In her volume "A Few Memories" (Press of Harper & Bros., New York), which was reviewed in the "Record-Union" last week, Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro) tells of her birth in Sacramento in the building now known as the Golden Eagle Hotel. She tells of a terrible fright her mother had in this city while she was still an infant. Robbers one night entered the mother's apartment in the absence of the father, and at the point of the pistol despoiled Miss Anderson's mother of her jewelry and money. Mary, she relates of herself, crowed at the robbers and pulled the bushy whiskers of one burglar, and the mother thought for a time that the infantile play of the babe would make them relent, but they did not. Further on Mary tells of her return to this city in the hight of her dramatic career. "The journey from Salt Lake City to Sacramento is one of the most interesting imaginable, on account of the diversity of its scenery. I must confess to a feeling of pride and satisfaction on seeing my birthplace. There is something almost tropical about the luxuriance of its palms, roses and magnolias, and the Spanish character and picturesqueness of some of its buildings lend to it a glamour of Old World romance.

"A public reception enabled me to see all the inhabitants of that dear little town. Everybody, from the Governor down, came to join in the touchingly warm welcome to their townswoman—'Sacramento's Daughter,' as they were pleased to call me. Some very poor people came by the dais for a handshake, among them several barefooted children. Pioneers, 'forty-niners,' representatives from all the different classes in the city, were present and made a very interesting and characteristic crowd. I shall never forget the heartiness of that reception, or the feeling almost of kinship I had for everyone who like myself had been born in that beautiful valley.

"I naturally expected another ovation that night at the theater, but on coming down from Galatea's pedestal I also descended from my great expectations. The house was hardly half full, and I do not remember a hand of applause during the entire performance. I learned that the local press declared 'that most of Sacramento's amateurs could have played Galatea with far more effect.' I acted there only one night, and though my townspeople did not care for the artist, the woman will never forget the heartiness of their welcome to her."

Miss Anderson is mistaken. Not all the local press depreciated her art. The "Record-Union" fully recognized and commended it. Nor do we think she was classed with amateurs, even by adverse critics. So, too, as we remember, the applause at the theater was generous. Certainly the reception was a fine affair. It was held in the Art Gallery, and was taken part in by a great concourse of people, and was floral in the extreme in decorations. It will be remembered that Miss Anderson on the arm of Governor Stoneman and supported by President Chesley of the Pioneers and officers of the Native Sons and of the Bric-a-Brac Club, and by others, was photographed in the midst of the floral pieces on the lawn at the Art Gallery. Miss Anderson, despite her small audience, made four citizens, representing the Pioneers, Native Sons and other organizations, life members of the Museum Association in acknowledgment of her cordial reception.

* * *

Manager H. C. Miner in the New York "Herald" says: There has certainly not been a harder season than the past for at least fifteen years. All branches of trade have been materially affected by a variety of causes too numerous to mention and too well understood to be referred to. In this general depression it is not surprising that the theatrical business should suffer, as it undoubtedly has for the last three years, and I think the strongest opponent the theater has had has been the bicycle.

Thousands upon thousands of riders of the silent steed have been investing all the way from $75 to $150 apiece in acquiring the latest and undoubtedly the best and most popular appliances for fast traveling, and there is no question that many hundreds of thousands of dollars that would have gone into the box office of the different theaters throughout the country have been diverted into this channel. During the winter months when the weather was very inclement the fact of this was not felt so strongly as in the spring and summer, as with the first bright days the majority of bicyclists rushed to the country roads and returned either too late or too fatigued to attend any sort of entertainment after a very pleasant and usually a long day's outing.

I don't think that the bicycle opposition will be of long duration, for this reason: While the bicycle has undoubtedly come to stay, and while it will be probably for many years a poor man's carriage and a rich man's toy, the time must necessarily soon come when a majority of those able and inclined to indulge in this health-giving sport will be supplied with bicycles. The output of money will not be nearly so great and the sport will be more common, consequently not indulged in so much as at present. Then the bicycle riders will do the same as those who are fond of driving in the Park—take an afternoon spin, return in time to dress for dinner and the theater, and then at least forty per cent. of our patrons will come back to us regularly as before the bicycle craze assumed such gigantic proportions.

