MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Chas. Frohman's Empire Theater Stock Co. of New York, which has been playing a very successful engagement in San Francisco, will appear at the Metropolitan Theater in this city Monday evening, August 31st, in Clyde Fitch's adaptation of Henri Murger's French classic "Bohemia," or, as it is entitled in the French, "La Vie de Bohemie." It is in a prologue and four acts. The leading man in this refined and artistic company is William Faversham, and the leading women are Viola Allen, Annie Irish and Ida Conquest. The piece will be presented here precisely as it has been played in San Francisco, with the full company of seventeen people.

VIOLA ALLEN AS MIMI, IN "BOHEMIA."

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On the 22d of September Manager Todd will present at the Metropolitan Theater the new play "On the Bowery." This play is partly a glorification of the dauntlessness of Steve Brodie, but it is much more than that, we are told. It is a very exciting story, full of stirring incidents and effective climaxes, and it contains pictures of low life that have not been excelled in comicality. It is needless to recite here the story enacted. It involves burglary, false accusation, escape, resist of arrest, attempted murder, a jump by Brodie from Brooklyn bridge and a lot of exciting incidents on an East River pier, including an exciting fire scene. The saloon scene and other funny portions of the play are among the most successful achievements in realistic comedy. The fine scenic equipment of "On the Bowery" will all be brought here.

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The expectation is, indeed it is quite a promise, that we will have Sadie Martinot in this city presently, supported by one of Frohman's troupes in the comedy "The Gay Parisians," with James O. Barrows and a full company of talented players in support.

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There is pleasure in announcing that the dramatic season will be opened at the Clunie Opera-house on the 7th of September. But could not Manager Todd have managed it to open on the 1st? The first week of the State Fair will otherwise be without open doors at the opera-house.

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At the Metropolitan Theater Tuesday evening, the 25th inst., Arthur Arnold, the well-known athlete and athletic teacher, and his wife, Maud Caswell, the dancer, will take a benefit. A complete vaudeville performance has been arranged with athletic club members in plent; the club quartet, assisted by Lynn and Leibling; Miss Caswell in new dances, and a new act with Mr. Arnold; the first appearance of May Dennis, dancer; plantation comedy, vocal and instrumental music, ventriloquism and other merry features. There will be a small regiment of people on the stage, and a rapid, spirited and varied programme.

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Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the pianist, comes to the coast in November. And who is Zeisler? "Music" for November, 1895, contains several portraits of the artist and a biography of the lady, with strong indorsements from critics and musical celebrities. In short, she is represented as a female Paderewski. Her home is Chicago, and her age is 31. She is a native of Bielitz, Austria, but she came to the United States in infancy. At the age of 10 she attracted the attention of Carl Wolfsohn, who undertook her training at the piano, for which while a mere toddler she had developed remarkable aptitude. She advanced with "giant strides," and at 13 was playing all the masters and appeared before the Beethoven Society, which, while not greatly musical, as a combination of critics has not had its superior in the West. About that time she was brought before Mme. Essipoff, surprised her, and received the advice to go at once to Leschetizky of Vienna. So her friends sent her over the water to fatherland, where she worked for five hard years. Her drill was something terrific under that exacting master. But the little girl had lots of pluck and won, and went before the public of Germany and won again. Then she came home to America and made her mark in the Rubenstein concerto in D. "Her great tone and massive strength" astonished the West, says "Music," and charmed the critics, and among others Dr. William Mason was captivated by the girl's genius, and so expressed himself, declaring that she was all around "the best female pianist" he had ever met. She was not content with music, however, and studied and became an authority in English and German literature of the classical order. Since then her progress has been steady and remarkable. She has not indeed yet reached the zenith of her career. She became the wife of a prominent lawyer, Siegmund Zeisler, who leaves her to her career and gratifies her every taste and ambition in music. Editor Mathews of "Music," who has known her since infancy, speaks of her as "a magnificent artist playing gloriously, not only with strength and fire, but with wonderful delicacy and that magic with which the public is so much in love." It was Mathews who advised her to give in Chicago one recital yearly as a benefit, as he believed she was the only pianist in the West who could perform "the miracle of drawing money to the box office for piano playing." After marriage and the birth of a son she resolved that there was more for her to learn and accomplish than she knew or had achieved in the musical world. Therefore she entered on the study of repertory after repertory, and then went back to Leschetizky, of whom Essipoff, Paderewski and other geniuses learned and caught inspiration. From that time, says Mathews, she took place as "one of the six greatest pianists of the world."

