ANAHEIM GAZETTE

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Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY...DECEMBER 30, 1876.

Anaheim's Lost Opportunities.

EDS. GAZETTE:—A few years ago, when the writer came to this place, Anaheim was an incorporated city; but owing to feelings of jealousy, and a lack of co-operation among its citizens, and perhaps the enmity of some of the people of Los Angeles, the law which granted it a charter was repealed. By this means Anaheim lost an opportunity to make any improvements of a public nature, such as repairing streets, constructing sidewalks, etc., etc.

Anaheim progressed some. The surrounding country began to fill up with settlers; crops were pretty good; the merchants of Anaheim did an enormous business, but seemed to desire to get all they could and to keep all they got. The people seemed to expect that Anaheim would continue to be the most influential place in the southern part of the county without their making any effort. The most disagreeable portion of any road leading into Anaheim is that part within the city limits, and so it has been for years, summer and winter the same, and no determined effort has been made toward improvement.

Then came a determined effort on the part of a few to increase the facilities for ocean communication by the building of a wharf. No united effort was made. From some there was open and decided opposition. Too much was expected from soulless corporations, and not enough from individual energy and pluck. The project failed miserably, and Anaheim received such a blow that she will have to work for years and expend three times the amount of money necessary to build a wharf before she recovers from it. This is another lost opportunity.

When the railroad was built, instead of having the depot near the centre of town, it is a mile from it. How much damage this will cause, time only will show. One remedy for this error is to build a street railroad through the town from the depot.

The piles of brick surrounding the site for the grand hotel are monuments erected over another lost opportunity.

But now it seems as if the prospects would brighten. A new charter has been obtained, and if all work together with energy and determination a new era of prosperity may dawn upon it, but much work must be done to accomplish this. The streets must be turnpiked and macadamized; miles of plank sidewalk must be built; a wharf must be built immediately, or Santa Ana will build another bridge across the river, put another vessel on the route between Newport and San Francisco, and become the center in point of numbers, size, wealth and influence of the new county, which we all hope to see organized during the next session of the Legislature.

One word about the wharf and I am done. If the people of Anaheim really want the wharf and expect aid from the other places, they must first raise two-thirds of the desired capital among themselves before they can expect any assistance from other localities. The writer is a well-wisher of Anaheim, but if she fails to improve the present opportunity, she will sink into insignificance and be outstripped by several of her more energetic neighbors. A word to the wise is sufficient.

H. D. C.

NEW PATENTS.—Through Dewey & Company, Patent Agents, San Francisco, we receive the following advance list of United States patents granted Pacific Coast inventors, viz.: Elizabeth W T Keeny, San Francisco, traveling satchels; G W Cranston, S. F., separator for hydraulic mining; C. Cremer, Red Bluff, Cal., farm fences; David Harris, S. F., machines for stitching mattresses; D. Harris, S. F., machines for stuffing mattresses; Richard Hoskin, Dutch Flat, section jointed nozzles; Jos. O. Johnson, Salinas City, Cal., feed racks for horses; Alfred H. Marshall and Geo. W. Marshall, Lower Lake, Cal., oil can and faucets; G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City, Ogn., threshing machines; Hiland Moore, S. F., setters; W. T. Garrat, S. F., oil cups; Hiland G. Hubbard, Placerville, Cal., manufacturer of solid wire; Fayette W Knapp and Christopher Schalborn, Fiddletown, Cal., safety guard or cockeyes for harness.

Garnier, the billiardist, has scored a divorce from his wife after an alleged rather brilliant run by her with another fellow.

In Norwalk, Conn., recently, a Dr. Many was married to a Miss Clock. Many puns might be perpetrated on this marriage, but we shall dismiss the subject with the hope that this one Clock, having been converted into Many, will never "run down" nor "strike" her husband.

The Reign of Santa Claus.

The following sparkling letter from Mr. Allis reached us too late for timely insertion, but the genial, happy vein in which it is written would make it pleasant and agreeable reading at any time:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.

The children's happy season has come. Their patron saint, if one may speak of a saint as doing such a thing, has ascended his throne, and has begun his annual duty and pleasure as dispenser of royal favors.

The weather is delightful; the air balmy and clear. Everybody is happy, and one great matter absorbs all hearts and controls all thoughts.

The stores wherein the snowy monarch of the north pole has deposited the results of the year's labor of his minions in the toys, and games, and books, and precious things his workshop has produced, are crowded with doting papas, loving mammas, thoughtful uncles, faithful aunts, with grandmothers, grandfathers, cousins, lovers and friends, innumerable. They are all thinking of their dear ones, and are all planning to get the most and the best possible from the vast array of Santa Claus' handiwork, so as to show the dear ones how full their heart is of affection, and how earnestly they wish the children to be happy.

Not all the givers are old folks, for the boys and girls love their friends, and find quite as much joy in filling papa's and mamma's stockings as in emptying their own. The fever runs through all veins; all hearts beat warmly and rapidly these Christmas seasons.

The Postoffice and the Express Company are crowded with mysterious parcels, done up in all kinds of coverings, and appearing in shapes innumerable, and quite incomprehensible. When the person, whose name they bear, cuts the cord, or lifts the cover of the strange box, from out that weird shape will come beauty and joy; for that queer package contains not only a pretty gift but has as its most precious treasure a part of the heart of the loving one who prepared it. Those strange wrappings of twine and cord, those tangled knots, those crooked nails driven by inexperienced hands, that box cover fitting so clumsily,—have a beauty all their own. Every mark reveals a tender heart; the coarse wrappings become a precious casket, for all their roughness tells of love.

The Sunday schools are making ready a delightful festival for the children, or anticipating the time, have already done the deed. Christmas trees have been prepared, Santa Claus houses have been erected, the main architectural feature of which is the great red brick chimney, adown which, in full sight of the assembled group of wondering and waiting juveniles, the fur-coated and snow-covered Santa Claus descends with his huge load of attractive and pleasure-giving articles.

To see staid men and matronly women enter so heartily into such an entertainment, is a sign of good times, a sign that the people are not all dried up with care and toil; that all their freshness and vivacity has not been crushed out by the burdens of life. The freedom with which these pleasures are provided shows that our age is not entirely sodded or selfish. Among the children is the place where old men may renew their youth, and where those growing prematurely grey may stop the ravages of time, and while years go on, and the body feels the burden of age, the heart may be kept blithe and cheery. The songs of childhood are sweet. They are like the carols of birds in the Spring-time, as they flit among the flowers. The hymns of mature years come with the grand swell of a diapson note, as when a stream, now grown to be a mighty river, falls with heavy voice over some huge precipice. But the tender and gentle music which touches the soul most deeply, is when age mingles its voice with childhood; and though it comes in broken, tremulous tones, it is full of peculiar sweetness, for it is but the effort of the soul, after the long and arduous experience of life, attempting to return to its beginning—to sing again the old songs, like which all the round of life had failed to produce. Then let the young and old together shout, "Hail Old Santa Claus!" You are welcome indeed, and we gladly crown you King of our festivities, for under your benign and happy away the old become young again, and as children together we all taste some of the purest joys of life, as we gladly minister to our little ones the portion we have received from thee.

Hail, thee, Saint and King! and to all thy happy followers, a merry, merry Christmas!

J. M. A.

THE MURMURING SEA.

View from the Cliff House—A Pen Picture of Old Ocean.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19.

EDS. GAZETTE:—San Francisco people are beginning to sympathize with those of the rural districts in the delay of rain. This time of year is free from the usual strong winds off the sea, and the city is not so thoroughly ventilated as in the summer months. Besides this, the long absence of rain has led to an accumulation in our streets and sewers. We need very much a heavy fall of rain to wash out both, and to purify the air, and to save us from the sewer gases which come into the city, to the great injury of health. The wind in summer carries these off, and we depend upon the rains to do the same thing in winter. The late appearance of rain has made the city unusually sickly. Those who live on the hills are more fortunate, but there is a great deal of diphtheria and of fever in various localities. Everything looks favorable for rain, for which we take courage and wait.

If any of your readers are in San Francisco long enough at any time, they will find a very pleasant trip out to the Cliff House. There are two very fine routes—one over a straight, smooth road from Geary street, direct; the other is through the Golden City Park. This latter route is very pleasant, indeed;—especially the part which winds among the hills of the Park. The Park itself is well laid-out in broad drives amid sodded lawns. Trees have been set out, which, though small now, will in due time present a fine appearance. The drive by the direct road gives one a fine view of the Golden Gate and of the ocean for quite a long part of the way. One can see the vessels all making for the Gate. They look like huge birds majestically sailing hither with something precious in their charge. At times, the prows are turned westward, and the destination is either the distant Islands or the Continent beyond the briny deep. Below the Cliff House, at low tide, is a fine, hard beach, on which one can drive for miles. On the land side the view is not very inspiring, being made up of irregular sand hills; but in calmest weather the ocean is always beautiful. As winds increase and the swell grows more mighty, the scene grows in grandeur and beauty. The gentle rising of the wave—its gradual thinning as the crest assumes its distinctive shape, then the gradual curl at the top, until the whole tumbles toward you in blended, foamy confusion—presents a scene from which one can hardly withdraw the eyes. The attraction is enhanced as one sees the wave touch the uneven shore at one point, and, with a speed almost quicker than thought, race the whole length of the beach. It seems as if the ocean was throwing its watery arms around the earth, and would envelope her in an energetic grasp. Some one has called the foamy waves, as they dash upon the shore, "Old ocean's mane," but to me they seemed like the curls of a maiden fair, falling over sensitive shoulders; and shaking with laughter, or with the witchery of that young life, they give to one beautiful pictures of the poetry of motion. So the waves are more lovely than the simile of the mane conveys. It seems as if the ocean was alive, and flung her waves in utter disdain upon the earth, as a young girl casts her curls behind her, as she turns from some admiring swain for whom she has no care. The broad expanse of the Pacific, as one looks out toward Asia, fills one's heart with a kind of awe. This, and the sky overarching all, filled with strangely formed clouds, tells in sublime language of a Being, great and powerful, who has made it all. As we turned homeward the setting sun from behind a dark cloud tinted its edges with gold, and changed all the leaden hues of the sky to softer shades, and cast over every fantastic shape, which the evening mists had a sumed, a halo of glory. Thus the busy day passed into night and its last moments were filled with brightness. So may the day of every human life, as it ends on the shore of eternity, be brightened with hopes, be beautified by reflections, the origin of which is in heaven. For only thus can one with calmness meet the shadows which seem to hover about what to some is a dark and dreary night.

I enjoyed my trip so greatly to this glimpse of the sea, that I felt I must share it with your readers who have never been so greatly favored.

J. M. A.

Kleinigkeiten.

From Saturday's Daily.

—The father of Gen. Longstreet is visiting Los Angeles.

—The hotel at East Los Angeles was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday morning.

—In the case of Mrs. Marie Castoreny, before Justice Bailey yesterday, a change of venue was granted, and the trial was postponed until Thursday.

—The Martha Washington tea party at Orange on Thursday evening passed off very pleasantly. Several parties from Anaheim were present.

—The shipments from the depot this morning were as follows: 1 pipe wine, 10 dry hides, 1 sewing machine, 2 cases hh goods, 1 bbl, 2 kegs wine, 1 empty beer keg, 1 tool chest.

—The funeral of Mrs. M. L. Wicks will take place from the house on Sunday morning, starting in time to reach the Los Angeles train, which leaves the depot at 7 o'clock, San Francisco time.

—Examinations were held in the public schools on Thursday and Friday. There was no special preparation made for examination, yet the pupils acquitted themselves very creditably. Our schools are in a flourishing condition and will compare favorably in scholarship and attendance with any in the country. The schools closed yesterday afternoon for the Christmas holidays. They will open on Monday, January 8th, 1877.

—Rarely has a death occurred more truly sad to contemplate, than that of Mrs. M. L. Wicks, which we chronicle to-day. A lovely amiable and accomplished lady, possessed of far more than ordinary attractions of mind, not long married and but recently the happy mother of her first child, she was cut off while just budding into true womanhood; was checked, as it were, on the threshold of life. At this joyous season, we believe we speak the sentiments of all alike when we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the lonely mourner in his desolate home. Death, sad at any time, is indeed awful in such a case as this.

From Sunday's Daily.

—At the Planters' Hotel raffle on Friday evening, one man won four turkeys.

—Messrs. Classen & Bennerschiedt have fitted up the Mechanic's saloon in first-class style.

—The stores were thronged, yesterday, with people buying Christmas gifts.

—Two saddle horses were stolen last night from in front of Goodman & Rimpau's store.

—Mr. W. R. Olden, who has been quite sick for the last week, was reported yesterday to be improving.

—Roadmaster Shelly has 600 yards of the Landing road graded. He has sixteen horses and eleven men employed.

—The cost to the county of the several trials of McDonald, the wife murderer, amounts to over seven thousand dollars.

—The Public School in Silver District, has just closed, and will not reopen until May, owing to a want of funds.

The following freight was shipped from the depot this morning: 1 empty box, 2 boxes glass, 2 sacks, 1 half sack salt, 1 bunch shingles, 1 empty gasoline tank.

—Quite an exciting foot-race took place yesterday near Langenberger's store. Four horses and some other personal property was wagered on the result. The race, eighty yards, was run in nine and one-half seconds.

—The stable of J. W. Anderson, of Orange, was destroyed by fire on Friday night. Two horses, four tons of hay, two plows and some harness were burned. The fire caught from some sparks from a burning straw stack near by.

—One hundred and eighty-two votes were polled in the election yesterday. The vote was as follows:

FOR TRUSTEES.

Langenberger	145
Yocum	111
Fischer	100
Heimann	130
Boege	129
Bittner	70
Hardin	83

FOR TREASURER.

Rimpau	174

FOR ASSESSOR.

Miles	78
Austin	58
Steinhart	40

FOR MARSHAL.

Wartenberg	82
Payne	62
Nebelung	34

—Information is wanted of a young man named Henry Hall Stanley, by his father, who writes from Quebec, concerning the whereabouts of his son. The young man concerning whom inquiry is made was last heard of as residing at Anaheim Landing. Information may be left with Postmaster Bent, of Los Angeles.

—We clip from the *Mirror* the following resolutions, passed at the last session of the District Council, I. O. G. T.:

Resolved, That this District Lodge endorse the Good Templars' Platform as adopted at the last session of our Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That this District Lodge recognize the necessity of the formation of a political prohibition party upon the principles set forth in the platform above mentioned, and to this end we appoint the following named gentlemen as the County Central Committee, and request them to proceed at once to thorough organization:

Los Angeles—Will D. Gould, W. W. Robinson, Jesse Yarnell, J. S. Frye and G. W. Witherhorn; Anaheim, A. C. Nixon; Azusa, J. S. Davis; Pasadana, I. N. Mundell; Compton, B. H. Twombly, Henry Yont, and J. E. McComas; Santa Ana, T. J. Ellis; Pomona, L. M. Holt; Downey City, T. S. Fisher and B. Bridges; Wilmington, Capt. Polhemus; Santa Monica, Rev. Adam Bland; Fountain Valley, Will S. Meecham and C. Harvey; Westminster, S. H. Butterfield; Orange, J. W. Anderson; Florence, M. Serrott; Artesia, Winchester Gillette; San Fernando, Geo. N. Lockwood.

Resolved, That this Committee be requested at the earliest possible time, to call a mass convention of the temperance people of the county.

Downey City Items.

The *Los Nietos Valley Courier* has the following:

Mr. G. H. Kellogg, of Anaheim, is the agent for this section of country of that justly popular San Francisco commision house, J. W. Gale & Co. The firm is noted for its fair and liberal treatment of its patrons.

We saw upon the streets, last Saturday, a mouster cow, the property of Mr. W. W. Cheney, of this vicinity, which would probably weigh, when in good condition, two thousand pounds. This cow has given birth to seven calves—once triplets and twice twins.

The railroad company have ordered an extension to be built to their bridge over New River, and the material is now upon the ground. During the heavy rains last year the river cut into the bank on the further side, and it has been deemed necessary to pile a short distance to prevent prevent any trouble.

The large building intended for the pork-curing establishment is nearly completed. The huge Cauldron has been ordered from San Francisco, and it is probable that business will be commenced next week. The season for operations is now so far advanced that the business will not be very large at present, but the proprietors will be prepared to operate extensively in the future. Mr. Douglas is an old and experienced hand in the manufacture of ham and bacon, and Dr. Wolfe is well and favorably known to all the farmers of this section as a shrewd hog buyer and an estimable gentleman.

An Odd Petition.

At a recent church reunion in Philadelphia, a memorial was read dated August 6, 1795, praying the authorities of that city to permit the memorialists, a religious congregation, to maintain iron chains in front of their place of worship, in order that they might not be disturbed by vehicles and horsemen. It was customary less than a century ago in some instances to close the street to traffic in front of churches during divine service, so this petition was both natural and reasonable. The seeming oddity of such a request, as read to-day, shows how far we have departed from the customs of our forefathers in the direction of secularizing the law. A religious congregation of our period has about the same rights under the laws that are enjoyed by a mining corporation or a pigeon-shooting club.

The San Francisco *Call* says: In response to numerous inquiries as to the relative majorities for Hayes or Tilden in different States, we print below the majorities for each as far as we have seen them officially reported:

FOR TILDEN		FOR HAYES.	
Alabama	34,389	California	3,767
Arkansas	19,414	Illinois	16,465
Connecticut	2,989	Iowa	59,228
Delaware	2,666	Kansas	40,439
Georgia	81,181	Maine	16,628
Indiana	5,413	Massachusetts	41,163
Kentucky	62,030	Michigan	25,469
Maryland	19,809	Minnesota	24,163
Mississippi (about	30,000	Nebraska	18,396
Missouri	58,248	New Hampshire	3,073
New Jersey	12,455	Nevada	1,099
New York	33,065	Ohio	7,516
North Carolina	16,178	Oregon	1,100
Tennessee	43,800	Pennsylvania	17,944
Texas (about)	80,000	Rhode Island	5,075
Virginia	43,885	Vermont	23,837
West Virginia	12,757	Wisconsin	6,141

These majorities are simply on the vote between Hayes and Tilden, and do not include Colorado, which chooses Electors by the Legislature, nor Florida, Louisiana, or South Carolina, which are in dispute.

