IT WAS FATE.

THE HEROINE OF A DARING STAGE ROBBERY.

Detective Hume's Thrilling Story of the Robbery of the Grass Valley Stage, July 27, 1873.

[Written by Ed. Munson, from data furnished by J. B. Hume, Chief Special Officer of Wells, Fargo & Co.]

In 1873, before the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad was built, passengers, mail and express matter for Nevada City, Grass Valley and adjoining camps were carried by stage from Colfax, on the Central Pacific Railroad. To accommodate the traffic two six-horse coaches were run daily between Colfax and Nevada City during the week, but on Sunday only one coach made the trip. These coaches had three seats on the inside, accommodating three passengers each; on the seat with the driver there was room for one more, and on the top or deck of the stage two other seats, called dickey seats, made room for six passengers, so that the total capacity of the stage was sixteen passengers.

To protect in a measure the large shipments of treasure carried on the line by Wells, Fargo & Co., a wrought-iron safe was built into the back part of the stage, and, being cushioned on top, served as the inside back seat of the coach.

On the afternoon of Sunday, July 27, 1873, a handsome and remarkably intelligent-looking young lady, whose name appeared upon the stage books as Miss E. Webber, was watching with an interest which clearly betrayed its ownership the hoisting of a large trunk to the deck of one of these coaches standing in front of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office at Colfax.

After the trunk had been placed in position and securely lashed, the mail-bags thrown on and the express agent, Mr. Story, had put a pouch containing $7,000 in gold coin, and three packages containing $50, $18 and $10, respectively, in the safe and carefully locked the same, the young lady was assisted into the coach and took her place on the back seat immediately over the treasure. The other passengers, eleven in number—all men—now clambered to their seats. Judge T. B. McFarland, now of the Supreme Court; E. Black Ryan, at present the well-known railroad attorney, and the Hon. W. R. Tully took the "dickey" seat beyond Hon. A. A. Sargent and the driver, Bob Scott, while an extra driver, George Sutton, occupied the rear dickey seat. The remainder, among whom were C. C. Coolidge, C. M. Mason, K. Caspar and Mr. Clements, bestowed themselves inside the coach.

The presence of so many prominent lawyers upon the same stage is accounted for by the fact that Court opened in Nevada City the following day, and the trial of an important civil suit, involving a large amount of money, was to begin. After everything was finally secured and all being in readiness, the coach at last started, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, for Nevada City and Grass Valley.

The road for the first few miles led, with many curves and windings, down to Bear river, yet with such an easy and regular descent that the team made the entire distance on a lively trot. It was the very poetry of staging. Rounding a rugged point at one moment, the leaders would disappear, engulfed apparently in the pale blue atmosphere which hangs over dizzy hights, the next swinging around the point, the wheels grazing the very verge of an abyss, where far below, through depths of swimming air, gleamed the foaming waters of Bear river, would glide into the shadowy recess of some dark ravine, through whose murmuring depths of clustering cedars welled up the cool refreshing plash of falling stream.

After crossing the Bear river the grade was ascending, and progress necessarily much slower. With so many of the brightest minds of the State on board, however, it can easily be believed that conversation never flagged, but with witty sallies and brilliant repartee, as the coach toiled slowly up the grade, Time's lagging footsteps were unnoticed. In this intellectual exercise our young lady on the back seat took no unimportant part, but by her intelligence, wit and vivacity gained the undisguised but respectful admiration of the entire party.

The summit of the grade was reached just as the setting sun was gilding the western horizon. From the dusky valley silently up the Sierra's slopes the somber hosts of night came stealing. Hight after hight fell before that resistless advance, till only from the loftiest peaks flamed the banners of retiring day. Softly and peacefully that summer Sabbath was drawing to a close. The dusty chaparral by the roadside rustled with the skurrying flight of timid cottontails, while from the manzanita on the hillside the mellow-voiced quail piped its vesper. "The shrill cicada, people of the pine" led nature's stringed orchestra, and the myriad-voiced hymn of insect life rose throbbing through the soft evening air.

The passengers on the coach were not insensible to the charm of the hour, and as the coach rolled onward in the long summer twilight, yielding to the spell of the moment E. Black Ryan essayed in mellifluous tones the execution of that sweet old Irish melody, "The Low-backed Car."

The stage was now nearing the lower end of Sheet's ranch, some four or five miles out of Grass Valley, the inclosing fence of which ran along the north or right hand side of the road. The team was walking slowly, and the passengers were listening enchanted to Mr. Ryan, who, reclining in his seat with head thrown back, completely absorbed in his musical effort, was rendering in a manner entirely his own, a difficult passage in the story of Peggy, when four armed, masked men, stepped from a gateway in the fence and formed across the road. The next moment the passengers found themselves covered by three shotguns and a revolver, and the stage and the song came to a sudden halt at one and the same moment. Silence followed for a few moments, and was becoming positively oppressive, when Bob Scott, the driver, hoping, possibly, that their designs might be upon the singer and not upon the treasure box, asked: "What do you want?" and then, the ice being broken as it were, Mr. Ryan, in a voice intended to be kind and conciliatory, inquired: "Yes, boys, what does this mean?"

