8

THE GHOSTS.

TWO STRANGE STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

A Mother Appears to Her Son After Death —A Miner's Narrative of an Occurrence in Amador County.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: I accept the invitation you extend the readers of the RECORD-UNION to relate an apparently supernatural experience in the life of a friend of my youth—one in whom I had the utmost confidence, and concerning whose character for veracity there can be no question. If my friend is now alive, and this narrative meets his eye, he will verify my relation of his singular experience which I am conscious of relating far less vividly than his story justifies. You shall judge for yourselves if this is a ghost story. Some twenty-two years ago I was residing in the State of Illinois. I was a young man of warm sympathies, and while not over ready to form close relations with other young men, was so fortunate in such attachments as I did make as to become the close companion of those only whose habits and sentiments were without reproach. My associates therefore while few, were those with whom I held close converse. In one of the groups of this early companionship was a young man who had come West from a far Eastern State, and at that time held a responsible position in a large manufacturing establishment. I became acquainted with him in a somewhat romantic manner. I was much attached to a young lady in the village, and was paying her devoirs of a warm nature. Her elder sister had an admirer in the person of the young man of whom I spoke, and this peculiar relationship—the interest we took in the sisters—drew us closer together and made us, in the fullest sense, intimates. Finally, my friend (whom for the purpose of this narrative I shall call R.) proposed marriage to the object of his affections. I have no intention of reflecting upon the young ladies of these later days, in stating that at the period, and in the community of which I write, young woman were not given to making response to such offers until they had counseled with their parents or friends and thoroughly informed themselves concerning the past life of the man who sought them in marriage. It was a good old custom, the rigid observance of which the youths of the West were brought up to respect. So it came about that I, as a friend of both parties, was called to the meeting between the elder brother and guardian of the lady, and my friend R. At that meeting I heard the following story, which formed a part of the narrative of his life that my friend submitted for examination. We met in his office in the factory on a cold winter's night, and, grouped around the blazing hearth, with only the light of the back log's blaze to half-illuminate the cavernous depths of the large apartment, R. told his story with deep feeling.

