[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THE FORSAKEN CHAPEL.

Oh, cherished spot! where Christian love
Descended from the realms above!
How sad you look, deserted there,
Where oft I lisped my humble prayer;
How oft your silent aisles I've trod,
In meek submission to omnipotent God.
How oft the strains of music fell
O'er hill and valley, with its magic spell;
How oft I've sat, with heedful ear,
To hear your chiming bells so clear
Ring out upon the silent air—
Telling us 'tis the hour of prayer.

No more the chimes of music swell
O'er towering mountain and woodland dell;
No more I kneel, when vesper calls,
Within your old and trembling walls.
How changed are all the scenes around
The pretty chapel and its grassy mound!
Alas! those scenes are past and gone,
And now your left forsaken and forlorn.
Oh, Time! thy withering hand has told
On this lone chapel, grim and old!
Soon shall it fall, mid dust and clay,
A mass of ruins, to wither and decay.

MARTIN DEVINE.

Sacramento, February 15, 1887.

JUDGE LYNCH.

Although I had been a member of the X bar for many years, and knew personally and officially nearly all the Judges of the State and of the Federal Courts, I had never made the acquaintance of that perambulating tribunal presided over by Justice Lynch until I went to reside for a few months in a neighboring State, where rumor has it that Judge Lynch made his debut.

The meeting came about this way: There had been a long and expensive judicial season at X; and Mallory Jock, the criminal lawyer, had saved another victim from the sword of justice. The name of the sinner who was snatched from the hands of the hangman was Black Bill. Bill was exceedingly handy with his pistol, and on this occasion had shot and killed the conductor of a street car because he persisted in trying to collect the car fare. As both lawyer and client were notorious, the trial brought the whole population to the Court-house to witness the illegal contest, and, as usual, the bar came out victorious. Bill had mistaken the conductor's ticket punch for a pistol, the official for a robber; and had shot the latter in self-defense; besides forcing the Judge to charge that if the defendant really mistook the bell-punch for a pistol, pointed in a menacing and dangerous manner, they were bound, in fact, to treat it as though it was a veritable revolver, with 38-caliber shot in it, and not an innocent recording bell-punch.

Of course Bill was acquitted, and he walked down Main street, the admired center of all gazers. This was the farce. The tragedy came about in this way:

As may be anticipated, Bill was very much elated over his escape, especially as it happened to be his third trial for murder and he was rather superstitious about the figure 3. He celebrated it in a roaring spree, which lasted a week and kept that part of the town in an uproar. There was drinking, singing and fighing in harmonious and constant succession, as though Bill was going to introduce the famous Bacchic revels and life was to be an orgy of drinking and fisticuff. It was about the third day of the feast when the barkeeper, in a thoughtful moment, demanded payment of the score, in default of which he proposed to tumble the "gang" into the street.

Bill, whose life had just been saved at an expense to the State of a thousand dollars, was naturally indignant, and in the absence of his pistol he knocked the thoughtful barkeeper down with a beer glass. Then the fight commenced between the proprietor and his men and Bill and the "gang," and the battle raged and surged from the bar-room to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the street, each new comer lending a hand or a stone. Finally the Town Marshal came rushing into the crowd and knocked the brawlers with his club right and left, and unfortunately Bill among the rest. The latter sneaked quietly across the street, came back with a shotgun, poured the contents of both barrels into the back of the fighting Marshal and killed him on the spot. This was the climax. The brawl ceased as suddenly as it had arisen—the fighters slunk back from Bill in disgust, and even he turned his blood-shot eyes anxiously down at the now quiet Marshal. Then he placed the gun in a corner, and some one whispered "Git," and he walked out into the street and after a moment's pause slunk rapidly away under the shadows of the houses and the trees.

He had not walked a dozen squares before he perceived that there was something the matter with either the people or the town. Men ran ahead of him, others followed and dogged his footsteps, and doors were banged as he passed. Hark! the fire-bell was ringing, and the whistle of the ferryboat awoke the echoes on the river. The stream of lights in the distance was not made up of fire-flies, but of men and boys carrying lanterns, and armed with clubs and shotguns. He tried several doors on the way, well-known places of refuge, but they were closed, and no glint of light from the windows.

Then came the tramp, tramp of marching men, and in darting around the corner he found himself instantly surrounded with a mob, who ordered him brutally to stand and hold up his hands! Bill smiled as he recognized the voice, and lazily complied with the order; then he scanned the crowd eagerly, but they were masked, and the only plain, unmistakable thing was the revolver, which gleamed at him from all directions. The leader, in his red shirt, slouched hat, pantaloons stuffed in his boots, and under his arm a long, black barreled rifle, stood eyeing him in silence.

