THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BRODERICK'S TALKING MATCH WITH A SHASTA SENATOR.

...nd Stanford On the Stump—Some Local Incidents of More or Less Interest to Sacramento.

At Shasta on the 29th of July, 1859, Senator Broderick and Mr. Garter had a joint political discussion, which was characterized by bitter personalities. Broderick replied to Gwin's speech of two days before (referred to in last Sunday's UNION), and said: "Was Dr. Gwin drunk, fellow-citizens, when he addressed you night before last, or was he mad? [A voice: 'A little of both.'] Dr. Gwin would not dare to attempt to club me, and I will take the chances of his making a martyr of me. If he was drunk his friends should have taken him from the stand and kept him from public view. If Dr. Gwin really wants to do me good, he can, if he chooses, try the clubbing business. I do not care about being made a martyr of, and I will live a long time before Dr. Gwin kills me, unless he shoots me in the back." After Broderick had concluded a long speech, Mr. Garter, a member of the Legislature who voted to reprimand Broderick for one of his votes in the Senate, was called for. Broderick had severely criticised him during his speech, and Garter, in replying, said that he had never seen Broderick before, and he hoped to God that he should never see or hear of him again. He voted to instruct Broderick to sustain the Administration and "cut loose from Douglas and those other political rebels who were playing merry hell with the Democratic organization." He said he was an old man, but he'd be d——d if his head was not true and his heart sound. Broderick replied that a relative of Garter's had said that the old man was tinctured with abolitionism. Garter said it was a d——d lie. Broderick replied: "Then I'll take it all back." Garter responded that if Broderick repeated such a charge he'd "be d——d if he didn't make another speech of two hours' length." Broderick said that rather than suffer another such infliction he would subside.

......Leland Stanford, the Republican candidate for Governor, made a speech at Iowa Hill, of which a UNION correspondent wrote: "Stanford's remarks exhibited much thought and reflection, and were delivered with a degree of force and truthfulness that carried conviction to his hearers. His candid and straightforward way of talking to the people made a favorable impression, and won for him many friends and supporters. He said the Administration party would not build the Pacific railroad because it would open a large area of territory to free labor. He dwelt at some lenghth and with great force upon the wanton abandonment by the Administration of one of the leading and cardinal principles of our Government—protection to naturalized American citizens, and concluded by calling upon the opposition to unite and drive from its place this corrupt party which not only disgraces us at home, but dishonors us abroad."

......Large wagon trains then plied between Sacramento and Salt Lake, taking merchandise from this city to the Mormon stronghold. One day a train of nine wagons, drawn by sixty mules, left here for Salt Lake.

......Matters political had reached a white heat. Broderick had, in one of his speeches, made some uncomplimentary allusions to George Pen Johnston in connection with the duel that resulted in the death of the brilliant young lawyer, W. I. Ferguson, and Johnston published a statement characterizing Broderick as Ferguson's murderer, by having instigated him to fight the duel. Johnston concluded: "Only the foul heart of a miserable coward could have conceived, and the pallid lips of a pitiful poltroon have uttered, a falsehood so base and villainous."

......Horace Greeley told a UNION representative that there were at least 30,000 emigrants on the plains coming to California, and that they had with them at least 100,000 head of live stock.

......A man in San Francisco was exhibiting a watch 150 years old, that Garibaldi, the Italian patriot—then engaged in the war that was raging on Italian soil—had "soaked" when he was in San Francisco a few years before and "dead broke."

......The Gold Hill water works were just completed and Auburn provided with an abundant supply of pure mountain water.

......Charles Howell and three companions, of Franklin township, were coming to Sacramento one day to attend a camp meeting, and when near Hollister's ranch his wagon-pole broke, and the team ran off. The vehicle and its occupants were dashed against a tree, and Howell severely injured.

......Neptune Hose Company one evening ran their carriage from Eighth street to Front, a distance of eight-thirteenths of a mile, in three minutes and twenty-nine seconds, with twelve men on the ropes. This was at the rate of a mile in 5:42, and the street was quite muddy at that, having just been liberally sprinkled.

......The Anti-Lecompton (or Douglas) County Convention made the following nominations: President of the Board of Supervisors, B. B. Redding; Sheriff, Sylvester Marshall; Treasurer, C. L. Bird; Clerk, Jerome Madden; Clerk of the Supervisors, C. C. Jenks; District Attorney, G. L. Waters; Assessor, J. H. Humpherys; Public Administrator, J. H. Pugh; Coroner, D. Murray; Surveyor, J. W. Mitchell; Superintendent of Schools, N. Slater; Senator, R. C. Clark; Assemblymen, J. C. Goods, G. S. Berry, Henry Starr and A. Runyon. The Convention was rather a stormy one. Charges were made that Waters, if elected District Attorney, would not prosecute a certain prisoner charged with murder, and wild scenes ensued. Then some "malicious Lecomptonite" distributed cayenne pepper in the hall, and nearly broke up the Convention.

......On the 9th of August, while W. P. Wilkins, of Yuba City, was addressing a political meeting at White's Ferry, on the Sacramento river, he was shot and seriously wounded by a man named May, who alleged that Wilkins had seduced his (May's) daughter. Wilkins declared his utter innocence of the crime, but the enraged parent claimed to have the proofs thereof. The girl had mysteriously disappeared.

......Jerome Madden, then Auditor of Sacramento county, displayed his ability by careful scrutiny of all claims allowed by the Supervisors. On August 9th he returned to the Board, without his approval, several claims for printing, Constables' fees, etc., that had passed that body. The errors were thus corrected, and the county not only saved a considerable sum of money, but expensive litigation was avoided.

......A bloodless shooting affray occurred on August 5th between H. Beckman and J. Sutton, on J street, between Tenth and Eleventh. Neither could hit the other.

......The Supervisors elected the following-named policemen: J. P. Hardy (Chief), D. H. Whipley, D. C. Gay, Samuel Deal, John McClory, Thomas Cody, J. W. Taylor, F. T. Burke, O. A. F. Graves and Wm. Mace.

......Dr. E. Hackett was attacked by John Clarke in the Pacific Stables, on Second street, for refusing to drink with the latter. Hackett drew a pocket-knife and cut Clarke in the breast, but not fatally.

......El Dorado county then had two Senators in the Legislature and eight Assemblymen. Now she has half a Senator and one Assemblyman.

......The Sacramento Supervisors granted permission to the managers of the State Fair of that year to close the streets and blocks from O to Q, and Tenth to Eleventh, for the purpose of a cattle-show.

......A sportsmen's club was organized on August 8th, with Charley Fairfax as President, John Burton Vice-President, Dr. W. G. Proctor Corresponding Secretary, and W. T. Grissim Treasurer. The club proposed holding a grand pigeon-shooting tournament during the State Fair, and challenged the whole State. Grounds were provided at the Lake House, kept by Jack Holmes.

......Mike Brannigan, the notorious hackman, was then a frequent feature of Police Court proceedings.

......Broderick addressed an immense mass meeting in front of the Orleans Hotel on August 9th, at which General Alfred Redington presided. It was a memorable meeting of that memorable campaign, and Broderick's address was the greatest effort of his brief career in public life.

