"OLD MAYNARD."

The Hermit of Windy Camp Surprised in His Retreat.

The Strange, Weird Story of His Fifteen Years' Search for Gold in Blackrock Canyon—His Mysterious Discovery and His Disappearance.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

I shall endeavor to relate what has been to me a subject of much thought and wonderment. Doubtless the ordinary reader will deem the following relation, in the awkward style of one unused to the pen as incredible, but the writer was greatly impressed by a strange adventure of some months ago, and is more than half convinced that there are many things yet unknown and unexplained.

That strange secrets are often entombed with old men few will deny. Old men who have lived the time allotted, whose lives have been seemingly unsuccessful, whose existence obscure and, apparently, uneventful, have not infrequently acquired much knowledge. Lacking the ability, or, perchance, the inclination, to make themselves known to the world, or failing to obtain credence for odd reasoning, half formed conclusions, or even what may be to them established theories, they either despair of being understood, or garner wisdom and experience to no other end than their own satisfaction. Dying, the theorems of lives of study, perchance invaluable philosophy, is lost. I do not doubt but that more wisdom is buried in a village graveyard than is contained in all the books in the world. It is a great thing to learn and know, but a greater to teach and make known. It is not my purpose, however, to strew these pages with philosophic conjectures of mine, but follow, as near as I can, a straightforward narrative.

Some months since, having shot a deer which, although severely wounded, I was unable to secure, I followed determinedly and far. For anear three miles it constantly ascended a spur of the Sierras leading into higher and more remote mountains, while, as is usual in such cases, I expected at each turn to overtake the game. Ultimately the tracks of the animal turned sharply, and instead of keeping the comb of the ridge, descended abruptly the side of the mountain. This I knew to be a sure indication that the deer was becoming exhausted from loss of blood, and weak, if not dying. It, however, descended the contrary side of the ridge to my course homeward, and it was only through the possibility of its falling quickly that I undertook the descent. I was now far into the mountains—in the eastern edge of a northern county. Slowly tracing the wounded deer, by occasional drops of blood, I found myself at the foot of the ridge, and the deer lying dead in the dense spicewood by the stream in the canyon.

Hastily dressing the animal I swung it into a pine sapling, making no effort to carry it, as, even unencumbered, I was aware that I could hardly get out of the canyon before dark. It was now sundown, and the wildness of the locality concentrated my attention. From far up the canyon the swift stream came tumbling, rolling and roaring over its bowlders and the trunks of falling trees and forest waste. Above and around the steep bluffs and points of ridges hemmed the view and hastened the coming twilight.

I knew the stream as Blackrock, and the peculiarly-shaped ridge as Big Backbone. Looking up the ridge from the canyon its weird ruggedness was somehow awfully impressive; but why it was called "Backbone" I do not know. I could see nor fancy no resemblance in the mountain to anything describable. If anything other than a mountain of unusual roughness and size, it resembled some mighty mythical leviathan. As I gazed upon it it seemed to throb as if indued with life when the forest and undergrowth swayed in the evening breeze. Somewhere a panther screamed, and the brush crashed where deer or bear sprang up the sides of the canyon. I looked about anxiously for a path or trail, lead it in any direction, so that it led out of the Blackrock Canyon away from the roaring stream—from Big Backbone—I would follow it.

I had traversed no great distance, but owing to briars and bowlders had been obliged to cross and recross the boiling stream time and again, when I came upon a smooth trail, plainly evident, which led up the opposite side of the canyon. In the failing light I was surprised to see in the soft sand near the waters the tracks of a man and dog.

Following the little path, which proved worn and almost dusty, a few moments' climb brought me to a natural bench, or table, upon the spur it ascended. Pausing to define my course from thence I saw smoke curling upward from what seemed a huge rock a few rods distant. But for the smoke I should have passed the spot unnoticed. Approaching I discovered a snug cabin which stood (or seemed to lean) against a huge ledge of gray stone. The cabin, built of hewed logs, was weather-stained, to so near the color of the ledge, that it seemed a part of the stone. I had seen a hundred such huts scattered among the mountains and gulches, sometimes deserted, and again occupied by miners, or prospectors, who cling to abandoned placers, or seek in the most obscure localities for leads and lodes, but never one in so bleak and lone a spot as this.

As I approached the cabin a man came from its single door, stooping as he did so, owing to the lowness of the eaves. He had a plate in his hand and whistled repeatedly for a dog. No dog, however, appeared, and the individual thereupon uttered a brief but sounding soliloquy, evidently an infandous tribute to the absent canine and all his tribe, ending up his harangue with vivid emphasis. I noticed that, while the language used was slightly profane, the spirit of the speaker seemed calm enough, and as the last words, hurled out upon the quiet air came back in echoes from the canyon, I concluded they were uttered chiefly to break the monotonous quiet or muffled roar of the black stream below. Even echoes served to break the monotony—the oppressive loneliness of the spot.