"Hello, Long Jim," said Bill, animated with a sudden gleam of hope, "you'll give a fellow a chance for his life, won't you, Jim?"

"What!" replied the leader, contemptuously. "I don't know yer. This ain't no rabbit-hunting party—this is Judge Lynch! There has been killing enough in this town—there'll be another, and then the thing will stop. Fold your arms—right about face, march!"

Yes, this was Judge Lynch—Court, jury and executioner, all in one.

When the itinerant court passed my door I was smoking an evening cigar, and having heard the alarm bell, was searching the horizon for the sign of fire, which nowhere could be seen. The moon was out, and but for the flying procession of clouds that continually scudded in front, the town of X was fairly lit up with the white, silent light. I was still wondering if the clouds meant rain or snow, when the odd and fantastic judicial procession marched silently by. No funeral party was graver, made less noise or marched with more decorum. There was only one exception to the general good behavior, and that was the impression of the by standers. Every looker on was immediately "pressed" into the crowd. Not one was allowed to look and depart, but he was forced to assist in the ceremony. I was in the doorway when a fellow, hideously draped and disguised, laid hold upon me, and pointing with his revolver to the mob, told me to "fall in."

"Why, certainly," and I marched with the rest.

As there was very little talking there was abundant opportunity for reflection, and yet probably the only one who was doing any systematic thinking was the victim Bill, as he turned his head from right to left, vainly searching for some sign of succor.

For myself, I no sooner guessed the object—or rather purpose—of the judicial train than my curiosity overrode and silenced all legal scruples to the enterprise. Besides, I consoled myself with the thought that as all our great jurists and statesmen had found no higher source of authority than the people, and that everything came from and was for the benefit of the people, surely an impromptu tribunal of the people like Judge Lynch was beyond impeachment. On we went, from street to street and pike to pike, the crowd constantly gaining in size and hope of rescue consequently diminishing. As the eager people outflanked Bill on either side, he could not help noticing the difference between the sullen and scornful glance of these men's eyes, to the pleasant, watery-eyed, benevolent looks of his friends, the late jury; no tears, no smiles over the pathos or humor of counsel here; only anger, dark and vicious as the ocean at night.

Once or twice Bill would side up to the tall, gannt leader, and whisper, as he tried to catch his eye, a sobbing appeal for a "chance." "Give a fellow a chance for his life, won't you?" This was the constant and the only appeal, and the reply was equally short and determined: "Shut up!" and "Do your praying and make it brief!"

We passed the house of Judge Beans, but the please everybody face of Justice Wigglewaggle, as he was called, was not to be seen. This was not a Court of law, but a rough and tumble arena of justice. We had been marching for an hour when the leader suddenly turned from the pike and we entered a strip of woods, which divided X from its agricultural background. It was a delightful remnant of an ancient forest, and as we tramped beneath the branches and clambered over the fallen trunks of the trees, we were greeted with the call of the night owl and the invisible scampering about of its winged denizens. We finally reached an open space, where a few saplings grew among the stumps of their gigantic predecessors, and here Judge Lynch held his Court.

As I scanned rather hastily the crowd, I was vividly impressed with two facts, viz., that we are a martial people, and that in spite of the constant failures in the Court room we still love justice. Some had muskets which had been "out in 1812" and the Mexican war, others double-barreled squirrel shooting, others again swords which had glittered at many a military parade, but the majority had bright new navy revolvers. That we loved justice was equally apparent from the zeal with which the culprit was guarded, and the determination that he should pay the penalty of his misdeed.

Owing to the passing of the clouds which constantly obscured the moon—the fitful and uncertain light of the handlamps carried by the crowd, the laudable desire of each patriot to be in front, and my own equally praiseworthy desire to be in the background—I cannot go very accurately into the details of this tribunal of the people, but will come as close to the facts as the excitement and surrounding circumstances will permit.

In the first place the hitherto taciturn mob suddenly broke into an angry sea of oaths and shouts, and there was a rushing backward and forward, and here and there the report of a pistol, showing that there was a divided Court even in the temple of Judge Lynch. One group, however, had thrown a rope over the top of a young sapling, and while brawny arms adjusted a knot on it and bent it towards the earth, other brawny arms and violent hands were dragging Bill on his knees towards the noose, vainly struggling and begging for mercy.