"I was born in the New England town of B——, and as a boy had such fair advantages at the town school as my parents, who were in humble circumstances, could afford me. My father and my mother—they were the two who of all others I have held closest to my heart. Before me they had set the example of blameless lives and industrious habits. To me they were devoted, without being blinded to my faults by the enthusiasm of parental love for an only child. I remember them as a father and mother all gentleness and love, tempered by justice and a profound sense of their responsibility as parents. I was but a mere boy, and to me my father stood for all that was strong, manly, good and true in the world, and my mother for all that was pure and loving and patient, when, at that period, I was left an orphan and my mother a widow. I clung to her for a time all the closer for this bereavement, and the love between us grew to be a bond of even greater strength than that existing usually between mother and child. And yet, strange as it may seem, I have no recollection that, after passing from mere beyish years, I ever told my mother that I loved her—how deeply, unutterably I loved her. I knew thereafter what the longing meant in her eyes. It was the unuttered desire for expression of love on my part. She knew that I loved her beyond compare, but her woman's heart longed to be fed by the manna of words of affection from the lips she had first kissed after the throes of maternity. When, my friends, will men and women come to learn that the sealed heart, howsoever warm its depths, cannot overflow its fullness of love into responsive bosoms, while the lips are locked? The eyes may speak it all so fondly, the dear face be an open page of affection, but the lip confession of love, the outward manifestation of the soul's depth of feeling, drives away all doubts, nourishes the heart that beats for us, and is the banquet where love sits and has its fill. If I feel and speak warmly upon this subject, you will presently understand why I have done so. I was, then, an undemonstrative son, who, despite the longing of his heart, never crept up to his mother's breast, and with clinging arms about that dear neck kindled the fire anew in her faded eyes by fond recitals of my love for her, whose sole care and burden I had been. God forgive me that it has been so. * * * * I have not in memory an act of my life for which I need to be ashamed, or which I should confess to you, with a solitary exception—I am a deserter from the United States navy. It was many years ago; I was but a boy; nevertheless I lack that honorable discharge which it should be the pride of every servant of his country to possess on leaving her service, and upon that fact of desertion hangs the single sorrow of my life—the one regret—for another and a heavier has been taken away. Could I but blot from my history that one folly of flight from duty, I could hold toward your sister the open and unstained hand of an honest man. You, her brother, shall hear, and you, my friend, shall judge between us. It is now nearly six years since I came among you, and why I came is the key to my story. Here I have found peace, and in a new love have sought to banish the regret that follows error. I left my mother fairly situated, and assured of her comfort, to ship in the sloop-of-war A——, in the service of the United States. I was a favorite with my mess and my officers. Taught from early youth that industry is not only a duty, but the true source of pleasure, I came into the service without a lazy bone in my frame; and with health, strength and a light heart on my side, no lad of nineteen ever had a better berth off the quarter-deck of one of Uncle Sam's men-of-war. My pay, in largest part, was remitted to my mother, and I had the comfort of knowing, by her affectionate and frequent letters, which met me in every port and on every station, that she was well, comfortable, and, in the shadow of her past sorrow, had but one living regret—the absence of a son now doubly dear to her. So went the days and years, and I was just twenty-two when, on entering a home-port where I was to have some weeks of liberty, in which to visit the home of my boyhood, a letter for me came off in the first mail-bag. I rolled into a coil of rope to read in semi-privacy the missive from home, whence, the post-mark told me, it had come. But as I pressed my nail upon the seal to break it there came upon me, with what I can only denominate as an awful force, and for the first time, the conviction that I had never told my mother, whose quaint dear hand I recognized in the superscription on the letter I held half opened in my hand, how truly I loved her. A full realization was suddenly unaccountably upon me that I had fallen short of my full duty to her. She had hungered for expressions of a son's love, which I had selfishly, thoughtlessly withheld; why, I know not, unless it was simply the result of an undemonstrative nature, but none the less I now realized that my mother did not know, could not know, all the depth of my affection for her until I should have poured it forth into her willing ear. I would delay no longer; within the next few hours she should hear from my lips how dear she was to me, how deep, enduring and profound was her son's devotion. I opened the letter eagerly, now that I had resolved to conquer the fault of my disposition, but before I had read half a page, the sheet fell from grasp in the nervelessness of an astonishment that shrouded itself in horror, in my estimation. My mother had married. I read no further. I did not pause to consider her right to do so. I only saw my mother, the wife of my father, in other arms than his, and to me it was an offense against every sentiment of delicacy—a legalized adultery. I went to my home with more of sorrow than anger in my heart. I did not say aught to my mother of my feelings, but my new-born resolve to tell her of all my love died in its incipiency. My mother read me, however, aright, and the coldness which was ever present from the hour of my arrival, between my stepfather and myself, rendered it best that I should leave my native village, which I did after a visit of but a week. I felt that I had been injured, that there was no home for me any longer; the shadow of a melancholy fell over me, I brooded upon my supposed wrongs until I was settled in gloom. I could not return to my post in that state of mind. I passed the period of my furlough, and was a deserter before I was fairly aware of the crime. In vigorous labor in this western town I found shelter from myself, and gradually content grew upon me, as new associations and new friends bound me fast. With age and calm thought came reason, and I began to see what cruelty I had been guilty of toward the best of parents. Four years had passed, but in only formal words had I responded to the loving, unchiding epistles of my mother. I now saw my ingratitude in its true light. I realized the anguish I must have caused her gentle heart, and the more I considered it the deeper became the pain of self-reproach. One night, as I lay in my bed, the conviction of my error, my crime, came upon me with redoubled force. By a sudden impulse which seemed to move me from without myself, I left my bed, hastily dressed, and descending to the clerk's office of the hotel, I seized a pen, and there, in the middle of the night, I poured out, in burning words, page after page of confession to my mother. I told her all my love; I acknowledged in the depths of humility the sad thoughts I had entertained of her second marriage. I opened my heart to her, and showed her a rekindled love as deep and warm and gentle as ever son could bear to his mother. I sealed the letter as the clock struck the hour of midnight, and handed it to the clerk to be forwarded by the early mail. To this circumstance I call your attention. It was the night of the last day of the month, and as the clock struck, the clerk took up the pen, opened and dated a new page in his register, and laughingly entered my name as the first guest of the new day and new month, and to give point to his humor noted the hour and the minute. I returned to my bed feeling like Christian when the pack fell from his shoulders. I went to my couch light-hearted, joyously. I do not know how long I slept. I only know that I suddenly awoke with the distinct impression that I was not alone—that there was with me a presence and one friendly to me. I sat up in the bed, and as clearly as I see you here, as plainly as your eyes describe the outline of my form now, I saw my mother standing at the foot of my bed. She was smiling upon me. Her countenance, pale, half sad, was yet possessed of a transcendant joy, a soul-filling satisfaction, and as she bowed her head with a graceful, loving inclination toward me, her countenance spoke plainer than human tongue could utter, 'My son, I know all; I know your heart; I am happy in that knowledge beyond measure.' I felt not a particle of fear; not the slightest emotion did I experience at this supernatural presence, beyond that of perfect joy at beholding that dear face once more. I had no power to speak—indeed, I believe now that I made no effort; had no desire to break the spell with words, for the soul of mother and son were in that blissful communion where the human voice would have been sacrilege. I remember that a doubt for one moment crossed my mind—was I not the victim of an illusion? Had not my continued thought fancifully materialized this form? Had not my mind, without the volition of my will, wrought upon the walls of fancy's chamber this satisfying picture? If now, I reasoned, this figure could but move, could but come, at my desire, closer to me, I should know it to be no illusion. Almost instantly, and as if answering to my doubts, my mother's form, not white and ghost-like, not clad in snowy robes, but draped in attire such as graced her everyday life, and standing out upon a semi-luminous background of apparent haze, moved from the foot of the bed. Her sweet face spoke to me again: 'I come; see, it is your mother.' The figure moved toward the center of the room; it passed a table; I saw it carefully gather its robes to avoid contact with a chair; it moved to my bedside; it passed to my pillow; its arms extended above me; its hands in benediction hung over me—it was gone. I was fully awake. Of that there can be no doubt. I arose and satisfied myself of it beyond question. I made a memorandum of the strange visitation, and, returning to my bed, slept in a restful peace I had never before experienced. Of course I thought much upon this strange event, but to no one confided it. The subject was too sacred a one to me for others' philosophizing and explanation. I knew very well what I would receive in reply, I should be told it was a dreamer's fancy, a vision born of my peculiar mental state; the natural result of my regret, my resolve, and its consummation in my letter writing.