She made her appearance as an American in Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic and Vienna, and won, won the warmest praise of the severest of critical publics. Lessman said of her, "she is a pianiste of the first rank." Taubert of Berlin said in the "Volkszeitung," "she is the greatest heard here in many years." Busler said: "Beyond all criticism is the perfect clearness of her phrasing." Dr. Hanslick, the veteran, pronounced her "a powerful master of the keyboard," and added, "her virtuosity is stupendous"; while Neumann, in the "Tagblat" of Berlin, said: "She has taken her place in the very front rank of living great pianists." After that tour she came home, but returned to Germany in 1894, and made another tour, taking in Munich, Frankfort, Cologne and Bremen, with the same results—the verdict was "strength, virile conception and strength, feminine delicacy and fascinating qualities as an interpreter." And now the lady has undertaken her first Pacific Coast tour. It remains to be seen if she will surprise California.

* * *

Frederick Bancroft, the "American magician," is coming to the coast with his "tricks." Bancroft thus explains the "mango" trick that has puzzled Oriental travelers and has had all sorts of explanations, the latest being the theory that the Hindoo necromancer hypnotizes the spectators:

"Natural heat ripens; artificial heat forces. It is possible almost to see the plants grow in a forcing house with the naked eye; development can actually be noted with a magnifying glass of sufficient power. I have referred heretofore to what was probably a bad fake of the celebrated mango trick. Since then I have witnessed a perfect performance of this feat, justly celebrated for so many thousands of years and which, hitherto, has never been done in Europe, or, at all events, under conditions similar to its enactment in India. The performer was a Yogi, not a common everyday, vulgar conjurer. I had to send for him, offer him a hundred rupees, and, even then, my messenger had to use tact and persuassion to induce him to come to me. My rooms at the Byculla Hotel, Bombay, were on the second floor. I sat in the doorway of my private room. The Yogi performed on the back veranda, a place where concealed doors, trap-doors, collusion or confederates were alike impossible. The man did undoubtedly make a leaf spring out of a small mound of earth piled on the planked flooring of the veranda, did make it grow into a dwarf mango and did hand me a mango from it which I actually tasted.

It looked wonderful, because of the perfectly acted simplicity of the juggler, but he performed his feat in four processes and between each he shook out his chudder, so that it passed for an instant between me and the plant. Being in the business I was, of course, aware that this action was for the purpose of distracting my attention and the man succeeded, for the same reason that a finger poked suddenly at your eyes will make you blink, although you have solemn assurance that you shall not be touched—the blinking is merely uncontroled nerves. (By the way this same uncontrolability accounts for the unsuspected but voluntary assistance every audience lends every magician.)

"My strong impression at the time was that the first leaf, the upgrowing of leaves, the dwarf mango, and the mango fruit on it were all of wax or other carefully made imitation. The wax mango was, by sleight of hand, changed to the real fruit I tasted. Sending the man away I repeatedly thought back over everything he had done and failed to satisfy myself that my first accounting for the Yogi performance was in any way correct. Determining to get at the mystery of the thing, if any way possible, I put up another hundred rupees and sent for the Yogi again. The old man was interested and, through an interpreter we had a talk. I made no bones of telling him I was a professional magician; it occurred to me the information might make him nervous and that a trifling slip might reveal his methods.