I now recognized the hermit, one whom I had seen at long intervals in town, as old Maynard of Windy Camp. He was quite a familiar character to many, so far as his occasional appearance rendered him, but he seemed to have no familiar acquaintances. His neighbors were certainly few.

So this, then, was Windy Camp. A glance was enough to show that the spot had every qualification for being a windy one indeed. Old Maynard turned quickly at the sound of my voice, but a moment's gaze was all the surprise he manifested, and, after a quiet greeting, he invited me into the cabin, remarking that I was a little late, as he had just finished supper. Without further formality he set about preparing a plain but substantial meal, appreciable enough to me, tired and hungry. After supper I related my exploit with the deer, and Maynard cordially invited me to remain at the camp over night. Remembering the nature of the only route to town, and the difficulties of mountain trails after dark, I remained.

Old Maynard was, perhaps, 50, above the common stature, when he stood erect, but his frame was bent and stooping—more, I fancied, from toil than weakness or age. He was called "Old Maynard" more because of having been known for so long in connection with this drear, out of the way niche in the mountains, than from any conspicuity of age. His hair about the temples was silvered to some extent, but his clear, gray eyes, broad brow and the general strength of his features, suggested mature and sound mental development, little weakened by time or trouble.

When he spoke, however, there was something in his tones weary, despondent or hopeless. At the end of a sentence his voice would frequently change and decrease in volume, and his words, almost void of modulation or accent, would glide forth in an unvaried wail-like tone. I wondered if some deep sorrow weighed upon his soul, clinging to his memory with unbated bitterness, or if his long, unrewarded search for gold in the mountains had caused his brave spirit to despair.

Some blazing sticks in the rough but serviceable fire-place gave the cabin warmth and a cheerful changing light. Although rough and bare enough, the little house was noticeably neat and clean. I noted as singular the completeness of the finishing of the door, and the framing of the single window sash, and the careful chinking of the logs, the smoothness of the slab floor, and general tidiness of the interior, which was not larger than ten by twelve feet. He had lived there, he said, with the exception of a brief absence at times, for fifteen years. I marked a total absence of reading matter in the cabin, and could detect neither book aor paper—not so much as an almanac.

If the man did not read he certainly spoke fluently, using good and, I thought, unusually correct and expressive language, employing words and phrases of aptness and concentration that I cannot reproduce. My adventure with the deer reminded him of similar experiences, and he related several, none, however, of recent happening, and the rifle which hung in a corner bore evidence of little usage. I inferred correctly that his time was occupied chiefly with mining, or prospecting for gold, and I casually broached the subject, remarking (interrogatively) that prospecting required patience and perseverance as well as physical endurance.

Maynard scanned me intently a moment and replied with singular earnestness:

"It absorbs a man. It brings into request every faculty of mind and body, and wearies them all. A man loses the present and lives in the future. That which he has to-day is unconsidered—what he sees for to-morrow inestimable. Truly, the prospector 'Never is, but always to be blest'. If, by uncommon good luck, the true prospector realizes his hope of yesterday, and strikes it rich, his find is nothing compared with his hopes for to-morrow.

"But few," he continued, "follow prospecting for fifteen years without finding mines—but I have done this. I have given the better part of my life to a false theory which it has taken fifteen years to prove false. I have thought of little but gold for that length of time. I have dreamed while awake, and while asleep, of the one absorbing subject, and after all it is mere madness. What is it after all—after all!"

He had been standing or walking while he spoke. He did not pace the floor, but he was in continual motion, now turning one way then another. The subject seemed to excite him to an extent to me unaccountable. He walked to the door and stood a mining pan against the wall beside some picks and shovels. The heap of mining implements glittered in the firelight, showing the effects of constant use. He then came back to the fire and sat down, as he continued:

"Within a radius of four miles of this spot there is no formation of rock or quality of gravel, sand or soil, but from which I have taken samples and analyzed or assayed them to the last particles. I have found atoms of the yellow metal upon the highest of the ridges, in the deepest crevices of the canyon. For years I have tunneled in the sides of these mountains like a mole, to discover, at last, after fifteen years, that my reasoning was all wrong and my conclusions false."

Old Maynard looked old now as he paced heavily across the room once or twice, then threw a stick upon the fire. He seated himself again, but did not resume, seeming to have finished the subject.

