THIRTY YEARS AGO.

MEN WHO GUIDED THE LOCAL DEMOCRACY IN EARLY DAYS.

"Caxton's" Reasons for His Admiration of Sacramento—A Lively Debate—Local Incidents.

In one of his earlier articles on Sacramento, when San Francisco, Oakland and other places were bidding for the State Capital, "Caxton" (W. H. Rhodes) wrote as follows: "In point of convenient location, of accessibility to all parts of the State, it (the city of Sacramento) never did have a rival. In public spirit, in refined society, in thriftiness, in beauty, in taste, it will be many years before it has an equal. It was fitting that the town which grew upon the site of Sutter's old fort—the pioneer spot of Western civilization—should have been honored by being selected as the place for locating the State Capital. It was justice that the city which built the first link in the Pacific Railroad [from here to Folsom] should have that honor. No better spot could have been chosen than that which is, par emince, the garden of the State; which is radiant with the sweetest of flowers, rejoices in the most genial climate, and is the storehouse of the most luscious fruits and the most valuable products. Four-fifths of the gold which semi-monthly leaves in millions for the Atlantic States passes through Sacramento; more than one-half the grains, seeds and melons, the vegetables and fruits which find a market in the metropolis, are grow upon the banks of the Sacramento river and its tributaries; while at least two-thirds of the entire population of the State have made their homes along that stream and its various branches. We love Sacramento. Its beautiful situation enchants the stranger, and binds the citizen strongly to his home. The swiftly-flowing river that sweeps past its doors, bearing upon its bosom argosies richer than the galleons of Venice or the navies of old Tyre ever bore; the Snowy Sierra range, which lifts its cloud-crowned summits into the skies, in the blue distance; the flower-carpeted plains that stretch far away in every direction, with their picturesque farm-houses, and verdure and herds of cattle—all offer to the eye and the imagination a succession of natural beauties of landscape seldom equaled and never surpassed."

.........An interesting debate took place in the Assembly on the 16th of February (1860) over the bill to pay some $70,000 expenses alleged to have been incurred in General Kibbe's famous Indian "war" in Humboldt and Tehama counties. Conflicting accounts of that campaign had been published, and there was reason to believe that the poor Indians had been made the victims of somebody's avarice. The debate on the bill drew out some of the strongest men in the Assembly—Conness, Johnson, Stevenson, Welty (of Sacramento), Fairchild, Rogers, Laspeyre, Starr (of Sacramento), and others. Welty was among the most earnest advocates of the bill, and Conness led the opposition thereto, speaking for several hours on the subject. He was frequently interrupted by those pressing the bill, and many sharp things were said during the debate.

Welty, in the course of his remarks, referred to the kind and gentle manner in which a band of Indian captives were treated in Sacramento en route to the Mendocino reservation, and said that "Shave-Head" (the chief) and others were taken to the railroad depot to see a railroad locomotive. Conness said he would like to have the gentleman tell the House what Shave-Head's opinion of the locomotive was.

This sally caused considerable merriment, and made Welty angry. He replied that if the gentleman from El Dorado would shave his own a little closer (Conness was noted for his luxuriant, curling locks) it would enable him to debate questions with more coolness and calmness than he usually exhibited.

At another point in the debate, and when Conness was in the midst of one of his scathing criticisms of the conduct of those managing the Indian expedition, Lawrence interrupted by rising to a point of order. This nettled the El Dorado representative, and he spoke up: "Well, you just sit down on your point of order!" And then he went on to score General Kibbe for having given into bondage some Indian children he had captured in his famous campaign. The bill was on the following day indefinitely postponed by a vote of 34 to 26.

.........There were about 800 men staking off quicksilver claims in the vicinity of Mount St. Helena, at the head of Napa valley, and the mining fever was running over that way. But two or three of the mines, however, ever amounted to anything, the best of which has been the Knoxville. The original stock in that mine—which subsequently became worth a thousand dollars a share and enriched the few who did not part with theirs too early—was owned by Napaites, but most of it subsequently fell into the hands of San Francisco capitalists at nominal figures, who developed the mine and made great fortunes. When first issued the stock was given away freely in Napa. Richard T. Montgomery, editor of the Napa *Reporter* at that time, and who was one of the incorporators, distributed about half of his thirty shares among his employes one day while in a generous mood, and the boys disposed of it for almost nothing.

.........At the Democratic primary election, held on the 19th of February, the following delegates were elected in this city: First Ward—J. R. Hardenburgh, Reuben Raynes, J. R. Figg, Frank A. Jones, J. P. Sharkey, C. A. Hill, Owen Casey, C. W. Lightney, J. R. Beard, Joseph H. Virgo, James W. Coffroth, W. H. Prentiss, John Sharpe and J. Hess. Second Ward—Geo. F. Thomas, M. Ault, Charles J. Torbert, George P. Gillie, A. L. Waugaman, E. E. Eyre, Thomas Higgins, T. McLaughlin, L. Culver, Frank Rhoads, A. J. Easton and Benjamin Welch. Third Ward—Charles Forman, Frank Hereford, J. Q Brown, D. H. Whipley, John Graves, J. T. Knox, Nat Boice, John Hurd, E. G. Blessing and E. B. Ryan. Fourth Ward—Thomas Penny, William Shattuck, H. M. Bernard, Len Harris, Frank Powell, Charles Fairfax, Sim Tillman, P. Trope, C. W. Dankers, C. C. Reed, J. B. Dayton, R. C. Montgomery.

.........There are not a few Sacramentans of the present day who are ignorant of the fact that thirty years ago a railroad was constructed along the foothills from Folsom to Roseville, its ultimate destination being Lincoln, and possibly Auburn and Nevada City. The first locomotive to cross the American river left Folsom on the 15th of February, 1860, with four carloads of material, crossing on the new railroad bridge, which then stood a few rods further down the stream than the present suspension bridge. The granite abutments of the old bridge still stand to mark the spot where the California Central Railroad started. The road was afterward abandoned when the present line eastward from this city was projected, but the old grade can be traced all the way.

