TOPICS OF THE TURF.

RACING EVENTS ON WESTERN AND EASTERN TRACKS.

Rey Alfonso, the Crack Colt, Breaks Down—His Injury Thought to be Permanent.

Special to the RECORD-UNION.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—The fourth and fifth races went to the favorites today. In the handicap, at six furlongs, the crack colt Rey Alfonso, a 3 to 5 favorite, suddenly broke down and the race went to Hymn, a 6 to 1 shot. Rey Alfonso carried thousands of dollars, and his defeat was a disastrous blow to his backers. His injury is probably permanent.

Five and a half furlongs, selling, Tillie S. won, Remus second, imp. Grand Lady third. Time—1:08¾.

Four and a half furlongs, selling, Veragua won, Zeta second, Leon L. third. Time—0:56.

Six furlongs, Hymn won, Howard second, Mt. Air third. Time—1:15.

Five furlongs, selling, Sport McAllister won, Addie M. second, Regal third. Time—1:02¾.

Five and a half furlongs, selling, Morven won, Joe Cotton second, Tom Clarke third. Time—1:11¾.

AT ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Mile and an eighth, selling, Sull Ross won, Wilmar second, Davezac third. Time—1:57.

Five furlongs, Fredonia won, Fondest second, Judge Dubois third. Time—1:04.

Six and a half furlongs, Mollie B. won, Miss Gallop second, Lottie Mills third. Time—1:21.

One mile, Buck Massie won, Trenton second, Emin Bey third. Time—1:42½.

Six furlongs, Lottie East won, Francis Pope second, Bill White third. Time—1:14¼.

Five furlongs, Sumatra won, William Duke second, Ali third. Time—1:02½.

AT LATONIA.

CINCINNATI, June 7.—Latonia results: Six furlongs, King Howard won, Belfry second, Pigmy third. Time—1:16½.

Seven furlongs, Aimee Goodwin won, Miss Morgan second, Spring Vale third. Time—1:30.

Five furlongs, Epona won, Nellie Barker second, Lella Dell third. Time—1:03½.

One mile, Merry Monarch won, Fred Gardner second, Cyclone third. Time—1:42¼.

Four and a half furlongs, The Merchant won, Remnant second, Martin third. Time—0:56½.

Seven furlongs, Readina won, Sir Rathbone second, Tariff Reform third. Time—1:29¾.

BANQUET BEATEN.

MANCHESTER, June 7.—Florizell, owned by the Prince of Wales, won the Manchester cup to-day against a large field, which included M. F. Dwyer's Banquet.

Florizell was the favorite in the betting at 7 to 2, but the Americans, who turned out in large numbers, backed Banquet heavily, so that just before the race the odds were 8 to 1, whereas a fortnight ago they were 20 to 1.

Banquet was clearly outclassed. He made a fair start, but Jockey Sims knew from the moment he got away that his mount was beaten.

AT HAWTHORNE.

HAWTHORNE (Ill.), June 7.—Seven furlongs, Flying Dutchman won, Dick Behan second, Lucania third. Time—1:29.

Six furlongs, Amelia May won, Captain Brown second, Artist third. Time—1:13½.

Five furlongs, Austin won, Sycamore second, Driftwood third. Time—1:02¾.

Six furlongs, Foxhall won, Cossack second, Charlie Weber third. Time—1:14¾.

One and a sixteenth miles, Fakir won, Freddie L. T. second, Little Billy third. Time—1:48½.

OUR TRADE WITH ASIA.

Not Nearly of the Dimensions It Was a Few Years Since.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—Consul-General Gernigan at Shanghai has sent to the State Department his observations on the commerce between Japan and China and Corea, which he says will present new phases as a result of the termination of hostilities. He says the competition among Japanese merchants for Corean trade is vicious and has demoralized trade.

Mr. Gernigan calls attention to the fact that there is not in China or Japan a banking institution conducted by American capital. Great Britain, France and Germany have banks in China and Japan, he says, and the merchants of these countries are supported by the banking institutions of their own countries, and they have been dividing the profits of Asiatic commerce. American merchants in Asia are compelled to transact their business through foreign banks. Not many years ago the American interest was of first consideration at Shanghai, and American commerce whitened Asia's seas. Now other nations are pushing ahead, although geographically the United States should dominate and supply with the over production of their fertile fields the markets of the swarming millions of Asia.

