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FIVE CENTS.

A DREAM.

BY LUDOVIC HALVEY.

[TRANSLATED BY OTHMAN STEVENS.]

Raoul, who has been my friend since boyhood, was married day before yesterday at Sainte Clotilde. I went to the church, arriving after the ceremony had commenced. The priest was finishing his little sermon of good advice, and ended it by this phrase:

"Be then joined on this earth, and live so that you will be finally united in heaven."

Ah! I could not help the exclamation. Raoul was not marrying a mere girl; his bride was that pretty-faced little countess Jeanne de Charmellen, the widow of another friend of mine, Gaston de Charmellen. This delightful woman seemed destined to make my friends happy. Raoul after Gaston. Nothing in the world could be plainer, Gaston being retired there remained Raoul, but in heaven for that final union, there would be two: Gaston and Raoul, the first and the second husband.

I reflected. Probably that same phrase was used at all weddings. Five years before at Gaston's marriage the promise had been made to him that if he lived and died as a Christian he would find his little Jeanne among the angels, the archangels and the golden thrones in Paradise.

There was a stir, and the mass was finished. The organs commenced Mendelssohn's march, and I followed the tide of people, which carried me to the altar. Here I gave a hand to the bride and one to the groom. I did not say a word to either, and it was well that I did not, for I am sure I could not have helped saying to Raoul: "Are you very sure that you have understood that phrase about your meeting hereafter? There will be two, my dear fellow, at that final union."

I leave the church. I make two or three calls, I go home, take a ride, go to the club, and later to the opera, but I cannot get away from that stupid idea. How will Raoul and Gaston settle the matter some day in the next world?

At last I go to bed and to sleep, and it is here that the dream begins. A dream which it should not be forgotten is a dream.

The first thing I knew I was in Paradise, at the station. Trains were constantly going and coming, the cars leaving empty and coming in more or less well filled. The station agent was Saint Thomas. I introduced myself to him, and very obligingly he explained to me the system on which the road was conducted.

"Of course," he said to me, "travel is all one way. Trains leave the earth, stopping only at Hell and Purgatory before reaching Paradise. We have a good many people here now, a good many. The pope, you know, has been bothered greatly during the past few years; there has been just enough of an air of persecution about religion of late, which has interested the backsliding and decided the indifferent. That ecumenical council was an excellent thing, and has done us much good. We have no reason to complain. There has been for some months a constant increase in the number of our arrivals. Every day we have to put on extra cars. The amplex has been our reason for this, but the extension of the true faith has done the most good. You can judge for yourself. Seven, ten—the express is just about due, there's the whistle. Here she comes. You see our company is organized on the French plan; it is much the best. The bonds are all secured by heaven. Our principal lines are all completed, but we have under construction a feeder running to some planets off the main line. We are just about to increase the stock by a second issuance. Here's the train. You see we have first, second and third class coaches, a baggage car and a compartment for dogs. There, the passengers are getting out. You will notice that there are not many in the second-class cars. The middle class people are not good patrons; they are generally agnostics, Voltairians, free thinkers. In the third-class cars, however, there is always a crowd, a great crowd. And the same in the first-class coaches. We must admit that the rich have the best facilities for looking after their spiritual welfare. They have plenty of time to themselves. Even admitting that they give up the best part of their lives to the world and the devil, they sooner or later, without much trouble, find time enough in which to repent. God is not half as hard to please as many believe. He is very easily satisfied. If you would only stay here two or three days you could see a number of trains come in, and among the arrivals there will be surely some one you know. You will see that people can get into Paradise very cheaply."

He is a bore, this Saint Thomas. He talks, talks, talks; but for some minutes I had not heard him. My widow, whom I had last seen at Sainte Clotilde, Gaston's wife, Raoul's wife; yes, it is she. I had seen her pretty face at the window of a parlor car; then, as the train stopped she had jumped lightly down from the platform, just displaying her charming ankles. She trotted here and there, singing, "Well, where is Paradise? Where is Paradise? I have my ticket."