"We want that treasure-box," was the concise reply. Ryan breathed freely once more, and the driver, with sublime readiness responded, "It's on the other stage." This unexpected information seemed to stagger the highwayman, but quickly recovering himself, he said: "Well, we will keep you till the other stage comes up."

Another trying pause ensued, and seeing that escape was impossible, Bob Scott said: "It's no use fooling any longer, this is the only stage to-night."

"That's what we thought," remarked one of the highwaymen, briskly. "Climb down from there and unhitch your team." The passenger were ordered out of the stage, and they, with the driver and his team, under guard of two of the robbers, marched some thirty feet ahead of the stage and formed in line along the fence, the yawning muzzle of a shotgun at either end of the line serving to maintain more than strict military rigidity of deportment.

The other two highwaymen then attacked the treasure-box. It was secured by a double lock, a padlock and hasp on the outside, and a second lock set into the iron door. The padlock was quickly broken with an old pick, and then producing powder and fuse, they were making preparations to blow open the second lock. The young lady who was at the end of the line had watched the entire proceedings with great coolness and nerve, but now realizing their purpose, she spoke for the first time since the appearance of the highwaymen:

"Gentlemen," she said, entreatingly, "it is evident that you are going to use powder to blow open the safe, and my trunk, which is on the deck of the stage, will in all probability be blown to pieces. It contains all that I possess in the world, and while its destruction will not benefit you in the least it will be an irreparable loss to me. I beg of you to take it down."

"Certainly, miss, with the greatest pleasure," gallantly responded one of the robbers, and putting down the can of powder he climbed nimbly to the deck of the stage, and, unfastening the trunk, slid it carefully down over the boot, where it was received by his companion, and deposited on the ground out of danger from the explosion. As he did this, the young lady, who was anxiously watching the proceeding, obtained a fleeting glimpse of the man's face. Then, as they resumed their work the lock was soon charged, the fuse lighted, and the two men quickly withdrew to a place of safety, and awaited developments. A minute passed and no explosion occurred. One of the men, impatient at the delay, approached the stage and looked in, but quickly jumped back. There was a sudden hiss, a spurt of red fire, and a loud report woke the slumbering echoes of the hills.

Before the smoke had cleared away the two robbers had returned to the coach, and in a few minutes the shattered treasure box was relieved of its contents.

"All right, boys!" cried the leader, "come on," and the passengers and their guard started toward the coach, the latter walking backward, with their leveled shotguns covering the excited passengers, and admonishing them not to be in too great a hurry. When they had reached the coach the two robbers who had blown open the safe had already passed through the opening in the inclosure, but one of them returned and picked up the box which had contained the powder and fuse, and then being joined by the two who had been guarding the passengers, the whole party turned their backs on the passengers and quickly disappeared through the open gate into the chaparral.

The stage at first appeared to be completely demolished. The top of the iron box had been bent double and hurled through the roof of the stage, fragments of the lock were blown through the box and floor of the coach, and the lining was ripped off and the wood work of the stage was badly shattered, but fortunately the running gear was found to be uninjured. After the disappearance of the highwaymen, it required but a few moments for the two drivers to hitch up the team and replace the precious trunk. The passengers resumed places in the dilapidated vehicle, and without further mishap they soon saw the twinkling lights of Grass Valley. Conversation languished, however, and Mr. Ryan did not resume the interrupted melody, and in fact he positively asserts that the tune of "Peggy in the Low-backed Car" was carried away by the highwaymen, with other more material treasure, on that memorable evening, and he has never since been able to strike it.

The remainder of the ride was made in silence, and after reaching Grass Valley the stage was driven to an address previously given to the driver, and Miss Webber and her rescued trunk deposited before the door of a comfortable looking cottage on the outskirts of the town. A small, neat dooryard was inclosed by a picket fence that gleamed white in the lamplight that streamed from door and windows, and this unusual illumination gave evidence that the arrival of their visitor was not unexpected. The lady of the house hastened to meet her, and after giving her a cordial greeting directed the disposal of the trunk and led the way in the house.

Miss Webber, while returning with easy graciousness the kindness heaped upon her by the inmates of the house, was evidently disturbed by finding only the members of this family awaiting her arrival, and finally made inquiries of her hostess regarding the non-appearance of the gentleman she came there to meet. A voluble explanation followed, from which Miss Webber learned that the party she expected had been suddenly summoned a short distance into the country, but all was arranged and his return expected at any moment. After partaking of an inviting repast, at the suggestion of her hostess, Miss Webber repaired to her room and soon forgot, in the agreeable occupation of the toilet, the momentary feeling of distrust and disappointment which she had experienced upon learning of the absence of the person she had reason to expect would meet her upon her arrival.

By the time all travel stains had been effaced and she had donned a modest but elegant dress, she knew by the demonstrations about the house that another arrival had taken place, and almost immediately her hostess appeared and glowing with suppressed excitement, informed her that now they only waited her appearance. Though unprepared for such a precipitate course of action, she made no objection, and taking a final survey of her appearance followed the woman into an adjoining room.

