ARTHUR McEWEN TALKS OF A CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Everybody Wants to be Informed—Alignment of Classes and Masses.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—When one recalls Lincoln's first election and then considers the present estimate that persons of every party place on that singularly straight-minded and devotedly patriotic man, he smiles at the complaints about abuse of candidates which now arise. Whenever men get to feeling strongly they hate their opponents. It is inevitable, for human nature is unchangeable. When I read that McKinley is the cowering vassal of Wall street (with Lombard street and British gold thrown in on the side) and that Bryan is a mercenary crusader, whose only motive for oratorical activity is the wages he draws from combined and profit-seeking silver mine-owners, there rises the recollection of a procession I saw when a child in 1860. It was in New York and miles long. I have never seen such a procession since, except once, twenty-five years later, on St. Patrick's Day, also in New York, which is the most primitive and enthusiastic of towns, because it has more poor people than any other in the Republic. In the 1860 procession the "Hickories" were in great force—stalwart fellows, who wore hickory shirts out of Democratic respect to the memory of Jackson, and as a further tribute to the doctrinal worth of the departed father, carried hickory cudgels on their shoulders. The clubs, while ostensibly symbolical, were not, perhaps, without effect in calming the political passions of the "Black Republicans," who might have been disposed to resent and remove—for the non-pacific spirit of John Brown was not restricted to his own bosom—the float that recurs to my memory.

The Democratic answer in 1860 to the argument of the sentimental against human slavery was the question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" It wasn't a good answer, logically viewed, but practically it was immensely effective, as anybody who lived in those times (Mr. Bryan is guilty of having not done so) or who has read with sufficient industry to inform himself of them, knows. Hence the electioneering float in the procession, guarded by the Hickories, most of whom, as they were of the kind who are affected by the cries and sympathies of the hour, no doubt shouldered muskets to shoot for the preservation of the Union—a Union that knew nothing about 16 to 1, and was largely against freeing the nigger, except in the far future, by means of full payment for slaves. On the float I allude to was a preposterously fat negress (a corked man) and by her side sat a fond lover, artfully made up in the similitude of Abraham Lincoln, who, amid red fire, roaring cheers, laughter and rejoicing hoots, at frequent intervals, embraced and seemed rapturously to kiss the mock colored lady.

There you have the keynote of that campaign and others that succeeded for a few years when the life of the nation was at issue, and echoes from Southern battlefields made politics. I have witnessed nothing like it except when I was in Paris in 1889. Then it surprised me, accustomed as I had become to our fights in America over tariff schedules and the personal character of candidates, to observe the intense feeling that the impending election roused in the Parisians. It entered everywhere. I was a mere sidewalk observer, of course, but American residents told me that society was torn up over the situation. I heard cabmen and boulevard cafe waiters and miscellaneous Frenchmen, who, no matter what their station, have a democratic way of discussing things and a more than Democratic way of expressing their emotions, talking with an ardor that amazed the Saxon. Their politics meant something living, that was all. If Boulanger should not win—so the situation was pictured by the alarmists, and multitudes felt with them—the Bonapartists, the Orleanists, the Empire, the Kingdom would come in again. I joined the line of voters on election day to see in what their customs differed from ours. I think I really touched the pulse of Paris as closely as an outsider could, and I felt again what I had felt as a child in 1860, that there were big things in the air, that men were voting on issues that seemed to them vital, questions that concerned their form of government and appealed to them as patriots. And the abuse which the Frenchmen leveled at one another—I read it on the posters, which covered the columns even of the facade of the opera—was also a stimulating reminder of the "Railsplitter," "Old Abe," "Baboon Lincoln" campaigns, with their tales of coarse anecdotes told in the White House and others chuckled out to properly horrified auditors on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

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Old-timers will understand what this glance at the past means; younger men need to be told that what is new to them is not because of that circumstance new to human experience. If McKinley is a villain and Bryan a scoundrel, the records have but to be read to inform youth that villains and scoundrels have run for the American Presidency before and been elected, too. To the man who has a memory it is good to recognize the old spirit of fighting. Politics are for him removed from the trivial domain of amusement into that of strenuous actuality. He forgets his gray beard and is aware of a disposition to shed his coat and sail in. To illustrate, there is Joseph T. Goodman, who came to the city yesterday to order some finishings for a house that he has built in the Mariposa mountains. He mined in that region when he was a boy among the pioneers, and left the diggings to try his luck with his pen. He learned to set type in San Francisco, went up to Virginia City, published the "Enterprise" there, found himself later a millionaire in stocks, then a successful raisin vineyardist at Fresno, and now when he has finished a book on Central American hieroglyphics, and counts himself out of the strife, he goes back to the diggings of his youth and houses himself in, rational and philosophic comfort remote from the conflicts of the day. That is a portrait of a capable, contented, prosperous American. If he is revolutionary it tells a story of growing discontent among the men of California who use their brains rather than their muscles in their work. What Mr. Goodman said to me, therefore, I think it enlightening to quote, whether one happens to agree with his ideas or not. He said:

"I have always been a Republican. When Republicanism was synonymous with loyalty to the Union, I and my paper in Virginia City were Republican, and stalwart at that. Then we had the rebels bunched and knew where to fire so that we could hurt and down them. The same thing has come about again. I don't recognize that a man, who, because of his wealth, is able to cinch me, is on that account my better. He may fleece me, but I'm not prepared to admit that God has licensed him to work the shears. He usually seems to take that view, though, and it is that notion of his greater worth which is going to wreck him—him and his. As to this silver issue, I'm on the side of free coinage, and have been since the change in the basic unit was made in 1873. I am for the restoration of the historical parity, and think that when we get free coinage again of silver as well as gold, the country will know good times. But, independently of a monetary standard, as a matter by itself, it warms my Republican heart to see what free silver has come to mean to the fleeced masses. The strength of silver is not in the comprehension of what I believe must be its benefits, but in the sudden and clear perception by common men of its larger import, its fundamental significance. In days past, when I wanted to form a judgment of how an election was going, I sounded my personal acquaintances, and, reflecting on how I felt myself, applied the average to the country and never made a mistake. I did this in and around Coulterville just before I came down, and four out of six Republicans that I've known from boyhood said they were going to vote for Bryan—not that they knew anything about free silver, but just because they wanted to register a general kick. That desire to register a general kick will this year, or some other year, save or wreck the United States. This Republic was created for men, not for dollars."

Mr. Goodman wasn't excited. He made his off-hand talk to me while he was buying things to trim into civilized shape the log house into which he is retreating as a man of leisure to continue his studies of prehistoric America.

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If the issues of the contest were not so momentous, as most serious-minded men believe, it would be diverting to observe the at-sea state of the gentlemen of both parties, who take it for granted that it is their function to guide the public mind. This time the public mind is guiding itself, and has not asked their assistance. Gavin McNab, the head-center of the Junta, and all his associates in command, who feel sure that they have brains, are for gold. They haven't a doubt but that the party is going to the devil; still the party is the party, and as such they respect it. John P. Young, Mr. de Young's intellect on the "Chronicle," is not more willing to submit to majority judgment on the question of monetary standards than are the leaders of the local Democracy. Their obedience to authority ought, one might respectfully say, to qualify them to enter the priesthood. Mr. Young has been for some years a very conspicuous figure among the Western advocates of free silver. Senator Jones of Nevada—in his most recent three-day speech on the two metals, their union throughout recorded time and their scandalous divorce in '73—quoted Mr. Young with as much reverence as though he were a bimetallic Minister of Finance in France or a President of the Bank of England, the country which makes politics in ours by virtue of the law of contraries. It is scarcely a year since all our dead walls were billed with a highly attractive poster telling that the Sunday "Chronicle" would contain a handbook of Mr. Young's conclusions as a student of finance. I have that handbook now, and agree with Senator Jones that west of the Missouri (or is it the Mississippi?) there is no more learned or convincing proponent of 16 to 1 than my friend Young. Nevertheless, when the "Chronicle," as a party paper, saw fit to abandon its stand, Mr. Young was, by the necessity of his position, required to supervise the job. Some managing editors would have resigned rather than do it, but Mr. Young, careless of his personal fame as an authority on finance, saw that a higher duty called him; he promptly discarded 16 to 1, and turned his editorial attention to different issues with a vigor that commands the metropolitan journalist's professional admiration. The Democratic leaders are equally forward in abnegation. Men who a few weeks ago told me that free silver was an absurdity to which they never would assent lest, if for no other reason, they should be classified as idiots, now front me with the statement that not to be for free silver is to make advertisement that one has a sordid, servile soul, which attaches itself to the classes and not to the masses.