I remember having seen her just the same at the station at Compiègne, as she alighted from a special train which brought to the chateau some guests of the empress. That day in getting down from the car, she had shown just enough of those beautiful ankles, and she had run up and down the platform of the station, saying to all the officials: "Don't forget my trunks, be sure not to forget them; I have fourteen of them." A crown officer came up and told her that she need not worry, that he was there only to look after the trunks. That was at the station at Compiègne.

And Saint Peter came up to her in the Paradise station, and said: "Your ticket please. Have the goodness, madame, to show me your ticket." "Here it is, sir." "It is all right, madame. You can pass. There is the entrance to Paradise." My little friend made a gentle cour-

tesy and passed in. A foolish desire to follow her took possession of me. Perhaps Raoul was dead and the widow would find herself between two husbands.

I asked Saint Thomas if he would let me in. "Why, certainly," he answered. "Yes? But I only want to stay for an hour. They won't keep me, will they? I can get out, can I? Because, you see, no matter how agreeable Paradise may be, if I have a few years yet to pass on earth I wouldn't like to lose them. Life lasts only for a time; Paradise is eternal."

"You needn't be afraid. You can get out again. Come ahead."

And he took me on to Saint Peter. "You will recognize this gentleman when he returns, if you please. He is a little curious, but does not wish to remain."

"Enter, sir, enter; I will know you." Then I was in Paradise. It was time. Raoul and Gaston had been watching the arrivals, and had already thrown themselves at their wife.

Gaston had her by the right hand, and pulled her to one side, saying, "Jeanne, my darling Jeanne!" Raoul had her by the left hand, and pulled her the other way, saying, "Martha, my dear Martha!"

She had two little names, and she had had the delicacy in her intimacy with her second husband not to use the familiar name which had served the first one. She was an adorable creature, endowed with an exquisite delicacy of sentiment.

Raoul and Gaston, however, did not appear disposed to let her go. "Jeanne!" "Martha!"

"I was your first husband." "I was your second husband." "My rights cannot be disputed." "Sir, leave madame."

"I am not speaking to you, sir. I do not know you, sir." "I do not know you! . . . Why, they had been intimate friends on earth. They were never separate. Raoul, the second husband, was always at Gaston's house . . . and some people did say . . . but you never can believe such gossip."

The dispute between Raoul and Gaston, however, grew warmer, and their voices became louder. Life is very pleasant in Heaven, but a little monotonous, and the slightest event produces the same excitement that a runaway horse will cause in a little town. The happy inhabitants gathered from all parts. Some sided with the first husband and some with the second. As for Jeanne she did nothing. She had disengaged her two hands, and she did not speak to either Raoul or Gaston.

Saint Thomas had come with me into Paradise. "I suppose these cases occur very frequently," I said to him. "Women who have had two husbands are very numerous on the earth."

"Yes, that is so, but this scene is something novel. Two husbands quarreling because each wants the wife! Usually it is just the reverse."

"And when there are two wives to one husband what happens?" "Oh, that's different. There is always a row, for both always want the husband. Women are crazy about being married, even in Paradise. We had a curious instance of that when Napoleon I. arrived."

"Ah! Then he is in Paradise?" "Oh, yes. He made a short stay at Purgatory first, which was no more than right for that affair with Pius VII. at Fontainebleau. He staid there until after the coup d'état in 1852. Napoleon III. then showed just perfect consideration for Pius IX. that we don't think it decent to leave in Purgatory the uncle of such a nephew. We gave him the freedom of Paradise, and when he arrived his first words were 'and where are my two wives?'"

"Have you a preference?" we asked him. "Why, certainly. I want to take back Josephine."

"So we went at once to Josephine. 'Napoleon is here and he wants you.' 'I am so sorry,' she replied, 'but after what happened in 1800—never! never!'"