.........The city was aroused on the 20th of February by what had the appearance of having been a terrible tragedy. S. J. Affantranger, an employe of J. W. Mitchell & Co., of this city, left the latter's store at Farmers' Diggings on the American river, this side of Folsom, two days before, to go to Saulsbury's Station, a short distance away, with a bag of gold-dust to be forwarded to the firm here. That had been the last seen of him, but his hat and the canvas bag in which he had carried the dust was found on the trail, about a quarter of a mile from the store, near a precipitous bank over the river. The supposition was that he had been robbed and thrown into the stream, as, in addition to the dust, he had considerable coin on his person.

.........In the Senate Mr. Watson, of Santa Cruz, who had just returned from committee duty in investigating the Mendocino War, presented his report, and after it was read some member sent up to the Secretary's desk and caused to be read the following:

Resolved, That the wise discretion, combined with the Falstaffian courage exhibited by the honorable Senator from Santa Cruz, in his early return from the Indian War, should properly challenge the admiration of this body.

'The Senator, eloquent, handsome and brave,
Who so nobly went forth his country to save,
Returns unscathed to arms more tender,
Where nothing impedes an occasional bender.'

.........On the 17th of February Colonel E. D. Baker was presented by his admirers in San Francisco with a fine gold watch and chain on his departure for Oregon, whither he went to enter the contest for the United States Senatorship from that State. He won his place, went to Congress, and—as everybody knows—left his seat in the Senate to lead a brigade of Union soldiers in the war of the rebellion, and fell at the head of his men at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

.........It having been announced that the Parisian ladies had decided to adopt the court costumes of the time of the first Napoleon, a Boston paper took the trouble to look up the matter, and described the dress as follows: "It consisted of a loose muslin robe, drawn up and festooned at the right knee so as to show most of the limb. The robe passed under the left breast, which was left uncovered, and fastened under the left hip. Both arms were bare from the shoulders and encumbered only with bracelets." The effect was said to be extremely striking.

.........The Birch & Murphy minstrel troupe opened a season in Sacramento on the 21st of February, 1860. It was composed of such old-time favorites as Billy Birch, Joe Murphy, Sam Wells, Frank Medina (the man who always insisted that "San Andreas is a very nice place"), W. H. Smith, Pete Sterling and H. Williams. Birch and Murphy are still on the stage, the latter, however, having discarded the burnt-cork business.

.........Henry Blotler, a Swiss, committed suicide at Farmers' Diggings, on the American river, on the 19th of February, 1860. He first asked a companion, named John Heyer, to shoot him, but Heyer refused to accommodate him and took a shotgun from Blotler, whereupon the latter went to the cellar beneath their cabin and put some poison in a glass of wine and drank it. Hugh Duffy brought to town the news of the suicide.

.........The work of transforming the Court-house, on the corner of Seventh and K streets, into the Capital Hotel, then owned by Mr. Toll, had just been commenced. Large additions of late years have been made to the building by its present owners, Messrs. Blessing & Guthrie, who have laid out about $40,000 in improvements thereon.

.........On the 19th of February C. P. Richardson of Wisconsin Hill, Placer county, was attacked by four men on the Yankee Jim's road, about 9 o'clock at night, and robbed of $1,070. He made a desperate resistance and was shot through the hand, but returned the fire, and thought he shot one of the robbers, but, if so, the latter got away.

.........G F. Brown and Richard Barnes, of Yolo, who were witnesses in a case on trial in this city, had an altercation in M. J. McDonald's store. Brown fired a shot at Barnes while they were struggling, but missed him and nearly hit a clerk in the store. Barnes then severely punished Brown, after which they "made up" and became friends again.

.........Petter Lundberg was convicted on the 17th of February of the murder of Peter Rittz. The crime was a cold-blooded case of assassination, and was committed near the Pioneer Mill on the 16th of the preceding month.

.........A petrified yellow-jacket, or hornet, was dug from the earth near San Andreas, Calaveras county, a hundred feet below the surface, and between the two rims or banks of the "old river" channel.

.........On the night of February 21st, J. Lyon, a produce dealer on J street near Sixth, was knocked down on Seventh street, between O and P, by three men, robbed and brutally beaten.

.........An Act providing for the construction of a State Capitol building, was introduced in the Assembly on the 20th of February, 1860, by Mr. Conness, of El Dorado.

.........It was the custom then in this city to ring the fire-alarm and all the church bells at morning, noon and night on Washington's Birthday.

ALL SERENE AGAIN.

The Storm Quieted and Trains Running on Schedule Time Once More.

Matters have assumed their normal condition on the line of the Central Pacific through the snow belt, and to-day all trains will be running on schedule time.

East and west-bound trains passed through this city yesterday and last night, but not on schedule time.

At last accounts last night a light snow was falling east of Summit, but the thermometer stood at something like 23° below zero, and the indications were that the storm was over.

Division Superintendent J. B. Wright returned, tired and worn out, last night from Truckee, where he has been directing operations during the recent blockade.

A new rotary plow will arrive at Truckee this morning from the East and will remain there temporarily. It is an exact counterpart of the worthy little machine which did such noble work during both of the blockades. It is probable that both of the rotaries will shortly be stationed between Emigrant Gap and Alta, but it has not been definitely decided upon yet. With these two formidable machines, the cyclone, and the several push-plows, the railroad people feel confident that they can now handle most any storm—or at least keep the road open.

MOUNTAINS OF SNOW.

Bridges and Houses Crushed in the Hills East of Placerville.

Conductor Henry Johnson of the Placerville Railroad states that a man arrived in that town yesterday from Lake valley (the Tahoe region) on snow-shoes. He says the oldest inhabitant never saw such mountains of snow as there now are in that region. In some places it is twenty feet deep, and in Strawberry valley, where but a few feet usually falls, there is now eight feet of "the beautiful" on a level.

In the vicinity of Dick Johnson's place, forty miles east of Placerville, the weight of snow has been such as to crush in buildings and even bridges along the road leading to Carson.

It is by all odds the worst winter ever experienced in the Sierra Nevada range within the knowledge of white men now there, though doubtless there have been years in the dim past when the snow deposits were quite as heavy. It has been related that old "Snow-shoe" Thompson, who carried the mails between Placerville and Carson City, used to make his camp at night among the tops of pine trees in the heart of the Sierras, thirty feet above the ground, and the summer tourist can yet see the marks of his hatchet among the tree-tops, where he cut fuel for his fires.