Men of experience are thoroughly awake to the meaning of these phenomena. What party spirit won't do in the case of politicians, newspaper proprietors, editors and the rest of the dangerous classes, it would need a more profound student of mental pathology than myself to decide. But Democrats and Republicans of another sort scorn these compliances. On the streets, in hotel offices, the clubs, the saloons, the corner groceries—wherever men chance to meet under circumstances where private business is not the insistent interest—one hears free silver and the gold standard discussed; not often with definite knowledge, but always with desire for facts on which determinative opinions may be formed. It was the same way with the tariff four and eight years ago. Those who don't move among the people don't understand them, and therefore know nothing of their hunger to be right. In a drug store yesterday, to point the assertion, I heard a working man in his shirt sleeves vehemently arguing in behalf of a single gold standard. His audience consisted of four well-dressed men, and, to my surprise, they were all for silver. They listened intently and met argument with argument. On neither side was there enough information to move anybody, but the energy with which the controversialists fired and fell back indicated that whatever the deep generic forces may accomplish in this political wrestle—and without question they will be mightily operative—the average man, the ordinary American, will want to be provided with facts, which, one way or the other, will render him confident that he knows what he is about when he casts his vote. This may or may not comfort the conservative man who has something, but anyway this is going to be a campaign of education.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: John Dam, George W. Hyland, Philadelphia; C. L. Fair and wife, J. Harvey, Fred. C. Keil, E. R. Smith, San Francisco; C. C. Douglas, Frank S. Boggs, Otto Grunsky, Stockton; J. L. Powell, Salt Lake City; R. T. McKisick, Elk Grove; E. A. Preston, Nevada City; A. Macmilan and wife, Tokio; Mrs. E. C. Landford, Portland, Me.; Mrs. E. A. House, Tokio.

BRIEF NOTES.

There was quite a heavy windstorm yesterday morning between 4 and 5 o'clock, which lasted about an hour, but did no harm.

Drs. Tyrrell and Hanna left yesterday for Folsom Prison to assist Dr. Browning in resection of the rib of "Yorky" Moynihan, a convict sentenced from this city for robbery.

One of the numbers not on the programme of the Sutter Grammar School Friday was the presentation to the ninth grade class by Mrs. Agnes Winn of a beautiful oil painting of Sutter's Fort.

A number of boys whose doting parents bought them 22-caliber rifles and pistols for the Fourth of July celebration have terrorized the neighborhood of Tenth and G streets ever since the Fourth. So greatly was the Young American patriotism aroused that they have kept the air laden with bullets for several days. The police have been notified and it is hoped that Judge Davis may be able to dampen the enthusiasm sufficiently to protect the citizens' lives until next year.

In Three Rounds.

A large crowd assembled at the Theater Comique last night to witness a ten-round glove contest between "Soldier" Walker and Billy Woods of Denver. It was a short and sharp battle, and the little man from Denver was "put to sleep" in the third round. He put up a game fight, but was no match ofr Walker. Bill Hall then challenged the winner, and his challenge was accepted.

Auction Sale.

Thursday, July 30th, at 10 a. m., Bell & Co. will sell at auction the elegant residence and grounds, consisting of thirty feet of lot 7 in block K and L, Eighth and Ninth streets. The residence is a three-story building and contains all modern improvements, and may be inspected until the time of sale.

Open After Hours.

J. Selbeg, who conducts a saloon at Eighteenth and M streets, was arrested last night by Special Officer Hemminger on a charge of keeping his place of business open after midnight without a license. He put up $50 deposit to insure his appearance in court to-morrow morning.

At East Park.

To-day at East Park Major W. A. Robinson of Australia, whose hight is but 36 inches and weight is but 102½ pounds, although 32 years old, and who is the smallest wire walker in the world, will give an exhibition of wire walking from 3 to 5 p. m.

Lottery Game Raided.

Officers Higgins and Douglas yesterday evening raided a Chinese lottery game and captured two Celestials named You Kee and Ah Kong, who were its presiding deities.

Hawking Without a License.

Captain of Police Ash last evening arrested James Carroll, Thomas Howard, F. H. Doyle and a boy named James Ryan for hawking spectacles and razors on the street without a license.

Pressmen's Picnic.

The Printing Pressmen's second annual picnic will be held to-day at East Park, and those attending will have a pleasant time. There will be games and races and a moonlight dance.

RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.

Captain Gillette's Report on the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Captain C. A. Gillette has submitted his report to the War Department on the improvements of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers in the past year. In the former dredging has maintained the channel to Stockton so that navigation was uninterrupted, and all snags have been removed from the upper river. All the obstructions in the Mokelumne River as far as New Hope were removed. Navigation was kept open to Red Bluff by the operations on the Sacramento and Feather Rivers.

Dredges opened the channel on Petaluma Creek to the town of Petaluma.

By the expenditure of $257,626 on Humboldt harbor and bay the trestle and foundation of the north jetty was completed, and the jetty half done, and the south jetty is finished for 1,000 feet. The north jetty will be completed this season, and the south jetty next year.

A PRINCE OF LIARS.

The Man From Jumptown Talks About South America.

"I'm done with South America," he declared with an air of disgust, as he looked at the other loungers in the hotel regaling parlor and sipped a glass of beer. "Nature overdoes everything down there. Melon vines grow so fast that the melons are ruined by being dragged over the ground. Where the soil is most fertile the natives have to go up in a balloon to pick grapes. Corn grows so tall that crows eat it out of gun range and the stalks have to be cut down with an ax. The grass comes on so fast that the farmers make hay every week and there is enough fruit raised to supply the markets of the world. A man can live there without turning a hand."

