POE, THE POET.

His Life in Fordham, as Recalled by an Old Resident.

Memories Awakened by the Recent Death of Father Doucet, Poe's Intimate Friend—The Poe Cottage and "Annabel Lee."

[From the New York Times.]

A few weeks ago there died at Fordham one of the last inhabitants who remembered Edgar Allan Poe, and knew him intimately during the latter's two years' sojourn in that pretty little suburb. And to lovers and admirers of that much-slandered poet it will ever be matter for regret that the Rev. Father Doucet (to whose death we have referred) did not leave us some authentic written or verbal testimony as to the personality of the poet whose friendship he is said to have enjoyed to an unusual degree at a period perhaps the most interesting in Poe's varied and eventful life. From what little can be gathered now it would seem probable that this intimacy revealed to the reverend father many of those delicate traits of a naturally reticent character which have not been credited heretofore in the public's estimation of Edgar Poe.

SYMPATHY.

Although Poe was by no means a Jesuit or a Catholic, he would naturally find, with that broad-minded tolerance peculiar to literary people, much that was congenial and even inspiring in an intercourse with the refined and intelligent Jesuit fathers of St. John's College, an institution which was founded, it may be noted, about ten years before he himself made his home at Fordham.

In an interview with Father Scully, President of St. John's, I was told that Poe frequently visited the college, generally in the afternoon or evening, when the faculty were at leisure to entertain him. He was often on these occasions depressed in spirits, (this was at the time of or after his wife's death), and, seeming to crave sympathy, would usually go away feeling brighter and happier for a few hours' unrestrained conversation.

POE'S MELANCHOLY.

Sometimes, however, he would linger on as though dreading to return to his death-stricken home, and the hospitable fathers would provide him with a bed, and the grateful poet would spend the night with them. It was seldom enough that Poe could meet congenial spirits, and those afternoons and evenings spent at the college must have been a beneficial intellectual relief to his speculative mind, a sympathetic listener being always a delight to one possessing his brilliant conversational powers.

Lacking any personal recollection of the poet himself, Father Scully showed me a brief notice of him that appeared some years ago in the college paper, from which I take the following description:

A SKETCH.

"Poe was a familiar figure at the college forty years ago. Of a retiring disposition as regards the people of Fordham, he was perfectly at home with regard to St. John's. There seemed to be something congenial in the atmosphere of the place that drew him to it, and though he often went with no express purpose of seeing anyone of the faculty or students, it seemed to soothe his mind to wander at will about the lawn and the beautiful grounds back of the college buildings. It must not be thought from this that he had no friends there. He had three special friends at the college, Rev. Fathers Doucet and Thebaud of the faculty, and Gus Thebaud, one of the few students of that time who are now alive. It was one of Poe's greatest gifts that he could make friends wherever he went. To see him was to love him. He had a charming presence. A most intellectual countenance, brilliant dark eyes, a high forehead with the temples well developed, and a pale and sad expression of face were what attracted people. His features were a trifle sharp and made up an almost typical American face. It was a pleasure to see him and still more to listen to him."

OLD RESIDENTS OF FORDHAM.

There are two other gentlemen now living at Fordham who have something of interest to tell in regard to Poe. One of these, General Morris, is the son of the poet George P. Morris, who edited the New York *Mirror*, and who was at all times a warm friend of Poe. The General recollects Poe's coming into the editorial rooms one day and presenting with much modesty a poem that he had just written, and about which he desired Morris' opinion. In putting it before him, the poet told the kindly editor that he had not been able to make up his mind as to the value of his production, and would like to know whether he (Morris) considered it good for anything. Transcribed in his beautiful handwriting, on the excellence of which Poe justly prided himself, and coming fresh from his fervent imagination, the poem must have appeared more than ordinarily effective. At all events, Morris was not long in coming to a decision, and soon exclaimed with enthusiastic admiration to the pleased poet: "It is by all odds the best thing you have ever written!" And posterity will surely see nothing of friendly prejudice in this favorable opinion, for the poem in question was Poe's "Raven."

"THE RAVEN."

That Poe, of all men, did not at once recognize the surpassing beauty of "The Raven" and should have been in doubt as to its merits is hard to conceive. That he was amusing himself with an assumed modesty in anticipation of his friend's verdict of uncompromising praise seems quite probable, for it was one of Poe's peculiarities to disguise his own feelings and personality not only in his writings but in his intercourse with other people. He loved a fantastic joke, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to mystify the public about himself. Poe's "Raven" was first published in the *Mirror*, but from "advance sheets" of a magazine.

