ANAHEIM GAZETTE

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Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY...SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

THE WOOL PROSPECT.

The Boston *Post* of the 8th instant has some items regarding the late movements in wool, which at this particular time may be of some interest to our sheep raisers. It says:

"The late heavy wool sales in this market were the result of a healthy and legitimate demand, prompted by the actual wants of consumption. Nearly all our manufacturers have been running short of supplies for some time past, while watching the movements of the goods market and the new clip. They have been holding off for bottom prices, and are now satisfied that the lowest point has been touched; that wool is as cheap as it is likely to be at any time during the next year. In this opinion they are fortified by sundry very significant facts. Prices for new wool in the country are already five cents per pound higher than at the opening of the season, and the bulk of choice clips has passed out of the farmers' to the speculators' hands, who are holding on for further advance. One of the notable incidents of the late movement is the special demand for fine fleece wool of the XX grade, and above suitable, for the manufacture of flue fancy cassimeres. Last year, and for several years past, the summer demand ran largely on coarse wools, which realized fully as high prices as the finer grades, which were neglected. But the excessive productions of low woolens have rendered them a drug in the market."

The writer of the above extends to the wool growers of this section some little encouragement by advancing the statement that the prices for wool, which, for the last two years have been steadily dropping, have now reached their lowest point. As the manufacturers have abundantly supplied themselves with stock at low prices, we can not look for an immediate change in the prices of our southern wools, until the material already on hand can be worked up and disposed of. Therefore, our Fall clip, which at its best is not a desirable lot of wool, being short in staple and generally full of dirt and burrs, cannot be expected to advance materially in price. It is, however, encouraging to note the increased demand for the finer grades mostly raised in Southern California. Our ranges, after varied experience in different qualities of sheep, have been proven best adapted to the raising of the Spanish Merinos, whose wool is a fine grade. We still have much territory left suitable for sheep-culture, and we are glad to note some little gleam of hope for an industry which for the last few years has been declining so steadily.

AMBROSE P. DIETZ, agent of the "Youths' Directory," 520 Bush street, San Francisco, has sent us his report for the quarter ending May 31st, 1876, and requests us to "make an appeal in behalf of the many idle boys in the city, eager for an opportunity to work in the country." The Directory is under the patronage of Archbishop Alemany, and is supported by gratuitous cash contributions. It is a free intelligence office, open every week day, where situations are obtained without expense to either employer or employe; and, although it is under the patronage of a Catholic Archbishop, no discrimination is made between applicants on account of religious belief. That it is achieving great results, the following extracts from the records will show.

MARCH.

Number of applicants for employment.....33
Number provided with employment.....31

APRIL.

Number of applicants for employment.....91
Number provided with employment.....82

MAY.

Number of applicants for employment.....119
Number provided with employment.....110

It will be seen from the above that nearly every youth applying at the Directory has been provided with employment; and if, as stated by Mr. Dietz, there are many idle youths in the city desirous of obtaining employment in the country, it is the duty of each of us to give material assistance and moral encouragement to the Directory, so that its efficiency may be increased.

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says: Walter L. Penn, Esq., has now growing in the yard of his house a number of Egyptian wheat of a beautiful shape and fine grain, with remarkably well filled heads. What is most remarkable about it is that the seed from which it sprung were found in a mummy case at the Smithsonian Institution, and had preserved their vitality for 3000 years. Mr. Penn will test the capacity of the grain for flour when it matures.

Said Mr. Tapley, of Danbury, feeling softly of his nose, "I don't want to be too hopeful or sanguine, but I believe I'm going to have a boil."

WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

A very inquisitive gentleman called at our office yesterday, and having got us comfortably cornered, propounded the following conundrums:

When will the Free Reading Room be ready?

What has the Railroad Committee done in the way of securing the extension of the L. A. & I. R. R.?

When do they propose to make their report?

Why haven't they made it before?

When will the Alden fruit dryer commence operations?

Will the proprietors buy the fruit, dry it on shares, or charge for it?

Why don't the Vigilance Committee capture somebody?

Why don't they hang, draw and quarter the members of the Brass Band?

Why don't the Board of Trustees take some steps to disincorporate the Anaheim Hotel and Building Association?

If they have taken any action in the matter why don't they inform the anxious stockholders?

Why don't the political clubs nominate candidates for Supervisor?

Why don't the members of the anti-Coolie League bury the corpse? [This query was probably suggested by seeing the call for a meeting hanging up in our sanctum.]

Why don't the citizens of Anaheim hold a meeting and take some steps in regard to the proposed formation of an Agricultural Society?

BELIEVING that it would lessen the number of hoodlum outrages, the San Francisco Supervisors some time ago passed an ordinance prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons. But as the hoodlum still flourishes luxuriantly, and as, being in the habit of disobeying the laws, he makes a walking arsenal of himself, the reputable citizens are demanding the repeal of the prohibitory ordinance, so that they may be placed on an equal footing with the hoodlum, and have a chance to defend themselves from his attacks with a moderate hope of success. The question of the validity of the ordinance is seriously questioned. Article Second of the amendments to the Constitution says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." It is claimed that making the law against carrying *concealed* arms, does not add anything to the validity of the ordinance; as, under the clause of the constitution quoted, every man has an undeniable right to carry arms, openly or concealed.

LUCY HOOPER writes from Paris: "I have recently met an American gentleman who some time ago was placed in a position which enabled him to see a good deal of Prince Bismark. He tells me that the great statesman has a great deal of fun in composition. He knows all our popular tunes and slang phrases perfectly, and when an American gentleman sought an interveiw with him after the battle of Reichshoffen for the purpose of congratulating him on the success of the German arms, he was quite surprised on being greeted by the modern Richelieu with the forcible, but (in his mouth) startling phrase: "How was that for high?" My friend also tells me that the prince has very little respect for rank or station, and snubs the petty princelings and ancient *noblesse* of Germany in a pitiless manner.

It has been discovered that there are some honest public men in San Francisco, whereat the Press gusheth and there is a general congratulation. The Centennial 4th of July Committee, with a superabundance of honesty which has rendered them the objects of public admiration and curiosity, have reported a balance of $5,500 left on hand, and have distributed it among the several worthy charitable institutions. At the first glance there is nothing very astonishing in this action of the Committee; but when it is remembered that their predecessors for several years past have invariably reported a large deficiency, the Committee, we think, are entitled to praise for having broken through a time honored custom, and for having set a precedent which their successors in after years probably won't imitate.

A PROMINENT citizen of Los Angeles has just returned from an extended tour through California, Oregon and Nevada. He reports that no section of the country shows so good a front during the so-called hard times as Los Angeles county. His conclusion is that, were other portions of the country in as good a condition as Los Angeles county, there would be no complaints as to hard times at all.

Santa Monica Items.

The Santa Monica *Outlook* has the following:

There's more fun ahead. A straight half-mile race-track is being cleared on Ocean avenue, beginning in front of the hotel and terminating toward Old Santa Monica.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church are perfecting their arrangements for a festival, which will be given in the new school building probably the latter part of next week.

Quite a number of business men of Los Angeles now spend their nights at Santa Monica. It costs them only $10 a month for a commutation ticket, and the trains leave Los Angeles in the afternoon, and return next morning at hours to suit all.

P. C. Mulloy, who has a bee ranch in Cox's Cañon, some six miles from Santa Monica, informs us that he has already gathered 58,000 pounds of honey from 300 stands. He will average about 8½c per pound for his entire crop, $5,930. This is perhaps not one-tenth of the honey-yield of the bee ranches in the mountain range in the vicinity of Santa Monica.

Downey City Items.

The *Los Nietos Valley Courier* has the following:

The fine brass instruments for our band reached here this week, in excellent condition, and the members of the band are practicing nightly. The instruments were furnished by Sherman & Hyde, of San Francisco, dealers in first-class musical merchandise generally. There are eleven pieces in all.

There seems to be hardly a doubt but that professional thieves are at work in our midst, and it behooves our officers to exercise a watchful supervision over suspicious characters.

Mr. Bacon, who lives but a short distance from the centre of town, was robbed of $18 last Saturday evening. The thief entered the house during Mr. Bacon's temporary absence and appropriated the coin.

We understand that Mr. Sesler, living on the College road, a short distance from the depot, had four fine hogs stolen one night this week. This thing is getting to be a trifle monotonous.

The Santa Ana *News* has the following:

An adjourned meeting of citizens, having in view the formation of an Agricultural Fair Association, was held at the school house on Wednesday 23d inst.

The Chairman being absent, Mr. F. Butler was chosen to act in that capacity.

The organization being complete, the sub-committee of the Executive Committee, instructed to examine the lands of Mr. Cole, stated their inability to report upon all their instructions and were allowed further time by the meeting.

During the deliberations, a member stated that some inquiries had arisen—about the extent of territory, whose inhabitants should be allowed to exhibit at the fairs to be held by the proposed association, and wished some expression upon that point. Several gentlemen were listened to upon this matter, one of whom stated that a like question arose in the organization of the Sonoma County Fair Association, and that, after beginning with the privilege of exhibiting conferred upon residents of that county only, and afterwards extending the same to those of Napa and Mendocino counties, it was finally concluded to extend the privilege of exhibiting to all who choose to accept it, Since then their greatest success has been attained, and he felt that great success awaited an association formed in this community whose grounds would be centrally located, and which would be conducted under fair and just regulations. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that all who so desired should be allowed to exhibit.

In this as well as the previous meeting, energy and the utmost liberality and good feeling were manifested, and it was hoped our neighbors of Anaheim, Orange, Tustin and Newport would unite with us in forming such an association, choosing and improving grounds for exhibitions and conducting the same, so that there may be no sectional ill-feeling.

Against one act, however, the minds of all seemed set—that was the act of converting an Agricultural Fair Association into a Horse Racing Association. Several instances of the kind were cited, and it may be concluded certain, if the spirit which has ruled the minds of the participants in this undertaking so far shall govern the final organization (and we do not doubt it will), horse-racing will be conducted, if allowed at all, at times removed from those of holding the general exhibitions. While it is desirable to improve the speed of our horses, the vicious practices attending horse-racing, with their corrupting tendencies and results, are denounced beforehand by our citizens; and in this matter assurance may be justified that every consistent preventative will be adopted.

On motion, a committee on Permanent Organization was elected for the purpose of drafting a Constitution and By-Laws, looking to permanent organization, and Messrs. N. H. Mitchell, of Anaheim; N. O. Stafford, W. H. Spurgeon, W. Greenleaf and Mr. Willard were elected such committee; after which Mr. F. Butler was added to the same.

On motion, it was agreed that the number of life members be fixed at one thousand, the price of a life membership having been fixed by the former meeting at $25. Two of the Executive Committee had received the signatures of thirty-one persons desiring membership, during the previous two days.

The meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Secretary.

Down by the Sea.

An Eastern exchange comments with very good nature on "Camp Meetings, Old and New." It finds much to commend in the old-time custom of keeping alive the association of the groves with worship and withdrawing from the the common haunts of men for the purpose of prayer and praise. Certainly no device of art can surround the worshipper with the incentives to devotion that nature offers. But our contemporary takes alarm at the modern innovation of associating camp meeting with summer resort. It predicts good to neither by this association, and is specially apprehensive as to a loss of power to the old-time camp meetings by the change. And herein we are reminded that the new idea has taken root in California, so whatever of good or ill is to result prediction may wait the crucial test of experiment. Here in California the two things—the camp meeting and the summer resort—are established institutions. The farmer is induced by climatic conditions peculiarly inviting out-door nomadic life, while the latter is enforced by the torrid zone comprising the great inlying populous valleys of the State. These valleys lying parallel with the sea coast on the one hand, the high Sierras on the other, both in such convenient accessible distance, that summer resorting to the cool inviting regions of one or the other is now, and will continue to be the common practice of a larger proportion of our people, than obtains elsewhere, probably, to the world. Summer resorts are to be, and if the question as to what they shall be has engaged the attention of the good people of the church, we fail to discover cause of apprehension for the future of either the camp meeting or the summer resort. The former need not necessarily lose its old-time spirituality, and there is little danger that the latter will become too moral or too far removed from the frivolties which have hitherto been characteristic of them. At all events, to descend to fact, down by the sea, near the spot where the old town of Monterey lieth in peace, asleep, the people of an Evangelical denomination have established a seaside summer resort, and during a part of the season hold camp meeting in the same grove. These things may if one choose be regarded as distinctly separate institutions. That is, the camp meeting may be regarded abstractly, and so of the resort. The one need not necessarily exist for the other, but each may claim and have a separate and distinct existence. The party bent upon seeing only the rare salubrity of the climate, the invigorating breezes of the sea, to enjoy the sylvan beauty of the grove, whose grassy slopes are wooded with stately pines to the very edge of the bright blue waters of the bay, and amid all this live a life as indolent, and primitive

As some vision olden of far other time
When the age it was olden in the young world's prime.

And for all this not feel himself a part of the camp meeting. And otherwise may the energetic faithful derive from this same beauty a worshipful spirit all the more lofty and intense as the grand objects and grand themes blend in their interpretations. But happily these things cannot become wholly abstract. The visitor finds the camp meeting the central fact, about which all the seemings and associations of the place gather. And even after the camp meeting has closed, and the resort is nothing more nor less than a resort where camp meeting has been, something of the respectful quiet, the dignified purity of the religious association remains. This is what the camp meeting does to the infinite advantage of the resort, nor can we conceive that in this imparting any of the true informing spirit of the camp meeting is lost. Thus by the law of natural selection or elective affinity, or whatever else expresses the truth that things attract their kind, this innovation will give us at least one place down by the sea free from all association with the ball room, the billiard table or the saloon. The place may be "slow" and "mopy" to the gay and festive; it may prove tedious to the seeker of fashions and action instead of health and repose, but in all that may be regarded as legitimate and worthy in the real uses of a resort, the accessories of fashion and gayety do not have a part. In the very natures of the camp-meeting resorts, success achieved by any of these methods would be a lamentable failure. So when our contemporary asks "whether the combination of the camp meeting with the popular summer resort, as now made in certain places, works unalloyed advantage to either the camp meeting or the summer resort," we are disposed to answer affirmatively, at least as to the aggregate measure of good attained, and with becoming Californian modesty introduce the California experiment—the Pacific Grove Retreat—as the convincing example.—*Sacramento Record Union.*

It turns out that each of the Presidential candidates is a Presbyterian, either by practice or by early training. Governor Tilden is a regular and exemplary attendant. Governor Hendricks was taught the Shorter Catechism, and was a member, although now a vestryman in the Episcopal Church, his wife being of that church. The mother of Governor Hayes was a staid, old-fashioned Presbyterian, but his wife takes him to the Methodist Church. Mr. Wheeler is a Presbyterian Elder.

An Indiana youngster was reciting her Sunday school lesson, which was about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. "What did the Queen bring to Solomon?" asked the teacher. "Costly gifts," was the answer. "What did Solomon show her?" "His wisdom and his breeches," was the startling reply. The answer on the lesson paper read: "His wisdom and his riches."

There is a queer fight going on in Arizona. When the Territory was organized, Tucson thought she ought to be the capital, but the Eastern gentlemen who were sent out as Governor, Secretary, etc., pitched their tents about the center of the territory, started a town called Prescott, and made it the capital. Tucson waited. After some years Governor McCormick wanted to be Delegate in Congress. He needed the Tucson support, and it happened that the capital was removed to Tucson and the Governor was sent to Washington. Since then Prescott has been fighting to regain her lost prestige. At the last session of the Legislature she very nearly succeeded; but, by clever combinations with delegations from sections of the Territory which didn't care much where the capital was, the Tucson men defeated the removal bill. Now, a new census of the Territory has been taken, and Yavapai county, wherein Prescott lies, comes out strong. She reports a population sufficiently large to astonish the oldest inhabitants of anywhere; and she evidently means that, after the reapportionment of members of the Legislature, she will be able to send to Tucson a delegation sufficiently large to bring the capital back in triumph. Tucson is swearing-mad. She asserts that the Yavapai census is a fraud; and she is probably right about that. She is holding mass meetings, to devise measures to resist the attack made upon her. It is a funny contest as it stands. Arizona always was queer about the matter of elections, ever since that, Captain of a Mohave-river boat apologized to Delegate Poston for not having voted his deck hands at *every* stopping-place along the river. Still, Arizona is improving in this particular, as in others. We have a strong curiosity to see how the present struggle will end, with a hope that the right side will win, and with a decided impression that Tucson is on the right side of this census squabble. Whether she ought to be the capital or not is another question, and is not our affair.—*Alta.*

WHAT A WEAK WOMAN CAN DO.—She can sit at an open window of a railway carriage, with a stiff northeast wind blowing in that chills everybody in the vicinity to the marrow, for two hours in a thin muslin dress without flinching.

She can dance or waltz down the captain of a marching regiment, and at the 11 o'clock supper put away lobster salad, ice cream, champaign, cake and coffee without flinching, sufficient for a week's nightmare to a strong man.

She can comb her hair all back so as to leave the roots of it to the full play of a December breeze, and wear a bonnet on top of a chignon, leaving head and ears exposed with impunity, with the thermometer at 10° below zero.

She can pull over $1,000 worth of dry goods for the investment of 50 cents.

She can study music for ten years sufficiently to enable her to perform excellently when not in the presence of those who desire to hear her.

She can balance herself on the ball of her great toe and a shoe-heel the size of a dime, all day in the streets without falling.

She can occupy three seats in a horse car and be utterly oblivious that any of her own sex are standing up.

She shows unusual strength and firmness in the holding of real estate, solitaire diamonds and other valuable property which her husband places in her hands previous to compromising with his creditors for 20 cents on the dollar.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

Some time since a lady happened to see in the streets of London a monkey begging pence from the public in the prettiest manner for his master, an organ grinder. She took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiments, and at a fashionable reception her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and sang with exquisite taste a little drawing-room song. As soon as she had finished, the monkey, who had not forgotten his former duties, seizing a hat, to the amusement of everybody, went the rounds and collected a large sum. His task ended he jumped upon the knee of the singer, amid shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of his hat in the lady's lap. The collection was devoted to a charitable fund.

The newspaper men will be glad to have Gen. Butler back again in Congress. He may be bald-headed and cock-eyed and brassmounted, and anything else that is good or bad (we give no opinion on these points); but this we do say, that there is no other man in America capable of adding so much to the fascinations of Journalism.

"There is something about you," said a lady to a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, "that reminds me of the Grand Duke Alexis." "What is it?" was the query, as a matter of course." "Your feet," was the reply; and the poor fellow was assisted out of the room by his friends.

A New York paper offers as premiums for its subscribers, an annual cutting of the hair or quarterly vaccination free, and to those who pay three years' subscription in advance a coffin at death, or, when it is preferred, a half dozen silver plates. There can be no doubt of the truth of this, for it is printed in a Paris newspaper.

A Detroit man has found out that a horse-fly will stand on a person's nose from thirty to thirty-seven minutes if not interfered with. All such statistics will be wanted by the next generation.

An Indian of Dakota took a Turkish bath in Omaha a few days ago and died within an hour. The verdict of the jury was: "He hadn't ought to have got so much mud off of him at one time."

BY TELEGARPH

SAN FRANCISCO, August 25.

Hon. John F. Swift addressed a large Republican meeting last night on the political issues, including a defense of Independent movement, in which he has been prominent. The speech was a logical and telling one, free from campaign clap-clap, and was well received.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24.

It is currently reported about the City Hall that one of the members of the Committee to whom the business of purchasing supplies is entrusted, is under investigation by the Grand Jury. One of the charges is that goods purchased for the city found their way to the supervisor's house. Supervisor Wise, Chairman of the Finance Committee, auditor Maynard and Mayor Bryant were summoned before the Grand Jury yesterday to testify in relation to House of Correction purchases and last night at a late hour some of these officials visited the institution and thoroughly examined property sent out. There was a great deal of commotion around the City Hall today, and it is generally understood that the Grand Jury have struck a bonanza of corruption.