"I guess not," grunted an old toper, who was looking for just that kind of a snap.

"I say you can, and have the best there is going. But I wouldn't live there if they deeded me the whole shootin' match. There are more snakes there than there are leaves in Vermosa, or wherever it is. They can run like a motor car and climb a tree like a cat."

"Ugh," shuddered the toper.

"And you people don't have any storms up here. One of your cyclones wouldn't be a fresh breeze down there. I've seen a blow in Brazil turn an iron kettle inside out. I'd just bought a ticket for a place sixty miles away, one evening, when I'll be durned if the wind didn't pick the little station up and land me right where I wanted to go. It was done so quick that the old clock didn't get through striking 7 while we were making the trip. I located a gold mine on top of a hill and it was full of gold. One night the whole top of that infernal hill blew away, and when I found it a lot of Spaniards had jumped the claim."

"How's the grocery business?" brusquely asked a man who had come in a minute before; but the South American traveler had vanished as though on the wings of a South American storm.

"Runs a little one-horse grocery out here at Jumptown," continued the newcomer. "Never been out of Michigan in his life. Heavy-weight champion liar of the world."—Detroit Free Press.

The present moment is a powerful deity.—Goethe.

CLOSE OF THE TOURNAMENT.

Exciting Finishes for Prize Money—Two Records Broken.

Some Heavy Falls and a Fistic Argument Thrown in as a Sauce for the Occasion.

The third and last evening of the bicycle tournament, held at the new Pavilion last evening, was well attended and at least half of the crowd were women. Many of the events were closely contested and duly applauded, and two world's records were broken, when George M. Hamlin of San Francisco went his mile against time, making the half in 0:59 1-5, and the mile in 2:05 3-5.

Heavy, though not serious falls, and a fistic argument were among the features.

The first event of the evening was one mile against the record, George M. Hamlin, S. F. R. C., being the aspirant. He was paced by Languetin, B. C. W., and Dixon, B. C. W., on a tandem, and when he passed over the line another world's record was smashed, both for the mile and half mile. The mile was passed in 2:05 3-5—half mile, 0:59 1-5, breaking the half mile by two and one-fifth seconds, up to that time held by Otto Zeigler of San Jose.

J. S. Brereton, R. A. C., Ed Chapman, O. C. W., and Jakey Hirsch, C. C. W., started in the two-mile scratch race. Chapman won from Hirsch by a foot in 5:05. Brereton was a poor third. Chapman had evidently got on to Jakey's curves.

P. R. Mott, R. A. C., L. A. Young, C. C. W., and H. Ten Bosch, C. C. W., started in the second heat of the event, but Mott proved too many for Young, the Sacramento crack, and won out by six feet in 5:33 2-5, Ten Bosch second.

In the third heat of the event the starters were Languetin, B. C. W., and Welsh, C. C. W. It seemed a foregone conclusion before the start that the Bay City boy would take the heat, as Leitch, who was calculated upon to give him a race, did not start. Welsh made a game finish, but was beaten by Languetin—Time—5:11.

The one mile scratch professional race, first in each heat and second in two fastest heats to qualify for semi-finals, being the next event, R. Cushing, G. C. C., and Peter Metcalf, I. C. C., started in the first heat. Davis and Edwards were billed to have started, but dropped out for some unexplained reason. Metcalf won out by six inches in a hot finish. Time—2:25 2-5.

Osen, O. C., and Byrne, I. C. C., started in the second heat of the event and put up a very pretty race. Byrne, however, won out in 2:17 2-5.

M. J. Lee, P. A. C., W. A. Turrill, B. C. W., and C. C. Hewitt, R. A. C., started in the third heat of the event. Not much interest was taken in the event, as Turrill outclassed his antagonists. He won out in 2:30 2-5. Hewitt second.

In the third heat of the event the starters were D. E. Whitman, O. C. W., Bert Rucker, O. C. W., and A. M. Boyden, R. A. C. Whitman won easily, Rucker second. Time—2:20.

The final two-mile scratch amateur race being the next event, Mott, Languetin and Chapman toed the line, and while Languetin had proven himself a great rider, Chapman and Mott each had many admirers. But Languetin waited too long for his chance and Chapman won out with Mott close up. Time—5:02.

The semi-finals, one mile scratch, professional, first in each heat and second in fastest heat to qualify for finals, being the next event, Byrne, I. C. C., Osen, O. C., and Whitman, O. C. W., came to the scratch, and the spectators expected to see some pretty sport. They were not disappointed in the result, Osen winning by a length from Whitman. Time—2:24.

