REAL OLD PEOPLE.

REMARKABLE LIVES OF SEVERAL CENTENARIANS.

An Old Ruffian of Eighty-four—Plenty of New Shirts—A Happy Day at Eighty-eight.

Mrs. Elizabeth Eaton Larned, of Central Falls, R. I., celebrated her 99th birthday January 7th last. When a Boston *Globe* reporter, a few days ago, called upon Mrs. Larned at her home in Central Park a little woman, much stooped, was ushered into the room. Her mild blue eyes, and kind face, which is not much wrinkled for a person on the verge of a century of life, brightened at the announcement that a visitor had come to see her, and she confidingly accepted the proffered hand. On learning the object of the call, she smiled and said she used to read the papers a great deal, but had given up reading now.

"I can see pretty well, but I don't try to read," was the way she expressed it.

On account of her failing health within a few years, it was impossible to get a story of long life, but from her family much information was learned.

She sleeps a great deal of the time, and some days does not care to leave her room. Until within a few years she was extremely fond of receiving callers, but has grown indifferent of late. She is regarded as perfectly well in the general meaning of the term, and the expression "Oh, dear!" which she frequently uses, is pronounced a habit by her friends. She can read with spectacles a little, but seldom attempts to, and appears to have no desire to read.

Mrs. Larned was born in Dudley, Mass., January 10, 1790, her maiden name being Elizabeth Eaton. She was the daughter of John Elliott Eaton and Elizabeth Davis Eaton. Mr. Eaton was a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, being a resident of Spencer, Mass., at that time, and after the war he moved to Dudley and settled.

In 1810 Miss Eaton was married to Morris Larned, of Dudley, and there she remained all her life until 7 years ago, when she moved to Central Falls. Her husband died ten years ago. Thirteen children were born to them, of whom only five are now living, as follows: Mrs. Cordelia Davison, 17 Railroad avenue, Central Falls, with whom Mrs. Larned lives; Thomas Larned, of Dudley, Mass; William Larned, of Denver, Col.; John Larned, of Boston, and Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, of Dudley, Mass. Twenty-five grandchildren are living, while the number of great-grandchildren is too large to be correctly estimated even by members of the family.

Recently her sight and hearing failed, and she has had little to say of old times since. She used to be a great knitter, but with her failing sight that pastime has been relinquished.

Mrs. Larned is a direct descendant of John Elliott, the great Indian apostle, her grandfather, Josiah Eaton, a clergyman of Spencer, Mass., marrying Sarah Elliott, a granddaughter of John Elliott, and in her earlier years she used to rehearse the experiences he had with the Indians. Mrs. Larned's father was the first physician in Dudley, Mass., and not only was he worshiped by the Indians as a "great medicine man," but was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

The subject of this sketch gives every promise of being a centenarian. Should she attain her 100th birthday it will be fittingly observed, and many of the honored sons of the old Bay State will be present.

A REMARKABLE CENTENARIAN.

The New Orleans papers have lately recorded the decease, at his farm near Reggic station, parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana, of Mr. Celestin Paul, who lived to the great age of 118 years. His daughter, Mrs. Angele Soude, is still living in New Orleans, and she has kindly furnished the correspondent of the *Scientific American*, Mr. J. W. Bailey, of Washington, Louisiana, the following interesting letter of particulars concerning her father:

NEW ORLEANS, July 4, 1889.

Jonas W. Bailey, Esq., SIR—In answer to your kind letter of inquiry about my father, I will respectfully state, what is well known from tradition by all the old residents of the parish of St. Bernard, that he was 18 years old when he went to reside on the place where he died. It is just 100 years ago. The oaks and pecan trees that he planted at that time are still there. Some of them cannot be embraced by two men. He moved only once from his old place. It was in the winter of 1814, when he found it safer to drive his cattle in the woods, far from the river, where the "Anglais," as he used to say, could not steal them. After the war he returned to his old place, where he remained up to his death. I left him on his old place fifty years ago, while a young girl, to reside in New Orleans, where I had other relatives to take care of me. I, of course, visited him ofttimes and always found him healthy. His reminiscences of men and things of his young days would have been very interesting for some historian; but I confess that I took little interest when he spoke to me about Lafayette, Jackson, Dominique Yon, etc. He used to speak very often of a Mr. Nolte, who was a merchant, I think, of New Orleans, who, he said, was a 'big man."

His life has been that of a farmer. He was regular in his habits. After field work he would come home to take his meals, after which he would make baskets to send to the New Orleans market. I send you by express a specimen of those baskets. He made the one I send you during his late sickness.

With the regret that I could not give all the necessary information you desire, I am, sir, your respectful servant,

VVE. ANGELE SOUDE.

AN OLD RUFFIAN OF EIGHTY-FOUR.