A little before two o'clock to-day a man named Arloff Field was observed by a special officer to jump off the end of Mission street wharf, and the officer procured assistance and the man was hoisted out of the water, when it was observed that he had cut his throat and that the wound was bleeding freely. The officer conveyed him to the city prison hospital. As well as could be gleaned from his story the sufferer appeared to be recovering from an attack of delirium tremens. He is a lieutenant in the U. S. navy, on leave of absence and was stopping at the Palace Hotel until a short time ago, and attempted to kill himself solely through a drunken mania. The wound is not serious.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 24.

Lemuel Keene committed suicide here last night by drowning himself in the slough. His body was found today. He cast himself into the river yesterday, but was rescued. He was sixty years of age and was well known in police circles as "Blueskin." He leaves a large family in Philadelphia, where he was once in affluent circumstances; but of late years he became addicted to drink and sunk past redemption.

SALINAS, Aug. 25.

This morning at 8:30, James G. Parker, an old and well known resident of this county, and a brother of the ex-County Judge, M. M. Parker, dropped dead at the corner of Main and Alisell streets. The cause assigned for his sudden death is heart disease.

SUMNER, Cal., Aug. 25.

Mr. Hampson, clerk at the Everett House, of this place, was attracted to one of the rooms this evening by the sound of some one's voice as if dying. Entering the room he found a man lying on the bed insensible and breathing with great difficulty. The man was immediately taken to the open air, but all efforts to restore him were futile. A physician was summoned, who pronounced the man under the influence of laudanum. His room was searched and two one-ounce vials empty and labeled laudanum were found beneath his pillow. Evidently he had taken the contents of both. The only paper found upon his person was a poll tax receipt, bearing the name of John McIntosh, dated Douglass county, Nev., April 13, 1876. The man is an entire stranger here, and no one can surmise the cause for the rash act.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 24.

The Ocean Spray, a schooner of eighty tons burden, has just been brought to this port by United States Deputy Collector Ward, of the District of Alaska, for violation of the United States laws. Butler, the Captain of the vessel, and crew are all under arrest and will be tried in the United States District Court. The libel charges the vessel with having touched at foreign ports, discharging and receiving freight, contrary to the law, being only registered for coast trade, and introducing firearms and spirituous liquors into the districts of Alaska and England, and of seal fishing in and about the Alaska islands, which is prohibited by law. The Ocean Spray sailed from San Francisco for the northern coast some months ago.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 25.

Among the prominent Southern Democrats who have been invited to visit California and Nevada during the coming campaign, Lamar and Regan express themselves extremely gratified for the expression of good will on the part of those who extended the invitation, but have not concluded whether they will avail themselves of the opportunity, not being able to determine how much of their time will be required to canvass the South. It has been said to some of the parties invited to join the excursion, that the object is to afford Southern Senators and Members an opportunity to investigate the merit of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, so that they may vote intelligently next session upon the bill pending affecting the interests of these companies. Some of these members have heretofore supported the bill to aid the Texas Pacific.

NEW YORK, August 25.

A hundred and fifty masons and stone cutters sailed for Scotland under contract with John Coghill, to work on the Parochial buildings at Greenock. They are to receive ten pence per hour for eight hours a day. One hundred and fifty more are to sail soon for Scotland.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Aug. 24.

Dispatches from Fort Sully states that the Indians have become very docile within the past few days, many of them voluntarily coming in and delivering up their arms. It is supposed they are influenced in this by news of reverses of Sitting Bull.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 24.

Unofficial reports sent this noon that G. A. Fenkleberg had withdrawn his name as candidate for Governor of this State and accepted the nomination of the recent Republican Convention proves to have been true. He formally accepted the nomination today, and will enter upon the canvass as soon as his business engagements will permit. John W. Glover has been nominated for election to Congress by the Democrats of the Twelfth District.

OMAHA, Aug. 24.

Swarms of grasshoppers in this vicinity going South; no damage yet.

CARSON, Aug. 25.

Convention met at 10 A. M. After the report of the Committee on Platform, nominations were proceeded with. R. M. Daggett, of Storey, and George Tuffly, of Ormsby, were nominated for Presidential Electors. For Congress, C. E. DeLong, of Storey, Thomas Wren, of Eureka, and C. Goodwin, of Storey, were placed in nomination. DeLong positively refused the nomination. At 12:15 the Convention took a recess for one hour.

The Convention reassembled at 1:15 when Goodwin's nomination for Congress was withdrawn, and that of DeLong substituted. This move created great confusion, and an animated debate followed. DeLong had previously declined the nomination, but with the Story delegation it was now anything to beat Wren. Wren was, however, successful on the call of the roll, and the nomination was subsequently made unanimous. The Convention concluded its labors this evening by nominating O. R. Leonard, of Humboldt, for Supreme Judge, and the appointment of State Central Committee. Most of the delegates have left for home.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.

About ten o'clock this morning, Nathan A. Thompson, a young man lodging at No. 509 Bush street, was found lying dead on his bed, partly dressed, with a revolver near his hand and a bullet hole in his right temple. He had been seen about the house a short time before, and none of the inmates heard the report of the pistol. Deceased was an electrician in the employ of the Electrical Construction Company, and came here over a year ago from St. Johnsbury, Vermont. In his trunk was found an unfinished letter directed to his sister, closing as follows: "I shall be glad when this life is over, even if my position is to be in hell in the next. I don't think there is a hell, and that is a comfort. You may expect to live in a heaven; but I expect a total blank. I am satisfied to think of death as a perfect slumber." Nothing is definitely known as to the cause of the suicide, but the conduct of the deceased for some time past, and the expressions contained in other portions of the letter, show great despondency and an apparently morbid state of mind.

Further particulars of the disaster to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer, Colon, say, that while passengers and crew were at divine service on the deck, the ship being about 750 miles distant from New York, and inside the Bahama Islands, a hissing sound, and dense volumes of smoke and steam came up through the hatchway. The officers rushed out of the main saloon to see what had happened. A glance satisfied them that the cylinder had burst, and that the piston rod, freed from its fastenings, had been sent up in the air, tearing and shattering everything on its way. The Captain ordered the fires to be raked and the wrecked engines secured by ropes. When the sailors reached the engine room they found the third engineer and one fireman killed. The engines are a total wreck, beam and all, the stanchions being broken.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.

At the meeting of the Tenth District Democratic Club last night, Lieutenant Governor Johnson, in his speech, made the rather remarkable statement that the Chinese Companies had contributed $30,000 towards carrying the State, and the English capitalists were going to raise a large amount of money to carry the country for Hayes and Wheeler, so as to establish a monarchical form of Government and bring to our shores four million more of Chinamen to cheapen labor.

CHICAGO Aug. 28.

A dispatch dated August 23rd, via Bismarck, says that Crook and Terry, after following the trail discovered on the 12th, moved thirty-six miles down the Rosebud. The northern trail was abandoned on the 14th, and the command pursued the southern trail, crossed the Tongue river to Goose Creek, and then returned to Powder river, following it to the mouth which they reached on the night of the 18th, where they went into camp and will remain till the 24th. The wagon train and all the supplies at the mouth of the Tongue river being shipped to the mouth of Powder river, and it is expected that the wagon train will reach there to-morrow morning. The Indian trail diverged from the east bank of the Powder river, about twenty miles from its mouth, south again towards the Little Missouri, whither the command will follow speedily. The entire command is short of supplies; and, unless otherwise ordered, Terry will at once march south as are not actually needed to Fort Abraham Lincoln. Crook's command will scout toward the Black Hills and via Fetterman. Crook and Terry both think it too late for extended field operations. The Indians on the southern trail are believed to be moving toward the agencies, and Terry will, if possible, intercept them. The campaign is therefore practically closed, unless further instructions come from the Lieutenant General.

Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY...SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We desire to firmly impress upon our correspondents the necessity of sending their real name and address in addition to the fictitious name intended for publication. We are frequently compelled to reject communications of genuine merit because this simple, but universal, requirement is not complied with.

A GYPSY family is encamped near the railroad station at Vallejo and has been visited by numbers of people to have their "fortunes" told, which business was done up in the ordinary oracular style, and met with the usual credulity.

GENERAL SHERMAN, as might have been expected, characterizes as a funny joke the telegraphed rumor that he is going to retire from the army, in the event of the election of Hayes and Wheeler, to facilitate the appointment of General Grant to the generalship in his stead.

THE Wason Court Martial farce is dragging its slow length along. Occasionally, however, the published proceedings relate some "good thing." For instance, one guileless witness replied, in answer to a question, that "he had been for sixteen years in the militia, and had never to his knowledge known the N. G. C. to report on time. He had even seen a whole brigade wait an hour for an officer."

WE were yesterday told of a method of making raisins, as practiced in Napa Valley, with which we think our readers ought to be made acquainted. It is nothing more than dipping the grapes three times in weak white lye, and then hanging them in the shade. It is said that grapes thus treated make excellent raisins, and the process is so simple that the most improvident and shiftless housewife can lay in a large supply of raisins without any over-exertion.

WHEN a person is so entirely ignorant of the rules of a newspaper office as to send a communication unaccompanied with the real name and address of the author, it is safe to infer that the contents of the communication are of little interest. The rule alluded to is so universal that a well-read person must necessarily be acquainted with it, and it is only from such persons that we solicit contributions. Our capacious waste-*barrel* contains reams of manuscript by unknown authors, and we beg to impress upon the minds of those sending us communications that such is the invariable destination of all anonymous screeds, whether possessed of merit or not.

IT would appear that New York is losing its supremacy as a point of grain export. The present year's crop has nearly all been moved to the Atlantic seaboard, and of the six Atlantic ports receiving this grain New York received but 13 per cent. of the corn and only 30 per cent. of all grain, while Philadelphia received nearly 50 cent of corn and fully as much as New York of other grain; Baltimore received 19 per cent. of corn and 14 per cent. of all grain; Montreal comes next with 17 per cent. of corn and 8 per cent. of other grain; Boston is still below this with about 8 per cent. of each. These things indicate a decline relatively of the commercial supremacy of New York and a corresponding augmentation of Philadelphia and Baltimore. In fact the growth of the latter city in all elements of commercial greatness is conspicuous and remarkable.

OUR friend who "wants to know, you know," amongst his pertinent inquiries asks, "When will the Free Reading Room be open?" We are informed that as soon as "Want's to know, you know" and a few of his friends will step into the Literary Society's meeting and state what they will donate towards the worthy object in question, the Society is prepared to send it along. But funds are necessary for the prosecution of this as well as for any other object, and the Literary Society does not possess the needful.

"Wants to know, you know," says "Why don't the Vigilance Committee capture somebody?" We answer that somebody left town as soon as the regular patrol was established, and has not been seen since. It is a fact that the bummer and loafer element is conspicuous by its absence now, and that depredations, etc., are dull. So much for the work of the patrol.

"Wants to know, you know," shows his head to be level when he asks, "What is Anaheim about on the Agricultural Society question?" We confess to surprise at the apathy shown by our good people. Why should this be? Surely we have as great an interest in the question as our brethren of Santa Ana, and equally sure is it that we should bestir ourselves and look after our interests. It is astonishing how easy it is to get a matter of this kind going when the will is there. Might we suggest that the Grangers ought to be interested parties in the promotion of the success of the Agricultural Society, and by reason of their organized strength should have great influence in shaping its destiny.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Nothing is more conducive to the improvement of farming and the promotion of fine stock raising than Agricultural Societies, if properly conducted. Throughout the East, the State and County Fairs are fostered and supported by the farming community with the greatest interest, and the result amply repays the promoters for their labor. A County Fair in any county seat in the Eastern States is, however, very different from the so-called fairs held in this county. There, one sees every possible variety of agricultural implements and machinery; beautiful specimens of fruit and flowers, and choice collections of every conceivable kind of produce raised in the district, placed in the various departments for exhibition. In the ladies' hall will be seen the different sewing machines hard at work, vieing with each other in the quality and variety their work, while the style and elegance of the needlework, embroidery, etc., is truly charming. In the grounds, one finds horses and stock of all kinds, duly classified; from the heavy draught horse to the nimble racer; from the stately Shorthorn to the graceful Alderney, all are there. Hogs, sheep and mules, and, in fact, every kind of live-stock that is to be seen or heard around a farm, is to be seen there. Ground is set apart for the trial of different kinds of plows. Another portion is converted into a race track where trials of speed are held. But it is in no wise understood that an Agricultural Society is a racing association, or that farming consists of raising fast stock.

And this brings us to the point we wish to get at. The good county of Los Angeles has, perhaps, as varied products as any other. It could, perhaps, exhibit at a fair as attractive specimens of produce, fruit and stock as any other county. But instead of aiming at something of this kind, her Agricultural Society does simply nothing but hold race meetings. In fact, the so-called Agricultural Society—a Society which should be upheld for the purpose of stimulating agriculture and of encouraging all enterprising schemes connected therewith—is purely and simply a race club. We do not mean to say that we are by any means opposed to speed trials, or unmindful of the great benefits that such meetings have conferred on stock-raisers, but we do say that it is not the province of an Agricultural Society to neglect other and more important matters for the sole purpose of holding race meetings. The improvement of the culture of fruit, corn, wheat, barley, etc.; the improvement of the breed of stock, hogs, sheep; the importation of superior labor-saving implements and other objects of a kindred nature, are more important to an agricultural society than the holding of race meetings.

These remarks are suggested by the publication of the Fall programme of the Southern District Agricultural Society, for we notice that it is exclusively devoted to speed trials and does not even mention anything else.

THE GAME LAWS.

As there is considerable inquiry in regard to the game laws of the State, we give below the gist of these laws:

It is unlawful to kill elk, deer, mountain sheep or antelope between the 1st day of January and 1st day of September, in any county of this State (Penal Code, section 628 amended). Except that in Nevada county it is unlawful to kill them between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of August. (Stats 1874, page 80.)

Every person who shall take, kill or destroy any of the animals herein mentioned at any time, unless the carcass of such animal is used or preserved by the person slaying it, or sold for food, is guilty of a misdemeanor. (Penal Code, section 628.)

It is unlawful to kill quail, partridge, grouse, or any kind of wild ducks, in any county of this State, between the 15th of March and the 15th of September, with the following exception: In San Bernardino and Los Angeles, they shall not be killed between the 1st of April and the 1st of August; and in Lassen, Plumas and Sierra quail, partridge and grouse shall not be killed between the 15th of March and the 1st of September, nor wild ducks, between the 15th of March and the 15th of August; and in Siskiyou, sage hens and prairie chickens shall not be killed between the 1st of April and the 1st of August (Penal Code, sections 626 and 627; amended Stats., 1866 page 855.)

Any person who buys, sells, or has in his possession elk, deer of antelope, quail, partridge or grouse, mallard, wood, teal, spoonbill, or any kind of wild ducks, within the time the taking of the same is prohibited, except such as are tame or kept for show or curiosity, is guilty of misdemeanor. (Penal Code, Sec. 629.)

It is unlawful to hunt or shoot game within the limits of private enclosed lands in the counties of Alameda, San Mateo, Marin, San Bernardino, San Diego, Colusa, Sacramento, Sonoma, Nevada, Humboldt, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Contra Costa, San Luis Obispo and Mendocino. (Stats. 1874, page 792.)

IN Spain they don't do things by halves when holding to legal accountability railroads which mangle the citizens by their own fault. A railroad disaster in that country has resulted in a law providing that when an accident, in any way chargeable to the railroad company occurs, the company shall pay $15,000 to the family of each person killed, $7,000 to the family of each person incapacitated, and $5 a day to each injured person until recovery.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

Recollections of the Centennial.

No. VI.

In continuing a description of the strange medley filling the generous space of Machinery Hall, the writer would ask his readers to step into the large wing which is opposite the center of the building. This is the house of

NEPTUNE AND BOREAS.

The various machinery for moving water and air are here grouped together. In the center is a huge reservoir, from out of which a perfect regiment of pumps is drawing water and industriously throwing it back again. There are large pumps and little pumps, thin pumps and thick pumps, pumps throwing out a small stream and pumps throwing out a cataract; and each seems vieing with the other as to which will empty or fill the reservoir first. But, like some communities, they all pump against themselves, and while they make a great spluttering and noise, they make no headway. However, unlike men, the business of these pumps is not to do work in this place, but simply to show off, and make known to all the world what they are able to perform when screwed down to square labor. The volume of water some of these pumps can discharge would make a man laugh all over if he had one at work at an artesian well that would not flow of itself. By some arrangement,

A HUGE SHEET OF WATER

Is sent pouring over an apron, very much like water coming over a dam after a rain. This occurs at a certain hour, and many gather there to look upon the beautiful sight, and enjoy the air, made cool and refreshing by so much water passing through it. As we pass around the reservoir, we come to a series of wind fans. The object of each inventor seems to have been to see how much he could blow. The passers-by get full benefit, and none are sorry to be fanned so vigorously with so delightfully cool air, and without any effort. At one place a column of air was forced upward with a power so great that one could hardly hold his hand over it; and it required great exertion to push the hand down through the swiftly ascending current. Another machine had a two-pound cannon ball within a frame of iron; the column of air lifted this ball, and kept it dancing nearly two feet from its resting place, just as a rubber ball is kept up by a stream of water at a fountain. In some of the machines the reverse process was carried on. These were contrivances to secure ventilation in large buildings. When people passed this machine with its yawning cavernous mouth, drawing all things toward it, they had to have a care lest they be sucked in. Indeed, for the protection of the weak and the unwary, it was needful to place a gate of lattice work before the open throat to prevent accidents.

TO MINERS

And those about to dig coal out of our Shrewsbury mountains, the exhibit of steam and air drills would be of interest. Huge fragments of hard rock had been drawn to the place, and the work of drilling for cleavage or for blasting could be seen. The busy little drills seemed almost conscious of their power, and jumped back and forward, as if bound to eat a hole in the rock and as though the diet was acceptable.

THE PRINTER'S ART

Was attractively illustrated. There were a variety of presses, from the hand press for amateur printing to the huge cylinder press, a perfect leviathan. On one press the edition of the New York *Times* for that morning was printed, and then was gratuitously distributed. It seemed somewhat of a mystery to many to have a New York paper printed at 10 or 11 A. M., and the editor, the office, the type setters and all the material of the printing so many miles away. The press was a double cylinder and printed both sides of the sheet at once; the white paper being unwound from a huge roll at one end of the machine, and coming out at the the other end cut and printed, and this with a click-clack faster than one can count. Some presses were working in colors and some were turning out actual lithographs, at least the result was a picture in colors, and very beautiful.

In contrast with these modern inventions, so wonderful, so powerful, so necessary to the welfare and progress of the world, was a little wooden handpress, worn with hard labor and almost wrinkled with age. And on that insignificant relic of olden times was printed a document which has done and is doing in all its benign fruitage more than the whole phalanx of both democratic and republican press in the land, for from the humble piece of machinery came the

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

One hundred years ago. Could that decrepit press, shaking and creaking with age, hear what the hearts of the world's throng would bid them utter, as they gather to do honor to the hundredth anniversary of that hour when the word of liberty was uttered to all the world by its voice, it would fall to pieces, for the homage would be crushing. Would God that during all this coming century, no sentiment less loyal, less noble, less imbued with true principles of liberty and patriotism than was uttered by that old worn-out structure should come from a single press, from one end of the Republic to the other.

One of the queer affairs exhibited was the method of making cake-soap and stamping them with some design, or putting in each cake an initial letter. The accommodating workman would make you a dozen cakes of soap with the anitial of your name in the centre of each cake, and of a different color, or he would fill a bar with any letters you would select. You might get a box for your lady love with

BETSEY OR SALLY ANN,

Or any other sweet name she might chance to possess; and what was good about this soap, the letter would last as long as the cake did, which is longer than love sometimes lasts. This unique article is produced by simply a punch in the shape of a block letter, which is pressed entirely through the cake, leaving a hole, like the letter; then some other soap is crowded into this space and the work is done.