In the second heat of the event the starters were Rucker, Metcalf and Turrill, R. C. W. Turrill won out easily, Metcalf second. Time—2:25.

In the half-mile handicap, amateur, first in each heat and fastest second to qualify for semi-finals, Hirsch, ten yards, and Welch, thirty-five yards, started in the third heat, that being called first, and Jakey won out handily in 1:05.

The fifth heat of the event being called next, Young, C. C. W., fifteen yards, and Ten Bosch, also of the C. C. W., thirty yards, toed the line for the start. Young was strong and won out by a half-length in 1:17.

Starters in the first heat of the event, which was the next called, were Languetin, B. C. W., scratch, Lemmon, O. C. W., twenty-five yards, and Brereton, R. A. C., thirty yards. This proved the closest race of the evening, and it was a sprint from the start, but Languetin forced his wheel an inch in front of Lemmon. Time—1:06 4-5.

In the second heat of the event the starters were Mott, R. A. C., ten yards, and Bauer, C. C. W., thirty-five yards. Mott won easily in 1:04 4-5.

In the fourth heat the starters were Chapman, O. C. W., scratch, and Leitch, C. C. W., twenty yards. Chapman collared his man on the second lap and won in 1:04 2-5, which was the world's indoor amateur record. It was indeed a sorry time for records, but the race was a sprint from start to finish.

The final one-mile scratch, professional, came next, with Turrill, Osen and Whitman up. Turrill, the wonder, easily ran away from his competitors, winning in 2:25 1-5 from Whitman, second, Osen last, for fouling Whitman.

Regarding the alleged foul Osen took the matter as personal and struck Whitman in the jaw. Whitman refused to settle the matter in that way.

The one-mile handicap, professional, first in each heat and two fastest seconds to qualify for semi-finals, called out Edwards, O. C., twenty-five yards, and Lee, P. A. C., fifty yards. Edwards won. Time—1:17 2-5.

The semi-final half-mile handicap, amateur, first in each heat and fastest second to qualify for final, was called next, and Hirsch, C. C. W., ten yards, Languetin, B. C. W., scratch, and Young, fifteen yards, started. The finish was all in a bunch, but Jakey managed to keep the tire of his wheel ahead of Leitch. Time—1:08 2-5.

In the second heat of the event the starters were Mott, ten yards, Chapman, scratch, and Leitch, twenty yards. Chapman won by sprinting all the way, Mott second. Time—1:05 2-5.

The second heat of the one mile handicap, professional, was next called, the starters being Turrill, scratch, Metcalf 55 yards. Turrill won out handily in 2:25.

The fourth heat being called next, Hewitt, R. A. C., 50 yards, and Cushing, G. C. C., 55 yards, were the starters. Hewitt ran into the rail at the west end of the track and got a hard fall, though he was not badly hurt. Cushing won, time 2:22⅘.

The final amateur one-half mile handicap was the next feature, the starters being Mott, R. A. C., 10 yards, Hirsch, C. C. W., 10 yards, Chapman, O. C. W., scratch. This was the race which carried the prize valued at $25, and Sacramento's "Little Demon," Hirsch, went in and won by an inch. Time—1:08⅗. Chapman second.

P. Metcalf, I. C. C., next went a half mile against the record, but could not make the trip in less than 1:04⅘.

Then came the final one mile handicap, which carried with it $50 to the winner, $25 to the second and $15 to the third. As the result of the semi-finals, the starters were Turrill, B. C. W., scratch; Edwards, O. C., 25 yards; Lee, P. A. C., 50 yards, and Cushing, G. C. C., 55 yards.

Everyone looked for a fall, as after the fourth lap the men were bunched. Up to the last lap the men ran so and then at the spurt the wheels seemed to touch. However, both turns were made and when within twenty feet of the chalk it was anybody's race. Just how it happened will never be known, but Lee, Cushing and Edwards, when within ten feet of the finish, fell in a heap and there was a grand mixing up of wheels and men, while Turrill shot across the line a winner in the race of his life. Then men and wheels began to untangle and Cushing shunted his wheel across the line a foot ahead of Lee, and the bicycle tournament was a thing of the past. Neither of the men were badly hurt, and those who were itching to see broken bones were doomed to a sad and disheartening disappointment.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Porter Brothers Win the Championship for Central California.

The tennis tournament for the championship of doubles for Central California took place yesterday at the Capital Club's court at Fifteenth and M streets.

Dr. Taylor had charge of it and was assisted by L. W. Ripley and Mr. Hoen. The day was perfect and the players were in good trim. There was a preliminary skirmish, in order that the players might try each other's mettle.

Porter brothers of Woodland beat Turner and Brown of Penryn. Score—6-2, 6-1.

Neimeyer and Langton of Wheatland beat Boggs and Grunsky of Stockton. Score—11-9, 3-6, 6-2.