"Two weeks later my letter to my mother came back to me unopened. It was inclosed in one from my stepfather; a cold formal note (the man knew of my antipathy for him, but did not know of my bitter repentance). The note was simple enough:

"'I return the letter addressed in your hand to my wife. She died on the last day of last month, just before midnight.'

"The man had not opened my letter, he could not have known when and under what circumstances I wrote; his statement and his particularization of the hour of my mother's death was conformation to me, beyond all possibility of disproof, that on that night I did in truth see my mother at my bedside, and within an hour or two after her death in a distant State. I have that letter still, the seal still unbroken. It is a leaf in my history which I shall never part with. It is a sealed book which I have opened to you tonight. It is the one event in my life that I have to tell."

Sacramento, November 20, 1881.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: In a recent number of the RECORD-UNION an invitation is extended to anyone "who knows of any alleged supernatural incident, or can tell of any such incident at second-hand," to communicate the circumstances of the same to its columns. The following incident would seem to be embraced within the category of the supernatural, and I will relate it just as it occurred, with due authentication, and without the least degree of coloring: In the winter of 1859 Myron Strong and Albion Short owned and worked a placer mining claim at the southern base of Tunnel Hill, near the Jackson and Mokelumne Hill road, and about one mile and a quarter east of the town of Jackson. The banks of the mine were from ten to fifteen feet in hight, and with the exception of a couple of feet of gravel on the bottom of only ordinary compactness, were of a very hard nature, though of a very treacherous character in consequence of the presence of numerous narrow mud-seams which extended from the surface to the very bottom of the mine, and which seldom became visible until the caving of the bank occurred. The careless manner of working the claim by too extensive drifting along its entire face was a subject of general remark among the miners of the neighborhood, and on numerous occasions Strong and Short were warned of the imminent danger to which they were subjecting themselves by their imprudent way of digging so far underneath the unreliable banks, which admonitions of danger, however, failed to receive proper consideration from the two fated men, as they continued their careless method of mining until the 14th of February, 1859, when both were caved on and killed. The cave was not discovered until the forenoon of the following day, and then first by John H. Bradley, who had not the remotest idea that the unfortunate men were buried beneath the large cave of earth at which he was looking, for he subsequently told the writer of this that he distinctly saw Strong and Short standing on the opposite bank from where he was, and that they were both looking down upon the caved earth just where the two men were afterwards found buried. Bradley was intimately acquainted with Strong and Short, and with their style of dress, and in relating the incident said that, to all appearances, they stood upon the bank *in propria persona* as plainly visible as any objects he ever looked at. A strong gale of wind was then blowing, and as Bradley's position on the ground was to the windward of the objects which he supposed to be Strong and Short, he made no attempt to communicate with them, and, with some pressing business before him, he soon turned away. Short and Strong were found five or six hours after Bradley left the locality of their claim, buried, as before narrated. John H. Bradley was a man of cool judgment, quite free from impulsiveness, and of unquestionable veracity—and he held several responsible positions in the county, among them County School Superintendent, Postmaster at Jackson, and for a time was editor of the Amador *Ledger*. He left this community in 1866, settling in Santa Barbara county, where he died about seven years ago. CLIO.

Butte City (Amador county), Nov. 28, 1881.

PACIFIC COAST.

LAST NIGHT'S DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.