"He became quite cordial at once; assured me that there was no sleight of hand at all about the mango trick, but that if 'if the sahib would permit he would show him a good trick which was a trick and nothing more.' Naturally I acquiesced at once. He beckoned an attendant who had accompanied him. It was a young woman, who may have weighed seventy pounds. She lay down and the man placed over her a shallow flat basket with a handle at the back, exactly resembling the basket used for vegetables and called a 'frail.' Then with a light and graceful gesture, he took up the basket and laid it down two or three feet off. The woman had vanished. For half a minute I was puzzled, but my eyes roved over the basket with minute care; a flaw in the wicker gave the trick away. The whole thing had been a piece of superb acting. The deception was ludicrously simple. The young woman had learned to hook herself with her fingers and prehensile toes into the strong matwork forming the top of the frail and the man, who though slight was evidently powerful, had learned to lift her as if he were lifting nothing but the basket. I am thinking of improving on this and using it myself.

"The Yogi then caused the mango growth precisely as before and with the same success, but this time I observed that he brought his own earth; and I remembered he had done so on the first occasion. In answer to my questions the man vowed that the growth was a real growth and that he caused it by his magnetism, and with many ingeniously specious arguments he seemed to prove his case.

"'If the artificial heat of common manure, concentrated under glass, can hasten a natural growth fifty or a hundred per cent., why should not the concentrated will power of a human being accomplish that which was not very much more remarkable than the action of manure heat? Many years' practice, Sahib, has enabled me to concentrate my will and affect, not merely human beings and animals, but vegetables and minerals. The secret of the growth I gladly give the Sahib. It is his. The Sahib has only to learn to govern his will power as I do and he will be a bale to do that which I do.'

"The Yogi's own translated words I have thus given as nearly as memory permits. The exercise of will power on a seed was a novelty, and, however 'off,' possible, for anything I could tell. The slightly sarcastic smile with which the words: 'The Sahib has only to learn to govern his will power as I do and he will be able to do what I do,' was not lost upon me. It was as much as to say the Sahib will be a good while before he learns to 'govern his will power.' As I pondered my eyes fell upon the cloth containing the earth. Instinctively I asked to examine it. The man, willingly enough, it seemed, put two or three handsful on a newspaper I provided and gave it to me. Its cursory examination optically and nasally revealed nothing. But I diverted his attention and caused him to take his departure, leaving me in possession of the earth. It had struck me that the secret lay there.

"It is not necessary to detail the elaborate steps I took to ascertain that it was ant-hill earth, which is, as all chemists know, heavily charged with formic acid, I believe the greatest vegetable stimulent known. Without any particular difficulty I procured a necessary quantity of this earth and a mango seed. Following closely the methods of the Yogi I soon had a miniature tree growing on my veranda, just as he had. No fruit grew on my tree nor, I am convinced, grew on his — legitimately.

"Once in the summer in New York City I remember idly sticking a piece of trailing Virginia creeper into a flower-pot. It continued growing for some days, throwing out a shoot and two healthy looking leaves. Surprised I pulled it up. There was no trace of root; the new leaves were evidently formed by the sap remaining in the piece of creeper. Procuring a piece I tried this with the ant earth. The action of the acid caused a shoot to be propelled forth, seven healthy looking leaves were formed, and then the branch withered and died—all in a few minutes.

"My present theory of the mango performance is this, that the formic acid quickly eats away the integument surrounding the seed. Then, coming in direct contact with the germ itself, it stimulates, beyond all credence, its growth bringing about in a few moments what unassisted nature would require weeks for. Whether the Yogi assisted this process with his personal magnetism further experiments will alone enable me to determine."