"Then we tried Marie-Louise who shrieked with rage, 'I see Napoleon again? I who live so tranquilly with the general! Don't talk to me of Napoleon! Let him take Josephine.' Neither would listen to it. Napoleon stood all alone, decidedly angry, when Madame de Staël happened along and inquired about the matter was. 'Napoleon?' she said, 'why, give him to me, I'll take care of him, and they have got along very comfortably ever since.'"

Just then Saint Thomas was interrupted by the crowd of the saved about us crying: "The Father Eternal! the Father Eternal!" For a fact it was the Father Eternal who by chance was passing, and hearing the discussion between Raoul and Gaston, he stopped.

"This is but a dream, which fact should be borne in mind."

He was the Father Eternal of the Italian school. He was on a great, gray, rounded cloud, and wore a long white beard, and an admirable air of dignity and charity; quite like a respectable, virtuous Jupiter.

He stopped and wanted to know what the matter was, and some one told him. "Well," said he, "there is nothing difficult about this. Madame is here as a recompense for her pious conduct and Christian sentiments. She has a right to the most perfect and peaceful happiness. Let her decide the matter, and choose between these gentlemen."

"But," said Gaston, "one of us will come in a bad second."

Gaston on earth kept a stable of race horses, and the resulting deplorable manner of speaking stuck to him after death, even in the presence of the Father Eternal.

"Oh, that will be all right," responded the Father Eternal; "whichever one of you she does not choose I will give one of the uncalled-for wives; there are plenty of them. Come, madame, don't lose any more time, but make your choice."

Silent and motionless Jeanne stood between her two husbands, each of whom in the antique method tried to find words which would touch the heart of his wife.

"Don't you remember," said Gaston, "I married you, and you only had a dot of 300,000 francs."

"And when I married you," cried Raoul, "you didn't have a sou. Monsieur had wasted your fortune at baccarat and with the book makers."

"You only had 300,000 francs and I could have married little Blanche de

Simaine who had a million," continued Gaston, and turn about they kept it up. "Your father told me 'I will give another dot of 300,000 francs with my daughter,' but he paid me in Bolivian mine shares, which in eighteen months were worth but 14,000 francs."

"And I, I always put the question of money to one side. I said to myself 'I shall have the prettiest and the best dressed wife in Paris, that is why I choose you, Jeanette.'"

"Fourteen thousand francs! I had but 14,000 francs, but all the same I never growled at one of your dressmakers' bills; they were trying, however, those bills; I remember one which amounted to 16,000 francs."

"And I, I paid one of 23,000 francs, and I didn't have like this gentleman 400,000 francs income, but I was so proud of your beauty my darling Jeanne, I was glad to give you all the luxuries I could, what diamonds and laces, what carriages, what horses, what liveries for the servants, and your own room—don't you remember that, Jeanette? All in cherry satin. And the boxes, boxes for every first night. The first night of La Famille Benoitin I paid three hundred francs for a box."

"Boxes! this fellow talks of boxes! Before I was married even, didn't I always buy them for you? The first night of Petit Faust cost me four hundred francs, and for Patti's farewell benefit in 1848 I got you a box which cost five hundred francs."

"The date! he remembers even the date! But you took dinner at our house five times a week, and you were always crowding into our box at the 'Italiens' or the 'opera,' and now you make such a row about two or three miserable boxes offered to my wife."

"Two or three! — — — but in fact such details are unworthy."

"That's so," said the Father Eternal, who began to get impatient waiting on his cloud. "Cut it short, gentlemen; cut it short; and I beg of you, madame, do your part."

Jeanne remained motionless, and the husbands talked, talked, talked. "Don't you remember," said Gaston, "that it was for you I broke off my career? I resigned my captaincy in the Hussar regiment, you did not wish to live in the garrison at Sarreguemines."

"And I who allied myself to the empire for you! . . . Monsieur here had accustomed you to ministerial crushes and official baubles. . . . Those sort of things amused you. . . . You didn't wish to give them up, and to the great indignation of all my people I consented to show myself at the Tuileries. Me at the Tuileries! Me at the palace of Napoleon!"