Briggs and Adams of Sacramento beat Budgett and Waterman of Penryn. Score—2-6, 6-4, 6-3.

Then came the first round of the tournament.

Porter brothers beat Jackson and Jackson of Penryn. Score—6-4, 6-4.

Porter and Upson beat Harding and Hyde of Penryn. Score—4-6, 9-7, 6-2.

Smith and Carroll of Sacramento beat Durst and Murphy of Wheatland. Score—7-5, 6-2.

Briggs and Adams of Sacramento beat Niemeyer and Langton of Wheatland. Score—6-3, 6-2.

In the semi-finals Smith and Carroll beat Porter and Upson. Score—6-4, 8-6.

Briggs and Adams beat Porter brothers. Score—7-5, 6-2, 6-3.

Then came the final, in which Porter brothers beat Smith and Carroll. Score—6-4, 3-6, 6-2, and won the championship, Smith and Carroll second.

CALLENDINE CONVICTED.

Twelve Good Men and True Declare Him Guilty.

He Will Receive Sentence for His Crime on Next Saturday Morning.

Yesterday morning J. C. March, associate counsel in the defense of L. L. Callendine, addressed the jury in his client's behalf. He made a very able argument, doing all anyone could have done to convince them of his client's innocence.

District Attorney Ryan then followed with the closing argument for the people and although not consuming as much time as either of the attorneys for the defense, his was a masterly argument. Mr. Ryan made a comparison of the testimony of both sides; he showed how improbable it would have been for little Mamie Harris, a child 9 years old, to distinctly remember at this time just at what time and on what day it was that Callendine came to her mother's house to distribute Christmas presents for herself and her little brother, six or seven months ago. He explained how easy it was for her mother, now the wife of the man who killed her first husband (Jack Harris) to instill this story into the mind of the little one. He also pointed out the interest Mrs. Callendine and her unmarried sister, Annie Martin, would have in giving testimony which would be beneficial to L. L. Callendine.

The District Attorney concluded his argument by paying high compliments to the Sheriff's officers for their able assistance throughout both trials, and stated that Detective Max P. Fisher and Officer Martin Pennish had been at his side throughout the trial, at his request, and thanked both for the honest and efficient manner in which they assisted the prosecution in arriving at the facts in the case.

After District Attorney Ryan finished his argument, Judge Hinkson delivered a long charge to the jury, in which he carefully instructed them on every point to give the prisoner the benefit of every reasonable doubt and to weigh carefully all the testimony. He then consigned them to the custody of the Sheriff at half-past 12, with instructions to send them lunch as soon as they were settled in their room.

They were in no hurry to agree upon a verdict until after they had satisfied their hunger, and it was after 2 o'clock before they came into court with the announcement that they had agreed on a verdict.

Callendine changed color as the foreman announced the verdict, and his wife dropped her head on her hands.

Judge Hinkson announced that he would pronounce sentence at 10 o'clock next Saturday morning, and Callendine was taken down to the jail by the Sheriff, his wife accompanying him.

Detective Fisher has been indefatigable in his efforts to unearth the robbers and has dug up many important clews to the crime. Officer Pennish has also worked faithfully, and through their efforts a dangerous gang has been broken up.

Attorneys J. C. March and H. L. Buckley, who were appointed by the court to defend Callendine, fought to the best of their ability for him to the last, but the array of evidence presented by the prosecution was too strong for them to combat.

Distinction and Difference.

Tommy—Paw, doesn't precipitation mean the same thing as settling?

Mr. Figg—It does in chemistry, but in business you'll find that most men in settling don't show any precipitation at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT SO HEAVY THIS YEAR.

Fruit Shipments Not Equal to Those of Last Year.

Prices in the Eastern Market Much Improved, and Still Better Are Anticipated.

The number of carloads of fruit shipped East yesterday was 39, as against 54 for the corresponding day last year. As to variety, the shipment is divided into: Peaches 13 cars, plums 5, grapes ¼, pears 20¼, mixed ¼. Chicago will get in carloads: Peaches 3½, plums 1, pears 4½—9. New York—Peaches 1, plums 2¾, pears 8½—12. Boston—Peaches 4½, plums ¾, pears 2¾—8. Denver—Peaches ¾, grapes ¼—1. Minneapolis—Pears 1. Milwaukee—Pears 1. Kansas City—Peaches ¼, pears ¾—1. Other points—Peaches 3, plums ½, pears 2, mixed ½—6.

The Apache brought up 1,632 packages from the down-river orchards yesterday, and the Acme brought up 4,774. This is about the average amount that has come up for several days past, and will come for several days to come.