"See here, boys" suddenly said the leader, who was either presiding judge or prosecutor pro tem., as he blew a flake of snow off the barrel of his rifle, "aren't we a going a trifle too fast? There are two ways a doing a thing—and we needn't imitate him in that partikler. Has Bill confessed? If he hain't, whar's the edentification?" "What?" shouted one who was tugging at the impromptu gallows, "do you suppose that I am going to hold this tree down all night?"

"Why, Tom see him kill Berry and the conductor!" shouted a dozen voices in unison.

"And here's Matt and Nate seed him shoot the Dutchman. Why, Long Jim, what is the matter with you?" cried still another.

Oh, yes, there was plenty of proof! How prompt and swift were the witnesses, and how full and responsive their memories! Old friends and new ones, companions and enemies, stood up and poured out their knowledge against the hunted and craven creature, and unfolded his character as idler, bummer, drunkard, wife-beater, thief and homicide! It was true there was no Mallory Jack to bully and hector them in a so-called cross-examination; nor Judge Wigglewaggle to frown upon the stupid and smile upon the impudent and bold, and no sympathetic fringe of people who love to help the under dog. But probably the one circumstance which told most strongly against him in the leader's mind was the crouching attitude and heartrending appeals for mercy.

This satisfied even Long Jim of the truth of the charges, and he rested his rifle upon the ground, and, with a gesture, invited the executioners to perform the people's idea of justice, which they did with a frenzied shout of joy.

But this was a night of surprises. Amid the yelling, struggling and swearing arose the cry of "Sheriff! Sheriff!" and the crowd opened and for a few minutes paused, listened, and looked eagerly toward the pike. Sure enough, the clattering sound of a galloping horse could be distinctly heard coming nearer and nearer, and in a moment a white horse bearing the county officer dashes recklessly through the crowd, which opens to let him in, and then closes behind him.

"Make way, hold on, stand back," cried the burly rider, waving his revolver and alighting close to the prisoner, whom he wrenched from the grasp of the fellows holding the sapling down. "I'll shoot the first man that moves. This is my man. In the name of the commonwealth I arrest—"

He did not finish the sentence, for suddenly there passed above his head a formidable piece of wood, and the Sheriff, his slouched hat and pocket gun were knocked in three different directions, and the big, stalwart officer fell with such force upon the ground that it was several seconds before he turned over, rose upon his knees, and rubbed his head and shoulder and looked around in a confused way for the supposed thunderbolt which had struck him.

"Georgy, my boy," said one of the laughing by standers, as the dazed Sheriff brushed the dirt from his face and felt on the ground for his revolver, "don't you know it is a contempt of Court to interrupt it with your circus business? Be mum, now ye hear—and shet your eyes and ears, or you'll get worse nor that."

The Sheriff took the hint, for he crawled aside to the stump of a tree, and crouching behind it, watched slyly the sinister proceedings.

But another man had been watching the unexpected interruption, and saw in it the one golden opportunity of his life, and this was the prisoner. The man that held him had been knocked down by the reckless rider, and the horse was standing tossing his head within two feet of him. Bill saw his chance, and in a flash mounted the horse, crouched almost flat on the mane, and struck boldly out for liberty.

As he plunged beneath the branches and shot past the trees, a running fire of pistol shots followed him, scattering the bark and branches, but missing the fugitive in the obscurity, who kicked, tugged and lashed the frightened horse into wild leaps and plunges.

To me this was better than the deus ex machina of the ancient play, that Bill should escape by his own efforts. I wished him success for obvious reasons. What were the precepts of Coke, the explanations of Kent, and the judgments of Marshall—what were law colleges with their professors, moot Courts and libraries—and what even were Courts of justice, with their juries and talking lawyers, if this were to be the tribunal of the future? The music of the future had discords enough which arose from other causes than the sharps and flats arranged in lines by Wagner; but what would become of one's nerves if Justice Lynch was to be the justice of the future? So the flying Bill had at least one, nay—counting the Sheriff—two well-wishers.

But it so happened that just as the fugitive reached the open road, and rose up in his saddle to see if the coast were clear, the clouds which had veiled the moon suddenly faded into mist, and the light shone full on and tinted with silver the black hair and head of the culprit, and there came from the forest the loud, sharp crack of a rifle, which cut through the air with an ominous whiz!

