

SQUINK'S SQUIBS.

He Wants to Make the Acquaintance of Some Capitalist

Who Will Invest in a Great Scheme— People Who Talk Too Much—A Town of Silurians.

It's a mighty unsatisfactory accomplishment to know everything, after all. I have tried it. When I was younger than I have ever been since, I knew everything of any consequence, and I tried to keep other people from boring me with lack numbers and quaint, antiquated information that I had outgrown and filed away.

Besides, I have had a good deal of trouble, with a complete assortment of experience. But, alas! La fortune passe partout dictionary Latin for "Everybody is subject to fortune and to grief." If I had made the mistake, I would read "passé about." However, the obstruction that I have never been able to surmount, bore through, dig under or blow up, is the lack of appreciation some people evince and others withhold. Quite frequently I am introduced to people who think they know everything themselves, and I can't convince them that I am the true prophet.

Then I find others who don't care if I am; and there are others who admire me, but are dead broke themselves, while all the rich people I am intimately acquainted with have placards on their office doors printed as follows:

BUSY DAY. CALL TO-MORROW.

And when I do call to-morrow the sign reads just the same. I am especially desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of a capitalist or two, with means. I find plenty of other people, but no one with some money, or 16-carat influence, fully matured, as I am the originator of a revolution in the elemental department of this country. The fact is, I have information on some mountains in Northern California which are composed chiefly of iron, uncharged with electricity in its natural state. There is a regular flow of it. So much that no one can get near it.

The miners up there can't wear boots with nails (nails, toe-nails, or use anything made of iron or steel, for fear of being galvanized or struck by volts, olms or currents and become electrocuted. Now, what I want is to see this unmeasured reservoir of blue lightning and furnish the world and part of Edison with cheap electricity. I want to form a stock company, jointed or otherwise, to lay a suitable cable and turn on this natural battery and light things up.

There are unlimited possibilities (which go with the option). We could run up a tower on Mount Diablo, connect our cable and light up the Pacific Slope—nearly as an experiment, and without a struggle, to say nothing about power, electric railroads and squadromotors for air-ships and small affairs generally. Then there's the weather. Atmospheric affairs are regulated, I may say, absolutely by electricity or electric currents, with the exception, perhaps, of cyclones, which were wrought by the gods.

We could fix up weather and keep a stock of it on hand subject to order. It wouldn't make any difference to us whether you wanted weather all at once or only a little at a time. If you didn't want any weather, you would have to pay just the same, or we could give you none for nothing. If the government, the papers, and weather prophets generally, didn't subscribe to our weather bureau, we could close down the signal service and have the entire corps in an asylum inside of forty-eight hours.

Now, this is a brilliant kind of an enterprise, but it is also far-reaching in its effects—there is no end to its possibilities. That's what's the matter with it. All the capitalists who have capital, are interested in it, and they would be injured; they've got bonds in gas, electric-light, water-power and railroads, and are interested in having free weather.

I want to see a rich banker, for a few moments, who has nothing on hand but capital—no other qualification is necessary. In my opinion, the more the better. I can tell him all about everything.

Nothing can be done with people who want to talk all the time, and this country is full of them. If the energy wanted every year in this oral exercise could be enticed into proper channels and stored away into reservoirs of some sort we would be supplied with the nearest approach to perpetual motion and never-ending power. We could do away with steam, electricity and Keely motors, while happiness would be within our grasp. If you ever belonged to a deaf and dumb club you will remember how essential it is to get some patent, and how seldom you heard an angry word or swore at one another.

I dig up most of my trouble where I find people who are addicted to talking. Whenever I try to sell any stock in a new deal of any kind people talk back, ask questions, or try to close me away with and this leads to disputes and duels. I am conferring with a man who is fortunately deaf and dumb I show him my proposition on paper, and he says nothing, but the indication is that he is interested in it; if there is money in it we divide; if not, he goes on his way rejoicing, and I have time to interview other people.

The most quiet and gentlemanly opponent I ever had in an argument was deaf and speechless, and I have never been able to get any sense out of him. He enters fully into my view of things since. While women are reputed to be reticent and sometimes non-committal on subjects, I have observed that they can be surprising velocity, and that they evince more endurance than they are credited with, by casual observers, who may happen to be deaf. I once attained a seat at a convention of women, and although it was several rows back and next the skylight, I was enabled to infer distinctly that a great deal of business was transacted orally, for I could hear it going on. A friend of mine, who has one in his family (and I can't say you know), says she can talk without perceptible effort or hesitation upon the least intimation.

To go down into statistics, with a lantern, we may find there are some seventy-five million people in this country, and if we allow for each individual an expenditure of only two-horse power for talking purposes, per annum, we have one hundred and fifty million horsepower! It is safe to announce that about one hundred millions of this enormous energy is a dead waste, or worse, and we could easily and thankfully do without it, and if we had it under our control we could retire from business, reveal in wealth, and give somebody else a chance.

should become insane has always puzzled me. However, I could string more words on this theme than I can afford to have published.

Everybody knows that talking doesn't begin to pay dividends in any reasonable ratio to the capital stock subscribed; yet when I try to sell a few shares in my electric cable enterprise I can't get a bid.

There were men in our town who always inspired my animosity, and kept me from attaining prosperity and happiness. I wanted to get a few of them out of the way, but I couldn't find a cheap, reliable assassin, and could never get at them myself, safely. Our community was made up of a tough combination of outlaws, ex-convicts and silurians, and every blessed citizen saw to it that none of his neighbors ever accomplished anything. In their efforts they showed astonishing ability.