* * *

The fact that Handel alone wrote a hundred volumes of music suggests another reason why modern composers have such a hard struggle for recognition—the excessive productivity of their predecessors. A further and still more important factor is the insane tendency among pianists and singers to harp eternally on the same pieces, till the public refuses to attend any more recitals and the irritated critics can be dragged to them only by a painful sense of duty. Philip Hale discourses very sensibly on this topic in the "Musical Courier":

"Is this apparent indifference to novelties—and many old and delightful pieces are the first of novelties—due to laziness, fear or ignorance? Why should the names of Frescobaldi, Domenico Scarlatti, Couperin, Rameau, Henselt, Hermann Scholtz, Heller, Stcherbatcheff, Moussorgsky so seldom or never appear on a pianist's programme? Why should a pianist insist on playing the whole of a sonata? Why should Bach be known chiefly through the medium of a piano by some Gargantuan disarrangement? Chopin wrote many pieces; why play only those that are hackneyed? Did Henselt write only 'Si j'etais un oiseau'? Why is Heller, one of the most romantic and at the same time exquisitely polished of all composers for the piano, so shamefully neglected?"

* * *

The Swedish composer, Ivar Hallstrom, received the congratulations of Carmen Sylva at his recent celebration of his seventieth birthday. His "Duke and Mermaid" was the first Swedish national opera. His "Mountain Sprite" was performed in Munich in 1876.

* * *

Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and their associates have returned to London at the close of their very successful provincial tour. Preparations are already well under way for the autumn production at Irving's theater, the Royal Lyceum, of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." Alma Tadema is designing the scenery, costumes and appointments for the production. "Cymbeline" has not been given in London for some years. It was a noted production at the Drury Lane or at the Covent Garden Theaters on several occasions—in 1823, with Edmund Kean and Charles Young; in 1827, with Charles Kemble and Young; in 1838, with Macready and the famous Helen Faucit (as Imogen), and, coming down to later days, in 1864, with Phelps, Creswick, Walter Lacy, etc. In 1857 Helen Faucit played Imogen at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, and a "young man who had lately joined the company," "pale and anxious," played the devoted character of Pisanio. That was Henry Irving. Forty years later he will play the stronger role, the most trying of its kind in the Shakespearean gallery, Tachimo, and Miss Ellen Terry will appear as Imogen in what promises to be the greatest production ever made of "Cymbeline." Some seasons hence America will witness this production by Irving.

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The Actors' Society of America, which was organized last spring, already has nearly one thousand members. It includes the women of the profession as well as men. One of the purposes of the society is to protect its members from engagements with financially irresponsible managers, and it hopes in this effort to deserve and gain the help and sympathy of all managers of good standing. Another purpose and important consideration which the society hopes will commend itself to the managers and public is that the society intends, so far as possible, to protect itself, the manager and the public against the irresponsible actor. The Board of Directors elected to serve until the first annual meeting, August 18, 1896, consists of the following: F. F. Mackay, John Malone, Mark Smith, J. W. Shannon, I. A. Washburne, George D. MacIntyre, Fanny Janauschek, Wilton Lackaye, Wright Huntington, Mary Shaw, M. A. Kennedy, Harry W. Harwood, Helene Lowell, Adolph Bernard and Frank Mordaunt.

* * *

"Plays and Players" tells this story: "During an engagement of Hoyt's 'A Texas Steer,' at the Grand Opera-house, Chicago, Hon. Chauncey Depew and Cornelius Vanderbilt attended the performance. They occupied two seats about the center of the orchestra. They laughed immoderately at the clever satire and the author was very much pleased. He went back on the stage between the acts and said to Tim Murphy, who was playing Maverick Brander: 'Say, Tim, I'll bet you anything Chauncey Depew was a brakeman once.'

"'What makes you think so?' asked Murphy.

"'Why, he's nearly twisting the top of the seat off,' replied Hoyt."

* * *

"Grandma's Girl" writes in the San Francisco "Music and Drama" thus sensibly: "I don't wonder the men are disgusted with the theater hat nuisance, and I never realized just how much of a nuisance a hat can be until this week at the Baldwin. But of all the annoying and exasperating things, an aigrette, or a dinkey little paradise feather, stuck up straight in front of a hat is the worst. It simply splits every scene in two for the person behind it, and trying to look each side of it makes one cross-eyed. I noticed that many of the real nice people wear little bits of theater hats, and some don't wear any. I sincerely wish managers would unite in requiring women to discard all such obstructions, and the sooner a law is passed to that effect the better it will suit."