Two men, one of whom was evidently a clergyman, seated in the middle of the room rose at her entrance and quietly greeted her, while a third, who had been standing partly concealed in the shadow at the further side of the room, stepped quickly up to Miss Webber and with a brief glance at her face signed to the clergyman, and with no other preliminaries that gentleman opened his book, and at that moment a marriage service began. The woman, who had not yet lifted her eyes, started slightly when the man at her side made the usual responses, and she heard for the first time the tones of his voice, but she made no effort to see his partly-averted face. When the final words had been spoken the groom, clasping her hand closely, leaned toward her to impress upon her lips the customary salute, and as his face almost touched her own, the light from a shaded lamp above them fell full upon his features. At this first view of the man to whom she was married every vestige of color fled from the face of the woman. With an inarticulate cry of loathing and horror she tore herself from his grasp and fled from the room. The man stood like one stunned for a moment, and then as though attacked by a sudden guilty consciousness, he hurriedly left the house without any further attempt to see his bride and with no attempt at explanation.

The newly-made wife remained locked up in her room for hours, and whether or not she ever relieved the consuming curiosity of the spectators of this strange and mysterious marriage, certain it is that her first request of the family was to leave an order on the stage book for them to call for her upon the following morning. This was done, and early the next day a saddened and weary-eyed woman, who bore little resemblance to the handsome, sparkling girl who had been a passenger on the stage the day before, climbed into the coach and sank dejectedly into a seat. The trunk of many vicissitudes was again put in place, but this time unwatched by the owner's eager eyes, and the stage rolled away.

That same day a man named Charley Thompson, alias Bill Early, who was known to be an ex-convict, was arrested for complicity in the robbery the day before. There was at that time no evidence to hold him, but his character was known and he was arrested and held on suspicion.

Previous to the events just narrated the Downieville stage was stopped near Oregon House, Yuba county, on the 23d of June, 1873, and three masked men robbed Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure-box, securing a gold bar six inches long, two and one-half inches wide and one inch thick, valued at $2,200, $381 in coin, and $100 in gold dust.

During the early part of August, 1873, while the officers were still exercised over the robbery of the Colfax and Grass Valley stage, an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance arrived at the quiet and secluded village of Coloma, El Dorado county, and put up at the hotel kept by Mrs. Hank Meyers under the name of Robert Walker, stating that he was a mining superintendent, having been lately employed at the St. Patrick's mine, at Ophir, in Placer county. Having deposited with the landlady some thousand dollars in gold coin and a small bar of gold bullion, he turned in to have a nice, quiet, convivial time. He was very liberal with his money and won the sympathies of all the parents of the town by making presents to the children. Whenever he saw a barefooted child of needy appearance he would at once present it with from $2 50 to $5 to buy shoes, hats, or whatever seemed most needed. In fact, his deportment at all times was so polite and gentlemanly that he gained the affections of the entire community, and it was a subject of almost universal regret that one so good and generous should be so addicted to over-indulgence in the wine-cup.

On the 9th of August, Cal Montgomery, of Coloma, being on a visit to Placerville, chanced to inform J. B. Hume of the good angel who had taken up his abode in Coloma, and the latter, who was comparatively familiar with the incidents of the recent robberies of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure boxes, decided at once to investigate the unusual phenomenon at Coloma. As a preliminary step, he telegraphed to Ophir and learned that no such person as Walker had ever been employed in the St. Patrick mine in any capacity.

Hume then procured a team, and at midnight of August 9th he started for Coloma, reaching the latter place early on the morning of the 10th. At Hume's request Mrs. Myers produced the coin and bar of gold deposited by Walker. This bar had evidently been cut from a larger bar with a cold chisel, and from appearances was a portion of the one stolen in the Oregon House stage robbery of June 23d, and many of the gold $20 pieces were bent and powder-burned, as if they had gone through an explosion.

Hume was directed by Mrs. Myers to the room occupied by Walker, where he found the ma i in bed.

"Get up," said Hume; "I want you."

"Want me? What for?" inquired the astonished and half-awakened philanthropist.

"For stage-robbing. Put on your clothes and come with me. I am going to take you to Placerville."

The man arose and pu on his clothes and was taken down stairs, where his captor said to him: "You have some money here with the landlady, and as it is probable that you will not be here again very soon, you may as well turn it over to me and I will give you a receipt for it."

After some demur the man did as Hume suggested, and the latter, after taking possession of the money, ironed the man and placing him in his buggy started for Placerville. Walker, being suddenly cut off from stimulants after his protracted spell of hard drinking, was in a state of nervousness bordering on delirium tremens, and in no condition to talk intelligently.

Hume's first care after placing him in a cell in the jail at Placerville, was to secure the services of Dr. Cook. Thanks to this gentleman's skillful treatment and the liberal quantities of iced chicken broth administered by Hume, Walker was soon on the way to recovery and reform. Hume then held an interview with his prisoner, pointing out to him that the gold bar in his possession was clearly a portion of the bar stolen in the Oregon House robbery, and that the bent and blackened condition of much of the coin showed conclusively that it was a share of the spoils in the Grass Valley stage robbery of July 27th, on which occasion the iron treasure-box had been blown open with powder.