A Steubenville (Ohio) dispatch to the New York *Tribune* says: Twenty-five miles north of Steubenville John Striker, a teamster, has lived for the last thirty-six years. He has been married three times, and is the father of twenty-one children. His present wife, the mother of six young children, is a daughter of his second wife by a previous marriage. His house is an old log house of only one room, and he has eked out an existence by farming a small plot of ground. Two days ago a complaint was made to the Humane Society, alleging his brutal treatment of his children. He was arrested after a desperate struggle; for, despite the fact that he is 84 years old, he has remarkable physical strength. At the hearing to-day his wife was the principal witness, and from her lips was heard a story of almost incredible cruelty. She said that on one occasion, because one of his sons went to a husking bee against his wishes, the old man took him with a halter around his neck and hung him to a stable beam, where he was left till he was cut down by the wife. A daughter, who wanted to go to school like other children, was stripped and tied to a post, where he lashed her with a black-snake whip into a state of insensibility. Two months ago he tied up a ten-year-old daughter by the heels, and whipped her with the ramrod of a rifle until her body was almost literally flayed, and to-day showed the red and ugly scars. Ten days ago, because two of his little girls let his cows get into the cornfield, he stripped them, tied them up by the wrists to a limb of a tree, and whipped them with a hitching strap. Their backs yet bear the marks of the lashing. These are only a few instances of the terrible punishment he inflicted upon the slightest provocation. He was fined $200 and costs, with six months in the Work-house. His wife and children will be provided with other homes.

PLENTY OF NEW SHIRTS.

Elizur Fenn, of Terryville, Conn., says the New York *Sun*, is an octogenarian widower. His wife died about a month ago. After the funeral Mr. Fenn found a half dozen shirts made by his aged partner and carefully laid away. Soon after he found six more in another place, and, remarking that a dozen shirts would probably last him as long as he lived, he sent them out to be laundried. Last week, while rummaging about the house for something he had mislaid, he found another half dozen shirts. Surprised at this, he began a systematic search and brought to light ninety-seven of the indispensable garments, all showing the careful needlework of his estimable wife. The shirts are of fine muslin, and the work on them is of the finest description, all done by hand. Ladies who have seen them marvel at the exactness of the stitching. Mr. and Mrs. Fenn were a quaint old couple, wealthy and without children. It had always been a remark that Mrs. Fenn, unlike most old ladies, never was engaged in knitting, but always took her sewing with her when she went out to spend the afternoon.

A HAPPY DAY AT EIGHTY-EIGHT.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, writing from Chester, Ill., under date of August 13th, says: "Mrs. Margaret Thompson, the mother of all the Thompsons of Randolph county, resides at Red Bud. She was eighty-eight years old last Friday, and a celebration of that event was given in her honor by admiring sons and daughters of the second and third generations. Mr. Gault, of Sparta, presided at the formal meeting, and speeches were made by Dr. Pollock, of Chester, and Dr. Beatty, of Red Bud. A grand basket dinner was then discussed by over fifty living descendants, and the remainder of the day was occupied in giving presents to grandma, of which she received a large number, and some very valuable ones at that, and in congratulating the estimable lady upon the return of her birthday. To say that the old lady was happy is but to express it mildly. She was probably never happier in her life, and she considered it a proud day in her long history. She is hale and hearty, in the full possession of all her faculties and bids fair to see a century."

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

An Atlanta (Ga.) special of August 9th to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: This morning, at the residence of James B. Johnson, occurred the death of his father, William Johnson. The old gentleman has had a long and eventful life. He was born in 1795, just before the death of President Washington, the first ruler of the nation, giving him the distinction of living under every President of the republic up to the present time. Mr. Johnson was a native of Virginia, but when quite young moved with his father to Tennessee. He lived for seventy years on one farm in Tennessee. For the past few years he has been living among his three sons, Rev. W. C. Johnson. Presiding Elder at Memphis; J. K. Johnson, of Virginia, and James B. Johnson, of Atlanta. Last May he came to Atlanta, and has since then been with his son here. Ten days ago he was taken sick, and died this morning. The body was prepared for burial, and will be taken to Franklin, Tenn., to-morrow, where it will be laid to rest beside his wife, who has been buried there for fifteen years.

OLD PEOPLE OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

A Lockport, N. Y., correspondent, writing under date of August 14th, says that the opening of Wilson, on Lake Ontario, in old Niagara county, as a summer resort last week called out a number of the old-timers. Whether the booming roar of the old cataract or the lake breezes are beneficial to longevity in these parts, certain it is Western New York is noted for its old people. Old Ansel Carpenter, with his 103 years on his shoulders, was there, so was Rube Wilson at 90, and after whose father the town was named. Rube founded the celebrated Collegiate Institute, where the renowned story-writer, novelist and jurist, Albion J. Tourgee, was educated. The school was then considered one of the best in the State, but that was back in the fifties. To make the celebration of some moment Rube had a marriage of two pretty spry people for their age. These were Richard Beck, aged 85 years, and Mrs. Hannah Johnson, aged 72 years. They loved and lost each other when young. Hannah's husband died, and now Richard has renewed his early devotion, although somewhat matured in years.

