



like in the year 1772, when it was the custom to decorate the head with so enormous a mound of hair, dressed, in the case of the former, with flowers and feathers, that the head seemed to overbalance the body.

The structure was so elaborate and involved so much labor in its construction that it was often not taken down for a week or more at a time! Perhaps if the gentlemen decided to adopt the style then in vogue some of the ladies of the present day who obstinately refuse to fall in line might be forced to the example of public nuisance thus thrust before them, then decide to amend their manners.

Reports from San Francisco say that our old friend, Mrs. Adelle Carter, has gotten so far along the road of construction that she was able to sit up for a few minutes the other day. This is pleasing news to a host of friends who daily inquire into the condition of one in whom all old Sacramentos and many late-comers feel a mutual interest.

With the opening of the winter season amusements of all sorts begin to crowd. The prospect for the coming winter is a brilliant one, many new attractions being promised even for Sacramento, which gets left on some of the good things that fall to San Francisco and other of our larger and more fortunate cities. The Saturday Club of our town, while doing a good work right here among our own musicians, has already done much beside in securing for us other attractions which otherwise we might not be favored with.

It is to the credit of the committee of Madame Eltonfeld-Zeissler, the fair rival of Paderewski, and in token of the honor and esteem in which she is held among our leading musicians a charming reception was given the great artist by the club at the lovely residence of Mrs. H. W. Weststock, corner Seventeenth and H streets. The whole affair was a most successful one, the whole affair was a most successful one, the whole affair was a most successful one.

Madame Zeissler received in the south parlor and greeted the club members individually with a cordial handclasp and some word of kindness.

While guests were coming and going, C. A. Neale, Mr. Adler and Professor Cole discoursed choice music in an adjoining room. Later on loaves and delicate cakes were served by the younger members of the club, while a charmed circle formed about Madame Zeissler, hanging upon every word and enjoying to the utmost a easy talk in which many things were learned concerning the great musician's life and career.

Miss Vivian, a pupil of many years standing, residing in the city, had a number of fine pieces of artistic and original design.

Miss Blanch, instructor of the Saturday class, represented an art business firm in a poster of classic design.

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Miss Theo Genuing represented a leading business house in a poster displaying a full-length portrait of a young woman in a dress of the latest fashion, with long gloves and long circular cape, pointing with one hand to the legend—the name of the business company and the words "Paint everything but posters."

Chris Weissel had a butchering and marked firm represented in a huge caricature of two negro figures.

There should be a good sum realized from these entertainments. The cause is truly a worthy one and the entertainments of a very high order.

Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker was present, and at the close of the programme was greeted affectionately by many old friends whom she has not seen for a good many years while absent from her old home. POLLY OLIVER.

**SHE KISSED HER FINGER TIPS.**

She kissed her finger-tips to me— A sudden splendor lit the skies; I caught a glimpse of Paradise That filled my soul with ecstasy.

She kissed her finger-tips to me— The young rolled back, the world was young; I heard the song the sirens sung In wave-washed islands of the sea.

She kissed her finger-tips to me— The halcyon days returned again; And lo! this weary world of men The land of fairies seemed to be.

She kissed her finger-tips to me— Ah! I forgot that I was young; Relentless tasks for me to learn, For love made earth an Acreid.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Business and Politics.**

Mr. Stealall I have done you a good many favors in the past, buying up delegates for you, carrying conventions for you, hiring repeaters, counting votes, and now, as I am out of a job, I thought maybe you could give me a chance in your factory. I hear you are in need of a confidential bookkeeper.

Great Statesman (also big manufacturer)—I never think you would suit in that position. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll back you for County Treasurer.—New York Weekly.

Cloverdale Review: The farmers of Sonoma County can profitably engage in the best sugar industry, and it stands them in hand to take an interest in the effort to locate a factory in this county.

Madame Zeissler, becomes a gem of passionate, heartfelt grieving. It requires no stretch of the imagination to hear the sighs and sobbing uttered by the dumb ivory keys beneath her magic fingers. She was recalled by a storm of applause and generously repeated the "Spang Song" in honor to Mendelssohn's "Spang Song" she gave the "Capriccio" (Fagnini-Liszt), which was played by Paderewski at his recital, and her interpretation lost nothing by comparison. In encore to the Chopin "Valse, Op. 70, No. 1," which was fairly-like in delicacy of execution, she was compelled to repeat it, and in a second encore responded with "Op. 64, No. 1," commonly called the "Minute Valse." To the Chopin "Scherzo" she gave an encore the immortal "Berceuse" by the same composer. After the last number on the programme, "Capriccio, No. 12," by Liszt—which was first played in Sacramento by Mrs. Albert Elkus, and to which the Madame received a rapturous encore—she responded with an étude of immense difficulty, which she handled in her usual masterly manner, tossing technical difficulties from her slender hands like playthings.