* * *

Performances at Bayreuth begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. In most German cities operas begin at 7, sometimes at 6. In New York and London audiences feel aggrieved and leave if the performance extends beyond midnight. Not so in southern countries, where people take an afternoon nap. In Madrid it has heretofore been customary to make theatrical and musical entertainments last till 2 o'clock, but by a recent edict the managers will be compelled hereafter to close at 12:30.

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One of the strongest character roles put in a modern play is that of Black Michael in "The Prisoner of Zenda." In the coming production at the Baldwin we will have the pleasure of seeing Isabelle Irving as Flavia and James Hackett in the leading male role.

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Sardou, in his customary graphic manner, depicts in "Madame Sans Gene" the fire and fury of the sanguinary times when the royalty and nobility of France went down in a sea of blood, the cessation of the strife and the rise on the ruins of the old monarchy of the gilded, unsubstantial regime of Napoleon.

* * *

The first performance in Madrid of a new two-act opera, "La Gran Feria," nearly led to a pitched battle in the auditorium. The clacque made itself so offensively prominent that the audience, which did not like the opera, protested vigorously, and the curtain had to be lowered to stop the tumult.

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"Darkest Russia" is one of the few dramatic productions that has achieved complete success during the past season. Not only is the play an intensely strong one, but is has been staged exceptionally fine.

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Denman Thompson makes his reappearance in "The Old Homestead" the coming season, which opens at the Boston Theater October 5th.

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Cora Urquhart Potter and Kyrle Bellew were doing a fine business in Australia at last accounts, and the press notices of their performance were highly complimentary.

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The Mapleson Opera Company will open its American tour very shortly in New York. The organization will comprise some people who have never before appeared in America.

JOHNSON'S NOMINATION.

A Mountain Paper Proposes Three Cheers and Two Tigers.

(From the Angels Camp Echo.)

On the 12th inst. the Republican Congressional Convention met at Sacramento, and among other important things that were done nominated the Hon. Grove L. Johnson for Congressman of the Second District. This is as it should be. The Hon. Grove L. Johnson has performed much good during his term just completed, and as his first term only fitted him to perform an extra amount of good work, it is just, for the great welfare of the country in general, that he receive the nomination and again be elected.

Grove L. Johnson had the backbone to introduce a bill praying for the restriction of foreign immigration, and what was lacking then to make it law will, with McKinley as President and Grove L. Johnson as Congressman, become a law. Stop foreign immigration and give us protection again and prosperity is assured. The financial question will be regulated for the best interests of the Nation under Republican rule, but we must first have protection and secondly throw off the gang-plank at Castle Garden.

The nomination of Grove L. Johnson speaks volumes in favor of the good judgment of the Republican delegates who nominated him. They can foresee the great good that will come to the whole country through the nomination and re-election of the Hon. Grove L. Johnson. The miner, if he has his own interests at heart, can see that it is to his own welfare that Mr. Johnson be re-elected; the veteran soldier can see that his interests are safe in Mr. Johnson's hands; the American citizen can see that in the re-election of Mr. Johnson that American labor will be protected against the invasion of foreign pauper labor, and that immigration will be dealt a death blow; and the Nation—North, South, East and West—will gain by the presence of Hon. Grove L. Johnson in the Congress of the United States, for he is a statesman, a scholar and a worker in the interests of the whole country as well as for his own district and State. Mr. Johnson's record is before the people, and not a word from a reliable source has or can be said against the wise and honorable course pursued by him while in Congress. Mr. De Vries, his opponent, is, no doubt, a very fine gentleman, but he lacks in many ways those very essential things which make more than a gentleman—a statesman as well. Mr. Johnson is a gentleman of the highest respectability, a statesman of great ability, and a man who, as a friend, is as true as the needle to the pole. His word is his bond. As a public servant his honor has never been questioned, except by the San Francisco "Examiner"—the hotbed of unreliability, envy and deceit. Its censure of Mr. Johnson relative to his connection with the mineral land bill, proceeded from anything but truth. That paper in its vicious vaporings, denounced Mr. Johnson for doing what was right; hence, what credibility can attach to such a paper? What reliability can be placed in its utterances? It is quick to assert, but fails to substantiate worth a cent. It can't substantiate a sentence uttered against Mr. Johnson, and its editor knows it. Mr. Johnson is all right, and the people know it, and whether or not it pleases the "Examiner" the people of the Second District, irrespective of politics or the vaporings of the "Examiner," will support and re-elect the Hon. Grove L. Johnson Congressman of the Second District of California. Three cheers and two tigers for the Hon. Grove L. Johnson!