Yesterday several inches of snow fell at Placerville, and the storm extended down to Latrobe.

The Huntington-Hopkins Company.

The following communication is self-explanatory:

San Francisco, February 20, 1890.

Eds. Sunday Union: Referring to the statement in the Record-Union of the 17th inst., to the effect that we had decided to transfer to the San Francisco house all the wholesale business heretofore done at Sacramento, and to maintain the Sacramento house as a retailing establishment, you have given a wrong impression. For years many of the largest customers of our Sacramento house have expressed a preference to buy their hardware of our house here, for the reason that they buy most of their other supplies in this market. We shall be glad to open accounts here with all this class of trade, but shall at the same time keep as large an assortment of goods at Sacramento as heretofore, for the accommodation of such customers as prefer to trade at Sacramento.

As your previous notice is likely to give a wrong impression to our customers, you will confer a favor by inserting the above.

Huntington-Hopkins Company,
Albert Gallatin, President.

Yesterday's Weather.

The rainfall for the twenty-four hours ending at 5 P. M. yesterday was .02 of an inch, making 3 98 inches for the storm and 27.59 inches for the season, as against 9 94 inches to the 1st of March last year. The highest and lowest temperature was 48° and 34°, with the weather partly cloudy.

The barometer has risen rapidly during the past thirty-six hours. On Friday it was considerably below 30 inches, while yesterday it stood several lengths of an inch above that figure.

Larry Farrell's Ugly Prisoner.

Chief of Police Lee has received a letter dated on Monday last from officer Larry Farrell, at Jefferson City, Mo., in which the officer states that Tom Summers, the prisoner whom he went after and who is charged with forgery, is as mean as ever, and evidently has a scheme under way to escape while being brought out to this coast. Officer Farrell says he will have to remain in Jefferson until the Governor arrives and makes out the necessary papers.

Dillon and Desmonde.

John Dillon and Sir Thomas Grattan Desmonde, the prominent Irish patriots and statesmen, arrived in San Francisco yesterday from Australia. It is the intention of the Irish-American citizen of Sacramento to give them a reception in the near future.

Patti's Special.

A special train bearing Adelina Patti and her troupe of famous opera singers will pass through this city this morning en route to the East.

RECORDS BROKEN.

THE PRESENT WINTER ENTITLED TO THE RAINFALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Famous Winters of 1849 and 1862 Must Now Retire—Hiram Arents' Comparison.

That the winter of 1889-90 has been a remarkable one so far nobody needs to be told. The "oldest inhabitant" has frequently been appealed to for a comparison, but he has invariably dodged the question.

Old forty-niners are loth to admit that anything ever eclipsed the great winter of 1849-50 as regards severity and some have even gone so far as to proclaim that the present winter has been a "picnic" when compared with that which greeted them upon their arrival in the land of gold. "There has never been anything like it and never will be" is their usual declaration. There has been much discussion on the subject, but none of a substantial nature, owing to the absence of statistics.

The Record-Union, with a view to settling this important matter, prevailed upon Hiram Arents, a well-known forty-niner, formerly of Sacramento, but at present a resident of Oroville, to throw some light upon the subject. Mr. Arents has a penchant for old records of all kinds, and probably is one of the best posted men on California history alive to-day. He is well known in this city and his comparisons of the two winters will be read with interest, particularly by the old-timers.

THE FALL OF '49.

"I had been mining," says Mr. Arents, "early in the fall of '49 at Reading Springs, afterwards called Shasta, and also on Clear creek twelve miles above its junction with the Sacramento river, at a place which our party named Muletown, after a favorite pack-mule we lost by falling from a high bank down among the rocks below, breaking his neck. Poor 'Dirty-face Jack!' (that was the name we gave him). We have erected a monument to your memory and your innocent race in naming the town after you! It was here that I was prostrated with typhus fever. No physicians were here to prescribe for the sick, and no nourishment suitable for invalids could be obtained; nothing but a miner's hearty diet—pork and beans and slapjacks. Daily my symptoms grew worse and worse. Finally my brother concluded to get me out of this, and if possible down to Sacramento. I was carried most of the way down the canyon, twelve miles, reaching the trading post at the junction of the Sacramento river and Clear creek. This was a canvas town of stores, where provisions and miner's supplies could be bought for Reading Springs and other mines. It was on the 25th of October when we reached this place. My brother engaged passage for me and my sick partner of an ox-teamster to Sacramento, paying him four ounces of gold dust for the use of his wagon. On the morning of October 26th we started slowly down the valley for Sacramento, camping the first night some distance below Cottonwood creek.

"Before leaving camp the next morning (the 27th) the first rain of '49 set in and continued to fall in torrents, with scarcely an intermission, during the next four days.

On the fifth day out the clouds dispersed, the sun shone brightly and clearly. We had camped that night on the north side of Sycamore slough. The water in the same was about two feet deep, and it required the united efforts of the thirteen yoke of oxen to haul each wagon through the mud and water to the south bank. In pulling the last wagon over one of the hind wheels broke, and the teamsters came to a halt for the day to repair damages. They gathered logs and brush and started a rousing fire. The sick were removed from the wagons, placed near the fire to warm and dry their clothes. It was late in the afternoon when the damage was repaired and everything put in readiness for a start next morning. When night set in the sky was covered with clouds. Rain followed and continued with severity all night. Next morning (November 2d) we started on our slow journey. Before reaching Nye's ranch the bottom of the roads had fallen out. If the oxen shied one foot out of the beaten track they would sink to their knees and the wagon wheels would mire down to the hubs. Rain continued to come down softening the ground, and consequently our travel was slow.

"It was late in the afternoon of November 4th when we reached the I-street ferry on the Yolo side of the Sacramento river—eight days on the road from the trading post at the junction of Clear creek and the Sacramento river. I was lifted from the ox wagon, carried to the ferryboat and across the river to my tent, on lot No. 26 of Slater's addition to Sacramento City. We had bought this lot in July, '49, from Peter Slater, one of the old Territorial pioneers, and a personal friend of Captain John A. Sutter. The location of this lot is now occupied by the Southern Pacific Company's shops. It fronted on Jibboom street, directly opposite the site of the first Yolo bridge built across the Sacramento river. When we left Sacramento on our trip north to Reading Springs, the ferry landing was then opposite to our lot, but some time after we started up north it was moved to the foot of I street.