Jane Grey Swisshelm writes from Leipsic: "The double-floors, which are universal here, ought to be so with us, for the space between is filled with ashes; so, with thick partition walls, it is next to impossible to burn a house down. I am told they have no fire engines in Germany, and do not fight fire with water, but with ashes, clay, sand, old mats and axes. There has not been a fire alarm in Leipsic since we came to it, which was on the 27th of last April."

Wool.

The San Francisco *Commercial Herald* has the following:

A review of the Wool trade of California for the past year is necessarily to some extent a history of the trade throughout the country for that period. Our clip has become of such importance to the dealer and manufacturer that San Francisco is now admitted to be the market which regulates the prices for Wools grown elsewhere, whether foreign or domestic. A brisk demand and an active competition carries the price of the staple up to the extreme limit that buyers can afford to pay for it, and our farmers are always assured of a ready market at its full value. The Spring clip showed a good deal of scabby and deceased Wool, but was in the main well grown and in light condition; it was sold off readily within the range of ten to twenty cents as extremes, which was a full, if not a satisfactory price, when we consider the dullness and stagnation in Wool and woolens, the frequent failures of manufacturers and cloth houses, which amounted to a continuous panic in the trade for the first eight months of the year, bringing the prices of Michigan and Ohio washed fleeces from 47@52c currency a year ago to 28@33 cents currency six months later. There was little fluctuation in the prices for the season. The clip was handled rapidly and disposed of as eagerly on the other side at prices giving only a small commission to the dealer; manufacturers, tempted by its relative cheapness, used it freely, and by the first of November no desirable lots of spring California were to be found in any of the Eastern markets. Our entire clip of thirty million pounds had been placed where it would do the most good in the hands of manufacturers. Fall Wool began to arrive in August, and although it was very short, not more than four months' growth, it found ready market at from 9@13c. Receipts were large in October, and being of better staple the price had gradually advanced until 11@22c were the extremes. The market was active, and the clip, although much larger than anyone had supposed, would probably all have been sold had not the Presidential election and the complications connected therewith intervened to check the demand and stop the orders from the Eastern side. As it was, the first of December found us with a stock of about four million pounds left out of more than twenty-two million pounds. It is too early now to forecast the market for next spring; we can only say that the trade is in a satisfactory condition. The stock of Wool on the Atlantic seaboard is not in excess of the wants of manufacturers, nor is the stock of woolen goods in advance of the requirements of consumers. The trade is dull now, but with a peaceful solution of the Presidential embroglio, the outlook is flattering for good prices and an active market next spring. The prosperity of the Wool business in California depends upon the growth of fine Wools; farmers cannot exercise too much care in the selection of rams for breeding purposes. A wrinkly sheep always gives a short, coarse, gummy Wool, alike the dread of the manufacturer and dealer, and where they have to be shorn twice a year, as in most sections of our State, it is too short for any spinner. For breeding purposes the smooth merino are always the best; their Wool is finer, less oily, and longer staple. Since mutton is and will probably remain so low that it can hardly be calculated upon as a source of profit to the grower, we think it would be a great improvement to introduce the Australian merino, the Wool of which is much finer than the Spanish or French, less gummy, and of sufficient staple to shear twice a year. More care should be exercised in the packing of Wool for the market. It is downright dishonesty to pack scabby Wool, tag locks, dead sheep Wool, and other trash in the centre of the bales where no buyer can discover it until it is opened for grading. A law should be enacted making such acts a felony, to protect the dealer and the honest grower from the disreputable tricks of his dishonest neighbor. There was as much false packing, if not more, in Northern Wool last spring, as from any other section. From several Northern counties, the rejections on the grading floor would run from three to five per cent. We hope that our Wool growers, especially in those sections which produce the best Wools, will see to it that there is no cheating this season (1877) in the packing of the Wools. A little care in this particular will tend to restore the high reputation which their Wools have heretofore enjoyed.

Hand-Fasting.

Within the last two weeks an old Scottish custom has been revived in this city. This was a no less event than a young gentleman of recent advent into San Luis society, hand-fasting himself to a fair young belle who is just emerging into womanhood, by that antiquated custom of jumping over a broomstick. In early days in Scotland, this ceremony took the place, among the lower classes, of public betrothal among the higher, and in many cases was the only marriage ceremony ever celebrated. Although this ceremony was not performed in the church, it was a church affair, and is likely to prove quite as serious as marriage usually does. There were several witnesses to the performance, including the bride's mother. It remains to be seen if this will become the popular method of doing it hereafter.—*San Luis Obispo Tribune.*

The Creek Council have determined to send eighteen young men to the high schools of the United States to complete their education. They will probably select from among the schools in charge of the different religious denominations.

Funerals as Disease-Breeders.

There is good reason to believe that disease is occasionally disseminated through the medium of funerals. We have at least one fair authenticated case in this country of diphtheria being diffused broadcast through the crowding incidental occasionally to the last ceremony. In America this question is beginning to receive much attention, and several cases have been reported of late where the transmission of the disease from the corpse seemed highly probable. The Suffolk District Medical Society sent out 400 circulars to medical practitioners with a view to ascertaining the opinion of the profession on the alleged danger of permitting public funerals of persons who had died from diphtheria. Two hundred and thirty-nine answers were received. Of these, 143 writers expressed a belief in the possible danger of contagion at such funerals; seventeen believe that there is danger from funerals in the houses of the dead, but none in churches; twenty-nine deny that, in the present state of knowledge, there is any justification in prohibiting public funerals; not a single record of circumstances which occurred in their own experience, confirmatory of the proposition that peril may ensue; but the testimony these latter advance is not quite satisfactory. The Society, after due consideration, recommend that funerals at the houses of those who have died of diphtheria should be private, owing to possible exposure to the poison of the disease. —*London Lancet.*

It is held that euchre was played in the ancient days, because the Levite passed and the Samaritan assisted.

If the Senators were as talkative together as Conkling and Blaine, the Senate could resolve itself into a Quaker meeting at once.

Allegheny, the name of the river, city or county in Pennsylvania, is spelled *ghe*, the mountains are *ga*, and the county in New York is *ga*.

Don Pedro, the Irrepressible, has now dashed off to the Holy Land to look at Jerusalem and the cedars of Lebanon.

Those who are anxious to have two Presidents inaugurated should remember that Mexico has now three Presidents, and yet she is not happy.

It was Senator Maxey, of Texas who, engaged in a brown study as a street car, walked up to the conductor's box and asked for a quarter's worth of chips.

British butchers are as mad as hornets over the arrival of American beef, but still their customers continue to remark: "I'll take hanother stake hoff that Hamerican hox."

In October, 1877, electors of Colorado will vote upon the question of conferring the right of suffrage upon women, and small men have already mostly promised the head of the family which way they will vote.

They have been having a plague of flies in Calcutta. The troublesome insects not only infested the houses, rendering comfort impossible, but were intolerable in the streets. People were obliged to use handkerchiefs and fans to keep them out of their faces, and to drive in an open carriage was like meeting a hail storm.

A Connecticut paper observes: It promises to be a severe Winter, but it is comforting to know that the church festivals have begun and that everyone is likely to have a crochet match-box, or a lamp-mat, or a pin-cushion, or some other necessary article to avert the distress which extreme cold must otherwise bring.

A dispatch from Memphis, Tenn., says: A young man named Bond, having been ordered from the house by L. D. Hill, of Shelby Depot, whose daughter he was visiting, returned with a pistol and shot Hill six times, causing death, and then dragged Miss Hill over her father's dead body to a minister, and insisted on having the marriage ceremony performed. After other desperate deeds, he escaped from a posse which followed him.

Last Summer the Texas farmers sprinkled Paris green very freely upon their young plants, which thus seasoned were preyed upon by the bugs and grasshoppers, and they in turn were devoured by the partridges. Later on the negroes took to feasting upon the birds, and as a result they have been seriously afflicted with cramps in the stomach, which frequently resulted fatally. This is the most fiendish and ingeniously contrived system of bull-dosing yet reported.

Some idea of the magnitude of Chicago's interest in live stock may be gained from the statement that during the year 1875 the value of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep received at the Union Stock Yards for sale or transshipment was $125,000,000. These yards comprise some 400 acres of land, with roadways, railroads, shelter-pens, barns and corn-cribs not counting. Nearly a score of fifty-ton scales are kept in almost constant operation weighing the animals. A force of three hundred men is employed about the place, which is the nucleus of a town, all of whose inhabitants have a connection of some sort with the business. Of Texan cattle alone nearly 200,000 head were received in 1875, although this item of the business is of but recent growth. A few years ago the Eastern States raised their own live-stock; now they are supplied by the prairies of the West, and Chicago is the point of concentration and distribution.

A woman who arrived from the East by Saturday's immigrant train brought with her a large, black cat, 8 years old, of which she appeared to be very fond. The animal, which was raised in Pennsylvania, made a trip from there to England and back, and now has crossed the continent.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY...DECEMBER 30, 1876.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.

The publishers of the GAZETTE are making a determined effort to increase its circulation, and to that end have authorized

Mr. T. B. Johnson

To solicit subscriptions for the same. Besides furnishing a paper which in quantity and quality of matter will compare favorably with any publication outside of the metropolis, subscribers will receive

AN ELEGANT FRENCH CHROMO

Representing a cross wreathed with flowers. This chromo is something superior to those generally offered as premiums, and its cost, even at wholesale rates, is a heavy drain upon the publishers; but they hope that this "thing of beauty" will so help to swell their subscription list that they will be repaid for their enterprise. This chromo is given only to subscribers who pay one year's subscription in advance.

THE absence of snow and ice is some compensation for the absence of rain. The New York *Herald's* funny man puts on an extra overcoat and takes occasion to say: "They are eating strawberries in Southern California. This news makes a man curse Arctic rubbers and molasses taffy parties."

TAKE time by the forelock and lay in a supply of whisky sufficient to keep you the remainder of your natural life. Mr. Blair, a Republican Congressman from New Hampshire, has introduced a constitutional amendment, forbidding the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors as a beverage after the year 1900. The bill was referred to the appropriate committee.

The latest official statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church shows 11 Bishops, 83 annual conferences, 11,361 itinerant preachers, 12,509 local preachers, 1,613,560 lay members, 15,634 church edifices, 5,077 parsonages, value of church property, $78,637,015. The increase of members during the last year was 36,000, and for the last ten years 581,376.

THE *Chronicle* puts it in this way: It is not generally known here that dried raspberries are extensively dealt in by the New York merchants. Almost every year the merchants of that city make a raid and buy up all the berries in the market and then put up the price. If the farmers of the Eastern States can raise raspberries and dry them for market, why not the California farmer also? Every new branch helps to diversify our productions, and relieves the fruit market.

IN reference to the value of the varieties of grapes for wine, says the *Alta*, we get some ideas from Mr. Schram, based on his experience in the hills near St. Helena. The best are the Zinfendel and Malvoisie for red wine; and for white, Burger, Golden Chasselas, Riessling Chaeselas, Fontainbleau and German Muscatel. The two last and the Malvoisie ripen early; the Golden Chasselas and Reissling ripen in the middle of the season; the Burger and Zinfendel late—the last two late for low, heavy ground. All the varieties mentioned bear largely, the Burger best of all, and next to it the Zinfendel. The Reissling needs more labor than any other, as it will not bear well unless it is pruned long. It should be tied up to a stake four feet high, while the others can go without stakes and be pruned short. Each of these varieties has qualities valuable for fine wine. The Burger has a pure tart flavor, of excellent body, but lacking in bouquet and smoothness, and these desirable qualities can be obtained by an addition of Riessling or either Chasselas. Zinfendel lacks smoothness, and Malvoisie bouquet, and a fusion is needed to make best red wine. German Muscatel is valuable chiefly to give bouquet by a slight admixture.

THE ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of children's toys sometimes results in the most amusing, and, as Mr. Slick would say, "cute" articles. Some of the curiosities in a New York toy shop is thus described: A camel-lipped baboon seated on a music-box, when wound up, amuses the crowd by throwing dice and piercing glances at one and the same time. Another mechanical toy, and one which is found in every toy shop, represents a venerable and emphatic negro reading a report of "outrages" in a republican paper. At the toy stands along the streets this gentleman may be purchased in sound condition for $2 94; in the stores he costs $3 and $3 50. But perhaps the most amusing and lifelike of these "fantastic toys" is that of an Alderney cow, one foot in length, which "lows" when its head is turned, and gives real milk in quantities ranging from a thimblefull to half a pint, the supply being determined by the amount of lacteal fluid poured through a trap door in her back before the operation of milking is performed. In the same manner she may be made to yield real cream. Such a valuable animal is worth $5. A somewhat smaller one, which lows but does not milk, costs only $3 50. But no one would think of buying the latter who has once seen the former.

In the executive decision by the Governor of Oregon in regard to the ineligibility of Watts, the Republican elector, he cites in support of his position the case of Searcy vs. Grow (15 California Reports, pp. 120.) Grow was a postmaster at the town of Yreka, at the time he was voted for as Sheriff of Siskiyou county. He received the highest number of votes, and shortly afterwards resigned his position as postmaster. His office as Sheriff was contested on the ground that on the day of his election he was holding a lucrative Federal office, while the Constitution of California declared that "no person holding any lucrative office under the United States or any other power, shall be eligible to any civil office of profit under this State." Baldwin, J., delivering the opinion of the Court, said:

"The counsel for the appellant contends that the true meaning of the Constitution is, that the person holding the Federal office described in the 21st section, is forbidden to take a civil State office while so holding the other, but is capable of receiving the votes cast for him, so as to give him the right to take the State office upon or after resigning the Federal office. But we think the plain meaning of the words quoted is the opposite of this. The language of the Constitution is not that a Federal officer shall not hold a State office while he is such Federal officer; but that he shall not, while in such Federal office, be eligible to the State office. We understand the word *eligible* to mean, *capable of being chosen—the subject of selection and choice.* The people in this case were clothed with this power of choice. Their selection of a candidate gave him all the claim to the office which he has; his title to the office comes from their designation of him as Sheriff, but they could not designate or choose a man not eligible, i. e., not capable of being elected. They might select any man they choose, subject to this exception, that the man they selected was capable of taking what they had the power to give. We do not see how the fact that he became capable of taking the office, after they had exhausted their power, can avail the appellant. If he was not eligible at the time the votes were cast for him, the election failed. We do not see how it can be argued that by any act of the candidate the votes, which, when cast, were ineffectual because not given for a qualified candidate, became effectual to elect him to office."

Lockhart, the defeated candidate for Supervisor of this district at the late election, has made a complaint in the County Court against W. H. Spurgeon, his successful opponent, claiming that in consequence of his being a postmaster at the time of his election, he is ineligible. The decision quoted above would seem to prove Spurgeon's ineligibility; but there is room for considerable difference of opinion in regard to the steps taken by Mr. Lockhart in the matter.

A NOVEL murder case has just been tried in New York, the particulars of which, as brought out in the trial, are interesting. In 1871, John Hallenan quarreled with a fellow-laborer named William Russell, and in the scuffle which ensued the latter was struck on the head with a barrel stave. Hallenan fled to Chicago, where he remained for some time before he became aware of the fatal consequences of his blow. From Chicago he went to San Francisco, where he was arrested in May, 1876 He made no resistance to the arrest, but on the contrary stated that he was glad they had found him, and that he would have given himself up long ago if his wife and children had been provided for. His trial took place in New York a couple of weeks ago, and the prisoner plead guilty to manslaughter in the fourth degree. After the prisoner had been removed from the court room, the presiding Judge said that he had never known in all his experience a similar case; that it was a most remarkable one. The prisoner had come on from California without a requisition, and while travelling that long distance a handcuff had never been put upon him. The detective who had charge of him was taken very ill during the journey, and Hallenan, instead of escaping, as he had every opportunity of doing, nursed the officer and kindly cared for him. In view of these mitigating circumstances, the Judge, with the concurrence of the District Attorney, discharged him on his own recognizance, to appear for sentence at any time that the Court required. The audience in the court room manifested their approval of the Judge's leniency.

THE voyage across the Atlantic, which, only a few years ago, was an undertaking entered into with dread and great preparations, has now dwindled down to be considered a mere pleasure jaunt. The swift, well-appointed steamers plying between New York and Liverpool, seldom fail to make the trip in ten days at most. But the quickest trip on record has just been made by the steamship *Brittania*, which arrived at Queenstown on Sunday morning, having made the trip in seven days and thirteen hours.

A company has been formed by the the leading men of Napa for the manufacture of a patent sack-holder, the invention of D. L. Wing, of New York. The *Register*, says: "The machine is very simple, being all of wood, and weighing only thirty-five pounds. It has been proved by actual experiment that this method of filling sacks will put five pounds more in each sack than by the ordinary way, and there is no shaking of the sack to be done by the sewer. It also saves one man's work, an item that is of the greatest importance to farmers."

The Season.

The San Francisco *Rural Press* remarks: The chances of the season are now being discussed with deep concern in all circles of California society. The anxiety of the farmer is reflected upon all all lines of life and effort. The purchasing power of our agriculturists is the great factor in the city's prosperity and all calculations hinge upon it. In the country the continued cloudless skies are clouding many an outlook for comfort and prosperity. We have had during the week several indications of a rainfall, but each time they have cleared. Although the darkest anticipations are indulged in, it is hopeful to seek what promises remain for the longed-for rain. A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* argues an abundance yet to come, and reasons in this wise:

"I have been searching the weather records since 1849 for a parallel to this winter's weather, and I find one winter that resembles this in an extraordinary degree, viz., that of 1854-55:

	1854.	1876.
August	.01	.02
September	.15	.26
October	2.41	2.69
November	.34	.23
December 1st to 18th	.06	.00
Total	2.97	3.20

"The similarity will be more apparent when the average rains for October, November and December 1st to 18th are taken into account, which are about 6-10 of an inch in October, 2¼ inches in November, and 2¼ inches from December 1st to 18th. Now, if the weather of this season continues to follow the peculiarities of that of 1854 as closely as it has done to date, (and I think it will to a considerable extent,) we shall have within two weeks from date heavy rains with high winds, and shall have abundant showers at intervals throughout the spring months:

The rainfall of 1854-5 up to December 30, 1854, was	2.97 inches
Afterwards	20.71 inches
Total	23.68 inches

"It is worthy of remark that the least rain we have had in any season since 1849, after two inches or over in October, followed by light rains in November, was in 1859-60, when about 20½ inches fell, so that, judging from the past, we may expect at least 17 inches more during the balance of this season."

