LABOR'S HOLIDAY.

Federal Officials Tie a String to It.

NOT PLAYTIME FOR ALL.

Government Employes Will Toil as Usual.

SCHOOLS WILL NOT BE CLOSED.

United States Attorney Garter Gives an Opinion That Will Interest Litigants.

When Congress set apart the first Monday in September as labor's holiday no one dreamed that the heads of departments at Washington were empowered to decide where the day should be celebrated and where the act of Congress should be ignored, yet that is practically what they have done. The humble toilers throughout the country thought that the day as a legal holiday would be celebrated everywhere. The law was so brief and to them so plain that they saw no possible chance to misconstrue the provisions. It reads as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., that the first Monday of September in each year, being the day celebrated and known as labor's holiday, is hereby made a legal public holiday to all intents and purposes in the same manner as Christmas, the 1st day of January, the 22d day of February, the 30th day of May and the 4th day of July are now made by law public holidays.

But labor was mistaken. Nothing is said about the Territories or the District of Columbia in the act, yet, according to some authorities at Washington, the law is operative only in those sections of the country. Information to this effect was sent to Daggett, the Superintendent of the Mint, Friday afternoon, and he promptly notified his assistants that they would have to work to-morrow as usual.

Collector Wise had notified the employes of the Custom-house that Monday would be a holiday, but when he learned of the instructions that Daggett had received the notices came down and the wrath of the employes went up.

Postmaster McCoppin had notified his clerks and carriers that their services would not be required on Monday, and he, hearing of the action taken by the Collector of Customs and the Superintendent of the Mint, telegraphed to Washington for advice. No answer came and his hands will labor as usual on Labor day.

Campbell P. Berry, Assistant United States Treasurer, wired Secretary Carlisle for instructions, and received the following laconic reply: "Close on the 3d, if it is a State holiday, so far as business permits." He will not close.

Judge Morrow of the United States District Court did not find the hidden meaning in the act which the mighty intellects at Washington must have found. He adjourned his court until Tuesday morning; but Judge Beatty of the Circuit Court will be on hand to do business as usual.

Marshal Baldwin does not know where he is at, and in order that he may be on the safe side will keep his office open.

United States District Attorney Garter could not see that the act is a cryptogram, and his office will be closed.

"We have not been officially notified," he said, "of the passage of any act of Congress establishing Labor day as a holiday; but assuming such to be the fact, so far as the conduct of my own business is concerned, I shall not go into any profound consideration of the constitutional power of Congress to pass such an act, as the Secretary of the Treasury seems to have done.

"I think it is within the power of Congress, however, to prescribe on what days judicial business can be transacted in the courts, and it is apparently the intention of Congress that Monday shall be regarded as a non-judicial day by enacting that it shall be a holiday.

"The question is one, however, which can be avoided by refraining from the transaction of judicial business, and it ought to be so avoided, as no litigant can afford to have the question get into his case."

The United States Court of Appeals will meet and adjourn to Tuesday. The Collector of Internal Revenue will not close his office.

At the City Hall all departments suffered great distress of mind all day over the Labor-day question, and at closing time many had not fully recovered.

Some of them shifted their position two or three times over the line to close or not to close.

During the early afternoon Mayor Ellert telephoned the Sheriff, Auditor, Treasurer, court clerk's offices and the others that the day was a legal holiday and they would not be expected to do business, and it was so accepted.

Later, however, doubts began to arise in the minds of the Recorder, Assessor, etc., as to whether they ought to refuse to do business with people who might want to do business with them on that day, and they sent messengers around to inquire what others thought about it, and so the peace of mind of the entire building was again upset.

The Public Library had decided early in the morning to remain open. Then they heard that the courts had decided the day to be a legal holiday, and this was followed by the Mayor's message, and they decided to close. Then one of the trustees dropped into Secretary Case's office and said there was all-enveloping doubt about the matter, and where there was doubt the reading public should be given the benefit of it. So the Public Library, unless the arrangements are again shifted, will be open on Monday.

That was about the determination arrived at generally. The courts will do no business, as lawyers will take no chances on judgments rendered that day, but the clerks' offices will be open—both of the Supreme and County courts and Justices', as well as the Sheriff's, Recorder's, Treasurer's, Auditor's, Assessor's, Supervisors' and other offices. It is not expected that much, if any, business will be done, and many of the clerks will make it a holiday and their chairs will be vacant.

The State Supreme Court and the Superior Courts will be closed.

POSTOFFICE CHANGES.