FOR thirty years the Royal has been the standard for purity and strength in baking powders, and has been placed at the head by every board of official examiners, whether State or national.

A WONDERFUL OLD HORSE.

At the Age of Forty is Still Strong and Cheerful.

A venerable and interesting inhabitant of Wyckoff, N. J., is a horse named Colonel. After a long career of activity and usefulness, he is still cheerful and in possession of all his faculties.

Colonel's age is now forty years, which horse-breeders admit to be remarkable. Many declare him to be the oldest known horse. It is interesting to know that he comes of a long-lived family. His mother, Nell, and his brother colt, Major, each lived to be thirty-three years old.

Colonel was born and raised on John Meyers' homestead, near Wyckoff, on the Susquehanna. He still lives there. The Darling and Havemeyer stock farms are near by, and Colonel's age is authenticated by many persons at these places who have known him all his life.

The present John Meyers represents the fourth generation of the family which has owned Colonel. He has known five generations of the Meyers family.

His father and mother were bay-colored. Colonel is nut-brown. His grandfather was an imported horse named English Lion. The name was probably given to him on account of a remarkable mane, resembling that of a lion.

In spite of his great age, Colonel never looked or felt better than he looks and feels this spring. He has practically said so. He trots about and plays when let out to grass. Some visitors who recently came from a distance to see him were much amused when he rolled on his back for their benefit. He got up again as easily as a young horse.

He was always a hard and earnest worker, and will yet make good time on the road. In his youth he was a speedy pacer. He has always had one serious illness, the distemper, which he caught at a time when it was epidemic.

He has a fine appetite, but his teeth are so poor that his hay has to be cut and steamed for him. This fact should be encouraging to human beings. He doesn't worry if other horses are fed before him, but makes a great fuss if his kettle is used for them. His eyesight and hearing are excellent. He comes from a distance when called.

In his youth Colonel was rather wild, but years have somewhat quieted him. Formerly it was considered unsafe for a woman to drive him, and he had a reputation as a runaway. Now he is docile and affectionate and fond of quiet, social intercourse.

Once a thunderclap caused him to run away and break a mowing machine in pieces. A woman and child driving ahead of him turned out of the way and just escaped disaster.

He has worked hard on the farm every summer. Last year he took his share in drawing 800 feet of lumber seven miles.

When he was put out to grass this spring he found the new grass and the fresh air so agreeable that he was rather cross when handled, thinking it was intended to put him to work. When those who he knew came to play with him, he was, however, very good-natured.

It is not probable that he will be put to work again. His owner thinks he has earned a rest, and that it will be interesting to see how long he will live if left in peace and comfort. He is now a privileged animal, going and coming when he likes, and taking a deep interest in family affairs. He never tries to run away.

A curious fact is that all the other horses, without distinction of sex, show a most friendly disposition toward him. It is usually unsafe to leave horses together. The dogs and other animals also appear to have a deep respect for Colonel.

He stood quietly when his photograph was taken, and appeared to appreciate the honor paid to him.—New York World.

HE WAS A COWARD.

And Walsh Chose a Good Way of Proving It.

Parke Godwin, then one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, had been outspoken in his newspaper writings and also in public speech, in the denunciation of the political methods in common practice. Thereby Mr. Godwin had aroused the hatred of Isaiah Rynders and his associates, says E. J. Edwards in *McClure's Magazine*.

One afternoon, having left his office for his home, Mr. Godwin stopped, as was his custom, in Florence's restaurant for some oysters. As he stood at the oyster-stand, he saw in the remote part of the room Rynders and some of his men * * * He suspected that they proposed to assault him before he could leave the building. He realized that it would not do for him to run, however; so he began to eat his oysters, while deliberating upon his course. Suddenly he noticed that a man stood beside him, and looking up he ssw "Mike" Walsh, who said to him: "Go on eating your oysters, Mr. Godwin, but do it as quickly as you can, and then go away. Rynders and his men have been waiting here for you, and intend to kill you, but they won't attack you as long as I am by your side."

The advice was followed. After Mr. Godwin, having finished his oysters, had gone out, Rynders stepped up to Walsh and said: "What do you mean by interfering in this matter? It is none of your affair."