THE RIVER ROSE.

"The eight days shaking up in that dead-ax wagon caused a relapse in my sickness. I have no recollection of the rainfall in November until nearly the close of that month, but remember hearing my brother say: 'The river is bank full; if the rain continues much longer I will have to remove you to some safer place.' The rain ceased falling and there were eight or ten days of clear, warm weather before November closed. The rivers ran down, as there was then very little snow in the mountains to feed them. December was ushered in with a cold rain-storm, which continued day and night, but occasionally the sun would break through the clouds and shine for a few hours, then become obscured and rain would fall again. Rain, rain, rain! As the month was slowly passing away it became awfully monotonous while I lay in my bunk listening to it falling on the tent; and this was the result of my watchfulness, and the impression it made on my memory never has been obliterated.

"I concluded to notice how many days it would miss raining during the month; the result was that not a single twenty-four hours the entire month of the thirty-one days did we miss a down-pour or a light sprinkle of rain. On the 31st, the month closed with a fierce gale of wind and a rain-storm. Our tent was blown down. This storm continued some days in January, piling up the snow in the mountains and driving the miners back to Sacramento. Finally the weather moderated and warm rains continued to fall, rapidly melting the snow and reaching well up to the higher points in the mountains. The rivers were rising very fast. The American was discharging immense volumes of water, reaching across to the Yolo bank and backing up the Sacramento some miles. No one anticipated such a freshet as followed, and consequently very little preparation was made for the disaster that followed.

"It was 9 P. M. of January, 1850, when the surging waters were heard breaking over the banks fronting the city. The sound was like breakers rolling on the seashore. Immediately the cry went forth: 'The river has broken over the embarcadaro and is rushing into the city!'

"Little time was given the people in the city of tents to place their goods in safety. By 2 A. M. the waters of the Sacramento and American rivers had found their level over the city from two to six feet deep.

"The winter of '49 was a severe one. Pioneers who went through the same will never forget the privations and sufferings they endured; particularly the mining class. Forty-niners don't like to admit that there has been a freshet in the past 40 years—not excepting 1852 or 1862—equal to the one in '49, or as much rainfall in the valley, or snow in the mountains, as during that memorable winter, particularly in the month of December. The winters of 1849 and 1889 have been nearly alike—the latter most severe of the two. More rain fell in October and December 1889, and more in November, 1849. But should February and March of this year be similar to the same months of 1850, then the fall and winter months of both will be nearer alike in severity than any other two seasons in the past 40 years.

THE CITY FLOODED.

"February, 1849, was one of sunshine, warm and pleasant until near its close—about the 26th—and from that date until the middle of March was almost a continuation of storms. Snow fell in immense quantities in the mountains and very low down in the foothills. Wm. H. Tyack, who came to this State with me, had a claim at Georgetown, El Dorado county. He was driven out of his claim by the snow, returned to Sacramento, and reported that the fall there was from eight to ten feep deep. This storm was followed by clear weather and hot sun. The freshly-fallen soft snow melted rapidly, and by the 10th of April the greatest spring freshet followed that I have seen in forty years. My store, on Slater's Addition, was set up two feet above the ground, but the waters of the Sacramento and American rivers day after day kept rising, until they reached the under side of my counter. Outside of the store it was four feet deep. Had it not been for the perseverance and energy of J. R. Hardenburg, Sacramento would have been completely submerged. With not less than 500 men, armed with picks, shovels and sacks of sand, every low place around the city was carefully watched, and temporary levees were thrown up. This continued some days and nights. He saved the city from a complete submersion that year.

"The past six years I have been the volunteer signal observer for this section of California. My rain-gauge is the same as is used at the regular stations and is authentic. I have no record of my own to compare the daily or monthly rainfall for October, November, December, 1849, and January, 1850, with the same months of 1889 and 1890, but through the kindness of Thomas Tennent, of San Francisco, I have been allowed to take rain statistics from '49 records that cover these months. Thomas Tennent has the only correct rainfall record for 1849 and 1850 in this State. He arrived in San Francisco early in the summer of '49, commenced his record with the first rainfall in October and has a daily, monthly and annual record up to the present date. I have already stated that the first rainfall in '49 commenced October 27th.

RECORDS COMPARED.

"Mr. Tennent's record shows that about the same time the rain set in in San Francisco. He says it rained in October three days with a precipitation of 3.14 inches. In Oroville in October, 1889, it rained for twelve days, with a fall of 7.41 inches. In November, 1849, at San Francisco, it rained eight days, with 8 66 inches, and in Oroville in November, 1889, it rained seven days with 4.89 inches. I have also stated that in Sacramento in 1849 it rained or sprinkled in every twenty-four hours in the month of December. According to Mr. Tennent's record we had more rainfall in Sacramento then than they had in San Francisco. The following is Mr. Tennent's daily record for December, 1849: The first rain was on the 3d, with .45 of an inch; on the 11th there was 1.30 inches; the 12th, .84; the 13th, .15; the 16th, .34; the 17th, .05; the 18th, .22; the 19th, 1 21; the 20th, .37; the 21st, 54; the 26th, .41; the 31st, .32 The total rainfall was 6.20 inches. Mr. Tennent says it rained for fifteen days in January, 1850, with a rainfall of 8.34. This makes the rainfall for the season of 1849 50 to February 1st, 26.34. My record of the rainfall for the season of 1889 90 to February 1st is 35 19 inches. The excess for this season to that date is therefor 8 85 inches. Mr. Tennent says that up to this date the season of 1861 and 1862 goes ahead of this season, and it is the only one. Up to the end of January, 1862, we had 38 02 inches of rain, and in January 24 36 inches. More rain fell during the season of 1861-62 in San Francisco, according to Mr. Tennent's record, to January 31st, than in any other season since the gold discoveries. Admitting this to be a fact, it does not prove that winter the most disagreeable, long and tedious rain on record. It will be noticed that nearly two-thirds of the rainfall that season was in January, 1862, and the total rainfall for the season to February 1st, was 38 02. Now subtract 24 36 from the total to that date and there remains a rainfall to that date, January 1st, of 13 66.