......On the night of August 6th a man named Cole, who kept the toll-house on the Yankee Jim's and Wisconsin Hill turnpike, in Placer county, was found brutally murdered by some unknown person. His body bore twenty-four deep cuts and bruises, and the premises showed that a terrific struggle had ensued.

......A horsethief named John Wood stole a fine horse from Sarles' ranch, near Stockton, and the next evening rode into the city and sat on the animal listening to Colonel Baker deliver a campaign speech in front of the St. Charles Hotel. The officers, in the meantime, were scouring the country for him.

......H. O. Beatty published a four-column article in the UNION explaining his connection with the controversy, that was so important a factor in the pending political campaign, concerning the charge against Milton S. Latham, of having attempted to influence the Supreme Court in a certain case in which he was an attorney. The article was decidedly vigorous and pungent throughout.

......The UNION referred to peaches measuring 10½ inches in circumference plucked from trees grown from the seed within one and a half years. The fruit was raised on Thomas Milgate's ranch on the American river, near Lisle's bridge.

......At a place called Dad's Gulch, on the Slate Range, near North San Juan, Nevada county, the miners were making frm $5 to $7 per day.

......E. J. C. Kewen and J. J. Warner of Los Angeles were engaged in a bitter controversy over the ownership of a newspaper called the *Southern Vineyard*, and were calling one another all sorts of names through the public press.

......Phil. Caduc and R. A. Chase were running opposition in the ice business in the summer of '59, and yet the price was 2½ cents per pound.

SACRAMENTO'S OFF DAY.

McLaughlin Quits Because Burke Sent the Balls Too Hard.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10th.—The Sacramento boys went to pieces to-day, and toward the last of the game were in a demoralized condition. Errors were plentiful, and the Oaklands had an easy time running around the bases. McLaughlin wanted to quit catching, as Burke refused to let up in his speed, but after delaying the game, Billy was induced to go again behind the plate.

The game was a noisy one, and full of kicking on both sides. Burke was hit hard, but did his best under the circumstances. Newbert had an off day, but some of his assists and put-outs were very fine. Farrell grew tired in the fifth inning, and Coughlin went in to pitch. Gagus protested the game, on the ground that Coughlin was not down on the score-card as extra man. The score was:

SACRAMENTO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodenough, c. f.	5	1	2	0	3	0	1
Veach, 1st b.	4	0	1	0	9	1	3
McSorley, 3d b.	3	0	1	0	3	3	0
Gagus, r. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Burke, p.	4	0	2	0	1	1	1
Roberts, l. f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
O'Day, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	0	4	2
McLaughlin, c.	3	0	0	0	6	1	0
Newbert, s.s.	4	1	1	0	2	4	4
Totals	33	3	7	0	27	14	12

OAKLAND.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Long, c. f.	5	2	0	0	1	0	0
Hardie, c.	6	0	3	0	5	3	1
Dailey, r. f.	6	1	2	0	2	0	0
Smalley, 3d b.	6	1	1	0	0	3	0
O'Neill, s s.	6	3	3	0	1	6	0
Dooley, 1st b.	6	3	4	0	12	1	0
McDonald, 2d b.	5	4	1	1	6	3	0
Farrell, p.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, l. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0	2
Coughlin, p.	2	0	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	50	16	16	2	27	17	3

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oakland	1	2	0	4	2	1	1	3	2	—16
Sacramento	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3

Earned runs—Sacramento, 1; Oakland, 3. Third-base hits—Wilson. Two-base hits—Dailey. Stolen bases—Long (3), O'Neill (3), Dooley (2), Roberts (2), Hardie, Veach, McDonald (3), Farrell, Dailey, Smalley and Coughlin. First base on errors—Sacramento, 3; Oakland, 6. First base on called balls—Sacramento, 2; Oakland, 1. Left on bases—Sacramento, 6; Oakland, 3. Struck out—By Burke, 5; by Farrell, 1; by Coughlin, 2. Hit by pitcher—McLaughlin. Double plays—Newbert, Veach and McSorley; Newbert and Veach. Passed balls—McLaughlin, 4; Hardie, 2. Wild pitches—Burke, 1; Farrell, 2. Time of game—Two hours and five minutes. Umpire—Sylvester. Scorer—Wallace.

LIVELY BALL.

Stockton Lowers San Francisco's Colors—A Fight on the Diamond.

STOCKTON, August 10th.—The San Francisco ballmen appeared on the diamond to-day wearing one white and one red stocking each, but Jonah was not to be coaxed by hosiery, and the San Franciscos lost by a score of 6 to 4. Stockton won the game with the bat, sizing Meegan for ten hits, with a total of seventeen bases, which netted five earned runs. Harper was hit for six singles, and allowed but one base on balls. Howard played a great fielding game, barring the second inning, when he made two errors allowing San Francisco as many runs. He accepted twelve out of fifteen chances. Sweeney on first also played great ball, but was weak with the stick. Stickney wrapped the ball hard, making a home-run and a three-bagger.

Powers and Howard were each fined $25 by the umpire. Powers tried to steal second when a man was on third, but he was thrown out. This made him so mad that he knocked the ball from Howard's hand and hit him while both were sprawling on the ground. Howard jumped up, and when Powers arose gave him a blow on the jaw, but the other players interfering stopped the fight. Following is the score:

STOCKTON.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Howard, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	0	10	3
Sweeney, 1st b.	5	1	0	1	14	0	0
Stickney, 3d b.	5	2	2	0	0	1	0
Smith, r. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
Ebright, c.	4	1	1	1	5	1	0
Whitehead, s s.	3	0	0	0	3	3	0
Buckley, c. f.	3	1	2	0	2	0	0
Selna, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
Harper, p.	4	0	1	0	0	2	0
Totals	37	6	10	2	*26	17	3

*Shea out; interfering with batted ball.

SAN FRANCISCO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Levy, l. f.	3	0	1	0	6	0	0
Hanley, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	4	2
Perrier, c.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Stockwell, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Swett, c.	4	1	1	0	4	1	0
Powers, 1st b.	4	1	2	0	10	0	0
Shea, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Donohue, 2d b.	4	1	1	0	1	3	1
Meegan, p.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	34	4	6	0	27	13	4

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
San Francisco	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—4
Stockton	0	0	0	1	0	3	2	0	0	—6

Earned runs—Stockton, 5; San Francisco, 2. Home run—Stickney. Three-base hits—Smith and Stickney. First base on errors—Stockton, 2; San Francisco, 3. First base on balls—Stockton, 3; San Francisco, 1. Left on bases—Stockton, 7; San Francisco, 3. Stolen bases—Donahue, Levy and Ebright. Struck out—By Harper, 5; by Meegan, 3. Passed balls—Ebright, 1. Umpire—Sheridan. Scorer—Kelly. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

To-day's Game.

The San Francisco ball team will show up at Snowflake Park this afternoon against the home nine. The race for the pennant is becoming intensely exciting just now, as any one of the clubs has a chance to win, and there will doubtless be a large crowd to witness the contest. The game will commence at 2 o'clock P. M., and trains will leave the depot at 12:45, 1:05, 1:25, 1:45, stopping at Third, Tenth and Eighteenth streets.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won.	Lost.	Plyd.	Pr. Ct.
San Francisco	29	23	52	.557
Oakland	27	25	52	.519
Stockton	25	27	52	.480
Sacramento	23	29	52	.442

More Washburn Estate Suits.