Mr. T. B. Johnson has a letter in last week's Santa Barbara *Index*, in which he says:

Some years have elapsed since I bade your flourishing town and its energetic and enterprising inhabitants *adios* and turned my face toward Los Angeles county, where I have since been a resident, watching, with pardonable pride, its rapid growth and prosperity, especially that portion lying south of Los Angeles city, known as Anaheim, Orange, Santa Ana, Tustin, etc., etc., all of which places, except the first-named, have sprung up within the last six years, and being surrounded as they are, by an exceedingly large and fertile agricultural country, bid fair to become large and prosperous places.

But at no place is this extraordinary growth of population and corresponding wealth so discernable as all over our rich and fertile valley of Anaheim. Where, only a few years previously, the mustang horse and sneaking coyote held undisputed sway, we now behold the stately residences of the prosperous farmers looming up, and their large farms scarcely yet cleared of their last year's crop.

But yet there is room. Thousands of acres yet await the sturdy farmer with a sure recompense of reward for his labor.

EMORY L. WILLARD, M. D., of San Francisco, writes to the *Rural Press* that hiccoughs can always be cured by using "verartria" powder. Agigtate this powder in a vial, remove the stopper, and the dust thus raised smelled up into the nostrils, so acts upon the mucous membrane, as a stimulant, as to stop the hiccough. He further says:

"Nothing can possibly be a more perfect success than the effect of the above remedy. 'Verartria' is a salt chemically produced from the medicinal herb, white hellebore. I would say that "verartria," used in the same way, is beneficially employed in colds, where the nostrils are closed or where the eyes are rendered heavy by a stoppage of the lachrymal or tear ducts, and also produces sneezing, which is nature's simplest remedy to clear the organs of the head when oppressed by a sluggish action of the emunctories of the part. We have seen a case of 80 hours constant distress and many other more ordinary cases of hiccoughs cured as above stated. It can be procured at any drug store."

A letter from Sacramento under date of Dec. 24th, says that the young grass which started after the early rains, is beginning to die, and summer-fallowed grain, which scarcely ever fails in this county, will fare the same as other grain unless the rain falls within two weeks. Plowing has been entirely suspended, and already much of the grain which has been sown will have to be sown again.

The case is not hopeless, however. Should the rain come within two weeks, a great part of the crop would be saved, and with favorable weather later in the season the crop would still mature. The winter has been an unusually cold one, and San Juan county is not better off than Sacramento.

Several interesting experiments were made at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on the 19th, in the presence of the city officers. The fireproof scenery was submitted to fierce flames for several minutes, without igniting. Dion Boucicault conducted the experiments. The materials used for rendering the scenery fire-proof were a solution of tungelate of soda and afterwards silicate of soda. The entire theatre can be made fire-proof for $100.

The Credit Check System.

We copied lately from the *Register* an article announcing that a system known as the "credit check system," the workings of which were therein fully explained, was about to be adopted by some of our up-valley merchants for all credit business done by them, in place of the present troublesome and expensive one of entering each article purchased on books and bills. We learn since that it is one of our own merchants, Mr. Carver, who is the originator of this plan here, and has introduced it from the East. He has procured the requisite checks and, as will be seen by notice elsewhere, will put it into effect with the beginning of the new year, after that time giving no credit except on that basis. The system as already described is as follows: Printed checks of various denominations, from $2 50 to to $20 00, are issued; around the margin of them are printed figures denoting various sums, from one cent upward, aggregating the total amount represented by the check. A party desiring credit will purchase, for instance, one of these checks, giving his note for it, or having it charged to him, as the arrangement may be, and then when he buys an article for which cash is not paid, instead of that article being charged in a book, a sum representing its value is punched out of the figures around the margin of the check, and detracts that much from the value of such check. The advantages of the plan are many, and we conceive as much for the purchaser as the seller. The following occur to us:

1. It saves all the expense of bookkeeping, which, of course the consumer has to pay, in the end, and which gain, it may be presumed, will be at least shared with the purchaser; also, the expense of making out bills.

2. It saves in the latter settled system of doing business many bad debts.

3. It saves many a customer from running up a larger bill than he expected, for any account that is not strictly kept track of, will increase far beyond the idea of the man who is making it. For the same reason, it will save all trouble in the settlement of accounts—there will be no question afterwards as to whether a man had such an article or not, as many, to the sorrow of both parties, are inclined to doubt, when an account has run some months without settlement.

4. It saves exactness in change, nearer than can be gained by our system of currency, making it *to a cent*, any amount.

5. It saves all danger of a man paying for an article he has never had, through a mistake of entering it up to the wrong person.—*St. Helena Star.*

Attended His Own Funeral.

Among the host of anecdotes and incidents attending the recent theatre tragedy in Brooklyn, the New York *World* prints the following:

On that fatal night two youths, one a resident of Newark and the other of Brooklyn, attended the performance at the Brooklyn Theatre. They left the building previous to the last act, as the Newark boy had persuaded his Brooklyn chum to go home and sleep with him, as it was necessary to leave early to catch the train. No hint of the terrible disaster reached Newark until the next afternoon. The day after this the Brooklyn boy returned to his home. He found a hearse at his father's door, and all the other appliances of a funeral. Ringing the doorbell he was met by a servant girl, who nearly fainted at sight of him.

"Whose funeral is this?" said the boy.

"It's your own, darlin'," said the girl, "we got your body yesterday at the Morgue, and you're jist after bein' buried."

The denouement may be imagined.

Who are Creoles.

Says a New Orleans correspondent: Before I came down here to New Orleans I thought that a creole was a half-breed of some race, Cuban or Spanish or French, I didn't know exactly which, and I think the Northern people have the same notion, and will be grateful if I correct them before they come down here and show their ignorance, as I did. A creole is a native Louisianan. Any one who is born here is a creole, just as any one who is born in Indiana is a hoosier, and in Ohio a buckeye. They don't have dark, pensive eyes and romantic hair; they don't sit on verandahs with their fingers against their cheek and a shapely arm, bare to the elbow, resting on the balustrade; and they don't look into the gardens of orange trees and bananas and drooping palms, with alligators crawling over the walk. It is a base misrepresentation, this idea; but I was sorry to have my romance shattered when I found it out.

We Give It Up.

The National Women's Suffrage Association asks the following "Centennial Questions:"

Why should women more than men be governed without their consent?

Why should women more than men be taxed without representation?

Why should women more than men be tried without a jury of their peers?

By what right do men declare themselves vested with power to legislate for women in all cases whatsoever?

The Supreme Court of Florida has ordered the Returning Board to recanvass the vote of that State. It decides that the Board had no right to go outside the record to find reasons for rejecting votes. If the votes were regular on their face they must be counted. The entire bench of the Supreme Court have agreed to this decision, and one of the members of the Returning Board has signified his willingness to abide by the orders of the Court. If this decision is obeyed, the vote of the county of Manatee, which was not received at all, because the Governor had failed to provide it statutory election officers, will be accepted. The Democratic State officers will be elected by about five hundred majority, and the Democratic Electors by over one hundred.

Cheyenne *Leader:* A seedy-looking Chinaman, with two companions, waltzed into a Denver bank on Monday morning, and inquired: "How muchee sellee gold?" "One nine," was the answer. "All light; me takee eight thousand dollar." The bank didn't have enough on hand to supply the seedy-looking Celestial, who is going back to fatherland.

MISCELLANY.

Congress will canvass the Electoral vote on Wednesday February 14, 1877.

G. T. Waddy, of Kentucky, claims the name of Oregon Cronin for his chestnut colt. This is fame.

A Denver paper records a case where a Chinaman "was frost bitten from this cold world into the rosy future."

The total production of beet-root sugar in Europe is now estimated to considerably exceed 1,000,000 tons.

A hop-buyer at Stevins Point, Wis., gathered sixty pounds of small oak sticks from the centres of twenty-one bales of hops purchased from one grower.

It is said that ex-Secretary Belknap and Mrs. Belknap are writing a book, which will give an account of society and political life during the past five or six years.

The fashion of wearing bracelets is rapidly making its way in London. The Duke of Edinburgh's own bracelet is a chain cable of gold tightly riveted round the wrists but in some cases these manacles are loose like a lady's.

Washington *Star:*—"General and Mrs. William Belknap and their little daughter are at the Arlington. All are enjoying the best of health, and Mrs. Belknap is looking, if possible, handsomer then ever."

Prince Bismarck has established it as a principle that no official of the Foreign Office can marry a foreigner. The Prince reasons thus—a husband is sure to tell his wife and the wife to tell some one of her country women.

The bull-dose cocktail has just made its appearance at the fashionable bars. You must tilt about a teaspoonful of water into the glass and immediately intimidate it with as much whisky as the glass will hold. Then when the count is made, throw the water out.

The Rev. Mr. Tuckley, of Cincinnati, intimates very boldly that the persons who perished in the Brooklyn Theatre fire were the victims of a special dispensation of God. He said further that the only way to reform the theatres was to blow them up.

We hear that there is a gentleman visiting this city who looks so much like President Grant that, if we did not know the President was in Washington, it might be supposed he was honoring San Diego with his presence. —*San Diego Union.*

A convict in the Philadelphia House of Correction was kept nineteen days in a dark cell, and fed on bread and water. At the end of that time he was discovered by a Common Council committee that made an unexpected visit to the prison. The prisoner, when taken out, was unable to speak aloud, and the bad air had seriously affected him.

Recipe for making tomato vinegar: First, pick good ripe tomatos; wash and cook until thoroughly done; then pour the whole of the mash into a vat to ferment for a week; then pour the mash into a coarse sack and allow the liquor to drip off; then let the liquor stand in the open air for 12 hours; then rack off the liquor and let it stand until clear; then pour into barrels. Keep where temperature will be 60 degrees.

This is the latest squib about Rhode Island: Last Saturday noon Governor Lippitt's horse slipped and fell on Westminster street, Providence, and before they could get the fallen animal to his feet again some scalawag over in Connecticut had pulled off his shoes and a Ch. Fr. Adams reformer in Massachusetts had run away with the hitching-strap. The Governor was so mad that he issued a proclamation abolishing Christmas.

The way in which Governor Chamberlain drifted to South Carolina is described by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal:* "An old college friend of his was drowned in Charleston harbor. He went there to settle his affairs. That visit ended in his leasing an abandoned plantation, and in entering upon the untried life of a planter. He was soon elected a member of the convention which formed the present Constitution of the State."

The remains of a balloon have just been found on the coast of Iceland. In the car were some human bones, forming an incomplete skeleton, and a leather traveling bag in very bad condition, containing papers so deteriorated by wet that the writing could not be deciphered. A conjecture is formed that this is the balloon in which Price ascended during the siege of Paris, being the only one that was not accounted for. No doubt the balloon has been in the clouds ever since.

D. O. Bissell, of Modoc county, bet $20 that he could raise forty bushels of wheat to the acre. He planted one-eighth of an acre with wheat in hills, just like Indian corn. Result, ten bushels of wheat, or at the rate of eighty bushels to the acre—twice the amount required by his wager. Perhaps farmers may find this mode of planting better than sowing seed broadcast. Bissell will plant forty acres that way this year.

London *Spectator:* The Americans appear to be succeeding in their plan of sending over fresh meat to this country. They have organized a system under which some 3000 quarters of fresh beef can be sent off in each steamer, not frozen, but cooled to a safe temperature by air which has passed through ice-chambers. The meat is very good and "bright," and, in spite of opposition from the butchers, a cargo was sold in Liverpool last week at from six to eight pence a pound. The meat, it is said, has fetched eight pence per pound in Glasgow for some time, and does not excite the prejudice arising from the overcooked condition of the Australian tinned meat.

Kansas City *Times:*—"A young man of extremely jealous disposition recently visited one of the most famous clairvoyants in the city. Being far from home he wanted to know what his wife was doing. 'She is looking out of the window, evidently expecting some one.' 'That is strange,' said Benedict, who can she expect?' 'Some one enters the door and she caresses him fondly,' went on the clairvoyant. 'It can't be!' cried the excited husband. 'My wife is true to me.' 'Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly in her eyes.' 'It's false! I'll make you pay dearly for this,' yelled the jealous husband.' 'Now he wags his tail,' said the medium. The green-eyed monster subsided, and the young husband cheerfully paid his $5."

BY TELEGRAPH

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.

Gov. Grover left this morning for Washington. Last evening he was serenaded at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Governor Irwin, who introduced him, said that Grover's action would have the effect of compelling Congress to go behind the face of the returns, in which case, it was believed, the Senate would refuse to give Hayes the elective vote. Grover spoke very briefly, justifying the constitutionality of his action. Resolutions were adopted endorsing Grover's course. About two or three thousand persons were present including a number of prominent Democratic politicians.

Christmas was observed yesterday by an entire suspension of business, and services in churches, and social gatherings.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.

Yesterday afternoon a man named Joseph Gardellia, part owner of a liquor saloon on Dupont street, accompanied by several other men, entered Charles Kreuter's saloon, No. 1328 Dupont street. This crowd had been in there but a few minutes when Gardellia drew a large knife and made an attack with it upon the barkeeper wounding him slightly in the leg; after which he made an assault with the knife upon Kreuter, but was prevented from doing him any harm by Mrs. Kreuter, who seized him and implored him not to injure her husband. About this time a man named Charles Smith, who had been asleep in a chair, awoke, when suddenly Gardellia rushed at him with a knife, and cut him twice across the head, producing slight scalp wounds. He then turned and plunged the knife into the abdomen of Armand Austell, one of the proprietors of the Lafayette Brewery, who happened to be in the saloon and not taking part in the trouble. Gardellia then left the saloon, and was shortly afterwards arrested. The wounded men were taken to the City Receiving Hospital. Austell was found to have a wound in the abdomen of such a character that death must follow in a short time. The only cause known for the assault is some trifling misunderstanding between Gardellia and Kreuter.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 25.

Christmas day was observed here with great propriety. Nearly all business was suspended and general enjoyment prevailed.

The Democrats held a meeting tonight and resolved to receive and entertain Governor Grover, of Oregon, on Tuesday. He is to arrive here at noon and remain here until 3 o'clock P. M. He will be met at the depot by a large committee and a procession will be at once formed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.

The Tribune's Washington special says: The Patent Office just now is in a great state of excitement. According to current reports there were recently discovered on the rolls of that bureau the names of a number of persons, mostly women, paid from the contingent fund, who either performed no service, or drew their salary under assumed names. The discovery was made that between twenty and thirty persons whose names were on the roll had not appeared to demand their pay. These were persons who either drew their pay under assumed names, or, if their real names appeared, performed no service. The result of this discovery very naturally caused great excitement in the office, and Commissioner Duell was called upon to give an explanation. It is understood that he disclaimed all knowledge in regard to the matter and held his Appointment Clerk, Nottingham, responsible for it. Nottingham has been dismissed from the Department, but it is believed that the investigation will not stop here. Instances are given in which $85 per month has been paid to women draughts who sub-let the work for $30 per month. Chandler will probably push the investigation until he obtains the bottom facts, and will take whatever action is necessary in the premises. One possible result that is spoken of is the early resignation of the Commissioner of Patents.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.

The gathering of the leading Democratic Congressmen at New York, which has been going on since the adjournment of Congress, took form in the shape of an informal meeting of the legislators, held Saturday at the residence of Aug. Belmont. Among those present were Senators Gordon and Bayard, Speaker Samuel J. Randall, and Congressmen Hewitt, Lamar and Watterson. The political situation was discussed from various standpoints, but so far as could be ascertained no definite conclusions were arrived at.

The World's Washington special says: A public meeting to discuss the question of petitioning Congress to pass amendments to the Constitution, abolishing the Presidency, will take place Thursday evening. The public, members of Congress especially, are invited. It is proposed to abolish the Presidency and substitute an Executive Council therefor, to be composed of seven Secretaries or heads of Departments, four to be elected by the House of Representatives and three by the Senate, from members of their respective houses, for two years, one or all to be removed at any time by the house electing them, and each to have the rights of a member to both houses.

LONDON, Dec. 25.

Sad accounts of the disasters to shipping during the recent storm, continue to come in. Many additional wrecks on the Scotch coast. In several cases all hands were lost. On Saturday last two unknown vessels, one of 1,000 tons burden, disappeared off Arbraath, and are supposed to have foundered. A schooner, name unknown, was wrecked in Ackerville bay and seven seamen drowned. The German bark Lossfismich, with 14 lives, the brig Sophie, of Holmestrand, and the bark Palmetto were wrecked off Peterhead and all drowned. Two unknown vessels were lost with all hands at the mouth of the Tay. It is believed there have been several wrecks of which no news will be obtained.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.

The Occidental and Oriental steamer Oceanic arrived to-day from China and Japan. She made the passage from Yokohama in fourteen days, five hours and twenty minutes, beating the time recently made by the Pacific Mail steamer City of Peking over twenty hours. It is expected among nautical men here that the City of Tokio will now attempt to outdo this on her homeward trip.

Hong Kong advices state that Captain Peabody, of the American bark C. O. Whitmore, with two of his mates, who were wanted by the United States authorities for killing the Second Mate of the ship by ill treatment during the passage, had fled the ship and were concealed on shore, awaiting an opportunity to escape.

A great fire occurred at Yeddo, Japan, November 25th. Sixty-five streets, containing five thousand houses, were totally destroyed. About fifty lives were lost. The destruction of property reaches ten million dollars.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.

FLOUR—Best extra, $7 25, silver.

WHEAT—Sale of 4,000 sacks choice shipping at $2 29 alongside vessel. It is reported that a cargo of 1,500 tons has changed hands at $2 22½. Best milling lots difficult to obtain for less than $2 25.

BARLEY—Coast Feed $1 20 in silver. Brewing quiet at $1 20@1 30 in gold.

OATS—Firm at $1 75@2 00 for Feed.

