STANLEY'S STORY.

All His Adventures in a Nutshell as Told by Himself.

The Arabs—Finding Livingstone—The Great Lakes—The Congo—Wild Animals—Tippoo and His Crew—Problems of Geography—Rescuing Emin—The Rear Guard—Barttelot.

The following is the story of his whole life of adventure as told by Henry M. Stanley in Montreal recently:

Mr. Mayor and Sir William Dawson: I was convinced that in Montreal I would have an intelligent audience, and so prepared, especially for it, with a new lecture, but your printers treated me as the rear column did, deserted me at the last moment, so that I only have six pages printed, and you must excuse any mistakes. I have come to tell you what we have been doing in Africa of late years. The art of elocution I am deficient in. My life has been spent in barbarous lands, and I have been too busy to obtain such excellence as you have been accustomed to in speeches. I am simply a specialist in a forgotten continent, and, having twice crossed it, discovered lakes, mountains, tribes and natives, of which the world knew nothing, I have come to tell that which I have personally seen. I cannot tell a fine story, but I can tell a strange story plainly. At the

CLOSE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

I was special correspondent with General Hancock, then with the Peace Commission of General Sherman for the pacification of the Indians. In 1867 I went with the English army to Abyssinia. In 1868 Theodore committed suicide, the place was stormed, and we returned to the sea with the released captives. In 1869 I was correspondent during the revolution which dethroned Isabella and for a time established the Spanish Republic. In October I received a message bidding me take the first train to Paris. I got there at midnight. Mr. Bennett had retired, but admitted me to his bedroom, and in a few minutes I learnt that I was to attend the opening of the Suez Canal, then ascend the Nile, describing points of interest to Americans, interview Sir Samuel Baker's officers, and on my return to see the underground explorations then being carried on in Jerusalem. Then I was to go to the Crimea and see how Sebastopol and the scene of the great battles looked after 16 years, then across the Caucasus through Persia, and then proceed to Central Africa and see what had become of Livingstone, supposed to be dead.

A GREAT COMMISSION.

My eyes expanded, my heart throbbed, and with the buoyancy of youth and the confidence of a young reporter, I asked if there was anything else to be done. "Yes," said Mr. Bennett, "go to China and write up the possibilities of trade for Americans, then to Japan; come back by San Francisco and home. Good night." That was the last I saw of him for three years, and was then able to report that it had all been done, save China and Japan, which he cancelled on account of my youth. But I will not describe all those journeys; this lecture is for Africa, but I have to tell you why I, a simple newspaper reporter, went to Africa. In January, 1870, I reached Zanzibar and was at once sobered by the difficulties. The Khedive had forgotten me and sent no letters. I had no money and no friends, but I had no recall, so I applied to the American Consul and through him secured a loan of $30,000, on promising to pay $5,000 more. Then I organized my expedition, two white sailors and 196 Zanzibaris, all, to my horror, as black as coal. It had not dawned on me before, so I shivered when I saw them all drawn up to receive four months' wages in advance. The glare of the heat and the excessive perspiration confused me, and I had

A SNEAKING WISH FOR RECALL;

But there was no use wishing for that, and at the end of March we started from the coast. Those first 500 miles were the most awful of my life; the pack animals were devoured, the porters deserted and mutinied, the white sailors were of depraved habits and poor constitutions, and one died three weeks later of dropsy. Here, 500 miles from the coast, we were told that war had broken out between the king and Arab traders. The Arabs proposed that we join them and that his conquest would prepare our way to the Tanganyika coast. Foolishly I joined, thinking we would then go on easily, and we advanced gaily with 2,500 men, but he slaughtered 500 and put the rest to flight, and away in Central Africa they may be running yet. So I lost time and nearly got lost myself instead of finding Livingstone, but it taught me a lesson not to go tilting with chiefs on behalf of Arabs. I got some brave fellows together and left Unyanyembe, went away south, then west and north, and so reached the old caravan road, and after a few fights drew near the village of Ujiji.

When within 400 yards our men signaled their presence by firing off guns, and the natives, not expecting us, came out armed, but soon discovered our peaceful character. Two of them, to our surprise, addressed us in broken English and told us they were servants of Livingstone, who was then in the village only 400 yards away. We soon reached the shore. There we saw a great crowd of natives around a band of grave Arabs, and in their midst, in gray trousers, red coat, and gray consular head-dress, a European. As I did not know him I said

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME,"

And he greeted me kindly and ackowledged that he was. We compared notes and wondered, for ten days before he had come from a great river which he had traced for 500 miles, which might be the Nile, Congo or Niger. His caravan was scattered, his men had deserted, sickness had wasted him till he was a mere wreck. Our arrival with letters and stores restored him, and we planned an expedition to the north end of Lake Tanganyika, to settle whether the great river there flowed in or out of the lake. Returning to Ujiji, I asked him to return, but he said his work had not been fulfilled, and he insisted on returning to that great river he had been tracing. Poor fellow (and here Mr. Stanley's voice shook with emotion), if he had known what it involved he would have abandoned it, for he was battered and worn down by the insolence of the natives. He accompanied me to Unyanyembe, and then returned in March, 1872, and I felt the conviction that I would never see him again. Fourteen months later, away in the southwest, he fell upon his knees in a last act of worship and so was found dead. While he was at Lake Bangweolo I returned and lectured, but was received so coldly and with so little belief that I returned to the old trade and went as correspondent to the expedition into Ashantee. At St. Vincent I received news that Livingstone's body had been brought to the coast, and then I was present at his burial in the great Abbey of Westminster. Not long after I received