CALIFORNIA.

The Train Wrecker Trial—Funeral.

AUBURN, November 25th.—To day's session of the Superior Court did not accomplish much in the trial of the train wrecker, as it adjourned about 2 P. M., on account of the funeral of Daniel A. Rice, of Newcastle, thus making the session rather short. Rogers, the only one of the defendants who has not yet testified, was placed on the stand, and up to the adjournment of Court his examination had not been completed. It is not likely that the defense will be able to offer all their testimony this week, so the trial will probably consume nearly all of next week before it reaches the jury.

Daniel A. Rice, of Newcastle, was buried here to-day with Masonic ceremonies. Mr. Rice was among the earliest settlers of this county, being at Rattlesnake Bar as early as 1854 or 1855. He was railroad agent at Newcastle from a time shortly after the road was completed to that point up to his death, which occurred November 23d, from enlargement of the liver and internal hemorrhage. He was a native of Boston, aged about 51 years. His funeral was very large.

Thanksgiving—Weather—Death.

IONE, November 25th.—Thanksgiving Day was generally observed here by the closing of stores and shops. The traditional turkey and pumpkin pies were not forgotten in the observances of the day. Religious services were held in the M. E. Church, and a fine sermon was preached by Rev. John Carrington. The day closed with a magnificent ball, gotten up under the auspices of the A. O. U. W. Society.

The weather is exceedingly fine for November. The roads are without dust or mud.

Mrs. F. C. Hall, a much respected lady, and an old resident of the town, died this morning in Galt, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Harvey.

A Present of a Baby.

GILROY, November 25th. — Wednesday morning J. G. Shepherd, of this place, found a Thanksgiving present on his doorstep. It proved to be a boy baby about four months old. No clue to its parentage.

Contempt Case Continued.

MARYSVILLE, November 25th.—The matter of the contempt of the injunction in the case of Marysville vs. North Bloomfield et al., set for hearing to-day, has been continued on motion of plaintiff's attorney till the 9th of December.

Body Found in the River.

PRINCETON (Colusa county), November 25th.—The body of a drowned man in an advanced state of decomposition, and supposed to have been P. Conway, who fell from the gang plank of the Dover on the night of the 31st ult., was found in the river half a mile below Princeton to-day.

Shocking Accident—Change of Base.

SAN RAFAEL, November 25th.—Quite a shocking accident occurred here this afternoon. A colored boy named George Johnson, in attempting to jump from a fence to the back of a horse, missed his calculations and fell to the ground, when the horse stepped on him, causing injuries which are very serious.

W. C. Fillmore, former Superintendent of the North Pacific Railroad Company, has entered the service of the Central Pacific, and will leave here about the first part of the month.

Prosperous Outlook.

VISALIA, November 25th.—Large numbers of prospectors are flocking into this county, claiming and purchasing land. This county never had such excitement in land matters. The prospect of a bountiful harvest has suddenly awakened great interest, and there is reason to believe that there will be plentiful rains.

Items from Stockton.

STOCKTON, November 25th.—Yesterday the O'Neil Gun Club held a pigeon shoot at the Five-mile House. Three hundred people were present. The matches were for San Joaquin county triggers. The birds were hard flyers. C. J. Merrill and C. J. Haas tied in the first match, and took first and second money—$45 each. A. Meyer took the third prize, $45. Woods, Hohenshell and Williams took the fourth, fifth and sixth prizes, $25 each. In the second match, Haas took the first prize, Merrill the second, Lastreto the third, Dunham the fourth, Woods the fifth, Hohenshell the sixth, Eyre the seventh.

Joseph Dilbean imagines that his wife and child appear to him in spirit form, and was to-day examined by Drs. Ruggles and Phillips, before Judge Buckley, and committed to the asylum, whence he was discharged three months since.

At 7 P. M. yesterday Captain L. H. Nye, of this city, was drowned off Point Edith, near Benicia. He was piloting the barge Commerce, towed by the steamer Herald. In ascending the stairs to the pilot-house he slipped and fell overboard. Boats were lowered and dragged the water for two hours, but the body was not recovered. The Mary Garratt brought the news to his aged parents to-day. He was 34 years old, a native of Massachusetts, and a highly respected member of Lodge No. 23, United Order of Workmen.

ARIZONA.

Mining Matters.

TUCSON, November 25th.—Several rich strikes are reported from the Empire and Oro Blanco districts. Myers district is attracting considerable attention, the developments showing up large bodies of rich ore. Three mills will soon be in course of erection. The mining outlook throughout Southern Arizona is most flattering. Many Eastern men of capital are coming in. The Omega copper mine was sold to New York parties for $65,000—a cash purchase. The Omega is located in Santa Ritas, south from Tucson.