"Now let us see how 1849 and 1889 compare with this season. In 1849 50 the rainfall from October to February 1st, was 26.36, and the rainfall in January was 8 34. Subtract this from the total and there remains for the season to December 1st, 18.02. The rainfall for 1889 90 from October to February 1st, was 35.32, and in January the rainfall was 9.52. Subtract this from the total and there would remain for the season, to December 31st, 25 50. As these statements are from authentic records, they prove the fall and winter of 1849 and 1889 were longer, more severe and disagreeable than the winter of 1861, and that 1889 was the worst winter in the past forty years.

AT THE SHOPS.

All the Departments Full of Work—A Hard Season on Rolling Material.

Business in the railroad shops in this city is resuming its old-time briskness, and the din and noise throughout the many departments gives evidence that a great deal of work is being done. In the boiler-shop a large number of men are kept busy repairing old boilers and building new ones. The big trip-hammers are working constantly, turning into ingots the pile of waste material.

Every track in the round-house is occupied, and scores of machinists are busily engaged in repairing and making as good as new again the disabled locomotives which have been battered up during the snow blockade. Some of the big engines are complete wrecks, but will be as good as new when again turned out of the shops. New drivers are needed on some, pilots on others, cabs on a few, and many need to be entirely taken apart and thoroughly overhauled. There are eight, ten and twelve-wheelers, together with one or two "hog" engines in the shop, and, judging from the appearance of some of them, it will be some time before they are ready for service again.

In all, there are eighteen locomotives in the shop, and many more are waiting their turn to be overhauled. Hence there will be no lack of work in that department for a long time.

In the car-shop six new and elegant baggage-cars are being built, and many carpenters are being employed on them. Several other coaches are undergoing repairs, and the foreman says he believes work will continue to be brisk for some time to come.

In the paint-shop, eight handsome Pullman palace sleeping coaches are being upholstered and painted, and some of these cars are the most elegant in the service of the Company. They are the Wanona, Santa Maria, San Andreas, Mariposa, Cordero, Buena Vista, Roseburg and San Mateo, and when they are again ready for the road they will be beautiful in appearance, as well as affording every possible comfort and luxury for travelers.

Senator Stanford's fine palace horse-car, Palo Alto No. 2, is also in the paint-shop, and work on it is nearly finished. On the sides of each of the stalls are five leather cushions, to insure comfort and perfect safety to the valuable animals that are to occupy them on the railroad.

COY AGAIN.

He Now Brings Suit Against the Central Street Railway Company.

Suit has been commenced in the San Francisco Superior Court by F. H. Coy against the Central Street Railway Company of this city.

Coy is the person who figured in a squabble with Superintendent Plant of the street car company several months ago on account of the latter's alleged attentions to Coy's wife. Coy was a conductor on the road and was discharged by Plant and went to San Francisco.

The present suit is for $4,500, based upon the recently-passed law imposing a penalty of $50 a day upon corporations which compel their employes to labor more than twelve hours a day.

Two Rounds Enough for Collins.

A six-round glove contest between a Minneapolis heavy-weight, named Collins, and Wilson, the colored heavy-weight, was the attraction at the Comique last evening. Wilson was to knock out Collins in six rounds or forfeit the purse. He didn't have to wait that long, for Collins went to sleep in the second round. Wilson is matched to fight Choynski, Professor Corbett's old opponent, before the Golden Gate Athletic Club of San Francisco shortly.

Inspecting the Brewery.

Otto C. Wolf, of Philadelphia, the engineer and architect who prepared the plans and specifications for the new building of the Buffalo Brewing Company in this city, is in town examining the building to see that the work has been done correctly and according to contract. Mr. Wolf intends visiting some of the cities throughout the southern part of the State, and will then return to his home in the East.

Militia Changes.

Major Kennedy, of the First Artillery Regiment, is soon to resign his position and go East. He has made an excellent officer, and by diligent study has become quite a tactician.

It is said that Adjutant Presley B. Johnson and Lieutenant M. H. Sheehan are aspirants for the position which Major Kennedy leaves vacant.

ALL FOR LOVE.

IT TAKES A DRUMMER FIFTEEN MINUTES TO WRECK A HOME.

How a Dashing Runaway Wife Eluded Her Husband in This City—The Latter's Muddy Tramp.

Society circles have been considerably stirred in Galt during the past two weeks over a sensational runaway match. The belle of the town, a young married lady, tired of her boy husband and skipped out with a drummer. Drummers are dangerous in more ways than one, and when it comes to making love on short notice they get there on time, and an engagement or an elopement is generally planned within half an hour. They have become known for their boldness, and the opposite sex as a rule concede that an introduction to a "traveling man" is unnecessary, and the "mash" of a drummer is usually accepted as a matter of course and no exceptions taken.

About a year ago a drummer struck the town of Galt. His grip was of the latest style, his diamond one that would make a hotel clerk turn green with envy, while his style and loquacity was only equaled by his brass and immaculate gall.

He put up at a leading hotel, and in less than fifteen minutes had made a mash on the landlord's daughter. His dash and audacity carried the day, and before the train left (he stopped in town one hour) he had won her affections, and the confiding girl had consented to be his bride.

Of course he made another "mash" at Lodi and one at Stockton, and the Galt girl looked and longed for the letter "that never came."

She finally made up her mind that her affianced had joined a "McGinty" searching party, and the sweet words that had been spoken and fair promises that had been made in her brief half hour of bliss were forgotten. However, she was young and dashing, and, having had a taste of the romantic, was eager for another love affair; so when a long, lank and callow youth came along and laid siege to her affections she soon brought him to the proposing point, the minister was called in, and this time she was not left.

Everything went along smoothly for several months, there was "billing and cooing" in their little cot, their conjugal bliss was the remark of the town, and as they walked out evenings together taking in the beauties of the suburbs those who met them would always be reminded of that beautiful passage from Bulwer—"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," or words to that effect.

In the midst of his ecstatic bliss, while he was "slinging gin" over the hotel bar, who should drop in for a matutinal cocktail but the drummer. He drank his potion—it takes two Galt cocktails to produce death—and immediately, as he stroked his moustache and viewed himself in the mirror, asked about his "girl." With a "seven-by-nine" smile illuminating his beaming countenance, the "bar-keep" said that the young lady referred to had some months since been led to the altar by himself.