HEART OF THE SIERRA.

Sacramento Lassies Having a Jolly Time Up at Alta.

One of Them Tells How They and Others Are Passing Away The Time.

Eds. "Record-Union": Here we are, happily settled, up at Alta, in the dearest little cottage imaginable, and enjoying this refreshing mountain air to our hearts' content. And oh, the water! Delicious? Well, it is simply nectar fit for the gods. You scarcely go fifty yards without meeting a cool, bubbling spring. And then, too, there is the water from Canyon Creek. That reminds me. Have any of your readers ever undertaken to hunt for ferns along its banks? Well, don't. We were foolish enough to attempt it, and walked, or rather, scrambled by the side of it up as far as Towles.

My! but weren't we a desperate looking set after we reached there, and the best of it (perhaps you might call it the "worst of it") was that we brought home one forlorn little fern. We scratched ourselves, tore our clothing, and there wasn't one of us who escaped getting a ducking in the creek below. We had to cross it from side to side in order to gain good footing, and every few moments you would hear a splash, followed by a scream, and find some one of the party crawling out on the banks. But we didn't mind a little thing like that, and considered it only jolly fun.

The next tramp we undertook was along Moody's Ridge to Giant's Gap. Our first attempt was somewhat unsuccessful, as we lost the trail, and although we came home footsore and weary our blood was up and we determined to do or die. We "doed."

About a week afterward a quartet of Sacramento swell young men, chaperoned by an old Grand Army "Vet," payed us a visit, and the first novelty we proposed was another stroll to Giant's Gap. We got there this time, although we had a hard time doing it. But weren't we thankful that we did undertake it and have the pleasure of stumbling on that pure spring discovered by your Mr. Woodson some years ago. The Gap is beyond description. We had no idea it was such a grand sight. It is an immense gorge in the mountains, through which flows the American River, and leaning over the "Lovers' Leap" rock one can see the silvery stream 2,800 feet below. It rivals some of the finest scenery of our great Yosemite. As you reach the end of the trail going to it, there is an immense rock so situated as to give one a good advantage in looking over. From that rock to the river below is called "Lovers' Leap." Oh, it's just magnificent. Words fail me in the attempt to describe the glorious view of the grand canyon, reaching for miles up toward Sierra's summit and down toward Auburn. And this is the route where it was at one time intended by Mr. Huntington to run the railroad, tunneling under the summit, which would tap Tahoe's clear water and avoid the building of snowsheds. Colonel "Jack" Wright says that thirty feet below Lovers' Rock there are two hearts carved on the granite, but we did not attempt to go lower down. It is a fearful place.

We also took the trip on Towles' Railroad as far as the lumber mills. We rode on flat cars all the way and enjoyed it immensely. From almost every turn in the road one's eye is greeted with most beautiful scenery. Cape Horn cannot be compared with some of the pieces we passed, and then, besides, there is the beautiful Bear River, running by the track most of the way up, with ferns of every description along its banks. When we reached the mill, we took a general survey of everything and then made for the cookhouse, as we were about famished. Everything falls in the background when I think of the "pie" we had. Oh, don't miss it if you ever come up here. It was plum pie, and "we didn't do a thing to it." If you want any information we refer you to chief clerk S—— in one of our largest hardware stores. He knows all about it.