A COMMISSION TO GO TO AFRICA,

And re-solve many geographical questions left unsettled by Speke, Burton, Baker and Livingstone. Was Victoria Nyanza one lake or a number of small lakes and marshes? What district did Baker's Lake reach? Did Tanganyika belong to the Nile or Congo? What river was that on whose banks Livingstone died? For this expedition I prepared by a course of instruction in taking measurements, altitudes and distances. Starting with 356 Zanzibaris from the coast in October, 1874, we got within a few miles of the great inland sea discovered by Speke in 1859. We had a cedar boat in sections, but our bearers were so terrorized at the great lake and the stories told by the natives that they refused to go on. By the aid of rewards we started with a crew of ten in a very despondent mood. The first day we scudded before a storm for hours; on the second a large herd of hippopotami chased us us across the shallows, with red maws and gleaming fangs, so that, when safe, we almost crushed each other's hands in gratitude. On the sixth day we drew too near the natives and received poisonous arrows and stones till we seemed terribly alone, man and beast being seemingly combined to destroy us. We reached on the tenth day a beautiful island with grassy slopes, great crowds of natives, cattle and sheep, a rare and pleasant landscape with many islands. Here we first began to

LOVE AFRICA FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

One morning a bull hippopotamus lifted the boat almost out of the water, and then we really fell into a trap set for us by the wily natives, who spoiled their plans by showing their heads too soon above the grass, as we sailed off laughing. Then storms and rain, savages and clouds of spears. On the northeast coast we saw crowds of savages in canoes. One crew came after us, inflamed with banana wine, but we fired a pistol into the water and they all jumped overboard while we sailed away admiring their taste for swimming. Passing Bubomba five canoes held up bananas, sugarcane and potatoes, but on coming up showed a different demeanor and would have made themselves masters of our persons. A moment's hesitation and we would have been lost, but repeating rifles and an explosive shell in one of their canoes drove them off. We did not realize our danger then, for behind that island were 200 war canoes of the Wabombaw, capable of holding 15,000 men. At Uganda we had a rough welcome and the King asked us questions. How well could the white man shoot? So we found a young crocodile and a four ounce shell shattered his head, amidst the applause of King Mtesa and his 900 wives. Then he wished to know

WHAT AN ANGEL WAS LIKE.

I had never met one, but from recollections of old pictures I described beings of great size with large wings, after the style of Michael Angelo. Warmer applause greeted me than I have ever received in America, and they all slapped their thighs for joy. The third request was that I should make him a Christian. This was no small order. But they were ardent disciples, and the chiefs vied with one another in absorbing the details of the Christian story. The fourth request was that I should invite my countrymen to send him teachers, for he said the light would not dawn till the teachers came. That wish was gratified, and brought a great boon to his people, and the time will come when the civilized Africans will compare pagan Mtesa with the pagan Ethelbert of England and his readiness to hear the gospel. There are 3,000 Christian converts in Uganda now, so we need only to persevere.

On again round the western coast we sailed, with clear blue skies and bright expanse of water, groves of bananas, forests and waving papyrus, till we came to Bwanga, hungry and tired. The natives invited us to enter, and we sailed up a small bay, when they seized our boat and hauled it high and dry. But in their desire to avoid loss of life they consulted 100 yards away what to do with us. Our men took hold, pushed the boat back into the water and we jumped in. Just as we got a few feet from the shore two hippopotami rose and came after us, but two shots settled them, while the natives came out in canoes after us. A few well-directed shots sank their vessels and we then got out into the lake without oars and were driven for twelve hours before a great storm. At the end of fifty-seven days we got back to camp and were greeted as if from the grave. A few months later

WE STRUCK ACROSS UGANDA,

And near latitude 30°, near the equator, we saw a new lake, but the natives gathered and we were forced to retreat. In May '76 we reached Tanganyika, and two months later had circumnavigated it and proved that it had no outlet, but that in two or three years, if it rose as it had done for the previous thirty, it would flow into the Lualaba, and this has since happened. Going west in November, 1876, we stood at Lwango, the furthest point reached by Livingstone, the beautiful scene upon which he had looked, but had to turn back from. The western half of the map was still blank. This river which we saw flowing north was reported by Arabs and natives to flow always north. Our work lay before us. Pocock suggested that we toss up a coin, heads we go south, tails for the Lualaba, and three times running it went against us. Then we took a long and a short straw, and this also went against us, but our consciences pointed us to go forward, so we resolved to follow the river. The country now entered was different from any we had been in, no more rolling plains covered with verdure, but dense forests, so dark that the light of day never penetrates them. For weeks we went through this shadowland of steaming moisture, wading in jungly depths, shivering at pools of stagnant water, the ground black with mold and covered with rotten logs, colonies of sharp, biting insects and millions of creepers. The Arabs rebelled, headed by Tippo Tibb, so we sought the river again, got together a flotilla of canoes, bade