W. W. Washburn, administrator of the estate of Lorinda Washburn, has commenced suit in the Superior Court to foreclose a mortgage on the south half of the north half of lot No. 8, in the block between M and N, Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, given by John Humrich to secure the payment of a promissory note of $657, with interest, now amounting to $849 35; also, for $150 attorneys' fees. The Court is also asked to declare against the adverse claim of certain unknown persons to title in the same property.

The same plaintiff also sues Edwin F. Jacobs, on behalf of the Lorinda Washburn estate, to recover payment of a note for $983, and for an additional loan of $100, together with costs of suit. Grove L. Johnson & Sons are plaintiff's attorneys.

A Mysterious Shot.

About half past 12 o'clock last night a pistol-shot was fired somewhere in the vicinity of Third and J streets. The only person who pretended to know anything about it was a German, who was met on I street. He said that on Second street a tall policeman shot at a man who was running away, and the last he saw of them they were going up I street. That was all that could be learned about the affair.

Suit on a Judgment for $15,754.

The heirs of Jackson Wilcoxson, deceased, through their attorney, J. W. Hughes, have commenced an action in the Superior Court of this county against John G. Stitt, for the recovery of $15,754 01 and interest, claimed to be due them from the defendant on account of a judgment rendered in the Superior Court of Sutter county on the 2d day of January, 1885.

PIONEER DAYS.

AN EVENING WITH THOSE WHO CAME TO CALIFORNIA IN '49.

Historic Ground in El Dorado—Some of the Early Executions at Coloma—Other Incidents.

"In the days of old,
In the days of gold,
In the days of '49."

A few evenings since I dropped into a meeting of the Pioneers of Sacramento and spent an hour very pleasantly listening to the "yarns" spun by those who came to the coast in 1849. There is a fascination about the early history of California, and the narrations of the Argonauts never become tiresome, but are ever listened to attentively with interest.

Especially is the trip across the plains, the swimming of the Platte, and the descriptions of the immense herds of buffalo on the trackless prairies entertaining. The rounding of Cape Horn, the perils of a sea voyage, and the sights that greeted them on their arrival in the mines are more like legendary stories than reality.

Colonel James McNasser described the loss of the ill-fated Yankee Blade, upon which he was a passenger, and his recital of the death struggle in the cruel waves was very pathetic.

When they came to the coast, young adventurous spirits full of hope and expectancy, they little dreamed of what the future had in store for them. Dame Fortune smiled upon many who returned to their homes with their pockets full of glittering wealth. Others laid the foundation for colossal fortunes and grew up with the country that has now not only become the garden spot of America, but which has no equal in fertility of soil, wealth of natural resources, or delightfulness of climate on the face of the globe.

But there is another side to the picture. Many who started from their Eastern homes full of life and promise found shallow graves on the trackless prairies, while others who succumbed to disease on the sea never reached the goal of their ambition, but their bodies were cast upon the cruel waves amid the sad requiem of an ocean burial. Others were planted in rude graves beneath the dark shadow of the pine forests throughout the mines, and their graves, long since forgotten, are occasionally turned up by the busy husbandman, who views the remains with as much curiosity as if they were those of some pre-historic race.

While the adventures, in many instances, were romantic, full of interest and excitement, they were often accompanied by great danger to life and limb, and not unfrequently resulted in death.

The mountains were full of wild Indians, who became treacherous because of the cruelties often practiced against them by the whites, and many an innocent individual suffered at the hands of those whose idea of justice is "a life for a life."

The gold belt, especially that portion which was first worked, were the placers in the lower altitudes or foothills of the Sierras. They were well wooded and watered, and abounded in all kinds of game, and huge grizzly bears roamed at will up and down the ravines, gulches and canyons, and many a hand-to-hand contest took place between the argonaut and this monarch of the forest, which too often resulted in a victory for the ferocious beast. Dr. Nelson met one of these grizzled monsters in a narrow ravine near Greenwood, but a bullet from the doctor's trusty rifle pierced the brute's heart just as Bruin was going to embrace the young doctor—a "hug" that would have crushed every bone in the latter's anatomy. This bear weighed over two thousand pounds, and its slaughter made the doctor the hero of the hour.

A man by the name of Jabine came suddenly upon a grizzly in Mosquito Canyon, some ten miles from Placerville. Both were surprised at the sudden meeting. Jabine drew his dirk as the grizzly rose on his hind legs to strike him. The next day they were found lying in the bottom of the canyon. The bear was dead, Jabine's knife having penetrated his heart. Jabine was unconscious, the right side of his face being entirely torn away and his eye gone. He was taken to Placerville, where medical attendance was secured. When he recovered he was so badly disfigured that his most intimate friends would not know him. He was a man of superior education and ability, but his terrible disfiguration seemed to have broken his heart, and so far as possible afterwards he lived a retired and secluded life. The incidents connected with his sad and lonely death, some ten years ago, are still fresh in the memory of many of the residents of El Dorado county.

A few days ago a number of ladies and gentlemen from Sacramento were resting at the base of the Marshall monument on the summit of Marshall Hill, when ex-Senator Mahler related some of the stirring incidents in the history of Coloma, the little town on the American at the foot of the mountain.

He said the first settlers of Coloma were men of more than ordinary ability. They were in many instances young men fresh from college, adventurous spirits who, on the receipt of the news of the discovery of gold, threw aside their sheep-skins and started for the Western wilds to carve out their fortunes in the new El Dorado.

The town of Coloma soon had a cosmopolitan population representative of every nationality and every State in the Union. The Southern planter, fresh from the cotton-fields of Georgia, and the graduate from Harvard, the sons of the first families of Virginia, and the Hoosier and Sucker slept on the same bed of pine boughs, threw gravel in the same long tom, and partook of the same mess of pork and beans in the little log cabin, which was common property.

There was no law, but the best of order prevailed. There were no thieves nor robbers. The little disputes regarding locations of mining property were settled by what was called miners' meetings, whose decisions were final.

There was no such thing known in those days as tramps. The miner left his cabin door unlocked; his pan of gold-dust sat upon the shelf, in sight of all, and was never disturbed.

The miners as a rule were young, industrious, ambitious, generous to a fault, and their purse strings were always open to relieve the needy, to care for the sick and distressed, and those who succumbed to disease were given a decent and Christian burial.

Among the early pioneers were young men with brilliant minds, who afterwards made their mark in State and national politics.

One thing that deterred crime in those days was the swift and merited punishment dealt out by the community to all evil-doers. There were no jails, no penitentiaries, and criminals were hanged for petty larceny offenses. Every mining camp in the country had its hanging trees, and many a man who failed to observe the divine command, "Thou shalt not steal," dangled from the end of a rope, "an execution by the people," and one looked upon in those days as the proper way of dealing with criminals.

You know, perhaps, that Placerville was originally called Hangtown, from the fact that a hanging took place in that camp a few days after its first settlement.

From where we are now sitting I can point you to four spots, within a quarter of a mile of the base of this monument, where eight executions took place. Six of them were judicial, and two of them by what we would nowadays term a mob.

Just northwest of us, not more than three hundred yards, a negro and an Irishman were hanged from the limb of a live-oak tree, in plain sight of the entire camp. Over a thousand miners assisted in their execution.