NEVADA.

Desperate Attempt at Suicide—Grand Ball.

EUREKA, November 25th.—Hurgin Gurgen this morning made a desperate attempt at self-destruction by drawing a razor across his throat, making a horrible gash. Last evening he went to the house of a neighbor named McMillan, where he remained all night, and when he got up this morning committed the deed. He presented a horrible appearance, being covered with blood from head to foot. He stated that whisky was the cause of the act, and that he wanted to die. It is very doubtful if he recovers.

Upton Post G. A. R., gave a very fine ball last evening, which was largely attended.

OREGON.

Advices from Portland.

PORTLAND, November 25th.—Yesterday morning Felix Mortinetti, an Italian stonecutter, was found insensible on the sidewalk at McMinnville, and died last night, the victim of strong drink and exposure. He was 42 years old and unmarried.

The Court of Inquiry into the wreck of the British ship, Edith Lorne, this morning rendered a finding exonerating the captain and crew from all blame, and criticising the system of towage and pilotage.

Real estate transactions for the week, $146,354.

A Mysterious Affair.

PORTLAND, November 25th.—At noon today the body of a man was discovered in the Willamette river below Weidler's sawmill, with a stone weighing ninety-eight pounds tied about his neck and his feet bound together with wire. He was probably thrown there a week ago, when the river was high, and the water falling exposed the feet, by which the discovery was made. The body, except two shirts, was nude, and was much decomposed. It seemed to be that of a man 50 years old, of powerful frame, with no marks except two old scars on the forehead. No doubt is entertained that he was murdered, for with his feet bound he could not have jumped into the river. It is likely that he was thrown from some boat. A Coroner's inquest will be held to-morrow.

The Small-Pox Scourge—Steamer Damaged by Fire—Proposed Reform School—Vessels Ashore.

PORTLAND, November 25th.—Eleven cases of small-pox were reported Wednesday at Heppner, Umatilla county. The drivers of stage lines to Pendleton and to The Dalles refuse to go near the town and as it has no telegraphic connection, Heppner is cut off from all communication. There is no way of ascertaining whether the disease is spreading or not. At New Tacoma and Dayton the scourge is subsiding. There are no new cases in Portland.

This afternoon the small steamer McMinnville, owned by the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and used in transporting timber for the new railroads, caught fire near Rooster Rock. Though fully equipped with apparatus for extinguishing fires, the flames could not be subdued, on account of a gale of wind, and she was therefore beached, scuttled and sunk in shoal water to save the hull and machinery. The upper works and load of lumber were burned. The damage is about $5,000.

The committee appointed to examine the proposition of W. S. Ladd, for the establishment of a Reform School, reported to-day, recommending that the "family" system of such schools, as against the "penal" system, be adopted, provided the services of a man of experience and character can be secured as Superintendent; that the gentlemen interested immediately incorporate under the legislative Act of 1872. The report was recommitted, and the committee was asked to prepare articles of incorporation.

The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamboats Idaho and Willamette Chief, with a barge, were blown ashore by a strong east wind above Vancouver this morning, and are in very shoal water. There is so far no damage, and it is believed that both will be floated off without difficulty. No barges could be towed near them to-day, on account of the continuance of the high wind.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Found Dead.

WALLA WALLA, November 25th.—This morning the body of a man was found at the end of a woodpile at Walluta Junction, about 150 yards from the office. The body had a knife wound in the middle of the breast. It was dressed in a dark broad corduroy suit, blue woolen shirt, new boots, pants in boots, late style of black soft hat. The man was about 5 feet 8 inches high, slight build, sallow complexion, dark moustache, beard about two weeks old, looked as though killed and carried where found. The description answers that of John P. Watson, a drummer for Albert Man & Co. He was here about two weeks ago, and went towards Spokane Falls.

PASSENGER LISTS.