One could see the horse turn and suddenly stop, the rider throw up his arms in wild despair or pain, and then fall backward to the ground with a thud that shook the earth and made even the followers of Judge Lynch tremble. There was an instantaneous rush of the mob to where the body was lying in the road, and it was picked up and laid upon the sidewalk for inspection. The inquest was short, as the fitful light of the lanterns showed that a hole had been made in his head wide enough to let out Bill's wretched life, and the half-closed eyes looked colder and crueler than ever.

"Dead and no mistake, eh?" was the eager inquiry, as each constituent of Judge Lynch's Court examined and assured himself that the people's mandate had been perfectly executed.

And then they dispersed as quickly and as tracklessly as a flock of birds at the sound of a hunter's shot. They disappeared as if by magic, and left only the Sheriff, his horse, Long Jim and a couple of bystanders. The colloquy which followed was amusing as well as instructive.

Sheriff (still rubbing his head and sizing the bump on the back of it with his fingers)—Yes, sneak away like a lot of thieves! I know you. See if I don't fill the county jail with a batch of you devils before long. This is murder in the first degree, and my evidence will hang somebody. I say, Jim, did you hit me?

Long Jim (still caressing his rifle)—Not yet, Georgy.

Sheriff—No; and you'd better not commence, I tell yer. You had better slink away with the rest. This was murder, and don't you forget it. Bill was entitled to a fair trial and justice.

Long Jim (scornfully)—Fair trial and justice?

Sheriff—Yes, a fair trial and justice, by G—.

Long Jim—Where do you git them things? Not in your legal circuit, old boy. You kin git lawyers' jaw and Jege Wagglewaggle. Justice? Nary justice. Now, Georgy, just close up your head—I mean the front of it. Go and get the Coroner, and don't tell what yer don't know—do you mind?

I left Long Jim laying down the law, and the Sheriff listening, and I judge that the argument used was convincing, for the papers a day or two afterward announced the verdict of the Coroner as "justifiable homicide, while escaping from the Sheriff and his posse."

As I passed the spot where the victim was lying, the pitiable pathos of the silent figure was increased by the woman that bent above it and sobbed, "Oh, Bill," and kissed the knotted fingers that had often struck her in anger. But human justice has this trait with the divine, that it makes the innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty.

This is the only time I ever met Judge Lynch, and I must admit that the meeting, although short, was impressive, and I never see one of those Judges which political conventions furnish shuffling and trifling with the scales of Justice—slipping his fingers down upon the beam—but I fancy I see behind him the Court pageant of that other itinerant Judge—with his rope and unerring rifle—I mean Judge Lynch.—*Henry Hooper in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

GLAD SUNSHINE FILLS THE SKY.

Talk not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines
Lay their long shafts of shadow; the small rill,
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of bees,
In the thin grasses the crickets pipe no more;
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,
And drops his nutshells from the shag-bark trees.

Softly the dark-green hemlocks whisper; high
Above, the spires of yellowing larches show
Where the woodpecker and home-loving crow
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy.

Oh, gracious beauty, ever new and old!
Oh, sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
The sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when God gives us spring!

—*J. G. Whittier, in the Atlantic.*

Carl Dunder's Philosophy.

If I find a man who vhas honest und oopright I doan' go back on him pecause he eats mit his knife.

Vhen somepody comes to me und says dis worldt vhas all a sham und dot all men vhas dishonest, I doan' say nottings. I look a leedle out dot he doan' steal my beer glasses und deceive me py his lies.

Some men vhill lay for you for a dozen years, und some time vhen you shtub your toe dey vhill shump in und shudge your whole character by der remarks indulged in at dot time.

It vhas pooty easy to wonder how dis mans or dot mans gets along so well and dond't work, but we doan' stop a leedle to see if he doan' wonder der same mit us.

If an oldt man comes to me und asks if he should get married again I tell him it vhas all right. It vhas one of der vhays he can make a fool of himself according to law.

Maype it vhas all right dot some mans vhas very rich und some very poor. If dis vhas not so der poor mans would have nothing to compare himself to und no care for wealth.

Some eafnings vhen I vhas in my own house a tramp comes along und shtrikes me for a quarter to get a night's lodging. I owe him nothing, und he vhas a fraud, but I gif it to him pecause if he schump in der river und I vhas on der Coroner's shury it damage me fife dollar.

Vhen some peoples meet mit troubles dey vhas all knocked to pieces, ash if it vhas totally unoxpected. I belief dot der Lord oxpected troubles und minfortunes for der whole human race, und dot der man who shlips aroundt 'em vhas too mean to go to heafen.