POTATOES—Red, 40@90c; white and other fancy kinds, $1@1 10; sweet, 75c.

CORN—Plentiful, $1 17½@1 20.

HAY—$12@17.

GREENBACKS—93½@94.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.

A little piece of smart work has come to light at Vallejo. About a year ago an appropriation was made for repairs to the double-turret monitor Monadnock. The progress of the repairs has been reported from time to time, but recently work has been stopped owing the appropriation giving out. It now transpires that not a stroke of work or a pound of iron has been put on the Monadnock, but that the keel of a new monitor has been laid on the Government ways on the Vallejo side of the straits—the material for which has been shipped out from the East to the contractors, their different pieces so numbered and worked as to render the task of putting them together easy. The Monadnock, meantime, has been lying quietly at anchor on the mud flats, but it is believed that her engines will be put into the new monitor. Otherwise, no material of the original Monadnock has found its way into the new craft.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.

At the meeting of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections to-day, Kernan, presented a request from Senator Kelly, of Oregon, asking that J. N. F. Miller and John Parker, persons who acted with Cronin in the Electoral College, and W. B. Taswell and Henry Klippell, who were voted for with Cronin, be subpoenaed to appear here as witnesses in the Oregon case. They were summoned as requested.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.

FLOUR—Superfine dull at $5 00@5 50; extra $5 50@6 50 in shipping lots; $6 75@7 25 in jobbing lots for silver.

WHEAT—Beerbohm's Liverpool reports to-day quoted an advance of one pence per cental. This market, however, is a shade weaker. Sales include 700 sacks Sonora for cracked wheat at $2 25; 2,500 sacks of good milling at $2 20; 1,000 sacks of good Stockton milling at $2 15; 2,808 superfine milling, $2 10; 100 sks at $2 05@2 10; 5000 sks fair shipping, $2 12½; 3000 sks choice, yesterday, $2 25.

BARLEY—Dark Coast Feed, $1 15; good, $1 20, both silver; brewing quiet at $1 20@1 30 gold.

OATS—Inferior, $1 60; fair feed, $1 80; choice feed, $2.

POTATOES—Choice Tomales, 87½c; Poor river, 40c; sweet, 75@87½c.

HAY—Choice wheat, $18.

CORN—Large yellow, $1 17½@1 20, both silver.

BUCKWHEAT—Steady, at $1 50 silver.

RYE—$1 75@1 80.

GREENBACKS—93½@94.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.

Tony Pastor's Theatre is now burning, and will probably be totally destroyed.

Ex-Senator Nye, of Nevada, died at White Plains Monday.

G. D. Swan, late Secretary of the Bank of Savings, is reported as having absconded. He is a defaulter to the amount of $45,000. He has been missing since Friday.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.

The Graphic's correspondent at Cincinnati telegraphs that he has been informed on good authority that Hayes intends to resign the Governorship of Ohio upon the re-assembling of the Legislature next Tuesday, confidently believing that he will be inaugurated President of the United States on the 4th of March.

It is understood that ex-Senator Nye died of softening of the brain, from which he has been suffering for years.

The City of Berlin, which sailed from Liverpool to-day, took $300,000 worth of silk worm's eggs, which just arrived from China, via. San Francisco.

A Philadelphia tombstone bears this verse.

The angels to-night, in their mansions of light,
Are waltzin' 'round Anthony Mink:
He was faithful and kind as any you'll find,
And gin was his favorite drink.

Next to throwing kittens into a mill pond the saddest sight is that of a lady at a church fair drowning two or three poor little oysters in a gallon of thin milk.

BORN.

In Los Angeles, Dec. 21st, to the wife of F. H. Mellus, a daughter.

In Anaheim, Dec. 24th, to the wife of —— Smythe, a son.

In Los Angeles, Dec 24, to the wife of W. F. Daily, a son.

In Los Angeles, Dec. 26, to the wife of C. H. Dunsmoor, a daughter.

In Los Angeles, Dec. 25 to the wife of Jerry C. Newell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

In Los Angeles, Dec 25, Henry B. Monroe to Elvelenor C. Ballow.

In Los Angeles, Dec. 24th, Thos Strohm to Miss E. M. Schuebnell.

DIED.

In Los Angeles, Dec. 24, H. Newbauer, aged 43 years.

In Los Angeles, Dec 26, L. B. Wayland, aged 53 years.

CRISTADORO'S

Hair Dye.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye is the safest and best. It acts instantaneously, producing the most natural shades of black or brown; does not stain the skin; and is easily applied. It is a standard preparation, and a favorite upon every well appointed toilet for lady or gentleman. Sold by Druggists. J. CRISTADORO.
P. O. Box 1533. [Jan1-6m] New York.

Anaheim Gazette

SATURDAY...DECEMBER 30, 1876.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. 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.; evening services at 7½ P. M. Sunday School at 9½ A. M.

Kleinigkeiten.

From Wednesday's Daily.

—There will be a grand ball at San Juan Capistrano on New Year's Eve.

—An effort is being made in Los Angeles to organize a military company.

—Christmas is over, and our citizens began their labors yesterday with renewed vigor and energy.

—The ball at the Fairview Grange Hall, on Monday evening, was a complete success. The hall was crowded.

—Grass is very scarce near Capistrano. Many cattle are dying for want of feed.

—The new Board of Town Trustees will qualify to-day and hold their first meeting.

—A detachment of the U. S. Coast Survey camped at Dyer's corral last night.

—Mr. Pellegrin, who has a very fine stock of jewelry, has made a big reduction in the prices.

—The young hoodlums serenaded the Chinese wash-houses by beating on old tin cans and blowing horns on Monday night.

—Among the arrivals during the holidays were our friends Messrs. Rust, Stern, and Lafaucheric. It looks like old times to see them once again on our streets.

—*Express:* The Woolen Mill property was sold by the Company on Saturday last, to M. O. Bernard, for the sum of $13,760.13. A lease of ninety-nine years on five acres of land accompanies the building, together with water franchises and other privileges.

—The following freight was shipped from the depot this morning: Thirteen bdls pelts; 50 hides; 1 trunk; 1 box dried fruit; 12 boxes eggs; 2 cases strained honey; 1 bdle calf skins; 2 bags meal; 6 sacks corn; 2 sacks flour; 1 box groceries; 1 car load wine.

—EDS. GAZETTE.—Although I admire the enterprise of the photographer who has taken up his residence in our midst, and have also admiration for his business tact in availing himself of printer's ink with which to draw public attention, I most energetically protest against the want of discrimination evinced by his bill-poster. There are plenty of dead walls, hitching posts, etc., on which he might paste a sufficiency of bills, without disfiguring the fences and gate posts of private residences. A continuance of such conduct may be followed by a very forcible and unpleasant reminder of the impropriety of the act.

VICTIM.

—The large flocks of geese, which are constantly passing over the town, are frequently shot at, but they generally fly at too high an altitude to be reached by the leaden missiles. Sometimes, however, the shots take effect. The other day we were watching a flock flying Southward, when the report of a gun was heard and we observed one of the geese begin to fall slowly. The others, perceiving that their comrade was wounded, uttered shrill cries of distress, and about a dozen of them flew under the wounded bird, huddling together so that their backs formed a sort of bed upon which the wounded one rested. They buoyed it up for some time, the others meanwhile looking on and manifesting their concern by uttering loud, discordant shrieks. Finding that their companion was unable to longer accompany them in their flight, they abandoned him to his fate, and he fell to the earth and into the arms of an expectant Chinaman.

From Thursday's Daily.

—DeWitt C. Lawrence arrived on the train last evening.

—Fifty-five passengers arrived from Los Angeles on the train last night.

—Mr. R. Luedke will leave for San Francisco to-morrow.

—Garey, the nurseryman, has shipped to China a lot of orange and lemon trees.

—The Odd Fellow's Ball has been postponed until Monday evening, January 1st.

—The carpenter shop occupied by F. C. McKinnie was removed yesterday to its new location, near the corner of Palm and Centre streets.

—The following freight was shipped from the depot this morning: 32 pkgs wine, 4 boxes butter, 1 sewing machine, 1 roll blankets, 1 bag nuts.

—The *Express* is authority for the statement that L. J. Lockhart will contest the election of W. H. Spurgeon as Supervisor of the Fourth District on the ground that, being a postmaster at the time of his election, he is ineligible. The case will be heard in the County Court on January 6th.

—A car load of hay, attached to the Colton train, was destroyed by fire, on the line between Colton and Pomona on Monday night.

—The following are the officers elect of Anaheim Lodge, No. 199, I. O. O. F.: J. J. Hill, N. G.; A. J. Brown, V. G.; J. H. Gooch, Secretary; P. C. McKinnie, Treasurer.

—The second vessel load of lumber for E. J. Baldwin arrived at Wilmington the other day. We are informed that this lumber is designed for extensive improvements on the Santa Anita ranch.—*Herald.*

—On Don Mateo Keller's Malaga ranch, above Santa Monica, the Muscat of Alexandria grape has borne three crops, one in July, another in August, and the last in December. This ranch is entirely free from frost.

—A car-load of men were sent out to the front at Indian Wells yesterday, and other car-loads will follow every day until the requisite force is on the ground to carry the Southern Pacific road to Yuma by the middle of February.

—A change has been made in the firm of J. W. Anderson & Co., of Orange. Mr. W. C. Pendleton has withdrawn, and the business will hereafter be carried on by the remaining partners, J. W. Anderson and A. C. Bowers.

—The following officers of Anaheim Lodge No. 207, F. & A. M., were installed last night by Past Master Fred. W. Athearn: Theo. Reiser, W. M.; H. Blanken, S. W.; F. Hartung, J. W.; M. L. Goodman, Treas; A. W. Steinhart, Secretary.

—Otto Evers received a Christmas box by the freight train on Monday evening. It contained an old valise with a nest of young mice, one old shoe, a pair of overalls, and a dilapidated hat. He strongly suspects the depot boys as playing Santa Claus.

—Freight for the following persons was received at Anaheim Landing per steamer Ancon, Dec. 26th: Langenberger, 74 pkgs mdse; A Bros & Co, 4 pkgs mdse; R E Hewitt, 28 pkgs mdse; E Milton, 1 bbl orange seed; F Hartung, 2 pipes; H and Co, 1 pkge mdse; J Sturgis, 5 pkgs mdse; J H Fleming, 5 pkgs mdse; J N Parker, 27 pkgs mdse; L Utt, 43 pkgs mdse, 40 sks flour; L, 1 pkge iron; L G, 3 pkgs mdse; M Van Winter, 8 pkgs mdse; R H Dibble, 132 pkgs mdse; Len Lee, 2 pkgs mdse; T P Denny, 1 bbl orange seed; W H Spurgeon, 53 pkgs mdse.

—The following Grand Jury was drawn in the County Court yesterday and is ordered to meet on the 8th of January: M. Marxen, L. C. Gardiner, Theo Matthews, F. A. Stout, Gilbert Farnham, W. J. Smith, Robert S. Horn, A. J. Cole, M. W. Craig, Peter Thompson, G. S. Schmidt, John Gilman, J. R. Summers, Paul Kern, Dewitt C. Dimmock, Daniel McCarty, J. T. Isbell, J. K. Stump, Wm. M. Osborne, Job C. Davis, Jas. C. Barnes, Edward Clement, John G. Rice, W. T. Damron.

From Friday's Daily.

—Next Monday being a legal holiday the Bank will be closed for the day.

—Dr. D'Assonville intends making his residence on his tract of land north east of Anaheim sometime during January.

—Mr. McChesney will shortly commence the erection of a warehouse on Centre street for the purchase of hides and pelts.

—H. J. Stevenson wants the Los Angeles Common Council to appoint him City Surveyor, and promises to do all the work for nothing.

—There were just exactly 13,582,693 geese passed over Anaheim yesterday in one flock. We know there were that many because we were very particular about counting them.

—Yesterday the lumber was bought for a coffin for the corpse of a Mexican which had been lying in the southern portion of town for three days. The occupants of the house were too poor to buy a coffin.

—The following freight was shipped from the depot this morning: 14 puschions, 2 kegs wine 41 sack potatoes, 1 coop turkeys, 1 empty keg, 1 bbl, 1 box tobacco, 3 boxes butter, 1 bale blankets, 8 pkgs household goods.

—Stearn's Mill, Los Angeles, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The loss to Mr. F. Weber, owner of the building and contents, will amount to about $10,000. In September, 1874, the old mill on the same site was burned. It is supposed that the fire yesterday morning was the work of an incendiary.

—Lady guests of Los Angeles hotels relieve the monotony of their existence by fixing up a dummy, clothing it in the peculiar snowy night garment affected by ladies, and placing it in the single landlord's bed. The fun of this excrutiating joke comes in when the landlord discovers the occupant of his couch to be *only* a dummy.

—The following freight was received at Anaheim Landing, per steamer Senator: A Langenberger, 15 empt casks, 9 pkgs mdse; H W Lake, 5 pkgs mdse; L G, 25 sacks salt, 46 sacks flour; R H D, 4 pkgs mdse; W C Co, 18 pkgs mdse, 1 sewing machine, W H S, 1 gang plow; M W McChesney, 18 pkgs household goods; A Thompson, 2 pkgs household goods.

—At a meeting of Orpheus Lodge, No. 237, I. O. O. F., held on Thursday evening, the following officers were elected: H. A. Boege, N. G; A. Heimann, V. G.; R. Menzel, (re-elected) R. S.; M. Classen, Treasurer.

—A party living in Santa Monica have just discovered coal in the mountains only a few miles from town, in a different locality from that in which former discoveries were made. We have a specimen before us which, by comparison, proves to be equally as good as the Wellington coal which we are now using. There can be no doubt as to the quality. If the quantity proves equally satisfactory, the value of the discovery can hardly be estimated.—*Outlook.*

Meeting of the Town Council.

The Board of Trustees of the town of Anaheim held their first meeting yesterday afternoon at the hall over the Bank.

The Board was called to order by Dr. J. H. Yocum, and Mr. John Fischer was elected Chairman and Mr. R. Heimann clerk, pro tem.

The names of E. F. Cahill and M. L. Wicks were put in nomination for Clerk of the Board. Mr. M. L. Wicks received the appointment.

Upon motion of Dr. Yocum it was ordered that the regular meeting of the Board of Trustees be held upon the first Tuesday of every month at 2 P. M., at the hall over the Bank of Anaheim.

The salary of the Clerk of the Board of Trustees was left unstated until he was present and could be consulted upon the matter.

The salary of the Town Marshal was fixed at twenty-five dollars a month, to commence from the date of his qualification before the Board.

The salary of the Assessor was fixed at sixty dollars for each assessment made.

The bonds of the Treasurer were placed at $5000.

The bonds of the Marshal as ex-officio Tax Collector were placed at $5,000.

Upon motion of Mr. Fischer it was ordered that a petition to the Board of Supervisors be drawn up, requesting that the money now in the County Treasury, belonging to this district, be placed to the credit of the town of Anaheim.

A committee consisting of Messrs. Fischer, Boege and Heimann, was appointed to draw up said petition.

The same committee was also appointed to draw up an order of business to be presented for consideration at the next meeting of the Board.

Upon motion, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Yocum, Langenberger and Heimann were appointed to confer with the authorities of the old City of Anaheim regarding the transfer of the city property to the town of Anaheim.

The Clerk was ordered to notify the treasurer and Marshal to qualify, with their bond, at the next meeting of the Board.

Upon motion, the meeting was adjourned until Tuesday next at 1 o'clock P. M., in order to allow one hour for unfinished business.

Deeds Filed.

A Langenberger to A G Beebe—lot 50x55 feet, corner Clementina and 2d North streets, Anaheim; $100.

James Glass and C G Kellog to P M Weaver—SW ¼ of NW ¼, Sec 15, T 3 S R 12 W, $1800.

E F Stafford to C W Brown—10 acrs in Santiago de Santa Ana Rancho; $1,400.

D N Winbigler et ux to J H Fruit et al—20 acres in Santiago de Santa Ana Rancho, $700.

D. W. Wells to S. Halesworth—Ten acres in S. de Santa Ana Rancho; $425.

Hiram Taylor to D. W. Wells—Ten acres in S. de Santa Ana Rancho; $250.

Wm. Ross et ux. to J. G. Beliew—Thirty acres in Jacob Ross' allotment, S de Santa Ana Rancho; $600.

B. C. Whiting et al. to J. G. Downey—Lot 25x90 feet in E. part of N. ¼ of town lot 28, Anaheim; $100.

N. Fletcher to A. P. Kuffell—One-half 37.62 acres in Santa Ana Rancho; $1,125.

E. Evey, Assignee of J. W. Clark & Co., to B. O. Clark—E. ½ N. W. ¼ of N. W ¼ of Sec. 9, Tp. 4 S., R. 10 W., S. B. M; $100.

C. Tustin to F. L. Torrer—Lots 9 10, block G, Mrs. B. A. Lewis' Add'n to Tustin City; $50.

J. G. Bellew to W. W. Halesworth—30 acres in Santiago de Santa Ana Rancho, $700.

J. Bumiller et al to G. B. Lyon—10 acres in Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana; $5000.

N. M. Bolan et ux to P. Moran—2 acres in lot 49, Anaheim Extension.

Post Office Letter List.

Letters for the following persons remain uncalled for at the Anaheim Post-office, Dec. 29:

S Andrews	Miss E A Burton
C Bonks	A H Cadwell
O Dutcher	A B Dresser
F Eschelbach	P B Gerity
J T H Grey	A Guitran
John Henderson	J Johnson
M T Jenbesser	Emma Mallock
M McChaney	S Olsen
Joseph Parker	L Robbison
Mrs E P Bows	A Spuss
Mrs M Virden	John Wood

Express Letter List.

Letters for the following persons remain uncalled for at Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Dec29.

Pedro Blanco	Chas Hill
J B Pierce	H H Stanley

PACKAGES.

Mrs A Holdrich	J T H Grey
M A Mendelson	O Hill
S Wirth	G W Hawkins
S McKnight	J Crane
B McPherson	

Subscribe for the DAILY ANAHEIM GAZETTE.

Westminster Items.

[Regular Correspondence of the GAZETTE.]