Well, after leaving the lumber camp, we came back to Towles on the tender of an engine, and we looked exactly like a band of Piutes ready for a hop-picking excursion. Nevertheless we had enough energy left to give three rousing cheers and a "tiger" for that life-saving pie.

Speaking of Towles, what would that little village do without the charming Mrs. George Towle. She is the life of the whole place, and a most ideal hostess. We called on her and never spent a more pleasant evening. Her wonderful parrot helped to entertain in its usual happy manner, and we were all delighted with her.

Isn't Mr. Towle the dearest man? We girls all fell in love with him—but don't let him know it. And oh! by the way, boys, have any of you ever met Miss Halsey of Towles? Isn't she pretty? You couldn't even have laid your eyes on her or her father would be minus his only daughter. There are a great many others up here who are also lovely people, among them Mrs. George B. Sperry of Stockton. Surely, she is a fair type of a charming matron, and we all felt subject to her charms on first acquaintance. She is stopping at her delightful summer home on the lake at Alta.

There was once upon a time when Ira Robie came all the way to Towles. Now he stops off at Monte Vista. You had better find out, boys, because he comes up pretty often, and you Sutter Club gentlemen can't afford to lose one of the pillars without finding the "ins and outs" of the case. I know Sacramento misses the fair presence of Misses Ora and Aleen Towle. We are sorry for you, Ira, because they are just as sweet as they can be, only we are afraid they think terrible things of you.

There is another thing might be of interest. Dick Kimbrough was up last Sunday and Monday and had girls galore hanging around him. You can't imagine how popular he is up here. He had one of the belles of Towles out riding Monday, and she isn't second to any, either. How about that, Dick?

The first week we were up here we met young Mr. Mead and Mr. McNult, two U. C. boys. They were jolly company, even if they were the only two young men who wore white duck trousers. "But alas! and alack! they went back" to college and we were left a mourning; but somehow or other one's spirits don't dampen worth a cent in this crisp air, and we miraculously recovered ours going home from the station after seeing them off.

Every two weeks Towles' band gives a dance up here and everybody is there with his best young lady.

Last Saturday Cupid tampered with the electric wires and the lights went out, "but the band played on" and "Casey" kept on waltzing with his favorite "strawberry blonde."

Now, we think we have given you a pretty good insight as to what we are doing up at this charming retreat, and let us add: If you are looking for good air and fine water, plenty of beautiful scenery, good spirits, and last, but not least, a jolly time, come up to Alta and Mr. and Mrs. Banvard will make it pleasant for you.

THE ALPINE CLUB.

Story of an Umbrella.

The man with the yellow goatee meant to ride several blocks further, but catching sight of a friend on the sidewalk he hurriedly left the car and his umbrella was left leaning against the front door. As many as a dozen passengers took notice of his heedlessness and of the six or seven without umbrellas every one decided to secure the estray himself. It took cheek to walk up to it, but a red-headed man finally arose, looked around the car, and then advanced to the front door and looked out, at the same time grasping the handle of the umbrella. As he turned to make his way out of the car a man smilingly said:

"Excuse me, please, but I shall need my umbrella when I get off the car."

"Is this your umbrella?"

"It is, sir."

"Look here," said a third man, as he half rose up, "it's a mighty queer thing that I can't let go of my umbrella without someone gobbling it up."

"You don't claim this?" queried the man who had it.

"Certainly I do."

"Why it's my identical umbrella," gasped the second man.

"Ah, there, don't walk off with that," put in a fourth. "I've lost about a dozen umbrellas on this line this year and am getting tired of it. Just put it back where I left it, will you?"

"Not much he won't," exclaimed a fifth man. "There is a law in this State to punish umbrella thieves and I'll see that it's enforced if this thing goes too far. Why don't you pick my pockets for a change?"