On being confronted with the weight of circumstantial evidence against him, the prisoner wished to make a confession, on condition that Hume would promise him immunity from punishment for his participation in the crime. This, of course, Hume refused to do, merely informing him of the customary procedure of the Courts in the case of a prisoner who has turned State's evidence. On receiving assurances of Hume's trustworthiness, the prisoner then made a full confession in regard to both the Oregon House and the Grass Valley stage robberies, implicating as his associates in the latter James Meyers, a saloon-keeper of Grass Valley; Bill Early, alias Thompson, an old convict; N. C. Stover, a miner living near Grass Valley, and George Lane. He gave his own name as Louis Dribblesbie. Immediately upon receiving this confession, Hume telegraphed Sheriff Perrin, of Nevada City, to meet him at Grass Valley, and setting out at once Hume reached that place shortly after dark. Here he found Sheriff Perrin awaiting him, and learned from him that Stover was employed at the Coe mine, between Grass Valley and Nevada City. Perrin assured Hume that he knew Mr. Hill, the Superintendent of the mine, and that he was a reliable man, who would co-operate with them heartily when he should learn their mission. Perrin's team being in readiness, they drove at once to the Coe mine, reaching it about midnight. Superintendent Hill was aroused, and inquiries were made where Stover could be found.

Upon learning the object of their visit, the Superintendent scoffed at the idea of Stover being implicated in a robbery, stating that Stover was the most industrious and reliable man in his employ, and that he could be found in a cabin a short distance from the mine, having just returned from a hunting expedition of several days' duration. He added that the only thing which could be urged against Stover's character was the fact that he was living with a woman to whom he was not legally married. It was finally arranged that Mr. Hill should go to the cabin, and by telling Stover that the pump had broken in the mine, induce him to come up, as he had previously done, to repair it, and the officers could then interview him and satisfy themselves that he was innocent.

Hill accordingly set off, and Hume at once proposed to follow him. Perrin was in favor of waiting for Stover at the mine. Hume urged the advisability of following, claiming that Stover might take alarm and escape them. His proposition finally prevailed, and following closely after Hill, without his being aware of their proximity, and reaching the cabin at almost the same moment, stationed themselves at the side of the road where they could see without being seen.

Hill stood at the gate and called Stover, and in response the latter appeared at the door, and, learning what was wanted, replied that he would dress and repair to the mine immediately. Stover struck a light before closing the door, and by this Hume and Perrin saw Stover's dog—a large and savage brute, of whose existence Hill had warned them—enter the house, and the door was then closed. As Hill moved away, Perrin and Hume made for the house, calling out to Stover to keep back his dog. Stover, hearing their voices, again appeared at the door, and upon his inquiring what was wanted, he was informed that the Sheriff was there and wanted him.

Preceded by Stover, the officers then entered the cabin. Going to the bed, in which a woman was lying, Hume threw back the pillows and took possession of a large six-shooter. The woman now enlivened the proceedings by springing out of bed and throwing her arms around the man's neck and alternately weeping and abusing the officers.

Stover finally succeeded in getting his garments together and was taken up to the Superintendent's office at the mine and informed of the charge against him. As he stoutly maintained his innocence and nothing could be extracted from him, he was placed in the Sheriff's buggy, securely handcuffed to the seat, and Perrin started with him for the jail at Nevada City. Hume set out on foot for Grass Valley, it being arranged that Perrin would pick him up on his return from Nevada City.

Dribblesbie, in his confession had stated that Meyers' share in the spoils of the robbery, $1,400, had been buried by him (Dribblesbie) under a log in Boston Ravine, near Grass Valley, at a place which he carefully described. When Sheriff Perrin overtook Hume, they drove at once to the place described, and it being now daylight, the spot was found without difficulty. The money, however, was not there, though it was clearly evident that something had been buried there.

Returning to Grass Valley, they drove to the rear of Meyers' saloon, and Perrin pointed out the room where Meyers slept. Leaving the Sheriff in the buggy, Hume entered the room and awoke Meyers, and, upon his inquiry regarding the reason of his disturbance, Hume replied:

"A stage robbery was committed near here a short time ago, and the job was put up in this room by yourself, Bill Early, Lou Dribblesbie, N. C. Stover and George Lane. Dribblesbie buried your share of the money, $1,400, under a log in Boston Ravine, and you have since dug it up. Now, it will simplify matters for you very greatly if you will turn that money over without further trouble."

Meyers was standing in the middle of the room clad only in his undershirt, and although the early morning air was slightly chilly, he no sooner realized what was wanted than the perspiration began to break out upon him, and by the time Hume had finished his statement the clammy moisture was fairly dripping from every pore in his trembling body; but notwithstanding this, he stoutly denied all knowledge of both robbery and money.

"Very well," said Hume, "get your clothes and come along, the Sheriff is waiting for you outside." Meyers obeyed, and was soon safely behind the bars of the County Jail.