A. M. Cox Is Night Superintendent. Meares Is Welcomed.

James L. Meares, recently appointed superintendent of the city division by Postmaster McCoppin, took charge of his office yesterday. He is very popular with the carriers and as a token of their approval of his appointment he found a beautiful bouquet of flowers on his desk and the following note:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1, 1894.

John L. Meares, Superintendent City Division—DEAR SIR: This tribute from a number of former coemployes during your former term of office is intended as a token of welcome and congratulation upon your reappointment as superintendent of the city division.

A. M. Cox, Meares' predecessor, has been appointed night superintendent. Mr. McCoppin is anxious to appoint Richardson, Assistant Postmaster under Backus, secretary of the Postoffice, but cannot see his way clear owing to the fact that the money formerly set apart for the secretary's salary has been diverted into other channels.

POLICEMAN ARRESTED.

Patrolman Ferguson Charged With Beating a Stevedore.

Patrolman Ferguson of the North Harbor station was arrested yesterday on a charge of battery made by J. Sinnott. The complainant is a stevedore, who says that Ferguson attacked and beat him without provocation last Wednesday afternoon. He says that he will prefer a charge against the policeman at the next meeting of the Commissioners, and that he will sue him for damages in the Justices' Court.

Ferguson was released on his own recognizance. He says that while trying to drive two young girls out of a saloon on the water front Sinnott stood in his way and he pushed him aside.

"GO AS YOU PLEASE."

The Term Exemplified at a Central Park Contest.

A twenty-four-hour go-as-you-please race began at 10 o'clock last night in the Central Park tent. There was sawdust on the track, and as for other arrangements there were rows of empty benches and a large attendance of small boys.

Eighteen men entered for the long tramp, and ran well, all things considered, up to midnight, though shortly after starting they came very near creating a riot over the inefficient scoring. The track being twelve laps to the mile gave the runners an opportunity to go around faster than their laps could be scored by half a dozen young men, and when ten or fifteen would pass in a bunch several numbers would be missed. A hopeless tangle resulted, and two contestants dragged a scorer from the platform. Manager Judd Gibbs took his place, while others kept the score on sheets of paper. The crowd hooted, jeered and threw everything into disorder. Then friends of the contestants kept private scores, and another system was employed to count the miles covered.

The race will close at 10 P. M. this evening.

A CHICAGO ROMANCE.

Difficulty in Catching on to Windy City Style.

The wealthy and handsome Porkopolitan entered his palatial home unattended. It was but the dinner hour, and gentlemen are permitted to be out at that time without escort in the wild and woolly West. Within the house all was still, and he stood an instant listening to the silence.

"But yesterday," he sighed, "I lost my wife by the stern decree of divorce, and this morning I married another. Heigho, such is life in Chicago."

Then he passed on up the great stairway to his dressing-room, and shortly returned and went into the library, where he sat down to think. Not to pause and reflect, for Chicago people do not pause, although, being bright, they sometimes reflect.

He sat there thinking, thinking, thinking.

"Alone at last," he murmured dreamily.

Just then the library door opened and a beautiful woman in a sumptuous dinner-gown entered. She stood in half hesitation as she saw him so deeply absorbed. In a moment, however, he observed her and rose hastily. Her attire appeared to startle him.

"I b-g your pardon," he said nervously. "May I inquire to whom I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"

She laughed a silvery peal of laughter, which echoed strangely through the high-walled room.

"Why, Charlie!" she exclaimed, as she came forward into the light, "don't you know me? I'm the lady you married this morning."

"Goshelmity!" he ejaculated, as he folded her to his manly bosom, "won't I ever catch on to this Chicago style?"

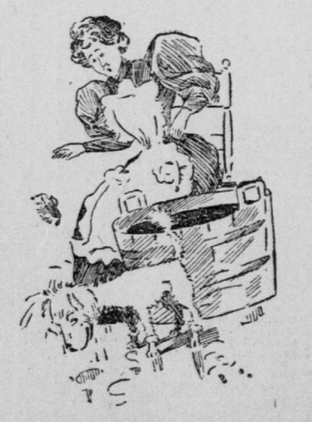
It is needless to remark in conclusion that he was a New Englander by birth and education.—Detroit Free Press.

A DEEP-DYED VILLAIN.

"Oh, yee, mum! he's a genuine French poodle, and worth one hundred dollars, but I'm hard up, an' I'll let him go fer four dollars."

"Won't the neighbors simply die with envy?"

"Now I'll give him a good bath with this tar soap."



"Great heavens! It was dyed."
—St. Louis Republic.

GOSSIP.

BY THE OBSERVER.