"No politics," cried the Father Eternal, "and above all don't say disagreeable things about the emperor, Napoleon III. Supposing he had withdrawn his troops from Rome, what would have become of the council, I'd like to know."

"So be it, no politics, anyway. I have something more decisive to say," continued Gaston. "Dear Jeanne, don't you remember? Our love . . . the first, I was the first, . . . our long walks, in the evening, under the trees, at your father's; at Roches Grises; we used to walk slowly, very slowly, in the little paths; your head against my shoulder. And then our wedding day; we were married at 6 o'clock, and we set off all alone, you and me, with their gossip. It was of M. de Sericourt that they warned me. My best friend! What an absurdity!"

"I noticed plainly that Jeanne could not help giving a little start on hearing the name of M. de Sericourt. I saw it, Raoul did not, and he continued: 'And when Sericourt was killed in Mexico, and my darling, when you heard the unexpected news and legitimate sorrow, why, I received an abominable anonymous letter. 'Your wife,' it said, 'has more tears for the friend than she will have for the husband.' I never spoke to you of that letter. I couldn't suspect you or Sericourt.'"

"Who is this Sericourt you are talking about?" cried the Father Eternal. "Is he a third husband? I'm getting all mixed up."

"One word more Father Eternal, one concluding word. On my wedding day, a priest, an excellent priest, declared at Sainte Clotilde that our earthly union would be followed by a final union in Heaven."

"And me, Father Eternal," replied Gaston, "the day I was married to madame a bishop—not a priest but a bishop, you understand—and the same terms made me the same promise."

"This is very embarrassing," murmured the Father Eternal, "very embarrassing. My representatives on earth sometimes act without good judgment. But madame, why don't you say something? It is for you to decide."

And then the little widow, all rosy and agitated said: "If you wish to be very good to me, dear Lord, you will permit me to arrange matters with M. de Sericourt, who is over there in that little cloud on the left, and who has been making signals to me for the past fifteen minutes."

I turned my head and there was Sericourt, for a fact, in his little cloud going through a most gallant and expressive pantomime. Another friend! Sericourt! This charming woman was destined to contribute even in eternity, in this world, and in the other, to the happiness of my friends.

"Why didn't you say so before," answered the Father Eternal. "Certainly, arrange it with M. de Sericourt. What is it to me? All I care about is to have you happy in Paradise, because you have been a good Christian."

And then I woke up.

Bowels irregular and constipated, resulting in piles, avoided by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

A production of great interest and importance will take place on Tuesday night at the Grand opera house, when Fanny Davenport will present to our theater-goers a production of Sardon's Cleopatra.



This Cleopatra was written by Victorien Sardou, and was first presented in Paris. Miss Davenport shortly afterwards astonished New York

with her gorgeous presentation of her play, and received the following letter from Sardon, which shows the high estimation the Frenchman has of the American actress:

"CHER MADAME: I leave my play in your hands, feeling sure it is in able ones, and that with all the excellence you have bestowed upon La Tosca and Fedora, will be repeated, if not excelled. Faithfully, 'V. SARDON.'"

Miss Davenport has, says a correspondent, given to the American stage a production that has never been excelled, if equaled in this or any other country. Everywhere she has presented her Cleopatra both press and public have endorsed it in the highest terms. As the beautiful Egyptian queen Miss Davenport has made the triumph of her life. The play is in six acts. The first scene is a stage picture of rare loveliness. It shows the marble quays of Tarsus, with the silver stream of the Cyndus river in the distance, its flowery banks overhung with a luxuriant growth of cypresses, laurels and pomegranates. In front rises a stately portico approached by flights of marble steps and opening at the back with a glimpse of winding river, of the town, of the cedar-wooded heights beyond. This is Mark Antony's justice house. The coming of Cleopatra in the Bark of Venus creates a genuine sensation. The bark is a gorgeous affair, manned with steady rowers and containing beautiful female slaves in all sorts of seductive postures. The beautiful Egyptian queen reclines under a canopy garlanded with roses. This act describes her reception by Antony and his complete subjugation by her. It closes with the departure of the pair in Cleopatra's royal barge.