CARLIN, November 25th.—Left here to-day, to arrive in Sacramento to-morrow: John N. Woods, wife and 2 children, Stockton; Miss Mattie Buskirk, Bloomington, Ind.; Mrs. H. B. Franks, Oberlin, Ohio; J. B. Larny, wife and child, Santa Fe, N. M.; J. A. Stover and wife, Denver, Col.; W. Hibbard, wife and 2 sons, Chico, Cal.; M. C. Blake, W. C. Boole and son, Mrs. A. S. Otis, W. W. Reynolds, J. J. Mann, San Francisco; Major W. L. Haskin, wife and child, U. S. A.; Mrs Dr. H. G. Haskin, Fort Canby; U. H. Taylor, Shreveport, La.; Thomas Crellin, S. H. Gould, Oakland; Mrs. R. W. Gifford and son, Acushnet, Mass.; Julia L. Stose, John McKenley, Chicago; Hattie F. Sproule, Boston, Mass.; John H. Moore and wife, Lexington, Va.; Emma Gable, Iowa; P. E. Mahone, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. R. Gardner, A. D. Hatfield, New York; C. E. Stose, Chicago; P. D. D. Mill, Detroit, Mich.; D. Cameron, Bonanza, Idaho; John Broom, H. W. Pierce, Ogden; O. L. Erving, wife and child, Illinois; S. M. Preshaw, Ogden; W. H. Jones, Montana; Mr. Delahune, Mr. Decuverville, Sigismond Delahune, Baron Chr. D'Aboville, General Boulanger, Colonel Bossan, Major De Pusy, Captain De Lachere, Lieutenant O. Aboville, Comte de Beaumont, Marquise D'Estrade, Lieutenant De Noailles, Lieutenant De Canuella, Paris; J. T. Long, I. O. G. T., Kentucky; Captain W. A. Jones, U. S. A.; A. Adams, Wood River; W. A. Durkee and wife, Stockbridge, Vt.; Mrs. P. F. Harvey, Mass.; Mrs. M. L. Murray, Iowa City, Ia; 48 immigrant passengers, including 27 males, to arrive in Sacramento November 27th.

NEWHALL, November 25th.—Passed here to-day, to arrive in San Francisco to-morrow: Mrs. John Apel, Mrs. Clark, T. C. Grant, S. Cole, San Francisco; Sheriff Huber and two prisoners, Los Angeles; J. C. Squer, E. C. Perry, G. H. Pardick, San Francisco.

OMAHA, November 25th.—Left here to-day, to arrive in Sacramento November 29th: J. E. Spencer and wife, S. W. Cowles, Mrs. Milo Hoadley, Dr. Jose de Sousa Bettencourt, Miss L. H. Seiders, San Francisco; James Campbell, Charles A. Clinton, Madison, Wis.; Thomas Bagbee and family, Pan Handle, Texas; L. J. B. Lincoln, Boston; Joseph Hubbard, Morris, Conn.; C. A. Lane, Manila; F. W. Brewer, Boston; Charles Oyle, wife and two children, New York; Mrs. S. P. Dorsey, W. H. Hampton, Grass Valley; W. H. Perry, Mrs. Perry, Henry Kelly, Los Angeles; Monnoski Schions Osaka, Japan; R. C. Parsons, Jr., Cleveland.

Seventy through emigrants left on Wednesday night's emigrant train, to arrive in Sacramento December 1st.

THE SEASON.—The diseases of the winter belong mostly to that class which affect the action of the skin and the breathing apparatus, or the lungs. Blood diseases are less prevalent in winter, but the diseases appertaining to the cold season have a tendency to depreciate the constitution and leave such weakening influences behind as will not only endanger life, but impair health for years, and even for a lifetime. Care should therefore be taken from the very first to guard against the influence of the weather, and to so dress and live that, while enjoying the breezy air and purifying atmosphere, we keep ourselves in good condition to do so.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CENTURY
(Scribner's Monthly),
—FOR—
DECEMBER

The November number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was pronounced by the *Providence Journal* "the most brilliant and striking, as it is the largest and most sumptuous, of anything yet known in American or European periodical literature." The December issue fully equals it. It contains: First chapters of

W. D. HOWELL'S SERIAL NOVEL,
"A Modern Instance,"

A story dealing with characteristics of American life. The second installment of a new story,

"Through One Administration," by
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc. Portraits of, and papers regarding, the late
PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

A Full-Page Portrait, engraved by Cole.
Garfield at Sixteen, engraved by Kruell from a daguerreotype in possession of the family.
"Characteristics of President Garfield," reminiscences of twenty years, by E. V. Smalley.
The Story of His Illness, told by the physician in charge. This contribution by Dr. Bliss is his first untechnical account of the case. The paper contains anecdotes and reminiscences not before printed.
"Strangulatus pro Republica." A reproduction of the words written by President Garfield during his sickness; furnished by Colonel Rockwell.

The number also contains a frontispiece portrait of

DR. J. G. HOLLAND,

Late Editor-in-Chief of this magazine, with an estimate of his life and works, by his friend **Dr. Edward Eggleston**, and other interesting matter regarding Dr. Holland.

An authorized sketch of the literary life of

ROBERT BROWNING,

Including portraits of Browning in 1859 and in 1879, the latter a full-page picture.