There is a large building at the corner of Bush and Larkin streets which in many respects is one of the attractions of San Francisco. When the plans were submitted to the company which owns this magnificent structure it was found that the question of lighting had to be carefully considered, and after several meetings of the directors had been held, at which the matter was warmly debated, it was finally resolved to use electric lights. It was argued that in order to illuminate the great edifice satisfactorily it would require several hundred gas-burners, which would render it intolerably hot, aside from the dangers of conflagration, which would be very great. In accordance with the decision of the board of directors to use electricity, a dynamo was placed in the basement of the building, but after the experiment was given a fair trial it was found to be unsatisfactory.

In conversation with William Greer Harrison last week I ascertained that the Salt Water Company had experimented as above stated and it found that in order to arrive at satisfactory results it became necessary to consult the Edison Light and Power Company. Mr. Harrison, in speaking of the matter, said: "We started to light the place ourselves, but it was not long before we found it defective. There was a great glare under the roof, but below was shadow, and then the light was flickering and it frequently went out. We could not afford to take the risk of darkness owing to the hundreds who are so fond of diving in the water. Water, you know, absorbs light, so we applied to the Edison company to help us out.

"It, of course, is scientifically acquainted with the subject and as the Salt Water Company had decided to get the best light under the most economical arrangement possible we made up our minds to be right on a question wherein ourselves failed. After a few experiments by the Edison people they succeeded in turning the vast space into perpetual day and the management is entirely pleased with the light and the comparatively low price at which it is provided."

I was permitted, through the courtesy of the management, to enter the building yesterday evening and see the illuminating arrangements. They appear to be excellent. Six large arc burners of 2000 candle power each now cast a strong light on the waters of the tank, as well as illuminate every foot of the galleries and building. The bath dynamo is still in partial use, but I was informed that it will shortly be superseded by a further supply of electricity from the Edison Company, and when the change takes place, which will be some time this autumn, a series of electrical entertainments will be given.

Other arrangements at the baths are now complete in every detail. In addition to the mammoth tank there are fifty-six bathing-rooms, provided with hot and cold salt and fresh water and hot and cold showers of either sea or Spring Valley Company's water. There are 300 dressing-rooms, two large shower-rooms, rented lockers and free lockers, ladies' and gentlemen's reception-rooms, a cafe, a barber-shop, a ladies' hairdresser, a chiropodist, swimming teacher and the necessary attendants. Two massage-rooms will shortly be provided and 200 more dressing-rooms are soon to be built. While many of the patrons have their private bathing suits, 2500 are provided by the management free of charge. To cleanse and dry these and to care for the towels the basement of the building is one great laundry, lighted as are the other departments in the building with electricity.

Where there are so many bathers the question at once arises as to the cleanliness of the water. This is satisfactorily answered. Not only is the tank completely emptied and filled twice a week, but the inflow and outflow are so regulated on the capacity of the tank that the supply is renewed entirely once a day. The tank holds 480,000 gallons, and into it 440,000 are poured every twenty-four hours, coming in from below and passing out and into the sewers by orifices near the level of the water. It comes from the ocean about a third of a mile below the Cliff House, and is first conveyed to a reservoir at the corner of Point Lobos avenue and Geary street, where it is stored. But there it is icy cold, and for the purposes of healthful and pleasant bathing its temperature has to be raised. The manner in which this is accomplished is not generally known. The condenser of the Sutter-street Railroad does the work. Through it runs a pipe conducting the cold salt water, which is heated to 104 degrees and taken to the bath, where a lesser stream of cold salt water reduces it to the desired temperature of 76 degrees.

A very pretty picture must be presented there on any Tuesday or Friday from 10:30 to 12:30 o'clock, when the ladies take full possession of the baths, but, unfortunately, all male observers are rigorously excluded, and so the scene must be left to the imagination undescribed. Less poetical, certainly, but interesting and amusing, is the great tank on a Saturday night, under the bright rays of the electric lights. By tacit consent that evening has been surrendered to men and boys, and their antics and enjoyment are well worth witnessing. There they assemble 400 or 500 strong at a time, as much for fun, it would seem, as for their weekly bath. The greater number gather at the entrance, where the water is only 2 feet 9 inches at the start, gradually shelving to deep-water mark. Their splashing, their drenching of each other and their first attempts at swimming are interspersed with laughter and conversation, but the great source of fun is the two large toboggans, one of which, on other occasions, is reserved for the use of ladies. Down these inventions of the snow land men and boys slide, on stomach or back, into the water with a relish that it does one good to see. Further along the great expanse of water, 150 feet long by 70 feet wide, are diving-boards, trapezes and diving-towers, the upper platform of which is thirty-five feet high, and all are in constant use by the swimmers, whose number is steadily on the increase.