FAREWELL TO TIPPOO AND HIS ARABS

And paddled north. The river was about a mile wide, flanked by dark walls of dense, unbroken forest and hostile natives. Again and again were their war canoes repulsed by the fire of our men, and the roll of their war-drums rang out all along. Tributary after tributary entered and the great river grew ever wider. Sometimes the shores were glowing with red blossoms, or the bourbax and its snowy dome of white blossoms, or acacia blooms, till all was a scene of perfect peace and beauty, till there arose the war-cry of the cannibals and the thunderous roll of their war drums was drowned in the volleys from our guns. Then northwest we went till the river flowed west in a dozen different channels till it united again, and great rivers, 500 yards, half a mile, a mile wide, poured in, till at last the great Mobangi rolls its volume into the great current. Then, gathering its waters together, the river flows steadily, smoothly and strong for 150 miles to Stanley Pool, then for two miles quietly till it falls over broken reefs. For five months we toiled there among the rapids, sometimes dragging the canoes up mountains 1,200 feet high and down the other side, lifting the canoes bodily over obstructions, making roads to drag them over or shooting the rapids, till in August, 1877, we reached Boma, and the Atlantic the next day. We had traveled 7,000 miles, been 999 days, and satisfied many of the

GREAT PROBLEMS OF GEOGRAPHY.

I wound up my last letter to the New York *Herald* and London *Daily Telegraph* prophesying that the time would come soon when this great river would become an international question and that happy would be the nation which would foresee this and provide for it. Not a man of our expedition but was glad of the work well done, but reaction came, and our bodies languished as we thought over the cost and the sad scenes and counted our losses. Many perished after reaching the sea from exhaustion; others recovered, and when we reached Zanzibar again, in September, 1877, we were quite recovered. But not till next year did I feel that I should ever be fit to work again. Then I accepted the invitation of his Majesty King Leopold, and at Brussels discussed the possibility of performing permanent work in Africa, and as a result set out for Zanzibar in January, 1879. It was proposed that I should build stations, make roads to connect them, and establish a flotilla of steamers on the upper Congo. To do this we had to be secret lest jealous powers should interfere, for Portugal laid claim to the district because of the discoveries of Bartholomew Diaz in the fifteenth century, and France possessed the Gabboons. After trifling a while on the east coast to mislead the curious people, we slipped up the Red Sea and around until, through the carelessness of an engineer, we had to put into Sierra Leone, where a half-caste customs officer insisted we were slaves, but a word to the Governor cleared us. On we went; soon the Congo was reached and our flotilla of steamers ready, and we reached 110 miles from the sea. There we made a station, putting up houses prepared in England, and by January, 1881, had made a broad road and drawn the steel steamer wagon,as far as Ikungul. At the end of the year we were 310 miles from the sea, had a steamer on the Upper Congo, stations buit, communications complete, and all with the aid of sixty-eight

ZANZIBARI, WILLING FELLOWS,

Who were carpenters, road-makers, steamer crews, pioneers, treaty makers, and quickly threw themselves into line when attacked. The chief of Stanley Pool received £900 worth of goods for the privilege of building one station. When the goods were done he had bad dreams, and thought that more goods would cure them. He thought that he might extract more goods with a strong force, so collected an army and threatened to drive us back to the sea. His army had a uniform of soot ochre and chalk. We were beforehand, so our Zanzibaris knew how to act. Two dozen were to lie flat on the steamer, as still as death at the stern; others under tarpaulins, rugs and mats, some in the rushes and grass and trees. On came the chief, striding haughtily and severely into camp, where he saw only myself sitting in a chair, a few meek boys around the great steamer wagon and a Chinese gong. He and his men stalked scowling round. I dropped my book, seized his hands and said, "Is this Unganyema come so far to see his brother; blessings on you, Unganyema, sit here." He replied, "I came for goods, for more goods, all my people say the Rockbreaker (Stanley's name) must return, that you are ruining the country." He threatened, I replied, till soon his eyes were fixed on the round disc of the great gong. "What is that?" "That is a fetish," I answered. "A fetish for what?"

"A WAR FETISH;"

Its sound will raise armed warriors from all around, above, below, till the whole place is full. "Bah, tell that to the old women; strike it; let me hear its sound." "I cannot, brother; it would be too awful." "Nonsense; strike it; strike it." "My brother, for your own sake——" "I must hear it." "You will repent it." "Strike; strike strongly." Thus urged, I obeyed, seized the rubber stick, and scarcely had its musical roll rung out when flying forms of armed men filled the air from above, heaps of goods disappeared, from tents and bushes came flying men, and war-cries rang out. Unganyema's warriors stood for one moment, then dropped guns, kegs of powder, and fled, while Unganyema and his son rushed behind me and seized my coat-tails for protection. "Hold hard, my brother, my son; I will defend you with the last drop of my blood. Who will touch the friend of Rockbreaker?" I cried, while my men were dancing wildly round, pointing their rifles, and Uganyema was shrieking: "Preserve me, oh Rockbreaker, save me." It was like the old game of "hen and chickens," and we acted it to perfection. Then the order to "fall in" was given and the men fell into orderly rank as if for inspection.

THEN UNGANYEMA FELT MORE FREE

And came out from behind me, saying, "Where did all these come from?"