A LIFE-MASK OF LINCOLN,

Made just before his first nomination to the Presidency, and reproduced for the first time, making a full-page portrait of Lincoln's face. Among other illustrated articles are: A thrilling story of **"A Cruise in a Pilot Boat,"** by S. G. W. BENJAMIN, with twelve illustrations by M. J. Burns. **"The American Student at the Beaux-Arts,"** by RICHARD WHITEING, with fourteen illustrations. **"A Colonial Monastery,"** with twelve illustrations. **"The Hieroglyphs of Central America,"** by EDWARD S. HOLDEN, fully illustrated. Other interesting articles, stories, poems, etc.

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Union Square, New York City, N. Y.

THE WEEKLY UNION

Is a paper of special value. It is issued in semi-weekly parts, each of eight pages, and appears Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is thus the freshest weekly paper on the coast, and the only one which goes out to its readers twice a week. It is a journal of the highest character for news, literary merit, and general information. It contains all the special departments of the DAILY RECORD-UNION, and is, without exception, the best family newspaper on the Pacific coast. The WEEKLY UNION is mailed post paid for $2 50 per year.

HABIT, if not necessity, makes a hair dressing, such as Dr. Ayer's laboratory issues, indispensable to many. Ayer's Hair Vigor is one of the most delightful we have ever used. It restores not only the color, but gloss and luxuriance, to faded and gray hair.

MARRIED.

Sacramento, November 24—By Rev. H. H. Rice, at the residence of the bride's parents, Ernest Grimes to Ida May Frazier, both of this city.

Oroville, November 3—By Justice Leonard, Robert J. Cochrane, of Sacramento, to Harriet Ellen Looney, of Oroville.

BORN.

Sacramento, November 21—Wife of S. J. Martin, a daughter.

Florin, November 25—Wife of S. W. Kennedy, a daughter.

Florin, November 21—Wife of J. D. Lockart, a son.

Cedarville, Modoc county, November 6—Wife of R. B. Wakefield, a daughter.

DIED.

Sacramento, November 24—John Y. Leckey, a native of Pennsylvania, 56 years.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place from Firemen's Hall, Eighth street, between J and K, this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.]

Sacramento, November 24—Mrs. Catherine Cameron Craig, a native of Scotland, 52 years.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place from her late residence, L street, between Seventh and Eighth; thence to the Presbyterian Church, corner of Sixth and L streets, to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.]

Near McCrackin's (Cosumnes river), November 24—Henry Thomas Showler, a native of California, 18 years, 6 months and 4 days.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place from the residence of parents, J street, near Helvetia Cemetery, to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.]

Galt, November 24—Mrs. Lucy Allen Hall, mother of Mrs Dr. Harvey, a native of Connecticut, 70 years, 1 month and 25 days.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, which will take place from the Central Pacific Depot on the arrival of the 2 o'clock train this afternoon.]

Oakland, November 24—Julia M., wife of Dr. H. J. Plomteaux, 37 years and 8 days.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention, Exempts!—The Exempt Firemen's Association of Sacramento will meet at Firemen's Hall, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, November 26, 1881, at 1:30 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late member, J. Y. Leckey. By order of P. S. LAWSON, President.
JOHN DOMINGOS, Secretary. n26-1t

Attention, Pioneers!—Monthly meeting TO-NIGHT, at 7:30 o'clock sharp.
JAS. McGUIRE, President.
W. H. LUTHER, Sec'y pro tem. n26-1t

A. O. U. W.—Union Lodge, No. 21, will meet THIS (Saturday) EVENING, November 26th, at Red Men's Hall, Masonic Temple, at 7:30 o'clock.
H. J. NORTON, M. W.
CHAS. COOLEY, Recorder. [B. C.] n26-1t

There will be a Thanksgiving offering at the Congregational Church, TO-MORROW (Sunday) EVENING. There will be some interesting exercises by the Sabbath School. A Thank-offering, Singing, Recitations, etc. The public are cordially invited to attend. n26-1t

Spiritualism.—Mrs. P. W. Stephens will Lecture in Trance, at Pioneer Hall, SUNDAY EVENING, at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Subject: "The Physiological and Phrenological Basis of Spiritualism." n26-1t*

WANTED—BY A MAN AND WIFE (NO children), a small furnished house, or three or four furnished rooms, suitable for housekeeping; best city references given. Address F. G. R., this office. n26-3t*

Liquor Dealers' Attention!