The drummer could remain in town but half an hour, but in that time he managed to have a five-minute chat with the young wife, went back to the saloon, had her husband mix him another drink and wished him much happiness in his matrimonial adventure. He then took the train for this city.

The next day the wife's acts caused the husband to suspicion that all was not as it should be, and when she boarded the train for Sacramento, he did also. She refused to sit in the seat with him, and would not talk to him. He accused her of running away, and asked about the drummer, but she resented every advancement, and was as dumb as an oyster.

When they arrived at the depot she bid him go and secure a hack and take her to a hotel. He went out upon the platform, engaged the vehicle and returned, but his wife was nowhere to be found; he went through the train, looked in the ladies' waiting-room, but she was nowhere to be seen. At that moment the Knight's Landing train was bowling over the Sacramento bridge, and nestled beside the drummer in the rear seat of the passenger coach was the faithless bride.

The "boy husband" had been given the slip.

The runaway pair stopped off at Davisville, where the drummer introduced the woman as his wife.

The husband returned to Galt by the next train, after putting detectives on the track of the runaways.

Through his mother-in-law on Tuesday last he learned that his wife was in San Francisco. The news was given him at 10 o'clock at night. He must reach her on the next train. He was dying, he said, to see and forgive her and to "mash the drummer on the nose."

It was half past 2 o'clock in the morning. Everybody in town had gone to bed, except the policemen who hug the bar-room stores, a few straggling singers who render night hideous with their discordant notes, and an occasional cigarette fiend, whose tottering steps are a living proof of Tom Clark's logic. The rain came down in torrents, the wind blew in gusts, and no one, except they were sent for a doctor, would venture out in the howling elements. A newspaper reporter, who had just completed his night's labor, sat by the fire in the office of the Capital Hotel discussing la grippe, McGinty, the snow blockade and kindred topical events, when the door opened and in stalked an individual who was immediately taken for McGinty.

If he had been drawn from the "bottom of the sea," or pulled from the muddy river that runs in front of the city, he could not have presented a more distressing appearance. Wet, cold, muddy he was a picture of misery and despair. He looked at the clock and remarked, "I have walked in from Galt in just four hours." He was the husband whose wife had skipped with the drummer. He pulled off his coat and put it on the chair to dry; he pulled off his boots and wrung out his socks, while the accommodating clerk piled on more coal and made a rousing fire.

The reporter turned around to read a paper and the desperate husband, in a low and cautious voice, invited the clerk to take a seat beside him. He then, in an undertone, recited the story of his wrongs, and told how he had walked forty miles in the night through a blinding storm to get the first train out of Sacramento, to go after his runaway wife. He wound up his statement by saying. "I am so mad that I really believe if I meet that drummer I will be tempted to smash him in the nose."

He left for the bay the next morning; he found his wife, but she did not return. She gave him a little motherly advice and he returned to Galt without her and is again behind the bar dealing out liquid refreshments.

SUPPOSED "CONFEDERATES."

Two More Men Arrested as Confederates of Wilson.

Although the man who gave his name as Al. Wilson, and who was arrested for passing a $20 Confederate bill on a restaurant-keeper, still lay in jail, the police yesterday learned that the business was still being conducted by two or three other parties, and officers Carroll, Rider and Agner started out in search of them.

Officer Carroll learned from some boys that two men had been seen entering a number of places, and he went to a saloon at Front and K streets, and asked the proprietor if certain persons had been there, giving their descriptions.

"Aw, vat yer vas giff'n me?" replied the proprietor contemptuously. "Did you vas 'spose I runs a photergraf gal'ry, und dakes bicture ofe all der men's vat goomes dis blace in?"

The officer could get no satisfactory reply from the man and visited other places. It was learned that attempts had been made to pass the bogus money at Front and Q streets, Sixth and E and the grocery store at Twelfth and P streets. After several hours' search the officers found in a dance-hall two men who answered the description of some of the party they were in quest of and arrested them. They gave the names of J. D. Gibson and Daniel David Thurston. Both are strangers here and admitted having been "running" together during their brief stay in the city. Nothing was found on their persons.

The officers had no more than got their prisoners to the police station, when the saloon proprietor above referred to rushed in almost out of breath, and waving aloft a $5 Confederate bill shouted:

"Say! bolicemans! I vas robbed! Von rascal goomes mine blace to, und gets a trink, und gifs me dot pill for fife tollar, und I gifes 'im pack der change in goot money!"

Without stopping to ask him if he had taken the fellow's photograph, the officers brought the prisoners before him. He thought one of them might be the man who several hours before had passed the bogus bill on him, but could not positively identify him.

It is thought that several persons have been victimized by the gang who are working this change robbery, but that they are ashamed to own up to it. One lady, who was temporarily in charge of a grocery store, would have changed one of the bills, but found she did not have the requisite sum in silver.

The bill passed upon the Front street saloon-keeper had been blurred so that the words "Confederate States of America" were scarcely distinguishable, still no person familiar with the appearance of Uncle Sam's paper money should be deceived by these Confederate bills.

EAST VS. WEST.

To-Morrow's Shooting Contest at Agricultural Park.

At Agricultural Park, to-morrow afternoon, there will be a fine display of shooting skill, commencing promptly at 2 o'clock, when the two great teams of expert trap-shots that are now making a tour of the continent under the auspices of the United States Cartridge Company, representing the East and West, respectively, will shoot one of their scheduled matches.

These teams are composed of six men each, besides one substitute. They started from Cleveland, O., on the 17th of last month, and have shot in all the larger cities of the Southwest and South, making thirteen matches in all. So far the Eastern team has a slight advantage. The party is traveling in the Pullman car, "Iolanthe," and its members have been living on "the fat of the land" since they left the East.

All their regular matches are shot at "inanimate targets" (dics made of clay), and as there will be no blood spilled the contest will be one that ladies may enjoy. None of the matches are shot on Sunday. The teams are composed of gentlemen, many of them being business men of means and prominence where they reside.

The shooting will be in the track, directly in front of the grand stand, from whence the exhibition can be seen by all who desire seats. In all the larger cities elegant and costly trophies have been shot for, and the car in which the party travels looks like a well-stocked store of silverware, with its tankards, cups, etc.