"You are, then, convinced that there are no ledges or lodes of consequence hereabouts?" I asked.

He replied quickly: "Oh, I think there are! There are several quartz ledges, at no great distance, rich enough to pay working well—*at its present value*. I never looked for ledges; my theory was to find a free deposit, not a ledge."

"What, if I may ask, led you to believe there was a deposit in this section?"

After a little silence he said: "I will tell you, and you can see for yourself the reasonableness of my theory in the morning. It is something I have never spoken of, but everyone has his theories. I only wonder that others did not follow mine as it seemed probable enough. Standing upon the bench by the trail you are on the highest point near the mouth of Blackrock Canyon. From here you have an open view to the river, four miles distant. From the mouth of the canyon to the river the country, or much of it, is completely laid bare by placer mining. Millions in gold have been taken from this strip a mile wide—one of the richest placers of the State of a like extent and shallowness. Blackrock Creek, its tributary gulches, and the sides of the lower hills, yielded hundreds of fortunes in free gold, which, at the same time, was not the smooth, washed gold of most placers or streams. Rough nuggets, weighing hundreds, even thousands of dollars, were found. That gold all came from Blackrock Canyon, and is not found above the point of rocks just below."

He paused, unnaturally, seeming to forget to continue while his mind was busy. After a silence I asked if the gold might not have been scattered from some of the quartz ledges with which the hills are seamed, and he replied, shortly:

"No, it is not from quartz—or, at most, very little of it."

"But," I ventured, "it is found on the tops and sides of the hills in this strip you speak of, above the creek and gulches. It is a fact well established by miners—by natural laws"—

"That gold does not climb hills," he interrupted. "That is one of the few facts concerning gold. That fact has kept me in faith for fifteen years following my theory. The gold in the strip all came from the canyon. Centuries do not leave the stream beds unchanged, and Blackrock Creek once flowed above all the ground in question. I was not mistaken in my theory of the origin of this gold. I found that, after fifteen years, a month ago!"

Something in his speech fastened me to the theme. When he ceased speaking I was more anxious to have him continue. There was something earnest and heavy in Maynard's words as he continued:

"I found the source of this gold quite by accident, after all my search for it. Passing an eddy, a circular whirl-hole in the canyon, I stopped to drink from it, as I often had before. The water of the creek, you noticed, appears black, but it is as clear as air—a kind of black sand gives its deceptive color. As I paused at the pool my own reflection in the water checked me by its vivid distinctness. I had seen it before a hundred times, but never as I saw it now. I was appalled! Old, wrinkled, gray! Why, of course—I was 50! There was nothing to be so suddenly startling in this fact; but it chained me there at the pool. Here I was, an old man, with fifteen long years between me and all the relatives and friends I had! The nearest of them were dead and gone long since. Why, I was out of the world! Fifteen years in this canyon! Why, I was another Rip Van Winkle! I was appalled.

"Old, wrinkled and gray; stooping, stiffened and pallid; clad in the meanest apparel made for men! Why was I there? Gold! Bah! Why, I was a second Selkirk, without his faint hope! The world was across the ocean from me! Men might go by, like sails on a sea, but no chance ship would touch at my island. The dearest friends I remembered had proved the falsest. Friends? What were they? Where are they? Those old weird lines:

'Alone, alone, all—all alone—
Alone on a wide, wide sea,'

Struck me, as they came to memory, a stunning blow."

Old Maynard paused and gave a low whistle as a sort of mental relief not found in words. He abruptly began again:

"But I beg pardon for dropping into moodiness. I will reward your patience. I found it! I saw gold in the pool! Sticking in the unwashed clay in the bottom, and magnified by the water, were several nuggets. At a glance I knew it to be from the deposit—free, rough, in the true quartzoze and feldspar! I hastened for pick and shovel, and found the seam easily removed. As I conjectured, there was a small basin in the wall. As I removed the loose porphyry I could see the yellow metal in it. I sank the shovel into it and removed—"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"The shovel full of gold!"

He dropped the words slowly and distinctly; there was no fervor nor excitement in them, but as I thought of his long, wearisome search, they were to me very impressive. Somewhat excitedly I said:

"But, I understood you to say that you had failed in your search—and now that you have a fortune?"

"Ah," said he, "not a fortune—I did not say a fortune. The deposit was not there, or was of little consequence. About two thousand dollars was all the gold there was."

"The quartzose—the feldspar—did it not continue? Why not follow the seam?"

"Yes," he replied slowly, "it continues—perhaps through the mountain, through the earth—no matter if it does!"

"But there may be other rich deposits in it—perhaps quantities of gold?"