"Did I not tell you it was a bad fetish? Shall I not strike it again?" "No, no," he yelled. So we had peace, and after that they assisted us willingly, and soon our steamers were on the Upper Congo and the first flotilla advanced in the name of the Government, commerce and Christianity. By May, 1884, one continuous line 1,400 miles long was completed, twelve stations with garrisons, and north of Congo district we had an immense territory under our jurisdiction. The work only needed recognition by European powers, and on the 25th of February, 1885, it became the Free State of the Congo, with King Leopold as sovereign. There are now there 400 officers and 3,800 police of four of the great tribes. The railroad is pushing forward, and by 1894 we hope that Stanley Pool will have been reached and this great fertile land opened up for commerce. Before the Congress in Berlin closed the world was shocked by the fall of Khartoum and death of Gordon. Twenty months later came letters from Emin Pasha asking for aid. As Emin had been appointed by Gordon, Englishmen felt responsible, so Sir William McKinnon collected a fund,and the Egyptian Government gave a like amount. Because of the jealousy of the French and Germans we had to go by way of the Congo, across unexplored territory to Kavalli's on the Albert Nyanza.

REACHING STANLEY POOL

We found the flotilla too small, but by June, 1887, gained Yambuga and divided into two columns, the advance led by myself, the rear by Major Barttelot, assisted by Jameson, Bonny, Troup and Ward. If Tippoo Tibb had sent his carriers they would not have had heavy work, but even without it would not have been as heavy as that done by the 68 Zanzibaris, for they had 271 men and only 500 loads, so that their task was not impossible, and they could have made a great advance, and would have deserved as much praise as the advance column.

Trusting them, we left Yambouga on June 26th, and cut broad blazes on the trees and cleared a broad trail, almost like a turnpike, for we thought they would be along in six weeks' time. At early dawn we began our march in the mist, then after four or five hours we halted, then two or three hours more work in the afternoon finished our work. Then we erected our tents, and the mists rose and darkness closed in upon a hundred camp-fires, and we gossip, chatter and enjoy the rest. By 9 all would be asleep, the officers, weary with anxiety, the bearers, with their bundles. About 5 the camp begins to move, then we prepare for the march, roast bananas, make coffee, fold the tents, and about 6 the trumpets sound, and the pioneers go forward to cut the way.

THIS WENT ON STEADILY

For a few months till the poverty of diet told on us so that the bite of an ant developed into an ulcer, and poisoned skewers in the pathway created painful wounds. Some were slain by poisoned arrows as they collected fuel. Then we came to a deserted area, raided and burnt by the ivory traders, and all the aborigines gone. With the eighty-second day we reached a camp of Arabs and bargained with them to feed 56 of our men who were helpless; seventeen days later, Nelson, with twelve ulcers, was left behind with 52 men. Then we left Park, and on the 11th of November reach 130 miles from Lake Albert; get good provisions, food in abundance, and we recuperate fast. After thirteen days' rest, all demand that we go on, and twelve days later we bound out of the gloom to greet again the azure of heaven. On December 13th we stand on the brow of the table land and in the gulf below we see the blue Albert Nyanza. Descending to the shore, we find the natives know nothing of the smoke-boat nor any European. They are poor fishermen and never heard of Emin. Yet he expected us on the 15th, and we were there from the 13th to the 16th so back we go to the forest, and despatch Stairs to Barttelot to bring up Nelson, Park, and porters and the steel boat which I had left behind in the forest.

AFTER BUILDING A FORT

And clearing ten acres we go back to Lake Albert, launch the boat, and soon Jephson returns with Emin. As Emin cannot give a decisive answer, the matter is left till we return with the rear column. Meantime, Jephson was to go with Emin and read to the officers of the Egyptian Government the Khedive's orders to them to return, telling them if they decline our aid they will get no more. Five hundred and sixty miles back on the old trail brings us to a point ninety miles east of Yambouga—and there is a stockade filthy beyond description—we find one white man and 102 men, and of these forty-two dying. The rest were dead or had deserted. The commanding officer had been shot; Jameson was at Stanley Pool; Ward gone home. Such a story as Bonny told and the survivors verified, and the traces showed, was never told in a book of African travel, What I saw was horrible, what I heard was worse, and I summed it up that "The rear column was wrecked by the indecision of its officers." The fault lay in

BARTTELOT'S HEADSTRONG TEMPER;

This might have been restrained by the others banding together, but it was permitted to go on till he was shot by a man who saw his wife being ill-treated. I tried to suppress these stories as being useless as some of those taking part were dead. The stories would have remained so if the relatives of the dead, and Ward and Troup had not been dissatisfied with my judgment upon the conduct of the officers. Public opinion says I was wrong in appointing Barttelot over men of known fidelity. But Barttelot was a brevet-major for heroism, and if his companions had been energetic his conduct would have been tempered, and his command a success; as it was, their passive submissal only made it worse. The column was then reorganized, and 140 days later we reached the Albert Nyanza, to find Jephson and Emin prisoners. Jephson escaped and a few days later Emin and his soldiers escaped from the Mahdists. Of those who remained one party fled to the interior with the government stores, the others probably fell victims to the Mahdi. We waited seventy-two days, then marched to the Indian Ocean, having traveled 6,200 miles and been 992 days. We restored Emin to his friends, Casati to Italy, Signor Marco to Cairo, and 300 exiles to Egypt, where they were honored with reward and promotion by the Khedive.