Here were a number of candy factories in full blast. Glorious place for the children. They could see the peppermint drops drop out of holes in the side of a funny little cylinder, as the operator turned a crank and moved down by the side of a long row of sheet zinc trays. The drops came out a hot liquid, but soon cooled and became hard, and are ready for the dimes of the children, and also ready for their throats. All sorts of candies were being made. The sight of so much candy takes one back to boyhood hours, so perhaps we may as well enjoy it a while. Help yourselves; it is good, isn't it.

J. M. A.

A Reunited Church.

The cause of national unity has much to hope for in the reunion of the two great branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dividing on the rock of slavery, the two ecclesiastical currents form a confluence below that hideous object in the stream of history. The history of this church affords a striking parallel to the history of the Republic. In fact, this church appears to have sustained a most intimate relation with all the great political movements of this country, and to have borne a share in all its advancements in civil liberty. In the very pioneer times of the anti-slavery movement—in the year 1844—in the general Conference of the M. E. Church held in New York, proceedings were instituted against Rev. Jas. O. Andrew, D. D., one of the Bishops of the Church, who by the heirship of his wife, had become possessed of a large number of slaves. These proceedings, after protracted debate, resulted in an Act passed by a majority of the Conference, suspending the episcopal functions of the Bishop on account of this connection with slavery. Thereupon the representatives of thirteen annual conferences, embracing all the slaveholding States, presented a declaration setting forth their solemn conviction "that the continuance of the jurisdiction of the General Conference over the annual Conferences would be inconsistent with the success of the Methodist ministry in the slaveholding States." A formal protest was also presented against the action of the General Conference in Bishop Andrew's case, and all these proceedings led to a plan of separation. In pursuance of this a Convention of delegates from Southern Conferences formally dissolved the jurisdiction of the General Conference over the annual Conferences of the South, and this act of ecclesiastical secession was on the same line of cleavage subsequently followed in the great civil upheaval. The extinction of slavery eliminates the reason for continued division, and so after thirty-two years the currents again flow in one channel of brotherly affection, and in the language of the commission concluding the terms of this reunion, it is believed "that from this auspicious hour a new epoch in Methodism will begin its brighter history, so that we shall know no unfraternal Methodism in the United States or in the world."

—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Dressing in Saratoga.

SARATOGA, Aug. 7.

There is less dressing in Saratoga every year. Now and then a "swell" girl gets in from Buffalo or Chicago with nineteen trunks and "stuns" us with two new toilets a day for ten consecutive days. But the genteel New York girl dresses very little. She comes to see the panorama rather than to be seen. She hides away with her beaux in corners, under a dainty parasol, or forms a clique, where they sit and abuse the Jones's, whose father, like their father, once kept a green grocery.

I see several young ladies who always look sweetly in muslin. They come here with six muslin dresses, and twenty-four yards of ribbon.

"How do you wear the ribbon?" I asked one of them.

"Well, we buy six yards of wide blue ribbon. This we make into bows, sashes, etc. When we wear blue it is blue throughout—blue on the hat, blue sash, blue bows, blue stockings, etc."

"And the other ribbon?"

"Why, we also buy six yards of cardinal, six yards of pearl and six yards of straw color. So you see, with six muslin dresses and three white chip hats, we come out in a new suit every day, and if we have colored parasols to match, why the taste is perfect, and twenty-four dollars' worth of ribbon does the business."

I have watched this young lady every day, and really she is one of the sweetest and most charmingly-dressed young ladies here.

No soiled silks for her. No shiny satin or hot gros-grain!

She can take the beaux away from the young lady dressed in soiled gros-grain every time.

The fact is, men fall in love with women on account of their neatness. No gentleman ever loved a soiled woman. So young ladies, wash your greasy hair until it looks as light and fleecy as God made it, throw away the rouge and powder, let the skin have the shine and glow of health, throw away your old soiled silks and dress yourselves up in sweet white muslins, and then the beaux will swarm around you as the bees swarm around the fragrant honeysuckle.—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Robb, of Corpus Christi, is called the "Cattle Queen of Texas." She owns 75,000 acres of land, on which 15,000 head of cattle are fatted for market each year.

Prince Milan has pawned for 476,000 francs his sword of honor and his wife, who declares that she will sell off her wardrobe before funds are lacking to prosecute the war for Servian independence, has raised 3,000,000 francs on her Russian estates.

The London *Times* speaks of the temperance candidate for the Presidency as Green, Clay and Smith. His name is Green Clay Smith.

Three brothers, sons of one of the Siamese Twins, jointly cultivated a fine farm in Jackson county, Missouri, making a handsome profit on large crops of tobacco. They seldom refer to their parentage, and this makes their nearest neighbors seem to be ignorant of their history.

"Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood." "Ah, my dear mother, responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said, Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice, one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log."

BY TELEGARPH

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.

Thirty-eight thousand dollars in currency were redeemed in silver at the United States Sub-treasury to-day. No publicity having been given to the matter, only a few were aware of the fact and there was no rush. There are many disatisfied ones, who averred that parties employed in the Sub-Treasury gave private information to their friends, but the Treasury authorities claim that those who were posted on the subject got their information from Washington.

The marriage ceremony of Payne Shafter and Miss Nelly Jackson was to have been celebrated in Grace Church at half-past 12 o'clock to-day, and the invited guests had already assembled in the church. In the meantime, the home of the bride's father, Charles Jackson, No. 1312, Vallejo street, was the scene of a sad event. The bridal party was ready to leave the house and proceed to the church; the arraying of the bride in her wedding habiliments had been completed, and she presented herself before her father to receive his approval. Mr. Jackson had his back turned toward his daughter when she tripped into the room, and his attention being called to her presence, he turned around, looked admiringly at her and dropped dead at her feet. His sudden death is attributed to heart disease. Owing to the sad and unexpected death of Mr. Jackson, the marriage of Mr. Shafter and Miss Jackson was solemnized, at the advice of friends, in the house of mourning and in the presence of the dead. Mr. Jackson was a well known and respected citizen.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29.

The most extensive and disastrous fire of the year happed last night. It broke out about 11 o'clock on the corner of Brannan and Fourth streets, in lot adjoining the German Hospital, on the northwest corner of the block bounded by Fourth, Brannan, Third and Townsend streets. A fresh breeze prevailed at the time from the northwest, blowing diagonally across the block. The fire developed so suddenly that several alarms were turned in almost simultaneously from different stations in the vicinity of the central office. The whole night south of Market street was illuminated. The fire broke out in the Pacific Box Factory, owned by Raccuillat & Co., 581 Brannan street. It is supposed to have originated in a boiler room from sparks igniting a pile of shavings on the floor. The buildings adjoining, to the east, were occupied as a furniture factory, door, sash and blind factory, the Excelsior sash factory, Haskell and Bode's factory, Korbell Bros. cigar box factory. All these were in a large, two-story frame building, filled with lumber, light timber, glue and oils. It was nothing but a tinder box, which made an immense bonfire, nearly 200 feet front and 275 feet deep. Next came Korbell's residence, a two-story brick, and then the German hospital. Some half dozen dwelling houses, on the north side of Brannan street, were badly damaged by the fire and water. The German Hospital, which succumbed to the flames, was situated on the south side of Brannan street, between Third and Fourth. When the fire broke out there were between sixty and seventy patients in the building all of whom were removed with great difficulty. Ten of the patients were taken to St. Mary's Hospital, and most of the others were taken in charge by friends. The loss to the German Benevolent Society, who owned the building, will be $85,000, on which there is an insurance of $25,000. About eighty dwelling houses were burned, and two hundred families were thrown out of their homes.

The man named Johnson, who made the extraordinary statement that Chinese and English capitalists were furnishing large sums of money to help carry on the campaign for the Republicans, says he is not prepared to furnish proofs at present.

The Southern Pacific Railroad managers, who will leave here in a few days to witness the laying of the last rail on the line between this city and Los Angeles, have issued invitations to the Mayor and fifty other prominent gentlemen.

The small-pox has shown symptoms of taking another start. Eight new cases occurred yesterday and the same number were reported this morning, with four deaths.

OMAHA, Aug. 28.

Members of the Sioux Peace Commission are all here except Bishop Whipple and Rev. Hilmann. They expect to leave here to-morrow or next day for Fort Laramie, via Cheyenne.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 30.

More complete information places the losses by the recent fire in the neighborhood of $650,000 on which there is an insurance of $145,000. On the authority of the Coast Review, the insurance organ of this city, the number of buildings burned is eighty-eight and the fire covered a space of ten acres. It now seems evident that the fire was the work of incendiaries, and circumstances render it almost certain that it was started by a crowd of hoodlums to get even with the proprietors of some of the destroyed manufacturing establishments, who employed Chinamen. The watchmen on the premises say that the fire was discovered by them in half a dozen places at once, in the rear of the buildings, starting among shavings and other inflammable material. When the stone works in the neighborhood were burned some time ago, a man came up to Mr. Merritt, the Engineer of Korbell's mills, and said to him, "You employ Chinamen in your place, don't you?" Mr. Morritt said "Yes, some." Then the man said, "Your place shall go next." Conversations overheard between a number of hoodlums during the progress of the fire lead to the same conclusion. While the fire was in progress yesterday morning a fellow was caught attempting to set fire to a hay barn on Townsend street. The crowd took him out with the intention of hanging him, but he managed to effect his escape. Much complaint is made of the depredations of gangs of ruffians during the progress of the fire, who stole and destroyed much property. Insufficiency in the water supply was evident and came near causing a far more serious conflagration. The workmen were busy all day yesterday pulling down dangerous chimneys and brick walls, and in preparing the ground for rebuilding.

PETALUMA Aug. 29.

A heavy thunder shower passed over this city between five and seven o'clock this evening. For over an hour the lighting played almost incessantly, during which time the instruments of the Western Union and Northern Pacific telegraph offices had to be disconnected from the wires to save them from being burned up. Rain fell heavily during a good portion of the time.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.

Secretary Chandler having again had his attention called to a published statement that he had ordered a clerk named Redway to collect assessments in the Interior Department for political purposes, pronounced the whole thing false from beginning to end. He says he does not know any such person as Redway, did not give him any order nor authority to collect assessments in his departments, and he has never seen any one who was engaged as stated. He added, in conversation with a New York correspondent: "I gave my check for the assessment made against me to General Rusk, of Wisconsin, and had it ready some time before they called for it. There is nothing of an arbitrary nature, to my knowledge, in regard to the manner of collecting these assessments. They are entirely voluntary, and are suggested by a very modest deferential circular, which I will give to the Herald for publication very cheerfully. Those who are disposed can answer to this compliance with its requests, and I see no objection. It is so harmless that it might be sent to every clergyman in the land without giving him offence. The voluntary subcriptions for political purposes are all right enough. I pay mine very willingly, and it is nothing new. Printers have a very peculiar custom, in observance of which they won't even set type without being payed for it. Printing must be payed for; it costs money; and then there is ink, paper, presses, etc., all of which must be paid for. Money must be also furnished to pay the expenses of and provide for campaign speakers, and then there are a hundred other legitimate and honorable expenses to be provided for. You can't get along without money. I don't believe in the credit system or in going into debt by giving promises to pay. I never incur a money liability until I have the wherewith to meet it with funds. When I say I will pay anything my money is ready for it. This is all there is in this howl about collecting funds, but people will howl. We not had anything to do with the subscriptions nor the manner of collecting them, and won't give them any attention; but I suppose they are voluntarily made, if at all. The whole representations made in regard to me and the collections in the Interior Department are nothing but lies made out of the whole cloth."

SAN FRANCISCO, August 31.

FLOUR—Old nearly out of the market; prices for new superfine, $4@$4 50; best extras in shipping lots $4 50@5, jobbing at $5@5 50, the latter price for silver.

WHEAT—The movement in wheat was very lively during the week, both in the receipts and exports. The local market is firm for shipping at $1 56@1 52½; milling, $1 52@1 57½; low grades are dull at $1 35@1 40.

BARLEY—Feed dull at 90@95c, silver; new brewing, 95c@$1, gold; old, $1 15@1 30.

OATS—Feed, $1 40@1 75; milling, $1 85@1 90.

CORN—The corn market is dull for large yellow, $1 20@1 25; white, $1 25@1 27½; small round at $1 27½@1 30; golden drop, $1 32½@1 35, part silver.

RYE—Prices mainly nominal; holders asking $1 40@1 50 for good to choice.

POTATOES—Cuffey's cove sold yesterday on the wharf at $1 05@1 12½; Half Moon Bay and Mission, quotable at 70@55c; early rose, 60@75c; sweet potatoes, 75c@$1 25.

GREENBACKS—90½@91¾.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31.

The political campaign is going on actively in this city. The various clubs and organizations of both parties are holding large and enthusiastic meetings every night. The Hayes Invincibles will parade Saturday night and other Republican bodies are expected to join them in a grand turnout.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 30.

The experiment by the Western Union Telegraph Company of laying a cable across the bay to Oakland has been thus far unfortunate. The cable ceased working last Saturday, and today it was taken up and found to have been broken by the anchor of some ship about a quarter of a mile from shore. The cable will be relaid at once.

Nineteen new cases of small-pox were reported on Monday, fifteen yesterday and five this morning. Most of these cases are of a mild form. Five deaths from the disease occurred yesterday and two on Monday.

SARATOGA, Aug. 31.

The Democratic State Convention reassembled this morning. Horatio Seymour's acceptance of the nomination was announced amid great applause. The Convention then proceeded to nominate a Lieutenant-Governor, and the names of Dorsheimer, Clarkson N. Potter and Manton Marble were presented. Finally Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer was re-nominated by acclamation.

SAVANNAH, Aug. 30.

The yellow fever here is not epidemic. There have been only thirty-nine cases during the season and ten deaths.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 30.

Ex-Governor Lewis, of Alabama, elected Governor by the Republicans in 1872 and defeated by Houston in the election of 1874, has written a letter favoring the committing of the administration of the general government to Tilden and Hendricks, and declaring that reformation in the policy of reconstruction is as much needed as in any other branch of the government, and declares that in the present canvass the Democratic party is on a plane that entitles it to be deemed national. The Republican theory of reconstruction by military force and the terror of powder has proved a failure, while Southern birth and residence during the war seems to furnish sufficient reason for the exclusion of men of national sympathies from participation in the administration of government. He sees nothing in the future of the Republican party which promises any hope to Southern citizens of national and conservative sentiments, who are entitled to equal protection; and says that all such practices and opinions whereby public order and peace are disturbed, should receive condemnation and punishment. He enters solemn protest against the recent order of the Secretary of War, approved by the President, placing government troops in the Southern States with a view to intimidate people and to control their elections, a government by bayonet to take the place of a government through the ballot. He says it is an outrage which demands the condemnation of all who love republican freedom and hate despotic power.

THE vineyardists of Napa Valley have a very gloomy prospect ahead. The *Reporter* says: "Thus far the wine men are making no offer for grapes. In fact, we hear that Mr. Groezinger has written up from San Francisco saying that it will be impossible for him to enter the field as a buyer this year to any extent, as he is now carrying over stock enough, with what his own vineyards will produce, to fill up his cooperage. Mr. Krug has not yet concluded what to do. He is in about the same condition as Mr. Groezinger, that is to say, has a large crop of his own, and a heavy stock of wine brought over, hence, with money tight and times hard, he is loth to go in debt to build a new cellar and purchase additional casks. The producers who have no means of manufacturing their grapes into wine are almost in despair. They see no prospects of realizing on their crops and know that their debts and liabilities must be met. Very many will have to borrow money and mortgage their places."

IT would seem, from the local columns of the New England newspapers, that the people in that part of the United States have been "enjoying" some hot weather lately. Here are a few weather items from that section:

BOSTON—It is expressing the fact very mildly to say that the heat in this city yesterday was oppressive in the extreme. It was perfectly melting, and at times the mercury touched 100 degrees in the shade. The thunder storm and expected shower did not arrive. At 7 P. M. the thermometer indicated 85 degrees, and at 3 this morning, 80 degrees.

At Concord, N. H., the mercury registered 105 degrees yesterday; 100 degrees Sunday.

At Nashua, yesterday, it was one of the hottest days of the season, the mercury standing at 98 degrees in the shade; in the sun 122 degrees.

At Augusta, Me., on Sunday, the mercury was at 138 degrees—in the sun. Apples were half baked on the trees.

NEW PATENTS.—Through Dewey & Company, Patent Agents, San Francisco, we receive the following advance list of United States patents granted of Pacific Coast inventors, viz: Charles Cremer, Red Bluff, Cal., wagon covers; Horatio G. Livermore, S. F., furnaces for roasting ores; Thomas Mann, Portland, Oregon, brick and mortar elevators; Thomas Brady and Dennis R. Manning, S. F., expansible gates for sewers; Thomas Jory and John W. Jory, Salem, Oregon, grain separators; William Fletcher Whitney, Uklah, Cal., harness buckles; Samuel Kelet, S. F., (designs), center pieces.

"Squealed."

It is a lamentable fact that our daily speech is so marred with the slang of the day that men almost insensibly imbibe its influence and explain one "slang phrase" by another; the truth of which is illustrated in the case of a Chicago lady, who, reading about the frauds in whisky, inquired of her husband:

"My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that a man has 'squealed?'"

"Why," replied the man, loftily, "they mean that some member of the ring has 'peached' on the rest."

"Peached on the rest?" exclaimed the wife, "now what does that mean?"

"Why, it means that he's 'blowed' on 'em."

"Blowed on them?"

"Yes; you see he's given 'em away."

"Given them away?"

"Why, of course. Can't you understand anything? Do you think that I'm an unabridged dictionary?" continued the husband, impatiently. "It means he's—he's 'let out on 'em'—'gone back on his pals'—squealed, you know."

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the lucid explanation; but not wishing to appear ignorant, she remarked:

"Ah, yes."

If any one has a doubt that England has a claim to be still called the "tight little isle," he will find, on consulting the documents, that there were three hundred thousand Englishmen arrested for drunkenness last year.

Some old fraud says, "Get up with the sun if you wish to be healthy and wise." It is easy enough to follow this advice in the winter, when the sun acts sensibly and doesn't get up until seven o'clock; but when he commences to get up at four o'clock, we have observed that the wisest men give him about four hours start, and let their wives accumulate health and wisdom.

If you wish to be foolhardy enough to stand as Mr. Herman Weigel, of Toledo, did—on the verge of the precipice at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, do not, as he did, add thereto the stupidity of twitching your rest skirt out of your wife's hand when she says come away. That slight movement was too much for Weigel, who went over the precipice and has since been buried.

A movement has been inaugurated in New York for the establishment in that city of a seminary or college in which the Hebrew language and Jewish history and philosophy may be taught, and rabbis may be educated for American synagogues and teachers for Jewish schools. Leading Hebrews throughout the United States recognize the need of such an institution for the thorough education and training of Jewish theologians. The project has the approval of a large number of congregations and rabbis of different cities, and is likely to take practical shape.

Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. J. M. Allis, Pastor. Regular services at 11 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Meeting for practice in Congregational singing and for Bible study on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Rev. G. M. Hubbard, Pastor. Regular services every Sunday morning at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

Kleinigkeiten.

From Tuesday's Daily.

—The Los Angeles Democratic Club now has a total membership of 386.

—Large fires have been burning on the San Joaquin Ranch, for the last two days.

—A lady from San Bernardino arrived in town on Sunday, for the purpose of organizing a writing school.

—The gold railroad spike is attracting a great deal of attention in Los Angeles.

—The Anaheim Cigar Factory commenced making cigars yesterday. The factory is at Otto Evers' house near the depot.

