include the interest on the investment, and at first there would be a deficit on the required amount of gross earnings to pay all the expenses of about $300,000 a year. They do not think, however, that this deficit would be for many years a tax upon the enterprise. Great Britain has now assumed the control of Uganda, and as the building of this railroad is vitally necessary to the development of the lake region, there seems little doubt that the Victoria Nyanza railroad will be the next enterprise of the sort to be carried out in Africa.

To the residents on other planets, that is, of course, providing there are such beings, our earth is a bright blue—this on account of the cerulean hue of our atmosphere.

"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."

LARD MUST GO.

since COTTOLENE has come to take its place. The satisfaction with which the people have hailed the advent of the New Shortening

Cottolene

evidenced by the rapidly increasing enormous sales is PROOF POSITIVE not only of its great value as a *new* article of diet but is also sufficient proof of the general desire to be rid of indigestible, unwholesome, unappetizing lard, and of all the ills that lard promotes. Try

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at once and waste no time in discovering like thousands of others that you have now

NO USE FOR LARD.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.
Genuine made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

In the Matter of Reclamation District No. 556.

THE PETITION FOR THE FORMATION of said district having heretofore been approved by this board, and the landowners of said district having heretofore adopted and recorded their by-laws, now, on application of SOL RUNYON, a landowner of said district, it is therefore ordered that an election be held for the purpose of electing three Trustees of said district on MONDAY, November 6, 1893, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and closing at 4 o'clock P. M. on that day, and that notice thereof be published in the Sacramento DAILY RECORD-UNION, a newspaper of general circulation published in said county, for one month, and that the County Clerk sign said notice.

And it is further ordered that said election be held at the warehouse on the ranch of Sol Runyon, being situate in Swamp Land Survey No. 330 of swamp and overflowed lands of Sacramento County, the same being on Andrus Island; and that Sol Runyon be and he is hereby appointed Inspector, and James S. Foster and J. M. Gleason be and they are hereby appointed Judges of said election.

[SEAL.] Attest: WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.
o4-td

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Sacramento, State of California—In the matter of the estate of JOEL R. CARTER (also known as J. T. Cramer), deceased.

Kate Carter having filed herein her petition for a partition of the said estate to be made by Commissioners to be appointed for that purpose by this court.

It is by this court ordered that said petition be and the same is hereby set for hearing for FRIDAY, the 3d day of November, 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the courtroom of Department No. Two of this court, and notice of such hearing is hereby directed to be given by publishing a copy of this order once a week for four weeks in the Sacramento DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Dated September 29, A. D. 1893.
MATT F. JOHNSON, Judge of said Superior Court.
HOLL & DUNN, Attorney for Petitioner.
s30-5tS

Asylum Supplies.

Proposals for Supplies

—FOR THE—

STATE INSANE ASYLUM

—AT—

STOCKTON.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act Concerning the Insane Asylum of the State of California," approved April 4, 1870, and the existing law governing said institution, SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by N. M. ORR, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Insane Asylum of the State of California, at his office, Nos. 209 and 211 Channel street, Stockton, up to 9 o'clock A. M., on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893,

For furnishing the following supplies to the said Asylum for the term of six months commencing November 1, 1893, and ending April 30, 1894. Said supplies consisting of the following schedule and to be delivered as ordered:

Groceries.