* * *

The following is from the London edition of the "Musical Courier": "There is no doubt about it that the French are a nation most appreciative of good music, and despite their prejudice against the Germans, German music is more and more being performed here, and German songs being sung, partly with abominable French translations and oftentimes with the original German words. The publishing business in France is said to be very profitable. Hugel is reported to be worth 40,000,000 francs. Choudens is reported to have made 6,000,000 francs on Gounod's 'Faust,' for which he paid 10,000 francs. Enormous fees are exacted for the loan of operatic scores and permission to perform arias from operas or songs in public. Saint-Saens is the classical and Massanet the fashionable composer of the day. The songs of the latter have become very hackneyed."

* * *

Cyrile Kistler's opera "Kunihild," which was completed in 1882, has met with a friendly reception in Munich, but its success will be ephemeral, as it is one of the numerous imitations of Wagner which are becoming tiresome. These imitators should study the works of Paderewski and MacDowell, which show that one can be quite modern without copying Wagner.

* * *

Duncan B. Harrison, the manager of A Midnight Bell Company, tells the following story of Colonel Edwin B. Hay of Washington, to which he was an eye-witness:

"A great many stories have been accredited to Colonel Hay, more or less authentic. One of the cleverest replies, in my opinion, that he ever made to a rather personal interrogation, occurred during the grand reception accorded him by the Lodge of Portland (Or.) Elks on the occasion of which Colonel Hay was their esteemed and honored guest, and at which the entire population of the city of Portland turned out to welcome him in a procession of over 10,000 people. At a subsequent reception in the Marquam Grand Opera House in the city of Portland, Colonel Hay occupied the central figure, receiving and being introduced to the various guests.

"One of the onlookers on the occasion was General McKay, the Past Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge. General McKay is a celebrity in the city of Portland, being a man of immense stature, six feet four inches in hight, tremendous frame, and rather celebrated as a wit. He is immensely wealthy, and the largest dealer in lumber in the Puget Sound country. On account of his enormous size, General McKay is termed 'Babe' McKay by his intimates. General McKay is also celebrated for the quantity of liquor which he consumes daily, and in consequence thereof has a very flushed face.

"Colonel Hay, who never drinks any intoxicants, is also blessed with a very rubicund visage. The 'Babe,' observing the natural flush of Colonel Hay's face, remarked to one of his friends: 'The Grand Exalted Ruler, I guess, can punish as much rum as I do.' To which his friend replied, informing him that Colonel Hay never drank anything.

"This information was repudiated by 'Babe' McKay, who finally determined to interrogate the Colonel on the subject, and approaching him, said: 'Colonel Hay, it has just been announced to me that you never drink anything. Now, as I drink anything and everything that comes my way, and my face is always like a boiled beet, I should like to know how it comes that you, who never drink anything, have a face about the same color?'

"Colonel Hay replied: 'Brother McKay, the reason is I blush for you.'"

* * *

American comic opera, says the Washington "Post," seems to be on trial, if not finally weighed in the balance and found wanting. Emphasis is laid on the word American because it differs entirely from the opera comique of France and Italy, or the roast beef and plum-pudding operetta of old England. According to the concensus of critical opinion, our so-called comic opera has degenerated into nothing more than operatic burlesque at the best, and usually it is only a vaudeville performance strung together on a thread of a plot and divided into three acts. Frank Daniels, however, takes exception to the Boston classification of his piece, "The Wizard of the Nile," in this category, but his reasons will scarcely stand the test. Daniels is essentially a burlesquer, but he is a good one, and, therefore, as long as he pleases the public, has nothing to be ashamed of.

The question under consideration is comic opera per se, and beyond the productions of De Koven and Smith, Stange and Edwards, and one or two others, it cannot be said to exist in this country. "The Isle of Champagne," one of the best of its class, produced in recent years, was essentially operatic burlesque, and only differing in standard, not in style, from "Excelsior, Jr.," and others of that ilk. Meanwhile, "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy," "Madeline," and such weakly attempts as "Princess Bonnie," remain as the principal examples of comic opera pure and simple on the American stage. All the rest require the assistance of specialty performers to carry them.

Again the Bostonians, Camille d'Arville's and C. F. Whitney's companies are the principal organizations on the road playing pure comic opera. De Wolf Hopper, Francis Wilson, Della Fox, and Frank Daniels travel on their personal popularity rather than any particular operatic vehicle, while the repertoire companies have taken to the woods. From the back country districts come periodic reports of the organization of comic opera snaps, usually followed a week or so later by the announcement that they have been stranded far from home.