AN UNASSUMING MAN.

According to John B. Haskins, who is, I think, the only person now residing in Fordham who lived contemporaneously with Poe at that place, Poe was "a modest, unassuming gentleman. He came to Fordham in 1848, and lived in the little Valentine cottage with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, for two years, during which time I met him frequently. He was a very quiet, courteous fellow, engrossed in his fervent poetic fancies, and laboring with conscientious care over his writings, about which he was never at ease until, by dint of continued polishing, and many alterations, they fulfilled his own fastidious literary taste. His mind had a strong bent for mathematics, which, I think, is clearly evidenced in many of his stories, and yet he was thoroughly unpractical in the ways and necessities of the world, caring little and knowing absolutely nothing about money.

POE'S POVERTY.

"While he lived here he suffered the most abject poverty. The rent of his cottage, which was $65 a year, was largely unpaid when he left, as was also the case with various bills for groceries, etc. When his wife died, of whom he was devotedly fond, he was unable to pay her funeral expenses, and a number of the townspeople were compelled to come to his aid with contributions of money. Without his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, it is hard to imagine how Poe and his child-wife could have lived at all. But Mrs. Clemm was a practical as well as warm-hearted old lady, and did her best to protect these two, who were little more than children, in her care. You remember the lines from 'Annabel Lee:'

"'I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea.'

ANNABEL LEE.

"Poe wrote that lovely little poem in Fordham soon after his wife's death, and weird and imaginative though it is, it bears the impress of actuality in every line—even to the 'tomb by the sounding sea.' Mrs. Poe was buried in sight of the Harlem River, and there many a night the agonized poet would spend a weary vigil, recalling, doubtless with sorrow and remorse the fragile being whose short existence his own actions had frequently marred with grief. For that Poe drank, and drank to excess, is, I suppose, a fact not worth disputing. I have frequently come home from the city and found him 'half seas over' in the public house, and sadly in need of some strong hand to rescue him before it was too late. I can remember well on these occasions leaving my horse and guiding the unsteady, silent poet to his house, at the door of which he would dismiss me with a most courtly bow, for even though intoxicated Poe was a gentleman to the very core.

LITERARY WARES.

"Mrs. Clemm—good, practical, motherly Mrs. Clemm!—I used frequently to meet on my way to town, with a huge market basket on her arm, journeying to Vesey street, where she would dispose of her erratic son-in-law's latest literary wares to the *Democratic Review*, New York *Mirror* or the *Monthly Knickerbocker*, and with the beggarly proceeds (for they paid poorly in those days) fill her basket with food for her half-starved proteges.

POE PERSONALLY.

"As for Poe personally, one could not help being strongly impressed by his marked individuality. He was a genius straight through, if ever there was one, with an indefinable quality about him that appealed to one's deepest feelings for love and sympathy, besides the inevitable tribute of admiration which his bright intellect as shown in conversation would naturally call forth. Physically his eyes were his most prominent feature. They were large and dark and soft as a woman's, although bright sometimes with a masculine fire that seemed half human, half divine. Once seen, no one could forget this remarkable, unfortunate man, who seemed to be endowed with a mixture of curses worthy of a witch's caldron—genius, poverty and a love of drink. As to the latter, it has doubtlessly been much exaggerated by his biographers. Poe strove hard to conquer it, and it was only at certain periods that his enemy would get the better of him. I can positively assert that he was at no time a continuous drinker."

HOPELESSLY POOR.

That Poe was hopelessly poor while at Fordham we can gather from this appeal, which was made in his behalf at that period in the columns of the New York *Express:*

"We regret to learn that Edgar A. Poe and his wife are both dangerously ill with the consumption, and that the hand of misfortune lies heavy upon their temporal affairs. We are sorry to mention the fact that they are so far reduced as to be barely able to obtain the necessaries of life. This is, indeed, a hard lot, and we hope that the friends and admirers of Mr. Poe will come promptly to his assistance in his bitterest hour of need."

I believe that the result of this appeal was a contribution of $60. This description also of his wife's deathbed in the little cottage, by an eye-witness, is not without pathos:

"She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

SOME SUNSHINE.