The negro had entered a cabin while the owners were at work in their claim and stole a gallon can half filled with gold dust. He was captured, admitted his guilt, and showed the place where he had buried the treasure. On the same day an Irishman picked up a rope and walked off with it. It happened there was a mule attached to the other end of it, and he was followed, captured, tried and convicted by a miners' meeting held under a big white-oak tree that stood just on the outskirts of town.

Both of the condemned men were given an hour to arrange their earthly affairs. At their dictation letters were written to their relatives in the East telling them of their peculations and of the swift vengeance that was to be summarily visited upon them. They were led up the hillside, and on a bright spring morning, when everything in nature looks beautiful, they were launched into eternity. In cutting the rope the hangman had not made allowance for its stretching and the negro's toes touched the ground and he was slowly strangled to death.

Under yonder scrubby pine, which is about 200 yards from where we stand, two notorious criminals, Arthur and Bill Best, were executed in the presence of several hundred people. The place was selected in the little ravine and the sloping hillsides furnished ample room for all to witness the execution. Both men died as they had lived, bravadoes.

Just east of us on the hillside back of the Coloma Vineyard House Bill Lipsey and Logan were executed. Neither of those men were of the criminal class, but both had committed murder.

Lipsey had a quarrel with a Cold Spring merchant by the name of Henry Sotzen. A young man by the name of Powelson, in the employ of Sotzen, interfered and Lipsey, who was intoxicated, stabbed him.

Logan shot a man who jumped his claim somewhere near Ringgold and a great many were of the opinion that the shooting was done in self defense. He had an interesting family and was a man who had always borne a good character. It is estimated that fully 10,000 people attended their hanging.

Dave Buell, one of the bravest men known in those early days, was the Sheriff at the time. When the trap fell both of the nooses slipped and the men fell to the ground.

They were picked up and carried upon the scaffold and the second attempt was more successful, the necks of both of the men being broken by the fall.

The other two executions took place from the same scaffold a short distance farther west. The victims were Crane and Mickey Free. Crane was a half-crazed spiritualist who killed a young lady because she refused to marry him. This hanging also attracted an audience of several thousand people from all parts of the county.

John Graham, who murdered J. B. Yount, a trader at Pekin, a mining camp on Big Canyon, in 1857, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell in the Coloma jail, which was located at the foot of Marshall Hill. M.

SUMMER LABORERS.

Indians and Chinese Having the Preference Over White Youths.

Manager Medley of the Exposition building states that at least a dozen boys apply daily at that place for employment in the orchards, hop fields and vineyards, but there are few calls for them. Indians and Chinamen, however, have no difficulty in getting employment of that kind. A gang of about one hundred copper-colored native sons of Nevada came in by rail yesterday to work in the hop fields near this city.

Mr. Medley says he wrote several days ago to the Manager of the State Board of Trade, inquiring as to whether that body had any applications for boys for fruit or hop-picking, but has received no reply. He thinks the white youths of the land should be given the preference when help is wanted.

Referring to the alleged untidy condition of the interior of the Exposition building, the Manager says it is impossible to keep the placards, papers and exhibits free from dust, because of the proximity of the railroad locomotives, the smoke and ashes from which invade the building and cover everything therein. The shelves and stands are dusted regularly, but soon look as grimy as ever. He says members of the Improvement Association never visit the place to make suggestions or inform themselves as to its needs.

PROPERTY TRANSFERS.

Deeds to Real Estate Filed With the County Recorder.

[From law and abstract office of Brusie & Taylor, southeast corner of Seventh and J.]

The following transfers of real estate have been made since the last published report:

Frank Miller to Walter E. Brown—East half of lot 7, N and O, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets; grant.

Natoma Water and Mining Company to Simon Cohn and Philip C. Cohn—Block 91 in the town of Folsom; $10.

J. H. McKune to Hicksville School District—Two and twenty-five hundredths acres in southwest quarter of southwest quarter of section 34, township 6 north, range 6 east; grant.

J. N. McCarty to John H. Dolan—Fractional part of north half of section 17, township 8 north, range 6 east, containing twenty acres; $10.

I. A. Johnson to T. W. Johnson—Southwest quarter of section 3, township 6 north, range 5 east; also, undivided three-quarters of Swamp Land Survey No. 238, being a portion of section 11, township 6 north, range 4 east, containing 34 06 acres; $1.

J. H. White to Edward Christy—Lot 1 in block 49, town of Folsom; $10.

William Christy to Edward Christy—Lot 1 in block 49, town of Folsom; $10.

HE GOT LEFT.

Exemplification of the Adage that the Race is Not Always to the Swift.

Deputy Constable Frank Swift went out to a ranch beyond Franklin yesterday to arrest a Chinaman named Charley Geong, who is charged with assaulting J. B. Bradford. The Chinaman saw him coming and lit out for the fields, persued by the officer. He had about a quarter of a mile the start of the latter, who was beside handicapped by the tar-weed, which he declares was three feet high on the bottom lands and as thick as the hair on a dog.

Under these unfavorable conditions, the light-hoofed Mongolian had the best of the race, and after a long and tedious chase the officer quit. He had reasons to suspect that the refugee would head straight for Galt, so he sent word to a Constable there to arrest him, which result soon followed. The Chinaman was brought to the city and taken before Justice of the Peace Henry, who admitted him to bail pending the trial, which will take place on Saturday next.

A Summer Without Discomfort.

The highest and lowest Signal Service temperatures yesterday were 88° and 54°, with fresh southerly breeze and a hazy atmosphere. The highest and lowest for the same date last year were 96° and 56°.

The highest and lowest one year ago today were 97° and 58°.

The highest and lowest temperatures during the past week were 98° (on Sunday) and 51° (on Wednesday). The highest and lowest for the same time last year were 104° and 53°.

The weather for the past week has been of the very best summer kind that could possibly be desired by any interior town; in fact, many an interior point is envious of the refreshing and microbe-killing atmosphere of the Capital City.

A Divided Household.

There seems to be trouble in the Cuneo family. The mother and daughter spent last night in jail. The head of the family was also arrested, but a chum bailed him out, and left, remarking to his wife: "You stay there." It seems that the mother had her daughter taken down to the jail because the latter persisted in keeping company with a young Italian, whom she did not favor as a suitor for her daughter's hand. The sire, however—who is himself a native of the land of song and art—does not appear to share his wife's antipathy to the youth, and put in a vigorous protest against it. The result was that officers Morelli and Chambers arrested them both on a charge of keeping a disorderly house.

Action to Foreclose a Lien.

The Sacramento Lumber Company has commenced an action for the sale of the premises of W. E. Johnston, being the east half of lot 3, in the block between J and K, Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, said action being based on a claim for $521 33 for lumber furnished in constructing the house thereon. The plaintiffs ask that their claim be given preference over those of Silier Bros., T. J. Scott and W. H. Jennings, who have also filed liens against the building, and that theirs be foreclosed. They also ask for judgment of $150 for attorneys' fees.

Station-House Personals.

Ed. Williams is in a tank on a charge of burglary.

James Kelly arrived last night. He is booked for vagrancy.

Sadie Adams has a parlor-suite all to herself. She is accused of being a common drunkard.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuneo registered last evening, and are alleged to have kept a disorderly house.

John Doe has returned, accompanied by his cousin, Richard Roe. Both were dead drunk.

Sutter in the Swim.