Bill Early's lawyers had already applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and as it was certain that he would be released from lack of sufficient evidence, unless Dribblesbie's testimony could be produced, it became imperatively necessary to have Dibblesbie in Nevada City to testify against him. Hume therefore telegraphed to Placerville to have Dribblesbie started for Auburn at once. Hume himself met the officer having Dribblesbie in charge at Auburn, and hurried the latter to Nevada City, and when the hearing on the writ of habeas corpus was held, his testimony was so clear and convincing that Bill Early was held to answer, thus making four of the five implicated in the robbery well on their way to conviction.

When Hume was absent from Nevada City, when he went to Auburn to meet Dribblesbie, Joe Perrin, the admirable and popular Sheriff whose able co-operation had been of such inestimable service to Hume, told Stover that it was certain that Dribblesbie's testimony would be just what Hume had outlined, and Stover becoming convinced of the hopelessness of his case, confessed to his connection with the robbery. He told Sheriff Perrin that the afternoon before he was arrested he had stood in the door of his cabin, and pointed out to the woman with whom he was living the exact spot, under a tree across a little ravine in front of the cabin, where his share of the plunder was buried. This woman, he said, was the notorious Nellie Gassway, of the Gassway family, whose unsavory record is well known throughout the State.

Sheriff Perrin and Under Sheriff Potter took Stover and drove to the spot indicated but the money was gone. A woman's track leading from the spot to the cabin indicated plainly the cause of the disappearance of the treasure. They drove to the cabin and arrested the Gassway woman, but she persisted in denying all knowledge of the money. Stover was allowed to interview her, in the hope that he could induce her to disclose its hiding place, but his efforts were of no avail, and when it became evident that nothing would induce her to disgorge she was released from custody.

Before Hume reached Nevada City with Dribblesbie, and after listening to the persuasive eloquence of Sheriff Perrin, Myers concluded also that the game was up, and Messrs. Perrin and Potter had taken a little drive with him to Grass Valley, where he restored what remained of his share of the booty.

The preliminary examination of Stover and Myers was held August 18th. Dribblesbie testified in accordance with his confession, and in due time, with Thompson, alias Early, and George Larne, who was still at large, were indicted by the Grand Jury.

Meyers, notwithstanding his confession, was induced by his attorney, J. I. Caldwell, to stand trial, but was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at San Quentin.

Stover pleaded guilty, and received a similar sentence. He died at San Quentin August 20, 1879.

The jury failed to agree in the case of Thompson, alias Early, but at his second trial, in February, 1874, he was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of fifteen years.

Meyers served his term out, and died at the County Hospital at Nevada City shortly after his release from prison.

Charley Thompson, alias Early, served his term out, but was returned to San Quentin from Amador county in 1884 for burglarizing Wells, Fargo & Co.'s safe at Drytown.

In 1874 Hume got George Lane, alias George Lester, at Virginia City, Nevada, where he had been arrested. He was tried and convicted, and received a sentence of fifteen years. He afterward, in company with Bob Clements, robbed the stage from Forbestown to Oroville, was arrested and convicted, and again sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

Dribblesbie was detained in the County Jail at Nevada City until the final disposition of the cases of his accomplices. Besides testifying before the Grand Jury, he testified publicly six times during the different examinations and trials, and, in the language of the profession, was said to be the "prettiest" witness that was ever put upon a stand. His candor and ingenuousness, together with his appearance of a venerable benefactor, won the hearts of the entire community, and the commiseration of the Bar of Nevada county. After the cases were finally disposed of, Hume furnished him transportation to his old home in Galena, Illinois, where he doubtless pursues peacefully what was his favorite pastime while at leisure here, the instruction in Bible lore of all the little children with whom he came in contact. It was learned of him that he had held, with credit to himself, the position of Sheriff in his native county, which office he resigned in 1849 to seek his fortune among the gold mines of California.

In order that our story may not seem incomplete, we must return and recite a brief history of the lady who conducted herself so strangely at the mysterious marriage which we have already described. She had grown to womanhood in an obscure little town in Northern Indiana, where her nearest neighbor and childish friend had been a boy, whose parents and family, in the little town where they lived, had been regarded as much beneath her in the social scale. Playmates, schoolmates, friends, they grew up together, and with the passing years the childish preference on part of both became the deeper passion of love, and at last the day had arrived which was to witness their union in the solemn obligations of matrimony.

Nothing savoring of romance in all this. Nothing but what is happening around us every day, and therein lies the pity of it, for in all these years of close companionship, these two young people had never awakened to the fact that they were not only unsuited to each other, but positively incompatible. The girl's family and friends bitterly realized the state of affairs, but arguments, protestations and entreaties fell upon ears deaf to all opposition, and with the blind obstinacy of an infatuated girl she hurried to her fate. "And so they were married," and for a brief period, how brief, alas! their lives were made blissful by the often deceptive glamor of the moon of honey. Then, slowly and remorselessly came the awakening, and in the harsh light of everyday life the glittering mirage of their cherished ideals faded into pale, cold reality, and the girl soon found herself possessed of all the attributes of a typical heroine of romance—youth, beauty, an unloved and unloving husband, and an unhappy heart.