"Well, Godwin did me a good turn once, and I don't propose to see him stabbed in the back. You were going to do a sneaking thing; you were going to assassinate him, and any man who will do that is a coward."

"No man ever called me a coward, Mike Walsh, and you can't."

"But I do, and I will prove that you are a coward. If you are not one, come upstairs with me now. We will lock ourselves in a room; I will take a knife and you take one; and the man who is alive after we have got through will unlock the door and go out."

Rynders accepted the challenge. They went to an upper room. Walsh locked the door, and gave Rynders a large bowie-knife, took one himself, and said: "You stand in that corner, and I'll stand in this. Then we will walk toward the center of the room, and we won't stop until one or the other of us is finished."

Eacif took his corner. Then Walsh turned and approached the center of the room. But Rynders did not stir. "Why don't you come out?" said Walsh. Rynders, turning in his corner, faced his antagonist, and said: "Mike, you and I have always been friends; what is the use of fighting now? If we get at it, we shall both be killed, and there is no good in that." Walsh for a moment said not a word; but his lip curled, and he looked upon Rynders with an expression of utter contempt. Then he said: "I told you you were a coward, and now I prove it. Never speak to me again."

CARLISLE'S FIVE POINTS.

Remarkably Clear and Forcible Utterances of the Secretary.

Secretary Carlisle, in his speech at Bowling Green Saturday night, stated five propositions which ought to burn themselves into the memory of every workingman in the United States who is inclined to follow the illusive promises which arise from the free-silver coinage idea. There is no theory or unfounded assumption in these propositions; nothing but plain statements of facts, and they cannot be evaded or avoided. They are as follows:

1. There is not a free-coinage country in the world that is not on a silver basis.
2. There is not a gold-standard country in the world to-day that does not use silver for money along with gold.
3. There is not a silver-standard country in the world that uses any gold as money along with silver.
4. There is not a silver-standard country in the world to-day that has more than one-third of the circulation per capita of the United States.
5. There is not a silver-standard country in the world to-day where the laboring man receives fair pay for his day's work.

Doubtless there are many men who believe honestly that free silver coinage can be adopted in the United States without placing the country on a silver basis, reducing the quantity of money in circulation and depreciating the value of the dollar. There is not a record of history, not a sound principle of economics, not an existing example of a monetary system in the world to form a basis for this belief. The author of "Coin's Financial School" was forced to acknowledge, in his debate with Professor Laughlin in Chicago a few days ago, that gold could not remain in use as money in this country if free silver coinage was adopted. But he did not explain, nor has anyone done so, how the laboring man and producer can be benefited by driving out of use a third of the money of the country by one act of legislation. It is true that the gold will be replaced with silver in the course of time, but the mints could not in ten years turn out enough silver dollars to take the place of the expelled gold. So there is no reason why the man who is after "more money" should advocate free silver coinage. Less money for many years, and of a poorer quality always, would be the inevitable result of free silver coinage. That would bring its greatest hardship to the producer and the laboring man.—Portland Oregonian.

A Shadow Combat.

People residing in the Gay alley neighborhood witnessed a rather unique fight last night. Ed. Cleary, a musician, who carried about his person a jag of a week's standing, while passing through the alley happened to look behind him and saw his shadow. He thought the shadow was a man and shook his fist at it, and the shadow in return did the same thing at him. This made Cleary very mad and he cried: "If you are looking for trouble I'm your game." Then he lay down and beat the shadow until blood trickled from his fists, and when he saw that his silent foe was invincible he got several rocks and ran the shadow for fifty yards or more. As he turned back he saw that the imaginary man was still chasing him. He increased his walk into a run and the shadow did likewise. Finally he recognized that the imaginary foe was clean grit and had got all the best of the fracas and he continued a hasty retreat, the shadow chasing him into the arms of a policeman. At the station he wanted to shake hands with the shadow and make friends, but the officer hustled him off to a cell.—Nashville American.

THE Royal Baking Powder maintains its vigorous hold on the public, and is active and aggressive against the impure and injurious baking powders palmed off on the people. In this task it is performing a good work for honest and unadulterated food products.

According to the most delicate experiments of the most famous scientists, the heat of the lunar rays which reach the earth is scarcely the twelve-millionth of a degree.

In the grape districts of France night watchmen are posted who ring frost bells to arouse the vineyard hands when a frost is threatened.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DISTRESSING VIEW.