—Judge Wiseman proposes to resuscitate the *Broad Axe* as a campaign Democratic sheet, if he can secure sufficient patronage.

—Rev. Mr Thompson, agent of the Bible Society, will address the regular weekly meeting at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow night.

—The Santa Barbara *Press* calls the financial gentleman, who threatened to "run Truman out of the country," a "Bombastes Furioso," a "truculent coward," an "insufferable idiot," etc.

—We infer that the Railroad Committee are preparing their report, from the fact that Mr. Olden was in our office yesterday, examining files of the GAZETTE for commercial statistics, etc.

—Miss Katy Bremermann was kind enough to present us yesterday with some luscious grapes and peaches. The latter fruit were of immense size and fine flavor, qualities for which the productions of the Bremermann vineyard are noted.

—It is said that, when rail communication is had with San Francisco, the Goodall, Nelson & Perkins line of steamers will all stop at Santa Monica wharf. The fare on the steamers will probably be reduced to $8 and on the cars the fare will be $15.

—John R. Ogilby, the patentee of the underground process of curing tobacco, commenced stripping the leaves from the stalk yesterday. He has ten acres of tobacco this season. We have printed for him a small pamphlet, descriptive of his process, which, to those engaged in tobacco culture, will prove of great interest.

—The initial number of *The Pacific Life*, a handsome, 16-page, San Francisco paper devoted to sporting matters, has been received. It is published by Shaw & Van Arnim, at a subscription price of $5 a year. We find that D. K. Williams' masterly feat of capturing a live pelican, on Lemon street, is duly recorded as among the notable events.

—There is an elderly woman in our midst who is undoubtedly insane. She is a stranger here, goes about barefooted and is followed by a small boy. Her actions would seem to indicate insanity. One day this week the children of the public school reported having been pursued by the woman, who held a large knife in her hand. It is the duty of our authorities to look into the matter.—*Downey Courier.*

This woman is now in Anaheim, soliciting alms.

—The *Express* says: Mr. Walker has his paper (or pulp) mill in splendid working operation, having spent in the neighborhood of $30,000. He is now turning out large quantities of the pulp and shipping it to Maryland. As he does nine-tenths of the work, and receives only a small share of the profits, he is about to put up a full line of paper-making machinery. He is to have associated with him Mr. A. J. Hutchinson, of this city, and when their works are in complete running order they will turn out printing, manilla and other kinds of wrapping paper. The mill is in Soledad cañon, right on the line of the railroad.

—The Presbyterian Church was well filled on Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Allis preached his farewell sermon, which consisted mainly of a review of his brief career as pastor of the church. There is a very general regret at the approaching departure of this eloquent and popular minister. Besides his work in the pulpit, he has used his pen with great advantage to Anaheim, by writing articles descriptive of our country to the Eastern Press. The very able articles which appeared in the GAZETTE some time ago, signed "Pro Bono Publico," were written by Mr. Allis, and the local improvements therein suggested have in many instances been acted upon. Indeed, Mr. Allis is a gentleman whom a growing community like this can ill spare, and the regret which his departure occasions, should be taken by that gentleman as a gratifying indication that his labors, spiritual and temporal, in behalf of the people, have been duly appreciated.

From Wednesday's Daily.

—The Santa Margarita rancho has just been surveyed by W. P. Reynolds.

—Mr. Ed. Mateer returned from Las Robles cañon last evening. He is looking much improved in health.

—Mr. C. Mossman returned from his trip to the San Juan Hot Springs on Monday evening.

—The weather was quite cool yesterday afternoon, with every indication of rain.

—The carpenter work of the Grange building at the depot was completed last night.

—Report came to us yesterday from San Luis Rey that Mr. J. F. Barham, formerly of this place, had his leg badly fractured on Friday last.

—Mr. Allen Lawton, well known to the habitues of the railroad depot, left last night for a visit to his old home in Wisconsin. We wish him a pleasant journey and a safe return.

—In the case of Stockman vs. Lock and Wallace, at Fountain Valley yesterday, a suit brought to recover money claimed to be due for pasturage, judgment was rendered in favor of defendant.

—Don Mateo Keller writes from Philadelphia that there is not much demand for wine made from Mission grapes, but wine from foreign grapes is fast driving foreign wines from the Eastern markets.

—The fruit dryer will be put in operation on Friday next. All who desire to visit and examine this establishment, will confer a favor on the proprietors if they will do so before the day of starting, as the presence o visitors will be extremely annoying when there is work on hand.

—We would inform the Los Angeles *Express* that the womans' suffrage question was decided by a committee of ladies, in favor of the negative, and that, notwithstanding such decision, there still remains enough hair on the scalp of our Mr. Athearn to render a brush and comb necessary for the completion of his toilet.

—Item from the St. Helena *Star*: Mr. J. J. Bruce shows us a sample of grape syrup made at Weinberger's in the syrup pan, the sending for which we referred to some time since. Though yet containing considerable acid, it is pleasant to the taste, and we hope may yet become an important avenue of disposition of our Mission grapes, which are peculiarly suited to it.

—Mr. Jesus Rabnate, while innocently enjoying himself by imitating the Cornet Band and other delicate sounds, in the rear of the Anaheim Hotel at a late hour on Monday night, was pounced upon by the valiant Bohn, and on his appearance before Justice Bailey yesterday morning, was required to contribute to the County Exchequer the amount of $8 25, which sum he borrowed from a friend, and having promised that "he'd never get drunk again," he was released.

—The first service in the new Episcopal church will be held next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The seats in this church are all free, none being sold or appropriated, and a general invitation is extended by the pastor to the public of Anaheim and vicinity to attend any or all the services that will now be held regularly every Sunday. The arrangements for lighting the church being not yet completed, the evening service will be omitted for a week or two.

—The reception to be accorded to the party to arrive in Los Angeles on the first through train from San Francisco promises to be something grand and worthy of our county. Union Hall will be elaborately decorated. There will be six arches, one at each corner of the hall, and two at the entrances. These will be covered with vines and flowers, presenting a most striking appearance. One member of the Committee will on his own account arrange a most unique and attractive surprise in the shape of two colossal pyramids, teeming with grapes and other of our finer productions. Each of these pyramids will be surmounted with an apposite painting —one by a fine picture of Bacchus, and the other by a canvas representing Ceres and Pomona. Appropriate mottoes, and words of welcome will decorate the walls.

—We again call the attention of our citizens to the grand exhibition of the products of our county to be made at Los Angeles on the day that the last rail is laid, which unites us in rail communication with San Francisco. With a section so prolific as ours, it will be much to our discredit if we do not furnish a splendid display of our products. Let the farmers hunt out their finest ears of corn and best samples of grain; our orchardists their finest samples of fruits, and our vineyardists their best bunches of grapes and best bottles of wine. Let our housewives furnish the most excellent samples of their handiwork, and all combine to impress on the visitors from San Francisco the value of our soil and resources. No better opportunity has ever been offered to place this section of our county fairly before the people, and let us see to it that this opportunity is not lost.

From Thursday's Daily.

—Judge J. E. Bacon, of Capistrano, was in town yesterday.

—Bishop Kipp will be in Anaheim on Sunday, October 8th.

—The contract for a $4,000 school house has been let at Pomona.

—Any articles for the exhibition at Los Angeles will be forwarded by the Railroad Company free of charge.

—Brevet Col. Dunkelberger, of Los Angeles, has received an appointment as a Lieutenant in the regular army.

—In the District Court proceedings of yesterday we find the following: Lynill vs. Clark—Finding for defendant filed, 10 days stay.

—The case of Scully vs. Scully was passed in the District Court, owing to the inability of the defendant to be present in Court. He is in jail.

—The committee of the Anaheim Literary Society intends visiting Orange on Saturday to arrange for the debate with the society at that place.

—Conductor Mateer will assume his old position on the Anaheim train on Friday morning. Mr. Long will take charge of one of the Wilmington trains.

—The suit of Parie vs. Chappelle, to recover money alleged to be due for labor, was tried before Justice Bailey yesterday, and judgment in the sum of one dollar was given to the plaintiff.

—The Anaheim Bank would have been opened on last Monday, had it not been for the sudden sickness of Mr. Spence, of the Commercial Bank, which necessitated Cashier Siebert's attendance at that institution until Mr. Spence's recovery.

—An anti-Coolie delegation made a raid on the Chinamen employed on Mr. Raine's ranch on Tuesday night. They tore down all the houses occupied as Chinese quarters. The action was occasioned by the refusal of Mr. Raine to employ white labor unless he could obtain it as cheaply as Chinese.

—In Los Angeles, yesterday afternoon, two Mexicans, Santiago Arvallo and Jose Jesus Yorba, met at the corner of Commercial and Los Angeles streets, when the latter immediately drew his revolver and shot the latter twice. The wounded man was unarmed, and the attack seemed to be unprovoked. One bullet went into Yorba's arm, near the shoulder, and the other into the wrist. Arvallo was immediately arrested, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—At the annual meeting of the Anaheim Presbyterian Church and Congregation, held on Tuesday last, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That in accepting the resignation of Rev. John M. Allis as pastor of this church, we but faintly express our sorrow at the providence which calls for a separation of the relations existing between us. When we say his ministry for the brief time he has been in Anaheim has been to us most acceptable, and one we could wish might have been extended over a period of many years to come, yet now brought to a close, we unite in the earnest prayer that God will go with him where he goes; that where he abides there may the Holy Spirit also dwell, making him a blessing to the people to whom he is called, and his broader field of labor a fruitful field indeed, yielding a rich garner of souls for Christ.

From Friday's Daily.

—The Anaheim Dramatic Association held an election of officers last evening.

—The courts were quiet yesterday. The night patrol is killing the business of the Justice.

—Mr. Addis sold his new house on Palm Street yesterday to a party from Los Angeles.

—Through trains will probably not commence running before Monday or Tuesday.

—This morning the Central Pacific Railroad Co. took possession of the Southern Pacific Branch.

—Frank Ganahl has received a telegram from Hon. P. D. Wigginton, requesting him to be San Francisco on the 5th inst., and begin the campaign in that end of the district.

—The Republican Club held their meeting at the store of H. Blanken, on Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance, and eleven new members were added to the roll.

—Santa Ana will make a shipment of the products of that section for exhibition at Los Angeles. Among the productions we noticed a squash weighing 198 pounds and several samples of corn, among which were corn stalks measuring twelve and fifteen feet.

—It is pleasant to have San Diego to fall back upon whenever we run out of provisions. The *Union* of Tuesday says: "The steamer carried out the "largest freight from this port last "evening ever yet shipped. There was "another large lot of flour for Wil-"mington and Los Angeles."

—The following are the shipments from the depot during the month ending August 31st: Brandy, 1,125 lbs; 75 horses; honey, 6,278 lbs; hides, 3,524 lbs; merchandise, 30,042 lbs; grain, 615,316 lbs; vinegar, 1,696 lbs; vegetables, 20,779 lbs; wool, 94,663 lbs; wine, 49,033 lbs.

—Mr. Busk, of Santa Ana, is making extensive improvements in his saloon at that place.

—Samples of wheat, buckwheat, grapes, fruits, etc., were shipped yesterday from Santa Ana for exhibition. There is nothing as yet at the depot to represent Anaheim. There is yet time to get up a good collection from this section. Shall we be left entirely out in the cold?

—Mr. Miner, the handsome and popular bar-keeper at the Planters', retires from business to-day. He intends to visit the Centennial. He will carry with him the best wishes of his friends, and the old topers will mourn the loss of his smiling countenance and open-handed generosity.

—The regular Sunday tournaments, horse-racing, balls and other amusements at Santa Monica are unpopular with some of the citizens. A meeting was held at the Presbyterian Church at that place on last Sunday. The meeting was called to order by appointing William Lloyd to the chair, and on motion of M. J. Vawter, D. G. C. Baker was chosen Secretary. G. A. Armstrong, Esq., with some interesting remarks, expressed the object of the meeting—to give vent to their sentiments as regards the desecration of the Sabbath in their midst. After several short addresses expressing their regret at it, H. P. McKusick moved that a committee be appointed by the Chair to draft resolutions in indication of their sentiments. H. P. McKusick, G. A. Armstrong and E. Lucas were appointed as such. On motion, adjourned to meet at the Presbyterian Church, September 3d, at 3: 15 o'clock, P. M. All are cordially invited to attend.

Meeting of the Literary Society.

The Anaheim Literary Society met at their hall on Monday evening. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Messrs. Ed. Shubert and J. P. Zeyn were elected members of the Society. The following officers were elected for the next term: Victor Montgomery, President; H. Blanken, Vice-President; Fred Rimpau, Secretary; H. Cohn, Treasurer, and A. G. Beebe, Sergeant-at-Arms. A committee of three, consisting of Mrs. P. C. McKinnie, Miss Addis and Miss Des Granges were appointed to render a decision on the debate of the evening, which was, *Resolved*, That the right of suffrage should be accorded to women of legal age. The debate was opened by Mr. E. F. Cahill, in the affirmative, and Fred. W. Athearn, in the negative. The decision of the committee was given in favor of the negative. The subject for the next debate is, *Resolved*, that the granting of subsidies to corporations is conducive to public prosperity. Messrs. Theo. Lynill, D. E. Miles, J. M. Guinn and T. A. Cord on the affirmative, and Messrs. W. M. McFadden, M. Mendelson, T. W. Cook and T. S. Grimshaw on the negative. Miss Addis, D. R. Payne and W. H. Henderson were selected for declamation. It was resolved that the programme committee meet with the committee from the Orange Literary Society, to make such arrangements as may be necessary for the debate between the two Societies.

Sidewalks on a Scientific Basis.

EDS. GAZETTE.—Yesterday evening, as I was strolling down one of the principal streets of Anaheim, I saw a certain storekeeper, who shall be nameless, engaged in earnest conversation on the sidewalk with a Granger. So earnest indeed was the conversation, and so animated were his gestures, that my attention was irresistably drawn to its subject matter, which was as follows:

Store-keeper—No, my good sir, a man who is thoroughly conversant with the mechanical arts has a great advantage over others, through all the walks of life, in every trade and calling. Now, if you will observe for a moment the conformation of this sidewalk in front of my door, you will notice a gentle inclination from every direction approaching the doorstep. The reason for, and the wisdom of this is manifest to a man acquainted with the laws of mechanics. You are, I have no doubt, aware of the fact that all driving wheels for machinery are made with a raised center, with a gentle decline from the center to its edges. Now, I have applied that principle of mechanics to the construction of this sidewalk, so that every man, woman and child in passing here is irresistably impelled, so to speak, to walk upon the highest part of this sidewalk, and thus they are compelled, often against their wills, to enter my store!!

The Granger here took his departure, thoroughly impressed with the importance of studying mechanical arts.

NIX.

Thermometrical Record.

The following is our record for the week ending Wednesday P. M., Aug. 30 giving lowest point night preceding date, and highest by day:

Date	Lowest	7 A. M.	Highest	7 P. M.	Date	Lowest	7 A. M.	Highest	7 P. M.
August	58	61	80	66	Aug 28	57	59	76	62
" 25	58	62	78	65	" 29	56	60	76	65
" 26	54	61	79	65	" 30	60	67	80	66
" 27	56	58	80	68					

Average Temperature.....63½
Average highest and lowest.....67½

The proprietors of the Manchester Botanical Gardens, after a warm discussion, have at last decided to open their gardens to subscribers on Sunday. The question has frequently been brought up within the last twelve years. The votes were 165 for and 55 against.

For the GAZETTE.

MY QUEEN.

A TRANSCRIPTION.

How and by what shall I win her? if ever,
What are the words I must say?
How may the barriers now that do sever
Me from my loved one be broken away?
On her the sunlight that cheers me is shining,
Shining with glimmering sheen.
On her, the only one, my heart resplendent,
Whom I would gladly salute as my queen.

Over her temples her waving brown tresses
Fall in a beauty quite rare.
Beaming in brightness, inviting caresses,
Archly her eyes bid the fond one beware.
Many a face have I liked for a minute,
Oft have I been charmed by a cadence serene;
Yet there was something, I know not what, in it
Something that could not belong to my queen

For her I'm yearning because of the graces
Crowning her head and her heart;
These I prize far above beauty of faces
Coming so often from secrets of art.
For in her life there are sweetly appearing
Signs by which plainly true woman is seen;
Telling of virtue so very endearing,
That I would crown her, beloved, my queen:

She is so courteous and kind to the lowly,
Helping the weak ones, and loving them, too;
She is so womanly, noble and holy,
Nature has blessed her and Grace made her true.
That to her fearlessly give I in her keeping
Love and allegiance, for ever kept green.
Watching and waiting, my hope never sleeping,
For the sweet hour that shall make her my queen.

Westminster Items.

[Regular Correspondence of the GAZETTE.]

A goodly number gathered at the cemetery grounds last Wednesday to make their selection of lots. A prominent large lot was first voted to Mrs. Webber, without charge, if she wished to transfer the remains of Rev. L. P. Webber to these grounds. The choice of the remaining lots, at their appraised value, ranging from ten to twenty dollars, was then put up at auction, and Mr. J. McCoy had the privilege of the first choice at a premium of two dollars. The bidding was not very active, as the last applicant was sure of a good selection, but everyone seemed willing to bid a small premium, and some thirty were chosen. As soon as possible the area will be inclosed and adorned, but the progress of improvement will depend altogether upon the co-operation of the people of the valley. It ought to be a matter of pride now, that it may be a matter of comfort when the inevitable change comes. After the transfers from the church lot in town are made, may it be long ere the ground is broken except for adornment; and when the time is come may our dead be buried in a pleasant place, quiet and natural, in a place of trees and flowers, and birds, that the outward show may be compared with the inward thought, "He hath done all things well." Mr. Josiah McCoy has the plat, and will be glad to show it to any who may desire to purchase.

R. S.

Deeds Filed.

A. Robinson, trustee, to C. Rippe and William Gilder—partition deed, conveying to each ¼ of SE¼ of sec 26, Twp 3 S, R 10 N; grant.

J J Johnson to W H Titchenal—lot 9, block 2, Santa Ana; $95.

J W Clark et ux to Mrs M Sanders—Lots 12 and 13, block A, Clark's addition to Anaheim, $300.

Tim Boege to Mrs M S smith—Lot 4 and 5, Tim Boege sub-division lot 34, Anaheim Extension; $250.

J H Messer to R Cummins—¼ of 22½ ft off east end of lot 2, block 15, Santa Ana; $80.

V A Hoover to Lucy L Morrison—All his interest in Vineyard G, 1 and 4, Anaheim; $150.

J Fischer ta Lucy L Morrison—Lots 8 and 9, Vineyard G, 1 and 4, Anaheim; $450.

J T Bottoms to Richard Lloyd—20 acres in Chapman tract, Santa Ana rancho, commencing at NE corner of lot 8, blk C, said tract; $500.

Tim Boege to Edna Stone—Lot D; Tim Boege's addition to Anaheim, $225.

Post Office Letter List.

Letters for the following persons remain uncalled for up to Aug. 24th, in the Anaheim Post Office:—

A J Bryant	J Bulger
Mrs S H Drew	J N Davis
J A Ellison	Mrs W W Graham
C C Gage	J Gregg
G Hidden	F Hare
S L King	Prof G W Lenton
G Lind	R N Malcorn
F B Mollette	D Smith
E W Squires	

HELD FOR POSTAGE.

Miss E Hill, Orange; S Hirsh, Los Angeles; E G Ellis, Julian, San Diego; T J Aekin, Los Angeles; Sam Winons, Los Angeles.

In calling for the above letters please say "advertised." WM M. HIGGINS, Postmaster.

Express Letter List.