A. J. Hechtman, Vice-President of Porter Brothers Company, said:

"The demand for California fruit in Eastern cities has improved very materially the past week. There is a much stronger feeling among the trade, consequently better prices have, as a rule, prevailed during the closing days of this week. This is notably true of Atlantic seaboard cities. The Chicago market is also swinging around in much better shape than would have seemed possible one week ago. The coming week, beginning with Monday's sales, we will have much better prices on Bartlett pears, peaches and fancy plums, and anticipate a good improvement right along. All advices indicate that the feeling in the East on California green fruits is stronger than it has been at any time since this season opened.

"The continued extremely light shipments of deciduous fruits have, we believe, had the effect of convincing the Eastern buyer that reports of a short crop in California were not exaggerated earlier in the season. Oranges are selling in Chicago to-day at $4 50 to $5 per box. Few oranges and high prices will naturally help to attract the attention of the trade and the consumer to the deciduous products of California.

"As the season advances the shortness of the crop becomes more and more apparent to those who are posted on the situation.

"In the dried fruit market there is no change whatever to note. The transactions in dried fruit are so limited that they are hardly worthy of mention.

"Growers of table grapes can with safety anticipate a prosperous season unless early rains cause injury to the crop."

Mr. Earl of the Earl Fruit Company said: "Shipments of California fruit to Eastern markets continue light, on account of the low prices realized in auction markets during the last ten days. Shipments are about twenty per cent. less this season than to same date last year, and last year's shipments were about twenty-five per cent. less than the year before. The light shipments during the last ten days are likely to cause a reaction in Eastern markets, and we look for a decided improvement in auction prices the first of this week. There are large quantities of Bartlett pears, peaches, plums and prunes available for Eastern shipment, and it is hoped markets will improve soon and that prices will justify more liberal shipments.

"The first London shipment arrived and sold in London last week at very satisfactory prices to growers, and large quantities of fruit are being offered for export. Our London agents strongly advise, however, not to ship more than five cars per week, as large quantities of home-grown pears will be in the London market during the month of August and much lower prices are likely to rule for California fruit than those realized for the first shipment.

"The temptation is very great to increase the London shipments in the face of the prices realized for the first shipment, but these prices are no indication of the prices which will be realized for fruit going forward after this date. These export shipments in previous years have resulted in heavy losses for growers and others concerned, chiefly on account of encouraging promiscuous shipments and overstocking the London market. A conservative policy should be followed this season, and it would certainly be unwise to increase the weekly shipments at present to exceed five cars, especially in view of the advices we have from our London agents to this effect, as they are certainly in a position to know better what can be done in the London market than people at this end of the line. We continue to have a good f. o. b. demand for California fruit for shipment to the smaller cities of the United States and Canada. These f. o. b. shipments to smaller Eastern cities will have a tendency to relieve the auction markets, and unless we are very much mistaken, there will be a decided improvement in prices at Chicago, New York and other auction points this week."

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Eds. "Record-Union": I understand well enough that the United States established 15 to 1 as the legal ratio of silver and gold. That was in 1792. Now, what was it that caused a change? S. F. S.

Auburn.

In the main the incoming of silver from Mexico; gold fell out of use and silver went down.

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Eds. 'RecordUnion": Will you give me the address of the American Institute of Civics? Yours, STUDENT.

Sacramento.

Address the "Institute, care of the 'American Magazine of Civics,' 38 Park Row, New York City."

* * *

Eds. "Record-Union": Will you give me the statistics of shipbuilding in the United States on which the references in the political platforms are based? BARON.

Benicia.

You ask for a rather difficult thing. The shipbuilding statistics are not easily gathered. We give you such as we have at hand bearing on political issues. Foreign commerce of the United States on American bottoms in 1789, 23 per cent. Cost of American ships at that time from 33 to 50 per cent. cheaper than foreign bottoms. Congress 100 years ago legislated for preference of American ships by taxing imports in foreign ships higher than in American ships. This lasted forty years and brought the volume of carriage in American ships up to 90 per cent. This legislation was partly repealed in 1815, in 1817, and in 1828 was wiped out.

From that time American ships carried less and less of American commerce, and at the beginning of the civil war they carried but 66 per cent., and at the close of the war but 28 per cent., and to-day but 11 per cent. of foreign commerce.

In 1792 an Act was passed which confined our coastwise and inland commerce to vessels of the United States, an Act that has never been disturbed, and which has given us the finest inland shipping in the world. In 1792 American registry was denied to foreign vessels. This Act has been continually in force ever since. But the Act of 1828 permits foreign ships to compete with American ships in the carriage of American foreign commerce. In 1848 subsidies were granted to two transatlantic American lines and withdrawn in 1859. The Subsidy Act of 1891 has, by the help of another Act, placed four vessels under the American flag, two of which are of American construction. That is the sum total of accomplishment under subsidies in the United States. There has never been a Bounty Act passed for the benefit of American ships, although such a bill has been discussed and advocated.