Meanwhile the opera singers who are worth anything are taking to the vaudeville or straight comedy stage. Proctor, Keith and Hammerstein have prima donnas galore and operatic tenors to spare. Lily Post, Catherine Lewis, Marion Manola and John Mason, Herbert Holcomb and a host of others more or less well known in opera have taken to vaudeville, as being less laborious and more profitable. Perhaps the only real repertoire company in the country which has scored a big success in light opera this season has been the Castle Square Stock Company of Boston.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke put two successful and one fairly good season of lyric endeavor behind him in order to return to straight comedy and a chance of making interest at least on his investment, while Digby Bell is the latest notable example of a reformed comic opera comedian.

* * *

The late John Stetson in the Brunswick Hotel cafe (New York) one night met Mr. Abbey, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Haverly and other New York theater directors. Just then Niblo's was called Haverly's Niblo's Garden, although Mr. Gilmore, it was well known, was the moneyed man of the concern. The gentlemen forming the Brunswick party began to say things to Stetson regarding Booth's Theater with a view to nettling him. They told him the theater would break a millionaire; that nothing could possibly pay in that locality, and predicted all kinds of dire consequences to the Boston manager. Finally Gilmore said:

"When your rent becomes due you had better climb out over the transom. You will never pay it in the world. What do you think you will do?"

"Well," replied Stetson calmly, "if the worst comes to the worst, I can furnish the money and put Haverly's name over the door as proprietor."

The routes of all the Hoyt and McKee companies are completely booked for next season, so that both partners feel easy about taking a vacation in Europe.

* * *

Frederick Lemaitre, the French actor, was afflicted with an abnormal amount of self-esteem. His despotic bearing towards the employes of the theater often led to serious trouble. At the fiftieth performance of a play he would expect the musicians to exhibit the same eagerness to hear him as on the first night. He expressly forbade them to read their newspapers in the orchestra. Lemaitre asserted that the practice interfered with his work. The leading clarinet at one of the houses obstinately refused to submit to a prohibition which he considered unjust, and went on reading as usual. Lemaitre protested, swore, raved and asked the name of the recalcitrant clarinet-player. Just at that moment the musician passed through the green room. "Is that you," cried Lemaitre, in angry tones, "who has had the audacity to read in the orchestra during my great love scene?" "I?" said the clarinet-player. "You have been misinformed, monsieur; I was asleep."

* * *

England's grand old man, W. E. Gladstone, thus discourses on the might of music: "They who think music ranks amongst the trifles of existence are in gross error; because from the beginning of the world down to the present time it has been one of the most forcible instruments both of training, for arousing and for governing the mind of man. There was a time when letters and civilization had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown; on the contrary, it was so far from being a mere servant and handmaid of common and light amusement that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that of music, so that there was no poet who was not a musician; there was no verse spoken in the early ages of the world but that music was adapted as its vehicle, showing thereby the universal consciousness that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart and affections of men."

* * *

In her reminiscences of stage life Mary Anderson gives an instance of the marvelous and distressing energy that Sarah Bernhardt can put into a tragic denouement. But Mme. Sarah, even on the stage, never equaled in force an unrehearsed scene which she played some years ago on a mail boat between Dover and Calais. Mme. Bernhardt, by the courtesy of the railroad company, enjoyed the full use of one of the private cabins. This hospitality she wished to have extended to her favorite dog. Dogs are not allowed in the staterooms under any pretext, and the steward absolutely refused to relax the rule in favor of this pampered canine. Sarah then sent for the Captain, who was very polite, but most resolute in supporting the decision of his subordinate. Then the storm broke. If lurid declamation could have killed the skipper he would have been a dead man long before Calais was reached. When Mme. Bernhardt landed it was reported that she had been prostrated by the trip across the channel, but seasickness had nothing to do with her illness.

The great Parisian critic, Sarcey, discoursing on the latest developments in Paris—the undressing pieces that have started also in New York—says: "It is the public's fault. Would managers give us plays in which undressing takes the place of wit if they had not found that the public patronizes at present only shameless exhibitions of indecency? I am waiting impatiently for the time, which seems to be near at hand, when pornography will disgust Parisians and will reign no more in our theaters."

* * *

A feature of the "Richard II." revival at the Stratford Memorial Theater on Shakespeare's day was the scenic production of the ancient lists at Coventry, which were gay with shields and banners of historical correctness. A special reproduction of Westminster Hall had been painted for the abdication scene.