Letters for the following persons remain uncalled for at Wells, Fargo & Co's Express;

J Bush	J Alberson
R C Curtis	M Calaher
R Carrillo	Heimann & George
A S Hamilton	E Lyon
E C Leonard	P C McKinnie
Scott & Montgomery	H Sommerfield

PACKAGES.

G G Tompkins	Sin Si Wan
J M Knight	F & J Backs
J Curry	W M Baily
Tim Carroll	A H Pierce
M L Wicks	J Cox
W Williams	J S Gardner
Mrs A Breed	

BORN.

In Los Angeles, Aug. 30, to the wife of J. Eberle, a daughter.

In Los Angeles, Aug. 26th to the wife of Sam. Hamilton, a son.

In Los Angeles, August 29th, to the wife of E. M. Shipman, twin boys.

At Orange, August 26th, to the wife of R. L. Crowder, a daughter.

At Los Nietos, August 20th, to the wife of J. H. Steinhart, a son.

In Los Angeles, Aug. 24, to the wife of T. H. Smith, a daughter.

In Los Angeles, Aug 24, to the wife of Chris. Grebe, a son.

In Anaheim, August 25th, to the wife of J. J. Hill, a daughter.

In Anaheim, August 25th, to the wife of R. Menzel, a son.

In Los Angeles, Aug. 27th, to the wife of J. Charlson, a daughter.

In Los Angeles, August 25th, to the wife of M. E. West, a son.

In Los Angeles, August 26th, to the wife of Charles E. Lembcke, a son.

MARRIED.

At Lake Tahoe, August 19th, John H. Swain to Miss Pinkie Armstrong, formerly of Los Angeles.

Cat's-trophy—A mouse.

London pays nearly one-third of the whole income-tax of England.

Manners One Hundred Years Ago.

That our ancestors were worthy people, our inherited virtues testify; that there were agreeable people to one another, the existence of posterity demonstrates; but would they be agreeable to us? Should we like to have them to dine, for example, and for our evening companies? Some of them we should like, undoubtedly, and would admire as well as esteem; but we mean the query in a very general way, and to embrace the average body of our ancestors who moved in, and constituted, reputable society. The queer customs of their period we lay out of the account. Finding themselves unable in this age of the world to get a dinner—or a meal by which they would desecrate that word—at noon, they would accommodate themselves to the riper civilization that dines after the gas is lighted. They in their time partook of food after their manner, and of drink, whereof they partook of a great deal too much. The question is not whether we would be content to exist after their manner; it is whether, supposing them to be translated to our time and the customs of it, we should esteem them eligible social acquaintances. Your very great-grandfather, for example, and your great-grandmother, for example, are seated at our hospitable board. The hair that is gathered into an eel-skin down his back is gray; she is in the bloom of youth. To allay the pangs of such hunger as she is blessed withal, she transfers a fowl from the dish to her plate. "Odds, boddikins," says he, "a wing is enough for a chit like you," and forthwith transfers the delicacy from her plate to his own, cuts off the pinion which he returns upon his own fork. Unaffected and agreeable episode, is it not? At this old gentleman's request you have invited a brisk young fellow of the period to meet Miss, the great-grand-mother. He turns out to be a drummer from a Birmingham house, who is in the hardware line. These youth were in no small social consideration at that epoch. A delightful cad, he combines with the fascinating manners of the insular snuff the accomplishments of the buck of the period. About the fourth course he is drunk, and after a number of remarks that would lay him in danger of fine for vulgar language, is removed by the servants with the dishes before the desert is brought in. After this attractive meal you perhaps take your company to the theatre, where you have bespoken a box. If the very great-grandfather, oppressed by the heat, removes his coat and waistcoat and seats himself on the railing, it is hoped the audience will take no offense. That is only your grandfather's grandpapa's way of taking his comfort. When the show is over, he will return stuffily to his punch, until he can be carried quietly to bed. He is the picture of a sturdy freeman, no doubt, and stood obstinately to his pegs at Bunker hill—for which we are obliged to him. With a cheer and a bound he followed Mad Anthony Wayne, at Stony Point—a performance altogether respectable. But the theatre-box is not Bunker Hill, nor is our modest parlor a tap-room; and the more narrowly we inspect the fine old revolutionary party, who bled and died, the more our gratitude for him rises for dying. We shudder to think what this world would be had he survived to our time. There may indeed be some comfort in these Centennial studies for that larger body of American freemen who have no very great-grandfather that they know of.—*Sacramento Record Union.*

An interesting account is given by the Anglo Jewish-Association of Jews in India known as Beni-Israel (Children of Israel). They are supposed to have come to India one thousand years ago. They dress like the Hindoos, use the Hindoo language, and know but little about Hebrew. They observe the Sabbath day strictly and follow the Levitical code, but they associate but little with the Jews, owing to the difference in costume and language.

Even a nine-penny calico can be made to look neat and tasty by using the "Domestic Fashions."

Mrs. Brown desires to call the attention of the ladies to her large stock of millinery and fancy goods. She has been adding to her stock every week, and is confident that she can please both old and young, rich and poor, for her prices will defy competition. She has also added ladies' ready-made underwear, of which, with corsets, she will make a speciality hereafter.

A Double Danger Averted.

The inhabitant of a malarious region is threatened by a double danger. He is not only compelled to breathe miasma, but to swallow it, since it not only infects the atmosphere, but the water. The aerial poison threatens his system through the lungs and pores, the liquid through the stomach. Against this double peril there is but one protection, and that is to invigorate the entire body through the digestive and secretive organs. Ordinary tonics usually fail to accomplish this—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters never. In the tropics, where the diseases originated by malaria are of a far more malignant type than those originated by the same cause in the temperate zone, it enjoys immense and constantly increasing sales, and there is no portion of this continent where it is not the reigning specific for miasmatic fever and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowel proceeding from malaria and other causes.

Open the pores, stimulate the circulation of the capillary blood vessels with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, which rapidly overcomes Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Eczema, Scurf and other diseased or morbid condition of the skin.

BURTNETT & MASON,
Physicians and Surgeons,
SANTA ANA, CAL.

Dr. J. N. Burtnett, Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.
Dr. C. H. Mason, Graduate of Missouri Medical College, St. Louis, Mo.
Office on Fourth Street, Santa Ana.
Will be at Orange, at Andrus & Parker's drug store every day except Sunday, from 11½ A. M., to 1½ P. M.

H. M. MITCHELL,
Attorney at Law,
OFFICE: Room 55, Temple Block,
Los Angeles.

A Home For Sale.

FORTY acres of choice land in the Water District of Garden Grove. Water in abundance. Land for trees and vines. One-quarter of a mile from Garden Grove school house, four miles south of Anaheim. This is a rare bargain, for the land must be sold. Enquire at this office.

Post-Office Directory.

Northern and Eastern mails arrive at 12:45 A. M. Leave at 12:15 A. M. Mail close at 8:30 P. M.
Southern Mail arrives at 11 P. M. Mail closes at 8:30 P. M.
W. M. HIGGINS, P. M.

County Directory.

Ygnacio Sepulveda.....District Judge
H. K. S. O'Melveny.....County Judge
David Alexander.....Sheriff
A. W. Potts...Co. Clk and Clk of Courts
C. E. Miles.....Recorder
F. P. F. Temple.....Treasurer
A. E. Sepulveda.....Auditor
R. Hudson.....District Attorney
G. C. Gibbs.....Court Commissioner
A. W. Ryan.....Assessor
T. J. Ellis.....Surveyor
T. A. Saxon...County Sup't of Schools
J. E. Griffin.....Public Administrator
G. C. Knox.....Sup't of Irrigation
Dr. Kurtz.....Coroner
M. Kremer.....Tax Collector

First Mondays in January, April, July and October regular meetings of the Grand Jury.

First Mondays in February, May, August and November regular terms of the District Court.

Board of Supervisors.

G. Hinds (Chairman).....District No. 2
G. Allen..... " " 1
J. D. Young..... " " 3
J. C. Hannon..... " " 5
E. Evey..... " " 4

Regular Meetings—First Mondays of each month.

SAMUEL MEYER,
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps Oils, Gas Fixtures and Kitchen Utensils
Commercial Street, Los Angeles.

PIONEER DRUG STORE,
Fourth Street, Santa Ana, Cal.
DR. ROBT. CUMMINS, PROPRIETOR

PURE Drugs and Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, etc.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
J. S. THOMPSON. C. J. ELLIS

THOMPSON & ELLIS.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rooms 1 and 3, Downey Block, Los Angeles

A. Guy Smith & Co
Planing, Sawing, and Moulding Mill.
AND
LUMBER YARD
Center Street, near Railroad Depot,
ANAHEIM.
A full assortment of both
Humboldt Redwood and Oregon Pine Lumber.
Rough, Surfaced, Tongued and Crooved, and Rustic.
Also Fenco Posts, Shingles, Shakes, Laths, Battens and Pickets.
DOORS, SASHES & BLINDS
Also a good Assortment of
Builders' Hardware,
Nails, Screws, Locks, Hinges Etc., Etc.
STUFF FOR
Bee Hives, Grape Boxes, etc.,
Furnished in any shape at short notice.

ANAHEIM
Storage Warehouse,
Is now open for the storage of
GRAIN, WOOL,
And other merchandise.
Liberal Advances Made
AND GOODS
Forwarded and sold on Commission
IN BEST MARKETS.
A. Guy Smith & Co.,
Centre Street, near Railroad Depot

Grain Sacks!

We are now importing Grain Sacks
Direct From England,
And will receive in a few days a consignment which we can deliver at
Eleven Cents Each.
A. GUY SMITH & Co.
Anaheim, Aug. 22. rng26d1w

R. LUEDKE
Watch Maker
AND
Jeweler
Centre St, Anaheim
Every description of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Jewelry on hand.

BUSINESS CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
RECEIPTS, ETC.,
Printed at the lowest rates at the
"Gazette Office."

Anaheim Gazette

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

MELROSE & ATHEARN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

One year	$3 00
Six Months	1 50
Three Months	1 00

☞All subscriptions must be paid in advance

Club Rates:

☞In order to increase our already large circulation, we offer the following inducements to clubs:

Ten copies, one year	$25 00
Twenty copies, one year	40 00

☞One copy will be sent free to the person getting up the club.

Transient Advertising:

SPACE.	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	4 w.
1 square	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50
2 squares	2 00	3 00	3 50	4 00
3 squares	3 00	4 50	5 00	5 50
4 squares	4 00	6 00	7 00	8 00

Regular Advertising:

One square or less, per month	$1 50
Two squares " "	2 50
One column " "	20 00
Half column " "	12 00
Quarter column " "	7 50

Legal advertisements must be paid for before affidavit of publication is made.

☞Copies of the GAZETTE in wrappers ready for mailing, are for sale at the office of publication.

☞Although the WEEKLY GAZETTE is issued on Saturday mornings, it goes to press on Friday morning, so that all communications or advertisements should be sent to this office not later than Thursday night.

THE DAILY GAZETTE

Is published every morning (Mondays excepted). It contains a full Special Telegraphic report from all parts of the world. The Editorial and Local departments are full and complete.

TERMS:

Per year, by mail	$10 00
Six months	5 00
Three months	2 50
Delivered by Carrier, per week	25

Kleinigkeiten.

From Saturday's Daily.

—The thermometer at Indian Wells yesterday noon indicated 108° and at 6 P. M. 99°

—It will take the cars three minutes to pass through the San Fernando tunnel.

—The new Episcopal Church will be occupied for the first time on Sunday, Sept. 3d.

—We had the pleasure yesterday of meeting Mr. F. W. Koll, of Los Angeles, who is here on a visit to his old-time Anaheim friends.

—There was only one lawyer left in Anaheim yesterday, and we have no arrests, drunks or lawsuits to present to our readers this morning.

—Among the excitements of yesterday was a horse and watch sale, which was conducted in the usual funny manner of Auctioneer Short.

—An election at San Gabriel Mission, to decide whether or not a tax should be levied to build a new school house, was held on Thursday, and the tax was carried by a large majority. Three or four lights took place during the day.

—Our office was thrown into an uproar yesterday by a call from Mr. Menzel to drink health and success to his new-born son. We don't wish Mr. Menzel to have an increase in his family every day, these hard times, but unless he does we can hardly see our way clear to the drinks we desire, unless some of our friends should startle us by paying us a few old bills—the small ones first, so that we may become used to it by degrees; sudden shocks are dangerous.

—A gentleman connected with the Anaheim Cornet Band, handed us the following:

As one of our prominent Anaheimers was taking his morning's stroll, he saw a Chinaman who appeared to be under the weather, and saluted him thus: "Good morning, John, how do you feel?"

"Oh! me belly sick man."

"What seems to be the matter, John?"

"Me head blusted."

"Your head what?"

"Blusted; you no sabe 'blusted?' "

"Ah! I understand you; you mean headache."

"Yes."

"Too much opium, John."

John—(angrily)—"No, no; Melican man he hab dam blass bland and blow allee night; me hab no sleep for tree weeks. Allee Chinamen goin' way from Anaheim."

"Good day, John."

From Sunday's Daily.

—Messrs. A. Guy Smith & Co. are busy filling an order from Oregon for seven hundred sacks ground feed.

—Road Overseer Shelly will commence repairing the New River bridge, on the Wilmington road, on Monday.

—Judge Egan, of San Juan Capistrano, is spoken of as the Democratic candidate for Supervisor from this district.

—The ball at Tustin City on Friday evening was a complete success. Quite a party of Anaheimers were in attendance.

—A fire on the plains in the vicinity of Westminster, yesterday afternoon, filled the air with smoke and rendered it quite sultry.

—The regular trains will commence running through from Anaheim to San Francisco on September 3d. We hear it stated that the fare from Anaheim will be $16.

—The conference of the M. E. Church will be held in Los Angeles, commencing on September 6th. About forty ministers are expected to be in attendance.

—There will be a grand display of productions from various parts of the county at Los Angeles, on the celebration of the railroad communication with San Francisco. A place in the exhibition will be reserved for Anaheim, and it will be our citizens own fault if she is neglected.

—The *Express* has the following: We have been shown a new style of lead-pencil which is headed "Tilden—Democratic President—Hendricks." At first we thought that some manufacturer had taken the desperate course of bidding only for the patronage of one party; but when we came to sharpen it at both ends, and found that the lead was soft at one end and hard at other, we saw the point.

Communicated.

The Unfortunate Results of Too Much Wind.

Since the organizing of the Anaheim Cornet Band there has been considerable damage done. Prof. Ey, the tonsorial artist, while practicing in his store, tore away the ceiling and floor of one of the rooms above, belonging to the Planters' Hotel; fortunately, there was no occupant in the room at the time. Mr. Lowe put in two sheets of tin in place of glass in one of the doors of the Planters'; he informed us that the Band, while passing this door, gave an extra blow, and away went the glass. Some trees, also, had to suffer, as they were stripped of their fruit under which the band passed. Mr. Blanken, chemist and druggist, was terribly frightened, on entering his laboratory Sunday morning, to find a mass of shaving, broken bottles etc., scattered about the floor. After consulting a number of persons as to the cause, it was ascertained that Mr. Willard, the popular dry-goods merchant, had been practicing the night before on the bass horn and shook the entire block. Mr. B. and Mr. W. were about to have some trouble in regard to the affair, but concluded to settle it by shaking dice, the one throwing the lowest to bear the expense of repairs to the shattered block, etc. Next comes the Patagonian—Mr. Doblin. Although the smallest man of the tribe, he is by no means the least. His performances as a blower have been miraculous. The gentleman's uncle, from San Francisco, anticipated spending a few months in a quiet neighborhood, but unless Doblin ceases his infernal blowing, uncle will be compelled to leave Anaheim or "give up the ghost." Last night he, however, took pity on his uncle and was seen practicing on the limb of a cactus tree. Doblin says "I can't always strike the notes." Our advice is to practice a week with a sledge hammer; if he does not succeed, he will then be convinced that his eyes are in the seat of his pantaloons. Mr. Grimshaw, a son of Vulcan, drove his partner Mr. McD. almost frantic. He was seen on Friday night patrolling the streets, and informed us that it was his "watch" but finally admitted that he was trying to quiet his nerves, as Mr. G. had had a musical fit and his horn not being in the shop, undertook to blow in the mouth piece of the bellows when an explosion followed, breaking an anvil and cleaning out the works generally. Next on the list comes Heimann, the dashing landlord, who invites the hungry to gormandize. Heimann, it is believed, succeeded in doing more damage than the rest. Late on Friday night a young man in his employ, whom we will call Charles, was found, as was supposed, slightly ill. Mr. H. had blown Charles through one of the panels of his bed room door, then rushed to his house, near by, and began serenading his only daughter—not quite "sweet sixteen," which threw her into convulsions. Dr. —— was called in at once and while he was attending to the child, Mrs. H. brought Arthur to his senses with a stuffed club. On Saturday morning Charles was found almost dead in the same position his employer had blown him the night before. Dr. —— was again called upon. Charles recovered, and about 5 P. M. on Saturday put in an appearance, much to the surprise of a great many who anticipated a free ride. Charles has been a Miner all his life and can stand many more hard knocks. Fred. Hartung and Fred. Langenberger went out to practice on the Stearns' Rancho, near the "Lone Tree." As Sitting Bull was in that vicinity, they have not been heard from.

WASHINGTON, Aug 25.

The reduction of clerks in the departments promises to work a great hardship to the applicants for pensions. A force of 75 in the Pension Division of the Surgeon-General's office was reduced to twenty-seven, and during the year 1875-76 cases accumulated which could not be attended to, out of a total of 20,331 referred from the Pension Bureau. In all applications for pensions the cases are referred to the Surgeon-General for a medical history of the soldier, and the case cannot be decided until his history is returned. In the reduction to be made under the recent legislative bill, the force is further reduced thirty, and the consequent accumulation of the cases unacted upon will be more than doubled in the year. This will create a delay of nearly two years in settling pension applications. The cases referred last year were 2,000 more than the year before, and the number will be greater this year.

VIRGINIA CITY, Aug. 25.

There is considerable excitement in this city over the report that fifty English miners are soon to arrive under contract to work for reduced wages. The newspaper reporters have been investigating the matter to-day, but cannot trace the rumor to any reliable source.

We have received from the foundry at Chicago two very fine electrotype cuts of the opposing candidates for President and Vice President. They will show up to much better advantage when worked with fine ink and on good paper; indeed, they are specially intended for political circulars, etc.

HAYES and WHEELER.

TILDEN and HENDRICKS.

Atlanta *Constitution:* A young man, born of poor but honest parents, went to see his sweetheart on Thursday night. Her youngest brother, during the "primping interval," entertained the beau as follows: "Sis says she's goin' ter shake you, she is!" "Ah!" exclaimed the astonished young man. "Yes, she is; she's got you down on the slate for a grand bounce, she has!" "Why, how—!" "Well, now, ther ain't no use for you to chaw dictionary 'bout it neether, 'cause there ain't no discount on sis—she's a he ole gal when she starts." "My goodness grac—!" "She sez she goes out with you an' romps 'round jess as lonesome as some ole married cow, an' when yer treats, it ain't ter nothin' but cheap ole sody water, at er nickle a quart!" The young man sighed and reached for a fan. "She sez she wants a feller that's got some stile about him an' kin set up a square meal ter his gal when he takes her a gallavantin', she does." The young man rummaged for his handkerchief. "I tell yer wot it is, boss, my sis ain't no slouch, an' when she gits a crank in her hed, dad sez she grinds it wuss nor our old rickety coffee mill. She's goin fer yer an' she'll tell all the other gals ter shoot the miser, an' yer jess bet they'll do it, 'cause they can't go back on sis, not much!" The young man was climbing down the front steps, just then sis entered and Johnnie explained how he had "giv' the old dug-out a big wabble." That Johnny's opinion, since his "daddy" let go of him, is that if he had been Sitting Bull during the performance, he would now be sore in a different locality.