"There may be; it is just as likely to be in other formations also. Quartzose, porphyry, feldspar are not necessarily indications of gold, and are not often found with it where it is originated. It merely happened to contain it here. My theory that the deposit was in porphyry and feldspar was deduced from a little that adhered to a nugget; but it was simply sediment of the stream."

"But may it not follow and prove true, after all?"

"No," he said decidedly.

"And why?" I questioned.

"Because," he said, solemnly, "I know it to be immaterial as regards such-and-such formations. I know all about gold. I can *make* it! It is easier and cheaper to make than steel or brass. In short, I hold the secret of the philosopher's stone. It is as unnecessary to dig and delve for the precious metal in the bowels of the earth as it is for air or water. I have discovered the cause of the effect—gold!"

Surely, the man was sane! He was not surprised at my consternation, and did not seem gratified at having looked it. He merely paused as if anticipating query.

"That," I said, decidedly, if not severely, "is a myth. Men have ceased to dream of that among other absurdities!"

"I am aware that it seems incredible," he said, quietly, "and anticipate all sorts of quizzing; but," he continued, "I can silence skeptics most easily and effectually. By the way, do you not think skepticism a very precarious thing to follow here below?"

To this query I did not reply.

"Ah, ha!" he seemed to chuckle, but not joyously. "The philosopher's stone is no myth! I can easily demonstrate my sanity which you doubt. Oh, I saw it in your expression! It is only natural, and affords no cause for offense—no cause. With three words I can render gold—glittering, yellow, heavy, *worthless* gold, as ordinary as air or water! The world has been bought and sold time and again for less than I can produce in a fortnight! Mammonists must seek some other idol—their yellow god is shattered!"

Old Maynard arose and stirred the smoldering fire. He then took from an interstice in the caves of the hut what resembled a wad of paper. He reached to me with a significant motion and dropped it into my hand. Deceived by its appearance I let it fall to the floor, where it struck with a thud.

"It is heavy," said he. "It is gold. That is one of four pieces similar in size and shape. One came from the canyon, the other three I made. You can detect no difference."

I removed the paper, and held a dazzling specimen to the light of the fire. It weighed, as near as I could guess, five ounces, and resembled minute particles of gold that had been amalgamated and retorted by other means than fire. It was intact, however, and of a piece, although perforated with countless small holes, presenting al coralliaceous or porous surface.

I handed the specimen to Maynard who had been arranging the limited accommodations of two narrow bunks for the night, remarking that I had never seen so handsome a specimen.

"It is unwashed, and not retorted or melted," he replied, "and has not been knocked about in streams nor exposed for ages to the elements. Indeed, it has not been gold for a very long time."

At this juncture there was a whine and scratching at the door, and when the old man opened it a small dog wagged himself into the cabin. He ran at once under a small table, and, as I noticed, eyed me so long as I remained by the fire. The old man had nothing more to say on the subject which now filled my mind, and we shortly retired.

When I awoke late in the morning my host had been long astir. He had been to the canyon and returned with the deer, and the odor of the broiled venison filled the room. The small dog sat under the table, but now eyed the venison intently. In the chink of the logs in the corner I could see the paper package containing the nuggets of gold, but as old Maynard did not refer to the subject of the night I did not broach it.

Half an hour later we stood together in the trail. He pointed off to the river, directing my attention to the course of the Blackrock and the boundaries of placer diggings long since exhausted and abandoned. It seemed evident enough that the gold must have washed from the canyon.

"No more mining of that character will be done," he said, as I parted from him. He then casually asked me not to mention the facts he had given me, as much remained untold, and his plan for revealing his discovery was not decided upon. Assuring me that he would call upon me within a few days in town, I walked wonderingly away.

Old Maynard turned back to the cabin at Windy Camp. I never saw him again.

He did not appear in town during the week, and I was called away the next. On my return the report was about that old Maynard had disappeared. Some miner had found his cabin door open, with evidence of its having been so for days, but careful search afforded no trace of the old man of Windy Camp. His cooking utensils and mining implements were disposed about the house, as if carefully laid away, and his rifle rested on the wall. As his dog was not found, and some of his effects had been removed, it was conjectured that he had left the mines. Some thought he might be dead. Unless he reappears his secret is a mystery. If he made the great discovery, and is dead, perhaps it is a providential dispensation. If it was not gold, what would it be?

LEROY.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, June, 1891.

"WEAK and weary," describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

A GREAT LOSS.

The Enormous Amount of Life Which Has Gone Out of the American People—Can It Ever be Recovered?