SIXTY YEARS MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie S. Butler of this city, as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. C. Luther, celebrated on Tuesday the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. They were married at Albion, Orleans county, August 6, 1829. Mr. Butler has passed an active business life, and now, at the age of 82, enjoys life at the family home in East Washington street. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Butler of Pompey, each of whom died at the age of 93 years, lived till past their seventieth anniversary, and two of his brothers and two of his sisters lived with their partners for periods varying from fifty to sixty-three years. Mr. Butler and one sister, Mrs. Ella W. Boss of Fabius, are the last surviving members of a family of eight children.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal.*

GOING ON 103.

There is now living in Grand Rapids, Mich., a lady who celebrated her 102d birthday on January 11. This lady is Mrs. Harriet Coe, who was born in this city in 1787. Her father, Alexander McNeil, fought in the war of 1812; her grandfather was General McNeil, a Revolutionary hero, who was an early colonist in Connecticut, and was engaged in trade between New Haven and Hartford. She taught school for fifteen years, and in 1820 married Horace Coe, of Guilford. She lost her husband twenty years ago. In her 100th year she suffered a paralytic stroke. The shock was nearly fatal, but her remarkable vitality pulled her through. She is a woman rather of small and delicate physique, but her vitality is marvelous. She has two sons living. She was the oldest child of her family, and has a brother living at Campbelltown, N. Y.—*Hartford Times.*

NOTES ABOUT OLD PEOPLE.

A man named Scott, who had been employed by a London publishing house for eighty-one years, died recently.

Harvey Mosher, an esteemed citizen of Troy, N. Y., is dead at the age of 88 years. He was a native of Vermont, but came to Troy as far back as 1824.

A Russian paper, the Saratoff *Dujevnik*, says that there is living in Saratoff a man who is 140 years old. His name is Daniel Samoloff, and he was born in 1749.

Timothy McCarthy died August 8th, in Boston, Mass., at the age of 86. He was formerly a Custom-house Inspector. In 1853 he and Bernard McGuinness were the only Irish policemen on the Boston force. Two children survive him.

Martha Hazard, aged 84; Amelia Mayhew, 86, and Michael Mason, 90 years and 10 months, of Putnam, Conn., have died there within a week or two. Their combined ages amounted to 260 years. They were all long residents of the town.

Rufus Gibbs, of Bridgton, Me., although 89 years old, is tolerably spry and loves to talk about old times when people went to church and sat four mortal hours in the big meeting-house without any fire. He drank liquor early in life, but afterward became a noted temperance reformer.

Isaiah Tiffany, one of the Commissioners who laid out the city of Brooklyn, is dead. He was born in Columbia county, N. Y., in April, 1801. His father had been a Major in the Revolutionary army. In 1835 he was appointed by the Governor one of three Commissioners to lay out Brooklyn upon its incorporation as a city, and Tiffany place was named after him. He was afterward for eight years Postmaster of the city of Utica.

"The venerable Sir Richard Owen has entered upon his 86th year," says the London *World*. "A recent visitor to the pleasant villa just inside the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park, which he has occupied by favor of her Majesty for nearly forty years, found the 'Professor,' as he still loves to be called, in the possession of excellent health, enjoying above all things his daily stroll in his beautiful old-fashioned garden, wherein at favorite spots are resting places for his convenience. He still shows and gossips over his singular collection of curiosities, literary and scientific."

The Dallas (Tex.) *News* records the death, at Santo, Tex., of Grandpa R. Work, at the age of 86 years and 3 months. He was born and raised in West Tennessee, lived in Missouri until 1875, and then came to Johnson county, Tex., resided there two years, went from there to Palo Pinto county in 1877, where he has resided up to the time of his death. His wife died about five years ago at the age of 80 years. Grandpa was highly respected and much esteemed by all who knew him. He was a faithful Christian, and member of the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Martha Hiles died recently at Philadelphia, Pa., aged 96 years. She was born at Willow Grove, Montgomery county, September 17, 1793, and was a daughter of John Boggs, a Quartermaster in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Hiles, says the *Ledger*, was left a widow fifty-five years ago, with seven children, five of whom are still living, the two daughters, Mrs. S. H. Brown and Mrs. H. K. Funk, residing in that city. Though deprived some years ago of the use of her lower limbs, Mrs. Hiles was until recently able to read and knit. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Deborah Powers, the senior partner in the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburg, N. Y., is the oldest banker in the country. This venerable, but active, woman is 99 years old. She is in full possession of her faculties, and her business shrewdness is as remarkable as it was a generation back. She established and maintains "The Deborah Powers Home for Old Ladies," in Lansingburg. She has been engaged in the banking business over a dozen years. Mrs. Powers is a native of New Hampshire, and seemed to have gained some of the strength and vigor of the granite hills amid which she was born.

A West Union, W. Va., dispatch of August 7th says: Something of a sensation was created here yesterday by a genuine case of uniting in wedlock of May and December. Timothy Vanhorn, a 69-year-old boy, of Dodridge county, and Miss Mary Queen, of the adjoining county of Harrison, aged 16, were the happy and blushing principals. Vanhorn is a well-to-do farmer, and his bride is the daughter of a respectable citizen of Harrison. Their courtship was not a long one, they having first met at a church social last winter. The groom, though a little shaky on his feet, was as happy as a clam at high tide.