The locusts have wrought desolation in China this summer. North of Yang-chow a famine seemed imminent, and the farmers finally went to the Salt Commissioner and implored him to avert the calamity. The only thing he could do was to ask the god of war to battle with the locusts. Accordingly he rent his garments and wept bitterly, and, with head and feet bare, crawled upon hands and knees into the temple and bumped his head until it bled. He then broke forth in lamentation, and the people outside howled in concert. Faith triumphed. The locusts changed their diet, living on grass alone, and not on rice. The report of this miracle soon spread to other districts similarly afflicted, and the ceremony which had been so successful was repeated; but alas! the locusts there were inexorable, or else the god of war was weary of good works; for rapping and howlings were in vain.

The Police Magistrate at Hamilton, Canada, has delivered a judgment that puts him at least on a par with Solomon in all his legal glory. Two men disputed the ownership of a valuable carrier-pigeon, and each produced the most complete evidence to establish his claim and disapprove that of his opponent. A happy thought struck the Magistrate. "If that is your bird," said he to one claimant, "will it know the way home?" The suitor replied that it would. A similar question to the other party evoked the same reply. "Then," said the Court to the Sergeant who had the bird in custody, "let it go, and it will find its way home," and the bird and the case was simultaneously thrown out of court.

It has been eighty-four years since Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, directed that his body should be burned after death—instructions which were faithfully carried out. The same State is soon likely to have another experiment in cremation—Mr. Henry Berry, an old and wealthy citizen of Marion county, who died a few days since, having left positive commands in his will that his executor should have his body burned after the accepted manner of the cremationists. The executor is Mr. Berry's son, and if he fail to carry out his father's directions, he forfeits all right and claim to his estate, so that he will probably follow them out to the letter.

In the Agricultural Hall of the Centennial Exhibition there are two immense hogs stuffed, each bearing a placard telling their age, etc., followed by the word "taxidermist." A man and his wife were looking at these with great interest. After reading the placards the woman said, "Why, these are taxidermists. I thought they were hogs." Her husband looked at the creatures with a puzzled expression, and then went carefully over the placards, as if to satisfy himself fully on the point. Finally he replied, "They are hogs. Taxidermist is the name of the place they come from."

A newsboy says of the new star-spangled handkerchief: "If any man aims a blow at the American flag, spot him on the snoot."

P. PELLEGRIN,
Practical Watch Maker,
East end of Centre Street,
Anaheim, Cal.

Watches, Clocks and JEWELRY
Cleaned and Repaired.

AMERICAN
Bread & Cracker
BAKERY.
Corner of First and Main Streets, Los Angeles.
Butter. Sugar. Soda. Jenny-Lind Pilot and Ginger CRACKERS
At San Francisco prices. We have also on hand a large assortment of Cakes, small and large, also
Wedding Cakes
Of all description. Call and examine for yourselves before going elsewhere.

THE COMMERCIAL BANK
Of Los Angeles.
Authorized Capital $300,000
M. S. PATRICK.....President.
E. F. SPENCE.....Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
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The Bank is prepared to receive deposits on open account, issue certificates of deposit, and transact a General Banking business.
Collections made and proceeds remitted at current rates of exchange.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY BANK
Main Street, Los Angeles.
Capital Stock (paid up) - - $300,000
PRESIDENT.....J. S. SLAUSON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....R. S. BAKER.
DIRECTORS:
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J. S. Slauson,
Receive Savings Bank Deposits.
Draw and sell Exchange on San Francisco, New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Frankfort.
Buy Exchange on all parts of the United States and Europe.
Receive money on open account and certificate of deposit, and do a general Banking and Exchange Business.
Open SATURDAYS from 6 to 8 P. M.

CARPET WAREHOUSE
Lehman & Co.,
No. 75 Downey Block.....Los Angeles.
....Importers and Dealer in....
Carpets, Oilcloths, Paper Hangings, and Upholstery Goods.
Carpets Sewed and put down neatly.

Louis Lewin & Co.
No. 14, Spring St., LOS ANGELES.
—Wholesale and retail dealers in—
BOOKS, STATIONERY AND MUSIC.
THE latest publications are always to be had at our place as soon as issued. Special attention paid to orders from the country. The most reliable
News Business
in Southern California, and where subscriptions are taken at publisher's rates.

Anahoim Lodge No. 207,
F. & A. M.
REGULAR MEETING Saturday of, or preceding the full moon in each month.
FRED. W. ATHEARN, W. M.
A. W. STREINART, Secretary.
☞Sojourning brethren in good standing are respectfully invited to attend.

Orange Lodge, No. 225,
I. O. O. F.
REGULAR MEETINGS OF THE ABOVE Lodge are held in their Hall in Orange every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
☞Sojourning brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
H. LOCKWOOD, N. G.
A. C. BOWERS, Sec. Sec'y.

J. W. LOWE,
Blacksmith and Wagon Maker,
Santa Ana.
Horse-shoeing a specialty. General Jobbing done promptly and at low rates. jan 22

The Hamiltonian Stallion
"Gibraltar."
WILL be at the service of horse breeders, from June until September (and perhaps later) and will be at Anaheim, Santa Ana and vicinity, on the 20th day of June. Gibraltar is a deep blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, weighs 1050 pounds, and is a model of strength in every part; is 15½ hands high, four (4) years old, and a natural trotter of extraordinary speed. He was sired by Mr. Titus' trotting stallion "Echo," his dam a mare brought into the county by Judge Ewing, of Anaheim, and supposed to be of Belmont stock, and was a fine roadster. The fine size, rich color, good disposition and extraordinary trotting speed of this young horse, commend him to all intelligent breeders of horses. Persons wishing to breed to him can apply to Oscar Wills, agent in charge of the horse. Terms, $50 ($10 in advance, balance note payable January 1877.) Mares not proving in foal entitled to next season free.
GEO. O. TIFFANY, Owner.
June20-1m Los Angeles.

POND'S EXTRACT
"Have, for I would speak of excellent things."—Bacon.
POND'S EXTRACT.—The great Vegetable Pain Conqueror. Used in all parts of the world. Cures in one day, and for chronic and prompt cures the various cases be entitled.
CAUTION.—No Extract can effectually be without the name blown in the glass. Pond's Extract, Ambrosia, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves Colds or Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, Sunburn, Gout, Sore Throat, Piles, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests Inflammation, reduces swelling, stops bleeding, and heals without a sear, rapidly.
FEMALE WEAKNESSES.—It always relieves pain in the back and loins, fullness and pressing pain in the head, nervousness, etc.
HEMORRHOIDS it has no equal. All kinds of affections to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.
PILES.—Internal or bleeding—most prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.
VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this painful and dangerous condition.
KIDNEY DISEASES.—It has no equal for permanent cure.
BLEEDING from any cause. For this is a specialty. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Toothache and Earache are all also relieved, and often permanently cured.
PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel recommend it in their practice. We have letters of recommendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils, simple and chronic Sharrhœa, Catarrh, (for which it is a specific,) Ophthalmia, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.
TOILET USE.—Removes Soreness, Roughness, and Smarting; heals Cuts, Eruptions, and Pimples. It restores, invigorates, and refreshes, while wonderfully improving the Complexion.
TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract. No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the Leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Sprains, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Saddle Sores, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleeding, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, etc. Its range of action is wide, and the relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.
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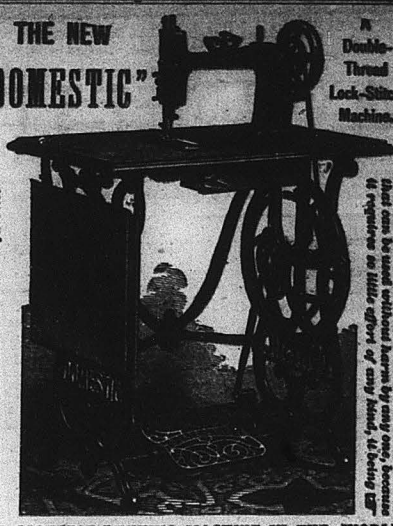

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SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 6. ANAHEIM, CAL., SEPTEMBER 2, 1876. NO. 46.

A Morning Glory.

Among my window pets so fair,
A modest morning glory lends
A charm and sweetness truly rare,
Among its grander, stateller friends.

Although the day was bleak and cold,
And March winds blew,as March winds will,
The tender blossoms did unfold,
Brightening up my window sill.

I hailed its dear, old-fashioned face
With more delight than blossoms rare;
It gave a freshness to the place,
And lent a breath of Summer air.

So pure and frail—alas! a few
Brief hours only were its stay;
It opened bright its beauty, drew
Our hearts, then drooped and passed away.

And thus in life, those we prize most
The frailest seem. We're sure of none,
We count our treasures dear, and boast
Their worth—enjoy, and lo! they're gone.

My Sweetheart.

My Sweetheart's eyes are neither black nor blue,
Nor are they bright as star-gleams flash'd through dew;
But the lovelight they know is brighter far
Than diamond's ray, or gleam of any star.

My Sweetheart's face is neither fine nor fair,
Nor is it crown'd with black or golden hair;
But there is in it such a tender grace,
I never yet looked on a sweeter face.

My Sweetheart's form is neither tall nor grand,
Nor has she got a white and jew'l'd hand;
But form more lithesome sure was never known,
And tenderer hand no one can ever own.

My Sweetheart's lips are dainty ones and sweet;
Bright is her smile as any you can meet;
Faithful her soul, and full of trusting love,
Willing by suffering its strength to prove.

She finds no fault because our home is small,
But on each common thing a charm doth fall
When she has touched it. She imparts her grace
To every nook and corner of the place.

There is a taste of heaven in her kiss;
Her hopeful counsel I should sadly miss;
And though she be not fair or grand,
There's not a sweeter lady in the land.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The Siege of Berlin.

We were riding up the Avenue des Champs Elysees with Dr. V——, reading, in the houses riddled with bullets, the pavements demolished by the shells, the history of the siege of Paris, when, just before arriving at the Rond Point de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of the large corner houses that form such an imposing group around the Arch of Triumph.

"Do you see those four closed windows yonder on that balcony?" he said. "In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August, so pregnant with storms and disasters for us, I was called in to attend a case of apoplexy in that house. The patient was Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first empire, a firm believer in the glory of his country, who, when war was first declared, took up his residence on the Champs Elysees in an apartment with a balcony. Guess why! In order to witness the triumphant entry of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg reached him as he was rising from dinner. While reading the name of Napoleon, written at the foot of this bulletin of defeat, he fell insensible.

"I found the old cuirassier extended on the floor of his room, his face flushed, and as unconscious as if he had been felled by the blow of a club. Standing, he must have been a very large man; lying there, he looked immense. Regular features, superb teeth, a mass of white curling hair, eighty years old, but looking sixty. Beside him knelt his grand-daughter, weeping bitterly. She was very like him. Seeing them side by side reminded one of two beautiful Greek medals, struck from the same stamp, only one antique tarnished, rather worn in the outline, while the other was clear and distinct in all the freshness and brilliancy of a new stamp.

"The grief of the young girl touched me. The daughter and grand-daughter of soldiers, her father was on MacMahon's staff, and the sight of the old man lying insensible before her called up to her mind another sight not less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, but to tell the truth I had myself very little hope. The old man had been struck down with an apoplectic fit, and at eighty years of age one seldom recovers from that. For three days, in fact, the invalid remained in the same condition, motionless and insensible. Just at this time the news of Reichshoffen reached Paris. You remember in what a strange fashion. Until evening we all believed in a great victory, twenty thousand Prussians slain, the prince royal a captive. I do not know by what miracle, or what magnetic current, an echo of the national rejoicing reached our poor invalid in the depths of his paralysis, but that evening, on approaching his bed, I found him another man. His eyes were almost bright, his tongue less heavy. He was strong enough to smile, and he stammered out twice—

"'Vic-to-ry!'

"'Yes, colonel, a great victory!'

"And, while I related the details of MacMahon's success, I saw his countenance brighten, his features relax.

"When I left the room the young girl was waiting for me at the door; she was weeping bitterly.

"'He is saved!' said I, taking her hands in mine.

"The poor girl had scarcely courage to reply. The real news of Reichshoffen had just been published—MacMahon flying, the army routed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was heart-broken, thinking of her father. I trembled, remembering the old man. He surely could never stand this new and terrible shock. What was to be done? Should we leave him to his joy and to the illusions that have revived him? Then we would have to lie to him.

"'Well, I will lie to him,' said the heroic girl, dashing away her tears, and with a radiant countenance she returned to her grandfather's room.

"It was a terrible hard task that she had undertaken. At first it was comparatively easy. The old man's brain was feeble, and he believed blindly, like a child, whatever was told him. But with returning health his ideas became clearer. We were obliged to keep him informed respecting the movements of the army, and to invent military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that fair young girl, studying day and night over her map of Germany, pricking it with little flags, attempting to arrange a glorious campaign; Bazaine advancing upon Berlin, Troussart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She asked my advice about this, and I aided her as well as I could, but the old man was our principal assistant in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often under the first Napoleon! He knew all the movements in advance. 'Now they will go here;' 'this is what they will do!' and his predictions were always realized, which made him very proud.

"But, unfortunately, no matter how many battles we won, how many cities we took, we never went fast enough for the old man—he was insatiable. Every day on my arrival I learned of a new victory.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, coming to meet me with a sad smile; and I heard from the adjoining room a joyous voice that cried:

"'We are making great progress. In a week we shall enter Berlin!'

"At that moment the Prussians were within a week's march of Paris. Our first idea was to transport our invalid to the provinces; but as soon as he left Paris the state of the country would have told him all, and I feared that he was as yet too feeble, too much stunned by his great shock, to be able to bear the truth. So we decided that he should stay.

"The first day of the siege, I entered their apartment (I remember it as if it was yesterday) very much moved, with that sad heart wherewith all of us saw the gates of Paris closed, the enemy under the walls, and our suburbs converted into frontiers. I found the old man seated on his bed, joyous and exulting.

"'Well, Doctor,' said he, 'the siege has commenced.'

"I looked at him in amazement.

"'What, colonel! do you know?'

"His granddaughter turned to me.

"'Why, yes, doctor, that is the great news—the siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said that, while drawing her needle through the canvas with such a quietly deliberate tone. How could he suspect anything? The cannon of the forts—he could not hear them! Unhappy Paris, all gloomy and disturbed—he could not see her. A small section of the Arch of Triumph was all that he could see from his bed, and in the room, all around him, were the relics of the first empire, well calculated to sustain his delusions, Portraits of marshals, engravings of battle subjects, the infant King of Rome, large consoles covered with imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a stone from St. Helena under a glass shade, miniatures, all representing the same lady in ball costume, a yellow dress, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and light eyes; and all those—the consoles, the King of Rome, the marshals, the ladies in yellow, with the short waists, girdles under their arms, and that dignified stiffness that was the grace of 1806. Good colonel! It was that atmosphere of victory and of conquests that surrounded him, more than anything we could say, that made him believe so implicitly in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day forward our military operations were much simplified. The taking of Berlin was only a matter of patience. From time to time, whenever the old man grew weary and impatient, his grand-daughter would read him a letter from his son—an imaginary letter, of course—as for a long time nothing had entered Paris, and, after Sedan, his son, who was MacMahon's aide-de-camp, had been sent a prisoner to a German fortress. You can imagine the despair of that poor girl, without news of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him talk in joyous though rather brief letters, such alone as a soldier always marching onward in a conquered country has time to write. Sometimes her strength failed her, and weeks passed without news. But then the old man grew uneasy and could not sleep. Then a letter would arrive at once from Germany which she would come and read to him beside his bed in a gay tone while choking back her tears.

"The colonel listened religiously, smiled with a critical air, approved, criticised, explained to us the involved passages. But where he was really fine was in the answers he sent to his son.

"'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he said; 'be generous to the poor people. Do not make this invasion too hard for them to bear.' Then came endless recommendations, delightful lectures upon the respect of the proprieties, the politeness which one owes to ladies, a whole code of military honor for the use of the conquerors. He also added some general reflections upon politics and the conditions of peace to impose upon the Prussians. In that respect I must confess that he was not exacting.

"'The war indemnity, nothing more. Why should we take their provinces? Can we make France out of Germany?'

"He dictated that in a firm voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, such a fine patriotic faith, that it was impossible not to be touched while listening to him.

"Meantime the siege went on; not that of Berlin, alas!

"It was the time of the terrible cold weather, the bombardment, epidemics, and famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and to the indefatigable tenderness that surrounded him, the old man's serenity was never once troubled.

"Until the end I contrived to procure for him white bread and fresh meat. There was only enough for him, though; and you cannot imagine anything more touching than these innocently selfish heartbeats of the old man—the colonel propped up in the bed, his napkin tucked under his chin, beside him his granddaughter, thin and pale from her privations, guiding his hand, making him drink, helping him to eat all the good cheer. Then, revived, by his repast, in the comfort of his warm room, the wintry frost outside and the snow whirling before the windows, the old cuirassier would recall his northern campaigns, and would relate to us for the fiftieth time the account of that terrible retreat from Moscow, when they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse flesh.

"'Can you imagine it, little girl!—we ate horse!'

"She could easily imagine it; for two months she had eaten nothing else. From day to day, however, as convalescence approached, our task became more and more difficult. That numbness of mind and body alike, that had so well aided us up to that time, began to disappear. Two or three times the terrible explosions from the Porte Maillot had made him start, pricking up his ears like a hunting dog; we were obliged to invent a recent victory of Bazaine before Berlin, and artillery fired in honor of the occasion at the Invalides. Another day, when we had pushed his bed up to the window (I think it was the day of the fight at Buzenval), he saw plainly the National Guards collecting on the Avenue de la Grande Armee.

"'What troops are those?' asked the old man; and I heard him mutter to himself, 'Badly drilled! badly drilled!'

"That was all; but we understood that in future we must take great precautions. Unhappily, we were not fortunate enough.

"One evening, on my arrival, the young girl came to meet me, looking very anxious.

"'They enter the city to-morrow,' she said.

"Was the grandfather's door open? I do not know. But, in thinking it over since, I remember that he was strangely excited that evening. He probably overheard us. Only we were talking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, of that triumphal entry which he had waited for so long; MacMahon riding down the flower-strewed avenue, his son beside the marshal, and he (the old man) on his balcony, in full uniform, saluting the torn flags and powder-blackened eagles as they passed.

"Poor Colonel Jouve! He doubtless imagined that we wished to prevent him from witnessing the entry of our troops, in order to keep him from becoming too much excited. So he took care to keep the secret from every one; and the next morning, at the very hour that the Prussian troops were beginning to march up the long road that leads from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, that window was opened softly, and the colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his long sword, his worn and glorious uniform as a cuirassier of Milhaud. I cannot even now imagine what effort of will, what return of strength, could have given him the power to rise and dress himself. However, there he was, standing erect, behind the railing, astonished to find the streets deserted, the blinds of the houses closed, Paris as silent as a tomb, flags everywhere, it is true, but such strange ones—white, with red crosses—and no one there to greet our soldiers!

"For a moment he thought he had been mistaken. But no! Yonder, behind the Arch of Triumph, was a confused murmur, and a black line that was advancing through the dawn. Then, little by little, the spikes of the helmets glittered, the drums of the Jena began to beat, and under the Arch of Triumph cadenced by the step of the infantry and by the clang of the sabres, sounded Schubert's triumphal march. Then through the street rang a terrible cry, 'To arms! to arms! The Prussians are upon us!' And the four uhlans of the vanguard might have seen yonder on that balcony a tall old man stagger, fighting the air with his hands, and then fall prostrate. Colonel Jouve was dead!"—*Appletons' Monthly.*

Courtship and Betrothals.