The Qui Vive entertainment passed off very pleasantly on Friday evening. The exercises opened with an instrumental duet, after which Miss L. Leffler welcomed the audience with a finely composed "Greeting." Music—"Wedding Bells"—was considered very appropriate to the season, and we could almost hear them ringing! as we hope to soon. The audience were highly amused by Mr. Alward's "Poem." It was strikingly original and characteristic. Miss McCoy's historical essay gave us glances backward over a part of the world's history, reminding us of school days and class-rooms. At appropriate points tableaux of persons and scenes were introduced: 1. Peter, the Hermit, instigator of the crusades. 2. Wm. Tell, in the act of shooting the apple from his boy's head. 3. Henry VIII, stern, relentless, with folded arms, looking, as a lady remarked, "as if he was going to bite our heads off." 4 and 5. Mary, Queen of Scots, was finely represented in two scenes; one just before the execution, and the second when all was ready for the executioner's axe, her head resting on the block as though it were a welcome pillow; her throat exposed by her own firm hand, and the Maids of Honor, and others weeping around her. 6. Queen Elizabeth, standing dauntless and cruel, unrepentant of the scene which had just passed before. 7 and 8. Christopher Columbus, in two scenes; first, alone, holding his parchment and looking very wise; second, receiving royal papers from Ferdinand and Isabella, who were well represented, seated on a throne. The costumes were all good and the essay was fine and very instructive. Oscar Mack's declamation was one of the pleasing features of the evening.

Part 2d was opened by a vocal duet, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," rendered by Misses Anderson and Leffler. "Curfew must not toll to-night" was recited in perfect taste and good voice by Miss McFadden. The mirth-provoking "Mulligan Guards," by five Mulligans, was enthusiastically encored. A scene from Shakespeare, between Brutus and Cassius, was well rendered by Messrs. S. H. Butterfield and G. C. Mack. Mr. Poor sang "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip" with good effect; his songs are always appreciated. Mr. Butterfield gave a specimen of fine elocution by reciting Shamus O'Brien, holding the audience in breathless attention. The programme closed with the farce, "Irish Tutor;" all the parts were well sustained. No entertainment ever given here has been so satisfactory to the audience as was this; and had more pains been taken to advertise here the hall would have been well filled. The receipts were about $45, the profits of which are for the Presbyterian Church.

The Ladies' Building Fund Society of the Presbyterian Church held a fair in the hall on Christmas, selling toys and fancy articles for presents. They prepared a lunch, charging only 25 cents, and from twelve till three the table was surrounded by the various hungry ones. In the evening the hall was *crowded* by those anxious to attend the Christmas festival. Mr. G. C. Mack made an appropriate speech, after which Santa Claus appeared, tooting his horn and clad in heavy garments hardly appropriate to Semi-Tropical California. The old man was welcome, and made all happy. When the presents were distributed, many laughable things occurred, some of the givers showing keen wit in their selections.

Thanks are tendered those who contributed so largely of time and means to make the undertaking a success; also, to all who patronized it. The Christmas tree was presented by Mrs. Dr. Higgins, from Carroll's Nursery, Anaheim. The ladies clear between seventy-five and eighty dollars, making, with the profits from their concert last month, $125 they have raised toward the church fund, while the men have done nothing toward making a start. Do the public lunches pay? We believe if the persons who contribute food for such affairs would give the amount in cash this food costs them, or its worth, a much larger sum would be raised; and the large amount of labor that is necessary to make the lunch a success would be avoided. I individually shall hereafter prefer this course.

On New Year's day the annual reunion of the colonists occurs, and every one is invited to attend. The exercises will begin at 10 o'clock, in the M. E. Church. There will be music, singing, reading the "annals" and a short address. A good time may be expected. At noon the meeting will adjourn to the Hall for lunch, and early in the afternoon re-assemble in the church, where the exercises will be continued. Let every one turn out and bring some lunch with them.

We recently called on some friends in Garden Grove district, including a part of Westminster, and were surprised to find so many changes there. New houses are being built, and ten more will be erected within two months. In the school they have 63 names enrolled, and there are some 15 whose names are not yet on the roll. Some of the largest wells in the county are in this district.

David Rogers has finished his well in the Southwestern part of the colony getting two inches flow, at 167 feet. J. A. McFadden is boring for Mr. Smith, on the mesa. If water can be secured on those lands it will make them very valuable.

Mr. Culter has enlarged his blacksmith shop and moved it across the street, placing it by the side of Parker's wagon-shop.

We are pleased to have the effort made to get a shoe maker here prove successful. Mr. Slaney, from Los Angeles, arrived here on Tuesday, and after looking over the ground decided to return on Saturday with his tools. He will be ready for business on Monday, in Fleming's harness shop.

We are pleased to report Rev. S. B. King able to sit up now, and Dr. J. McCoy strong enough to go about the house.

Much has been said about the profitableness of alfalfa. Mr. Walton, on H. Steven's place, has fed thirteen cows this year from four acres of alfalfa, besides cutting and baling twenty-one tons of hay, actual weight, from the piece. It strikes us that feeding three cows all the season and baling five tons of hay from one acre is quite an item.

Second crop potatoes planted in August turn out well. Anderson & Rogers get 440 sacks from eleven acres. Those planted later yield less.

J. T.

Santa Ana Items.

[Regular Correspondence of the GAZETTE.]

Jas. Ott, late of the Coast Survey, Santa Monica, has located in Gospel Swamp.

Mr. Tappener, from Santa Monica, is doing a rushing business in the boot and shoe line.

Mr. Bundy, of Santa Monica, is building a business house on Main street. Mr. Wilson, of Santa Monica is also erecting a place of business on the same street. He will keep books and stationery, and a general notion store. There is plenty of room for the balance of Santa Monica in Santa Ana.

Mr. Clarence Mesecham is not very particular about his carriage. He says "there ain't much difference between the front and hind wheels, anyhow."

Mr. Frank Keim, the new typo, is from Montana Territory, instead of Colorado, as we stated some time ago.

Los Angeles and Santa Ana, the two largest places in the county, are both agitated over the post-office question.

The latest reports from Gen. Colton and Crocker are to the effect that, as soon as the iron rails which are now afloat reach this coast in safety, the railroad will be completed to this point. On the other hand, if any of the vessels on which the rails are shipped are lost, the road will not be extended in this direction until the main branch is completed to Fort Yuma. They also state that if it had not been for the silly, ill-advised proposition to build a narrow guage road between this point and the landing, we would have had the road pushed to completion at the time it was graded to the Santiago creek. The parties in Anaheim and south of here, who added fuel to the flame, raised by this wild-cat movement, will have to shoulder their full share of responsibility for circulating the absurd proposition above-named, because they, as well as all others cognizant of the facts, knew that such a movement would be injurious to this section of country, and that it was never seriously entertained.

Joe Acklin has decided not to cast his fortunes with the "never sweat" journal, and has hied himself to a more genial clime. Good luck attend him.

Max Nebelung was over here some time ago, and he says that he "would rather be a Methodist parson and have a donation party, than be compelled to withstand the demands of visiting committees for a festival."

The entertainment given by the Ollo Club, of Newport, came off according to programme last Wednesday night, and was throughout enjoyed by all—especially the latter part of the performance, which was at the supper table. Mrs. Bear and the Misses Moesser, Tedford, Leffler, acquitted themselves well in the several parts assigned them, as also did the following: Messrs Ott, Grover, Tedford, Purcell and Prof. Bell, who was the manager of the entertainment. Some 200 persons were present and over $100 were realized by the club. The irrepressible hoodlum was present and made itself happy by grinning through the windows, guffawing during the most solemn and affecting tableaux and firing off pistols and firecrackers, causing teams to break loose, etc., etc., etc.

An important meeting of the "Never Sweat Club" was held a short time ago, and the boss fossil introduced a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the railroad to stay away, and forbidding people to come here who could not come in better style than in a covered wagon, and requested real estate owners to raise the price of land 100 per cent.

Bob Dibble has just returned from San Francisco with a lot of new goods, and is prepared to furnish anything from a corkscrew to a pile-driver, and everything in the hardware line.

J. C. Edwards has been making extensive improvements in his store, internally.

Mr. S. A. Foster looks longingly for the return of a pinto horse that lately wended its way towards the *mesa.*

Messrs. Brown, Fruit, Linington, and Walton have ten men employed improving their hog ranch which they lately bought of Mr. Roper.

Mr. Walton don't believe in cutting and covering when you plow.

Jas Jasper and Jule Williams took unto themselves wives last Wednesday evening, and Miss Jasper and Miss Williams took unto themselves the aforesaid gentlemen for husbands, at the same time and place. All of Gospel Swamp. The best wishes of all who know them follow them in their new enterprise.

E. Mateer, conductor of the train between Anaheim and Los Angeles, is rusticating here at present.

Mr. Meyers, of Elizabeth Lake, is also in this section. He proposes taking a prolonged hunt in the mountains before his return home. He will make his headquarters at the famous bee ranch of Caldwell and Layman.

The Hebrew journal of the never-sweats has not put in an appearance yet. The late editor of the *News* says he has decided not to retract any of the romancing editorials which he once published, so Joe Acklin says.

Republicans who supported the regular nominees at the late election denounce the efforts of pettifogging politicians to thwart the will of the people in regard to the office of Supervisor of this district. Their action is on a par with the rascality of Grover of Oregon.

Mr. John R. Paul, of Healdsburg, is shipping goods here. He proposes to keep everything in the furniture and undertaking business.

Messrs. Spurgeon, Harlan and Gildermacher have return from San Francisco, with their new stock of goods.

BION.

Dec. 29th, 1876.

Thermometrical Record.

The following is our record for the week ending Wednesday P. M., Dec. 27, giving lowest point night preceding date, and highest by day:

Date	Lowest	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	Highest	Date	Lowest	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	Highest
Dec 21	47	59	65	54	Dec 25	32	34	64	51
" 22	39	46	63	54	" 26	38	38	68	56
" 23	41	50	67	51	" 27	40	46	65	55
" 24	31	38	67	50					

Average Temperature..... 49½
Average highest and lowest..... 51⅞

E.

Tustin City Items.

[Regular Correspondence of the GAZETTE.]

The farmers in this part of the country are anxiously awaiting the coming of rain. They are not as a general thing poetic souls, consequently this perpetual summer is growing wearisome. Quite a number are dry plowing, and many acres are already seeded.

We have heard a great deal of late, about the Santa Ana immigrating "booro," but have not seen him yet. Some say he is an organized society, composed of members from all parts of the country, with a view of encouraging the importation of others from the States, and other places. We know not how this may be. The booro is probable a very useful animal to those who like him, but we are inclined to think there are about as many knocking around now, as the farming community are able to support, especially during the present hard times.

Our public school has closed for two weeks. The exhibition on the evening of the twenty-third inst., was a very pleasant affair. The hall was filled with patrons and friends of the school, and many had to stand. The exercise consisted of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues, recitations, etc., a paper, and a drama. The scholars *all* acquitted themselves creditably, and *many* deserve particular mention, but space forbids entering into detail. When it is understood that this was the first exhibition ever attempted by the school, nine-tenths of whom never appeared in public before; also, that the time for preparation was very limited, and the scholars left entirely to themselves in the matter of selections, it reflects great credit both on the pupils and Professor Hues, principal of the school.

This community is much in need of an organ, but should the instrument prove as wheezy and discordant as the efforts heretofore made to procure one, a cat harmonica would be equally acceptable.

The Tustin boys have about recovered from the defeat they received at the hands of the second nine (?) of the Orange Base Ball Club. It is to be hoped, also, that the umpire has at least sufficiently recovered from the *withering rebuke so ironically* ventilated by the Orange correspondent of the GAZETTE, as to be able to give it the same consideration the "old lady" gave the greeting she received from the "burro"—not the immigrating burro, however,—as he is too vigorous an animal to compare with such a sickly display of heel power.

Mr. P. Potts, one of our most influential citizens, threatens to prosecute the publishers of the Tustin City *News* for libel, they having grossly misrepresented his calling in life. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he "never wuz engaged in the kromo bisnis, neether dont bee againt for garglin ile."

Christmas was celebrated with the usual festivities, and chickens and turkeys are, in consequence, somewhat scarce.

Christmas night left us a city without any people, in consequence of the Odd Fellows' ball at Santa Ana, and the various Christmas trees throughout the country.

We are informed that James Jasper and Julius Williams, of Gospel Swamp, made a gospel swop, on Wednesday evening; that is, they traded sisters, and, according to parliamentary parlance, severally resolved themselves into a committee of two, with power to increase their numbers.

There is to be a ball at this place on New Year's night.

Mr. Preeble, who has lately settled here, has a fine dwelling in course of construction. C. Tustin will commence work on his residence in a few days.

VENI VIDI.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, The members of the legal profession practising in Anaheim have witnessed with deep sorrow the affliction which has fallen on one of their brethren, M. L. Wicks, Esq.

Resolved, That we the undersigned do hereby convey an expression of our heartfelt sympathy with him in his great trouble;

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the early departure of one united by so dear a tie with our brother and associate in our honorable calling;

Resolved, That the occurrence of so unfortunate an event at this joyous season makes it more truly sad;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented, as a mark of respect, to M. L. Wicks, Esq.

R. W. SCOTT, VICTOR MONTGOMERY, EDWARD F. CAHILL, THEO. LYNILL.

DIED.

WICKS—In Anaheim, December 22nd, Mary Elizabeth, beloved wife of Moses L. Wicks, aged 23 years, 7 months and 21 days.

MARY ELIZABETH LITTLEJOHN was born in Bayou Lafourche Parish, Louisiana, on the first day of May, 1853. During her infancy, her parents removed to Tennessee and settled near Memphis in that State, where the beloved daughter, now but a pilgrim memory, grew into womanhood, developing those virtues of mind and heart which served to endear her, not alone to the loving father and mother, but as well to all, both young and old, around whom the charm of her gentle presence shed its innocent radiance. It was near that city, too, that on the 30th day of June, 1875, she was united in marriage to Moses L. Wicks, the playmate of her childhood, the lover of her girlhood and budding womanhood, the bride-groom of her few married days and now the lonely mourner at the hearth-stone, made desolate so soon by the inscrutable summons of the Destroyer. Death is *sad at all times*, even when it is to the aged watcher, weary with years and the cares and turmoil of life, that the dread presence comes. How inexpressibly sad is it then when it is a young life, bright with the anticipations of youthful hope, whose bark is launched into the unknown waters of the Hereafter. But to the Christian this sadness is tempered by the knowledge that on the dark and shadowy shore stands a gentle and pitying Savior who has promised that even to old age all his people shall prove his sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; and in this consciousness we cannot so inconsolably grieve for one who has but exchanged the finite love for infinite happiness. Mrs. Wicks was a true Christian woman in the true acceptation. Not only by profession but in every word, deed and thought she exemplified the life of an earnest, loving believer in the tender mercies of the Redeemer. Her last look in life was a mute, self-sacrificing appeal to the loved ones not to grieve at the temporary separation; her last prayer was breathed for their entire re-union in the arms of the Blessed Savior. To the heart-broken mother, who would have offered herself a willing sacrifice, to the agonized husband, who has lost his incentive in the battle of life, to the baby-boy, who will never know a mother's tender caress, we say "Be of good cheer." The beloved daughter, herself just awakened to the yearning love of maternity, the darling wife is not dead. She sleeps, and with those she has left watchful of the sorrowing ones below her freed spirit asks you to join in her submission to the will of the Giver of all Good. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

E.

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition of 1877 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. This issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1877 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

SONORA
Club Seed Wheat
For sale at the Warehouse of
MILES BROS.,
Near the Depot.
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H. M. MITCHELL,
Attorney at Law
OFFICE: Room 55, Temple Block
Los Angeles.

ROBERT BROWN,
ARCHITECT,
Hindesville, Anaheim.
sept 23-3m

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THOMPSON & ELLIS.
Atorneys and Counsellors at Law.
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PURE Drugs and Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, etc.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

J. C. HILL,
Gives satisfaction in all branches of
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And Finishing, or
No Charge Made.
[Oct14-3m]

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THE UNDERSIGNED will contract for the Castor bean, Flax seed and Flax fibre crops of 1877. Terms: Castor beans, 3½ cents a pound, with usual advances; Flax seed, 3 to 3½ cents; Flax fibre, 4 to 15 cents a pound; in 30 days after delivery. For circulars or information, address, by mail, Geo. H. Peck, El Monte.
GEO. H. PECK.
May1,Agt. Pacific Oil and Lead Works, S. F.

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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 Grooved, and Rustic.
Also Fence Posts, Shingles, Shakes, Laths, Battens and Pickets.
DOORS, SASHES & BLINDS
Also a good Assortment of
Builders' Hardware.
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Furnished in any shape at short notice.

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Grain, Feed and Flour.

Ground Barley Feed	$1 10	per hundred
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" Corn "	1 25	" "
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Agency of the celebrated
Santa Paula Flour Mills.
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Near Railroad Depot.

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Carriage Builder,
Lemon St., Anaheim, Cal.
CARRIAGES, BUCCIES, and WAGONS,
Made of the most approved designs, with all the latest improvements.
I Guarantee my Work
On Carriages, Wagons, etc., to be unsurpassed both as to design and quality in any part of the United States, and at San Francisco prices.
T. S. Grimshaw.
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H. McDermott.
Carriage Ironer
—AND—
BLACKSMITH,
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Satisfaction Guaranteed
In every particular. Special attension paid to
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On short notice.
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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☞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
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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.

BY TELEGRAPH

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.

In the matter of the Congressional contest in the Fourth District, ex-Governor Pacheco's counsel yesterday filed a petition in the Supreme Court asking for a writ of mandate to compel Secretary of State Beck to issue a certificate of election to Pacheco. The petition was filed, and the court set Thursday, December 29th, for hearing.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.

In explanation of the motives of Barber, who killed Conrow last night, it appears that for about a year past he had been living with Ella J. Carter, who came here from Rhode Island last year, leaving her husband behind her. It came to his ears that Conrow had also lately been on terms of intimacy with his paramour, and in visiting her last night he forced from her a confession to that effect. He then left her hurriedly and sought his victim. Barber and Conrow had previously been fast friends.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.