Have you noticed that there are more broken-down men and weak women on our streets to-day than ever before? Have you not noticed that certain of your friends, whom you have always known to be strong and healthy, are, for some reason, weak and low-spirited? Is it not possible that you yourself feel a trifle less vigorous than in the past? Is it a fact that the American people are growing weaker, or is it due to some local cause? There can be little doubt that it is owing almost entirely to the fearful after effects of the Grip. This terrible and mysterious complaint, starting unaccountably and running severely, invariably leaves the person in a weak, nervous and run down condition, from which it requires much time to recover.

When people are in such a state, when Nature is weak and broken, what would common-sense dictate should be done? Precisely what physicians say should be done, viz: Assist Nature, stimulate her lagging faculties, build her up! How? By using a pure medicinal stimulant, and for this purpose there is nothing equal to pure whisky. Doctors, scientific men and the leading thinkers of the land have declared this and have unhesitatingly agreed that there is no whisky so pure and efficient as Duffy's Pure Malt. It stimulates healthily and builds up wasted tissues. It renews the nervous organization and assists to health. It is popular because it is so efficient. Great care should be taken, however, to secure only the genuine. Distrust any dealer who for any reason seeks to induce you to buy something "just as good." By the judicious use of this pure stimulant the after effects of the Grip may be removed and health and strength put in place of weakness and debility.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

Of the rejection of Professor Briggs by the General Assembly, the *Congregationalist* says: "It was a most emphatic declaration of a great church against any and every question raised concerning the divine and final authority of the Bible as the word of God. So far we heartily rejoice in it. It is a clarion note of the faith which represents Christianity. Were it once lost, Christianity itself would pass away.

"But that step is only an initial one in a movement in which the Presbyterian denomination is not more concerned than every other branch of the Protestant Church. What the issue will be to Professor Briggs, to Union Seminary, to the professors in other Presbyterian seminaries who have publicly planted themselves on his positions, is of secondary importance. The question of chief importance now is, What does the intelligent consecrated scholarship of the church find to be true concerning the scope and purpose of the Bible whose authority is divine and final? If this question turns us back to the statements made by Professor Briggs, we shall be led to ask again whether his appointment was rejected by the assembly because of what he has said or because of the temper with which he has spoken. Fortunately the matter is narrowed to a point where every intelligent reader may form a judgment for himself. For Professor Briggs has been judged simply by his inaugural address."

The *Independent* says: "The action of the assembly is not only an emphatic one, as indicated by the size of the majority, but it is unequivocal. It cannot be misunderstood or misinterpreted. It means that the Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church does not regard it as safe or proper for Dr. Briggs to become Professor of Biblical Theology in Union Theological Seminary. Under a sense of duty to the young men who are being trained for the ministry in that institution and to the great interests of the church itself, the assembly says in effect to the Directors: 'We refuse to confirm your appointment. We dare not do otherwise. This refusal, under the terms of the agreement between the Assembly and Seminary, renders the appointment incomplete. You cannot, therefore, retain Professor Briggs. We have vetoed his appointment, and thereby declared our will to be that he should not be a teacher in Union Seminary.'

"What response the directors will make to this action we do not know. The point that it was a case of transfer and not of appointment within the meaning of the agreement the assembly has not regarded as well taken. Indeed, it was not strongly urged by any of those who spoke for Dr. Briggs. It was only presented as a possible construction of the compact, and not really as an argument for non-action by the assembly. The great majority were satisfied that the jurisdiction of the assembly was complete, and the resolutions adopted leave no alternative for the directors but to acquiesce in the assembly's judgment that Dr. Briggs should not be retained, or break the compact and make the seminary independent of the Presbyterian Church. We are inclined to believe that the decision of the directors will be loyal acquiescence. If they are concerned to keep the seminary in harmony with the views of the church, they cannot reasonably do otherwise. As our correspondent, Dr. Hays, points out, the assembly has not had the remotest thought of approving the appointment. None of the amendments offered to the resolutions reported by Dr. Patton's committee proposed approval in any form. They simply sought to modify and limit and soften the disapproval which the assembly had decided to make. It was at no time a question as to whether the expression should be one of approval or disapproval, but as to what should be the terms of disapproval. If the directors want to know the mind of the church, therefore, the resolutions adopted by a vote of 440 to 60 express it clearly, unmistakably and emphatically."