The second act shows the sorceress and her victim reveling in the palace of one of the Ramesses at Memphis. The scenery of this act is by far the best reproduction ever shown of the home of the ancient kings. The arrival of Antony's friends to induce him to go to Rome to assist in repelling Rome's enemies, and Cleopatra's change of front in likewise urging him to proceed to Rome, are here shown.

The third act shows Cleopatra in a temple at Memphis, anxiously awaiting news of Antony. The messenger brings Cleopatra news of Antony's marriage to Octavia. It closes with the arrival of an ibis, containing a message from Antony bidding Cleopatra repair with her fleet to Actium. This scene is a veritable triumph of the scene painter's art. Under a marble portico, stretched on a bed covered with tiger skins, lies Cleopatra in regal state. At the entrance stands a faithful slave, with drawn sword, his face impenetrable as that of a sphinx and his complexion of bronze, in startling contrast to the dull white of the marble on the portico. The brilliant beauty of a tropic sky at midnight, and the myriads of stars twinkling and flashing forth their many hues, are the silent witnesses of her course towards the sea, make a beautiful picture.

The fourth act shows Cleopatra in Antony's house at Actium. There, in the nuptial chamber of her rival, Octavia, whither she has been conveyed in a mat, Cleopatra witnesses the love-making between Antony and Octavia, and the departure of the latter to effect a reconciliation between Antony and Octavia. She also hears herself denounced by the Roman as fickle and unfaithful. It is not, however, until the direct accusation of her intimacy with her slave, Kophron, is made, that she discloses herself. The infuriated Antony is determined to put both Cleopatra and the slave to death. So strong is the siren's hold upon him, however, that without any protestations of innocence from her, he forgives her, and all becomes reconciled once more. Cleopatra then declares the slave and herself to be innocent of the charge.

Antony does not believe her, and insists that the slave shall die by her hand. Cleopatra consents, and calling in Kophron, tells him that, having dared to aspire to his queen, Antony has decreed that he must die. In vain does Kophron protest his innocence. Antony is obtuse. The slave then takes the fatal draught which Cleopatra has prepared for him, and is about to drink it, when Antony, satisfied that the man is innocent, snatches the vial from his hand. The act ends with a declaration of war by Antony and Cleopatra against Octavia.

Miss Davenport is particularly strong in the scene where Antony accuses her of infidelity. She is at once a temptress and a queen, and makes Antony's speedy reconciliation plausible to the audience. The fifth act shows a temple at Alexandria, to which Cleopatra has retreated after the flight of her fleet at Actium. Antony, covered with humiliation, rages for Cleopatra's death. They meet in the temple, and once again does the Roman soldier yield to the Egyptian's will. The Roman officers enter and demand Cleopatra's life as the price of her treachery. Cleopatra, transformed into a genuine sorceress, conjures up a terrific storm to destroy the forces of Octavius. The storm is singularly realistic, and it is without doubt a genuine novelty.

The last act shows the death of Cleopatra and Antony. Antony is assassinated while asleep, and Cleopatra's death by the poisonous asp follows, and so

ends the picture. Miss Davenport uses in this scene a live snake.

Manager Wyatt, it is said, will open his new Los Angeles theater on November 16th, 17th and 18th with the farce comedy Skipped by the Light of the Moon, which will be followed by McKee Rankin in The Catnack on the 26th, 27th and 28th. Mr. Wyatt has a number of fine attractions booked for the rest of the season.

Considerable interest has been felt about Mr. Dixey's new play The Man With the Hundred Faces. The affair is nothing more than a prolonged "lightning change" act, as the variety theater programmes term it. He failed in The Soldier and takes up this change play to recruit his manager. His reappearance before long is not impossible in some glittering burlesque.