Writing from Turin about her brother, General Louis Kossuth, who is now 88 years old, Mme. Ruttkay says: "He is enjoying not only good health for one of his age, but perserves all the faculties of his mind. We live here, close to Turin, in a pleasant villa, surrounded by a handsome garden, which he planted himself and cultivated with the greatest care. Natural science is one of his favorite studies. Botany occupied a great deal of his time as long as he was able to climb the Alps. Now he has given it up, but has a fine collection of plants dried—about 4,000 specimens—which he arranged with the greatest care. His sons are well situated and have ample opportunity to exercise their fine talents, improved by a generous education. Francis is a director of the sulphur mines of Cesena, in Tuscany. Louis is Chief Engineer of the Alla Italia railroad line. Neither is married. Their father does not desire it, perhaps because they have no opportunity to marry Hungarian women."

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As from the outer world you pass—
Just where the forest skirts the plain—
An open book lies on the grass,
And there for years untouched has lain.

The leaves are yellow now with age,
But one may read in letters free,
As the wind turns the ragged page,
The blotted name—Philosophy.

'Tis said a student one day stood
Outside the bounds, when on him fell
The mystic power of that wood,
And Love cast over him a spell.

Then long he strove to enter there;
But guardian spirits in array
Prevented him, until despair
Had made him throw the book away.

And then, when he at length had cast
The stern Philosophy aside,
Love bade him enter—held him fast
As conqueror of Self and Pride.

And now, in dim, enchanted nooks,
Ruled by a Love that never fails,
He seeks not sympathy of books—
Love whispers to him fairy tales.

Outside, swept by the wind and rain,
Philosophy, uncared for, lies;
It cannot enter Love's domain;
It was not meant for Paradise.

—*Flavel Scott Mines.*

A BRAVE CONFEDERATE.

How He Kept His Word at the Risk of His Life.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

Lieutenant C. A. Coryell, formerly of the One Hundred and Forty-first New York Volunteer, Twentieth Army Corps, was with Sherman on the famous march to the sea. One bright Sunday morning in December, 1864, the Lieutenant was detailed to take charge of the picket line in front of Savannah, on the edge of a rice swamp. There was a truce between the pickets and everything wore a Sabbath-like stillness.

Coryell had nothing to do and was out of tobacco. How to get a chew was the question. Finally a handsome young officer from the Confederate side strolled out between the lines. Coryell hailed him at once:

"I say, Johnny, if I come over to you can I get tobacco, and return safely to my lines?"

"Come along, I'll treat you right."

"How do I know that I'll not be taken prisoner?"

"You have the word of a gentleman and a Confederate officer."

Coryell thought a moment and then decided to make the venture. He laid aside his sword and belt and started across the high and narrow dike leading to the Confederate line. On the other side of the dike the water in the rice fields was five feet deep.

The Lieutenant reached the opposite shore without any misgivings. The Confederate produced some tobacco, and a trade was made in no time. Then the two fell into a pleasant conversation.

Suddenly Coryell saw a signal flutter from a house some distance in the rear of the Confederate line.

"What does that mean?" he asked sharply.

"I don't know," replied the Confederate.

Just then an orderly dashed up on horseback, and, with a dignified salute, said to the Confederate officer:

"Lieutenant, the General orders you to take the Yankee officer to headquarters."

Coryell was dumfounded. Then he looked at the Confederate Lieutenant and noted his honest eyes and his manly face.

"Am I your prisoner?" asked Coryelll.

The Confederate extended his righth and.

"I offered you my protection," he said. "Go to your lines. I will follow you over the dike, and if my body can shield you from Confederate lead you shall reach your command in safety. Good-by, and God bless you!"

The Federal started on his return trip. He was half way across when the first shot came. There was another, and another, until a whole brigade seemed to be firing at him.

The fugitive walked rapidly onward until he reached the Federal lines and vaulted over the breakwork. Then he looked back and saw his protector standing on the dike. The Confederate waved his hand, turned about and marched back to his own side. He had kept his promise like a true soldier.

ON THE DECK OF A MULE.

OUR CHARMING CORRESPONDENT'S RIDE IN MEXICO.

A Town That Father Time Has Forgotten—Banqueting on Tree Oysters and Fat Snails.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

MULEGE (L. C.), Mexico, 1889.

From La Paz to this place, which is pronounced Moo-la-ha), is a run of fourteen hours—that is by steamer in fair weather. No doubt the journey might be made overland, but it would require many days, through hardships innumerable—for uninhabited deserts lie between, and there are unexplored mountains to be scaled and rivers of unknown depth to be forded.

We arrived at Mulege anchorage—half a mile or more from the landing place, and the latter two miles from the town—just after dusk on a rainy day; and as your correspondent had decided to stop in Mulege until the return of the ship from a less-important point above, and as the ship was to sail at daybreak, there was clearly no alternative but to get to town as best I could, under convoy of the Captain and Purser, who were obliged to transact business there.