The Lick Estate has again come up in the Probate Court. This time it is Wm. H. Lick who is asking for letters of administration. He says that he is a nephew of the deceased James Lick and a son of John Lick, also deceased; that if deceased at any time signed a document acknowledging himself the father of John W. Lick, he was at that time insane; that deceased was of unsound mind for three years before his death; that the legal heirs of the deceased are himself, Henry Lick, of Alton, Illinois, his brother James H. Lick, his half brother, who has already filed a petition for letters of administration, and Mrs. Julia Ann Antrim, of Paris, Illinois, his half sister, and if there are any more legal heirs he does not know of them. He states that the letters should be issued either to him alone or to him and his half brother, James W Lick. The time set for the hearing of this petition is the same as that of the other two—Jan. 3.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.

The Herald's Tallahassee special says: The Democrats carried the city election to-day, electing their Mayor by twelve votes. The election was perfectly quiet. The Republicans had about two to one on the registry list. A great many colored and white Republicans voted the Democratic ticket. This is the first time the city has been carried by the Democrats since the war.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.

Barber, who killed Conrow on Wednesday night, through motives of jealousy, and then shot himself, died in the City Prison Hospital last night. To the end he maintained stoutly his desire for that result, and died heaping imprecations on Conrow's soul with his last breath.

All the interest in the contest between Wigginton and Pacheco for the coveted certificate of election from Secretary Beck, has centered in the Supreme Court. The petition for a writ of mandate by Pacheco will, to a certain extent, do away with all proceedings in the lower courts. Secretary Beck was to have explained to Judge Denson, of the Sixth District Court of Sacramento, to-day, why he did not obey the writ of mandate issued by that Court, and give a certificate to Pacheco. But a Sacramento dispatch says the case was continued to Saturday, the 30th inst., awaiting the action of the Supreme Court. On Wednesday next he will be called upon by Judge Daingerfield to show why he did not obey his writ of mandate, and give a certificate to Wigginton—that is, he will after Pacheco's petition is disposed of. But now that the Supreme Court has been appealed to, the other cases will probably be called, continued and dropped from the docket. This is the status of the contest, which will begin to draw to a conclusion in the Supreme Court next Tuesday.

Post-Office Directory.

Northern and Eastern mails arrive at 6:30 P. M. Leave at 6:30 A. M. Mail closes at 9 P. M.

Southern Mail arrives at 10:30 P. M. Mail closes at 6 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. Cl'k and Cl'k 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	" " 1
J. C. Hannon	" " 3
E. Evey	" " 4

Regular Meetings—First Mondays of each month.

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NINETY THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND for sale in lots to suit. Suitable for the culture of Oranges Lemons, Limes, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Apples Peaches, Pears, Alfalfa, Corn, Rye, Barley, Flax, Ramie, Cotton, etc.

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Natural Evergreen Pastures!

Suitable for Dairying. Good water is abundant at an average depth of six feet from the surface.

On almost every acre of this land flowing

Artesian Wells

can be obtained; and the more elevated portions can be irrigated by the water of the Santa Ana river. Most of these lands are naturally moist, requiring only good cultivation to produce crops.

Terms:—One-fourth cash, balance in one, two or three years, with ten per cent. interest.

I will take pleasure in showing these lands to parties seeking land, who are invited to come and see this extensive tract before purchasing elsewhere.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS SUBDIVIDED that portion of vineyard lot D 6, fronting

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Into lots suitable for

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Steamer Trains to Connect.

Leave L. A. & I. R. R. Depot at .... 10 A. M.
Leave S. P. R. R. Depot .... 3:45 P. M.
On Sailing days as below.

SCHEDULE.

STEAMERS.	Leave San Francisco.	Arrive Santa Monica.	Arrive San Pedro.	Leave San Pedro.	Leave Santa Monica	Arrive San Francisco.
No. 1—Orizaba	Nov. 28	Nov. 30	Nov. 30	Dec. 2	Dec. 3	Dec. 5
1—Ancon	Dec. 2	Dec. 4	Dec. 4	" 6	" 7	" 9
2—Senator	" 5	" 7	" 7	" 8	" 9	" 11
1—Orizaba	" 8	" 10	" 10	" 12	" 13	" 15
1—Ancon	" 12	" 14	" 14	" 16	" 17	" 19
2—Senator	" 15	" 17	" 17	" 18	" 19	" 21
1—Orizaba	" 18	" 20	" 20	" 22	" 23	" 25
1—Ancon	" 22	" 24	" 24	" 26	" 27	" 29
2—Senator	" 25	" 27	" 27	" 28	" 29	" 31
1—Orizaba	" 28	" 30	" 30	Jan. 1	Jan. 2	Jan. 4

Steamers call going north.
No. 1 calls at Santa Barbara only.
No. 2 calls at San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo.

Steamer SENATOR goes to Anaheim Landing.

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Orizaba, and Ancon,

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AND STEAMERS.

Important Change of Time.

On and after Sunday, December 3, 1876 and until further notice, trains will run every day as follows:

LEAVE LOS ANGELES:

FOR		ARRIVE
Wilmington	10:20 A. M.	11:35 A. M.
San Francisco	1:15 P. M.	12:40 P. M.
San Francisco Emigr'nt	11:00 A. M.	7:00 A. M.
Indian Wells	3.30 P. M.	12:40 A. M.
Wilmington	3:30 P. M.	4:45 P. M.
Anaheim	4:00 P. M.	5:40 P. M.

TRAINS TOWARD LOS ANGELES

LEAVE		ARRIVE
Indian Wells	1:30 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
Anaheim	7:00 A. M.	8:40 A. M.
Wilmington	7:45 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
Wilmington	1:00 P. M.	2:15 P. M.
San Francisco	4.00 P. M.	1:15 P. M.
San Fr'ncisco Emigr'nt	4:30 P. M.	11:00 A. M.

"ON STEAMER DAYS"

Time of trains between Los Angeles and Wilmington may be varied so as to connect with steamers.

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Trains will be run by San Francisco time.

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"Miss Kellogg says, "Your Pianos are my choice for the concert room and my own house"

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Corner of Kearny and Sutter Sts.,

SAN FRANCISO,

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First Premium

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For your produce, ship to

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If you want to get

Prompt Returns,

Ship to

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If you want to deal with the only firm in San Francisco who has a

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Ship to J. W. GALE & CO.

If you want liberal advances, ship to J. W. Gale & Co.

If you want satisfaction out of your produce, ship to this well known and reliable firm of sixteen years' standing. If you want

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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

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In Southern California, and where subsciptions are taken at publisher's rates.

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YERBA BUENA BITTERS

WILL visit all the prominent places in the county and will give this valuable remedy free to all. No one will fail to try it, so that they may be able to judge of its merits. Every bottle is its own testimonial.

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Cure Billiousness.

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Cure Billious and Intermittent Fevers.

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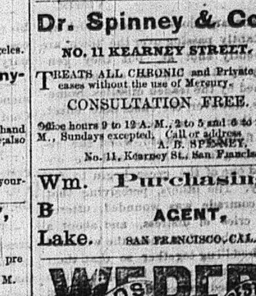
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ANAHEIM GAZETTE.

SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 7. ANAHEIM, CAL., DECEMBER 30, 1876. NO. 11.

The Leaves and the Wind.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,—
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew:—

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go:
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they went content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

So Soon!

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful Summer Earth?
Over thy sapphire skies hath past
The withering train of the North-ern blast;
Thy sun is paling, thy flow'rs are dead,
Low on the mould lies thy golden head,
With only the faded leaves o'erspread.
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Death, fair Earth?

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful, smiling Youth?
Thy gleeful voice hath a new, sad tone,
The gloss from thy raven hair is gone,
The rose on thy lip hath had beauty stay;
Although on thy journey so little way,
Thy footsteps seem lagging—ah, well-a-day!
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Age, fair Youth?

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful, tender Love?
Dimmed is the light of thy radiant eyes,
Quenched is the glow of thy glorious skies.
Weary already? So lately born!
Thy lily-white garments stained and torn,
Thy laughters changing to sighs forlorn!
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Change, fair Love?

Our Debating Society Skeleton.

"There's a skeleton in every house," says some old growler; and it's true. John and I managed to keep ours away for a long time, but we knew it would turn up at last. Sure enough, it's come! It has only got as far as our debating society as yet; whether it ever gets any further, or, not, is a matter of single combat between it and John.

Now, if Mr. Snapp shines anywhere, it is in debate. The opposing side always loses heart as soon as he begins. He makes a point of being master of his subject, never loses his temper, and invariably throws the balance in favor of his own side of a question. I don't say this because he's my John—not at all. If he couldn't debate well, I'd be sure to know it, for we often take up little questions between ourselves. Hester, I'm always so anxious when he rises to speak in public, that my whole soul listens. Consequently, his weak points, if there are any, always strikes me with tremendous force, though that may be rather a contradictory way of putting it.

I'm not the only one who holds this opinion. The whole town thinks the same. They always try to have two or three extra speakers, "to balance Snapp," as they say; or, rather, they did so until our skeleton appeared at the debating society meetings—a real skeleton, with a skin drawn over it, and called by courtesy a man. Yes, he's a plain, gaunt, high-shouldered, long-nosed old farmer, who carries a red bandanna, and talks through his nose, with a most atrocious twang besides; one of your perverse, aggravating creatures, who utters about six words a day, and sets you foaming. This old fellow has attended but two of our meetings; and already he's turned everything inside out and topsy-turvy—that is, as far as John's position is concerned. The first time he came—shall I ever forget it?—he sat in the darkest corner of the old school-house, taking a nap through the greater portion of the debate. At last John's turn came; and, in the pleasant rustle and stir that always takes place when John rises to speak, our skeleton woke up.

Well, John spoke beautifully, if I do say it. The question was, "Which has the Greater Effect upon Mankind—Hope or Fear?" Luckily John was on the Hope side, which, having good sense, religion, and poetry with it, made his task as inspiriting as it was easy. The other side had been cleverly sustained. Collins' Ode on the Passions had been quoted with great effect; but it was really wonderful to see John carry his audience away from the point where his opponent, an eloquent young college graduate, had left them shuddering.

No: Fear was low, Hope was high; Fear was cowardice, Hope was courage; Fear was this, Hope was that; and so on, until even those on the opposite side, forgetting their defeat, grew radiant. As for me, I could hear the Bow-bells of my ambition saying, "Turn again, Snapp, member of the Legislature." At last, after asserting something about Hope springing eternal in the human breast, he gave a peroration that made me say, "Dear old John," under my breath, and—

Up jumped the skeleton.

No; he didn't jump up at all. He just slowly stretched his neck upward, and kept on until it brought him standing. Then he looked about him with such an air! It was not conceit, nor assurance, and certainly it was not meekness; it struck me as being more of an anti-John air than anything else—but I may have been mistaken.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, through his nose, "I didn't come here to-night with any notion of speakin', nor her I anythin' pertickeriar to say except on one p'int. The question is whether Hope or Fear has the greatest effect upon mankind; and how have you decided it?"

"Hope has it," exclaimed a voice.

"That's so," said another.

"Order!" shouted the chairman.

"I go in for Hope," cried the daring young fellow near the door.

Thereupon a timid friend of the other side essayed a faint "Fear."

Instantly the place was in what may be called an orderly uproar. Scores of voices shouted "Hope! Hope!" and at every faint solo of "Fear," the Hope chorus gathered strength and audacity.

Meantime I nudged John proudly; and he looked benignly at the chairman, as if to say—

"The audience is slightly won over, you see."

The skeleton coughed. Instantly the voices went out as if they had been lights.

"So do I go in for Hope," he twanged, —"go in for it most entire; but that hain't the p'int under discussion. The question is, which has the greatest influence upon man? Now, I calc'late you can't affect a man any more serious than to kill him."

"That's so," responded somebody aloud, and everybody mentally.

"Very well," drawled the old fellow, beginning to sit down and finishing his sentence just as he touched the seat; "there's lots o' instances of men and women dyin' of fear, but who ever heard of any one dyin' of hope?"

Poor John! What chance had he with a country audience after that? The vote was taken at once, and Fear carried it almost unanimously.

Then the subject for the next debate was proposed and accepted:—

"Which has proved the Greater Blessing to the Human race—Literature or Agriculture?

The sides were given out, and, as good luck would have it, John was put down for Agriculture, and the skeleton was made the champion of Literature!

This was too good a joke to be passed by. Everybody laughed except the skeleton. He merely stuffed his bandanna into his hat, put it on, and walked out like a somnambulist.

I was worked up, I confess. The idea of John, who is nothing more nor less than pure gold, being made to appear like German silver by a creature like that! However, I said nothing, but waited for the next meeting.

It came off last week, and like Tam O'Shanter—though I'm glad to say in a different way—John was glorious. He put Literature on a very little shelf in less than no time; but Agriculture he made to shine as the second sun of the universe —Agriculture, the great feeder and ennobler of man. Literature seemed generally weak that night. Its seven advocates took it out mainly in coughing and saying, "Mr. Chairman;" but nearly every man and woman there knew the blessings of a farmer's life—its freedom, its pride of honest toil, its slow but sure rewarding.

Four of the advocates of Agriculture excelled themselves. They were nearly as good as John; but then, you see, their subject gave them every advantage, especially as all who had spoken on the other side were country bumpkins, and didn't know an epic from an almanac. There was but one speaker left for them, and that was the skeleton, who, of course, would flounder helplessly if he attempted to ford this question.

At last he rose; and I assure you, his side didn't "die of hope" when he began.

"Friend Scott has called upon me to say somethin'," said he, after his neck had pulled him to his feet; "but it don't hardly seem worth while."

("Aha!" hissed my revengeful heart, and even John smiled grimly.)

"I hain't an argermentative man, myself," he continued, "and I don't hold to take part in these 'ere debates; but I do hold that this is a good Christian assembly, and it does go ag'in me to see what the Almighty entailed on man as a curse bein' held up in this 'ere place as a blessin."

Down he sat. The audience, sound and orthodox to a man, shemmed, and hawed, and, I need not say, passed a unanimous vote on the side of the skeleton; even John held up his right hand for Literature.

That's all. I don't know that anything can be done about it. Setting aside slang, which I abhor, my only hope is, that as the old fellow hasn't more than a pint of blood in him, he may dry up before long, and disappear.—*From Mary Mapes Dodge's "Theophilus and Others."*

THE WEBSTER STATUE.—A collosal statue of Daniel Webster in bronze has been presented to the city of New York, by one of its own citizens, costing thirty thousand dollars. It is a noble work of art. The statue is the production of Thomas Ball, the distinguished artist, and a Bostonian. Mr. Evarts delivered an address on the unveiling of the statue, and Mr. Winthrop followed in a briefer discourse. The latter was especially eloquent and appropriate and spoken by a man who had the pleasure of a long and familiar personal acquaintance with the great subject of his remarks. The ceremonies in Central Park called forth an assembly of several thousand people, who applauded the speakers rapturously. This revival of the fame of Daniel Webster, the great farmer as well as the great statesman, is a providentially happy occurrence. The contemplation of the public character of a man like Webster cannot be attended with other than good effects. We gaze at this imposing effigy that has been set up in the great commercial city of the Union, and we feel that he whom it represents and the city in which it stands are both expressions of the great ideas and the great destiny of this American Union.

THE Atlanta *Times* says: We were shown yesterday a curiosity, the duplicate of which would be hard to find. Mr. Robert Sanders, a citizen of Alabama, who is now in the city, has in his possession a pair of shoes made of a rattlesnake's skin. The skin was neatly tanned, and its surface is smooth and soft. It is thicker than we would suppose the skin of a reptile to be.

Gillott and Turner.

"You have heard of Gillott, have you not?" questioned he—"Gillott, the inventor of steel-pens, and who amassed a fortune by them? When he had acquired wealth, desirous of possessing those objects of art which denote the presence of refinement as well as money, he went up to London to ask his banker what a rich man should do to furnish a grand house, which he had just built, best in accordance with good taste. Sitting with his legs under his banker's mahogany, he said 'Now, what do you advise me to do?' 'Pictures, statuary, and other objects of *virtu*, together with a library,' suggested his host. 'But I don't know anything about these matters; I wish you would tell me how I am to go about it. Now, for pictures, for example: what's up in the market?' 'Ah! to what clever artists I can recommend you? Well, there are Mulready, Ettie, and Leslie, for figure-pieces, and some of the Royal Academicians besides, well enough, in that department; but, if you prefer landscape, I would advise you to try and secure some of Turner's works. I think him superior to Claude himself, even.' 'Well, well, I can try them both. Will you please to give me their addresses?' 'I can give you the address of Turner, but Claude Lorraine's address lies beyond the grave.' 'Oh! I shan't try him; but give me the other fellow's whereabouts, and I'll go to him to-marrow—him and any other picture-maker you can counsel me to employ.' The pen-maker had a large deposit with his banker, who smiled graciously at his rough customer's want of refinement, and wrote down Turner's address and the usual number of Royal Academicians. The next morning Gillott went off in search of England's famous landscape painter. He found the house, on the upper story of which the artist had his studio. A female servant was sweeping down the stairs when the square-built, podgy little man presented himself, and asked if the painter-man was at home. 'Yes,' said Peggy, 'but he don't want to see nobody, and I'm not to allow any one to go up—them's his very words.' 'Stand out of the way, young woman,' said Gillott—'stand out of the way!' and, pushing her aside, stumped defiantly upstairs. Finding the painting room door at the top, he knocked with vigor, but got no reply; he then pushed it open, and walked into the sanctum. There sat the great painter, wholly absorbed upon a small sketch in water color, ignoring the presence of his visitor and his blunt 'How do you do, sir?' Waiting a moment to see if the artist would notice him, and meeting with no recognition, he walked about the studio, turning the pictures (which had their faces to the wall) around and putting them in shocking lights, enough to drive a painter frantic. After examining them for some time, he once more tried to attract the artist's attention. I say, Turner—that I believe's your name —what's the figure for this picture?' (turning it as if it were a dried codfish toward him). The painter raised his head an instant from his board, and said, very carelessly, 'Four thousand guineas.' 'And this other to the right, pursued Gillott, 'what's the price of that?' 'Three thousand pounds,' was the answer. 'And this one on the left?' 'Fifteen hundred guineas.' 'I'll take the three,' said Gillott. Then Turner rose and laid down his pencils. 'Who the devil are you,' he said, 'who take the liberty to intrude into my studio against my orders? You must be a queer sort of a beggar, I fancy.' 'You're another queer beggar,' was the reply; 'I am Gillott, the pen-maker. My banker tells me that you are clever in your business, and recommends you, and I have come here to buy some of your pictures.' 'By George! you are a droll fellow, I must say.' 'You're another, *I* must say.' 'But,' pursued Turner, 'rough-and-ready though you are, I rather like you. Do you really want to purchase the canvasses you selected?' 'Yes; in course I do, or I would not have climbed your blessed stairs this morning.' 'Well, Mr. Gillott, I must be frank with you; when I noticed you in my studio without permission, I thought it a piece of impertinence, and, when you asked the prices, thought you did so as many vulgar people do, for mere curiosity, having no intention of buying, wishing only to know what valuation I put upon my works, and I gave you a price which suited my humor; two of the pictures are already disposed of; the other, the first one you spoke of, is at your acceptance for a thousand pounds.' 'I will take it,' said the princely Gillott, 'and I want you to make three of four others at your own price.' Thus the pen-maker and the eccentric artist became friends, and warm friends, too."—*Appletons' Journal.*

WHALING is still carried on to considerable extent in spite of the kerosene business. The whaling fleet numbers 180 vessels in this country, of which 130 belong to New Bedford, twenty-one to Provincetown, six to Boston and twelve to New London, the others being distributed about various ports of the country. A large portion of these is now engaged in hunting the sperm whale. During the past year three of the largest sperm whales on record were taken by New Bedford whalers. They yielded respectively 159, 161 and 162 barrels of oil. One little New Bedford schooner, which went out last December, returned a month ago with a net profit of $5,000 for her owner. The average value of whaling vessels is about $40,000, and the total capital invested in New Bedford in this industry is probably over $4,000,000. During the year forty-five whaling vessels have been destroyed by icebergs.