It will be useless to attempt to portray each varying phase of suffering, each shifting shade of despair which daily wrought upon the unhappy girl. Estranged from her family and friends, pride enabled her for a time to bear up under the burden of her daily life, but when indifference upon the part of her husband was succeeded by actual brutality, further endurance became impossible, and with a desperation born of her sufferings, she tore herself from the home and ties of her childhood and youth, and fled, to resume among new faces, new associations, under a new name and new conditions, the pursuit of that ever-fading marsh-light, called happiness. Of her struggles and trials attendant upon her flight, we have nothing to do; but when she appeared as Miss Webber before the august Board of Trustees in the town of Gilroy, Cal., armed and equipped with a first-grade county certificate, her beauty, youth and tact so worn upon that dignified assemblage that she very soon found herself the successful applicant for a position of teacher in the schools of Gilroy. Though she may not have found in this commendable, if not very lucrative, employment of guiding the blundering steps of her little pupils along the steep and rugged path of knowledge any vast amount of happiness, there was at least peace; and Time, that mute physician whose mesmeric touch can still every heartache, at last wrought for her a perfect cure.

Months afterward she learned that the death of her husband had absolved her from her marriage vows, and if she received the intelligence unmoved it was because she had already mourned with surpassing bitterness the husband who had never lived, the man of her ideal. Contented though her life now was, it could not be called complete. There was a yearning for the protection of a home, a longing for life that is the natural sentiment of every woman's heart, and this longing was strengthened rather than weakened by the memory of that fleeting joy she had experienced, followed, though it was, by so much unhappiness. In this mood she was one day idly glancing over an old newspaper when her eye chanced upon one of those well known advertisements which can always be found in the column of "personals." In this the usual "respectable gentleman of wealth and fine position solicited a correspondence with a refined and intelligent lady. Object matrimony." Moved by what was apparently a whimsical fancy, but which was in reality the hand of fate, she wrote to the address given, "L. D., P. O. Box 176, Grass Valley," and a day or two later was surprised to receive a manly and courteous letter, so sincere and respectful in tone that she had no hesitancy in writing again to the decorous stranger.

Thus a long correspondence was begun. She learned from his letters that he was a wealthy citizen of Grass Valley, who, after arduous labor in the mines, had at last accumulated enough of the golden dust to enable him to live in ease for the remainder of his life, and his loneliness had palled upon him; he longed for the tender companionship of woman; he yearned to experience the sweet spell which a wife weaves around a bachelor's neglected hearthstone, etc. The correspondence became gradually more confidential and affectionate, and finally the momentous question was propounded, and a favorable answer returned, and all through the medium of the postal service.

It will seem strange that a woman who had passed through such an ordeal as Miss Webber had experienced should have tempted fate a second time by engaging herself to a man she had never seen and of whom she knew absolutely nothing, save what he had seen fit to tell her; but it is a well established fact that no woman is ever discouraged by an unfortunate venture upon the treacherous sea of matrimony. On the contrary, those who have made most tempestuous voyages, and been most disastrously wrecked, are often the more ready to embark a second time, strong in the faith that this time skies will be fair and winds favorable.

Miss Webber had by this time accumulated about eleven hundred dollars, and after providing herself with a modest and tasteful trousseau, was in readiness for her wedding day, which had already been fixed. Shortly before the day arrived the groom found that important business engagements would render it almost impossible for him to leave Grass Valley, and it was decided that she should meet him at Grass Valley, when the ceremony would be performed immediately upon her arrival.

The details of the trip were arranged and thus it came about that Miss Webber found herself a passenger upon the Grass Valley stage upon that fatal Sunday when Dribblesbie and friends intercepted her progress, but so gallantly saved the trunk containing her little fortune and her trousseau from demolition by powder.

When her lover failed to meet her according to his promise, no misgiving arose in her mind in regard to the step she was about to take, and the passing feeling of annoyance at his absence was quickly dispelled by the elaborate explanation of her hostess. But when he leaned toward her after the words had been pronounced which made her his wife, when for the first time since her arrival she saw his face, what horror and dismay must have filled her fainting soul when she found she had married—had linked her life a second time to the man she had believed dead for years, the husband of her unhappy youth.

It was fate!

WEAK will power deranges a man's life in every direction. His will must be weak when his body is wasting away with racking coughs and nightly sweats.

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH AND CONSUMPTION REMEDY

is a conqueror of the malady we all dread, and restores the victim to health and power.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR CATTLE. FOR HORSES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY,

Nineteenth and I Sts., Sacramento.

WHITE LABOR ONLY. LINEN POLISHED in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Office, at Sawtelle's book store, 708 and 710 J street.

5plm E. H. GREEN, Proprietor.

AUCTIONS

SATURDAY,

April 6th,

IN FRONT OF THE COURT-HOUSE,

By order of the Superior Court of Sacramento County,

THE EAST HALF OF LOT 3, N AND O, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, with two good houses.