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Eds. "Record-Union": Can you tell me where to find the quotation, "Greetings where no kindness is"? MAMIE S.

Sacramento.

It is by Wordsworth in his lines on Tintorn Abbey.

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Eds. "Record-Union" Please give me some idea of what is meant by the "Navigation Laws"? M. L. P.

Sacramento.

A code of maritime laws attributed to Richard I. of England, and also maritime enactments under Richard II. in 1381. Since then many Acts of Parliament have been added taking away and modifying, adding to and adapting laws relative to shipping and the importation and exportation of goods into and from certain countries. Generally, by "The Navigation Laws" is now meant all legislation relative to restrictions upon shipping and commerce and in encouragement of either, and also laws of any country regulating shipping and steam vessels.

HARD TO KILL.

Goats' Tantalizing Ways Described by a Railroad Engineer.

"Did you ever hear of a locomotive hitting and killing a billy goat?" was the question which John Van Nuys, a Pennsylvania Railroad engineer, put to a reporter. "Well, when you do, let me know, please, for I want to make a note of it. I have been riding an engine over this road for sixteen years, and, though I have often seen goats on the track, and have often thought I had surely hit one, yet I have always found Mr. Goat was like the famous flea of the Dutchman—not there.

"We most often meet them on the tracks at East Newark or at East Rahway, where they stray over from Goat Hill. Now, no engineers want to hit or kill anything, but many of them have wished they could catch a billy, for he is so tantalizing. He'll stand on the tracks, generally at right angles with the rails, chewing his cud, and will pay no more attention to the whistle than to the ballast on the roadbed.

"Sometimes he will turn his eyes toward the iron horse speeding toward him, but it seems to have no terror for him, and he holds his ground until you cannot see him from the cab on account of your proximity, when, presto! he is gone, and if you look out of the cab at the roadside you'll see Mr. Billy standing there waiting for you to pass.

"The other day at East Newark I saw a big black one standing on No. 1 ahead of us as we were en route for Jersey City. To give him warning I tooted the whistle. He never stirred. He was chewing away and gazing down toward Newark Bay. He had an elegant goatee, which the east wind was toying with. We were running at a lively rate, and were soon within a hundred feet of him. Now, I said to myself, I'm going to get a billy sure. In an instant we had passed the spot. I saw no goat shoot up in the air, nor did I feel any jar nor any resistance communicated to the sensitive throttle, as we usually do. Then I looked out of the cab window. Sure enough, as usual, there was billy at the roadside looking up at us and wagging his tail. When you hear of a goat being killed on this road by a locomotive, just let me know about it."—New York Sun.

LETTER-CARRIERS.

A New Code of Commandments Prepared for Their Benefit.

The letter carriers of this city have received a new code of commandments prepared by some genius, and at the request of the force the "Register" gives them space:

These are the commandments of the United States letter carrier unto the patrons of the free-delivery service, and their strict observance is hereby insisted upon:

First—Thou shalt not keep a large and bloodthirsty dog.

Second—Thou shalt not expect the carrier to stamp three dozen letters for thee.

Third—Thou shalt not expect the carrier to mount back stairs amid swill pails innumerable.

Fourth—Thou shalt not seek to receive letters with postage due thereon and pay for the same next week.

Fifth—Thou shalt not change thy residence with abruptness and without notice, and then claim that the carrier does not promptly chase thee with all thy mail.

Sixth—Thou shalt not give the carrier any family Bibles or any unabridged dictionaries to mail.

Seventh—Thou shalt remember that life is short and time is fleeting, and not keep the carrier an eternity standing on the front steps, whilst thou consultest thine own convenience in answering his call.

Eighth—Thou shalt not asseverate that thou art nervous by the sound of his melodious whistle, when thou art daily furnishing him proof that thy nerves are invincible and great.

Ninth—Thou shalt not stop the carrier upon his rounds to lecture him upon matters of which thou knowest not.

Tenth—Thou shalt not make any fatiguing remark about having better service or calling upon the p. m. about the l. c.—Register, Newburg, N. Y.

A Few Years Hence.

The girl seemed ill at ease, and every time he took a seat near her she moved away.

"My dearest," he said, "you seem worried, "let me chase those tears away."

"Nary a chase to-night," she returned quickly, "and if you know what is good for you you'll keep away from me. Papa is sitting in the next room reading."

"But the door is closed," he protested, "and we can hear him if he makes the slightest move."

"But you can't hear him turn on the X rays," she answered, "and you can't tell when he will take it into his head to do it, either."—Chicago Evening Post.

Bathing suits of black silk, with white trimmings, are deemed very chic.