P. D. Gardemeyer, of Sutter City, has engaged a space 20x30 in the Agricultural Hall at Sacramento for the purpose of displaying Sutter county products during the State Fair. He will consult with all parties who have anything to send down, and endeavor to make the display a very attractive one.

THE country is flooded with poor imitations of the famous "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut."*

NO CURCULIO YET.

THIS FRUIT PEST STILL A STRANGER TO CALIFORNIA.

Professor Motherall's Investigation—Description of the Insect—Eradication of the Red Scale.

"The fruit-growers of Sacramento may discard all their fears. The much-dreaded curculio is not here."

Such was the announcement of Professor Motherall, State Entomologist, after he had concluded his investigations in this vicinity during the latter part of this week.

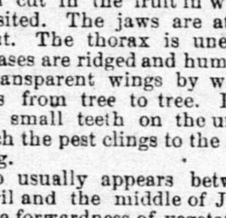
The cause of Professor Motherall's visit to this city was the appearance in a San Francisco daily, about a week ago, of an article setting forth that there was a rumor among fruit-growers that the dreaded curculio has appeared this season in Los Angeles county, and also in Sacramento.

Of course such a statement naturally caused much consternation and fear among our fruit growers, as the [illegible] sect in other countries is well-known.

The article above referred to went on to frighten the fruit men in the following language: The curculio will, perhaps, destroy our plum, prune and apricot industries. It will at least greatly hamper and injure the business of fruit-growing. California, with the curculio well naturalized in every county, is poorer by $100,000 000 than California free from that terrible little fruit weevil. The introduction of the codlin moth, by means of a few packages of sample apples from the East, has driven the apple and pear out of profitable cultivation over a large area of the State. The curculio is a much more dangerous enemy than the codlin moth, and is probably more expensive to fight than either the moth or the scale pests.

Mr. Motherall will go to Los Angeles as soon as possible to hunt the enemy in that section. He doubts gravely its existence at all in California, and is confident that he can relieve the fears of the Los Angeles fruit-growers as he has those of the Sacramentans.

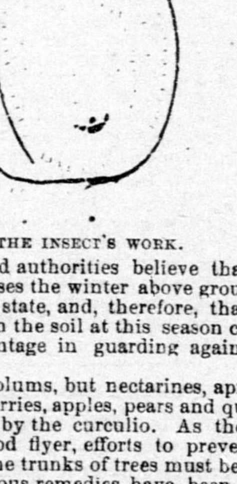
There are two varieties of the curculio. One is called the "White Pine" and the other the "Plum" curculio. It is a small beetle of the family *Curculionidæ* and genus *Rhynchænus*. The perfect insect is about one-fifth of an inch long, dark brown, variegated with white, yellow and black spots; shaken from a tree it looks like a dried bud, and when disturbed remains motionless, feigning death. It has a long curved snout, bent under the thorax when at rest.



THE CURCULIO (MAGNIFIED.)

This snout the curculio uses to make the crescent-shaped cut in the fruit in which the egg is deposited. The jaws are at the end of the snout. The thorax is uneven, and the wing-cases are ridged and humped, covering two transparent wings by which the insect flies from tree to tree. Each thigh has two small teeth on the under side, with which the pest clings to the fruit he is destroying.

The curculio usually appears between the first of April and the middle of June, according to the forwardness of vegetation. When the plums are about the size of peas, the female begins to sting the fruit, making an incision in which she deposits a single egg. She goes from plum to plum, placing an egg in each until her store is exhausted, hardly a fruit escaping when the insect is abundant. The grubs, resembling whitish, footless maggots, with a rounded distinct light-brown head, are hatched by the heat of the sun, and immediately burrow obliquely to the stone. The fruit, weakened by the gnawing of the grub, becomes gummy, and falls to the ground before it is ripe. By this time the grub has attained its full size, quits the fruit and enters the ground. It there becomes a pupæ, and comes forth a perfect insect in about three weeks. Several broods may be hatched in a season, the latest remaining in the ground as pupæ all winter.



THE INSECT'S WORK.

Some good authorities believe that the curculio passes the winter above ground in the perfect state, and, therefore, that any operations in the soil at this season can be of no advantage in guarding against its ravages.

Not only plums, but nectarines, apricots, peaches, cherries, apples, pears and quinces are attacked by the curculio. As the curculio is a good flyer, efforts to prevent its ascending the trunks of trees must be of no avail. Various remedies have been used, But none ever proved successful.

The "white pine" curculio differs but slightly from the plum species, so far as appearances go. It never attacks fruit, however, and contents itself with destroying pine trees.

The one exasperating feature in connection with the curculio is that, so far as is known, no parasite has ever developed to destroy it. It has existed unmolested in various of the Atlantic States for a long time.

"The parasite is the only hope of the fruit-grower in the cases of all pests," said Professor Motherall.

Everybody remembers what consternation the cottony cushion scale caused in Los Angeles, where it destroyed orange groves in wholesale. But it has met its fate in the Australian lady-bug, imported for the purpose. A Los Angeles paper recently published an interview with Colonel Dobbins and H. A. Unruh—the former an extensive fruit-grower, and the latter Superintendent of Baldwin's immense orchards in Santa Anita. The statements of these gentlemen were positive, unequivocal and consonant. They were all to the effect that the white, or rather cottony cushion scale-bug is practically a thing of the past. Wherever *Vedolia cardinalis* has been set to work he has in a very short time cleared the tree of every vestige of the pest. Orange growers all over the county are taking care to procure this little friend of theirs and to make war at once with his aid on the bugs.

These same gentlemen were also quite as emphatic in their statements to the effect that the red scale is also rapidly disappearing before the onslaught of the lace fly, and a small bug not yet classified, both of these parasites being of local development. These statements are entirely corroborated by those of Mr. Cogswell of the Sierra Madre Villa. When this became generally known a plea was made to the Horticultural Association and the scale pest officers to forbear for a while the spraying process which had proved of dubious benefit, in order to give these parasites fair play in their effort to destroy the pests. The officers investigated and found that this was indeed the case, that the parasites were doing a long-prayed-for work of eradication.

But the curculio has so far escaped the deadly parasite and has baffled all attempts to check its progress wherever it has appeared, either in the United States or in foreign countries, where its ravages have been the most destructive. Californians may well be thankful that the curculio has not yet visited their wonderland.

BOLD BURGLARS.

Private Residences Raided by Thieves Both at Night and Day.

About this time of year keep a lookout for thieves and burglars. The crop is quite ripe just now, and is dropping—liable to drop in on you when visitors are least expected. Night before last, while a party was in progress at the residence of E. F. Aiken, in the eastern suburbs of the city, and while the guests were all in the parlor, the host's youngest daughter went to the dining room for a pitcher of ice water, and suddenly collided with a big and burly tramp, who had entered the house unknown to the inmates. The young lady screamed, of course, and the fellow broke for the rear exit. The screen door opened inward, and in his haste to get out he jumped through it. Mr. Aiken and several of his gentlemen guests followed quickly and searched the premises thoroughly, but the burglar had escaped in the darkness.