The *Observer* (Pres.) says: "Twenty months ago we remonstrated at length in this column with Professor Briggs and his associates in the seminary against his reckless method of treating God's Word, and said that his public expressions were an incalculable injury to the seminary as a stronghold of Presbyterian faith and evangelical religion. During the meeting of the General Assembly last year in Saratoga, Professor Briggs' higher critical and other published views were the subject of wide discussion among persons from all parts of the country. Influential members remarked that if the Presbytery of New York was equal to the task of taking the subject into consideration, the rest of the church would take the responsibility. We mention these facts merely to show the unreasonableness of those who claim that his case is prejudged, misunderstood, rushed through ignorantly. On the contrary the church has borne this burden with such patience, such consideration, such charity, that Professor Briggs was encouraged to think that it was the charity that would bear all things, including the defiant challenges all along the line of his inaugural address. From that hour his defense, by himself and his friends has consisted chiefly in reflections on the intelligence and the capacity of the ministry and the people of the Presbyterian Church."

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Field says, in the *Evangelist* (Pres.): "The result raises many questions. One stage of the controversy is passed; what will the next be? Is the battle ended, or is it only begun? One thing is clear: that the action of the assembly has given the case of Dr. Briggs far greater importance than it had before, as it has raised it from being a personal matter to being a public one. Many who have not a particle of sympathy with his peculiar views say that question is thrown entirely into the shade by the larger question—what degree of liberty is to be permitted in the Presbyterian Church? If there be an attempt to put a ban upon free discussion, many will cry out with brave old Dr. Van Dyke, as he did only a few days before his death, 'If it be a question between orthodoxy and liberty, give me liberty!' Do those who condemn this eminent Biblical scholar mean to put bounds to the scholarly study of the Bible? If so, let them tell us where shall the limit be?

"These are questions that it is easier to ask than to answer. Seeing this in the future, I must doubt whether the victory is as great as it seems. Overwhelming as the majority was, I do not see in this any occasion for exultation, since our victory does not end a war which may continue for years, and indeed for a whole generation.

"But I judge no man, much less a body in which there are so many whom I respect and love. Much as I regret the action in regard to Professor Briggs, I will not condemn even those who condemned him, for they acted according to their best lights. They were not rash men; they appreciated the gravity of the situation, and did what they fully believed to be for the real good of the church. I should be an incorrigible fault-finder if I could be offended at action begun and carried through in such a spirit.

"And even though Professor Briggs has been harshly dealt with, I do not disguise from anybody my conviction that he is largely responsible for the beginning of this trouble. Dr. Parkhurst, who goes to the farthest extreme in defending and upholding him, said in the General Assembly, 'I do love him, and yet he is an awfully difficult man to get along with.' I have no trouble in getting along with him; and yet at times I cannot help feeling as if he were the *enfant terrible* of the Presbyterian Church, with a boy's propensity to smash things which needed to be restrained. But I could not see that it would help matters to make a Jonah of him, and throw him overboard into the sea. The Lord saved Jonah, but the General Assembly cannot. However, the Lord reigns, and it may be that the day of miracles has not passed, and that the Lord will yet bring us out of all this perplexity into a large place."

The *Christian Intelligencer* (Reformed) says: "The disposition made of the appointment of Professor Briggs establishes that the great Presbyterian Church will not tolerate the suggestion of a rival to the Bible in spiritual authority, nor tolerate in a theological professor rash and defiant words, calculated to diminish faith in the infallibility of Holy Scripture as the rule of faith and life, nor statements which tend to open the way for an introduction of a Papistical purgatory. The overwhelming vote of 440 to 60, cast by representative men, not to approve of the appointment of Professor Briggs, does not assert that in the judgment of the church he is a heretic, or not a man of many estimable traits, but that only it will not bear with reckless assertions calculated to disturb and weaken faith in revealed truth. The great church could scarcely do less; and wisely refrained from doing more. The almost unanimous vote at the end of ample discussion, silences the caviller and captious dissent. Men may and will differ from the conclusion, but the sober judgment of those who love the truth will accept it, and the decision will give aid and comfort to many pious hearts."

The *Christian Union* says: "Princeton Theological Seminary and Union Theological Seminary have represented the two schools inharmoniously united in the Presbyterian Church — Princeton being old school and conservative; Union, new school and progressive, although its former Professor af Systematic Theology was even more Calvinistic than Professor Hodge. The relations between these seminaries have been somewhat strained; so much so that the *Presbyterian Review*, which was under the joint control of the two seminaries, had to be abandoned. If anything should occur to bring Union Theological Seminary into disrepute, and send its students away from it, they would, from geographical and theological reasons, naturally go to Princeton, its nearest neighbor and its closest competitor. Under these circumstances, it cannot but be regarded by the world at large as a matter of singular indelicacy that the Moderator of the General Assembly, himself a Princeton professor, should have appointed the President of Princeton College as the Chairman of the committee to whom the case of the Union Theological Seminary and of Dr. Briggs would naturally be referred, and that there should not have been on that committee a single member to represent the views—we will not say the interest—of Union Theological Seminary. In effect, Princeton Seminary, through its officials, has had the shaping of the report upon the question of the direction and administration of its competitor, not to say its rival theological institution. Outside of ecclesiastical politics such a condition of affairs could hardly exist."