Salt water will in the near future be conveyed to other points in the city, and it is reported that among them are the Olympic Club, Young Men's Christian Association, and to a point at the corner of Third and Mission streets. It is proposed to build immense receiving and settling tanks in the vicinity of Bush and Larkin streets, and from there supply clean water to the points named and other prospective localities, which are certain to demand a supply some time in the future.

Part Twenty-seven of "Picturesque California" will be ready for distribution to "Call" subscribers to-morrow. It is devoted to the pine and redwood regions of California and Washington, and can be obtained for 10 cents and one coupon.

St. George Reef Fog Signal.

The Lighthouse Inspector has issued the following notice to mariners: Notice is hereby given that owing to the scarcity of water at the St. George Reef fog-signal station, California, it has been found absolutely necessary to reduce the working of signal from this date. Therefore during foggy weather, until the rains set in, this signal will be operated with its usual characteristics for a period of five minutes, followed by a silent period of ten minutes and repeat. Mariners are requested to take notice and be governed accordingly.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN MYTH.—Years ago, in the first half of this century, Archbishop Whately wrote a book to prove that Napoleon the Great never really existed, but that his history was an expression of the solar myth. This work was a skit on the methods of the "naturalistic," classical and historical scholars who were devoting their energies to disproving all the ancient stories. In modern days, the agnostic school, as well as the schools of the "higher criticism," whatever it may be, have long devoted their energies to the destruction of religious authorities up to their days supposed to be founded on sound tradition and history. The writer of "The Abraham Lincoln Myth," Bocardo Bramantip, Huxleyan professor of dialectics in the University of Congo, has applied their methods to proving that Abraham Lincoln did not issue the emancipation proclamation. The author admits, for argument's sake, that "such a man as Abraham Lincoln lived in America in the nineteenth century, and that he was President of the United States during the civil war," and claims credit for extreme fairness for the admission. At the same time, however, he maintains "that the popular story of Lincoln is unhistoric, fit only to be relegated to the category of the myths." It would hardly do to tell more of the contents of the book—it is so small and can be read in a short time. And any man who will take the trouble to get the book and read it will not only have the pleasure of many a good laugh at the strange mental condition of the dialectician, but will obtain a thorough realization of the methods of proof and reasoning so common among the schools of the agnostics and the higher critics. Our scientific men, great though they be as observers, are not, as a rule, distinguished for their logical power or accuracy, and this is emphasized in this little book by the use of arguments and methods that every reader of scientific articles will readily recognize. "The Abraham Lincoln Myth" is indeed good from beginning to end will be the judgment of all readers. [New York: The Mascot Publishing Company. For sale by the booksellers.]

A PERFECT FOOL.—A striking title of an interesting story by Florence Warden this. Chris Abercarne, the perfect fool, and her mother, reduced to poverty by "one of those periodical upheavals of things in the city," answer an advertisement in the Times for a housekeeper with a daughter in a large establishment at Wyngham. They are hired, and on arrival find their master to be one John Bradfield, a collector of curios and a millionaire. The second day of their stay at the "large establishment" they discover that a lunatic is confined in a wing of the house. The lunatic is the son of John Bradfield's best friend, whose generosity and kindness has been requited by the confinement of his son and the embezzlement of his fortune. John Bradfield falls in love with Chris Abercarne; so does the lunatic, and the story consists of necessary incidents to bring about the restoration to health and sanity of the lunatic and the defeat of John Bradfield's plots and schemes. The development of the plot leads to many strange, interesting and exciting events and to a fair amount of good character drawing. Nothing could be better than the picture of Mrs. Abercarne—a lady of good birth and position in the place of an employe, with all her ideas of personal dignity and propriety at war with the necessities of her position. Chris herself, the perfect fool, is an honest-hearted outspoken girl who, though treated as a baby and trained up to nothing, possesses all the qualities that make for success. Drawn with a good deal of skill, too, are the characters of Mr. Bradfield's smart relatives, the Graham-Shutes, especially that of Mrs. Graham-Shute, the vulgar, overbearing woman, devoid of delicacy, who is ever hurting others by her elephantine clumsiness. Best of all is the picture of Mr. Bradfield himself, the great man in the little place, with his strong will, his keen desire for mastery, his crude humor and his persistent struggle to avoid defeat. The story is well written and the interest maintained to the very end. [New York: The International News Company. For sale by the booksellers.]