Yesterday forenoon Miss Mamie Kelly, whose parents live on I street, between Sixth and Seventh, went up stairs, where she was confronted by a strange and rough-looking man. She at once ran down stairs and gave the alarm. Officer Lowell was fortunately near by, and he ran up stairs and caught the fellow, who had made his way to the bath-room in an effort to escape by the rear. Miss Kelly soon discovered her gold watch and chain were missing, but the prisoner denied having seen them. A search, however, of the place brought to light the articles where the thief had hid them behind a door. He was taken to the police station, where he gave the name of Ed. Williams and was booked for burglary.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

J. C. German went to San Francisco yesterday.

Russell Flint came up from the Bay last night.

L. S. Taylor and wife left for San Francisco yesterday.

Mrs. L. Bell and daughter have returned from a visit to San Francisco.

J. C. Cotton and Bert Kidder left last night to spend a few days at the lakes.

Alexander Badlam has returned to San Fran[illegible] tour of Europe.

Miss Ora Run[illegible] has resumed her studies at the Mills College, Alameda.

Miss Laura Toll left last evening for a two-months' visit to Portland, Or.

Jacob Hoehn came up from San Francisco last night, en route to Lake Tahoe.

Emil Ilsohn, Assistant Postmaster at Diamond Springs, was in the city yesterday.

William Rider and wife and his mother, Mrs. John Rider, have gone to Scott Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Phillips were tendered a surprise on Friday night by their friends.

Miss Lillie Harmson and Bertie Greiner have returned from a two-weeks' camping trip to Donner Lake.

Mrs. William H. Mills and daughter were in town yesterday. They returned home on the afternoon train.

Mrs. J. W. Wilson and the Misses Ida and Lulu Wilson returned last night from a long visit at Santa Cruz.

C. E. Grass has gone to San Francisco for a few days From there he will go to Pacific Grove for a short vacation.

Judge Armstrong, Sheriff McMullen, Mayor Gregory and J. W. Wilson returned yesterday from the Ione Fair.

State Agricultural Director Green is at Ione arranging for an Amador county exhibit at the coming State Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Milnes have returned from their wedding trip, and will be at home to their friends on Thursdays, at 1628 I street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Smith, Miss Tottie Smith and Miss Annie Boekhoff will leave to-day for a two weeks' vacation to San Francisco.

Arrivals at the Capital Hotel yesterday: J. R. Nebecker, Ione; Jos. Monckton and wife, Silver City, Nev.; C. R. Harlow, Nevada; Henry Netter, San Francisco; Col. Hardie, Nevada; John Dengman, Boston; R. A. Sparks, Davisville.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: N. J. Coleman, Alameda; J. S. Gould, J. E. Doolittle, Dutch Flat; H. A. Smith, Astoria; Jerome Le Fettit, California; W. O. Van Schugoer, Portland; Dr. A. E. Brown, City; A. M. Clark, Kansas City; E. R. Huddleston, Rochester; S. F. Green and wife, College City; C. F. Settle and wife, Mrs. Newhall, San Jose; Dr. W. H. Davis, Detroit; I. A. Robie, Sacramento; J. Doychet, Eng. Moffat, E. J. Isham, Harry Gethsea, Mrs. F. E. Mayhew, M. J. Kauffman, A. Breitenbach, San Francisco.

Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Aiken and their daughters entertained a number of friends at their elegant residence at Eighteenth and G streets. The large double parlors were handsomely decorated with flowers, and the guests were highly entertained. The evening was passed in social converse, singing, dancing and parlor games. At 11 o'clock all were invited into the dining-room, where was set an excellent luncheon, ice-cream, cakes, etc. Among those present the following were noted: Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lauder, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Erlewine, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Coon, Mr. and Mrs. William Grothen, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Russell, Miss Jessie Leonard, Miss Flora Luther, Miss Annie Luther, Miss Phoebe Extrum, Mrs. Len. Kidder, Miss Flora Prentiss, Miss Lillie Flagner, Fred Duden, Robert Greer, John Cutts, T. H. Berkey, Joseph Thompson and others.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Fire Commissioners have ordered 500 feet of new hose.

The Gus Lavensons leave for Marysville at 5:30 this morning where they will play to-day with the club of that place.

In the advertised financial statement of the county appears an item of expenditure of $220 for ice for the Court-house during the cold month of January. The amount should read $2 20.

John J. Hardin is in the city trying to arrange with the State Board of Agriculture for exhibitions during the Fair by the American team of bicycle riders, who are making a tour of the world. The team consists W. F. Knapp, W. J. Morgan, Miss Jessie Oaks, Miss Helen Baldwin and Miss Kittie O'Brien, all of whom have national reputations as wheel-riders.

A County Hospital patient named James White was brought into town yesterday and examined as to his sanity. The Commissioners adjudged him a fit subject for the asylum, and Judge Armstrong committed him to Stockton, to which place he was taken last evening by Deputy Sheriff Cogswell. He is a native of England, and had followed the sea for a livelihood.

Admission Day.

The coming celebration by the Native Sons of the Golden West, which will be held at San Jose on September 9th, Admission Day, will no doubt be one of the grandest celebrations of its kind ever held in California. Parties who have never witnessed a celebration of this kind should avail themselves of this opportunity, as very low rates will be offered by the railroad company.

The members of Sacramento Parlor, No. 3, have chartered a Pullman coach, and are going to San Jose in first-class style. Rutherford Hall has been secured as headquarters for Sacramento Parlor. The hall will be tastefully decorated, where refreshments will be served during the day for all visiting Parlors. The Hussar Band of eighteen pieces has been engaged for the occasion, and will discourse concert music during the day.

A Business Disagreement.

Miss Kate Bennett and Miss Emma Peters have entered an action in the Superior Court against Mrs. M. Peters to recover certain articles of furniture, glassware, etc., alleged to have been removed by defendant from the coffee saloon at 521 K street, while the plaintiffs were in possession of the same. The complaint alleges that the articles are unlawfully detained by the defendant, and that their value is $1 000. They ask judgment for that sum, and also damages at the rate of $10 per day for the time they have been deprived of the use of the property.

Tea and Fruit.

A special tea train of fifteen cars went through here for the East last night, and ten cars of fruit were sent out.

NOTES FROM MARYSVILLE.

Light Showers of Rain—Heavy Assignment—The Chinese Hydraulickers.

[Appeal, August 10th.]

Mrs. Clara A. Brown, of Pasadena, a niece of W. M. Strange, has opened a kindergarten school in Yuba City.

The fact that the annual fairs are about to begin will cause an exodus of Marysville sports.

During Thursday night some very dark clouds overcast the skies in this vicinity, and hung until yesterday morning. Before they disappeared, a light shower of rain fell, but not in sufficient quantity to make a perceptible measurement in the rain gauge.

District Attorney Forbes and Under Sheriff Bevan, having in charge the Chinese hydraulicker whom they had taken to San Francisco before the Supreme Court on a writ of habeas corpus, returned last evening. The District Attorney says that from remarks which have been made to him by several of the Justices he does not think there can be any question but that the writ will be dismissed.

Daniel McGanney, of Smartsville, who has long figured as one of the wealthiest men in Yuba county, having, it is understood, great interests in other localities, filed an assignment yesterday, making Sheriff J. A. Saul the assignee. The amount of his liabilities is fully as great, if not greater, than most people estimated him as being worth, being over $120 000. This is said to be the heaviest failure ever known in this county.