Saxon damsels are much more rigidly watched and duennaed and kept under than American maidens, that is, if American girls are kept under at all. Until engaged they are not permitted to walk alone with a gentleman or take his arm or go with him to any place of amusement, or receive a call from him, unless in presence of some older female relative. But the engagement or betrothal is a serious, solemn, public, almost irrevocable affair. Hear that, ye flirting Yankee girls, with scalps dangling at your belts, and tremble. How they can get through with the proposal part of it in presence of the ever present and watchful duenna you must get one of your German friends at home to tell you. But the betrothal, when approved by the parents of both parties, is formally announced by the bride's parents in printed circular and newspaper advertisement, to relations, connections and friends of both parties. Now the beau begins to have some chance; he can sit and walk out unattended with his inamorata, and kiss her, but perhaps I am wrong here, for I assure you I haven't been trying it on myself. But still if he takes her to theatre, opera or concert, he must take her mother or some other relative along, which is good for mothers and relatives, but rough on beaux. And if the swain is an officer he must get leave from the war office to marry, and deposit as an indispensible pre-requisite, a sum sufficient to maintain his widow in case of decease, so that officers ain't marrying men as much as they are with us. The engagements are very long ones—two or three years is an average—but they are very rarely broken off, and if this should occur it is spoken of by relatives and friends with bated breath and looks of horror. During this period the bride, if living in the country districts, is diligently employed in spinning, weaving and making up the stock of linen required for her own use and that of her husband for many coming years. In city and country she learns and practices cooking and the household duties her mother experienced and careful eye, which accounts for a German spouse being a helpmeet in other things than the gratification of smoke, chops and roast.—*Exchange.*

The Sick Room.

A very important part of the care of the sick consists in the proper selection and preparation of food. The fact that diet is conceded by all physicians to be almost as important a remedial agent as medicine when judiciously managed, should impress upon intelligent minds the necessity of giving it a prominent place in the education of the nurse. This is rendered the more imperative by the neglect of this branch of the culinary art by ordinary cooks. It is difficult to disabuse the mind of old prejudices in favor of methods that have become popular by long habit, and ingredients that have to be considered indispensable in making anything "good."

Much progress has been made in the right direction, as will be seen by looking over the extravagant receipts of any old-fashioned cookery book, a fact which is encouraging, but there is still room for great improvement. Most people have an idea that nothing can be made palatable without being rich, and if sick folks are not allowed anything "rich," they are apt to get very little beyond the inevitable slice of toast and cup of tea, which doctors prescribe, because it is the only thing they can think of as safe, and which they feel sure will not tempt a fastidious appetite to over-indulgence. Who does not know how safe it is in that respect at least, but it is anything else when the appetite needs to be coaxed and tempted with inviting delicacies, in order to do duty at all. The task of providing for a capricious and fastidious appetite is not a light one, but it is one that must be undertaken, if one would be a successful nurse, since food that is relished is much more likely to be beneficial than that which is not; and therefore it is needful that it must be light, nutritious, suitable to the condition of the patient and agreeable to the palate. It is in vain to attempt to provide such a bill of fare without great care and pains being bestowed upon it.

There are now in the market many articles prepared expressly for the sick; some are simply a superior kind of ordinary food, others are combinations of ingredients to suit particular forms of disease.

To use these with discrimination, one must either know what elements they contain, or be assured of their proper application by competent and reliable chemists.

The best mode of preparation is the next thing to be considered, as without this they often are condemned as useless, or thrown aside as unpalatable.

The first requirement in everything to be done for the sick is exactness, and this applies to cooking, as to everything else. If the directions give the number of minutes for boiling, it should not be thought a matter of no moment whether it be five minutes more or less. The same rule applies to the mixture of ingredients; the proportions should be exactly adjusted, or the result may be entirely different from what is desired.

How to do up Shirts.

To three tablespoonfuls of common starch, well boiled in one quart of water, add a lump of lard the size of a pea, a tablespoonful of loaf sugar and a little salt. Let it cool until you can use it without burning your hands. When the clothes are thoroughly dry, dampen your shirts in a thin, cold starch, roll them up and let them lay one hour before ironing. When ready to iron have a bowl of clean, cold water at hand, dip a clean handkerchief into it and wring it out dry; then stretch the shirt over a shirt-board, and with the dampened handkerchief wipe out every particle of starch that appears on the surface, taking care always to wipe downward. Be careful not to have the iron too hot. The more pressure you use on the starched surface the finer polish you will get. I have done up shirts in this way for several years, and know that it will produce a polish equal to any laundry work. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that you should never boil the starch until the clothes are ready to hang up to dry.

No shirt can be done up nicely without a shirt-board. The one I have is two feet long and one foot wide—an inch board planed smooth, and covered on one side with six thicknesses of flannel, the top one being soft white flannel. The first five thicknesses are stretched over tightly and tacked securely on to the edges of the board all around; the white flannel is stitched to the edges of the others, so that it can be removed for washing whenever necessary. Old blankets or shawls that have done their duty as such, can be well utilized for this purpose.—*Ohio Farmer.*

FRUIT IN TIN CANS.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: "The impression prevails among those who use freely fruit which is put up in tin cans, that they are injured thereby, and this impression is in many instances correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, and that no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together with solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly many persons are injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, etc., which have been placed in tin cans, and we advise our friends who contemplate putting up fruit this summer to use only glass jars for the purpose, or what is still better, is to have a family fruit dryer on hand. Fruit is so nicely dried on this machine as to excel all other dried fruit, and if not superior it is equal to any of the canned fruits."

ONE of the best applications for rheumatism is to bathe the parts affected in water in which potatoes have been recently boiled, as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed.

Joaquin Miller's Fantastic Yarn About "One Fair Woman."

The poet was sitting before a cheerful grate fire—it was winter—with a table by his side covered with manuscripts, bottles of wine, bottles of Spanish olives, dishes of candies and a box of Albert biscuits. "I take the richest wines I can find," he said, suiting his action to the word by filling a large goblet with a rich red wine, "and sometimes I eat half a bottle of olives at one sitting. That is the proper food for poets. Homer drank wine and ate olives. The large, soft ones are the best, and the longer they have been in pickle the better. Eat them slowly with crackers; they are fattening." Taking up a copy of "The One Fair Woman" he wrote upon the fly-leaf, "Yours until the end of the volume." "I do not often give away a book," he said, presenting it to me; "but I want you to read this. I have been too careless in my writing heretofore. This book I began to write in a prison cell in Milan, and I finished it in sixty days. Here are pictures of 'The One Fair Woman' and the 'Pink Countess,'" taking from the manile photographs and placing them in my hands. "I was in love with the Countess, eloped with her, took the husband and child along—it is always best to take the husband along when you elope with a woman; it saves a vast amount of trouble. An old Italian was also in love with the Countess, and he caused me to be arrested and thrown into prison on the charge of kidnapping. When the officer arrested me I had not a word to say, and wouldn't even give him my name. I didn't want to make a noise in the newspapers and have it get all over the world that Joaquin Miller was in jail! The moment I was inside the prison I determined to write a book, so I sent for pens, bottles of ink and paper—reams of it—piles of it—immense heaps! I wrote constantly, as well as I could by the miserable light of the cell window, only stopping to eat and sleep. On the third day I was taken before the Syndic. I carried my pens, paper and ink into court, and finally the Syndic addressed me himself—a very unusual thing for a Syndic in an Italian court to do. He asked me why I did not respond when my name was called. I replied that I was in a great hurry and had no time to spare, as I was obliged to finish immediately a three-volume book for publication. This statement appeared to astonish the Court. 'Would I promise to leave Italy?' No answer. I was taken back to prison and on the second day was presented with my release. But I have had my revenge—the old man that sent me to jail figures in the book as the prisoner, and in the end I make him hang himself to one of the prison window bars."—*Dr. Fuller, in the Illustrated Weekly.*

A Strange Story.

A strange story comes from Spain. A detachment of soldiers some time ago discovered in a secluded part of a mountain chain a cavern which was inhabited by robbers, who had taken advantage of the civil war to ply their criminal avocation. An alcove was attached to this subterranean dwelling, the door of which the soldiers broke open. They were astonished to find the apartment decently furnished and provided with books, flowers, and even a piano. In an easy chair sat a venerable old man. The soldiers interrogated him, but obtained only incoherent replies. It has been ascertained from one of the robbers that the old man was the cashier of a banking firm at Burgos; that they had brokenin to the bank and stolen the safe, taking the cashier away with them in hopes that he would assist them to open it. During their retreat of the scene from this exploit, which was marked by many adventures, the intrepid old man for a short time succeeded in evading the vigilance of his guardians and secreted the safe in a place where, should he regain his liberty, he would be able to recover it. When the booty was missed by the robbers and they failed to ascertain its whereabouts, with fiendish malignity they revived the proceedings of the famous chafferu, namely, roasting the feet of their unfortunate prisoner in order to extort a confession. But, unhappily, the torture had a different effect. The brave old man became insane, and with the object of restoring him to reason, in the hope that when he recovered he would reveal to them the place where the safe was concealed, the robbers bestowed upon him the utmost kindness and attention.

They danced for amusement with many grotesque figures, and dance to welcome guests. The music given by the tambourine, which has, by-the-way, an ingenious handle, when elicited by a long bone, is not exactly in accord with our ideas of harmony, but affords extreme pleasure to these rude children of nature.

KILLING A MAN BEFORE HE HEARS THE SHOT FIRED.—There is an American story of respectable antiquity which tells how a fast train outran the sound of its own signals and came to utter grief, the sound of the warning whistle arriving after the collision. The driver was killed, and the story ended with the words "Poor fellow! he was dead when the curses reached him." As curious, and much more certainly true, is the fact that when a man is struck by lightning he does not see the flash. We do not know whether it has been observed that something similar will happen to the first man killed by the eighty-one-ton gun, within a mile of the muzzle; he will not hear the shot fired. The velocity of sound is 1,132 feet per second. The muzzle velocity of the bolt of the eighty-one-ton gun is about 1,600 feet per second. This, of course, rapidly diminishes, but the average for some distance would be greater than that of the sound. In fact, as the shot carries the whistle along with it, one would hear the whistle of the shot before hearing the gun. Some curious observations might be made with regard to this latter point, as to the acoustic effect of wound emitted by a body travelling faster than the sound. The only other example we have is the lightning flash, producing the instantaneous roll of the thunder.

THE SIOUX Indians name their pappooses after events transpiring at the time of their birth. As illustrative of this peculiar trait, Red Cloud is known to have taken that name from the fact that the western sky was overspread with red clouds at the moment of his birth, while the bringing of a captive horse with a spotted tail gave the now great chief the singular cognomen of Spotted Tail. Sitting Bull received this name because a buffalo bull was, by a lucky shot, thrown upon its haunches, in plain sight of his mother's tepee at the auful hour; while the carvorings of a fractious pony furnished a name for the renowned Crazy Horse.

Lake Life in Mexico.

Cortes, in his letter to the Emperor Charles V., thus described Mexico, as it greeted the first European eyes that beheld it:

"In the plain there are two lakes, which nearly occupy the whole of it, as the people use canoes for more than fifty leagues round. One of these lakes is of fresh water, and the larger of salt. They are divided, on one side, by a small collection of high hills, which stand in the centre of the plain, and they unite in a level strait formed between these hills and the mountain, which strait is a gun-shot wide; and the people of the cities and other settlements which are in these lakes communicate with each other in canoes, without the necessity of going by land. And as the great salt lake ebbs and flows with the tide, as the sea does, in every flood, the water flows from it into the fresh lake as impetuously as if it were a large river, and consequently at the ebb the fresh lake flows into the salt.

"The great city of Tenochtitlan is found in this salt lake, and from *terra firma* to the body of the city the distance is two leagues, on whichever side you enter. It has four entrances, or causeways, made by the hand of man, as wide as two horsemen's lances."

These lakes, Chalco and Texcoco, are the glory of Mexico, and give it an attraction without a parallel.

On the large canal, De la Viga, which unites them, are two Indian villages, Santa Anita and Ixtiscalli (an Aztec word, meaning white house). These represent almost absolutely the villages of three hundred years ago.

The houses are made of adobe or of flags, and every house possesses a chinampa or floating garden, made of flags, with a layer of earth. In these they cultivate all the year through flowers and vegetables. At certain seasons nothing can be more picturesque than these villages reflected on the water and surrounded by islets covered with roses, pinks, lilies, and sweet peas, with occasionally one of those vast boquets moving slowly on its fragrant path behind a canoe. This is their wealth, and gathering their harvest, they urge their canoes along the canal to the Puerta de Roldam, the general market for fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and one of the busiest spots in the city.

On the festival of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors, the flower-trade is at its height. Then the canoes are perfect bouquets, the chinampas are stripped of all their floral riches to adorn the altar of Our Lady found in every house.

Toward evening, the Indians are seen paddling home with the purchases made from their sales, and the sales would, with better judgment, secure them a better lot than that now devolving to them.

The canal of La Viga is a favorite resort, too, for boating-parties in flat boats and canoes, which fill up in a moment so that there is scarce room to stand; but by dint of compression space is at last found to dance, the guitar strikes up, and all men, women and children begin the Jarabe, the favorite native dance of the Palomo or Artillero. The dance seems inspired by the music, it glides along, song and laughter, gay calls from canoe to canoe, an occasional collision or a bath, redoubling the universal gayety, and finally a purchase of fruit and flowers from the chinampas make up their holiday.

ESQUIMAUX DANCING.—Cheerless as is the home of the Esquimaux, and all around them, at least to our eyes, they are a simple, merry-hearted set, and enjoy life.

They are fond of dancing, and of a rude music on a kind of tambourine. Especially where not corrupted by white intercourse, they are good-humored, cheerful, and simple. The dress of the men and women does not differ greatly, and, of course, skins and furs are more largely employed than any woven fabric, as their land supplies no fibrous plants but moss, and the arts growing from their use are unknown. In winter they wear a double set of clothes. The inner one has the fur to the skin, the outer one the fur outside. These clothes are often very neatly made, being firmly sewed with bone needles and thread of sinews or moss. The women carry their infants either in their capacious hoods or still more capacious boots—the latter being general store-houses, even food being kept in them. Were we descended from them, we might suppose the word "booty" derived from them.

A DOG STORY.—Here is the last dog story; its not a bad one:—

A gentleman not a hundred miles from Boston is the fortunate owner of "two dogs," one an honest old Newfoundlander, and the other a little black-and-tan terrier.

One cold night last winter a friend who happened to be at the gentleman's house heard the little dog barking at a furious rate and inquired the cause.

"I'll tell you," said a gentleman, "both dogs occupy one house, and the big dog, on the principle that might makes right takes the inside. But here's a piece of canine strategy. The little fellow runs into the yard and barks and barks, till the big fellow comes out to see what's the matter, when 'black-and-tan' takes the opportunity to slip into the kennel, and so secure the snug inside berth. Strange to say, as often as this trick has been played on the big dog, he seems to grow no wiser, but is sold every time.—*Com. Bulletin.*

Experiences in Pompeii.

What I am about to relate may be of some interest and importance to future travelers intending to make any stay at Pompeii, since it is my own experience. A friend and I left Amalfi at 8 o'clock P. M. one bright day, with a vetturino, for La Cava, where we met the last train to Pompeii. The road to Vietri was very good, but from there, where it joins the high road to Salerno, it appears equally so, but is in reality so full of ruts that it is often necessary to hold on to prevent being thrown out. On turning off the bridge, at Vietri, we met a bullock-cart so badly laden with timber that the logs projected far beyond and above the animals' heads, and our horses took fright, nearly upsetting our carriage. Happily, help was at hand, and we were thankful to escape with only an alarm. A heavy thunder-storm greeted us at La Cava, and the rain came down in torrents, but by 9 o'clock P. M., when we reached Pompeii, the moon and the stars shone out brightly. To our dismay, as we were very tired, we found no horse conveyance could be had for love or money, short of Torre dell' Annunziata, so a boy shouldered our bags, and we had a quarter of an hour's walk, in all the wet and mud, to the Hotel del Sole, which was really no better than a usual road-side inn in comfort. Within, it was lighted up with dim, colored lanterns, raised on tubs of grass, and all looked dirty and primitive. The proprietor, however, was a civil man, and as his wife seemed so, we were somewhat reconciled to appearances. He told us his hotel was quite full, but offered to secure us rooms in his descended from them, we might suppose the word "booty" thoroughly Italian farm-house, but he assured us the owners were very "braves gens," and, as we had no better alternative, we were glad to accept this. We then partook of supper, which consisted of very coarse bread, butter, bunches of cold boiled meat, and indifferent wine. Cold comfort, indeed, but all they had, so here, too, we were obliged to be thankful. Supper over, we started again, with two men to carry our bags, for the farm. On arriving, four very savage dogs raised a fearful alarm, and it was with difficulty we could pass at all, for one fiercer than the rest could hardly be restrained. At this moment, a peasant woman appeared with a light, at the foot of a rude, wooden staircase, slightly roofed over, and conducted us up to our rooms, off a balcony strewn with cotton pods and maize, to dry. The rooms were large and very dirty, but, however humble, we were glad of shelter of any kind. Two dim Pompeian oil lamps were lighted, and two candles placed in the necks of empty wine bottles were provided, in case we needed further illumination. The padrona was very polite and hoped we should find all comfortable, as she wished us "felice notte," and then barred and bolted the heavy wooden doors. Once alone we began to explore, and found ourselves surrounded by Madonnas and Bambinos in glass cases, pictures and silver medals of martyrs, with saints and angels for protection, beds large enough for families of six to repose comfortably in, and in one room a collection of dirty, antiquated morning gowns. Unfortunately, the rooms and beds were damp, thus rendering these quarters dangerous as well as dismal.

The next day was lovely, hot and sunny; the bright and varied sunset tints were exceedingly beautiful and delicately transparent. At night a very sudden thunder-storm broke over our heads, attended with most vivid lightning. At one time, even the walls of this strongly-built house shook, and below, in the cellar, fowls, doves, and 1,000 quails were roused from their rest. The storm was of short duration, and all again subsided for the night, but sleep was nearly impossible, owing to the rumbling noises in the earth beneath the ruined city, resembling heavy carts lumbering over one another, as if they all stopped at the same place, and then continued rumbling on, whilst from the mountains behind Castellamare, the same sounds were re-echoed in the distance, like an accompaniment to the rest. These subterranean noises lasted till daybreak, and then no more was heard. Next day, in explanation of all this, we were told that the belt electric communication between Etna and Vesuvius lay beneath Pompeii, and that in change of weather these active sounds are sometimes heard, but more probably are the precursors of a coming eruption. At this time Etna was slightly disturbed.—*An English Lady in Rome.* From "*La Cosmopolite.*"

A MICROSCPIC REVELATION.—A writer in *Harper's Magazine* tells of this strange revelation made by the microscope:

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage-smasher had knocked off the corner of a smoothly-worn hair trunk. The *savant* appealed to his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise man declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that, judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so-called naked portion of the body, and, further, that it once belonged to a fair-complexioned person.

The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That, a thousand years before, a Danish marauder had robbed an English church. In the spirit of the old-fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope he was killed first), and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as tradition or archæological lore has it, the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long since utterly removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church door held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flat head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian adventurer's pelt—that fair-skinned robber from the North.

HEALTH RULE.—Eat good simple food. Take plenty of exercise. Do your work in the sunshine that God gives, and not in artificial light. Use moderation.

American Humor.

SHRINKS IT.—Stop this progress. When a train can go from ocean to ocean in three days this country begins to look small.—[Reading Review.

You can not convince a dog with a string of fire-crackers attached to his narrative that the American Republic is a complete success.—[Rome Sentinel.

MR. EVARTS spoke in his oration of "our debts to the men of 1776." Ah, would that all our debts were to the men of 1776.—[Turner Falls Reporter.

A CLERK in one of our grocery stores fell down the cellar stairs with a basket of eggs the other day, and when he came up the proprietor thought he had been painted up to take part in the Fourth of July parade.—[Rome Sentinel.