Yet the two years spent in Fordham could not have been without some brief glimpses of sunshine and happiness. Poets are invariably soothed and comforted by an environment of natural scenery, and after the lapse of forty-odd years Fordham is still so rural and charming a locality that we can imagine it to have been a poet's true home before the first encroachments of a rapidly-advancing city had broken its quiet. Those who knew Poe during his residence in Fordham give ample testimony to his appreciation of the country by which he was surrounded. From a letter by Mrs. Whitman, to whom Poe was afterward engaged to be married, the following may be of interest:

POE'S HABITS.

"Rising at 4 o'clock in the morning for a walk to the magnificent aqueduct bridge over Harlem River, our informant found the poet with his mother (Mrs. Clemm) standing on the turf beneath the cherry tree, eagerly watching the movements of two beautiful birds that seemed contemplating a settlement in its branches. He had some rare tropical birds in cages, which he cherished and petted with assiduous care. Our English friend described him as giving to his birds and flowers a delighted attention that seemed quite inconsistent with the gloomy and grotesque character of his writings. A favorite cat, too, enjoyed his friendly patronage, and often when he was engaged in composition it seated itself on his shoulder, purring in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision. During Mr. Poe's residence at Fordham a walk to High Bridge was one of his favorite and habitual recreations. The water of the aqueduct is conveyed across the river on a range of lofty granite arches, which rise to the hight of 145 feet above high water level. On the top a turfed and grassy road, used only by foot passengers and flanked on either side by a low parapet of granite, makes one of the finest promenades imaginable. The winding river and the high, rocky shores at the western extremity of the bridge are seen to great advantage from this lofty avenue. In the last melancholy years of his life Poe was accustomed to walk there at all times of the day and night, often pacing the then solitary pathway for hours without meeting a human being.

"A little to the east of the cottage rises a ledge of rocky ground, partly covered with pines and cedars, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country and of the picturesque college of St. John's, which had, at that time, in its neighborhood an avenue of venerable trees. This rocky ledge was one of the poet's favorite resorts. Here, through long summer days and solitary, starlit nights, he loved to sit, dreaming his gorgeous waking dreams, or pondering the problems of the 'Universe,' that grand 'prose poem' to which he devoted the last and maturest energies of his wonderful intellect."

"THE UNIVERSE."

Besides the "Universe" and some other prose works, we may add that Poe composed three of his best poems while in Fordham—"The Bells," "Ulalume," and "Annabel Lee." "The Raven" was written in the winter of 1844, in a house that stood a few hundred feet from the corner of Eighty-fourth street and St. Nicholas boulevard, at that time the Bloomingdale road, and not, as its inmates will tell you, in the pretty little cottage in Fordham. How circumstantially exact such errors become! The very "room in which Poe wrote 'The Raven'" is reverently pointed out to the visitor, and we doubt not that if there are any other houses in existence now in which Poe at some period has lived, they will boast of a "Raven room," and possibly a "pallid bust of Pallas" and a "cushioned seat."

THE POE COTTAGE.

The Poe cottage, situated on quite a high hill on the King's Bridge road, is still standing intact as Poe left it forty-two years ago, with the remains of the favorite old cherry tree still in front of it. It has recently come into the possession of William Fearing Gill.

Of the interior furnishing of the cottage nothing now remains that belonged to Poe during his occupancy of it with the exception of a candlestick and a pair of snuffers that are still attributed to him. A lady in Fordham, the daughter of a lady who placed blankets on Mrs. Poe's deathbed, is said to have in her possession Poe's rocking-chair, table, glasses, and Bible. Now modern houses are rising up on every side of the unpretentious little dwelling, the grove of pines and the flowerbeds have long since passed away, and the wide landscape is filled with signs of growing city "improvements." But there is still an air of picturesque rusticity about the place and the building itself, in spite of its new and finer neighbors—an eloquent meaning in the rough, shingled, weather-beaten roof, the rude blinds, and the small windows that reminds us involuntarily of the poor, suffering poet and his beautiful dying wife who once made this humble cottage their home.

DIAMONDS.

Interesting Facts in Regard to the Sparkling Gems.

The World's Greatest Supply Comes From African Fields—How They Compare With the Stones of Golconda and Brazil—Life Among the Diggers.