Can a Woman on a Bicycle Look Graceful?

A Physician Says She Cannot—Thinks that She Should Go to the Full Length of Bloomers.

"Bicycle riding for women is undoubtedly healthful if for no other reason than that it takes them out into the open air," said a well-known physician, who, besides making physical culture a special study, is an ardent advocate of the wheel and a woman of sound judgment and good taste.

"I don't think the bicycle is going to work miracles, however, or revolutionize matters regarding women's health," she went on. "As a means of physical exercise it is not as thorough or as beneficial as gymnastics judiciously practiced, because in bicycle riding most of the work is done by a certain set of muscles only, the upper part of the body being comparatively at rest. When a woman is learning to ride, of course all the muscles are exercised, and the nerves, too, the process involving a mental strain, but after she becomes proficient only a certain set of muscles are brought into play. In numerous individual instances the continued use of the wheel has restored women's health, particularly weak, nervous women, who have been suffering from no vital complaint, but really from lack of exercise and fresh air. Bicycle riding takes up the attention, and is a rest mentally in that respect, while the body is likewise refreshed by the use of muscles not habitually called upon.

"I certainly think that the adoption of the bicycle is not a fad, but a permanent diversion," continued the physician, when asked if she thought the craze likely to last. "Indeed, I think the women will stick to their wheels even if the men should tire of them, because the bicycle has introduced a means of rational outdoor exercise for women which they felt the need of and the men did not. Men, from the nature of the active life they lead, do not find the novel delight in an outing that a woman does. The bicycle gives women a good excuse to get away from the petty cares of home for a while and stay out in the sunshine, and it is a blessed thing on that account. If a woman goes calling, shopping or to the theater, attends her various club meetings, or engages in any other of her usual amusements, she is in a carriage or car part of the time, and in a close building the other part. When she spins off on her wheel, she spends the entire time she has to give to the sport out of doors, and consequently returns home refreshed.

"As regards the matter of costume, I think the long skirt is bound to go. It looks out of place on a bicycle, and is certainly much in the way. The truth of the matter is that no costume which can be devised is going to make women appear at their best on a bicycle. The very position that they assume and the constant movement of the limbs up and down prohibit a graceful appearance. The delight of the exercise, however, more than compensates for any drawback of this kind, and most wheel-women are willing enough to look even awkward in order to enjoy the sport.

"The impression seems to prevail that for a woman bicyclist to decry skirts is to proclaim herself unfeminine, somewhat more immodest than her conventional sisters. I say that such is not the case. In my opinion, for a woman to ride in bloomers, with a skirt over them, which is continually blowing up and showing the bloomers beneath, is far more indelicate than for the bloomers to be in evidence from the start. The wearing of the skirt suggests that there is something to conceal, and where the bloomers only are worn it is a frank intimation that the rider recognizes the nature of her undertaking and has dressed herself appropriately. As regards the display of a woman's ankle, I do not see why it is more vulgar than to show her arms and part of her spinal column in evening dress. There would be nothing vulgar in a woman's sitting with her foot up, if she had on a divided skirt gathered at the knee, or even bloomers, but when she has on an ordinary flowing skirt and elevates her foot ever so little, the aspect is entirely different.

"One can see an illustration of the subtle difference at any time in viewing sculpture. There is a calm nobility, a dignity, about the simple pose of the undraped Venus that the figure which stands in a conscious, shrinking attitude lacks altogether. It is the admission that there is anything to conceal which suggests vulgarity when the drapery is by accident disarranged. At the costume show in Madison Square Garden there were lay figures dressed in cycling costumes in order to show the various styles. Passers-by invariably turned up the short skirt of one of these images in order to examine the unique leather binding on the bottom. That short skirt was only on a lay figure, but there was a vulgar suggestion in its being lifted, which did not pertain at all to the bloomer suits, or even to those with knickerbockers. I think if this subtle difference could be made clear to people, there would be less hue and cry made about bicycle costumes.