PICTURES OF THE FUTURE.—William Morris in England and Bellamy here have pictured the happy results that are to come from the socialistic development of the world. Eugene Richter, member of the Imperial German Parliament, holds opposite views of the effects of socialistic government, and to these views he gives expression in "Pictures of the Future." Socialism, such as Richter here presents, principles as well as results, would be repudiated both by Bellamy and Morris, for it simply is the socialism of the workhouse and almshouse. According to Richter, after socialism came into power, the people had to make their choice of trades, and, of course, no one wished to choose the harder and more laborious. There was no lack of salesmen and sales ladies, no lack of inspectors, foremen, managers, gamekeepers, few if any wanted to become paviors, stokers or sewer cleaners. Bonds were repudiated, mortgages annulled, and there was no money to pay the savings bank deposits. Houses and rooms were obtained by lot, husbands were separated from their wives, mothers from their children, the state dinners were badly cooked and served, work was badly performed, politeness ceased—in fact, socialism developed for all the people a worse state of things than ever existed among the poorest of the poor under the old system. The book is well worth reading, inasmuch as it presents under the guise of a story the reasons uppermost in most minds against socialism. No man of any ability can fail to see that our present form of civilization is inadequate, that a change is coming, and that the drift of this change seems to make for socialism. Even the trusts and combines of the big business interests seem to be steps in the same direction, and the study of this drift is incumbent on all. Herr Richter's work presents certain states of the question that must be considered, and presents them in a most forcible way. [New York: Optimus Printing Company.]

MAGDALENA.—The scene of this story, by Perpetus Ponslevi, is laid in Spain and in the United States of Columbia, and therefore needs must be one of passion. It is the scheme of a false wife and a traitor friend to obtain the large estate of Don Cosme Suarez of Bogota. By making a will that on his death transfers all his property to his niece, Isabel de Albornoz, in Madrid, Don Cosme makes the conspirators change from poisoners to sedulous protectors of his health. The wife, however, sends her ally, Don Julian, to Spain to plot against the life of Dona Isabel, and as months go by without result she starts herself for Spain, and settles in Madrid. Ultimately, of course, the wife and Don Julian perish miserably, and virtue in the case of Dona Isabel meets with its reward—a large fortune and an honorable lover who has guarded and watched over her and saved her life. There is much incident in the book, parts of the story are well told, but as a rule it is tedious and without movement. [Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.]

A COMEDY OF COUNTERPLOTS AND OTHER STORIES. This is a series of seven tales reprinted from Outing.—All of these seven are very good, the best, however, being that by Clara S. Ross, "Pastelle," as sweet a story and as pathetic as poet or novelist ever dreamed. Edgar Fawcett's "Comedy of Counterplots" is a smaller canvas than he is wont to paint; the figures are few, but the drawing and coloring is of the best. The sentiment, too, is quite original, and the story, short, though it is, will certainly add to his reputation. A. B. Ward's "A Medley of the Midway Plaisance" is a clean-cut photograph of the restaurant at the foot of the captive balloon, with its visitors, its waiters, its manager and its love story. "A Very Strange Case," by William Hinckley, tells of a rich man who becomes a burglar "to prove his theories"; "The Flagellante's Sin," by Therese M. Randall, is a description of the annual event at Albuquerque, with the curious story of one of the participants, while "The Letter of Credit," C. C. Nolt Jr., shows how a man may run the risk of losing his own sweetheart by misjudging another's intentions, and telepathy and premonition furnished material to F. W. Lee of "The Ghost at White Bear." [New York: The Outing Publishing Company.]

HANDBOOK OF THE TARIFF.—A handbook of the new tariff, conveniently arranged for merchans and others, has just been issued. It was compiled by F. B. Vandegrift & Co., Custom-house brokers and United States tariff experts, of New York and Philadelphia. It gives the rate of duty, paragraph of the law and decisions of the courts, General Appraisers and Treasury Department; also a complete list of articles on which drawback has been allowed, with the amount of wastage. This has never been published before. Also a foreign express tariff, the administration law and other law on the administration of the customs service. It is a very useful book at this time, when there are many who wish to become familiar with the bill Cleveland did not sign. [New York and Philadelphia: For sale by the American News Company.]

SAVAGE'S NEW NOVEL.—The Messrs. Routledge of London are beginning the publication of a superior edition of the works of Colonel Richard Henry Savage, having just issued three volumes of the ten novels of this popular author in the 6-shilling form instead of the so-called 50-cent book. Among these is the author's latest work, "The Flying Haleyon," in nineteen full chapters, extended from a sketch, which critics declare bids fair to rival the popularity of "My Official Wife." This novel will shortly be published in the United States. Engelhorn of Stuttgart has just issued a splendid edition of Savage's "Prince Schamyl's Wooing," translated by Natalie Rumelin. Colonel Savage is at Berlin, Germany, where he will spend a few months preparing his eleventh novel.