Der line between ignorance und vice vhas so narrer dot der want of a nickel vhill push a man oafer. Not dot some ignorant men vhas not honest, but dot ignorance vhil make a man pelief dot der vhorld owes him a living. Vhen he gets dot idea he vhas ready to shteal der living which der worlds owes someyody else.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mary Queen of Scots.

Though born in Scotland, Mary Stuart never possessed great fluency in the language of the country over which she was called to rule. Her knowledge of it was acquired chiefly, if not wholly, after her return from France. Her father, from whom she might have learned it in childhood, she never knew. For her mother the northern Doric remained through life a foreign tongue. The attendants with whom she was surrounded in her earliest infancy were either French or had been educated in France. It is therefore questionable whether she could express herself in what was nominally her native tongue, even when she sailed from Dumbarton on her journey to the Court of the Valois. That she forgot whatever she may then have known of it is beyond doubt. Seven years after she had left France she was still making efforts to learn English, using translations—among others an English version of the Psalms—for the purpose, but not meeting with signal success. Conversing with Nicholas White, as late as 1569, she began with excuses for "her ill English, declaring herself more willing than apt to learn the language." It was toward the end of the same year that she wrote what she herself describes as her first letter in English. This circumstance may warrant its reproduction, though as a historical document merely it possesses no importance. It is addressed to Sir Francis Knollys: "Mester Knollis, y heuu har sum neus from Scotland; y sen zou the double off them y vreit to the quin my gud mother, and pres zou to du the lyk, conforme to that y spak zesternicht vnto zou, and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion, and wil lipne better in zour gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad zou, nemli in this language; excus my iuel vreitin for y neuuer vsed it afor, and am hestet. * * * Excus my iuel vreitin thes furst tym."—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

"THE SKIN OF MY TEETH."—It may be interesting to note that this expression, which by many is regarded as vulgar slang, has really the high classical authority of the Bible. It is Job (ix., 20) who exclaims, in his anguish, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth!" Some common sayings, such as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," "Pouring oil on the troubled waters," "The war-horse scents the battle from afar," etc., are supposed to be in the Bible, though not so. But there are not many who, in using the expression of hanging on or being saved by the "skin of their teeth," know the high authority for its use.—*Notes and Queries.*

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are suited to every age. They are mild and pleasant in action, thorough and searching in effect, and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. These pills never fail to give satisfaction.

Politics will take a man from obscurity and make him great, and take a prominent man and send him to obscurity; but while honest men become thieves through political influence, thieves have never been made honest by politics.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

A fair, sweet flower has faded soon;
The sun has sunk ere yet 'twas noon.
Within the Shepherd's tender fold
There lies a lamb so still and cold;
For from beyond the starlit sky
There soared an angel from on high,
And whispering soft and sweet and low
She bade the gentle spirit go
With her unto that golden shore
Where pain and sorrow are no more;
Where dwell the pure, the good, the blest,
Where weary pilgrims are at rest.

Weep not, oh friends and parents dear;
Oh spare that sob and bitter tear.
Grieve not o'er earthly, soulless clay,
But think of that reunion day
When you will cross that mystic way,
Which she has crossed so soon before,
And waits upon the heavenly shore.

—A CLASS-MATE.

CHASED BY A SHE BEAR.

On Friday morning last, writes a Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York *Sun*, Hiram and Cyrus Whitlock, aged fifteen and thirteen years, sons of Farmer Alanson Whitlock, of Spring Brook Township, took their sleds and started across Shiny mountain to visit their uncle, Phineas Beckwith, in the adjoining township. The distance was about five miles, through forest and fields. A playful young shepherd dog accompanied them, and as soon as they entered the woods near the base of the hill, they took the strap off the dog's neck and let him run wherever he choose to, but keeping within sight. When they got to the top of hill they sat down on their sleds to rest, and while thus seated they heard the dog making a noise a few rods away, as though he was at play with another dog. The boys whistled for him, but he did not come, and that surprised them.

Hiram and Cyrus then left their sleds and hurried into the thicket, where they found the dog rolling and tumbling in the snow with a small cub bear. The cub was just as full of play as the dog, and they didn't let up a particle at the presence of the boys. Mr. Whitlock's sons were completely carried away with the antics of the two young animals who had got so well acquainted in such a short time, and for several minutes they stood and watched them. Then Hiram began to realize that there would be lots of trouble for their young dog, and possibly for themselves, if the cub's mother should suddenly pop in upon them, and he said he guessed he would snatch up the dog and take him away.

"What's the matter with takin' the cub along, too?" said Cyrus. "He ain't much bigger'n the dog, an' I could carry him under me arm till we got out o' the woods, an' then we could make him walk."