Pulling away from the vessel's side in a life-boat, in the dense darkness that precedes a waning moon, we rounded a rocky promontory and nearly ran into a recent wreck, looming somber and pitiful—the wraith of a gallant steamer whose few remaining timbers were being rapidly dismembered by the ceaseless swish of the waves. Awed and chilled by this encounter and the Captain's tale of a drowned crew, we suddenly shot into a little cove, where blazed a fire of brush and driftwood which the Mexican Government causes to be kept up here every night for the guidance of passing vessels. Around this primitive lighthouse a score of swarthy natives were collected, looking in the flickering blaze like typical brigands or the evil spirits of Dante's Inferno as pictured by Dore—so like the chorus of an opera that we momentarily expected them to burst out into song. In the background, under a rude hut composed of a thatch of leaves set up on poles, were a couple of women squatted on the ground busily preparing the evening meal of beans and tortillas.

There is generally something uncanny about entering a strange city after dark, even amid the bustle of a modern railway train, with a carriage in waiting to convey you to a comfortable hotel; but

HOW MUCH MORE WEIRD

To step from a row-boat over a tossing sea upon a shell-strewn waste in a foreign land by the uncertain glimmer of stars in a cloudy sky; and then to learn that at least two miles of muddy, lonesome, perhaps robber-infested roadway lies between yourself and the unknown destination, with no possibility of anything on whee's to convey you thereto, is calculated to send small shivers up and down the spinal column of persons braver than your scribe.

Neither love nor money could have hired a horse in all the country around, and the Captain's business was imperative and must be quickly settled. Luckily two or three gentlemen had come down from town on muleback; and, as I had promised when advised to omit Mulege, not to permit the fact of being a woman to interfere with official business, if allowed to accompany the officers, I said not a word, but meekly mounted in front of the polite *cabellero*, who offered me half his steed, while the rest of the party, with breeches tucked inside of high-top boots, plodded along on foot through mud that would have reached above my shoes. Not a dignified entrance, to be sure; but my feelings were assuaged by the remembrance that the Savior of mankind came into Jerusalem on a mule, and I thought of the old-fashioned ditty my grandfather used to sing:

" For riding double was no crime
In the first good Edward's time;
No brave man thought himself disgraced
By two fair arms around his waist;
Nor did the lady blush vermillion
Bouncing on a woman's pillion."

So we plunged into the blackness of the night and in due course of time drew bridle in front of the *casa* del Jefe Politico, and I was handed over to the care of Mr. Jefe Politico himself, whose august office corresponds to that of an English beadle or a Mayor in the United States. At any rate, he was the most important personage in the town—the one local official—and he lost no time in conducting me to his residence and presenting me to his wife and daughters.

And here I have remained for more than a week, charmed with the quaint old place and its quainter, but kindly, people, growing more and more sorry as the days go by that the ship will soon return and I must bid *adios* forever to this quiet haven.

If, as has often been asserted, most of Mexico is "a century behind the times," this portion of it belongs to days so much farther back in the shadowy past—the days of mail-clad Conquistadores and gray-cowled monks of the Order of Jesus—that it can never, by any possibility, hope to "catch up" with the nineteenth century in the slow procession of the years.

THE CITY OF MULEGE

Has a present population of about fifteen hundred, of course mostly Mexican. The vast majority of its enterprising citizens have never been twenty miles from home—or at the most to La Paz; and a person so "traveled" as that is looked upon with distinguished consideration. They have heard of the United States, and incidentally of Europe; but they regard the latter a remote and insignificant country, something as we do a tiny island in the far South Sea—satisfied that it is there, though of littie use to man. As to the United States—alta (or "upper") California, is not to be ignored, being a suburb of the all-important peninsula; but the rest of that unknown land—for all the Mulegeans knew or care—is an unhabited waste, with a port somewhere on its eastern side called Nuevo York.

Mulege has the usual features of Mexican villages, including a lovely plaza, where really good music is nightly rendered to the promenading citizens, and where gambling is openly and hilariously indulged in by both ladies and gentlemen. The favorite game is

"THREE-CARD MONTE,"

But I am informed that it is not the same as played in the United States. Never having seen it in the North, I cannot say; but this is the way they do it here: The dealer shuffles, and lays four cards upon the table, two on the right and two on the left, face uppermost. Sometimes only two cards are used, and often even more than four; but in any case they are always in groups of two, because one hand wagers against the other. The money is silently stacked beside the favorite card, and the dealer again shuffles, turns the pack face uppermost, and slowly draws off a card at a time, dealing in regular order, till one appears of a denomination corresponding to one of those first laid upon the table. This is the winner, and he who has bet upon the lucky card doubles his money. And very silly it seems to me for rational human beings to lose their heads completely over a few greasy bits of pasteboard in a game of chance, often staking their all upon it, perhaps sacrificing the children's bread, and throwing down their watches and jewelry after the money is gone. The women invariably become most excited and utterly irresponsible, betting recklessly; but I observed, too, that they are generally the most successful players.