A BOUND VOLUME OF OUTING.—It would be difficult to find within the compass of 500 pages more matter of interest to the lover of outdoor sports than is contained in a bound volume of Outing. Volume XXIII, which includes the numbers of the magine from October, 1893, to March, 1894, has been issued from the press. There are numerous short stories of travel and choice fiction, and a full resume of all the sports, afield and afloat. No one who has access to the pages of Outing need fear being behind the times in all things pertaining to healthful physical recreation. [New York: The Outing Company (limited), and may be obtained of W. P. Chamberlain, Sixteenth street, Oakland.]

SHE WAS DOOMED.—This is a story by Helen Russell Stafford of woman's failure to rise after a fall. There is no doubt that every evil action has its effect, and the effect of many evil actions hardens into habit, but still it is not true that evil necessarily drives man or woman to an evil end. It is false and pernicious, contrary to experience and to reason, for every day the fallen do rise, and will power, if steadily exerted, must conquer habit. [Chicago: Veronee Publishing Company.]

TWO BAD BROWN EYES.—Marie St. Felix has written a horrible story of a woman's vengeance; unreal as well as horrible in sentiment, plot and character. No girl brought up as Patricia Allan, in a simple, devout and honest home, would yield so easily and completely at the first attack to such obvious and vulgar temptations. Woman's character in woman's hands gets sadly maltreated. [New York: Merriam Company.]

Literary Notes.

The series of articles in the Forum on the pay of the several professions is continued in the September number with an article on "The Pay of Physicians," by Dr. George F. Shrady.

Rev. Minot J. Savage's essay in the September Arena on "The Religion of Walt Whitman's Poems" aims to show how thoroughly saturated in the greatest and broadest religion is the whole of Whitman's work. It will put the poet and his work in a new light for a great many readers.

Scribner's Magazine for September has a notable list of contributors, including F. Marion Crawford, Thomas Nelson Page, Carl Lumholtz, Octave Thanet, Mrs. James T. Fields and Harriet Prescott Spofford. Marion Crawford writes of Bar Harbor from the point of view of one who has seen most of the summer resorts of the world, and has spent considerable time at Bar Harbor viewing it as an outsider. The fiction includes "Electrician-in-Charge," a short story with a decidedly new and original situation, the action taking place in a lonely cable-house at a South American station. There is also a real sailor's yarn, told in the dialect of an old salt who took part in the battle of the Alabama and Kearsarge. This story, by Gaston Fay, is entitled "The Folly of Mocking at the Moon." The serial "John March, Southerner," describes a marriage in Dixie.

McClure's Magazine for September contains an interview with the eminent French chemist, Berthelot, wherein he shows the time is coming when all of the staple human foods will be no longer grown in the fields of the farmer, but fabricated directly from their essential elements in the laboratories of the chemist.

The September number of Romance has a group of three stories of journalism. The first of these is a realistic sketch of a newspaper man's career from the clever pen of Hamilton Ormsbee, himself a member of the craft. The second describes the modern girl as a reporter, and is by Helen Churchill Candee. The third is a capital humorous take-off at the expense of the up-to-date interviewer.

The complete novel in the September number of Lippincott's is "Captain Molly," by Mary A. Denison, and deals with the philanthropic work of the Salvation Army. The three short stories are of unusual merit. "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," by Frederick R. Burton, is a weird tale of a too imaginative musician and of a violin which imprisoned a human soul. Will N. Harben does his very best work in "The Sale of Uncle Rastus," a slave whose devotion to his master assumed a unique form. "On Second Thoughts," by Lalage D. Morgan, is a love-story with an uncommon ending, for the young lady's heart was finally controlled by her head.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish immediately, in connection with Messrs. Cranston & Curts of Cincinnati, "The Footprints of the Jesuits," by R. W. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy.

John Muir, the well-known naturalist, and discoverer of the great Muir glacier, has written a book on "The Mountains of California," which will be issued this autumn by the Century Company. The author gives in graphic and simple language a description of the mountains, glaciers, flora and fauna of the Sierra Nevadas.

The brilliantly written papers by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant on the people of Queen Anne's time, including the court, Dean Swift, Defoe, Addison, the Duchess of Marlborough, and other famous persons of the day, have been collected in book form, and will be issued in October by the Century Company under the title "The Reign of Queen Anne." Mrs. Oliphant's training as a novelist has enabled her to give a new life to the characters of this age, without sacrificing the accuracy of the historian.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. of New York announce that Dr. Momberi, the author of "Charles the Great," who for a number of years was American chaplain at Dresden, intends to issue this autumn "Raphael's Sistine Madonna," a critical and interpretative study, embellished with photogravures made after the original at Dresden, and the related paintings in the Barberini, Pitti and Bologna galleries, for the first time printed together, in a quarto edition de luxe, containing, besides the said photogravures expressly prepared for this work by the best European artists, about sixty pages of letter-press covering the whole subject.