Engineer Doyle, of the Marysville Quicksilver Mining Co., was down from Smartsville yesterday, looking after the interests of the company. He says that the shaft which they have been sinking in order to work over deposits is down now to almost paying dirt, and that they have a large engine to pump out the water which flows in. Mr. Doyle is very confident that his undertaking will prove a success, and he hopes to soon show an exhibit that will cause capitalists to invest and put great numbers of men to work with the machinery which only a wealthy corporation can provide.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

AN INFATUATED PAINTER SHOOTS HIS PARAMOUR AND THEN HIMSELF.

Closing Chapter of a Long and Disagreeable Story of Marital Infelicity.

Shellars' little candy store, on the south side of K street, just a few doors from the corner of Seventh, east, was the scene of a bloody tragedy shortly before six o'clock last evening. The principals in the affair were Mrs John Shellars, wife of the confectioner, and John A. Henning, a painter who works for Austin & Austin, house and sign painters, whose place of business is in the basement just beneath the confectionary. Mrs. Shellars was shot fatally by Henning, who afterwards shot himself.

Owing to the fact that there were no eye-witnesses to the tragedy, particulars of it are rather vague.

It appears, however, to be one of those mysterious unaccountable affairs in which a married man becomes infatuated with another man's wife, and, realizing the hopelessness of his case, goes a gunning. Henning has a wife and two children, but since he met and fell in love with Mrs. Shellars—something like a year and a half ago—he has shamefully neglected his own home. He formerly owned a little shop on Ninth street, and was doing a thriving business at sign-painting; but, in order to be nearer the object of his illicit affections, gave up his own place and went to work for the Austins.

She, it is said, encouraged Henning's suit, by accepting presents and money from him. Mr. Shellars was wholly unconscious of anything improper in the relations of his wife with Henning, and became a fast friend of the latter. In fact, he intrusted his establishment to Henning on one occasion while he and his wife took a vacation in Santa Cruz.

HE WAS UNCHECKED.

In this condition matters ran along for many months. Henning became deeper and deeper in love with his friend's wife, until it finally became the talk of the neighborhood, and people wondered how Shellars could be so blind. Henning's wife became acquainted with the state of matters and, taking her children with her, left him. This did not have the effect of checking his passion for Mrs. Shellars—as a matter of fact it only served to make him more desperate. He importuned the Shellars woman to fly with him from her husband, and it was not until this had become almost a mania with him that she came to her senses, and saw the error of her ways. It was then that she realized the wrecked condition Henning was in.

She took immediate steps to remedy matters by telling him flatly that she had been trifling with him and did not love him—that his suit was useless, and the best thing for him to do would be to go back to his wife and not be a fool.

BURNING WITH RAGE.

Henning raged and stormed for almost a week over this and then began drinking to such an extent that he would work but two or three days a week. At night he walked up and down the sidewalk in front of the little confectionery muttering and talking incoherently about his "troubles." He related the story to several of his acquaintances, and one of them, a young man who had once worked for Henning, advised him that his drinking and cursing would not serve to help matters at all; that he was only making an idiot of himself, and would soon be the laughing stock of the town. This remonstrance seemed to rally Henning considerably, and he admitted the wisdom of his friend's advice. The next day he sent for his wife, announcing that he had given up his mad passion for Mrs. Shellars, and promising in future to be a good and kind husband and father, provided he could obtain forgiveness. Mrs. Henning gladly forgave him, and came back to this city to live with him. For a few weeks Henning appeared to be a man again, resumed his work and treated his family as a husband and father should.

But, alas! the evil spirit which had become possessed of him had not yet satisfied its cravings. Henning was more or less thrown in Mrs. Shellars' way, and the smoldering embers kindled anew. He reiterated his declarations of love for her, and again importuned her to run away with him. This was within the last few days. She resented his advances, and did so rather sharply. He swore vengeance and left. Since then he has been more or less under the influence of liquor constantly, and at time was almost insane.

At noon yesterday he was very drunk, but had

SOBERED OFF SOMEWHAT

By evening. At about half-past 5 o'clock he met a friend to whom he owed a bill for materials. There was some conversation between them in regard to the debt, when Henning suddenly turned away from his companion and walked directly for the rear entrance to the building in which the confectionery is located. This entrance is made from Seventh street.

The friend was standing where Henning left him, wondering what could have come over the latter to cause him to leave so abruptly, when he was startled by the sound of two pistol shots, coming from the direction of the bakery. He waited for a while, not knowing from whence the sounds proceeded, but soon joined the crowd which was fast gathering about and inside of the confectionery.

The police were soon on the scene, and cleared the crowd out of the store, and at the same time sent for a physician. It was soon learned, however, that the services of the latter would be unnecessary so far as Henning was concerned. He lay upon the floor of a rear room or bedroom of the store, in a pool of blood which was rapidly spreading over the floor, as it poured from a small bullet hole in the unfortunate man's left temple, and another in his throat where the bullet made its exit.

A glance satisfied those present that the man was dead.

Mrs. Shellars was also lying upon the floor, with a bullet hole behind the left ear, and also bleeding profusely. Drs. Simmons and Nichols examined her and found that, though she was not dead,

SHE WAS FATALLY INJURED,

As the skull had been fractured and the ball passed into her brain. She was placed upon a bed and made as comfortable as possible. She regained consciousness soon afterward and complained of great pain, but could not be induced to say anything about the shooting, except that Henning had shot her. When her condition was made known to her she requested that a priest be sent for. This was done, and while the priest was in consultation with the dying woman, the doctors and other persons present respectfully withdrew from the room.

Mrs. Shellars is a comely Spanish woman of about thirty-two years of age. She was formerly married to a saddler in this city, but divorce separated them. She then went to Montana and there, it is said, lived rather a gay life for a while, but afterwards returned to this city where she met and married Shellars.

Henning was a large, fine looking man, weighing nearly 200 pounds, and about the same age as the woman. He was light complexioned and wore a sandy mustache. His body was taken charge of by the Coroner soon after the shooting, and removed to the morgue, where it was later on viewed by his distracted wife.

DID THE WOMAN DO IT?

Thomas L. Acock says he was one of the very first persons to enter the confectionery after the tragedy had occurred. Upon entering the rear apartment he says he stumbled over the body of Henning. He stooped down to examine the prostrate form when he heard a groan on the other side of the room. Upon looking up he saw Mrs. Shellars lying on her back and near her lay a smoking pistol. She was trying to push it away from her. Several other persons whose names could not be ascertained, corroborate this. The police, however, do not place much confidence in this theory of the tragedy. Henning's face bears evidence that the shot which entered his head was fired at close range, while Mrs. Shellars bears no such marks. Besides it does not look probable that she did it. Henning was the one who was seeking vengeance, and it is known that he owned just such a pistol as the one which was found in the room. Mr. Acock is positive nevertheless that the woman did the shooting, and forms his conclusions from what he saw upon entering the place.

At last accounts this morning Mrs. Shellars was still alive but sinking rapidly.

No More Waits on the Switch.

The double track of the City Railway, on Tenth street, has been completed, and cars are now running over it, much to the gratification of residents in the southeastern part of the city.

FOLSOM FINDINGS.

Splendid Grape Crop—An Old Citizen Gradually Dying.

[Telegraph, August 10th.]

Professor Willis and family, of Sacramento, went through here this week on their way to the Rubicon.

The railroad company intend to put up a couple of new water tanks for the use of their locomotives at this place.