The dispatch in the telegraphic columns giving the result of yesterday's match in San Francisco stated that the party will arrive here to-night, but a private telegram says they will arrive to-morrow forenoon.

A COUNTRY SENSATION.

Thomas J. Mealer Carved by a Man Named Donahue.

Constable Zimmerman of Elk Grove came to the city last night having in charge a wild-eyed prisoner named Donahue, whom he lodged in the County Jail on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon. The officer was accompanied and assisted by Thomas J. Mealer, of whom Donahue had tried to make a gory corpse.

It appears that both men were employed by Mrs. Martin Dart to assist her in removing from her ranch on Friday evening. Donahue was taken suddenly ill, and Mrs. Dart prepared for him a draught of some kind, which he refused to drink, declaring that it had been poisoned. He left his bed and started to run away from the place, but was captured by Mealer and others and tied to a post. Donahue whipped out a knife, cut the cords that bound him and made for Mealer.

The latter ran for his life, but was overtaken by Donahue, who cut him about the head slightly. In a struggle for the possession of the weapon Mealer also had two of his fingers nearly severed.

Again Donahue got away and struck out in the direction of Elk Grove, only a few miles distant, but wandered about all night, and was found yesterday morning within half a mile of the place from which he started. He was recaptured and taken to Elk Grove, but it being a legal holiday, he could not be examined in the Justice's Court, hence he was brought here for safe-keeping until to-morrow, when he will be taken back for examination on the charge named.

It looks like an ordinary case of "jimjams."

AMUSEMENTS.

Sol Smith Russell had a larger house at the Metropolitan Theater last night than has been drawn by any theatrical entertainment for two years. It was a larger house than the Booth-Barrett combination drew. Standing room was at a premium, and several ladies underwent the fatigue of standing up the entire evening, so great was the desire to witness the performance. It was a tribute to Mr. Russell's art and to his reputation as an examplar in his profession. "A Poor Relation" was played with its original neatness and effectiveness, and though the larger number of those in the audience saw Mr. Russell in the same character less than a year ago, the interest in the piece appeared to be not at all diminished. It is a clever comedy, a well-told and probable story, and full of human interest. Russell's art lies in his naturalness, in the apparent absence of effort, in his gentle manner, the remarkable power he possesses in facial expression. Another secret of his success is that he never plays to the audience; his whole attention is given to the stage, and the spectator at no time is offended by address to them until the story is told and the brief epilogue is spoken. A mistake, that perhaps a majority of dramatic writers and actors make, is in addressing the audiences, either in "asides," "soliloquies" or lines addressed to the auditors. True art ignores the spectator entirely and devotes itself wholly to the play; it no more takes the auditor into confidence than does a picture; the story of the drama is best told by and between the characters represented, and these characters in the true play never address the lookers-on. Russell's "Poor Relation" is a clean play, full of humor, warmed by some rare touches of pathos, and is a story of gentleness, human sympathy, sincere affection, altogether lovely. Mr. Russell's support is thoroughly good. The piece will be repeated this evening.

At the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery Tuesday evening the fourth of the winter lectures of the California Museum course will be delivered by Rev. Joseph Levy on "The Wonders of Water." It will not be essentially a scientific lecture, yet one of interest in the matter of natural philosophy. Mr. Levy is a cultured speaker, a young man of broad information and studious observation. This will be the first rostrum lecture of the speaker in America. Tickets can be procured of members free or on application at the Art Gallery.

The Sacramento Rifle Club gave a ball at Y. M. I. Hall last evening, and the Improved Order of Red Men and Winonah Council gave one at Turner Hall. Both were well attended.

BRIEF NOTES.

The few hours of north wind yesterday served to greatly improve the condition of the streets.

The river marked twenty-two feet yesterday, indicating that it has fallen two inches during the night.

Police officer Crump, who has been quite ill for the past two weeks, was out on the streets yesterday.

The goods stolen from Meyer Clark's store at Ninth and K streets recently have been located in a San Francisco "fence."

Deputy Sheriff Trinidad, of Kern county, arrived last night en route to Folsom Prison with J. Olsen, sentenced to one year for robbery.

The relatives of Henry Maxon—who lost his life near Gold Run on Friday night, by falling under a car—request it stated that he was not married.

There were two freight cars on Front street last night which had just come from the mountains, and on the roof of each was about three feet of snow.

Senator Fair's Racers.

Ex-Senator James G. Fair is making extensive preparations on his ranch near Grafton, over in Yolo county, for the reception of his race-horses. A track for training and speeding colts has been laid out and is nearing completion. He is about to erect a large, handsome barn and other necessary structures. His flyers will be brought up from below as soon as the barn is finished.

Mules and Wagon Stolen.

Oscar Stephenson, of Franklin, reported that a pair of mules and spring wagon were stolen from his ranch on Friday night. He claims to know who the thief is, but doesn't know where he is.

COUNTRY BOYS.

HOW THEY MAY BE KEPT OUT OF THE WAYS OF SINFULNESS.

A Plea for the Farmers' Sons—They are Handicapped by a Lack of Proper Opportunities.

Much is being said and written about the growing evils of intemperance and gambling among our young men. The church people and the prohibitionists are very enthusiastic in their work, and think they are doing much good; and, while I would not underrate their influence for good, I hardly think they are pursuing just the right course to draw young men from the saloons. By the way, I will say I am writing more particularly of young men who live in and near the country villages. For those who live in the cities ample provision is made for their pleasure and comfort, but in the little village there are no libraries, no reading-rooms, no place but the saloon. I do not believe our young men are naturally bad; they only want amusement and companionship, and they naturally gravitate towards the saloon, because they find company.

To prove that the majority of them only visit saloons for the lack of something better to do, let an entertainment be given at one of the country school-houses and it will be packed until there is not standing room. In the first place, I think if the prohibitionists would come down from the radical position they have taken, be a little more conservative and meet the high license people half way, it would go a great way toward settling the temperance question. For with high license, half or more of the country saloons would be closed.