William Winter's popular "Life of Edwin Booth" will appear during the present month in the uniform edition of his works. This edition will have a new portrait of Edwin Booth as Hamlet not heretofore published.

There is said to be a peculiar interest throughout the South in the forthcoming biography of General Lee by his nephew and cavalry commander, General Fitzhugh Lee, which is to be published by D. Appleton & Co. in the Great Commanders series. The relations, military and personal, of the author to the subject give the book a character wich no other biography has had.

The September "Harper's" is an outdoor number, and opens with an illustrated description of the national sport of England, "Riding to Hounds," by Casper W. Whitney. Mr. Whitney estimates that about 100,000 people follow the hounds every week during the five-month season in England, while the cost of maintaining the sport is great enough to be an important factor in the business of several thriving towns. Recent events in Asia give additional interest to Alfred Parson's article on "Early Summer in Japan." From the eighteen pictures, as well as from the text, the reader gains considerable information regarding the conditions of Japanese life. An interesting piece of fiction is "The General's Bluff," the story of a midwinter campaign under the daring leadership of General Crook, told by Owen Wister. Among the soldiers who appear in these scenes are Specimen Jones and Cumnor, the heroes of an adventure with Apaches, about which Mr. Wister told the public in the July "Harper's."

PUNISHED THE CAT.

The Feline Got Even on His Tormentor.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course this tub was in the room next to the dressing-room of the master of the house. Of course the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again to-day."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I can't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said, fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added, significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussy did her little hurdle race, as usual, over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing-room and a wet flash into the sewing-room. Near the door of this room stood a perch on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried the hurdle but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house. A table was knocked over and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms, the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price $65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby, and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.—New York Tribune.

HAS ANYBODY TRIED THIS?

Curious Life-Preserver in Which a Man Can Live a Month.

The lower portion of the curious device which is represented in the cut resembles a life-preserving dress; the upper part is a kind of buoy or floating chamber, in which the occupant has some freedom of motion for his head and arms.

The object is to provide the shipwrecked person with not only a means of flotation, but with complete shelter.

Inside the enlarged upper chamber it is proposed to place provisions and a water

supply, so that the wearer can stay afloat a month, if need be, with safety and comfort.

The upper portion is made of strong sailcloth, waterproofed and distended on a jointed cylindrical frame. Across the lowest ring a diaphragm is placed in which are two apertures for the legs, which are incased in waterproof pants and boots, covered with metallic rings in order to afford protection against fishes and the sharp rocks.

These rings are made to fit one within the other when the dress is folded, so as to enable the device to be stowed in small space.

The top of the upper chamber is inclosed by a hood, in which a window is made. An airpipe is provided, leading to a respirator fastened over the mouth of the occupant. An annular air chamber is provided, which keeps the upper part of the apparatus well out of the water.

A man of Newark, N. J., is the inventor. Boston Globe.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PALACE HOTEL.

W H Payne, Sacto	J D Smith, Livermore
B Hazard, Sta Barbara	W H Allderise, U S N
J Thomson, Chicago	D R Goucher&w, Carthage
C E King&w, Cleveland	Dr Shelton&w, Mass
G H Barker, N J	Mrs E P Buckingham, Cal
F D Curtes, Phila	J J Prial, N Y
J F Hunt, Santa Rosa	G F Warnick&w, Toronto
J E Anzerais, San Jose	Mrs N Booth, Sacto
Mrs J E Dunn, Sacto	Mrs E Mills, Paso Robles
E B Osler, Sacto	B B Murphy, San Jose

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

A Barhr, N Y	S Tasco, San Diego
O H Cainbridge, Ind	B Lochridge, Ukiah
B Franklin, San Jose	W G Atwood, U S N
W J Stockard, San Jose	J H Tyres, U S N
Mrs Sheldon & f, Cal	L S Deaver, U S N
J H Brown, Stockton	W A Bischof, Stockton
H Reed, San Jose	H W Stuart, Stockton
J T Kirby, Mont	J Jensen & w, S D
T McAntry, Chicago	G T Sayers, Portland
M Kerlus, Auburn	P Gibney, Shasta
A Williams, Omaha	J Gibney, Shasta
A King, Wisconsin	C Henry, Boston
G Baker, U S N	J B Black & w, Liverpl
H Hammond, U S N	Mrs M Shea & s, Dublin
W C Farrish, U S N	R S Strouw, S L Obispo
J E Benson, Oakdale	

COPELAND INSTITUTE.