* * *

Miss Hildah Clark, who made her debut last season as Princess Bonnie, has signed with the Bostonians as leading soprano. Miss Clark is a Meyer pupil, having studied three years with Edmund J. Myer, and is now back again with her old teacher preparing for next year's work. Miss Clark's success was very marked; she is a good example of hard work and energy.

* * *

"I leave the stage," said Mme. Modjeska, to an interviewer, "not because I have tired of my art, but owing to the dreadful monotony of constant travel, which is invariably a part of a theatrical career. I am weary of it all, and long for the rest and quiet of home."

* * *

Miss Sibyl Sanderson, a native of Sacramento, has just signed an engagement for the Imperial Theater of St. Petersburg, to commence in December next. She receives 100,000 francs—$20,000—for twenty representations, and her repertory will include "Esclarmonde," "Romeo et Juliette," "Manon" and "Lohengrin," which she will sing for the first time.

* * *

Antonio de Navarro, husband of Mary Anderson, has an interesting collection of photographs of his wife in a room in their home at Tunbridge Wells. They represent her in all the parts she has played, and Mr. de Navarro has arranged them to make a frieze around the entire room.

* * *

Ada Rehan (nee Crehan) has played 166 parts in various plays since 1874. She is not yet 50 years old.

* * *

Henry Dixey will be seen in "The Thoroughbred" in the principal cities of the country next season, having signed a contract with Charles Frohman to that effect.

* * *

Charles Dickson will next season be May Irwin's principal comedian. John C. Rice, who has filled that role the past year, will join William Hoey for the revival of "A Parlor Match."

* * *

In time of pestilence the Emperor of China obliges his subjects to witness theatrical performances during the day and displays fireworks at night. His desire is that their minds may be distracted from the prevailing epidemic.

* * *

"The Harmless Little Girl, With the Downcast Eyes" is the latest successor to the naughty girl, whose "Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back."

* * *

The Tavary Grand Opera Company, who were at the Metropolitan, Sacramento, in January, began its spring season of opera last week at the Grand Opera-house in New York.

* * *

"Chimmie Fadden," Ned Townsend's great New York success, will be one of the attractions that will come to the coast in the fall.

The external prominence of the nose in man is due to the arrangement and formation of the cartilages attached to the nasal bones.

THE MOTOR CARRIAGE.

Graphic Description of a Ride in New York City.

A Woman Guiding the New Electric Carriage Through the Crowded Thoroughfares.

It is worth any one's while to take a ride in a horseless carriage. It is all the more so when, as I did, you guide it yourself.

The first successful invention of this sort has been on exhibition at the circus during the past few weeks, and with a view to testing the merits of man's inventive genius versus nature's creative genius, I induced the operator of the motor-wagon to take it out one day last week, and take me with him, for a spin up the road.

"It's all very well," I said, critically gazing at the progressive bit of machinery with the high-box seat—"it's all very well for you to push your wagon around the circus on a level dirt track, where the road is clear, but that isn't convincing. I want to see it go over cobblestones in a crowded thoroughfare, where there is some competition, and not a little hindrance."

"Step in," said the operator, with a profound bow.

I stepped in. The seat was soft and comfortable, and the cart was provided with excellent springs.

Then the operator fastened a crank to the side of the wagon and turned it several times; at the same time tapping a bellows below the seat, which emitted electric sparks into the cylinder. These sparks, the operator explained, exploded the naptha as it fell, drop by drop, into the battery, thus creating the power by which the machine is propelled. Then I looked behind the seat, while the operator held up the lid, and watched the wheels go round.

No one would ever suppose, to look at the compact, high-seated box cart, that beneath the innocent exterior a whole network of wheels and machinery is hidden that starts up or shuts off in answer to one touch of the operator's hand. Yet such is the latest improvement in the power, which, it is hoped, will supersede the horse.

A BUZZ AND AN ODOR.

Three minutes after I made the suggestion to the operator the little machine was buzzing away under the seat, a disagreeable odor of naphtha filled the air, and we were out on the cobblestones headed toward Madison avenue. A number of small boys, and not a few large ones, followed in our wake, making divers comments about the carriage and its occupants.

Several urchins of the variety that feeds on circus anticipation eleven months of every year, and hangs about the Garden's stage doors with wide open eyes for a smell of the sawdust ring, declared that "dat's der lady wot does der tight rope act, an' its a dead peach act all right, too; see."