A subscription list is open at the music store of A. J. Pommer, which, if satisfactorily filled, will bring Madame Zeissler to Sacramento in a return concert on December 4th. Many of our best musicians who were universal in their acclamations of praise and enthusiasm over Wednesday night's performance have intimated their intention to subscribe at once.

A concert was given last night at the Oak Park Baptist Chapel in aid of the library fund, in which some of our best talent participated. A choice programme was rendered to a most appreciative audience, who encircled every number with zest. The evening's entertainment passed off well and the library fund will probably receive a goodly amount of assistance from the proceeds.

At the Crocker Art Gallery on Thursday night the combined energies of the Ladies' Museum Association and the Saturday Club produced the poster show which has been in preparation for some time past. The object of the show was to raise money for the school of design that during the past year has suffered somewhat from the hard times prevalent everywhere.

Although the show was decidedly popular, there was a goodly number of people present, and the evening's entertainment was a most enjoyable one. A fine musical programme was rendered by the Saturday Club, a conspicuous number of which was that of Master Albert Elkus, who accompanied on a second piano by his mother, rendered the piano "Fantasia" in C minor, by Mozart, with a vigor of touch and ease of manner that excited much comment among his auditors.

The living pictures were a decided success. I have never seen living pictures more true to the letter and every detail. The Gibson pictures were exact copies of the originals, and elicited much earnest and sincere applause, calling for a second and third raising of the curtain.

Of the poster pictures I think the "Figaro" poster, represented by little Miss Willis, against an artistic background painted by Instructor Jackson, was the daintiest and most "postery." Miss Vivian, a pupil of many years standing, residing in the city, had a number of fine pieces of artistic and original design.

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tion to the student, and no better book could be suggested to one with a newly acquired taste for literature than this volume of essays.

"John: a Tale of King Messiah," by Katherine Pearson Woods, author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," etc., 12mo., cloth, \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This work has occupied Miss Woods nearly seven years. "Metzerott Shoemaker" made a deep impression by its story of endeavor to bring about social reform. Sociology has always strongly attracted Miss Woods, and her large experience and study of the subject, combined with her fine imaginative quality and power of describing things as she sees them, have given a modern touch and interpretation to her theme. This volume is the first of a trilogy which will form a study of the social message of Christianity to the first century. In view of the increasing interest in the life of Christ, "John" is sure of a wide readership. It is also a romantic tale of absorbing interest.

C. D. Gibson and Edward W. Bok were chatting together in the former's studio one day, when the editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal" said: "Why don't you drop the American girl, Gibson, and try something entirely new?" "What is there new?" asked Gibson. "Illustrate Dickens!" laconically answered the editor. "Illustrate Dickens!" repeated Gibson. "Why, man alive—!" Just then the artist's mother came into the studio. "Mother," he said, "that have I always told you I would rather do in the way of illustration than anything else?" "Exactly, and Bok walks in just now and asks me to do it."

Gibson went to Europe on his wedding trip and remained in London for six months. There he worked away at his Dickens sketches. Upon his return a few weeks ago he delivered the first drawings of the series to "The Ladies' Home Journal," and the initial one will be printed in the Christmas issue. The finished drawings are said to be remarkable portrayals. The characters chosen are Pinner, Pecksniff and his two daughters, David Copperfield, Dick Swiveller and The Marchioness, Old Scrooge, from "A Christmas Carol"; Caleb Plummer and his blind daughters, and other characters from Dickens. The "Journal" will present the entire series during 1897.

"Nell Hatfield." A strictly conventional story by Tiche Hopkins, author of "Lady Bonnie's Experiment," 12mo., cloth, \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) Mr. Hopkins, whose amusing novelette, "Lady Bonnie's Experiment," was published recently, is, if we are not mistaken, going to enjoy a wide popularity very soon. His story of a remarkable for its purity of tone, its refreshing humor and its sustained interest. American readers will find nothing unkind, and nothing too extravagant in the subject of an American boarding-house which occupies some pages of this story. The book holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. It is a novel pure and simple, and as such we recommend it.