There are no less than a score of diamonds in the world that can really be called "great." To each of these is connected a story of historical and romantic interest. Such stones as the Koh-i-Noor, the Orloff, the Sancy, the Hope or the Great Mogul have an individuality almost rivaling a great personage. The especially large display of diamonds incident to the holiday season by the St. Louis jewelers naturally calls more than usual notice to them and their origin. The most famous in existence have come from Golconda and Brazil, but those exceeding in the average size are from the South African fields, where, also, the greater number of "white" diamonds are now said to be found. The notable stones from these fields are the "Stewart," the "Schreiner" and the "Star of South Africa." The first weighed 288⅜ carats in the rough, the largest unblemished diamond ever found in Africa. The claim of the mine producing it was sold for $150. The diamond's color is light straw, and it is very brilliant. The "Schreiner" weighed more, but was of irregular form. The "Star of South Africa" is also known as the "Dudley." It is of the purest water. The prevailing color of the African or Cape diamonds is yellow, ranging from deep orange to light straw, and then merging into white. They are referred to as "white," "cape white," "bye water," "off color" and "yellow." Some diamonds are milky white, and occasionally a pale blue one is found. Brown and pink are common next to yellow, but are not held worth much. Almost every modification of the system of crystallization to which the diamond belongs occurs except the cube. Octahedrons, either perfect or beveled, are the most common; next, dodecahedrons. Twin-stones, macles and agglomerations of tiny crystals occur frequently.

A curious phenomenon is the "bursting" or "splitting" of a diamond. This occurs from inherent causes and only the glassy stones which have (be it never so faint) a tinge of brown in them. They are usually perfect octahedrons, with very sharp angles and of much harder quality than others, except the black, which seem to be an advanced stage of the same conditions. Such a stone comes clear and brilliant from the mine, and perhaps in an hour a little "feather" or fracture points toward its center. The buyer who has been "stuck" with such a diamond no sooner discovers this "feather" than he runs out to sell it, slackening his pace as he nears the door, and nonchalantly sauntering in and offering it for sale, with the assurance that it has been out of the mine a month; the neighbor gets it at a bargain, of course, and a few hours later, to his horror, finds the little feather now a streak extending much further in; he, too, now palms it off at a large loss to himself—and so on, the diamond always "going farther and faring worse," till at last it drops in pieces and brings the largest loss on the last holder. A beautiful diamond of this nature, though unsuspected, may be laid in the box at night and found in numerous fragments in the morning. The "bursting" is due, probably, to the release from the great pressure to which the crystal has been subjected in its closely fitting rock-casing. The diggers wrap such stones, as soon as found, in cotton, or put them in oil before selling them.

The Cape diamond, unlike the Brazilian, has no adhering skin or envelope; it shines like a piece of bright glass wherever it is found. There is a delicate film of infiltrated calcite about those imbedded in the "blue-stuff," but this film adheres to the imbedding rock, and not to the diamonds. The diamonds from the river and each of the four mines have recognizable peculiarities. The former are invariably water-worn, looking like ground glass, and noted for being whiter than other. They bring the highest price. The Cape diamonds, which form the only real steady supply, all go to London, the center for buying, selling and cutting, exceeding now even Amsterdam for the latter work.

Diamonds, as they come from the mine, are sold in the same town, like fruit from a garden. Here they are to be had first-hand. The digger, with the treasures of the mine before his eyes, parts easily with what he has already obtained. He can get more to-morrow, and there is, moreover, the ever-present hope of that grand stroke of luck for which he lives. The buyer, too, gets his great bargains out of the large daily produce of gems. There are whole streets, along which every door is a dealer's office—neat little one-storied buildings of corrugated iron, with a door in the center and a window at either side. There are two rooms, one for sleeping and the other for the transaction of business; though certain princely merchants are not content with these humble accommodations. As a rule, all purchases and sales take place in these little offices, for there is no general exchange. Unlike gold and other precious metals, the diamond has not a fixed value measured by its weight alone; everything depends upon an appreciation of the subtlest distinctions of color, the position of a spot or a flaw and the possibility of cutting it out.

The buyers' advertisements swell the columns of the morning papers. Taking up the *Diamond News*, one reads that Mr. Jacob Jacobs "is prepared to buy all classes of diamonds; fine, glassy stones, pure, large, yellow stones, and large cleavage are particularly required. Highest market rates paid." Or, "Mr. Schmidt is prepared to purchase from his old friends, the diggers, diamonds of all classes," etc. White and pure one-carat stones bring $12; ditto two to three-carat stones, $20 to $25; ditto four-carat stones, $30 per carat; off-colored stones up to six carats each, $8 to $10 per carat.