"I do not think that women will ever resign her flowing skirts for the drawing-room or the ordinary vocations of life, but when she goes out to take part in active sports she should dress appropriately. I fail to see where the long skirt worn when riding a bicycle conveys an idea of modesty. In the first place, the motion of the limbs, which it is intended to conceal, it shows much more plainly than the bloomers or full trousers. As a woman sits on a bicycle the plain front breadths of the skirt fit smoothly over the knees; no other skirt is usually worn beneath it, and the paddling up and down of the limbs looks anything but graceful. There are few accidents from long skirts; one seldom hears of any, but it is because the wearers are extremely careful. A woman wearing a long street skirt on a bicycle looks to me as much out of place as a yachting suit would appear at a ball or a cycling costume at a reception.

"There is a Parisian style of bicycle dress, which, I think, is the only admissible one, and which appears to better advantage on the wheel than any other. I walked along the Boulevard on a fine Sunday morning on purpose to see the women riders, because there are so many opinions about their dress. The only women whom I thought prettily and suitably costumed were wearing suits of that style. One was a French woman; I thought she was French from her costume, and afterward I heard her talking with her companion. Her suit was dark blue, a very full divided skirt falling so gracefully and so well made that one scarcely thought of its bifurcated condition. She had on a jacket, plaited and belted, similar to a man's shooting-jacket, and a dickey collar and tie relieved the plainness at her throat. She wore no leggings because it was warm, and she had on a becoming cap. The other woman had on a similar suit of tan color.

"These divided skirts are made very long, are gathered at the knee and fall over so many inches that the effect around the bottom is plain and smooth like the edge of a skirt. They are very wide, and the extreme fullness entirely obviates any suggestion of the vulgar. At the same time the wearer is perfectly untrammeled in her movements, and, in case of accident, has an excellent chance of extricating herself. A skirt of fine cloth made in this style, with the plaited jacket of a lighter weight material in the same color for warm weather, would be an ideal costume. The plaits on this style of jacket, which come below the belt and form a little fullness in the back, are particularly becoming when the rider is mounted.

"For stout women? What do I advise as a becoming costume for them? Alas! there is no way of making a stout woman look well on a wheel. If she wears a long skirt she is in danger of sudden death, and if she wears bloomers she is in danger of adverse criticism, even more deserved than that vouchsafed to her slim sisters. The riding will benefit her so much, however, that it behooves her to make the venture and enjoy herself, whether she looks well or not."

"What do I think about bloomers for bicycle wear?" repeated another New York woman, whose opinions are much sought after. "I think they are atrocious. The idea of a woman in trousers, modified or unmodified, is particularly repugnant to me. If women can't engage in a certain species of amusement without making targets of themselves and raising all this hubbub of criticism, I say let them leave it alone and confine themselves to gentler pastimes. How can they enjoy any amusement, however charming, when they know that everyone is staring at them? If women can't ride the bicycle in skirts, let the bicycle go. The skirts are a long-established institution, a badge of woman's dignity and reserve and feminine grace. The bicycle is a new diversion, and it seems to me an enormity that for it woman must needs fling aside all traditional distinctiveness of garb and much else besides, for when the skirts go a number of abstract attributes of recognized excellence will go with them. I am an advocate of everything that makes woman healthful, but she should hang on to her femininity first and last."—New York Tribune.

TO SPARE HIS DOG THE TASK.

Being a Brief Account of Why Mr. Goslington Took Up German.

"It will by no means do to assume," said Mr. Goslington to a New York *Sun* man, "that because dumb creatures do not respond promptly to our kindness they are inseusible to it. The truth was brought home strikingly to me once in the case of a dog that I once owned. That this dog was not impervious to gentle treatment was clearly shown by the fact that when you patted it on the head it wovld wag his tail, thereby showing not only that it understood the kind treatment but that it was pleased with it all through. But I observed that when I spoke to the dog when it was not looking at me it paid no attention. This was surprising and at first rather disturbing, but the dog seemed in other respects so kindly that I did nothing about it.

"One day when a German friend of mine was visiting me, and when I had called the dog with the usual result, I asked my friend to call him to see if he would mind him any better. He did call and, naturally enough, being a German, he called in German. To our great surprise the dog turned and came joyously bounding toward us. The simple fact was that the dog understood the universal kindness of touch and eye, but the only spoken language he knew was German, from which country, as I subsequently learned, he had been imported only about ten days before I bought him.

"The only question now was whether I should teach the dog English or whether I should learn German. I thought it would be easier for me to learn a new language than for the dog, and that is how I came to take up the study of German."

Morning Glories.