This assurance doubled the interest of the crowd, to which a dozen more were added, and then we reached Madison avenue, and with my heart in my throat and my hands clutching the seat railing, I was whisked round the corner through a dreadful array of cabs and wagons.

The motor wagon went through the crowd of vehicles without a swerve, though we were greatly aided by the readiness of drivers to make way for us. No one seemed anxious to court contact with us. The cabbies awoke from their dreams of swell fares and gazed after us with sleepy interest, and cabbies' horses wagged their ears and snorted rebelliously against the outrageous methods of progression.

After a run of twenty blocks up Madison avenue we turned through to Fifth, leaving a row of curious people standing on either side, who watched us till we were out of sight. By this time I had gained unlimited confidence in my new friend and his ability to steer out of danger, so I let go my hold of the railing, leaned back against the cushions and thoroughly enjoyed the drive.

AT A LIVELY PACE—NO, SPEED.

It was a fine day, and we went at such a good pace, or speed, we got the full benefit of the breeze. We went up Fifth avenue as far as the Park, and though at times there was only sufficient room for our carriage to pass through the crowd of other wagons the little lever was as true and safe in its calculations as a thoroughbred horse.

The whole apparatus is managed by one lever, which is decidedly an improvement on the wretched arrangement of the foreign machines, which require the manipulation of six different levers. A machine with such a complication of steering apparatus can be of no use to the retail merchant, who employs a raw boy to drive his wagon and deliver his parcels; it would be impracticable to apply it to our fire engines—which seems to be one of the aims of the motor wagon constructors—because of the complexity of the levers, which would be annoying in such a time of high-strung nerves. To the pleasure-seeker, from the man-about-town who returns from the road in no mind for calculations, to the serious young man who brings his best young girl home by the light of the moon, six levers would be utterly disastrous to hope and happiness. The American manufacturers knew the American market when they provided their motor wagon with a single lever.

"The management is simple," said the operator; "take the lever and try."

I looked dubiously at the operator. Things that look innocent are sometimes deceptive, and the constant chu-chu-chu of the engine beneath us, and the suspicious odor of naptha brought to my mind many touching details of explosion disasters.

Such a trifling determination, however, should not thwart my determination to test the machine in every possible way. I touched the lever gingerly. Nothing happened. The great advantage of a cell battery over a horse is that it obeys all masters alike.

AN UNCERTAIN PILOT.

"Push to the right or left, as you wish to go," said the operator. "Push it up when you wish to go faster and down when you wish to slacken the speed."

I obeyed these rules and regulations as they were given, to make sure they were the proper working orders, with the result of switching the wagon in a very uncertain way about the avenue, and scaring all the teams into the side street.

I enjoyed my turn at the lever. Fifth avenue is such a delightful place on which to try an experiment, from a new bonnet or a Count to a mere motor wagon. One gets so much attention there, for the swells along that thoroughfare are so brimful of ennui and so willing to be amused. The motor wagon served this purpose.

The chappies—the bona fide Fifth avenue variety—dropped their glasses, and their jaws, and their canes, from the conventional angle, and stared; the tailor-made girl overcame all the scruples of boarding-school etiquette, and looked back; ambitious artists peeped down from their studio windows, "up above the world so high," and down below, from the $5,000 shop windows, the milliners of the surnames and the crests, looked out and murmured in Trilby-esque accents, "Ah, mais oui, donnez moi un cheval, toujours," and then we reached Fifty-ninth street and found we could not go through the Park.

So we went through to Riverside and thence up the Boulevard. Here we felt more at ease. The cyclists who monopolize that thoroughfare showed a curiosity that was nothing short of sympathy with our apparatus. One smiled broadly, as he whisked past us, in a way that implied mutual membership in the same progressive, horse-hating set; and two friends, with the bicycle bend, assured us in a familiar way, as they doffed their hats, that "we were the people."

Then we reached Claremont; made as pretty a stop as a coach and four; stepped out, and walked leisurely up the steps, leaving Jerry staring in wide-eyed wonder at the elephant before him.

KNOWLEDGE THAT WAS NOT POWER.