Next in importance to, and far outnumbering, the local diamond buyer, is the diamond broker, a person who stands intermediate between digger and buyer, and between one buyer or merchant and another. He is one of a large and active class. His percentage of 2½ per cent., which yields him from $200 to $2,000 a month, according to his ability and energy, represents a very large amount of business. He is often a ruined buyer or dealer, who takes this means of getting together a small capital for a new start. He may be seen at all hours of the day, hurrying from office to office with a little square pocket-case under his arm, containing "parcels" of diamonds of every variety. He has instructions from the owner as to his lowest price, and tries to get as much more as he can.

Diamond stealing, chiefly by the negroes, and buying of stolen diamonds by middlemen, receivers and illicit dealers, are the veriest curses of the diamond fields. But the diamond is so easily stolen at the time of its discovery in the ground, the transfer from the negro worker to the receiver is so readily effected, and the measures taken against both steps are so inadequate, that the eradication of the illicit traffic seems well-nigh impossible. The claim-holders suffer, even to the extent of financial ruin. The bright gem, which would many times *recoup* months of toil and anxiety, lies beneath the toes of that swarthy toiler, to find its way in the evening, in exchange for a paltry sum and a glass of brandy, to the pocket of a white diamond shark. With 10,000 blacks daily working over diamondiferous soil, watched by about one overseer to every ten of them, the chances for stealing are unlimited. The only black to be trusted is the "raw" native, direct from his "kraal" 1,000 miles away, where he has never known the white man's influence.

As an instance, one digger was watching his "boys," when a big diamond fell from the wall a negro called "Bucket" was working on. "Bucket" put his foot on it, and kept the diamond thus held for an hour, when he picked up his foot as though to scratch it, but in reality to get the stone from between his toes and transfer it to some other part of his body. Finding that he was observed, he abandoned the attempt for the moment. The master about this time began to feel a curiosity to see his diamond, and ordered "Bucket" to pick elsewhere; but the black was unwilling to move. Losing all patience, he pushed him aside, and found the gem, whereupon "Bucket" remarked, in a cool and surprised tone, "Here's a diamond, Baas." It was a beautiful eighteen-carat stone; the digger's quick eye saved him $2,000.

Kimberley is the one town of the diamond country. Here are gathered all classes of all nationalities. But far in the majority are the "diggers," in "moleskin" trousers, flannel shirt and broad hat twined round with a puggeree. By "digger" must be understood claimholder and director of his own or another's mining operations. He seldom touches pick or shovel, far better to use his eyes and prevent the negroes working under him from stealing. Diamonds, claims, finds, are the all-absorbing topic. Having ordered with some "mate" a "split," the first inquiry is, "Any finds to-day?" or "Is the mail in?" and "Are diamonds up or down?" The state of the "reef" is discussed, and the progress of pumping operations. Here, perhaps, some one asks: "Have you heard of Brown's luck? He bought a claim yesterday in which they hadn't paid expenses for three months, and found a diamond worth $5,000 this morning before breakfast."

Perhaps what strikes one at first the most oddly is the careless manner in which diamonds are handed about and displayed. Drawing forth from his pocket a little metal or wooden matchbox, the digger opens it to show his "finds." It is full of diamonds of all sizes and qualities, just as they have come from the ground, lustrous and glowing with their soft white or yellow lights. The box is passed around the crowd quite out of sight of its owner, different gems are taken out of it and admired, and it is finally returned quite as it left him.

Another draws from his trousers' pocket a handful of good-sized "stones" and lays them down upon the table. One by one they are taken up and distributed about the crowd present for inspection, the owner quietly awaiting their return from the different quarters of the room, quite undisturbed as to the safety of his property; they all come back. Slipping his thumb and finger into a side vest pocket, a fresh comer pulls out a perfect beauty—a 100-carat yellow, as large as a marble, far brighter and more lustrous than any cut glass or crystal; alas! worth now, at the depreciated price of "off-color," not more than $5,000—in the days before "off-color" were plentifully found, worth $20,000. This, too, is passed freely about. There is no danger of the gems being stolen, because the whole community is a "committee of public safety," and can not afford to allow dishonesty.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

KEYSTONE NATIONAL BANK.