—ALSO—

The east half of Lot 3, H and I, Tenth and Eleventh streets, with two houses. This is one of the finest located lots in Sacramento city, and should attract the attention of persons desirous of buying a magnificent building lot.

W. H. SHERBURN, Auctioneer.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate and Personal Property.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT PURSUANT to an order of the Superior Court of Sacramento county, California, the undersigned, Executor of the estate of AMELIA GOTTHOLD, deceased, will on SATURDAY, the SIXTH DAY of APRIL, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court-house door of said county, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the following real estate, to wit: The east half of lot No. 3, in block bounded by N and O, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, of the city of Sacramento, county of Sacramento, State of California. Also, five shares of the fourth series of the stock of the Germania Building and Loan Association of Sacramento.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale, balance when sale is confirmed by the Superior Court; deed at expense of purchaser. Title perfect.

GEORGE SCHROTH, Executor of the will of AMELIA GOTTHOLD, deceased.

MATT. F. JOHNSON, Attorney for Executor. mr16-td

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Furniture, Carpets, Range, Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

By order of ELMER BROWN, Esq., I will sell of the well-kept Furniture contained in residence, 2210 O street, on

MONDAY, APRIL 8th,

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

Consisting of the following:

ONE FINE WALNUT MARBLE-TOP BEDroom Set, two fine Lounges, Oil Paintings, Brussels Carpets, Parlor Stove, Walnut Chairs, Dining-room Chairs, Wardrobes, Hall Hat-tree, Curtains and Cornices, Mirrors, one Extension Table, one ext a fine Garland Range and fixtures, Crockery and Glassware Hose and Garden Tools, and all other articles contained in said house.

Sale positive. Terms cash

W. H. SHERBURN, Auctioneer.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

FOR STOCK FARMS, GRAIN, VINE, FRUIT AND COLONY LANDS, ADDRESS THE

HONN LAND COMPANY

REDDING, SHASTA COUNTY, CAL.

BRAND, CAMPBELL & CO.,

REAL ESTATE,

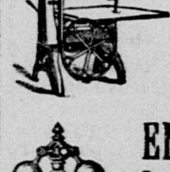
402 J Street.

A RARE CHANCE!

East half Lot 4, Seventeenth and O streets; storeroom and nine living rooms; must be sold; will sell for $500 less than actual value. Call and see it.

40 ACRES—TWO AND A HALF MILES from Loomis, Placer county; it is the best of fruit land; water accessible; 12 acres cleared ready for planting: this place joins J. F. Hill's splendid orchard; will be sold at the low figure of $65 per acre; will exchange for city property.

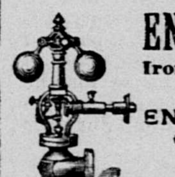
Agency Nevada County Land Association. ap4-tf-TTS



Wood-working MACHINERY

Of all kinds, of Best Make, an LOWEST PRICE.

SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY, Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, etc.



ENGINE GOVERNORS

Iron-Working Tools, Crosby Steam Gauges

ENGINES and BOILERS OF ANY CAPACITY, Etc

TATUM & BOWEN, 34 & 36 Fremont st., San Francisco, Manufacturers and Agents.

Tutt's Pills

CURE

Malaria, Fever and Ague, Dumb Chills, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks, etc.

They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should have a place in every household. Price, 25 cents per box.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

"EXTRA STAR"

KEROSENE.

BEST AND SAFEST OIL MANUFACTURED

Strictly Water White. Guaranteed 150° Fire Test.

BUY THE BEST OILS, AS THEY ARE NOT only the safest, but from their superior gravity and burning quality are the cheapest in the end.

No oil has ever been offered to the public that fills all the requirements of safety, economy and brilliancy equal to our "EXTRA STAR" KEROSENE.

It is manufactured by one refinery for our special use, and is made from the BEST CRUDE OIL that has yet been discovered.

Give this Oil a trial and you will use no other.

None of the fancy brands, such as Elaine, Downers, etc., can compare with it in quality, although sold at higher prices.

Buy it! Try it! And be convinced!

WHITTIER, FULLER & CO.,

San Francisco.

This Oil can also be obtained from our BRANCH STORES at Sacramento, Los Angeles, Oakland, San Diego, Cal., and Portland, Or., and from dealers all over the coast. 3p3m

EBNER BROS.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN WINES AND LIQUORS,

116 and 118 K st., bet. Front and Second, Sac'to.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

POMMERY AND GRENO CHAMPAGNE. 1plm

REAL ESTATE, ETC.

Placer County Land Office

AND INSURANCE AGENCY,

A. D. Bowley & Co.,

505 K Street......1tf1......Sacramento, Cal

Central California Lands

FOR SALE,

IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED, ON EASY terms, and in any quantity desired, at from $10 to $100 per acre. For particulars call on or address

J. A. PARKER,

d24-tf 701 I street, Sacramento, Cal.

Union Insurance Company of California

(OLD AND RELIABLE), OFFICE AT

Sacramento Real Estate

AND INSURANCE ASSOCIATION,

Office, Northwest corner Third and J sts.