Hiram thought it over a minute, and then said they would try. So Cyrus crept slyly up behind the cub and grabbed it, and Hiram ran back after the sleds. While he was gone the cub began to whimper and try his best to get away, but Cyrus held on to him firmly, and the little dog, who seemed to think that the cub was an extraordinary playfellow, hopped up and down and barked, as much as to say that he wanted to have the cub put down so that he could play with it more. On their way through the woods the boys took turns to carry the cub. It was a good deal heavier than it looked to be when they saw it rolling around with the dog, and, as they had to climb over many rocks and fallen trees, they were pretty tired when they reached the first open field. But they had made up their minds to take the little captive over to their Uncle Phineas', if nothing prevented them; and as soon as they got to the clearing they hitched their sleds together, tied the still whining cub fast to the top of the front sled, made the dog stop his noise, and started on a trot across the field, dragging the sleds and cub behind them.

It was a mighty sight more fun than they had expected to get out of the journey over to their uncle's, and they enjoyed it greatly, laughing heartily, and telling one another how astonished their uncle and aunt would be when they put the little cub down in the dooryard, and what they were going to do with the cub after that. Preeently they reached the brow of a hill, and then they both got on the sled, with the cub between them, and rode to the foot, the dog keeping close to them. A short distance from there they had to ascend another hill, and they took a good rest in the hollow before they started. As they were about to move along, Cyrus glanced back to the top of the hill down which they had coasted, and saw something that made his eyes bulge out. He became very pale before he called his brother's attention to what he had seen, for the object was a big bear, the sight of which made them both wish they were in their uncle's warm farm-house.

They concluded at once that the bear was the cub's mother, because she was very uneasy and seemed to be looking for something along the brow of the hill. As it was evident that she had not discovered them, they made up their minds to remain right where they were until she had got tired of hunting for her cub and gone back to the woods. Just then the dog barked like everything, for no apparent reason, and the dog's noise made the cub cry louder than it had yet done. The little captive's cries reached the ears of the old bear, and a few seconds later she was tearing down the hill at a rate that made the lads shudder. The danger they were in flashed before them as quick as a wink, and they seized the rope and rushed up the hill a little faster than they had intended to do, looking back every few steps to see how the big bear was getting along.

When they were about half way up the hill they saw that the old bear was about to overhaul them before they got to the top, and so they let go the rope and hastened to get as far away as possible. As soon as they dropped the rope the sleds ran backward down the hill, and when they passed the mother-bear she recognized her whimpering cub, and, turning about she followed the sleds into the hollow. Before the sleds were half way to the bottom they upset, and as they went tumbling along the cub was on top only now and then. When the lads saw the old bear turn back they tried to call their dog to them. But he dashed after the sleds, and they stood still and watched the old bear. A minute or so after the sleds came to a stop the old bear was at the side of her cub. The dog got there before she did, and when he undertook to play with her she knocked the life out of him with one stroke of her big paw. The lads saw that their dog was dead, and they knew that it would be folly for them to attempt to get to their sleds, and so they made tracks for their uncle's house as fast as they could.

Uncle Phineas was thrashing in the barn when Hiram and Cyrus got there, all out of breath, but they soon told him of their exploit, intimating to him that the old bear might be found and shot if some one would go back right away and hunt for her. In a little while Farmer Beckwith told his neighbor, Jeff. Pierce, about the fun ahead, and then Uncle Phineas and Jeff. shouldered their rifles, and the boys led the way over to where they had left the bears and their sleds. They found the old bear in the hollow trying to release her cub, and Jeff. blazed away at her. She looked up that way and growled, and then Uncle Phineas pulled trigger on her, and she keeled over and lay still. When they got to her she was dead, and they untied the cub, placed the body of the mother on the sleds, and marched over to the farm-house, Hiram and Cyrus carrying the lonesome cub, as they had done while picking their way over the fallen trees in the forest. The next day they took the cub home with them, and will try to make it take the place of the pet dog.

The Cause of Consumption.

Scrofula, manifesting itself in blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt-rheum, and other blemishes of the skin, is but too apt by and by to infect the delicate tissues of the lungs also, and result in ulceration, thus ending in consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will meet and vanquish the enemy in its stronghold of the blood and cast it out of the system. All druggists.

A PERFECTLY sound body and a mind unimpaired are possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both hand and brain.