Heredity seems to be more forceful in "the" profession than other lines of life. Joe Emmett died and was buried. Young Joe Emmett dons old Joe's costumes, learns old Joe's roles, and plays old Joe's roles to even more money than the happy alcoholic old Joe ever took in to blow in.

Another, Young Alexander Salvini, recently in Memphis, played Othello, using his father's prompt book. Three years ago he played a minor rôle here in a farce comedy. Young Emmett, it is said, never was on the stage before he commenced playing his father's parts.

Last Sunday in this column attention was called to the demand for tall people in dramatic productions where the spectacular was made the feature. An advertisement in another column for supernumeraries for Cleopatra at the opera house emphasizes this point. Tall young men and women, both white and colored, are wanted—all tall. This demand ought to be easily supplied. The colony of colored people in this city is large, and it is seldom that an undersized negro is found.

DUNLOP'S NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. Langtry is booked at the New York Standard for January 25th, when her American tour begins.

The question whether German street musicians are artists under the terms of the alien contract law is to be decided by the United States circuit court at Boston, in a case which had a preliminary hearing before Commissioner Hallett October 21st.

The most important theatrical news in Germany is the sailing for America, October 23d and 24th, of 120 members of the company and staff of the famous Meininger Court theatre. The artistic genius of this company will be reproduced at the Thalia in New York.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, stepfather of Mary Anderson-Navarro, arrived from England last week. He states that Mrs. Navarro is now residing at Tunbridge Wells, near London, and that she does not contemplate returning to the stage. Mr. Griffin yet chews Negro Head tobacco as violently as in the old days.

Edwin W. Hoff, the American tenor who has made such a marked hit as Robin Hood in the opera of that name, is not 25 years old. He is one of the handsomest men on the stage, and all his friends say he has those lovable characteristics which make him one of the most charming men to meet in the world. He hails from Baltimore.

"Miss Marie Burroughs," according to the Chicago Herald, "shared the honors bestowed on Mr. Willard on the reappearance of that actor in The Midway Opera House." The Tribune says: "The beauty and gentleness of Miss Burroughs are surely growing on playgoers." No young actress of late has so wisely guided her own career to ultimate success in her profession as this talented girl has done.

Complaint has been made to the United States commissioner of immigration that the opera company which arrived at New Orleans October 26th, via New York, to give a season at the French opera house, is acting in violation of the alien labor law, inasmuch as the hairdressers, working girls, musicians and choristers are brought over here under contract from Europe. The complaint was made by a labor organization.

Alexander Salvini has been playing to immense business in the western cities, the prices having most everywhere been raised to \$1.50. Last week he entered upon a tour of the principal southern cities, going as far as New Orleans. He will be in Memphis on the 10th of the first time, and is now busy with rehearsals, using his father's original prompt book for that play. Salvini's phenomenal success in the standard romantic plays is proof positive of the awakening interest in this class of the drama.

It was a dismal, rainy night in a one-night stand in Indiana. The depressed comedians were trying their best to be funny in a farcical skit called Early in the Morning. The manager, Will McConnell, was moodily pacing the gloomy foyer and wondering how he would get to the next town. The advance agent of the troupe to follow entered and cheerily inquired how business was. "Fine," replied McConnell, with enthusiasm. "Great! Splendid! I've been out seven weeks now, and all I have sent my wife is the route!"

Startling Facts.

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alfonso Hempding, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus dance Dr. Miles' great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Valparaiso, and J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vista, Ind., was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottles, and fine book of marvelous cures free at all druggists. We recommend and guarantee this unequalled remedy.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It cures your lungs, sore chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold wholesale by Haas, Baruch & Co., and all retail druggists.

Columbus Buggies.

Thirty-five more of these celebrated vehicles, consisting of surreys, wagons, carriages and buggies, just received. Hawley, King & Co.

Hotel Jackson.

Corner of Third and Main streets. Best board and rooms, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.

TRY our Eureka brand of Flour. W. Chamberlain & Co., 213 S. Broadway.

WHAT I HEAR.