The Macmillan Company (New York) announces a volume which for many reasons will attract and hold attention. It is "The Log of a Naturalist in West Africa," by Miss Mary Kingsley, daughter of the novelist and enthusiastic naturalist, the Rev. Charles Kingsley. It appears that Miss Kingsley's primary object in making the trip was to acquire beetles, fishes, and, if possible, a collection of fishes from rivers north of the Congo, but her attention was by no means confined to these curios and her book contains new material of value to the ethnologist and student of folk-lore as well as to naturalists. The geography of West Africa, the subject of "fish" and the state of "labor and trade" in West Africa are all discussed, and altogether the book is of value and exceptionally entertaining.

"We Tenor a Story of the Roses," by Barbara Yochton. Large 12mo., illustrated, cloth, \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) This is not, as might be supposed, a story of horticulture, but a very delightful tale for younger readers by a rising writer of books for the young. It has appeared serially in "The Churchman," in the pages of which it aroused much interest. It is a fresh and healthy presentation of the life of a family of children, their interests, adventures and escapades. The illustrations by Miss Minna Brown (forty in number) add to the attractiveness of an unusually pleasing book for boys and girls.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant in the Christmas Century," deals with General Grant's demeanor during the battle of the Wilderness. General Porter says that even during the most critical moments General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety for the safety of his army, but that he was visibly affected by the sight of blood. During the second day of the battle Grant smoked about twenty strong cigars, his highest record in the use of tobacco.

The excellence of the short stories and articles announced in this issue of "Harper's Round Table" for November 17th commended the paper at once to the attention of the reader. Probably one of the most interesting of the stories is "The Battle of Glen Freon," by the Marquis of Lorne. Frank Matthews will contribute (in the series of articles entitled "Important Trifles on War Ships") a description of the manner of sighting and firing large guns, explaining in detail that wonderful little map known as the "Diagram of the Queen Victoria's guns, and the second installment of James Barnes' new serial story entitled "A Loyal Traitor."

"The Land of the Leal," by David Lyall, 12mo., \$1. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) American readers will be interested in the latest additions to the successful Scottish books of the year by David Lyall, whose work, "The Land of the Leal," has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. This book gives a faithful picture of Scottish life, not idealized in any great degree. The writer shows unmistakable narrative power, and pictures Scottish village life in a way that has not been attempted by any of the Scotch writers of the day. His characters are distinct, and some of them more interesting than those of any other writer of the day. He will take a well-earned place beside Crockett and Barrie and Ian Maclaren.

"Proposed Improvement of the White House" is the subject of a paper in the current number of "Harper's Weekly." Prominent architects will show,

with the aid of carefully prepared drawings, how the present building may be enlarged so as to afford a convenient room for the President's family, for the transaction of official business, and for official receptions and entertainments. The same number of the "Weekly" will contain a review of the Horse Show, by Caspar H. Adams, with a double-page illustration by W. T. Smedley.

"Godey's Magazine" for December (New York) has an especial Christmas time flavor. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the splendid painting of Ghemardo della Porta, by Adoration of the Shepherds, a picture never before given in an American magazine. Following this is an illustrated series, "The First Christmas," by C. F. Lester. A strong special feature is the article by Grace E. Drew on "Art and Fashion in Dinner Giving." Another subject of American interest is "Illustrations of Women Harpists," by Frederic Reddall, fully illustrated with the portraits of women who have mastered the harp. Two Christmas stories are "The Santa Claus of the Midland Railway," by Clarence Herbert New and "A Harp Christmas," by Harry Hughes. The other fiction of the number covers a wide range of topics and includes "Her Cobra Lover," by William Alexander Fraser, who lays his scene in Burmah, "The Repentance of Amos Loveday," by Kenneth Lee, concerning a Poem, by Berengere, "A Scheme That Succeeded," by Harry Irving Horton, and "To Forgive Divine," by Mary Nixon. Several poems and other miscellaneous articles are included in the contents, and a bright farce, "By Any Other Name," from the pen of Gertrude Morton Cannon. The "Music in America" series is continued, and the dramatic works receive attention from the pen of Beaumont Fletcher, who gives a study of "Bret Hart's 'Sue,'" on the stage. Mr. Bartlett contributes a "Christmas Carol" to the magazine as a special music feature.

"Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" (New York) is the first of the Christmas magazines to appear, and it is in every respect a beautiful number. Under the title "A Magic Island," Beatrice B. de Luna writes entertainingly of the picturesque Catalinas of California; Cornell University is described by Herbert Crombie Howe in the second paper of the profusely illustrated series on "American Universities and Colleges"; Major-General O. O. Howard tells something of the "Character and Campaigns of General Robert E. Lee," and among the illustrations to this article is the last portrait of the great Confederate; there is an interesting paper on pottery by Lawrence Mendall; an excellent Christmas story is contributed by Margaret E. Sangster, in "Caneading Down the Rhine," Rochefort Calhoun takes the readers pleasantly from Basle to Rome; Francis Wilson's new play, "Half a King," is described and pictured with portraits and views of the principal scenes; Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," has something to say of the proposed Battle of the South; and there are numerous short stories and poems, and an attractive young folks' department. More than the usual one hundred illustrations are given in this number.

The November number of the "Annals of the American Academy," which concludes the following volume of that journal, contains the following papers: "The Relation of Sociology to Psychology," by Professor S. N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania; "Postal Savings Banks," by E. T. Heyn of New York; "A Neglected Chapter in the Life of Comte," by W. H. Schoff of Philadelphia; and "The Ethics of Stock Watering," by T. C. Frenyear of Buffalo. In addition, this number contains a report of the last National Conference of Charities and Correction. There are, besides, the usual departments of personal notes, book reviews, notes on municipal government and sociological notes. Philadelphia, \$1.

"The Lotus" (Kansas City, Mo.) for November realizes the ideal character of a libel of serious aims and character in the domain of imaginative literature. "Satin and Saint," by Arthur C. Griswold, is a psychological study of a dual nature, and is powerfully written. Charles Battell Loomis, a brother poet of the composer, is also represented with a fantastic poem called "Logic." Walter Blackburn Harte proves he can write fiction as well as essays with a practical illustration of the ethics of a young life, called "The Little Game of Human Nature." John Lewis Berry, Jr., contributes another story, dealing with the hope of immortality. "For the Repose of His Soul," "Do You Remember?" is a poem of sentiment by Emma May Perival. Evelyn H. Hines has a picture poem, "Grissette," and John Armstrong, a poet of passion and emotion, contributes "Fulfillment." R. Alton writes a fine desiccated sketch of the ways of a "New Man with a New Woman." Herbert Crombie Howe, well-known to college students, contributes a number of suggestive sonnets, "Pessime" and "Optime." "Bubbe and Squak" is snappy as ever.

"Babyhood" (New York) completes its twelfth year with the November issue. The number is rich in practical hints for young mothers. Professor J. Lewis Smith, one of the highest clinical authorities on the diseases of children, writes on some of the obstacles to the successful rearing of children, and points out how such difficulties may be removed. Dr. C. G. Kerley describes how to bathe the child in measles and disease, and Dr. A. K. Bond treats of the education of weakly children. How to deal with untruthful children is the subject of another suggestive paper. "Babyhood" makes a specialty of answers to young mothers concerning many perplexing questions which arise in the nursery. There are replies on the subjects of "Fall and Winter Underclothing," "Menus for a Children's Party," "The Hardening Theory in Practice," "How Long do Diphtheria Germs Live?" etc. The departments of "Nursery Helps and Novelties," "Nurses' Experiences," "The Mothers' Parliament" are, as usual, replete with interesting and helpful topics. A year.

"Harper's Bazar" for November 21st is a Thanksgiving issue. It contains stories by Mrs. Spofford (Mrs. Craig) and Alice Brown; "The Thanksgiving Dinner," by Virginia Van de Water, and "Homeward Bound," by Theron Brown. A number of beautiful illustrations from the Horse Show appear with a descriptive article showing the part fashion displays and telling about the elegant toilettes displayed at this annual New York fete. There is also an anticipation of the holiday season in a paper on "Simple Christmas Gifts."

When populistic strife is done, The football game is the best, And the fickle wind will run From whiskers into hair. —Washington Star.

**ANNA HELD.**

The French Concert Hall Singer a Favorite in New York.