Another thing the temperance people can do, if they are really in earnest in their work is this: The Good Templars employ a lecturer at a considerable salary, and I suppose other temperance societies do the same. If that money could be expended in establishing free watering-places along the country roads, it would do more good than all the temperance lectures delivered in a year. A man driving along a country road with a pair of horses—or perhaps more, if he has a heavy load—stops in front of a saloon to water his team. He knows that the water is there for the benefit of travelers, and that they are expected to pay for it, and the only way to do so is to go in and buy a glass of beer, or perhaps something stronger. In all probability, the man does not care for it, and would be just as well satisfied with a drink of water, perhaps. But he feels he owes something to the man who has put the watering-trough there and keeps it filled. I know of one saloon at least, that has been out and injured by being too near a free watering-place. And if the church people wish to benefit the rising generation—those of the country places, I mean—they can easily do so.

I am well aware that my ideas will not accord with those of orthodox views, but I honestly think that, after a school-house, the next most necessary public building would be a reading-room and library. If the different societies that are building churches throughout the country would use that money to build halls which could be used as libraries, reading-rooms and for lectures, and a small sum charged to pay for fuel and lights through the winter months, and plentifully supplied with books and papers, or even papers alone, there are plenty of generous public-spirited men who would contribute to their support. Games should be provided, also dominoes, checkers, and even cards—all harmless in themselves. It is the surroundings that make card playing an evil.

Newspapers are great educators, and if country boys could have some place to go where they could read not only their own home papers, but those from other States as well, it would enlarge their views of life considerably. The country boys are not lacking in intelligence, but as a rule they have not the same opportunities for information that are enjoyed by their city brothers. The majority of them get no education beyond that furnished by the district school. On stormy days, when nothing can be done on the farm but the regular routine of chores, and when the winter evenings are long, they will congregate at the nearest saloons out of sheer lonesomeness.

I suppose my Christian friends will hold up their hands in holy horror, but I am perfectly sincere in my belief that one good reading room, properly conducted and plentifully supplied with just the leading papers and a few of the magazines, and some one to talk to the boys occasionally on their duties as future citizens, would do more good than two or three churches. And I have that much faith in the country boys to believe they would much rather pay a small sum monthly toward keeping up a good reading-room than sink it in the till of the saloon man.

I would like, right here, to say a few words to the parents Most farmers, I believe, take a paper—not often more than one, and generally that is a weekly. If spoken to on the subject they will, as a rule, plead poverty. Well, papers and magazines do cost money, but I know of nothing that will return so large a rate of interest on the money invested as plenty of papers, not only for the boys, but for the wives and daughters as well. Neither must the little ones be forgotten. If papers and magazines are always lying around where they can be picked up at odd moments boys and girls will fall into the habit of reading whenever they have an opportunity. I think it was no less a person than Daniel Webster who said, 'Show me a man who takes plenty of papers and you may be sure he will have a family of bright boys and girls." That was said a long time ago, but the rule holds good yet.

E. P. D.

Lake House, February 18th.

NOT YET FOUND.

The Body of Daniel Donnelly of Sutter Creek Not Yet Recovered.

A telegram from Ione last evening stated that the body of D. Donnelly of Sutter Creek, who fell from a train while passing over Sutter creek on Thursday, has not yet been found. A large number of willing hands have been searching for the body two days, without success. The search will be continued to-day.

The deceased was returning from San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, and was nearing Ione City when the fatal and mysterious accident happened. As the train was nearing the bridge crossing Sutter creek Mr. Donnelly walked out on the platform of the coach. His wife thought he went into the smoking-car, and he was not missed until the train arrived in Ione. His wife making inquiry as to where he was and not finding him, the train was backed to the Sutter creek bridge, where the unfortunate man was last seen alive. His blank pocket-book was found lying on one of the stretchers, and marks were found where he also struck and some brains scattered on the timbers.

Mr. Donnelly leaves a wife and two children, who have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. "Dan," as he was familiarly called, was a genial, whole-souled man, and a great lover of horses, he having owned many good ones since he came to the Pacific Coast in the early "sixties. He was a native of New York City and was a few days over 50 years old.

Fell in a Fit.

About half-past 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a Chinaman, while walking along Third street, fell in an epileptic fit at the corner of K. After allowing him to lie there for several minutes some of his countrymen called an express wagon and had him carted away.

E. B. CROCKER ART GALLERY.

FOURTH WINTER LECTURE BEFORE THE California Museum Association, TUESDAY EVENING, February 25th. "The Wonders of Water," by Rev. Joseph Levy. Tickets, procurable of members, free, or at the Art Gallery Monday and Tuesday. 1t

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SOL SMITH RUSSELL,

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A Poor Relation,

Which met with such a grand reception and rousing house on last evening.

Box office open all day to-day. Prices—50 cents and $1. 1t

DIED.

Sacramento, February 21—William Debruner, 1 year and 4 months.

[Funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock, from residence of parents, in alley of Eleventh street, I and J. Funeral private.] *

Sacramento, February 22—Johanna H. M., youngest daughter of Charles and the late Catharine Kemler, a native of California, 21 years, 7 months and 9 days.

[Funeral notice hereafter.] *

B. F. Stoll, Dentist, 606 J street, wishes to inform his patients and all those in need of dentistry that he has reduced his prices one-half, and will guarantee all operations to be first-class and satisfactory or no charge made. j5-tfSu

JAPANESE MAN AND WIFE WISHES TO work about a private house; man understands the care of horses and can milk; wife to do general housework; city or country. Address K. KAMASOKI, this office. fe23 3t*

Grand Trap-Shooting Contest

—AT—

AGRICULTURAL PARK,

—ON—

Monday, February 24th,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.,

Under the auspices of the United States Cartridge Company.

EAST vs. WEST.

fe23-2t

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I HAVE PLACED ON SALE FOR THE week beginning MONDAY, February 24th: Red Knit Underwear (ages 7 to 12 years), all wool, 50 cents per suit; also, White Merino, same ages, at 35 cents per suit or 20 cents per garment. We have in stock suits at $5, $6, $7, $8 and $10, equally as good as some sold at much higher figures in other places. As for Overcoats, you can save at the very least $5 on a first-class garment. Coats heretofore sold for $25, now $20, those $20 now $15, those $15 now $10; we also have a few left which we are selling at $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6 and $7—all less than cost. Call and get our prices. No trouble to show goods, and we have but ONE PRICE. CHARLES ROBIN, Pioneer Clothier, 612 and 614 K street. fe23-Su

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