The *West End Church Review* (Pres., N. Y.), says of Professor Briggs: "It is probably not known to many people without, for the newspapers have not chanced to get hold of it, that this distinguished scholar, who is the best known Presbyterian in this country, and perhaps in the world, is a member of our congregation and an enthusiastic supporter of our church and pastor. He has occupied the pulpit of our church on two occasions, and those of us who heard his sermons, and remember how full of gospel sweetness and truth they were, are astonished at the charges that are now being made against him. Dr. Briggs is a loyal Presbyterian and a rigid defender of the Confession of Faith, who believes in and teaches all the evangelical doctrines of the church. He accepts the divinity of Christ without a single modification, he is sound upon the doctrine of vicarious atonement, he believes in the inspiration of the scriptures, and teaches a final and unchangeable state for both the redeemed and impenitent. But because he will not indorse certain dogmatic statements of doctrine, and rejects the traditional theories which some of the theologians have insisted on, but for which he believes they have no authority either in the Word of God or the Westminster divines, they accuse him of heresy and are seeking to excommunicate him from the church."

The *Standard* (Bapt., Chicago,) says: "It is a matter of much importance just now that no mistake be made as to views held by able and useful men, whose names have been brought into prominent connection with questions now in agitation, more especially questions in Biblical criticism. President Harper's name has been used in this way with a freedom which he himself has never warranted, and it is clearly right, for reasons which need not be mentioned here, that he shall not be misunderstood. He, himself, very properly, refuses to be interviewed in the matter by reporters. The Rev. F. T. Gates, however, Secretary of the American Baptist Education Society, is in such relations with him as to qualify him in a particular manner to speak in his behalf. Some misstatements having appeared in a Chicago daily paper, Mr. Gates consented to an interview with a reporter of that paper, and made for publication the following correction:

"'Dr. Harper does not belong to the destructive school of critics, but to the constructive wing. He holds not merely that the Bible contains the word of God, but that it is the word of God. He believes that such errors and discrepancies as the Scriptures seem to contain are in part due to errors in the translation, and in part to errors in the original manuscript; but every such error, he holds, is chargeable to the human means by which the revelations have come to us. In all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity Dr. Harper is in accord with the views held by high theologians in the Baptist denomination. For example, he firmly believes in the divinity of Christ, the atonement, the resurrection, salvation by faith, and the future reward and punishment.'"

The *Interior* (Pres.) says: "The Assembly put an end to conference with the Episcopalians with a view to organic unity. We were on the Committee of Conference, and never saw a ray of light on that path. Such hopefulness as any of the committee had came, in our opinion, from the optimism of that most sweet-spirited and consecrated of our living Christian fathers, the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith. His hopefulness, it seemed to us, came largely of desire that the prayer of our Lord might be speedily realized. But now that ecclesiastics of that church are placed under suspicion and severe individual condemnation for recognizing Presbyterian and other evangelical ministers as ministers of Christ, it is high time to put an end to a conference which, with all Christian charity, it is difficult to recognize as candid or practical."

The same journal observes: "The Committee on Revision has amended the article on the Holy Scriptures by inserting an assertion of the 'truthfulness of its history.' That brings up the whole question—and is a challenge to any and all to say what they have to say on the subject of the circumstantials. The Confession as it stands is regarded by some as asserting only the infallibility of the teaching of the scriptures in faith and duty, and not in anything which does not come within that purview, the general idea being that the Divine mind left the human mind free to exercise itself in search for any and all purely secular truths—scientific, historical, etc. But how are you going to separate? 'This cloth,' said the dry-goods salesman, 'is all wool, genuine all wool, except the warp—that's cotton.'"

The *Examiner* (Bapt.) says: "The essential truths of Christianity have nothing to fear from being examined and talked about. On the contrary, the better they are known, the more they will commend themselves to the minds of men. Very possibly, certain forms of statement may be abandoned. But if the thing is saved, it matters little if the name be lost. Baptists, certainly, have no cause whatever for panic over the revision of creeds and the recasting of articles.

"But Christians of every name may well find courage and comfort in the assurance that the great 'fundamentals' of our common faith only show the plainer and stand the firmer when swept by storms, and even when left bare of the shelters and supports with which men have mistakenly sought to protect them. The superhuman character of the Bible, its absolute freedom from moral and doctrinal error, the love and holiness of God revealed in Christ for man's salvation and sanctification—these basal verities are emerging, we believe, through the prevailing ferment into wider knowledge and more general acceptance.