One of the favorites with New York theater-goers is Anna Held, the fascinating little French concert singer, who is now playing an engagement in the metropolis. In both London and Paris she has had an enormous success. Her beautiful face and figure capture the hearts of her audience.

Her songs are said to be full of realism and humor, and are always well received. She has an oval face, high arched eyebrows, beautiful teeth, and a rich warm coloring. Her hair is black and luxuriant, and she wears it brushed back from her forehead in a simple and tasteful manner.

**THANKSGIVING ANTICIPATION.**

Some folks dey likes po'try, An' dere's no use to say, Some picks out de violet bloom, An' some prefers de rose. So I ain't no more ter say yer, Senec opinions differ so, 'Bout er feelin' dat I notice 'When de leaves begin ter go.

I ain' fohgot de season Dat delighted me so long, When I dere some birds went a cohtin', 'Wif dah music sweet an' strong. But it sills me mo' er joyment, 'An' I ain't no more ter say, For ter hyah de turkey gobble, Dan ter hyah de robin sing. —Washington Star.

**TALE OF A RUNAWAY PIG.**

His Fondness for Potato Patches Led Him Into Trouble.

In the old home we once had a funny little pig. He was generally to be seen in the act of running away. Hardly ever do I remember seeing his face toward me. He also had a knack of getting away from all the other pigs, says a writer in the "Ladies' Journal."

The field next the house—the "home field," as we used to call it—was a kind of commons for the hogs, cattle and fowls. The next was a potato field, and the little pig had taken it into his head to get into that one. How he got in no one could tell, for the field was well fenced, and there was no opening through which he could enter. How did he get in?

One day I watched. He wandered in a sort of unnoticeable way toward a crooked old log, across which the fence had been built.

Suddenly, though closely watching, I lost sight of my little friend. But, before I had recovered from my surprise, I was astonished to see him in the potato field.

"Well, now, that is very strange," I said. "How did he do it?"

I went to the old log, and lo! it was hollow. The whole trick became quite clear to me.

I went into the potato field to drive him out, intending to steer him toward the end of the log, so that he might get out the same way as he had come in. Here he had the best of me entirely. He either could not or would not see the log, and maintained such an air of ignorance on that point that I had to give up the task in despair, drive him out by the gate and bring him home by a long way.

The next day I made up my mind to play a trick on him, and I did. I went out very early, and moved the log just a little, so that both ends would be in the home field.

Then I stood at some distance off and watched. I never was more amused in my life. He separated himself from the other pigs and then went toward the old log, and got in, and through it, and (as he evidently thought) got out into the potato field. I could not see how he did it, but he immediately began to sniff for the potatoes. But, finding none, he seemed somewhat puzzled.

Somewhat it dawned on him that he was still in the home field, and he concluded that he had not come through the log. So he went through it once more, but only to find himself again in the home field.

This seemed to puzzle him more than ever. He looked around in astonishment. I could clearly see that expression on his face. For a moment he stopped and was evidently thinking very hard. Once more he got through the log, with the same result of finding himself in the home field.

This time, I am sure, if he could talk, he would have cried out "Spooks!"

He stood quite still for a few seconds, sniffed the air, and I could distinctly see the bristles on his back gradually rising up on end. Suddenly he uttered a peculiar kind of "oink," and ran with all his might toward the other pigs.

The little pig was never seen in that part of the field again. Many a time we tried to drive him to the old log, but we could not get him to go.

**A Queer Toad.**

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens should inspect the remarkable amphibian, the Surinam toad, two specimens of which are just now in a highly interesting condition. The backs of these two are covered with large round eggs, reminding one in size and color of those adorning the surface of the plum cakes. It has long been known (we believe originally through Madam Merian, whose scientific statements were received with such skepticism) that this singular frog shelters its young, with really devoted parental affection unexpected in a cold-blooded amphibian, in holes excavated in its back. From these they only emerge when fully fledged. But at the zoo the initial stage, which has not yet been seen, is observable. The eggs are there upon the back, where they have been placed by the joint efforts of the lady and her husband, and from where they will presumably sink down into pits. Little egg-cups in fact, which do not appear to be as yet ready for their reception. This is one of the most novel and interesting sights that the zoo has recently afforded.—London Daily News.

**Politics in Church.**

"Yes, the choir got up and walked out of church."

"What was the matter?"

"They are all for free silver and the clergyman gave out 'Jerusalem, the Golden.'"

—Chicago Record.