The Comptroller of the Treasury Orders Its Doors Closed.

PHILADELPHIA, March 20.—Shortly after the Keystone National Bank opened this morning the iron doors were lowered and the following notice was placed on them: "This bank is closed, by order of the Comptroller of the Treasury. N. P. Drew, National Bank Examiner." The closing of this bank was a surprise to most of the depositors. During the financial stringency of the latter part of last year there were rumors affecting the bank's solvency and a heavy run followed, but the institution tided over its difficulties and was thought to be in a good financial condition. The largest depositor is the city of Philadelphia, which has there $400,000. The authorized capital is $500,000. A surplus of $100,000 is claimed.

No statement of the bank's liabilities and assets is obtainable. It is said that the bank was closed by the Comptroller by reason of its reserve funds having fallen below the amount required by the national banking law. The bank has deposits amounting to about $1,400,000, and it claimed it has assets sufficient to meet this amount.

It is said the bank owes the Clearing-house Association about $40,000, which is part of the money advanced by the association to assist the bank when the run was made on it in December last. All information regarding the closing of the bank is withheld by the bank officials beyond that contained in a letter signed by the President, which said the payment to the clearing-house of a very large amount of the loan certificates kept the legal reserve of cash below the average required by law, and that the institution was still suffering from the effects of the recent run. An earnest effort will be made, the letter added, to fully restore the bank. The investments of deposited money exceeded 75 per cent., and the totals of late deposits are believed to have been insufficient to swell the reserve fund to the required 25 per cent. These facts were reported to the Comptroller of Currency by Bank Examiner Drew yesterday, and the former promptly ordered the bank closed.

The President of a prominent National Bank here said in regard to the failure: "The depositors will get their money in full. There is no doubt of that. No one will lose a dollar except the stockholders, who will lose only in the depreciation on the value of their stock. The bank has been loosely managed and a number of bad debts have been made, but the situation is not so serious as the people imagine."

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Lacey, the Comptroller of the Currency, said to-day it was by his direction that the National Bank Examiner took charge of the Keystone National Bank of Philadelphia. His action was based on the reports received from the Examiner and on other "developments." The Comptroller refuses to say anything in regard to the condition of the bank until after he hears the result of the examination now in progress.

Colored People of Georgia.

The colored people of Hartwell, Ga., are bestowing the complimentary title of "Dr." upon their preachers. The other day one of the D. D.s arrived on the train and was met at the depot by one of the leading members of the church, who enthusiastically greeted him with "Good mawnin', Doc!" The D. D. raised his silk beaver and responded in a most dignified manner: "I is quite well, my brother; how duz yo' large an' 'fluential family come on?"

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Church Notices.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, I STREET, between Twelfth and Thirteenth—Rev. W. H. Latourette will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Home School, 12:15. Washington Mission, 3:30. Welcome to all of our services. mr21-2t*

Wanted.

WANTED—AT MRS. J. W. BOYD'S dressmaking parlors, 916 Seventh street, one waist-finisher, one skirt-draper, two apprentices. mr22-2t*

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO LIGHT housework. Apply at 513 J street, up stairs. 1t*

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS SALESwoman; one who has had years of experience. Apply to C. H. GILMAN, Red House, between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. mr21-3t

WANTED—THREE MILLINERY APprentices who have had some experience. Apply to C. H. GILMAN, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., Red House. mr20-3t

WANTED—ONE OR TWO CHILDREN to board; good home and care. Address JOHN, this office. mr20-7t*

WANTED—RESPECTABLE GENTLEMAN and wife, or two gentlemen, to take nice, sunny front room and board in private family. Address P. O. box 150. mr20-5t*

WANTED—ALL PERSONS WANTING reliable male and female help will call at J. J. SMITH'S EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, 524 K street, at the office of Capital Transfer Company. mr1-1m*

WANTED TEAMS—PARTIES WITH teams or traction engines to take contract to haul three million feet of lumber. All summer's work; for further particulars address, EL DORADO MILL & LUMBER CO., Diamond Springs, Cal. fe14-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.

Lost—Found.

LOST—ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, A gold clover leaf lace pin with diamond setting. Return to 1004 Fourth street and be rewarded. mr21-2t*

To Let or Rent.