CARRYING ARMS.—Every one carries arms in Sicily, not excepting priests. Gentlemen carry a revolver in their pockets when they go to a ball or casino. Youths of fifteen are armed with it at the lectures in the Lyceum; law has no force—every one is a law to himself. The military are powerless against the thefts, assaults, and murders perpetrated in the open country.

In Ireland 110 persons hold one-fifth of the soil.

Education in Reading.

Girls are usually of an enthusiastic disposition—half crazy over botany at school, and quite as ardent later over fancy-work and window-gardening. Certain things attract them to put forth great efforts, and a kind sympathy in their favorite employments will win for the giver their lasting regard.

This precious enthusiasm, which makes toil easy, ought to go in some wholesome direction, leaving advantage behind after it has passed away.

Many girls who have left school have a little time every day which is really their own, to occupy as they will. In most cases this is spent in a very desultory manner, sometimes at one thing and sometimes at another. It is seldom that literary taste is strong enough to win a young girl from lighter matters to read that which would really instruct her mind, although, as a recent English writer says, "everybody is finding it necessary to read a great deal, because it is impossible to hold any position unless well informed; and even in social intercourse, those who are not well read find themselves placed at an immense disadvantage. The number of actual situations which can only be occupied by educated men and women increases daily; and, indeed, literature becomes more and more a part of the business of life."

Girls want to know all they should; they like to improve themselves; they each have taste for some kind of reading. We think the reason that so many bright girls remain painfully ignorant of any other literature than that of novels is because no *readable* books are at hand on higher subjects. They need advice both as to the book and the manner of reading it.

It will be remembered how successful, as a means of good, was Dr. Guthrie's plan of lending books. He attended to the matter himself on a system of his own, and lent each person in his parish the book he thought best suited to his tastes and acquirements. We have been told of others, who, doing the same thing, were equally satisfied with the result.

Clubs for reading have been in fashion for some years, and no community should be without one. The simplest plan would be for a few young ladies to elect some capable person to choose their books. There are interesting books, not *too* learned, on every subject. The book might be bought by the joint funds of the little club and passed from one to another, each having it a certain time, after which the club would meet and talk over the book. Criticism and comparison would impress the mind of each reader far more surely than a solitary perusal.

Boston is making a grand effort in the line of self-improvement, to which we wish very great success, as it will doubtless prove a great benefit to those who have not enjoyed collegiate advantages.—*N. Y. Witness.*

POISONOUS COOKERY.—A paper, in advertising to the recent case at a public dinner, says:

"Professed cooks and confectioners are not the only persons who should feel themselves warned by the melancholy event. The kitchen operations of private families are, we fear, not in every case free from the use of 'penny pieces' in the attempt to produce a vivid green in spinach, pickles, and a variety of other articles.

We commend this matter to the special notice of Italian warehousemen, and all persons concerned in the preparation of pickles. We are the more compelled to do so, as it is not very long since a very eminent lecturer on chemistry presented a bottle of pickles which had been purchased for the use of his family, and which he proved to contain a considerable proportion of copper. The test used in this case was a steel knife, which was immersed in the bottle for an hour, and on its removal was found to be completely coated with copper. Here is a test which any one may readily apply for himself, and the use of which it may be well occasionally to employ."

POACHED EGGS AND SPINACH.—Poach the eggs, and serve on a puree made as follows: Pick and wash perfectly clean two pounds of spinach, put into a saucepan with a little water, and let it boil till quite done, turn it out on a hair sieve to drain, squeeze the water out, and pass the spinach through the sieve. Put a good lump of butter into a saucepan, fry it a light brown, and add a pinch of flour, mix well, put in the spinach, pepper and salt to taste, and a little milk, stir well, dispose the spinach on a dish, laying the poached eggs on the top of it, and a border of fried sippets round it.

POACHED EGGS AND MINCED VEAL.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts and mince it very finely; fry a shallot, chopped small, in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste; mix well, add more stock if necessary, and let the mince get hot gradually by the side of the fire; lastly add a few drops of lemon juice. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter round, and the poached eggs on the top.

NURSING BOTTLES.—An exchange says: "All over the land women are feeding their babies from nursing bottles with white rubber tops. The preparation used in bleaching rubber is a horrible and deadly poison—white oxide of mercury and kindred drugs—and the constant manipulating and chewing rubber so prepared places a child's life in danger. Paralysis has been caused by it, and many a baby dies in consequence of its use. A French mother or nurse convicted of putting one to a baby's lips is fined twenty francs, or imprisoned ten days; and to sell one in France is a grave misdemeanor."

PICKLED ARTICHOKES.—Wash the artichokes; put them in strong salt and water chokes; put them in strong salt and water for three days; then take them out, wash in fresh water and wipe dry. Put them in jars; add to them a few whole cloves, allspice and mustard seed. Boil the vinegar and pour over the artichokes hot; cover closely; repeat the pouring hot vinegar over them until they seem a little soft.

Manners in Business.

There are ways of attracting custom, says the *Fancy Goods Record*, as there are ways of repelling it; and we are reminded of the value of manners in business by an incident of our own experience when we accompanied some ladies shopping in a quiet country town. The shopkeeper's manner was well calculated to drive people from his shop. He was a slovenly, bushy-haired man, with a smileless face and suspicious eyes, that seemed to regard every passer-by as a burglar and every customer as a possible swindler. His till was fitted with a patent burglar alarm, which gave a clang every time he opened it to change a ten cent piece. He watched with the glance of a detective every lady who handled a piece of goods, as if she purposed slipping a whole piece of Horrocks's cotton under her cloak. Indeed his entire manner made the party uncomfortable and anxious to be out of his place. Finally, when one of the ladies gave him a five dollar bill to pay for her purchases, he put on his glasses to examine it slowly and carefully, then pulled out the burglar proof drawer with its ring of alarm, closed it on second thought with another clang, and hied away to the further end of the shop to make sure from an old bank note detector that the note was not counterfeit, after which he moodily made change. The party have never called upon him since, and no member of it ever will. The whole conduct of the man, said, as if in so many words, "Look here, you people, you can't cheat me, and you can't have my goods until I am satisfied about you. I have every device for swindlers, so keep your distance." The result was that he lost custom, for no one cares to be suspected obviously of being a thief. It is possible to please a customer by your manner and your business arrangement, and also to disgust him or her by pettiness or discourtesy. Proper caution is a good thing, but it need not be exaggerated, as in this case, into universal distrust and offensive suspicion. A shopkeeper, to attract customers, must see that the looks, as well as the ways of the shop, are inviting.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WAGER BETWEEN ENGLISHMEN.—At the Darwen sessions, says the Liverpool *Post*, nine men were charged, at the instigation of Richard Scott, cab proprietor, with ill-treating a horse. A man named Pomfret made a wager with some of the defendants that he could go from Guide to Lower Darwen, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, in five minutes. It was arranged that he should go over the ground in any manner he chose. Pomfret accordingly went to Blackburn and hired a horse and cab, which was driven by Thomas Scott. Upon getting to Guide Bar, Scott found the way impeded by a rope that had been thrown across the road. A number of the defendants here seized the horse, dragged it into a ditch, and kicked it in a most shocking manner. Its shoes were torn off, and also a portion of its hoofs. With great exertion on the part of Scott, who was in entire ignorance as to the fact that a wager had been made, he got the horse out of the ditch, and drove on toward Lower Darwen. At a place called Black-a-moor he was again stopped, a ladder having been placed across the road. The horse was again dragged into the ditch, and kicked and abused more severely than before. On the way from Guide to Black-a-moor the defendants, with a number of others, threw their coats and other things at the horse, and tried to bring it down, their object being to detain Pomfret, who was in the cab, from going over the ground in the allotted five minutes. In this they succeeded, and the money was handed over to the defendants by the referee. The defendants were each ordered to pay $150.

QUEBEC has rebelled against the stern decree of nature which dooms her to an ice-bound condition for five months in the year. For some years an effort has been making to secure aid from the Dominion Parliament for a winter line of steamers, and last winter Parliament passed an act granting the required aid upon certain conditions which the petitioners profess their entire willingness and ability to comply with. It is proposed by the contractor who has taken up the cudgel for Quebec to run a steamer from December 1st to May 1st, between the ports of Quebec and Paspebiac, touching at all important ports, for five years. For this service he is to receive from the government a subsidy of $16,000 each season, with the privilege of abandoning the scheme at the end of three years if it should prove impracticable. The contractor and his friends are sanguine, however, that there will be no failure. They have found that the floe-ice in the river and gulf form no serious obstacle to navigation because it never reaches from shore to shore, but lies for the most part against the southern shore, owing to the prevalence of northerly winds. Moreover, the fogs, which are peculiarly dense in that region in the summer season, are almost unknown in winter, and though navigation is difficult in snow storms it is not specially dangerous. On the whole, Quebec looks forward hopefully to a season of partial activity in place of the dullness which has heretofore prevailed on her wharves and in her warehouses during the winter.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has adopted an original and benovelent method of subduing the intrepid autograph hunter. He has been photographed, and with his own hands has affixed copies to cards and written his name beneath; and when the ingenuous youth or sentimental maiden sends to him for picture or signature he returns a little printed circular, declaring that "any one desiring a good photograph or autograph of Mr. Whitman can obtain both by mail, on addressing a note to the matron of the Orphan's Home, at Camden—and inclosing $1." The proceeds are entirely for the benefit of the orphans.

FOREIGN visitors concede the superiority of this country in two points—oysters and Indian summer.

The Morning and Evening Star.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in the sphere."
—*Milton.*

All through the spring month, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for a week or so longer, but then she began to lose lustre, night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place on the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But, if during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendor, until, at length, late in spring next year, it will be lost to view. This morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost from view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way.

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter, slowly, for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month and then getting slowly fainter and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After that it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love; and in old times, when men thought that the stars rule our fortunes, the rays of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who were born when she was shining brightly. But in our time men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus, it brings good luck; or that because a star looks dim or yellow like Saturn it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going round the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks like a star, just as Venus looks like a star to us. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck, as we have for thinking that *their* globe brings us good luck.—*Prof. Richard A. Proctor, St. Nicholas.*

Webster as an Orator.

It was my good fortune often to hear Webster at Faneuil Hall in his palmiest days. I have seen him when every nerve was quivering with excitement, when his gestures were most violent, when he was shouting at the top of his clarion voice, when the lightnings of passion were playing across his dark face as upon a thunder cloud. I marked the terrible effect when, after repeated assaults—each more damaging than the preceding—upon the position of an opponent, he launched with superhuman strength the thunderbolt that sped straight to its mark and demolished all before it. The air seemed filled with the reverberations of the deep-mouthed thunder. In a speech which he delivered in Boston shortly after "nullification" times, I remember his referring to Hayne's speaking of "one Nathan Dane." Mr. Webster always considered Dane as author of the celebrated Northwestern Ordinance, by which that large territory was consecrated forever to freedom. He exclaimed very scornfully, "Mr. Hayne calls him *one* Nathaniel Dane! I tell you, fellow-citizens, that as the author of the Northwestern Ordinance, Nathaniel Dane's name is as immortal as if it were written on yonder firmament, blazing forever between Orion and Pleiades." It is impossible to give an idea of the effect which Webster's delivery of these words produced. Throwing back his head, raising his face toward the heavens, lifting both arms in front of him, and pointing upwards to the overarching sky, so magnificent his attitude and so thrilling the tones of his voice, that we almost seemed to see the starry characters shining in eternal lustre upon the firmament. The effect was sublime. I have not seen it equalled upon the stage, not even by the greatest actor.—*American Law Review.*

FLOATING GARDENS.—In the beautiful valley of Cashmere, among the Himalayan Mountains, lies a lovely lake called Dal. Floating about on its surface, sometimes carried from one end of the lake to the other, are numerous small islands, on which grow the fairest cucumbers and most luscious melons known. The way in which these floating gardens are made is very curious. All about the main shores of the lake grow quantities of reeds, sedges and water lilies. When these grow very thickly together, people cut them from the roots which hold them near the shore. The leaves of the plants are then spread out over the stems, making a sort of trestle-work to support the soil with which it is next to be covered. After this has been done, the seeds are planted and the floating garden is left to care for itself, until the fruits are ready for picking.—*St. Nicholas.*

NOT in humanly characters does mildness charm, but in manly ones; as energy does, not in unwomanly ones, but in the womanly.

The Major and His Dogs.

The first case is one which occurred at a fashionable watering place on the east coast of Ireland, some twenty years ago, and exhibits the remarkable sagacity displayed by a dog in carrying out the dictates of the animal passion for revenge. The jetty which stretched along the small harbor was at that time used as a promenade by the *elite* among the sojourners on the coast, where, after the heat of the long summer days, they regaled themselves with the fresh evening breezes wafted in from the sea. Among the frequenters of this fashionable resort was a gentleman of some position, who was the owner of a fine Newfoundland dog, which inherited the time-honored possessions of that noble breed—very great power and facility in swimming; and, at the period of the evening when the jetty was most crowded with promenaders, his master delighted to put this animal through a series of aquatic performances for the entertainment of the assembled spectators. Amusement being at a premium on the coast, these nightly performances grew into something like an "institution" and the brave "Captain" —for such was his name—speedily became a universal favorite on the jetty. It happened, however, that among the new arrivals on the coast there came a certain major in Her Majesty's army, accompanied by two bull-dogs of unusual size and strength, and of great value; but, value in a bull-dog being inversely proportionate to its beauty, the appearance of the major and his dogs excited no very enthusiastic pleasure among the æsthetic strollers on the jetty. On the first night on which the major presented himself, nothing unusual occurred; and Captain dived and swam as before. But on the second evening the brave old favorite was walking quietly behind his master down the jetty, when, as they were passing by the major and his dogs, one of these ugly brutes flew at Captain, and caught him by the neck in such a way as to render his great size utterly useless for his defense. A violent struggle ensued, but the bull-dog came off the victor, for he stuck to his foe like a leech, and could only be forced to release his hold by the insertion of a bar of iron between his teeth. The indignation of the by-standers against the major was, of course, very great; and its fervor was not a little increased when they saw the poor Captain wending his way homeward, bleeding, and bearing all the marks of defeat. Some two or three evenings after this occurrence, when Captain again made his appearance on the jetty, he looked quite crestfallen, bore his tail between his legs, and stuck closely to the heels of his master. That evening passed away quietly, and the next, and the next, and so on for about a week—Captain still bearing the aspect of mourning. But one evening, about eight or ten days after the above encounter, as the major was marching in his usual pompous manner along the jetty, accompanied by his dogs, something attracted his attention in the water, and, walking to the very edge of the jetty, he stood for a moment looking down into the sea. Scarcely had the two bull-dogs taken up their stand beside their master when Captain, seizing the opportunity for which he had so long looked, rushed at his former conqueror, and, catching him by the back of the neck, jumped off the jetty, with his foe in his mouth, down some twenty-feet or more into the sea. Once in the water the power of his enemy was crippled, while Captain was altogether in his own element; and, easily overcoming all efforts at resistance, he succeeded in resolutely keeping the bull-dog's head under water. The excitement on the shore was, of course, intense. The major shouted, and called out: "My dog! my beautiful dog! Will no one save him?" But no one seemed at all inclined to interfere, or to risk his life for the ugly dog. At length the major called out: "I'll give fifty pounds to any one who will save my dog"; and soon afterward a boat which lay at some little distance pulled up to the rescue. Even then, however, was only by striking Captain on the head with the oars that he could be forced to release his victim, which was taken into the boat quite senseless from exhaustion and suffocation, and was with difficulty brought to itself again. Captain, on the other hand, swam in triumph to the shore, amid the plaudits of the spectators, who shared, in sympathy at least, his well-earned honors of revenge. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

AN INTERESTING SOCIAL EVENT.—The Buffalo *Courier* says: There is great excitement in social circles over the announcement of Lord Henry Gordon Lennox's forthcoming marriage to Mrs. Thos. Hicks, the socially famous, beautiful and wealthy widow of this city. Her friends say they knew she would make a good match, and her enemies, or rivals, say they doubt the correctness of the engagement as reported. Mrs. Hicks has a house at 20 West Fourteenth street, but she oscillates between New York and London continually. In both cities she has given entertainments of surpassing magnificence, her $3,000 dinner party to Lord Houghton here last season being well-remembered. Mrs. Hicks is of excellent family, very accomplished, and has a cultivated taste for literature and literary people. All the bright stars of the literary world are on her visiting list, and in London royal people are never slow to accept her invitation. 'Twas she who declined to give up her rooms to the Queen of Holland at a London hotel unless the Queen accepted them at her courtesy. This the exalted lady of the Hague declined to do. Mrs. Hicks declined to vacate on any other terms, and so the Queen went without her favorite rooms and found accommodations elsewhere. Unlike some other wealthy widows, Mrs. Hicks is very generous, liberal, and lavish with her money. She spends $40,000 annually, and the poor get a considerable portion of this amount. Her beauty is really remarkable, and her toilette, all of foreign manufacture, are marvels of elegance, taste and style. Mrs. Hicks is abroad, and report says she will soon become the wife of Lord Lennox.