12,000 pounds dairy salt.
500 pounds Duryea's starch.
8,000 pounds white pea beans, last crop.
6,000 pounds Bayo beans, last crop.
8,000 pounds Sandwich Island rice, No. 1.
30 gallons coal oil, best quality.
450 gallons wine vinegar.
15 dozen Bath brick.
15 half-barrels Columbia River salmon.
15 cases codfish, 100 pounds each.
36 reams straw paper.
1,000 pounds soda crackers, No. 1.
250 pounds Pioneer, Golden Gate or baking powder of equal quality.
4,000 pounds sliced sun dried apples, best quality.
800 pounds California prunes, best quality.
800 pounds pure rolled oats.
200 pounds pearl tapioca.
200 pounds sago.
12 gross safety matches, large size.
100 gallons mixed pickles, in 5-gallon kegs.
20 boxes macaroni, No. 1, 14 pounds net.
12 boxes vermicelli, No. 1, 14 pounds net.
50 pounds bluing.
3 dozen white wash brushes, as per sample.
3 dozen hair floor brushes.
3 dozen counter brushes.
6 dozen scrub brushes.
6 dozen mop handles, combination.
1,800 pounds hominy.
200 pounds Duryea's corn starch.
150 pounds pearl barley.
150 pounds split peas.
6 gross T. D. clay pipes.
800 pounds chicory, best quality.
1,000 pounds Liverpool salt.
100 pounds bicarbonate soda, 1 pound packages.
3,000 pounds sal soda.

Provisions.

1,600 pounds A. & C. hams, or hams of equal quality.
2,000 pounds salt pork, extra quality.
1,600 pounds thin A. & C. bacon, or bacon of equal quality.

Sugar and Syrup.

20,000 pounds Golden C sugar, Western Refinery, in barrels.
12,000 pounds dry granulated sugar, Western Refinery, in barrels.
2,000 gallons American golden syrup.

Coffee.

10,000 pounds Guatemala coffee, No. 1.

Tea.

800 pounds English Breakfast tea.
1,400 pounds Japan tea, uncolored. Bidders are to furnish samples for the best tea that can be furnished for 20 cents per pound.

Pickled Roll Butter.

15,000 pounds best pickled roll butter.

Fresh Dairy Butter and Eggs.

5,000 pounds fresh dairy butter, No. 1.
2,500 dozen fresh California eggs.

Potatoes.

200,000 pounds potatoes, No. 1, River Reds excepted.

Fresh Beef and Mutton.

145,000 pounds fresh beef, No. 1, to be delivered in sides and cut up at the Asylum.
15,000 pounds fresh mutton, No. 1.

Fresh Fish.

5,000 pounds best quality (salt water) assorted fresh fish, to be delivered on ice.

Flour, Bran and Grain.

1,200 barrels bakers' extra flour.
6 barrels graham flour.
10,000 pounds cornmeal.
15,000 pounds cracked wheat.
20,000 pounds ground barley.
60,000 pounds bran.
30,000 pounds shorts.

Soap.

8,000 pounds laundry soap, in 20-pound boxes, bidders to furnish samples.
600 pounds sand soap, bidders to furnish samples.

Tobacco.

1,200 pounds Horseshoe tobacco.
600 pounds Pace's Sultan tobacco.
50 pounds fine cut tobacco, in buckets.

Clothing.

60 dozen hickory shirts. (27 inches wide by 33 inches long.)
40 dozen cottonade pants, canton flannel lined. (Size—Waist, 32 to 42; legs, 31 to 34.)
15 dozen mode duck winter coats, blanket lined. (Size 37 to 42.)
5 dozen cottonade vests. (Size 37 to 42.)
10 dozen suspenders.
10 dozen canton flannel drawers.
25 dozen canton flannel undershirts.

Hats and Socks.

18 dozen wool Hats; size, 7 to 7⅝.
120 dozen wool socks.

Dry Goods.

1,500 yards 6-4 unbleached Pequot sheeting, full width.
1,000 yards bedticking (Amoskeag mills A. C. A.), 32 inches wide.
1,000 yards 4-4 unbleached Indian Head sheeting.
900 yards crash, Russian flax XX.
400 yards 4-4 Lonsdale muslin, bleached.
400 yards 4-4 Wamsutta cotton, bleached, O. XX.
200 yards 5-4 Pequot bleached sheeting.
500 yards Amoskeag cheviot.
500 yards Amoskeag A. F. C.—dress gingham.
150 yards table linen.
100 yards white table oil cloth.
150 dozen Coates' cotton thread.
40 dozen ladies' wool hose; size, 9 and 10.
10 dozen half-bleached huck towels—20x38.
4 dozen white bedspreads.
40 pounds drab linen carpet thread, 1-pound boxes.
12 dozen coarse combs.
6 cases hair pins, 1 dozen boxes each.
12 packages pins.
4 dozen ladies' undervests, 28 to 40.
500 yards apron check.