"Now, then," said the red-headed man, "you can't play no game on me. I guess I know an umbrella which I've carried for six months. Everyone of you must have seen me stand it up against the door as I came in."

"No, we didn't," shouted the others, in chorus.

"Then I'm a liar, am I? Then I'm a would-be thief, am I? I don't want no row, but——"

At this moment the man who owned and left the umbrella boarded the car after a hot run, and, advancing up the aisle, he reached out for his property, with the remark:

"That's like me—always leaving it behind."

"Jest so, sir—expected you back for it," said the red-headed man.

"Yes, expected you back," added No. 2.

"Yes, it's his umbrella," chorused the others.

"I was almost afraid it would be gone," said the loser, as he backed out.

"Oh, no! no! " exclaimed the disputants together. "We knew it was yours and were saving it for you."—Chicago News.

Electric motocycles are proposed for the park at Lake Harriet, Minneapolis. The idea is to run large carriages capable of carrying twelve persons each. A floating racetrack for bicycles, lighted with electricity, is also proposed.

TO-MORROW

And following days we will close out at less than manufacturer's cost of production our entire stock of

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS!

The 50c and 60c quality now 25c each.

The 75c and 85c quality now 35c each.

The $1 25 and $1 50 quality now 50c, 65c and 75c each.

At 50c Each. Ladies' White Lawn Waists, embroidered soft rolling collars. Some with tucked bosoms. Former price, $1 50. Now 50 cents each.

To facilitate this sale, we will remove Waists from Cloak to our Domestic Department.

CAPES

At one-third and one-half former prices, in order to effect a complete clearance. The styles are varied and many. The former prices ranged from $4 to $25. Now reduced to close from

$1 75 to $12 50 Each.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

B. WILSON & CO.,

CORNER SIXTH AND J STREETS.

SACRAMENTO Thursday, - - - Aug. 27

FIRST VISIT TO THIS CITY OF THE

World's Greatest Shows United,

That Has Made All America Talk.

Adam Forepaugh —AND— Sells Brothers'

AMERICA'S GRANDEST SHOWS.

THE PREMIER EVENT OF ALL COMBINED CIRCUS SEASONS. PRESENTING EVERYTHING THAT WEALTH CAN PROCURE. INDISPUTABLY THE LARGEST AND RICHEST SHOW EVER ORGANIZED. THE ONLY

4 BIG CIRCUSES! GIGANTIC RINGS! 4

300—ALL STAR ARTISTS—300.

A dozen new acts at one time are to be seen. The only Lady Clowns and Ring Mistresses, introducing all novel exclusive features.

GREATEST JAPANESE CIRCUS, MALE AND FEMALE RIDERS. MID AIR ORIGINALITIES. ATHLETES, ACROBATS AND GENERAL PERFORMERS, CLOWNS, ETC.

20—HIPPODROME RACES—20.

PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST IN CALIFORNIA THE BIGGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE EXHIBIT OF RARE WILD ANIMALS.

2—Monster Menageries Consolidated—2

DOUBLE HERD OF 16 GIANT ELEPHANTS. THE ONLY NURSING BABY ELEPHANT. You will positively see ALL OF the rarest animals in captivity. THE ONLY EDUCATED SEALS, AND SEA LIONS. THE ONLY PAIR OF MONSTER HIPPOPOTAMI, BENGAL TIGERS, RHINOCEROUS, LORDLY LIONS, TIGERS, LEOPARDS, ANIMALS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

100—Dens, Cages and Pageant Cars—100

Two Greatest Parades united at 10 a. m., THURSDAY, August 27th. Twelve mammoth waterproof tents. Seating capacity 15,000. Twenty-five uniformed ushers. Numbered coupon actually reserved seats on sale at Purnell's Book Store, 607 J street. Two performances daily, at 2 and 8 p. m. Doors open 1 hour earlier.

SACRAMENTO Thursday, - - - Aug. 27

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