Detroit Currency.

MICHIGAN cranberries will either cure the dyspepsia or kill the patient.

"As we go to press the result is still in doubt," is a leading editorial in all the weeklies.

IN case of a brush between Russia and Turkey the Czar will have the Pole at the send-off.

THEY don't have so very many hurricanes in India, but when the wind blows it means business.

INFORMATION wanted of the whereabouts of that "occasional but well informed correspondent."

A DETROIT man refused to look at a patent balloon yesterday on the ground that fly-time was over for this season.

MR. BIGG and Miss Small were married at Keokuk the other day. A medium sized notice is all they can ask for.

WHAT is the use of the arithmetic saying that "four farthings make a penny," when no one in this country ever sets eyes on a farthing?

IT is the candid opinion of the Rochester *Chronicle* that some of the New York dramatic critics would do well with saw and buck.

A CHICAGO paper says that the Americans are losing the art of conversation. Good lands! but just come up here and ride in a Detroit street car.

SHOWERS of flesh are getting to be so common that scientific men no longer wrangle over them. A fall of pigs' feet would hardly breed a discussion.

THERE are seventy-three different varieties of files in use, and when a man enters a newspaper office and asks to see "the files," he should specify the particular kind.

ALL hair-pins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit and come home and find a hair-pin near the gate and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face.

THE average pedestrian does not begin to realize how many trap-doors are left open in the sidewalks until he finds himself mixed up with somebody's winter supply of coal.

A MICHIGAN boy filled the camphor bottle with kerosene oil, and when his mother had the toothache she "*Resolved*, That a druggist who will cheat that way ought to be hung."

"DID you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a Boston witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the reply. —*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE new Sultan of Turkey is a progressive chap and has set to work to make reforms. If he could only hear the Common Council of Detroit through two sessions he would be all right.

THE St. Louis *Republican* has seen an old bachelor stand before a show window filled with corsets, but it cannot reproduce his sighs nor imagine how he felt way down in his heart of hearts.

THE late Prof. Snell, of Amherst College, kept a weather record for more than thirty years, taking observations three times a day. The only benefit gained was in knowing when to set our cabbage plants.

AN English paper believes that the time will come when mules will bray as sweetly as the nightingale sings. Nothing is impossible with nature. We may even see the time when an Englishman will drop his h's.

EVERY American soldier who has passed a winter in Alaska has frozen his nose, and about the time a spring break-up occurs the exclamation points rattled against Seward's monument are numbered by millions.

A NEW ORLEANS editor recently visited Boston, and evidently went around upon a tour of investigation. He says: There are eighty-three uncles in Boston with whom young men can leave their jewelry.—*Traveler.*

THE clear, crisp, star-lit winter nights are near at hand, when the love-smitten country swain hitches his horses to the sleigh and drives seventeen miles to get his nose frozen, and discovers that his girl has gone off to a party with some other fellow.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

AN ANEDCOTE OF TCHERNAYEFF.—An anecdote is told of Tchernayeff which throws a curious light upon Servian ideas of patriotism and the worth of so-called "national" asperations. A soldier was brought before him charged with having cut off two of his own fingers in order to render himself unfit for service. The soldier denied that he had himself performed the act of self-mutilation, but subsequently admitted that a comrade had served him only too faithfully in the matter. "And were you not ashamed," asked the General, "to abandon the field when the Turks are on the soil of our fatherland?" "Excellency," replied the soldier, "I am quite willing to fight the Turks, but I want to see my home again." "Indeed," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "well, you shall have a long leave of absence. Say your prayers. You will be shot this moment."

The platoon was drawn out, and the man, who was really no coward, made the sign of the cross, and was stepping in front of his executioners without a word, when he suddenly stopped, as if he had forgotten something, then walked up to the General, and, placing in his hands a few pieces of money, said: "To be given to my wife after ——." "Go and be ——; take them to her yourself," blurted out Tchernayeff, whose eyes are said to have filled with tears. The man was of course pardoned. He seems to have been a veritable type of his countrymen, who love their hearths and home, and will die in their defense, but cannot understand the beauty of abandoning them that Prince Milan may be enabled to play at royalty, or even that Russian may be substituted for Turkish ascendancy.

MARVELS OF SKILL.—Some marvels of human ingenuity may be seen at the London Scientific Exhibition. Thus, a machine loaned by Sir Wm. Armstrong, the great gunmaker, measures thickness up to the one thousandth part of an inch; another, on the same principle, to the one-millionth part. The delicate balance of Mr. Oerting carries 3,000 grains and turns distinctly with the one-thousandth part of a single grain. Among the historical implements is the chronometer, sent by the Royal United Service Institution, which was twice carried out by Capt. Cooke and again by Capt. Osligh in 1787. When the crew of the *Bounty* mutinied, this veteran timekeeper was carried to Pitcairn's Island by the mutineers and sold by Adams in 1808 to an American captain who touched there, He sold it in Chili, and in 1840 it was bought at Valparaiso by Sir Thomas Herbert, taken to China by him and finally brought back to England in the *Blenheim.*

Charlotte Bronte.

The "storm and stress" period of Charlotte Bronte's life was not what the world believes it to have been. Like the rest of our race, she had to fight her own battle in the wilderness, not with one devil, but with many; and it was this sharp contest with the temptations which crowd the threshold of an opening life which made her what she was. The world believes that it was under the parsonage roof that the author of "Jane Eyre" gathered up the precious experiences which were afterward turned to such good account. Mrs. Gaskell, who was carried away by her honest womanly horror of hardened vice, gives us to understand that the tragic turning-point in the history of the sisters was connected with the disgrace and ruin of her brother. We are even asked to believe that but for the folly of a single woman, whom it is probable that Charlotte never saw, "Currer Bell" would never have taken up her pen, and no halo of glory would have settled on the scarred and rugged brows of prosaic Haworth.

It is not so. There may be disappointment among those who have been nurtured on the traditions of the Bronte romance when they find that the reality is different from what they supposed it to be; some shallow judges may even assume that Charlotte herself loses in moral stature when it was shown that it was not her horror at her brother's fall which drove her to find relief in literary speech. But the truth must be told; and for my part I see nothing in that truth which affects, even in an infinitesimal degree, the fame and honor of the woman of whom I write.

It was Charlotte's visit to Brussels then, first as pupil and afterward as teacher in the school of Madame Heger, which was the turning-point in her life, which changed its currents and gave to it a new purpose and a new meaning. Up to the moment of that visit she had been the simple, kindly, truthful Yorkshire girl, endowed with strange faculties, carried away at times by burning impulses, moved often by emotions the nature of which she could not fathom, but always hemmed in by her narrow experiences, her limited knowledge of life and the world. Until she went to Belgium her sorest troubles had been associated with her dislike to the society of strangers, her heaviest burden has been the necessity under which she lay of tasting that "cup of life as it is mixed for governesses" which she detested so heartily. Under the belief that they could qualify themselves to keep a school of their own if they had once mastered the delicacies of the French and German languages, she and Emily set off for this sojourn in Brussels.

One may be forgiven for speculating as to her future lot had she accepted the offer of marriage she received in her early governess days, and settled down as the faithful wife of a sober English gentleman. In that case "Shirley," perhaps, might have been written, but "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" never. She learned much during her two years' sojourn in the Belgian capital; but the greatest of all the lessons she mastered while there was that self-knowledge, the taste of which is so bitter to the mouth, though so wholesome to the life. For a brief period she had the company of Emily; and the two sisters, working together with the unremitting zeal of those who have learned that time is money, were happy and hopeful, enjoying the novel sights of the gay foreign capital, gathering fresh experiences every day, and looking forward to the moment when they would return to familiar Haworth, and realize the dream of their lives by opening a school of their own within the walls of the parsonage. But then Emily left, and Charlotte, after a brief holiday at home, returned alone. Years after, writing to her friend, she speaks of her return in these words:—"I returned to Brussels after aunt's death, against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind." Why did she thus go back "against her conscience?" Her friends declared that her future husband dwelt somewhere within sound of the chimes of St. Gudule, and that she insisted upon returning to Brussels because she was about to be married there. We know now how different was the reality. The husband who awaited her was even then about to begin his long apprenticeship of love at Haworth. Yet none the less had her spirit, if not heart, been captured and held captive in the Belgian city. It is not in her letters that we find the truth regarding her life at this time. The truth, indeed, is there, but not all the truth. "In catalepsy and dread trance," says Lucy Snowe, "I studiously held the quick of my nature. * * * It is on the surface only the common gaze will fall." The secrets of her inner life could not be trusted to paper, even though the lines were intended for no eyes but those of her friend and *confidante*. There are some things, as we know well, the heart hides as by instinct, and which even frank and open natures only reveal under compulsion. One of the hardest features of the last year she spent at Brussels was the necessity she was under of locking all the deepest emotions of her life within her own breast, of preserving the calm and even cool exterior, which should tell nothing to the common gaze, above the troubled, fevered heart that beat within.—*Home Journal.*

THE ORIOLE.—Speaking of the oriole, its habit, and tractableness, the Ogdensburg *Journal* says, "An old bird which should happen to be trapped would probably quit singing on being deprived of liberty, but one caught young and fed from the human hand will make a most delightful and tractable pet, and happiest when closely surrounded by people, will sing marvelously sweet notes and trills. We know one of this sort, that when liberated from its cage will go to the hand of its owner, assist in threading a needle or ripping a seam, nestle on her shoulder, stand on her hand, and bathe in a bowl of water, and when it has had its liberty of the premises to its heart's content it will go back into its cage and sing its merry tune. It will eat fruit, cake, bread and milk, potatoes and sugar, lean meat, nuts, eggs, and is especially fond of house flies and small worms and insects, and will catch anything tossed to it just as a smart dog will a cracker. Talk about that bird being mournful!"

ACROBATIC EXERCISES.—All excessive muscular exercises are unhealthful. It is a statistical fact that circus performers and athletes become injured and diseased early in life. "Acrobats" are even more subject to injury because of their efforts at distortion and abnormality. They who live most healthfully and long are moderate in the matter of exercising the body.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Hanging on her lips.

In the Turkish Camp.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows from the headquarters of the Turkish army at Nissa:

I then proceeded to look at Hussien Pasha's men in the valley. A curiously composed force was that. To say that there was no bona-fide Turks in it would perhaps be an exaggeration, for I think there were 150 Turkish Cossacks and half a battalion of regular Osmanli infantry there. But the foot regiments, of which there were two, close to the Morava stream, and within easy gunshot of Alexinatz, were certainly not Moslem. In uniform they were like their comrades of the line; in drill and set-up they were, I fancied, a little superior to some battalions I had seen. They were, if anything, a little finer in point of stature, handsome, soldierly men; and it was only when I came near their commander's tent, and saw unfolded the bright red banner of which I told you once, bearing alike the crescent and the cross, that I learned I was amongst Greek Christians of Constantinople, who had enlisted to save the Porte from the designs of Moscow. I have read somewhere that not 500 were ever enlisted. Here were 2,500 as handsome volunteers as I ever saw in my life. "They fight well, too," said a Turkish colonel. "I never saw the Serbs run so fast before as when these Giaours came down that hill over there after them," he added. "You see that one," he continued, beckoning a fine light-haired, sharp-featured corporal to him; "he's a Jew. Yesterday we were going over the hills, and we came across a party of Serbs. That fellow ran in and caught two of them, brought them in as prisoners, and is to be decorated for it. He's done equally good things before." Saying which he patted the young Hebrew on the back, while the soldier modestly smiled, made a salute and then went away. "This is a good man, too," added the officer, calling up another soldier. "He's a Pole, I believe; at any rate he fights like a lion." To my surprise the volunteer had no sooner saluted than he said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have been in the English service. I served in Abyssinia. My time being out I came here; but the difference is that whereas the English gave us plenty to eat and drink and regular pay, we here get scarcely enough to live upon and no money. However, we want to teach these restless Serbs a lesson; so we don't mind much." And off he went to munch his hard biscuit and drink the particularly muddy water of the river. But these were only part of Hussein Pasha's happy family. The rest were the Circassians.

A FETE NIGHT IN CAMP.

This was the first time I had seen these Asiatic warriors in encampment, and on this occasion, curiously enough, it was a kind of fete night. The Circassians had driven in scores of Serbian oxen and sheep, had brought hundreds of fowls and pullets, and both they and the Christians were to have a great feast. So at their invitation I was seated by a great brushwood fire, while a warrior whose broad chest and powerful lungs had well fitted him for the duty, chanted out a ditty, in which all around joined. It was a melancholy chant, always in a minor key, never once resolving itself into a joyful note, but ever redolent, like the Scot's call to battle, of "chains and slavery." And for this there was reason enough and to spare. Of the strong men who stood and sat near that bright, roaring fire, most were past the middle age. Their faces were deeply seared with hardship and care; their lives had been that of an Ishmaelite since their earliest days. And there was scarcely one among them who could not tell some dark tale of Russian oppression. The singer himself had spent year after year in a Muscovite dungeon; his brother, whose life he had saved this very morning with peculiar daring, had been whipped and imprisoned, too, by those same Muscovs—all had lost their property, their horses, their everything, in those dark days when the great Czar would have them begone, and wished to exterminate them.

WHAT THEY HAD TO EAT.

I was clearly in luck's way, for from their abundant haversacks came fowls and eggs in plenty. There was one among them, too, who had some rice, and these, with some coffee I had brought, made a feast, to which were presently added two melons, some roasted ears of maize and some plums. It was clear we were to make a night of it, and I almost forgot my fever in the excitement of the scene. Some of the party made a huge stew in a copper bowl, which ere while had figured on Serbian boards. Others picked fowls, and, running sticks through them after the manner of spits, roasted them in the blaze. Indian corn was placed upon the embers, and eggs simmered in tiny pots, while those who could sing told of the incidents of the day in verse more noisy than tuneful. At last the meal prepared was eaten; then all sat around the fire and smoked; the modesty with which these uninstructed savages helped themselves from my tobacco box astonishing me beyond measure. Tales were told of personal adventure, the prospects of the war debated upon in rude fashion, and so the evening wore on. A fact for teetotallers—not one of these men drank anything stronger than coffee, and in this they followed the custom of all the Circassians in camp, who, while undergoing more fatigue and privation than any other class of men in the army, and always evincing the greatest daring, are total abstainers from their youth upward, even from the thin wine with which the country abounds. The Turks, since the Crimean War, have unhappily contracted a taste for raki, a heady, disagreeable spirit, made, I believe, from some parts of grapes; but into this vice the Circassians have never fallen, and their marvelous physique and endurance is a proof of what temperance can effect.

THE German papers tell a story of the Crown Prince, which is calculated to convey the impression that the young man is not only interested in but lenient to his servants. One of the latter, it seems, was very timid and blushed whenever he was spoken to. The Prince, wishing to put the bashful one at his ease, instructed one of his chamberlains to tutor him a little, and advise him that such excessive bashfulness was not agreeable to his master. The chamberlain did his duty, and when the Prince got home that evening he was surprised to find the bashful servant waiting for him with a broad and genial smile on his countenance. "Who is here?" asked the Prince. "Only the old man!" smilingly replied the valet, meaning the Emperor. "Great Moltke! he is drunk!" said the Crown Prince, starting back in astonishment. "Lord! No! He isn't more'n half tight," replied the servant, pleasantly.

NEVER be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. You can not afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Wisdom That Pays.

Inducements for Visitors to Stop at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

THE UNANIMOUS VERDICT OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

As it is certain that during the present month there will be a great influx of visitors to this city, both from the interior and other states, the question of the most desirable hotel to stop at is an important one. It need not be said that by universal consent San Francisco has the reputation of being provided with the finest caravansaries of any city in the United States, and also that the management is eminently efficient and satisfactory. Without any intention, therefore, of making the least invidious comparison, it may be honestly stated that by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who have visited this city from time to time and resided here at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets, S. F., this elegantly finished and perfectly appointed establishment is pronounced the most pleasant and comfortable on the Pacific Coast. They all say that, while stopping at it, they received prompt and courteous attention, occupied handsome and cheerful apartments, were served with sumptuous meals, which included all the delicacies furnished by the market, and were charged so reasonable as to remove from their minds all ideas of extravagance which, as a rule, are inseparable from living at a first-class hotel. The ladies have all been warm in their praise of the cosy warmth and elegance of the sitting-rooms devoted to their use, and the gentlemen speak in equally flattering terms of the comforts of their sitting and reading-rooms, with gratified references to both the bar and billiard-saloon. The fact is, H. H. Pearson, the experienced proprietor of this favorite caravansary, is ever alive to the comfort of his guests and overlooks nothing that will contribute to the popularity of his house. He supervises all the departments himself, and excuses no carelessness or inattention on the part of the employees. All visitors to San Francisco will therefore be wise to stop at the Cosmopolitan Hotel during their stay in this city.—*S. F. Daily Post.*

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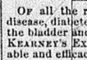
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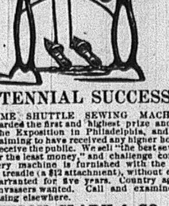
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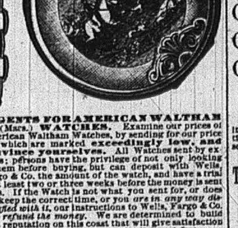


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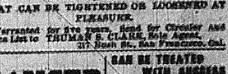


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