There lives in a town not far from here, in fact, it is at Skaneateles, a couple who think a good deal of each other, and when one is ill the other does everything in the world for her or his welfare. Not long ago the husband was taken ill, and his wife rumaged around to find some medicine in the house. Finally she came across a box of little black pills. There was no writing on the cover of the box to tell what they were, but as they resembled a certain liver pill the wife concluded that they must be the required thing. She gave them to her hubby regularly, and he seemed to improve. About a week after, when he had got down to the last pill, he chanced to turn the box over. He gave a yell that startled the whole neighborhood. His wife ran to him, thinking that he was dying. "Look!" he cried; "read what it says on the bottom." She did as he bade her. and this is what she read: "Prime Crown Morning Glory seeds!"—Syracuse Post.

To manufacturers like the Royal Baking Powder Company, the public is under a large debt of gratitude for the increased purity of articles of food sold at the present day. The reports of the official Government investigations of baking powders show the Royal to be stronger and purer than any other. It is quite evident that neither ingenuity, science nor expense can in any way improve upon the Royal Baking Powder as now before the public.

Chinese Proverbs.

"It thunders loudly, but little rain falls." (Much cry and little wool.)

"There's a time to fish and a time to dry nets." (There's a time for all things.)

"Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle." (Time and tide wait for no man.)

"For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three." (A stitch in time saves nine.)

"Virtue is the surest road to longevity, but vice meets with an early doom." (Virtue is its own reward.)

"The truths which we least wish to hear are those which are most to our advantage to know." (The truth is disagreeable.)

"Abstain from false accusing, that the good and honest may be in safety." (Bear not false witness against thy neighbor.)—New York Recorder.

The native home of wheat is supposed to be the mountain regions of Armenia.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE NONPAREIL THE NONPAREIL

"The Nonpareil"

TO-DAY'S SPECIALS.

Ladies' Wrappers, $1 EACH.
We will place on sale 25 dozen Ladies' Lawn Wrappers in light and medium colors; full ruffled collars and extra wide skirts, neatly trimmed with narrow embroidery. Sizes 32 to 44.

Silk Waists, $2 48 EACH.
An odd line of Silk Waists in both plain and fancy silks. Sizes 34, 36 and 38. This special price is just half the price they were marked originally.

Shirt Waists, 75c EACH.
We claim this waist to be as good as any $1 waist shown in Sacramento. They have laundried collars and cuffs, extra large sleeves and come in an excellent assortment of colors. Sizes 32 to 40. Also a line of Ladies' Black Sateen Waists in all sizes.

All-wool Serge Suits, $7 50 EACH.
Three special lines of Ladies' Eton and Blazer Suits will go on sale this morning. They are of all-wool serge and come in black and navy blue. These are lines we intend closing from our regular stock. They formerly sold for $10 50 and $12 50 a suit.

Ladies' Silk Mitts, 18c A PAIR.
Our regular 25c quality, in black and navy blue only. Seven cents a pair saved by buying to-day.

Parasols, $1 50 EACH.
This lot consists of Fancy Silk Parasols, Plain Taffeta Silk Parasols, White Silk Parasols and Black Gloria Silk Parasols in large variety. They have fancy and natural wood handles.

Gauntlet Gloves, 15c A PAIR.
Another lot of those Gauntlet Gloves, such as we sold at special sale a few weeks ago, just received. The lot consists of tan and beaver shades only.

Jersey Ribbed Undervests, 15c EACH.
The quality for which you usually pay 25c, and the quantity is limited. Can be had in either white or ecru.

Summer Ventilating Corsets, 50c EACH.
These Corsets afford the wearer a great amount of comfort during the warm weather. They are light and cool, and at the same time fit and wear well.

Down Cushions, 98c EACH.
These are ready for use, being covered with Japanese crepe of different shades. They are twenty inches square and have ruffles four inches wide.

Wasserman, Davis & Co.

THE FALL OF VENICE.

Humiliation of the Proud Oligarchy by Bonaparte.

The French Conqueror Declared the Inhabitants a Miserable, Cowardly People, Unfit for Liberty.