Shoes.

20 dozen men's brogans, sizes from 6 to 11.
6 dozen ladies' buskins, sizes from 3 to 8.

Leather.

800 pounds best sole leather, sides 21 to 25 pounds.
80 pounds best skirting leather.
1 side best harness leather.
1 dozen best veal skins, 70 pounds to the dozen.

Coal.

500 tons of average coal, to be delivered at the Asylum as ordered. Bidders are required to specify the kind of coal by naming the mine from which it is taken or using the name by which it is designated in commerce; 2,240 pounds will be required for a ton, the coal to be weighed at the expense of the bidder, on scales licensed and employed for public use.

The above-named articles are all to be of the best qualities, subject to the approval of the Medical Superintendent, and to be delivered at such times and in such quantities as he may desire. And it is understood that if a greater or less quantity of an article than above mentioned shall be required by the Medical Superintendent, the same shall be furnished by the contractor at the contract price. The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, and no bid will be considered unless accompanied by a written guarantee, signed by at least two responsible persons, that the party making the proposal will enter into contract and furnish bonds for the faithful performance thereof, provided the contract is awarded to said party.

Parties making proposals are specially referred to Section 3235 of the Political Code, approved March 17, 1887:

Section 3235. No supplies of any kind or character for the benefit of the State, or to be paid for by any moneys appropriated or to be appropriated by the State, manufactured or grown in this State, which are in whole or in part the product of Mongolian labor, shall be purchased by the officers of this State, having the control of any public institution under the control of the State, or of any county, city and county, city or town thereof.

The Board reserves the right to reject all bids deemed too high or otherwise unsatisfactory.

Parties to whom contracts shall be awarded shall file bonds with the Secretary, N. M. Orr, on or before November 1, 1893.

Separate bids will be received for:
Groceries.
Provisions.
Sugar and Syrup.
Coffee.
Tea.
Pickled Roll Butter.
Fresh Dairy Butter and Eggs.
Potatoes.
Fresh Beef and Mutton.
Fresh Fish.
Flour, Bran and Grain.
Soap.
Tobacco.
Clothing.
Hats and Socks.
Dry Goods.
Shoes.
Leather.
Coal.

Payments to be made monthly in cash.

Bids to be addressed to N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Stockton State Insane Asylum, Stockton, and indorsed on the envelope, "Proposals for Furnishing Supplies."

Samples of articles required may be seen at the storeroom of the Asylum.

In order to preserve uniformity and facilitate the award, it has been resolved to receive no bids unless made upon blank forms furnished by the Secretary.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Stockton Insane Asylum of the State of California at Stockton. N. M. ORR, Secretary.
o4-3w

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GEO. C. PERKINS, FRED'K COX,
N. D. RIDEOUT, NORMAN RIDEOUT,
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THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE city, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento. Guaranteed capital, $500,000; paid up capital, gold coin, $400,000. Reserve fund, $850,678. Term and ordinary deposits, $3,432,094. Loans on real estate July 1, 1893, $3,568,788. Term and ordinary deposits received. Dividends paid in January and July. Money loaned upon real estate only. Information furnished upon application to W. P. COLEMAN, President.
ED. R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

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Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.

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Sacramento, Cal.

Paid up capital.......$225,500
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GEORGE W. LORENZ, Secretary.

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Crocker Building, Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

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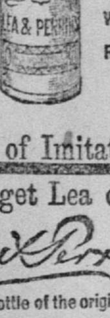

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