A little money and energy expended in something more profitable than gambling, might make of Mulege one of the loveliest places on earth. The environs are picturequely beautiful, the climate all that could be desired, and the possibilities of fruit and verdure, in the way of cocoa-palms, dates, etc., are unlimited.

The back country is very rich in minerals, and

THE ROTHSCHILDS,

Those wise financiers, are literally monarchs of all they survey; and ever since they came into possession here have been using their best endeavors to keep this treasure-house of nature a profound secret from the rest of the world. They hold a concession from the Mexican Government, which enables them to bring in all their supplies free of duty, and the entire district is mainly dependent upon them. Yet the Rothschilds headquarters are at Santa Rosalie, forty-three miles farther north, where the copper mines are. There is no town there, however—though the French employes have a group of comfortable cottages set high on a breezy hill; and Mulege is the nearest port and "metropolis." The whole country round about is owned and dominated by the "Compania de Bolio," as the Rothschild copper syndicate is called. The have two blast furnaces of 100 tons burdens each, and twa more of 75 tons, between which and the mines—a distance of several kilometers—a narrow-gauge railway is constantly plying.

The mines are shallow, the deposit being found in "pockets." There are three groups of mines, and the crude ore averages from 7 to 12 per cent., and can be worked to great advantage, labor here being so extremely cheap.

This section was formerly the celebrated mission of

SANTA ROSALIA DE MOLEJE,

And the little stream upon whose banks the village stands is still called after the good Saint Rosalia. As before stated, the town is two miles from the sea, and all trade is carried on by means of a small sailing boat plying up and down the river. The commerce, as may be imagined, is not extensive, being principally confined to tan bark, in the hands of a solitary German, who has a "concession" to cut all the bark he wants. He ships it to Guaymas, across the Gulf of California, and receives therefor two Mexican dollars per 100 pounds

Pearl-fishing, during its season, is carried on in the vicinity. Many varieties of vegetables and fruit are raised for the supply of passing vessels—the latter depending also upon procuring here excellent beef, wood and water. Game is abundant in the mountains back of the village. But most famous of all are

THE WINES OF MULEGE,

Resembling heavy port and claret, made, exported and praised ever since the first Jesuit Fathers planted and pressed the "Mission grape" in this congenial soil. Some sulphur is found in the vicinity, and gypsum abounds in many places, generally in its crystallized form of selenite. And besides the copper above mentioned, there is a little gold, more silver and much alabaster.

For more than 300 years the alluring phantoms that have beckoned fortune-hunters to these coasts have been gold, silver, pearls and precious stones. And yet not many of them have been carried away. About ten years ago, reports were heralded to the world of some wonderful placer mines, said to have been discovered in this district of Mulege. It was asserted that shining nuggets big as hickory-nuts lay all around on the surface waiting only to be picked up. A crowd of eager adventurers came pouring down from Sonora, Chihuahua, Arizona, New Mexico—even from the mining sections of far-away Nevada and Colorado. Then the quickest way to reach Mulege was by journeying across the gulf, on one of the shaky and poorly-provisioned coasters that ply those stormy waters. The sufferings of the noble army of fortune hunters were intense, and when at last the eastern coast of the peninsula was reached, they found only

A DREARY DESERT

Stretching out before them. Half dead with hunger and thirst, they plodded on—the gold fever still burning hotly in their veins—till the impassable mountain wall that runs down through the center of the country cut off further progress. And then it came out that the story of placer mining in Mulege was a delusion and a snare, gotten up by certain shopkeepers of Guaymas with a view to reducing the piles of goods on their overstocked shelves by means of a great immigration boom! The scheme succeeded to the extent that Guaymas gained a considerable increase of population—but not of a very desirable character; for the emigrants who survived their folly and returned to Guaymas in rags and poverty, proceeded mostly to the hospitals, prisons and alms-houses, to be supported by public charity.

The other evening I attended a swell banquet in the *casa* of a wealthy Mulegean, which had some peculiar features. Among the numerous courses of the *menu* were enormous snails, fattened for the purpose—something as they are prepared for Lenten food in many parts of southern Europe. The snails are kept several weeks in a large reservoir, the floor of which is strewn with herbs and flowers. No doubt the fashion was borrowed from the luxurious Romans, who—if Varro is to be believed—fed them on bran and wine, till sometimes a single shell would contain ten quarts of solid snail!

At a later stage in the banquet two servants appeared, staggering under the weight of a huge mangrove branch, laden with parasitic oysters, which they deposited in the center of the festive board. Imagine oysters growing on trees! And so tenaciously did each little bivalve cling to the bush, securely moored by threads of its own spinning, that a hammer was needed to displace it.

The parasitic or "tree oyster" is as common here as in the Indian seas, and looks so exactly like a dried leaf clinging to the branch as to deceive even the fisher-birds that so eagerly seek it. It is found attached to the roots and branches of the mangrove tree, which grows in odorous groves at the edge of the sea, so low that at high tide their loftiest branches dip the waves.