TO LET—A FLAT OF SIX ROOMS, UP stairs, at 922 Ninth street; rent, $26 per month. mr22-7t*

TO LET—FOUR NICELY FURNISHED rooms with piano, also bath; suitable for light housekeeping. Reference required. Address this office. mr20-3t*

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE or en suite; also, stable to rent. 721 G street. mr18-5t*

HOTEL OF 100 ROOMS, ALL FURnished, full of boarders and roomers, to lease; best location. Inquire at 1007 Fourth street. mh2-tf

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

TO LET—THREE TENEMENTS, THREE rooms each; also one house, 8 rooms, partly furnished (suitable for lodging or boarding-house); also some rooms, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping. For particulars apply at WOOD YARD, 401 I street. All cheap rent. mr6-tf

918 SECOND ST.—FOR RENT OR LEASE, building now known as the Roma Hotel. Apply to CARL STROBEL, 317 J st. mr16-7t*

TO RENT—FURNISHED AND UNFURnished rooms, suitable for housekeeping; rents from $4 to $8. Inquire at 309 M st. f6-tf

For Sale.

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE FOUR-HORSE power upright engine and one small Prentice Bros. screw-cutting lathe. Inquire at 1303 G street. mr22-2w*

HORSE FOR SALE — BLACK HORSE with white feet, four years old this spring; stands 15½ hands high, perfectly sound, kind and gentle; a good family horse; parties going East and must sell; can be bought for $75. Apply at 1622 I street. mr22-tf

FOR SALE—ONE PAIR AMERICAN work horses; weight 1,200 and 1,300; 7 years old; work single or double; will sell one or both. Apply 1613 P street. mr21-3t*

FOR SALE—ACRE LOTS; SOUTH SACramento; 10 to 80 acres, from $65 to $80 per acre. Apply to STROBEL, 317 J. mr21-7*

FOR SALE—ON INSTALLMENTS, FIVE desirable building lots, with or without houses, in South Sacramento. Inquire Melvin's Installment Store, 718 K st. mr21-tf

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Capay Valley Lands.

A CAPAY COLONY.

Busy Fruit-Growers in a Pretty Yolo Valley—Tancred and Its Adjoining Farms.

IN THE SPRING OF LAST YEAR Robert A. and Neal D. Barker associated themselves with William McKay, all of Oakland, with a view of searching out a suitable location in which to engage in the profitable occupation of fruit-growing. After visiting many localities, they decided on the Capay Valley, Yolo County, and the Rhodes tract at Tancred.

Negotiations were opened with the Capay Valley Land Company, owning the tract in question. With W. H. Mills, the General Agent of that company, they arranged for the purchase of about 220 acres of foothill land This being more than they had thought of taking for their own use, they spoke to a number of friends about it, with the result that the tract was divided among the following people: B. L. Hickok, 40 acres; W. T. Barnett, 20 acres; N. T. Greathead, 20 acres; Mrs. L. Greathead, 20 acres; W. McKay, 20 acres; N. D. Barker, 20 acres; R. A. Barker, 20 acres; J. P. Brownlee, 20 acres; E. H. Haslett, 10 acres; Joseph Barker, 10 acres; A. W. Kelly, 10 acres, and Frederick Kelly, 10 acres.

So far this had been merely a private venture of the gentlemen above named, but in talking up the question of dividing the land already purchased, it was found that so many more would like to join it than the area of the purchase would admit of, that it was suggested on all hands, "Why not get some more land and divide it up in the same way?" Then followed the idea of a stock company to take hold of a larger tract and arrange for the cultivation of the whole of it, after subdividing it according to the requirements of the subscribers. A provisional board was formed, a prospectus issued, and finally, on the 5th of June, 1890, the Western Co-operative Colonization and Improvement Company was duly registered and proceeded to business, with the following officers: President, William McKay; Vice-President, M. P. Brown; Directors—H. C. Ellis, Charles Brooke and R. A. Barker; Secretary and General Manager, Neal D. Barker; Solicitor, C. E. Snook; Treasurer, First National Bank of Oakland.

The balance of the tract, 373 acres, was purchased. A contract was entered into for the purchase of a large number of fruit trees, vines, etc. This early purchase of trees was the means of saving between $3,000 and $4,000 to the company, the prices in some cases having more than doubled since then.