SO I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE STORY

Of 25,000 miles of African exploration. It is 23 years since I entered it, more fortunate than others that I was not connected with a geographical society but with a press giving every snap of news to million of readers till China and Japan heard of it and it was in the great libraries in London and those of Christian young men here. Zanzibar is now only twenty-five days from England. Cables girdle the dark continent. Explorers no longer tremble at the fate of Mungo Park and others, nor the climate and fatigue. Against the list of failures is a long list of successes and the continent bears no longer the mark terror had put across it. Men go in and out just as commercial travelers cross the Atlantic. Last year an expedition went in and crushed rebellion with an enterprise that astonished the Arabs. The rind of Africa has been known from of old, but the interior was peopled with anthropophago and strange monsters; giant rivers, tribal limits, snowy mountains, and river basins have taken their place. Half the continent has been parcelled among European nations. Great Britain has two and a half million square miles; Germany, France, Portugal large shares. There is a flotilla of thirty steamers on the Congo. Nyassa and Tanganyika are plowed by the sharp keels of steel launches. On the way to Nyassa we pass fifty mission stations. A railway to Victoria-Nyanza is being urged and the rails are being laid. Africa can never be the home of the white man, as America is, but the 20th century will see great development. Children now born will yet hear the good news that the millions of Africa know the meaning of a church bell and join in the chant, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Postoffice at Sacramento on Monday, January 26, 1891:

Ladies' List.

Abbott, Mrs R H	Magee, Mrs Rebecca
Banta, Melissa	Markley, Miss Nettie
Bonvard, Mrs L	Marton, Miss E
Bennett, Miss Maud	Martin, Miss Evalene
Brooks, Mrs C B	McLane, Mrs M
Bullard, Miss Susie E	Mello, Miss Julia I
Bylin, Mrs C	Neylan, Mary
Burleigh, Mrs M S	Norris, Miss May
Carly, Mrs S M	O'Keefe, Miss Nellie
Caskey, Mrs John	Parker, Mrs A S
Christie, Miss Mae J	Poole, Miss Minnie
Clark, Miss Lizzie Ida	Reed, Mrs A J
Clark, Mrs Rhua	Rogers, Mrs Francis
Colford, Miss Annie D	Rosas, Mrs Josefa
Conn, Mrs I B	Robinson, Mrs S E
Cook, Miss Alice	Root, Mrs Dolly
Davis, Mrs J M	Ruggles, Mary E
Donahue, Miss Mary	Ruland, Mrs Jane
Dougherty, Miss M	Saufley, Mrs J M-2
Dugan, Mrs Wm	Schelcher, Miss Geo
Emerson, Miss F.	Smith, Mrs Rosa
Flaws, Miss Lottie M	Summers, Mrs J G
Fuchs, Miss Rosa	Sommers, Jane
Gray, Mrs Emma	Teal, Mrs —
Hall, Miss Grace	Tagtmeir, Miss B
Hall, Miss Louisa	Todhunter, Mrs M E
Heinrich, Mrs Bertie	Walters, Miss Jessie
Herzog, Mrs Louisa	Wilson, Mrs A E
Houston, Mrs	Wilson, Mrs L M
Hunt, Miss Lillie	Witzel, Dosea E
Jones, Mrs Nettie	Winn, Mrs C
Lee, Miss Minnie A	Wood, Mrs Caroline
Ledesma, Mrs J J	Walker, Miss Emma E
Lippel, Mrs T	Young, Mrs Em
Lydell, Mrs Rose	

Gentlemen's List.

Antonio, C	Fisher, C B	Moore, W H & Co
Allen, A G	Flanders, C A	Morse, H C
Allandyne, I C	Flint, A H	Munter, David
Ariel, Mr	Fountain, B	Nelson, S R
Badaracca, B	Foster, W B	Northey, Chas
Bardeen, D A	Gault, Geo W	O'Connor, T
Bartell, G L	Gansaly, G	Otten, Ernest
Baumann, J	Grant, D	Pierson, B H
Becksted, A-2	Hammond, F	Peterson, J H
Bernadon, Mr	Herrald, C M	Pigott, John
Bettencourt, Bonifacio J	Henning, A	Putnam, C B, M D
Borne, W D	Hobson, J H	Read, Wm B
Bourk, Henry	Holyoke, G T	Rowe, F A
Bright, Elmer	Holton, Alex	Raining, P M
Brown, W	Hurley, P H	Ryan, C
Bumpus, Silas	Hugard, Wm	Scribner, Chas
Butler, F A	Hudson, C M	Schnerr, Edw
Butler, F N	Jeghews, A P	Simon, Pat
Burton, J W	Johnson, T J	Small, A W
Burgess, A	Jones, G F	Slater, H D
Cadwalader, J	Jones, P C	Stuhl, Mark W
Carlton, W H	Johns, A H	Surrick, G L
Casey, Thos	Kallis, John	Symons, Geo
Chamberlain, C P	Kelly, Martin	Taylor, C W
Cherean, B	Keenan, M	Taber, Floyd
Cole, Wiley	Kellogg, G H	Thompson, W F
Cox, John L	Kettlewell, J R & Son	Trainor, Frank
Crandell, R B	Klein, Jos A	Trembly, Paul
Crow, A	Lamkin, W P	Wagner, F
Currant, Hugh	Lambert, J	Wallace, Judge Wm P
Day, Hon A L	Lander, C W	Wegat, W
Develin, Mr	Landrum, T J	Wheaton, Geo
Derr, L	Libby, C H	Wills, J W
Dowe, Joseph	Martin, Leo	Williams, W E-2
Driscoll, S	Mason, H A	Wilson, J A
Dutts, Leslie	McCarthy, L F	Witcik, Julian
Eichelberger, John C	McEnaney, J	Woolberg, A H
Faris, M L	McLean, Jas	Wynne, G W-2
Fisher, C C	Mershow, G W	
Fischer, C B	Merino, Chas	
	Mooney, H	
	Morgan, G A	