Money to Loan. Rents Collected. City and Country Property for Sale.

W. R. FELTER, Agent.

N. J. TOLL, Manager Real Estate Department.

OAK PARK LOTS.

Why You Should Purchase a Lot in OAK PARK.

FIRST—THE HEAD OF EVERY FAMILY building thereon has a FREE PASS for ONE YEAR. Second—You AVOID CITY TAXES. Third—You will ENJOY BETTER HEALTH. Fourth—The streets are all GRADED, at expense of Oak Park. Fifth—The PROPERTY WILL ENHANCE IN VALUE more than in any other location. Sixth—TERMS ARE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL. Only one-third cash, and $15 per month at six per cent. interest per annum, purchaser paying State and county taxes only. APPLY TO

EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO.,

1015 Fourth street..................Sacramento

HO! FOR OAK PARK!

CHANGE OF TIME.

Central Street Railway Co ---Time Table.

Commencing Wednesday, March 20, 1889.

All Cars Leave S. P. R. R. Depot.

LEAVE For Oak Park.	LEAVE Oak Park for Depot.
At 5:30 A. M.	At 6:15 A. M
9:30 A. M.	10:20 A. M.
1:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:50 P. M.
LEAVE For 28th and M.	LEAVE 28th and M for Depot.
At 12:05 P. M.	At 12:35 P. M.
3:40 P. M.	4:05 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	7:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—ALL CARS RUN TO OAK PARK.	
LEAVE For Oak Park.	LEAVE Oak Park for Depot.
At 9:30 A. M.	At 10:15 A. M.
1:05 P. M.	12:45 P. M.
2:00 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
4:10 P. M.	5:15 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	6:45 P. M.

L. L. LEWIS, President.

EDWIN K. ALSIP, Secretary. 1m2p

ORANGEVALE!

CHOICEST FRUIT LANDS.

Ten-Acre Tracts, Planted or Unplanted, as Desired.

Orchards Cared for for Absentee Owners.

THE ORANGEVALE COLONIZATION COMpany, composed of prominent business men of Sacramento, and indorsed by the Board of Trustees, Board of Supervisors and Board of Trade, own 3,200 acres of deep, rich fruit and vine lands, all cleared on the American river, opposite Natoma vineyard. It has been divided into 10-acre tracts, each one fronting on a 60-foot avenue. Water under pressure for irrigation will be piped by the company to each tract free of expense, the water actually used only being paid for by purchasers. Last season 150 acres were planted in trees and vines, and have already been sold, in addition to a large number of unplanted tracts. This year 406 acres are being planted. PLANTED TRACTS, $1,500 each. UNPLANTED TRACTS, $1,250 each.

Tracts planted to Orange Trees are of course much higher, varying with varieties chosen.

TOWN SITE.

The town site of Orangevale is but 1¼ miles from the Folsom railroad depot. Town lots 50x150, $300—$20 down and $10 per month. Lots are sold in series of twenty, and two cottages awarded to the purchasers in each series.

Send for maps and information.

ORANGEVALE COLONIZATION CO., 214 J Street, Sacramento.

MONTE VISTA!

The auction sale having been postponed on account of rain, the property will continue to be sold at private sale at the old prices until further notice.

The undersigned will take pleasure in conveying anyone to view the property.

This tract is a favorite with the public, and will soon be all sold, so intending purchasers will do well to buy now.

A. LEONARD & SON,

AGENTS,

1014 Fourth Street..................Sacramento.

W. P. COLEMAN,

Real Estate Salesroom, 325 J street.

AN ELEGANT

FRUIT and ALFALFA RANCH FOR SALE.

CONTAINING 290 ACRES—25 ACRES IN bearing grape vines, choice varieties; 140 acres in orchard, from the earliest to the latest varieties, thereby having fruit for market all summer; one alfalfa field separately fenced; 100 acres in grain.

This land is all well-fenced in several divisions.

A fine dwelling of nine rooms, with modern improvements; two steam pumps; one windmill; water tanks; warehouse on the railroad. Paying not less than $500 per year rental; also, a large new barn. Situated on the north line of the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad, and running to the river. About ten miles from this city. THIS FARM MUST BE SOLD; the price has been reduced to make it a bargain.

$45,000, including Growing Crop and all the Farming Utensils of every kind.

Money to Loan.

P. BOHL. E. A. CROUCH. 1ptf

A. C. SWEETSER & Co.

Real Estate & Insurance Agents,

ARE NOW OFFERING

SOME CHOICE REAL ESTATE

—AT—

Great Bargains!

IF YOU WANT A HOUSE OR LOT in the city, or an improved Ranch, or unimproved Land, in large or small Tracts, we can supply you.

WE HAVE A HIGHLY-IMPROVED 20-Acre Farm that is a Great Bargain. Also, two new Houses on the INSTALLMENT PLAN.

School Lands in different counties.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

A. C. SWEETSER & CO., 1012 Fourth st.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD IS CONTAINED in the WEEKLY UNION.