Agent—"Have you a burglar alarm in your house, Madam?" Lady of the house—"Well, we did have last week. A burglar came into the house Tuesday night and fell over a stack of milk pans. Talk about alarms! You ought to have heard that!"—*Burlington Free Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup.
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER AND AGUE,
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.
The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main st., LOUISVILLE, Ky.
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S.S.S.
CURES
Cancer,
Scrofula,
Eczema,
Blood Poison
Malaria,
Ulcers,
and all Diseases
Caused from
Impure Blood

Cancer of the Tongue.
My wife, some three or four years ago, was troubled with an ulcer on the side of her tongue near the throat. The pain was incessant, causing loss of sleep and producing great nervous prostration. Accompanying this trouble was rheumatism. It had passed from the shoulders and centered in the wrist of one hand, she almost losing the use of it. Between the suffering of the two life had grown burdensome. By the use of a half dozen small-sized bottles of Swift's Specific she was entirely relieved and restored to health. This was three years ago, and there has been no return of the disease.
H. L. MIDDLEBROOKS.
Sparta, Ga., June 5, 1886.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. 157 W. 23d street, N. Y.

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO
BENSON'S
Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Strains.
CAPCINE
Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for BENSON'S AND TAKE NO —OTHER.—
PLASTER
THE BEST IN THE WORLD
SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York. d13-6mMWS

J&T COUSINS
NEW YORK
SHOES
FOR LADIES, MISSES & CHILDREN
Embody the highest excellencies in shapeliness, comfort and durability and are the reigning favorites in fashionable circles.
Our name is on every sole. J. & T. COUSINS, NEW YORK.
Agents for SACRAMENTO,
Weinstock & Lubin.
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Being More Pleasant
TO THE TASTE, MORE ACCEPTABLE TO the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy,
SYRUP OF FIGS
Is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. Large bottles for sale by all leading druggists.
jy12-1yTuThS

Ladies
Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

INSANE ASYLUM SUPPLIES.

PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES
—FOR THE—
State Insane Asylum!

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE of the State of California, entitled "An Act Concerning the Insane Asylum of the State of California," approved April 4, 1870, and the existing law governing said institution, SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by N. M. ORR, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Insane Asylum of the State of California, at his office, 154 Levee street, Stockton, up to 2 o clock P. M., on

Saturday, the 23d day of April, 1887,

For furnishing the following supplies to said Asylum for the term of six months, commencing MAY 1, 1887, and ending NOVEMBER 1, 1887. Said supplies consisting of the following schedule, and to be delivered as ordered:

Groceries and Provisions.

8,000 pounds S. I. sugar.
7,000 pounds Golden C. sugar.
4,000 pounds fine crushed sugar.
4,000 pounds cube sugar.
9,000 pounds Costa Rica coffee.
1,800 pounds black tea.
1,200 pounds Japan tea, natural leaf, uncolored.
9,000 pounds dairy salt.
500 pounds Duryea's starch.
18,000 pounds white pea beans.
8,000 pounds China rice, No. 1.
400 gallons S. I. syrup.
1,600 gallons American golden syrup.
140 gallons coal oil, Pratt's Astral.
450 gallons wine vinegar.
12 dozen Bath brick.
12 half-barrels Columbia river salmon.
12 cases codfish, 100 pounds each.
108 pounds bi-carbonate soda.
36 reams straw paper.
300 pounds black pepper, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds mustard, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds ginger, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds allspice, in 5-pound cans.
500 pounds Whittaker hams.
600 pounds bacon, Eastern.
600 pounds soda crackers, No. 1.
180 pounds Royal Baking Powder.
1,000 pounds oatmeal.
1,000 pounds germen.
300 pounds pearl tapioca.
400 pounds German prunes.
400 pounds dried currants.
1,000 dozen fresh California eggs.
10 gross safety matches, large size.
3 dozen Lucca olive oil.
24 boxes macaroni, No. 1.
50 pounds Sluing.

Laundry Soap, Lye and Soda.

6,000 pounds laundry soap.
2,400 pounds concentrated lye.
6,000 pounds sal soda.

Flour, Bran and Grain.

1,100 barrels bakers' extra flour.
12 barrels graham flour.
15,000 pounds cornmeal.
15,000 pounds cracked wheat.
15,000 pounds ground barley.
10,000 pounds bran.
5,000 pounds shorts.

Clothing and Hats.