Jerry knows everything about horses that is worth knowing, and it has been his lot to take care of some pretty spirited ones, while their spirited owners "talked things over" in Claremont. During these later days, too, he has deigned to stoop to the care of the steelly bike, though with a very bad grace and a very large tip. But Jerry came to his Waterloo when he tried to move our cart around to the stables. He touched all the buttons in sight, pounded the foot-brake on the bottom of the seat, touched the lever without effect, and examined the neat little carriage lantern, fashioned in the front; hoping to find some hidden spring by by which the thing might start. Then he looked for us, but we had slipped inside the door to watch his dilemma. Suddenly Jerry had a brilliant idea.

"Hi, there!" he shouted back to the stables.

A stocky young hostler with a red face answered the call.

"Get a hold there," said Jerry, motioning toward the back.

The hostler took hold, and Jerry lifted the back.

"Up!" shouted Jerry, with a grunt.

The cart was actually lifted from the ground and carried out of sight. When we stood on the steps again and called for our carriage, Jerry and the hostler pushed it up to the entrance like a wheelbarrow, and Jerry's face assumed the triumphal beam of a rainbow.

The drive down Riverside was splendid. It was getting on toward dusk, and the air of the river was cool and sweet. I steered all the way down, except when two miniature bicycle boys informed us that our "thing" was "no good," and that they could beat us in a race. Then I released the lever in favor of the operator and devoted my attention to the small boys. As they fell behind one of them sniffed contemptuously and cried:

"Hully, cat, Chimmie! What ails the thing? Did yer smell that?"

The unpleasant odor of the explosive plosive is one unfortunate feature of the new machine, though the manufacturers are at present busy on a chemical process which will, they hope, result in a non-odorous fluid with which to feed the cylinder. The noise, too, is a very regretable feature.

THE ENGINE NOT A NUISANCE.

Though a span of horses make more noise than the little engine beneath the seat, it is not an unpleasant noise; it is one to which we have become accustomed, and it is a human noise. There is too much of art in the steady pounding of the engine, and there is something missing in the ease with which the lever responds to our touch. We are accustomed to the tugging at the reins and the snort of the beautiful beast as the bit pulls on his mouth, and we miss the strange, exultant thrill of delight that comes of conquering a brute that is mightier than ourselves.

What will power, what magnetism is required to twist a lever backward and forward, and what is there about the manipulation of a wooden stick to quicken one's pulse or satisfy a craving for sport and pleasure?

I resigned my post at the tiller and leaned back in the cushions. Man is a wonderful being, and his new motor wagon is truly great. But there is One who is greater than man, and His creations are inimitably superior.

The horse is a nobler animal than a cell electric battery.—Lavinia Hart, in New York Journal.

To be Expected.

The "new woman" orator was becoming eloquent.

"Shall we permit man, our former tyrant," she demanded, "to flaunt in our faces forever that which shall serve to remind us of our days of docile and servitude?"

Intense excitement and cries of "Never! Never!"

"Let us wipe out all that savors of that past life," cried the orator. "Let us blot out the memory of it for all time."

Cries of "Hear, hear."

"Let us put the Goddess of Liberty in bloomers this very day," shouted the orator, in conclusion, and the shout that went up nearly wrecked the building.—Chicago Post.

An Exasperating Woman.

Mrs. Yerger was in front of the looking-glass, preparing to go to an evening entertainment. Colonel Yerger, who was in the room, smiled sardonically.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Yerger, sharply.

"It amuses me to see you using cosmetics."

"Let me tell you something. When you stop painting your nose, I'll stop painting my face."—Texas Sifter.

Her Idea of It.

Rev. Mr. Thankful—I suppose you know, my dear friend, the difference between patience and long suffering?

Miss Leftover—Oh, yes. When a woman has a husband whose life is heavily insured and has to wait a long time for him to die—that requires patience. But when a woman has to wait years and years before she gets a husband at all—that is long suffering.—New York World.

She Was Breaking the Ice.

Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bashful at last?

Daughter—No; he hasn't proposed yet.

"What? Not engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night."

"Y-e-s, I was trying to encourage him a little."—Chicago Tribune.

At Home.

"Well, Samantha, did you feel perfectly to hum when you were visiting your relations in the city of New York?"

"I orter feel that way, Zekel. They never let me get out of the house but once the hull time I was there."—Detroit Free Press.

Oyster soup requires from three to four hours for proper digestion.

CHARLES R. BENTLEY.

Idol of the "Broad-Gauge" Wing of the Prohibition Party.

The Prohibition nomination for President will not go begging, as is shown by the fact that there are many candidates for the honor before the Prohibition National Convention at Pittsburg. One of the most prominent candidates is Charles R. Bentley of Lincoln, Neb., who is known as the idol of the "broad guage" wing of the party.