A MEETING OF THE LIQUOR DEALERS' Protective Association is called for TO-NIGHT at 8 o'clock, at the Court House, to take steps in reference to the Sunday Law. All interested are invited to come and express their views. By order of
n26-1t EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

BON-BON PARTY
—TO BE GIVEN BY THE—
O. T. D. CLUB
— FOR THE BENEFIT OF —
Capital Lodge, No. 51, I. O. G. T.,
AT TURNER HALL,
THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1881. TICKETS—Gentlemen, 50 cents; Ladies free.
☞ Music by Jones, Beebe & Grant's Band.
n26-1t

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS!
CHOICEST RAISINS, IN BEAUTIFUL PACKages of suitable size to send to Eastern Friends by mail. CALL AND SEE OUR NEW STORE, and OUR NEW GOODS.
M. T. BREWER & CO.,
Nos. 1006 to 1010 Second street, Saramento.
[B. C. 1t] n26-1t

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION,
Concert and Dance,
TO BE GIVEN BY THE SACRAMENTO Turn Verein at Turner Hall, MONDAY, December 5, 1881. Admission, 25 cents; children under 10 years, in company of parents, free. [B. C.] n26-1w

SHERBURN & SMITH
—WILL SELL AT—
AUCTION,
At their salesroom, No. 323 K street,
THIS (Saturday) MORNING, Nov. 26,
At 10:30 o'clock, a large lot of consigned
FURNITURE,
INCLUDING EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR housekeeping: Beds and Matresses, Chairs, Tables, Lounges, Pictures, Comforters, Blankets, Stoves, Glassware and Crockery Also, a lot of assorted Groceries, in broken packages, from wholesale houses. Everthing must be closed out to make room. Sharp 10:30.
n26-1t SHERBURN & SMITH, Auctioneers.

BELL & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
—WILL SELL—
THIS (Saturday) MORNING, Nov. 26,
At 11 o'clock sharp,
In front of Salesroom, No. 998 J street,
Bet. Ninth and Tenth, and without reserve:
ONE SORREL COLT, THREE YEARS OLD, sound, kind and gentle (weight, 1,050 pounds); one White Mare, 7 years old, sound, drives double or single (weight, 1,300 pounds). Also, four good Work Horses. ☞ SALE POSITIVE.
n26-1t BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

ART ANNOUNCEMENT.
CHARLES D. ROBINSON,
OF SAN FRANCISCO, HAS TAKEN ROOMS 8 and 10, Lewis' Block, corner of Fifth and J street, and will receive pupils in Drawing, Pen Etching, Water Colors, Pastel; all branches of Oil Painting, Landscape, Marine, Flowers, Decorative, Stil Life, etc. Terms made known upon application atl the Studio. n14-3ptf

No More Fever or Ague.
IF YOU USE THE REMEDY OF THE LATE DR. SYME, Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Scotland, you will be surely cured.
No Chills After First Dose.
Cure guaranteed in every case. Sold only by the agent, DR. C. SIMMS, 850 Market street, San Francisco. Sent by mail or express on receipt of $1. n14-3p-tf

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INSURANCE COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO.
Fire and Marine.
CAPITAL, fully paid.....$750,000
☞ Losses promptly adjusted and paid in gold coin.
CADWALADER & PARSONS,
General Agents Sacramento Division, No. 61 J street.
n13-4ptf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WEINSTOCK & LUBIN

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

SACRAMENTO TEMPERATURE.

TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY:		TEMPERATURE CORRESPONDING DAY, 1880.	
Highest,	61	Highest,	52
Lowest,	38	Lowest,	31

TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.
[Special by Telegraph—Courtesy of the RECORD-UNION.]

NEW YORK.		CHICAGO.	
Highest,	35	Highest,	39
Lowest,	27	Lowest,	17

SUITS, similar in style to this cut, and made of Serge, Cashmere or Basket Cloth, trimmed with Plaids or Stripes, $12 50 to $15.

CLOAKS, CIRCULARS
—AND—
DOLMANS
MADE TO ORDER!

A rather bolder design in CRETONNE than described last week, but none the less fine for FURITURE COVERINGS or CURTAINS. There is a wealth of rich roses and autumn leaves, as in the other—only this is an irregular pattern, with landscapes here and there between the flower openings. One thing is noticeable in all these CRETONNES—the natural look of the flowers, which stand out from the cloth surface so vividly as to seem there in reality, showing at once the skill and art displayed in their design and coloring. A hidden attraction is the price, 32½ cents a yard, which is uncommonly low. This is one pattern of one grade. There are perhaps half-a-dozen of fine grades besides, commencing at 17½ cents a yard. The same taste which selected these CRETONNES, chose also the patterns in the CALICOS and GINGHAMS, which are equally as pretty in their way.

Men's Wool Cheviot Pants, $2—brown mixed.

Ladies' fine 2 and 3-strap Sandal Slippers, $1 25.

Men's Full-stock Boots, $2 50. The popular "Prince" Boot, $3.

Boys' School Suits of Dark Mottled Satinet, $4. Long pants.

MECHANICS' STORE,

Nos. 400, 402, 404, 406, 408 K st., Sacramento.

ONE PRICE.