Grape picking has commenced, and some very fine specimens of that fruit have been brought to town. All the vineyards around here expect to harvest a large crop, and all vines are well loaded.

At the present time there are no prisoners at work in the sheds in front of the prison. All of them are at work in the quarries, getting out stone for use on the dam, or assisting others in their labors in the river bed. The sheds are lonesome looking and quiet.

The work on a coffer dam has been going on at the prison all the week, and it will be all done by Monday morning, and the river will be running through the openings in the big stone dam. The work of filling up the gap will then be commenced, and before the rain falls will be completed.

All the water that is used for drinking purposes by the workmen on the canal and dam has a quantity of oatmeal in it. About thirty pounds of oatmeal is used every day. The oatmeal has much to do with preventing sickness among the convicts, and they say it quenches their thirst better than if the water was drank pure.

Last week a prisoner named Howland, who had been working on the gravel train of the canal company, escaped, and no trace of him could be found. On Monday news was received that he had been captured at Fresno, and A. C. Sartain, of the prison, was sent to identify him, and to bring him home, if he was found to be the man wanted. On arriving there it was discovered that a mistake had been made, and the wrong man was in custody.

Thomas Stephenson, one of the oldest residents of these parts, has been quite ill. For the past five or six weeks he has been suffering from a cancer in his mouth. His death may occur at any time.

On Sunday last a man named Severence was arrested for stealing some corn from a field owned by John Perry, a short distance from town. Judge Anderson fined him $30 or thirty days in the county jail. He was allowed to go and try to raise the amount of the fine, and as he has not paid it yet, is probably looking for it in Sacramento, in the direction of which he started.

CAPAY VALLEY NOTES.

Interesting Jots from that Beautiful and Fertile Locality.

[Woodland Mail.]

Charley and Joseph Winters, accompanied by Andie Pierce, started for Eureka Tuesday.

J. N. B. Wyatt and son Clarence started Tuesday of last week for Howard Springs, to be gone three weeks.

Mrs. M. C. Nurse and children are at Cloverdale, visiting her parents.

F. J. Milsap has gone to Santa Rosa to bring his wife home, who has been visiting relatives.

George Taber and family have started for Cobb Valley, to be gone a month.

R. O. Armstrong and family, and W. D. Allison and family will start next Monday for Cobb Valley on a camping trip, to be gone until the weather is cooler.

Geo. Wolgamott went to the Bay City Monday to cool off.

J. H. Norton finished heading Tuesday of last week, after a successful run of about forty days.

J. B. Everett, of Capay Valley, and John Wilgus, of Winters, are both thrashing about here, and will about complete the valley in one more week.

John Goodnow has completed his large harvest after a successful run of forty-three days with the Harvest Queen.

Geo. W. Woodward, with his combined harvester, will finish his Hungry Hollow ranch this week. Two large four-horse teams have made two trips daily with wheat to the Capay warehouse ever since the harvest commenced.

FOLSOM'S BIG DAM

Work on it is Progressing Rapidly—More Workmen Needed.

Excellent progress is being made on the big dam at Folsom, says the Folsom *Telegraph*. Four courses of stone have been laid about one-third of the way across, on the outer side of the river, and a large amount of other necessary work done. The top of the dam is full of men, and big rocks are laying around in plenty awaiting the work of being placed in position. Concrete is being mixed on the dam, and men are wheeling sand and loose rocks, to use in filling in the crevices. Although large quantities of rocks are blasted out every day, it makes the men rush to keep up the supply.

Two hundred more men could be employed to advantage on the work.

Some gigantic rocks have been blasted out, but have to be broken into pieces, because the facilities for handling such great, heavy pieces of stone are not there. Several pieces are to be seen that alone would almost fill up the gap in the canal. They are all being drilled and broken into several pieces, and are all of the very best grade of granite. The work on the sand plant, that is to be used in the canal construction, is being pushed, and will be done about next week.

The biggest policeman in the United States, with one known exception, is Lieut. Malin, who is now in charge of the Twenty-first District, in West Philadelphia. He is six feet five in height, and carries himself with the precision of a veteran. Night or day he is always on the go, and the citizens of his district speak of him with the utmost kindness. He doesn't tell his weight to anybody, but judging from appearance it must be that of two or three ordinary men. He is a strict disciplinarian, and never asks a patrolman to go where he is not willing to lead.

Though the Valkyrie will not race for the American cup, she will nevertheless come over, it is said, to try a bout with some representative American yachts. Representing Lord Dunraven General Paine has arranged for races, at $250 a side for each boat, with the owners of the Katrina and Titania, and negotiations are pending with still other yachtsmen.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK SALES.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 10, 1889.

MORNING SESSION.

Potosi	1 35	Occidental	1 95@2 00
B & N	2 70@2 80	Lady Wash	30@40c
Point	2 40	Andes	60c
Jacket	2 50@2 55	Challenge	1 40@1 25
Ophir	4 25	Scorpion	15c
Mexican	2 80	Benton	4
G. & C.	1 80	Con New Y.	40c
B. & B.	3 25@3 55	W. Comstock	45c
C. C. V.	7¼	Eureka	1 50@1 75
Savage	1 30@1 35	Prize	40@50c
Cholar	1 25	Navajo	35c
Imperial	45c	B. Isle	10@15c
Kentuck	60@70c	N. B. Isle	1 05
Alpha	8 c	Queen	90@1
Belcher	2 25	Argenta	5c
Confidence	5¼	Com'wealth	3 20
S. Nevada	2 20	N. Com'wealth	1 00
Utah	90c	Bodie	80c
Bullion	55@60c	Bulwer	10@15c
Exchequer	55c	Mono	50c
Union	2 65@2 70	Dudley	15c
Alta	1 30	Peer	10@15c
Julia	30c	Crocker	35c
Caledonia	20c	Peerless	30c
S. Hill	40@45c		

Birth, death, and marriage notices must be sent in by responsible parties, and paid for at the rate of 25 cents each; funeral notices, 25 cents.

DIED.

Sacramento, August 9—Samuel Dombrower, a native of Germany, 46 years.

[Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, Seventh street, between N and O, this (Sunday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.] *

San Francisco, August 10—Mrs. Caroline B. Thompson (mother of Mrs. H. H. Rice), 62 years and 3 months.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFLUL!

To Prevent and Remove Wrinkles.

BY THE USE OF MME. SONALEA'S PARisian Nut Oil and Milk Weed Powder you retain your youthful looks to old age. They remove wrinkles, pimples, freckles, moth, black heads, blotches, and make the skin white and smooth and beautiful. The Nut Oil is a natural lubricant for the skin, softening and keeping it youthful.—DR. GALE, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. I find Madame Sonalea's preparations for the skin most excellent.—DR. MOUNT, 575 Lexington avenue, New York. Indorsed by the profession. Personal—I have analyzed over 50 different preparations for the complexion, and find nothing so beneficial for cleansing and keeping the complexion youthful as Madame Sonalea's Milk Weed and Nut Oil.—R. L. PEGYON, Chemist, Chicago. These do away with all cosmetics, naturally preserving, beautifying and keeping the complexion youthful. Highest testimonials. Send stamp for circular. Ladies calling from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. will be given a free trial this week at 521 J street. For sale by Mrs. G. F. Aaron. ItS*