In his early political life Mr. Bentley was a Republican, but has been a Prohibitionist for ten years. Though never elected, he was twice a candidate for the Legislature, once for Governor, once for Congress and once for United States Senator, a pretty good record for ten years. In 1892, when he was a candidate for Governor, he led the Presidential ticket 1,333 votes. He is very popular, a Baptist minister and an earnest Prohibitionist. He is 55 years of age, and was born in New York.

MINE LOCATING BATTERY.

Prof. Kimball's New Apparatus at Work.

(From the Nevada City Transcript.)

Professor L. J. Kimball, the inventor and operator of a magneto-electric battery for locating mines and describing the metals they contain, is now visiting this city. He is accompanied by Dr. Frederick Hiller of San Francisco and Colonel J. W. Guthrie of Sacramento, who are interested in the working of the invention and are here to witness a practical test of the apparatus. These gentlemen have been here two or three days and have already made a few tests of the contrivance on different mining claims in this neighborhood, all of which have proven very satisfactory to themselves and to all others concerned. In one instance a mine five or six miles from this city was passed over and its character determined by the action of the instrument. The report given by Professor Kimball as the result of the experiment was a surprise to the managers of the mine, who say that they could not have given a better description of the mine themselves.

All tests are conducted above ground, the battery used being very sensitive and easily affected by the mineral deposits in the immediate neighborhood. The inventor does not class his invention with the so-called divining rods, "hoodoos" and like appliances that have in the past attracted more or less attention from mining men all over the country. Professor Kimball says the apparatus is conducted upon principles well known to scientific men, and that its working depends entirely upon natural causes. There is no spiritualism or other superstition about it.

The Professor also claims that the recent discoveries on the Comstock are due to the use of his instrument, which located new shoots of ore in places that had never been exploited.

The apparatus which Professor Kimball uses somewhat resembles in shape the old-time forked divining rod. There are two adjustable rods which meet in a socket, the free ends are held in the hand and the battery is inserted in the socket at the junction of the two rods. According to the metal which the prospector is looking for he inserts at the apex of the rod a particular kind of battery. This battery looks like a long bullet, but has at its broad end a tight-fitting screw, not unlike the flask in which quicksilver is stored. The contents of the battery constitute the secret of the Professor. Into each battery certain chemicals are introduced, which are attracted by certain metals or fluids in the earth.

To use the Professor's own language: "A nugget of gold is a ball of fire, so far as its rays are concerned. All mineral bodies are electrical conductors and impart a magnetic force distinct from electricity. They produce effects upon the batteries used in the divining rod by magnetic induction. The needle or battery is caught by this inductive force and is spontaneously directed towards the ore body. The greater the mass of ore the greater the effect upon the battery and the more decided the attraction." In this way the Professor says he is able not only to indicate where the great body of the ore lies, but the direction of the vein, its spurs and pockets.

He has been working on the apparatus for over five years, but has only been practicing with it for three years, as serious illness confined him to his bed for two years. He expresses the utmost confidence in his own ability, plus the magneto-electric battery, and declares that it would be impossible for him to travel over a body of ore in a railroad train at the rate of 100 miles an hour without the apparatus indicating in the most positive manner the location of the buried metal.

To-day Professor Kimball, accompanied by Messrs. Guthrie and Hiller, went out to look at the Muller & Walling claim, about two miles west of this city, and try the apparatus. Professor Muller, one of the owners of the mine, was also of the party. The apparatus was brought into play and by its aid Professor Kimball located the main ledge and followed its course and gave the location of all the ore shoots, the indications of the battery being correct in those instances, of which the owners of the mine have positive knowledge. Professor Kimball pointed out from the surface where the ledge was found largest and where the richest quartz was struck. The instrument indicated everything exactly, so far as known, although the inventor had never been on the ground before and knew nothing about the mine. A cross ledge that the owners were not aware existed there was pointed out, and the character and extent of the ore deposit in the undeveloped portion of the mine was indicated, showing that the property is undoubtedly a valuable one.

Professor Muller informs us that he was astonished at the accuracy with which the instrument indicated the extent and course of ore shoots and the description of the ore given by Professor Kimball.

After finishing the examination at this mine the gentlemen went to Grass Valley to examine mines for parties at that place.

Alexis St. Martin digested broiled venison steak in an hour and a half.

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