HERE ARE MORE

Symptoms of Catarrh Showing The Results of Neglect.

Expert Treatment at the Copeland Medical Institute $5 a Month—Including all Necessary Medicines.

Many sufferers from catarrh are prone to neglect the early symptoms which are, if left unchecked, followed by an extension of the malady down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and after a while it attacks the lungs. Speedy and inexpensive cure by the Copeland system. Read the symptoms thoroughly; mark those that apply to your case and bring them with you. If you live away from the city send them by mail and ask for treatment.

"Have you a cough?"
"Are you losing flesh?"
"Do you cough at night?"
"Have you pain in side?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Is your appetite variable?"
"Have you stitches in side?"
"Do you cough until you gag?"
"Are you low-spirited at times?"
"Do you raise frothy matter?"
"Do you spit up yellow matter?"
"Do you cough on going to bed?"
"Do you cough in the morning?"
"Is your cough short and hacking?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Have you a disgust for fatty foods?"
"Is there tickling behind the palate?"
"Have you pain behind breastbone?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
"Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
"Do you cough worse night and morning?"
"Do you have to sit up at night to get breath?"

If you have these symptoms you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes. Bear in mind that any chronic sufferer, whether from catarrh or other seated and distressing ailments, may apply any time at the Copeland offices, in the Columbian building, 916 Market street, in person or by letter, and receive the most efficient treatment in vogue at the nominal fee rate of $5 a month, all medicines included.

RESULTED FROM LA GRIPPE.

Catarrh of the Head and Throat, With Stomach Complications.

Says Mr. John W. Thode, the well-known grocer at 544 Hayes street, and who lives at 615 Ash avenue:

JOHN W. THODE, 544 Hayes street.

"I have taken a course of treatment at the Copeland Medical Institute for catarrh of the head, throat and stomach, from which I had been suffering for a long time. It never gave me much trouble until about a year ago, when I was taken down with la grippe, which seemed to aggravate my catarrh very much. I had all the symptoms which have been so often described, headaches, pain over the eyes, eyes weak and watery, roaring and buzzing sounds in the ears, hearing dulled, nose stopped up, dripping in the back of the throat and a constant hawking and spitting.

"It extended to my stomach, and then my sufferings became almost unbearable. I was disgusted with things generally and, after reading and hearing so much of the Copeland physicians, I decided I would give them a trial. I did so, and now feel first rate again. I can freely recommend these physicians as gentlemen, as well as first-class specialists."

A TYPICAL CASE

Of Catarrhal Deafness Cured by the Copeland Expert Treatment.

A case illustrating the efficiency of the Copeland expert treatment in deafness of a catarrhal nature is given in the statement of Henry Bellmer of 1137 Harrison street. Speaking of his case his mother says:

"Henry has been troubled with catarrh for more than five years. The first I noticed it was after an attack of measles. It gradually grew worse until it culminated in an attack of typhoid malaria. His head and throat were badly affected, but his hearing was the worst. He was gradually losing his hearing until he could not hear at all, and I had to take him from school. We doctored continually and spent a small fortune in paying large fees to doctors who did no good for him. We tried many of them and all the different patent medicines and were about to give up in despair when our attention was attracted by the testimonials in the daily papers regarding the Copeland low-fee system of treatment. We did not have much faith, but as the charges were so low we thought it worth a trial and are now thankful that we did try it, for now Henry can hear almost as well as ever, and his catarrh is nearly all gone. We cannot say enough in commendation of Drs. Copeland, Winn and Neal, and are glad to thus publicly make known what they have done for our son."

ALL DISEASES.

Are you afflicted with DEAFNESS, partial or complete? Are you warned by the ringing in your ears of the extension of the catarrhal process to the hearing?

Do you suffer from DYSPEPSIA, loss of appetite, bloating in the stomach or any of the forms of catarrhal interference with the digestive organs?

Have you severe BRONCHIAL trouble, hacking cough, pains in the chest, loss of flesh? Have you been warned of approaching consumption?

Are you a sufferer from ASTHMA, and have you been led to believe that your disease is incurable?

Do you suffer from RHEUMATISM, for which remedies and prescriptions have proved unavailing?

Is your heart affected? Do you suffer from an oppressed feeling, choking sensation, smothering spells, an irregular pulse, shortness of breath, and fluttering or palpitation?

Do you suffer from LIVER complaint? Are you continually melancholy, unhappy and miserable without knowing a good reason why?

Do you suffer from NERVOUS trouble, which affects so many at this time, when cares are ta