The ideas which the prospectus set forth have been but slightly modified and the progress of the company has been uninterrupted. Those who went into it doubtingly have become enthusiastic, and almost all the members arranged to set out all their lands in fruit trees, etc., the first year. Consequently in this, the first season, some 40,000 trees and between 20,000 and 30,000 vines will be planted.

The satisfactory working of this scheme has had the effect of attracting considerable attention to the work of the Colony Company, and a number of people are now desirous of joining in with them. An additional 200 acres have been added to the sixty acres originally purchased.

For the company is predicted a very bright future, as well as for the beautiful valley in which their operations are conducted. How this marvelous little garden has come to be so long neglected is a puzzle to every one who has visited it, but one thing is very sure, and that is that this neglect will never again be felt in the valley.

The fruits set out are mostly of the standard varieties—peaches, apricots, Bartlett pears, prunes, figs, raisin grapes, etc., while along both sides of the avenues, throughout the tract, walnuts will throw their graceful shade. A considerable number of citrus trees are also being set out; quite a sufficient number to demonstrate that these fruits can be successfully grown in the valley, about which the colonists appear to have no doubt, provided proper care is given to the young trees. Neal D. Barker, General Manager of the company, resides on the tract, and to his care is to be ascribed much of the success of the venture.

Mention should be made of the town-site, about which there is a pleasant innovation which might with profit be followed by more ambitious places. A small park of some three acres has been laid out right in the center of the town. This park it is proposed to beautify by planting in it from time to time as many of the beauties and curiosities of tree and shrub life as may be obtained by diligent search and a wise expenditure of money. It is not expected that Tancred will ever be a large and busy city, but it is thought that it can be made a very pleasant little place to dwell in.

A petition has been circulated recently and very largely signed, asking the county to accept Island avenue, on the colony tract, as a county road, and to build a bridge across Cache Creek at this point, in order to give the settlers on the east side of the creek access to Tancred Station. The Tancred colonists are quite willing to give the necessary right of way, and are very desirous of having a bridge there, as the colony lands extend along both sides of the stream. It is thought that it would be a very wise expenditure of public money to grant them this very necessary improvement, as the operations of such companies are of widespread benefit to the whole county and State. The attractions and comforts of the cities are well known, but to those who are willing to settle on the land and show that the country also affords attractions and comforts and ways of making money pleasantly, every inducement should be held forth.

The following is a list of the principal members of the Tancred Colony, with the number of acres owned by each, and a fact worthy of mention is that in each contract or deed issued by the Colony Company there is a provision that no intoxicating liquor shall ever be manufactured or sold on the land. The apparent success of the enterprise shows that the ideas and plans of the colony, as set forth in the prospectus some time ago, are not impracticable: C. T. Hull, Berkeley, 5 acres; W. P. Hammon, Oakland, 14 acres; C. S. Kasson, San Francisco, 11 acres; Jos. Barker, 10 acres; A. W. Kelly, Kincardine, Ont., 5 acres; N. T. Greathead, 5 acres; R. G. Greathead, Oakland, 10 acres; R. A. Barker, San Francisco, 10 acres; N. D. Barker, Tancred, 10 acres; Dr. K. Favor, San Francisco, 27 acres; J. P. Brownlee, Kincardine, Ont., 9 acres; W. T. Barnett, Berkeley, 5 acres; M. P. Brown, 10 acres; Chas. Brook, Sr., Oakland, 10 acres; W. C. Boutelle, Berkeley, 20 acres; Mrs. T. A. Crelin, Oakland, 5 acres; C. H. Peach, Tancred, 5 acres; H. C. Ellis, Oakland, 10 acres; J. Vanstone, Winnipeg, 10 acres; E. A. Vanstone, Tancred, 5 acres; E. Wadsworth, Sacramento, 5 acres; M. A. Thomas, Oakland, 6 acres; James Graham, San Francisco, 11 acres; A. Stark, 12 acres; J. Stark, 10 acres; Mrs. M. Vrooman, 5 acres; C. E. Snook, 10 acres; C. T. Greathead, 12 acres; Wm. McKay, 5 acres; Mrs. Wm. McKay, Oakland, 5 acres; Mrs. E. C. Wooley, Brooklyn, N. Y., 10 acres; Mrs. H. Beckley, Oakland, 5 acres; T. A. Marriett, 5 acres; J. C. Harrison, Tancred, 5 acres. The land reserved by the Colony Company, including townsite, consists of 61 acres.

fe15-tfd&w

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