Foreign.

T F de Villegas	Pietro Mariani
Jose Francisco d Silva	Stefano Malaspina
Francisco Mori	Filipp Vonnacci
Giovanni Bomelli	Y Kimura
Sausa de Silveira	Encarnacion Leon
A Bertolozzi	Gorri Higo
Ogher Francesco	Joh Malevius
A Pattolo Delto Barba	Faustino Jose da Cunha
Emilia Lefetich	

J. O. COLEMAN, Postmaster.

WHAT a change is wrought in people who suffer from rheumatism when they take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The acidity of the blood is neutralized, the blood is purified, the aching joints and limbs rest easily and quietly, and a feeling of serene health is imparted.

FOR a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Cosmopolitan Railway" is the title of a work (large octavo) from the pen of William Gilpin, late Governor of Colorado. It is from the press of The History Company, San Francisco. Cloth, $2 50. The scheme of the work is so broad, and involves such varied and intricate questions, that without closer study than we are prepared to give it at this time, we cannot pass judgment upon it. The questions debated, propositions advanced, political problems involved, governmental and international questions considered are many, largely new and all of profound interest. Governor Gilpin's idea is that there should be a railway system to traverse the continent and continue its course north and west across the Straits of Behring and across Siberia to connection with the European systems of railways. Such a plan and such achievement appear to Governor Gilpin practicable, and he believes that the scheme will be consummated at no far distant day. He points out that already this continent is banded by many railway lines from sea to sea; that an Asiatic railway across Siberia is approaching actuality, while several systems in America are drawing nearer and nearer towards the narrow strait that separates the oldest from the newest continent known to history. His purpose in the book before us is to throw light upon an obscure region, and invest it with a fresh interest, and to show how a great cosmopolitan chain of railways can be made to nearly girdle the globe and conserve the best interests of the peoples. The effect upon the nations of such a work, its political aspects, its civilizing influences, its emancipating power, its relation to race problems, to the questions of emigration, immigration, commerce and tariffs, are subjects exhaustively discussed. Several large maps accompany the volume. There is in it a great deal of interesting historic recital, reviews of northern expeditions, statistics of English, European and American railways, extended accounts of Russian industries, society, commerce and progress, and of European, Indian and Asiatic systems of transportation, and debate of the relation of all these to the proposed cosmopolitan railway. The work, we think, will attract a great deal of attention and excite no little criticism among engineers and railway men.

Music-loving girls, and those with vocal aspirations, will find a treat in the "Ladies' Home Journal" for February, in which Emma C. Thursby, Campanini, Madame Albani, Clara Louise Kellogg, Maud Powell and Albert Parsons have crisp and practical articles on voice-training, piano-playing and music and vocalics generally. There appears Sister Rose Gertrude's first printed article on "My Work Among the Lepers;" Edward Bellamy follows his original nationalistic ideas in an article on "Woman in the Year 2000;" George W. Cable writes of "How to Teach the Bible;" Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's new novel, "A Golden Gossip;" Mrs. P. T. Barnum. with portrait, is sketched by a skillful hand; "Josiah Allen's Wife" and Rose Terry Cooke each has a story. Dr. Talmage is especially good in his department, as are also Mrs. Margaret Bottome in her "King's Daughters" and Mrs. Mallon in her fashion pages. Nos. 433 and 435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Atlantic Monthly" for February has these papers: "Some Unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb," William Carew Hazlitt. "Two Philosophers of the Paradoxical," Shopenhauer, Josiah Royce. "The Ride to the Lady," Helen Gray Cone. "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan," VI.-XI., Percival Lowell. "The New England Meeting-House," Alice Morse Earle. "The House of Martha," XVIII.-XXI., Frank R. Stockton. "The Next Stage in the Development of Public Parks," Alpheus Hyatt. "Hesternæ Rosæ," Graham R. Tomson. "John Rutledge," Frank Gaylord Cook. "Felicia." XIV., XV., Fanny N. D. Murfree. "An Object Lesson in Civil Service Reform," Theodore Roosevelt. "A Long-Unpaid Debt." William Everett. "Richard Henry Dana." "Sir Walter Scott by his own Hand." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The "Forum" (New York) for February contains these papers: "The Vanishing Surplus," Senator John G. Carlisle; "Formative Influences," Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University; an autobiographical essay giving reminiscences of old Southern life; "The Next Step in Education," President C. K. Adams, of Cornell; "Was the Emin Expedition Piratical?" E. L. Godkin; "The Physical Basis of Mind," Dr. Henry Maudsley; "Bowdlerized Biography," Walter Lewin; "As the Chinese See Us," President W. A. P. Martin; "The Farmers' Changed Condition," Professor Rodney Welch, of Chicago; the change from a country gentleman to a peasant; "The Government and the Indians," Hiram Price; a criticism of our Indian policy; "The Four Modes of Life," Major J. W. Powell; "Political Progress in Japan," Rev. W. E. Griffis.