"In so far as attention is focused upon these and similar elemental Christian ideas, more is gained than lost by their agitation. The main risk is of minor issues being raised into fictitious importance. Our wise policy, as defenders of the faith, is to confine the conflict to the real field, and to busy ourselves not so much in refuting errors as in asserting the truths that have been always clung to and we will always need."

FARMER MORRISON'S WIFE.

Down at the farmhouse below the hill,
The blinds were closed, and the wheel was still.

The swirl of the stream and the blue fly's drone
Troubled the preacher's voice alone,

Where, by the open door, he stood
And talked to the gathering neighborhood,

Of earth and heaven, and the grave between,
The visible world and the world unseen—

Glancing aside, with solemn air,
To the dead who lay in her coffin there.

Every breath of the soft May breeze
Shook the blossoming lilac trees,

And sent a quiver of light and bloom
Into the hushed and darkened room.

It touched with a gleam the shadowed wall,
It flickered over the funeral pall,

And circled about the tremulous head
Of the nearest mourner beside the dead—

Farmer Morrison, old and gray,
Bent and helpless for many a day.

Up and down, with a dull surprise,
Restlessly wandered his sunken eyes,

Seeking, it seemed, in that crowded place,
The one familiar missing face—

The face that, stony and set, lay hid
Just out of sight 'neath the coffin-lid.

Never a day, till the day she died,
Had the wife been gone from her husband's side;

Thus were the twain asunder reft,
The helpful taken, the helpless left.

And the preacher spoke to the people there
Of the Will divine, in his simple prayer:

The Lord, who giveth and taketh away—
Praised be the name of the Lord for aye!

Now, when the last amen was said,
And the mourners rose to follow the dead,

Farmer Morrison, gaunt and tall,
Stood up straight in the sight of all,

Suddenly steady of eye and limb,
While the people gazed aghast at him.

He laid his hand on the coffin-lid,
He stooped to kiss the face it hid,

Then, spent with that one strong, sudden breath,
Life's latest flicker when out in death.

Thus were the twain again made one—
Trial over and trouble done.

And the preacher said, in his solemn speech:
"The way of the Lord man may not reach.

"Lo! He hath given and taken again!
Praised be the name of the Lord! Amen!"

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in New England Magazine.

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it.
Let them work for themselves as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made display—
He was in it.
St. Peter received him with book and bell:
"My friend you have purchased a ticket to—well.
Your elevator goes down in a minute."
He was in it.

Castor Oil Beans.

The castor oil bean is a native of Asia, but it has been naturalized in Africa, America and south of Europe. In some parts of Europe it does not grow to a hight of more than three or four feet, but in Brazil, India and Chile, and, in fact, in all tropical and semi-tropical countries, it grows to be a tree, sometimes thirty feet in hight. There are numerous varieties in existence, which have marked peculiarities of color, growth, etc. They will not stand much frost and in cold regions are grown as herbaceous plants. The quality of the oil produced from the beans depends largely upon the variety, maturity of the seeds and the character of seeds which are mixed with them in the process of extraction. The French and Italian oils are much milder than those which are made in tropical countries. The manufacture of castor oil is profitably conducted in the United States, the largest factory being located in St. Louis. Most of the beans grown are produced in south Illinois and Kansas. The proportion of oil produced is about one-third the weight of the seeds used.—*California Fruit-Grower.*

"Dinner for Two. Appetite for One!"

Said a dyspeptic to the waiter, ordering for self and friend. And suppose he had an appetite, it would have agonized him, subsequently to gratify it. O! the abominable pangs that even a little meal causes the confirmed victim of indigestion. Purgatory on earth—no less. Altogether unnecessary, though. Begin at once, systematically, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, ye unfortunates with refractory stomachs. In saying this we merely echo the recorded experience of thousands who have used the great stomachic to their lasting benefit. For the inaction of a sluggish liver, and for tardy or irregular action of the bowels, both very apt to accompany dyspepsia, this fine regulator is equally efficient. Malarial complaints, kidney trouble rheumatism and neuralgia depart when a resort is had to the Bitters.

FOR throat diseases and coughs, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine.
SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper.
Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by all Local Druggists.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer. For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, CONGESTION, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, or any other external PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. All INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking inwardly 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50 Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists. With RADWAY'S PILLS there is no better CURE or PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE. WS&w

Railroad Time Table.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

[PACIFIC SYSTEM.]

JUNE 7, 1891

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at Sacramento:

LEAVE	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:15 A
3:05 P	Cal