IT is difficult to explain some of the great problems of nature. It is estimated that is takes eighteen centuries to form a foot of coal, but it is a well-known fact that a ton left out on the sidewalk will usually shrink fifty per cent. or more in a single night.—[Norwich Bulletin.

AN effort is now being made not to have the town clock illuminated nights. We do not think this will be favored by our best citizens. Still it seems a wanton waste of gas to light it before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, as all the saloons have clocks.—[Norwich Bulletin.

A BUSINESS man of James street hired a laborer last week to cut the grass in his yard, and tidy up the premises. At noon the man returned to the office saying: "I've cleaned up the yard and cut most of the grass, an' sure, sor, a man he tould me I was in the wrong yard, but he said it would make the divil a bit of difference, be dad."—[Rome Sentinel.

IT has always seemed strange to us that there are so many who are willing to borrow an umbrella who would scorn to borrow a shirt, and yet the latter article is a real necessity—unless you possess the happy faculty of knowing how to pin a collar to the neck of your vest and have it all look natural—while the umbrella may properly be classed under the head of luxuries.—[Bridgeport Standard.

A STRANGER who sat on the wharf yesterday gave his opinion on the nominations. He could have voted, himself, for Bristow, he said, but he could not cast a ballot for men not identified with reform as well as purity and honesty. He intended to say more, but just then a policeman came along and arrested him for stealing a clothes line, two undershirts, and a pork ham the night before.—[Norwich Bulletin.

HE bought a cheap coat of one of the gentleman from Jerusalem, and he observed next day that it was made of two kinds of cloth, or else it had faded from some previous wear and tear. He went to the dealer with fire in his eyes. The dealer looked at the garment without surprise, and at the wearer with extreme wonder. "Vy, mine goodness!" he said, "you've been wear de goat in de sun! You tink him mast of sheet-iron, hey!"—[Rochester Democrat.

AS old lady, just over from the Green Isle, hired her son out to a man in the town. When asked if the boy was honest, she replied: Honest, is it? Sure, that lad niver spares the thruth." The boy was discovered to be a great liar, and was accordingly discharged. "I thought you said he never spared the truth," said the former employer to the boy's mother. "Faith, an' he dosen't aither. An' he moight work for yees till ye are dead, an' a divil o' bit o' truth would ever escape him."—[Whitehall Times.

She Thought She Knew.

The passengers in the sleeping-coach were just dozing off when something howled out:

"Ow—wow—wow!"

"Great dragons, there's a young one aboard!" growled a fat man from his berth. "I'll bet a hundred dollars none of us can get a wink of sleep to-night."

"Wow—wow!" whined the child.

"There he goes again!" growled the fat man. "I never travel but what I run across some one's offspring."

"Who's that talking?" called the mother of the child in a loud voice.

"Me!" answered the fat man. "Why didn't you either leave that child at home or stay home yourself?"

"Are you talking to me?" demanded the woman.

"Yes, ma'am, I am! I say it's a shame to bring a sick child into a sleeping-car to disturb twenty or thirty people."

"Are you a father?" she asked.

"No, I haint."

"Nor a mother?" she continued.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, sir," she said, as she poked her head out between the curtains, "when you've been the mother of eleven children, moved forty-eight times, lived in nine different States, and worn one corset right along for seventeen years, you'll begin to think you know your business. I think I know mine; and if this baby wants to howl he's going to do it, if I have to come over there and kick a ton and a-half of conceit out of you."—*Delaware County American.*

Transient Mail Matter.

The following section of a law has been passed by Congress and approved by the President:

Section 15. That transient newspapers and magazines, regular publications designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation at nominal rates, and all printed matter of the third class except unsealed circulars, shall be admitted to, and be transmitted in the mails, at the rate of one cent for every two ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces or fractional part thereof, and the sender of any article of the third class of mail matter may write his or her name or address therein, or on the outside thereof, with word "from" above or preceding the same, or may write briefly, or print on any package the number and names of the articles enclosed. Publishers of newspapers and periodicals may print on the wrappers of newspapers or magazines sent from the office of publication to regular subscribers, the time to which subscriptions therefor have been paid, and addresses upon postal cards and unsealed circulars may be either written, printed or affixed thereto, at the option of the sender.

Section 16. That all acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed. On unsealed circulars and all mailable matter of the third class, other than that designated in the aforegoing section, postage will be charged as heretofore, one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

A GOOD man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world; at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty.

The Pet Bear.

Phil Hallidsy lived on the edge of a clearing in Minnesota, where recreation after hard days of labor on the new farm could be found in the woods with a rifle. There were animals there that help to supply the larder, and which it was just as well to kill off.

Bears have a liking for pork, and when they come to deal with a farmer, sometimes take the pick of the pen, and somehow overlook paying for their purchases.

Phil heard an ominous squeal one night, and rushed out, rifle in hand, too late to get a fair shot at a black mass that scampered away.

The next day he felt it a duty to take a look after his customer. He pushed on for some time without finding any sign of the bear, but at last got on the track and roused it up.

This time he got a good shot, and laid the disturber of his slumbers dead on the ground. He went up to inspect his prize, but found it an immense creature that he could not pretend to carry home. Bending down a sapling, he made the bear fast and then let it spring far enough up with its burden to keep it out of harm's way, and started home for his horse and the boys.

As he tramped on a sort of path, a little black creature ran out and began to paw at his leg; he stooped to look at it, and found it to be a little bear, evidently a cub of the one he had killed. It was very young and playful.

"There's a fine pet for the young folk!" he cried, as he picked it up; and, putting it in the breast of his coat, jogged homeward.

A shout of joy came from the gathered children as he produced it; Mary at once undertook to care for it, while Dick and Bill, the next two, volunteered to go with father for his bear, as well as to look whether there were any more cubs.

Old Bruin was brought in, and was soon dressed and laid away. The juicy hams afforded good meals; but the boys came back disappointed. They had, after no end of hunting, found the old bear's quarters, but she had left no other cubs.

Bruin was to be the only pet. A box was soon made for him, and a chain held him fast, for fear he might, true to his nature, take to the woods.

All undertook to teach him, and they got him to do several tricks, which he always readily performed when he saw a bowl of bread and a spoon, as he was well aware of the fact that he would not get a morsel till he had satisfied his young owners.

As the children grew up they gave less attention to their pet, and sometimes his rations were not supplied. They forgot that he was getting strong, too, so one night a squeaking in the pen roused Dick. He bounded out. Bruin was gone from his box; he found him battling with the pigs; but Dick could not secure him. He made off without taking leave of his friends.

Eight Hundred Miles Afoot.

The Cincinnati Light Guard, who left that city on the 22d of May, arrived in Philadelphia yesterday, after a tramp of 800 miles. They passed Sunday in camp on the Newtown pike, twelve miles from the city, and came in bright and early. On arriving here they went to George's Hill and encamped on the plateau lately occupied by the Seventh Regiment of New York. The Light Guard number thirty-eight—three officers, twenty-eight men and seven teamsters, cooks and servants. The commanding officer is Col. William St. Martin, with H. N. L. Bernard as Adjutant, and Lieut. A. L. Duweins in direct command. The members of the company, most of them young men, are sun-burnt to the complexion of a mulatto, and their tattered garments and wrecked brogans tell of severe trials and privations. They tramped in the uniform of the regular army, carrying dress uniforms in their wagons. Col. St. Martin gives these particulars of his command and their long walk: "Although over two months on the journey, the tramp of 800 miles was made in twenty-nine marching days, about twenty-eight miles a day. The best day's march was made between Columbus and Zanesville—thirty-three miles, with the thermometer ninety-six degrees in the shade. The hottest march was into Dowington, twenty-six miles, with the mercury bubbling in the hundreds. The trip, all in all, was a pleasant one. We started from Cincinnati with fifty-five men, but a number were called home to attend to business. Only one, a drummer boy of delicate frame, was taken sick on the entire march, and very few had to apply for admission to the ambulance; now and then, however, sore feet or colic would drive one of the boys to the rear. The route was by Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Zanesville, Wheeling, Little Washington, Somerset, Bedford Springs, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, Little York, Lancaster and West Chester. Through Pennsylvania we were hospitably received. Even in small towns we found good fare and comfortable quarters. Farmers along the route furnished us with milk and rations and refused pay. At Bedford Springs we were entertained in fine style for three days, and at Little York, Lancaster and West Chester the citizens could not do too much for us. Foraging was strictly forbidden, and not a single chicken suffered death at the hands of a skirmisher. When we left Cincinnati, some of our own company, who could not go with us, started a report that the venture was a fraud, and we had to battle for a good record from first to last. The meanest kind of reports were started—that we had killed eight men at Zanesville, burned one of our own men at the stake, and captured a funeral train, to get a ride and rest, in Pennsylvania. In some parts of Ohio the people on our approach shut up their houses and shunned us as if a plague. But the command so conducted themselves that we left each town on the route with the good will of its inhabitants. We are all gentlemen, and we have conducted ourselves as gentlemen on this long trip." Three of the company are veterans, the majority being too young in 1861 to go to the war. Director-General Gosborn, of the United States Centennial Commission, at one time commanded the Cincinnati Light Guard, and his nephew is now with them. The walkers will remain in camp for ten days, and then return by rail. On Thursday they will parade on Chestnut street, with Major-General Bankson and a detachment of the first division as escort.—*Philadelphia Times, July* 25.

THE latest story of a brave though childlike form, faithful at the post of duty, comes from Ohio. He was the son of a village editor, and, having discovered a broken rail just outside of the town, and for five hours on a fence near by waiting for the train, so that he might be the first to carry the particulars of the accident to his father. Such devotion to the paternal interest is very affecting.

A Noble Heart.

[Translated from the Germanistan.]

BY EMILY R. STEINESTEL.

When the celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her musical career, she was subjected to the same annoyances and struggles that rising talent generally finds obstructing its pathway as it would race over the burning sands of life to the haven of fame and fortune. Nevertheless her debut in Vienna was most brilliant, spite of the enormous sea of opposition that greeted her, yet the encouraging roar of the lions could not entirely drown the hissing of the snake.

One of the most venemous of these was the failing favorite of the public, but still powerful rival, Amelia Steininger; whose vocal octave had been considerably broken and reduced by dissipation, but she counted scores of admirers, who were ready to defend her position by every means fair or foul, in their power, and eventually succeeded in driving the dangerous rival of their "Steininger" from the field.

Chagrined, if not humiliated, Sontag left Vienna, harboring anything but kindly feelings toward Amelia Steininger.

Some years later, while she was in the glory of her triumph, singing with the great tenor, Jager, and the never-to-be-forgotten Baiff, Spitzeder, at the royal theatre, Berlin, where her sweet warbling made her the Catalani of her day, where tongues and pens all moved in her praise, the gardens were robbed of all their blossoms, and the florists of their buds and exotics to testify to the enthusiastic admiration and adoration of the charming songstress, when old men lifted her into her carriage that her dainty feet might not be soiled by the dust of the earth, and young men dragged the conveyance through the streets to her hotel. Truly she was the Catalini of her time, only she possessed what the Gypsy warbler did not—beauty and virtue.

One morning during this time, accompanied by a number of gallants, as she was riding along one of the main streets of Berlin, she was attracted by hearing an Austrian song, familiar from childhood and home, sung on the street corner by a little girl about six years old, who led by the hand a forlorn-looking blind woman. It was a sad and touching air, and the happy entertrice immediately ordered her coupe to be halted, called the little singer to her, and said:

"What is your name, my wee Austrian echo?"

"Nannie," the child replied, with a strong Vienna accent.

"And who is the woman with you?"

"My poor, blind mother, lady."

"And what is her name?"

"Amelia Steininger, lady."

"Amelia Steininger!" exclaimed Sontag, in greatest surprise.

"Yes, lady, my mother was a great singer in Vienna, long ago, but she lost her voice, and then she wept so much that the light went out of her eyes; then our friends turned away from us, and we sold everything we owned, and when that was gone we were obliged to beg our way or die of hunger."

Tears welled from the kind and generous heart of the unfortunate woman as she listened to the pathetic story of the little one, tears of genuine sympathy. She turned to the gallant gentlemen who gathered about her like satellites round their star.

"Gentlemen," said she, the pearling drops of heart dew glistening in her beautiful eyes, "permit me here, on this public place, to take up a collection for an unhappy sister, from whom God has seen fit to take his greatest gift, the gift of sight. Here is my purse, do not allow it to go companionless in the hands of this poor child."

In an instant the gold and silver coin rained upon the overjoyed little girl, who imagined an angel had come to relieve her mother from poverty and care.

"Now, tell me, Nannie, where do you live?"

The child gave the address.

"Give your mother my love, and tell her her old friend, Henrietta Sontag, will do herself the pleasure of hunting her up this afternoon and having a little chat with her.

Crying for joy, the child ran to her mother, with her good luck, and repeated Sontag's words, but she could not understand the violence of the impetuous burst of tears that fell from the blind eyes, to be followed by the remorseful sobbing of her who once drove this benefactress from her native city with hisses.

Sontag came according to promise; bringing a skillful oculist, who, after an examination, shook his grey head, he had no relief for the black cataract that had, up to that time, obstinately resisted skill.

With delicate consideration the conversation was led from subjects that would recall those days in Vienna. With heartfelt expressions of good will, Sontag left her former enemy and rival. The following week a rousing benefit "for a distressed artist" was given, Sontag's "Iphigenie" filling the house, and also the purse of the blind woman. Until her death Henriette Sontag cared for her, then her daughter became her grateful protege and received a liberal education that fitted her for an independent future. The slumbering nightingale left many mourning hearts, but none who loved her better or more gratefully than this girl.

LIFE.—It was a sad cynic who said that youth passes its time in wishing that it could, and age in regretting that it didn't. But it is true that all through the first half of our lives we are thinking what we will do when once we fairly get started, and we go on pleasing ourselves with these dreams until, all of a sudden we wake up to the fact that we have begun to go down hill, and that now the time to hope and plan is past, and the time to remember and regret has come. We often hear of the ironies of life. The saddest irony is its brevity—our days are but a span, our life but "a sleep and a forgetting." If it were possible to realize in the beginning that threescore years and ten are not three hundred, and to say to ourselves calmly, "Such and such things are, in so brief space, unattainable—let us content ourselves with striving for what we can reasonably hope to win," we might live our short span more rationally. Then would the rich man begin in season to dispense and enjoy his riches, remembering that out of this life he can carry nothing with him—then would the philanthropist limit his schemes to his possibilities—then, above all, would those who love each other beware that they give no space to estrangement or faultfinding, since our life of so few days is all too brief for bitterness.

MONEY AND MORALS.—Money has a closer relation to morals than is generally admitted. In all history, whether of individuals or communities, we find that laxity in money matters is followed by looseness of morals.

Wool Commission Merchants.

AT ALL.

Messrs. Moody & Farish, Wool commission merchants, have their office at 210 Davis st., and are one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Wool firm in this city. They have been in the business twenty years, and are engaged exclusively in the Wool trade; selling Wool on commission, making cash advances on Wool consignments and furnishing sheep growers with all necessary supplies when ordered. Mr. A. T. Farish has probably sold more California Wool than any other man in the State. The first year he was in the business, twenty years ago, he sold 500 bales, which was then deemed a good year's work. Now the firm think it nothing extraordinary to sell that number of bales in a single day. Mr. Joseph L. Moody is the owner and was the builder of the large warehouse near the Southern R. R. Depot, in the southern part of the city. This warehouse is an immense brick structure, 250x500 feet. The walls are 22 feet high, and it is a first-class fireproof risk, taken at the lowest rates. It is occupied by the popular Wool firms of E. Grisar & Co., J. H. McAllister & Co., John F. Knox and Ball & Julian. The firm of Moody & Farish, besides being one of the largest receivers direct from the Wool growers and country merchants, handle the largest part of the Wool consigned to merchants in this city. Their house has been in the business so long that it is well known in every part of the State, and has a number one and extensive patronage. They are perfectly familiar with all kinds of Wool, and with the business in all its varied branches.—*S. F. Journal of Commerce.*

Artesian Wells.

Through the courtesy of MESSRS. Price & Morgan, of West Oakland, we were present at a trial of the Pacific Artesian and Prospecting Auger, recently patented by them, and we feel that we can do no less than to give the result of our observations to our readers, feeling as we do that the problem of deep well boring is one of the very important interests before the people of the Pacific slope. The "Pacific Auger" is simple in its construction, easily run by two men, and not liable to get out of order. The experiment that we saw was in ordinary soil, and it sank a seven-inch hole, at the rate of ten feet per hour. The dirt is raised to the surface by means of a sliding elevator that is worked by a pulley, while the driving rod or shaft is never raised from the well unless it be to change from the use of the auger to the drill, in case of meeting with rock or any hard substance that requires the use of the drill. For this is one of the advantages claimed for this Auger, that a drill (either diamond or concussion) can be used, if necessary, with perfect success. From our own observation, as well as from the opinion of intelligent gentlemen who have seen its operations, we are satisfied that this Auger is destined to supersede all others, and to work an entire revolution in the deep well interests of this coast. The cost of the apparatus, exclusive of shafting, is about $250, and is so simple in its construction that it can be worked by any ordinary mechanic. To those of our readers who are interested in deep well boring, we say it will pay you to visit Messrs. Price & Morgan, and see for yourselves the most perfect deep well Auger yet invented.

Our Gun Makers.

N. CURRY & BRO.

This enterprising, successful, and deservedly popular firm are doing business in their commodious establishment, 113 Sansome street, San Francisco. Their stock comprises everything in the line of Guns, Pistols, Gun material, Ammunition, Powder, Shot, Caps and Wads, Metallic Cartridges from the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A., and Elcy Bros., of London, England. They can fill orders for the highest grade of Guns and Pistols, among which are breech and muzzle-loading Shot Guns, made by W. W. Greener of Birmingham, England, and C. Scott & Son, Birmingham. For Sharp's, Remington's and Ballard's sporting Rifles, Winchester & Even's repeating Rifles, with Shot Pouches, Flasks, and implements for loading the shells for breech loading Shot Guns, from Dickson & Sons, Sheffield, England. So that they have a complete stock from which inland traders can at all times order the kinds in use in their localities. This establishment was opened in this city in March, 1852, on Commercial street, opposite to the old Railroad House, by Charles Curry, and carried on by him till his demise in 1868, when the business passed into the hands of the present firm, who speak highly of their patronage. Customers will receive prompt attention, fair terms, square dealing, while gentlemanly courtesy will be extended to them.—*S. F. Journal of Commerce.*

Give Them a Call.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of N. Curry & Bro., in another column. If you need an A No. 1 Gun or Pistol, that will prove by use to be just as represented, give them a call when you are in the city. You will find them reliable gentlemen and reliable dealers; and they will sell you goods at the very lowest market prices.

The Best Photographs

On the Pacific Coast are now made at the New York Gallery, No. 25 Third street, San Francisco. Prices to suit the times.

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CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—Rub the throat with Trapper's Indian Oil until red; then bind on flannel until saturated with it, and in the morning it is gone.

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THIS is an excellent school for boys and young men. It educates thoroughly and disciplines carefully. Young men should examine this school before attending elsewhere. For information call at the office, 24 Post st., or address E. P. REALD, S. F.

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$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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AWARDED TO PALMER'S EDGE TOOLS, by the American Institute Fair, 1873. Manufactory, Berry St., between 4th and 5th, San Francisco.

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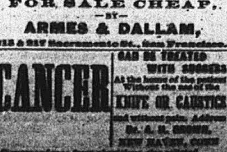

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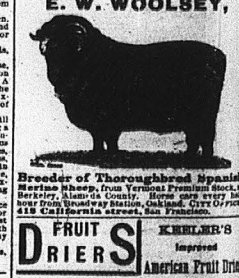

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