I hear that half the young women in town are ill with colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the like. Cause—thin shoes and damp surroundings at the chrysanthemum fair. These fairs, the doctor tells me, are the chief source of income for the medical men of the city.

After the flower festival, a chrysanthemum show, or whatever they may be called, there is a steady stream of women invalids at the doctors' offices. The women make plenty of money for charity during the show, but for six months or a year afterward, husbands and fathers have to pay for prescriptions and drugs, and chest protectors, and possibly cemetery lots.

Can it be true that Congressman Bowens offered to let Mayor Hazard name the man for postmaster on condition that his honor would draw out of the congressional race and stand in with Hervey Lindley's candidacy? I wonder what Sheriff Seymour of San Bernardino knows about it.

I saw a curious-looking object in a store window on Spring street, and asked a clerk—a man—off from, the look of the thing, I thought it better to ask him rather than one of the "sales-ladies"—what it was.

"Stomach pad," he said. "What?" "Stomach pad, I said. Women nowadays don't wear any petticoats, you know. Don't know? Ain't married? Ah? I'll tell you, then. All women now wear tight-fitting underclothes, and that's all. Then the dresses are made to fit very closely, and if a woman has not a good figure she has to make one. A thin woman, for instance, looks beastly in a glove-fitting gown, unless she wears a stomach pad, together with several other pads, fastened to other portions of her anatomy."

A society reporter I noticed recently described the wife of a noted local politician as wearing a Cleopatra costume at a social function. Cleopatra's gowns, it is usually considered, were like Miss Fauntleroy's dresses, "out of sight." The above instance is not half as pointed, however, as the effort of a local Jenkins who some years ago wrote up a Raymond ball, and among other costumes described that of Mrs. —, who, by the way, was the wife of another politician you know, as dressed in "a point lace fichu and diamonds." It was printed that way, and the next day the editor of that paper and the lady's husband had a very forcible interview.

Miss Mary Louise Milliken is the prettiest girl in Riverside. She was recently selected as such out of 300 excursionists from that place to the sugar factory at Chino, by four young men of Chino, who, it is supposed, were experts, and as a reward for being beautiful was presented with a jar of sugar. The prize was a fitting concomitant to beauty.

Riverside may not make much sugar, but judging from what specimens of femininity it displays, it possesses several beauty factories. There is nothing sweeter than a Riverside damsel—except a Los Angeles girl.

Talking about girls—how easy it is—I hear that the girls at Pacific college, San Diego, had a Halloween party, a masquerade party. A list of the characters represented showed that Romeos, Little Lord Fauntleroy's, cavaliers and courtiers were most numerous. Have you ever seen the San Diego girl? Numerously? If you have, you can imagine how fetching such a costume would look on her.

A reporter told me recently that he inquired from about ten court house officials how much had been paid in total for the furnishing of trial attire, and not one knew. The amount is evidently too big to remember easily.

I hear Mr. Van Duzen, of the East Side, wishes he had had sense enough not to aspire to the postmastership. A special agent of the postoffice department was here recently looking up the antecedents of the gentlemen, and the way records were dug up and sensations retained to that agent by Van Duzen's enemies, is said to be something astonishing and terrible. The official's notebook is said to read like a Police Gazette. Van Duzen's G. A. R. button would be enough to fasten the cloak of office around him, were it not for the fact that the other fellows wear the same kind of buttons. The office, the dicky bird still sing, will go to Francisco or Shoulters.

I hear that Hervey Lindley was standing on the platform of a depot of a town under Shasta's shadow a few days ago when a train rolled along, and on entering his car the nery Hervey met a Los Angeles friend.

"What's the news?" queried Hervey. The friend pulled a HERALD out of his pocket, in which were some details of the work the grand jury was doing.

Hervey is of Quaker descent, and of course does not swear. After reading the HERALD he simply said: "I thank thee; I think I will return to Los Angeles at once."

"You'd better keep away from Los Angeles until the jury finishes its work," advised the friend.

"Nay, thou judgest wrong," was