FANNIE B. WARD.

DON'T MARRY HIM TO REFORM HIM.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true.
Don't link to his vices your virtue;
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
Be not by his promises led;
If he can't be a man while a-wooing,
He'll never be one when he's wed.

Don't marry a man to reform him—
To repent it, alas, when too late;
The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,
And proved it a failure at last;
Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear,
Than wed with a lover that's "fast."

Mankind's much the same the world over;
The exceptions you'll find are but few;
When the rule is defeat and disaster,
The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future,
The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of him who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.

To "honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfil.
If he'll have no respect for himself, dear,
Most surely you, then, never will.

'Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
Frown on error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;
Place wrong doing under a ban;
And let him who would win you and wed you
Prove himself in full measure a man!

WHY will you suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia? Simmons Liver Regulator is pleasant and cures.

AUCTIONS.

CONSIGNEE SALE!

BELL & CO., AUCTIONEERS,

—WILL SELL ON—

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st,

AT 10 A. M. SHARP, AT SALESROOM, NO. 927 K street, three truck-loads of Furniture and Household Goods of all kinds, Carpets, etc. Also, at commencement of sale, Horses, Buggies, Wagons, Harness, etc.

Sale Positive. Terms Cash.

au30-2t BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

A LARGE AUCTION SALE

OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY OF D. W. TAYLOR will take place on his ranch, seventeen miles east of Sacramento, four miles east of Hangtown Crossing, and two miles south of the Placerville road, on

Tuesday, September 3d.

The property consists of 15 head of work horses, 12 colts, cows, hogs, farming implements, wagons, hay, wood, etc.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums under $20, cash; over $20, one year's time with approved notes, interest at seven per cent per annum, four per cent. discount for cash.

Sale commences at 10 A. M.

D. W. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

M. TOOMEY, Auctioneer. au30 3t

W. H. SHERBURN,

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Furniture, Stoves, Bedding, Upholstered Goods, Crockery, Pictures, Carpets, Etc, Etc

I carry the LARGEST ASSORTMENT of

SECOND-HAND HOUSEHOLD GOODS

IN SACRAMENTO.

A List of Some of My Prices:

Second-hand Bedroom Sets (7 pieces), with mattress, from....$15 upwards
Stoves, from....$5 upwards
Toilet Sets, colored (7 pieces)....$3 50
Toilet Sets, China (5 pieces)....$2 00
Higgins Carpet....75c per yard, sewed and laid
Pictures, from....$1 per pair upward
Harness, from....$6 a set upwards

Wood Seat Chairs, Rockers, Diningroom Chairs, Etc., Etc.

W. H. SHERBURN.

FRUITS, SEED, PRODUCE, ETC.

W. H. WOOD & CO.,

—WHOLESALE—

Produce and Commission Merchants,

117 to 125 J Street, Sacramento.

POTATOES, BEANS, ETC., A SPECIALTY.

THE SACRAMENTO MARKET

CARRIES THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF Fruit, Produce, Fish, Poultry, Game, etc., to be found in the city.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.,

308, 310 and 312 K street, Sacramento.

Telephone 37. [tf] Postoffice Box 335.

CURTIS BROS. & CO.,

General Commission Merchants and Wholesale Dealers in

Fruit and Produce.

308, 310 and 312 K st., Sacramento.

Telephone 37. Postoffice Box 335. tf

EUGENE J. GREGORY. FRANK GREGORY.

GREGORY BROS. CO.,

(Successors to GREGORY, BARNES & CO.)

Nos. 126 and 128 J Street......Sacramento.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND Fruit. Full Stocks of Potatoes, Vegetables, Green and Dried Fruits, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. Orders filled at Lowest Rates. tf

S. GERSON & CO.,

Commission Merchants, Wholesale Fruit and Produce.

220 J STREET......SACRAMENTO

W. R. STRONG & CO.,

—WHOLESALE—

Fruit and Produce

DEALERS,

SACRAMENTO......[1p]......CAL.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

July 28. 1889.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Calistoga and Napa	8:30 P.
11:00 P.	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A.
5:05 P.	Deming, El Paso and East	7:05 P.
7:30 P.	Knight's Landing	7:55 A.
4:30 A.	Marysville (Mixed)	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Ogden and East—Second Class.	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Central Atlantic Expresss.. For Ogden and East	3:40 P.
3:00 P.	Oroville	9:50 A.
11:00 P.	Oroville	3:40 A.
3:00 P.	Red Bluff via Marysville	9:50 A.
10:40 A.	Redding via Willows	4:05 P.
4:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P.
7:00 A.	San Francisco via Benicia	8:30 P.
4:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	10:10 P.
*10:00 A.	San Francisco via steamer	§6:00 A.
11:26 A.	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P.
3:05 P.	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A.
11:20 A.	San Jose	2:25 P.
9:00 A.	Santa Barbara	9:55 A.
5:05 P.	Santa Barbara	7:05 P.
7:00 A.	Santa Rosa	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Santa Rosa	8:30 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Galt	7:05 P.
5:05 P.	Stockton and Galt	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	Truckee and Reno	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	Truckee and Reno	3:40 P.
8:30 A.	Colfax	5:00 P.
7:00 A.	Vallejo	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	Vallejo	†8:30 P.
*12:15 P.	Folsom & Placerv'le (mixed)	*10:35 A.
*7:15 A.	Folsom and Placerville	*3:45 P.
*5:20 P.	Folsom	*6:50 A.