90 dozen gray wool overshirts, 27 inches wide by 33 inches long.
72 dozen hickory shirts, 27 inches wide by 33 inches long.
30 dozen cottonade coats—size, 37 to 42.
18 dozen cottonade vests—size, 37 to 42.
60 dozen cottonade pants, canton flannel lined—size (waist), 32 to 42.
12 dozen duck overalls, canton flannel lined—size (waist), 32 to 42.
240 dozen pair wool socks
6 dozen linen coats—size, 37 to 42.
18 dozen suspenders.
60 dozen wool hats—size, from 7 to 7⅝.

Dry Goods.

1,000 yards 6-4 unbleached Fequot sheeting—full width.
1,000 yards 4-4 unbleached Indian Head sheeting.
400 yards 4-4 W. R. muslin, bleached.
200 yards 4-4 Wamsutta cotton, bleached.
200 yards 8-4 Pequot bleached sheeting.
200 yards 5-4 Pequot bleached sheeting.
600 yards Stevens' linen crash, P. brown.
200 yards standard prints.
500 yards Amoskeag Cheviot.
600 yards York 1.
500 yards Amoskeag plaid gingham, assorted patterns.
60 yards table linen.
100 dozen Coates' cotton thread.
40 dozen ladies' cotton hose.
6 dozen unbleached huck towels—18x35.
10 dozen ladies' linen handkerchiefs.
10 dozen men's Turkey-red handkerchiefs—24 inch.
2 dozen white bedspreads.
25 pounds Barbour's drab linen carpet thread, 1 pound boxes.

Shoes.

42 dozen men's brogans, from 8 to 12.
42 dozen men's slippers, from 8 to 12.
36 dozen ladies' buskins from 4 to 8.
18 dozen ladies' carpet slippers, from 4 to 8.

Brooms and Brushes.

48 dozen California brooms.
6 dozen scrub brushes.
3 dozen whitewash brushes.
2 dozen hair floor brushes.

Crockery and Glassware.

12 dozen tumblers.
3 dozen goblets.
2 dozen tubular lantern globes.
12 dozen cups and saucers.
12 dozen coffee mugs.
8 dozen soup plates.
8 dozen breakfast plates.
8 dozen dinner plates.
6 dozen chambers.

Tobacco.

1,700 pounds plug tobacco, ¼ pound plugs.
6 gross fine-cut tobacco, in oz. packages.

Ice.

20,000 pounds ice.

Keg Butter.

16,000 pounds first quality of Humboldt keg butter, No. 1.

Fresh Dairy Butter.

5,000 pounds fresh dairy butter, No. 1.

Potatoes.

180,000 pounds potatoes, No. 1.

Fresh Beef and Mutton.

187,000 pounds fresh beef, No. 1, to be delivered in sides and cut up at the Asylum.
30,000 pounds fresh mutton, No. 1.

Coal.

600 tons coal, to be delivered on the wharf in Stockton as ordered, wharfage to be paid by contractor.

Bidders are required to specify the kind of coal, by naming the mine from which it is taken, or using the name by which it is designated in commerce. 2240 pounds will be required for a ton, the coal to be weighed at Stockton at the expense of the Asylum, on scales licensed and employed for public use.

60 tons Wellington coal, to be delivered as ordered.

The above-named articles are all to be of the best qualities, subject to the approval of the Medical Superintendent, and to be delivered at such times and in such quantities as he may desire. And it is understood that if a greater quantity of any article than above mentioned shall be required by the Medical Superintendent, the same shall be furnished by the contractor at the contract price. The different contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder; and no bid will be considered unless accompanied with a written guarantee, signed by at least two responsible persons, that the party making the proposal will enter into contract and furnish bonds for the faithful performance thereof, provided the contract is awarded to said party.

The Board reserves the right to reject all bids deemed too high, or otherwise unsatisfactory.

Parties to whom contracts shall be awarded shall file bonds with the Secretary, N. M. Orr, on or before May 1, 1887.

Separate bids will be received for:
Groceries and Provisions.
Laundry Soap, Lye and Soda.
Flour, Bran and Grain.
Clothing and Hats.
Dry Goods.
Shoes.
Brooms and Brushes.
Crockery and Glassware.
Tobacco.
Keg Butter.
Fresh Dairy Butter.
Potatoes.
Fresh Beef and Mutton.
Coal.
Ice.

Payment to be made monthly in cash.

Bids to be addressed to N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Insane Asylum, Stockton, and indorsed on the envelope: "Proposals for Furnishing Supplies."

Samples of articles required may be seen at the storeroom of the Asylum; excepting towels, table linen, bedspreads, handkerchiefs, buskins, carpet slippers and tobacco, sam