"Harper's Young People" for January 20, 1891, contains the opening chapters of a charming historical romance, entitled "Men of Iron," written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. The story is full of romantic adventure, and the details of the manners and customs of the time have been carefully studied, so that the story and illustrations present as true a picture of that early period as modern research can discover. The same number of the Young People contains the conclusion of "Campmates," Kirk Munroe's interesting an popular "Story of the Plains," and the usual variety of short stories, poems and sketches.

"The Story-Teller" for January (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) contains complete the novel for young readers, entitled "The Dogberry Bunch." It is from the pen of Mary Hartwell Catherwood and is freely illustrated. "The "Story-Teller" is issued monthly, each number containing a complete tale by writers of prominence. The number for December presented the story of "Two Young Homesteaders," by Theodora R. Jenness.

We have received the holiday issue of "The Fairhaven Herald," Washington. It is a large quarto of twenty-four pages, illustrating the town of Fairhaven, which, though not yet two years old, has had a wonderful growth and boasts of a great number of large and handsome buildings. The number of the Herald before us is of high credit, and is indeed a thing to win the warm approval of every competent judge of the typographical art.

N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper advertising agents, Philadelphia, have issued a very large and handsome twelve-sheet wall calender for 1891, a copy of which the RECORD-UNION has received.

True Kindness.

To arm ourselves with a pleasant, cordial manner and deal it out in equal quantities to every one with whom we come in contact certainly seems unselfish and Christian-like, but to the ears of those whose respect we most valued would come a discord in the ring of true friendship. We might learn to love our neighbor as ourself, but in distributing our love broadcast there would be very little left of ourselves for our neighbors to love. If we ourselves can not make distinction and be guided in our selections of friends by the promptings of our hearts, how can we expect anything but surface kindness from others? The kindness that arises from politeness knocks off humanity's rough edges, but it is not a solid foundation upon which to build the walls of friendship. The kindness that comes from the heart and goes out strengthened by respect and sincere appreciation of the individual worth of the other stands faithful through thick and thin, and where society smiles or society frowns.

Hard as Editors.

Postoffice clerk—"The *Weekly Yawp* has an article complainin' because we've been gettin' its mail mixed up, and some of it what gets into farmers' boxes don't reach the *Yawp* office until Saturday, when the farmers come to town. The *Yawp* says we're always makin' blunders."

Postmaster—"It does, eh? Just you look through the paper and see if you can't find a account of a raffle or somethin'. We'll show 'em."—*New York Weekly.*

Oh, What an Awful Breath!

There is nothing more healthful than onions. The trouble is that persons are afraid to eat them because they make the breath unfragrant. But there is a less fragrant breath than that freighted with onions. We mean the breath of a person with a foul stomach. Take him away! we inwardly cry when he whispers in our ear. Do see that your breath is pure. Take a few BRANDRETH'S PILLS and regulate your liver, stomach and bowels and your breath will be sweet.

Meeting Notices.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—THE ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the Mt. Shasta Mineral Spring Company will be held at its office in the city of Sacramento on WEDNESDAY, February 4, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. C. A. YOERK, President. A. ANDREW, Secretary. ja26-10t

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THE Hibernia Benevolent Society will be held THIS (Monday) EVENING at 7:30. J. MILLER, President. W. J. HANNIN, Secretary. 1t*

STATED ASSEMBLY OF SACRAMENTO Council, No. 1, R. and S. Masters, THIS (Monday) EVENING, 7 o'clock. Sojourning companions cordially invited.[1*]HARRY INGHAM, T. I. M.

NAOMI CHAPTER, NO. 36, O. E. S., will give a social party at Masonic Hall on FRIDAY EVENING, January 30th. Members may procure tickets of W. B. Miller or the Secretary. 2t

Wanted.