Since the days of Carthage no Government like that of the Venetian oligarchy had existed on the earth. At its best it was dark and remorseless; with the disappearance of its vigor its despotism had become somewhat milder, but even yet no common man might draw the veil from its mysterious, irresponsible councils and live. A few hundred families administered the country as they did their private estates. All intelligence, all liberty, all personal independence, were repressed by such a system. The more enlightened from the mainland, many even in the city, had felt the influences of the time, and had long been uneasy under their Government, however smoothly it seemed to be running.

Now that the earth was quaking under the march of Bonaparte's troops, that Government was not only helpless, but it actually grew contemptible in its panic. There was indeed the most urgent necessity for a change. The Senate had a powerful fleet, 3,000 native troops, and 11,000 mercenaries; but they struck only a futile blow on their own account, permitting a rash Captain to open fire from the gunboats against the French vanguard when it appeared. But immediately, as if in fear of their own temerity, they dispatched an embassy to learn the will of the approaching General. That his dealings might be merciful, they tried the plan of Modena, and offered Bonaparte a bribe of 7,000,000 francs; but, as in the case of Modena, he refused. Next day, the General Council having been summoned, it was determined by a nearly unanimous vote of the patricians (690 to 21) that they would remodel their institutions on democratic lines. The pale and terrified Doge thought such surrender to be the last hope of their safety.

Not for a moment did Lallemont and Villetard, the two French agents, intermit their revolutionary agitation in the town. Disorders grew more frequent, and uncertainty both paralyzed and disintegrated the patrician party. A week later the Government virtually abdicated. Two utter strangers appeared in a theatrical way at its doors, and suggested in writing to the Great Council that to appease the spirit of the times they should plant the liberty tree on the Place of St. Mark, and speedily accede to all the propositions for liberalizing Venice which the popular temper seemed to demand. Such were the terror and disorganization of the aristocracy that instead of punishing the intrusion by death, according to the traditions of their merciless procedure, they took measures to carry out the suggestion. The fleet was dismantled and the army disbanded.

By the end of the month the revolution was virtually accomplished, for a rising of their supporters having been mistaken by the Great Council, in its pusillanimous terror, for a rebellion of their antagonists, they decreed the abolition of all existing institutions, and, after hastily organizing a provisional Government, disbanded. Four thousand French soldiers occupied the town, and an ostensible treaty was made between the new Republic of Venice and that of France.

This treaty was really nothing but a pronunciamento of Bonaparte. He decreed a general amnesty to all offenders except the commanders of Fort Luco, who had recently fired on the French vessel. He also guaranteed the public debt, and promised to occupy the city only as long as the public order required it. By a series of secret articles Venice was to accept the stipulations of Leoben in regard to territory, pay an indemnity of 6,000,000 francs, and furnish three ships of the line and two frigates, while, in pursuance of the general policy of the French Republic, experts were to select twenty pictures from her galleries, and 500 manuscripts from her libraries.

Whatever was the understanding of those who signed these crushing conditions, the city was never again treated by any European power as an independent State. Soon afterwards a French expedition was dispatched to occupy her island possessions in the Levant. The arrangements had been carefully prepared during the very time when the provisional Government believed itself to be paying the price of its new liberties. And earlier still—on May 27th, three days before the abdication of the aristocracy—Bonaparte had already offered to Austria the entire republic in its proposed form as an exchange for the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine.

Writing to the Directory on that day, he declared that Venice, which had been in a decline ever since "the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can with difficulty survive the blows we have just given her. This miserable, cowardly people, unfit for liberty, and without land or water—it seems natural to me that we should hand them over to those who have received their mainland from us. We shall take all their ships, we shall despoil their arsenal, we shall remove all their cannon, we shall wreck their bank, we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves."

On the 26th a letter to his "friends" of the Venetian Provisional Government had assured them that he would do all in his power to confirm their liberties, and he earnestly desired that Italy, "now covered with glory and free from every foreign influence, should again appear on the world's stage, and assert among the great powers that station to which by nature, position and destiny it was entitled." Ordinary minds cannot grasp the guile and daring which seem to have prearranged and foreseen all the conditions necessary to plans which for double-dealing transcended the conceptions of men even in that age of duplicity and selfishness.—Professor W. M. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in the Century.

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Lord Randolph Churchill's ideal of a holiday was "to go to bed in a quiet room, stay there during the day reading and dozing, dine in slippers and dressing-gown in the evening, and as soon as convenient thereafter go back to bed.'

Chile is a Peruvian word, signifying "the land of snow."