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. §Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.

T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent. tf

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Elegantly sugar coated. Price, 25 cents per box.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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J. CARLAW. A. CARLAW.

CARLAW BROS.

Sacramento Granite and Marble Works,

TENTH AND R STREETS, QUARRIERS AND manufacturers of all kinds of Granite and Marble Work, and direct importers of the celebrated Scotch Granite Monuments. See our work and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. au10-1m

John C. Schaden,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Choice Family Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Millstuffs, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Tobacco. Corner Fourth and L Streets, Sacramento. Fresh Butter and Eggs a specialty. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city, railroad depot or steamboat landing. Highest Price paid for Country Produce. au13-1m

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

REAL ESTATE, ETC.

LOOK AT THIS

BARGAIN!

—OFFERED BY—

EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO

The Oldest and Largest Real Estate Agency in Northern California,

1015 FOURTH ST., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Farm for Sale or Exchange.

800 ACRES COSUMNES RIVER BOTTOM Land; 320 acres now seeded to alfalfa; small Orchard and Vineyard; good House of six rooms; Stable for 20 head of horses; large Cow Barn and Stable, holding 120 head; Granary and Corn Bin. This land has and will produce five crops Alfalfa and one crop of Seed per season, each crop averaging two tons per acre, or ten tons for season per acre, and will sell at $8 per ton on farm. The Seed will yield half a ton per acre, and sell in the market at 10 cents per pound, or $100 per acre—therefore making each acre produce for the season $180 per acre on the 320 acres. The other land is fine for fruit or grain. This land has large oak trees scattered over it, therefore making it also a fine Stock Pasture. We will sell the above property for $75 PER ACRE, or exchange it for Oakland, San Francisco or Sacramento city property.

Send for Monthly Catalogue.

Houses Rented and Money to Loan.

EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO.,

SACRAMENTO.

2ptf

W. P. COLEMAN,

Real Estate Salesroom, 325 J street.

FOR SALE.

30 ACRES ON J-STREET ROAD, and adjoining East Park on the east. Improvements consisting of orchard, vineyard, good dwelling, and barn. This is for sale in part or as a whole. Call for particulars and price.

16 ACRES NEAR ROUTIER'S Station; 14 acres in vineyard; dwelling and stable; deep soil. Price, $3,600.

Money to Loan.

P. BOHL. E. A. CROUCH. 1pt

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 400 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.

10 PER CENT. NET ON $38,000.

DOES BUSINESS PROPERTY IN SACRAMENTO PAY A GOOD RATE of INTEREST on the INVESTMENT?

WE ARE FREE TO CONFESS THAT in most cases it does not at the Prices asked. There are exceptions, however, to every rule. It is very seldom that even a small amount of money WILL NET 10 PER CENT., however invested; and when it comes to an amount as large as $38,000 EARNING THAT RATE it is something almost unheard of. We have

For Sale a Piece of Property on J street for $38,000 that will Rent for $375 per month, or $4,500 per year, divided among four tenants.

Allow $700 per annum for taxes and other expenses, and it leaves $3,800, or 10 per cent. on $38,000. If you want this, call early. For full particulars see

A. LEONARD & SON,

Real Estate Agents,

1014 Fourth Street......Sacramento

Fine Bargains in Land.

THREE SPLENDID RIVER FARMS FOR sale or exchange in part for city property. Ranches of all grades at low prices, and some fine bargains in city property.

LOT 80x160 FOR $450.

J. A. PARKER,

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(OLD AND RELIABLE), OFFICE AT

Sacramento Real Estate AND INSURANCE ASSOCIATION,

Office, Northwest corner Third and J sts.

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W. R. FELTER, Agent.

N. J. TOLL, Manager Real Estate Department.

CAPITAL IRON WORKS,

No. 904 K street, Sacramento,

IRON PIPE, PIPE FITTINGS, BRASS Goods, Engineers' Supplies, Injectors, Governors, Sight Drop Lubricators, Pop and Safety Valves, Oilers, Whistles, Gauges, Water Glasses, Flue Brushes, Round, Square and Sheet Packing. 4ptf

Horses for Livery, Brewers, Grocers, Butchers, Etc.

WE HAVE AT THE STOCKYARDS 100 head fine Geldings and Mares from our Siskiyou ranch. These horses are all well bred, and will be sold at reasonable prices if applied for at once. A. HEILBRON & BRO., No. 217 J street. je22-tf

Waterhouse & Lester,

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