WANTED—WOMAN OR GIRL FOR plain housework; German preferred. Apply at Swiss Saloon, 728 K st. ja26-2t*

WANTED—TWO MEN AT 210 K ST. Apply between 11 and 12 o'clock A. M. 1t*

WANTED—ROOM AND BOARD FOR gentleman and wife, near Capitol, or would take nice furnished room without board. H. S. E., this office. ja25-2t

WANTED—SECOND-HAND PORTABLE engine, from 10 to 16 horse-power; must be in A1 order. State age and cost price. Must be a straw-burner. Address at once Box 501, Sacramento Postoffice. ja25-7t*

WANTED TO RENT—A COTTAGE above Eighteenth street, near electric car line, where rent can be paid for a few months by making improvements. Address CARPENTER, this office. ja24-3t*

WANTED—BY YOUNG MAN; HAS HAD some experience in groceries; situation more of an object than salary; good reference given and letter of recommendation. Inquire at 1318 G street. ja23-5t*

WANTED—TABLE BOARD FOR GENTLEMAN, wife and two children in vicinity of Plaza; private family preferred. Address MILLS & HAWK, Real Estate Agents, 301 J street. ja 2-1f

INFORMATION WANTED OF THE whereabouts of JOHN CHAMBERS; hight, about six feet; dark complexion. Information can be had by addressing GEORGE CHAMBERS, Sacramento City. ja22-7t*

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A YOUNG lady as a saleslady. Address 815 Seventh street. ja21-5t*

WANTED, AGENTS!—GOOD ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies for something entirely new; light and profitable; takes with every one. Apply 1033 Eighth street, from 1 to 9 P. M. ja4-tf

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEYARDS, dairies and all kinds of labor. Women and girls for cooking and general housework. Plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth street, K and L.

WANTED—AN ACTIVE, RELIABLE man—Salary, $70 to $80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a responsible New York house. References. Manufacturer, Lock Box 1,585, N.Y. fe24-1yMTh

Lost—Found.

LOST—FRIDAY EVENING, WHITE FOX-terrier bitch. Finder will please return to Bank Exchange Saloon, Second and K streets, and receive a liberal reward. ja26-3t*

To Let or Rent.

TO RENT—A NICE NEW COTTAGE, FIVE rooms and modern conveniences. Apply at 927 M street. ja25-2t*

TO LET—A NICELY FURNISHED PARLOR on H street; suitable for a single gentleman or lady. Apply at 1005 H street. Rent reasonable. ja23-tf

TO LET—ONE OR TWO FURNISHED rooms in a private family; car line direct to Capitol and depot. Inquire at 1512 O street. ja21-7t*

TO LET—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, A room with board. Call at 1502 G street. ja20-7t*

TO LEASE—FOR A TERM OF FOUR years, house of eight rooms, with all modern improvements. No. 1305 L street, fronting State Capitol grounds. For further particulars call at T. H. COOK & CO.'S, Tenth and K streets. ja17-tf

TO LET—A PARLOR, AT 715 I STREET; also a carriage barn. Inquire at the above number. ja13-tf

401 COR. L AND FOURTH—ROOMS BY the day, week or month. LANGHAM. d19-1m

TO LET—SMALL TENEMENTS AND also unfurnished rooms, cheap; suitable for housekeeping. Apply to D. GARDNER, at wood-yard, Fourth and I streets. my17-tf

FURNISHED ROOMS AT CENTRAL House, from $5 per month upwards; also family rooms at low prices. HORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors. mr19-1y

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A COW WITH CALF; CHEAP. Apply 629 Fifteenth street. ja25-2t*

FOR SALE—210 ACRES OF LAND IN EL Dorado county, five miles west of Placerville, two miles from Diamond Station; this is good fruit and vine land; 150 acres under ditch; ditch and water right goes with the place; all fenced; orchard of 500 trees; house, barn and out-buildings; price, $5,000; easy terms; will meet anyone at Diamond Station that wishes to see this place. Address M. J. WILLIAMS, Placerville. ja 3-31t*

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE FOR OTHER property, a good patent right. Money in it to the right party. Address, INVENTOR, Sacramento. ja17-10t*

FOR SALE—GENUINE ENGLISH CLUSTER Hop Roots, in quantities to suit, at lowest market price. Address T. B. FLINT, one mile below Sacramento, or P. O. box 438, Sacramento. ja14-14t*

NOTICE—HAVE YOU ANY INTENTION of investing in 2, 4, 6 or 10 acres of rich land just outside the city and only short distance from terminus of New Electric Railway? If so, it will pay you big to see me and find what I have to offer. M. J. DILLMAN, 1420 O street; at 305 J street between 12 and 1. ja6-tf

FOR SALE—A HANDSOME BUGGY-horse, perfectly gentle; especially suited for lady to drive; rapid traveler, and one of the best saddle-horses in the city. A. O. GREGORY, Fifth and J, Sacramento. ja9-tf

FOR SALE—CHOICE AND RELIABLE fruit trees. Call on O. O. GOODRICH, Riverside Nursery, three miles south of city. P. O. address, Sacramento. d31-tf

General Notices.

$100 REWARD WILL BE GIVEN TO any person who will give information that will convict anyone who has cut or opened, or who hereafter may cut or open, the fence on the north side of the Lagoon, Sacramento County, Cal.; that is, on the Hartnell Grant, or lands of the Monch Estate. MRS. I. S. MONCH. ja8-7t& tw*

MADAME BELL, RENOWNED IN TELLING life's future events, fifteen years' practice in India and Australian colonies; late of San Jose. Young people should know their future. Fee, 50 cents and $1. 1010 Third street. d9-tf

MONEY TO LOAN—ON CITY AND country property. MUDDOX & FEE, 606 I street. ja8-tf

SACRAMENTO COUNTY POULTRY Yards; leading varieties for sale; eggs for hatching; for further particulars send for catalogue. GEO. E. DUDEN, proprietor. Box 376, Sacramento. ja3-tf

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