One of two of our select townsmen could have stopped the progress of the nation, if they hadn't been so narrow-minded. As it was, they confined their attentions to the town and reduced it to a state of complete bankruptcy. As soon as the inhabitants starve out, they should be quarantined and electrocuted, otherwise they may scatter and stop everything everywhere.

If a stranger came to our town and put on airs he soon took them off and traded them for a revolver. Everybody boycotted anyone who tried to commit any innovation, and if a person advanced a progressive idea or put on a clean shirt he was never heard of any more.

While I was there I discovered there was a consolidated society in existence known as "Old Residents." This society was simply invisible. Old as they were, they wouldn't die, and no one could get them legally. They owned the town and part of the earth, lived forever and wouldn't sell out. Their principal business was to drive other people to suicide, or out of the township. They owned all they ever expected to get, and were afraid they would get away, but when I left they had never died. I lived in the town, and there were no young men in town, except some born and bred in the society, and they were one generation more degenerate than their parents, while they were being constantly discouraged from any attempt at regaining lost ground.

While I was there I kept trying to climb a grassy peak and as soon as I got up a little way the O. R.'s cut it down. I then tried to shovel smoke, and they put me down. After that I raised dogs, and they all quit eating sausages. I finally put all my capital into a soap factory, and nobody in town knew what soap was when I got it on the market. If they did, they wouldn't try it. I lived in the town until I was hypnotized, and I think I was dead for some years. I then starved out and left. If I ever recover sufficient energy, I'm going back and blow up the town with a firecracker.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Charles Freeman of Auburn is in the city.

Lawyer Isaac Joseph is in San Francisco.

Mrs. W. F. Knox, Jr., is visiting friends in Oakland.

Lawyer Park Henshaw of Chico was here yesterday.

Lawyer C. W. Taylor, the Shasta attorney, is in the city.

A. M. Holliday, an attorney-at-law of Chicago, is visiting here.

State Treasurer J. R. McDonald is now confined to his home from illness.

Senator E. S. Denison of Alameda County is at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

Captain Chisholm of the Sixth Regiment (Fresno) was in the city yesterday.

Supervisor E. Greer came up from his ranch and spent several hours in town yesterday. Supervisor Thomas Jenkins of Florin was also in town.

On Tuesday evening a pleasant donation was tendered Rev. M. S. Bovey, pastor of the United Methodist Church, corner of Fourteenth and K streets. Several of the local ministers were present, all of whom made appropriate remarks. Rev. Mr. Bovey made no presentational speech, a purse containing \$88, also groceries and provisions amounting to about \$25 worth, was the result.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: Clay W. Taylor, San Francisco; Wall, New York; Angus McKay and wife, Warden, Idaho; W. S. Redeker, Chicago; G. A. Franke, Alhambra, Mich.; A. D. Laughlin, Santa Rosa; C. J. Farmer, Chas. E. Moore, Chicago; Laura Clinton, Clara Stanton, Cora Stark, Woodland; Mrs. J. M. C. Casper, Westland; Charles Freeman, Auburn; W. W. Fennell, Jr., Ogden; E. A. Coburn, Philadelphia; Mrs. Wm. Glendon, Jas. H. Pendleton, Mrs. E. J. Griffin, P. N. Fish, G. P. Fournier and son, J. C. Campbell, W. Franklin, H. Hastings, W. E. Chesley, Philip S. Allen, R. E. Smith, John W. Ferris, J. P. McCollum, T. N. Swinney, San Francisco.

Real Estate Transfers. The following real estate transfers have been recorded since our last report.

Philip Wolf, Jr., and wife to W. W. Lewis—South half of west half of lot 5, P and Q, Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets.

F. Seligmann to W. J. Miller—West 28 feet of east 72 feet of north 70 feet of lot 5, P and Q, Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

C. P. R. to Hiram Barton—North-east quarter of section 15, township 8 north, range 8 east, \$800.

United States to Geo. M. Patton—East half of northeast quarter of section 10, township 8 north, range 8 east.

Athletic Ball Masque. The ball masquerade of the Sacramento Athletic Club takes place this evening at the Capitol. The Assembly Chamber has been fitted up handsomely for the occasion and every detail looking toward the comfort of the masquers and guests has been attended to. The indications are that it will be a fine affair and that there will be a very large attendance.

Where Bismarck Lives. An hour distant from Hamburg is the castle of Friedrichsruhe, the residence of the Prince and Princess Bismarck, writes the *Centinel* Wilhelmina in a sketch of the home of the Bismarcks in the *Deutscher*. I have observed that the castle is situated in a dense forest, bordered by river, hedge and wall which render it invisible alike to road and passenger. Originally built for a hunting-lodge by Count Frederik, of Lippe-Sternberg, in 1753, it was converted later into an inn—"Frascati," as it was called—either the inhabitants of Hamburg went on holidays, and where they held their picnics and carnivals. In 1871, when William I. presented the estate to Bismarck, the house proper consisted of a two-story yellow-painted structure. It has considerably enlarged and altered since that time. The effect within is bare and plain. Walls and ceilings are whitewashed, the furniture is scanty and uncomfortable, and ornaments are few. A large portrait of the Emperor William in the enormous dining-room, and photographs of various members of the Bismarck family, and of several of the Prince's collections, comprise the only art specimens that the castle contains.

The grounds are extensive and beautiful, dense woods, a winding river and hand-

Royal Baking Powder. Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1890. ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR Sore Throat, Lameness, Sore Eyes, Soreness, Catarrhs, Bruises, Burns, Cuts, Piles, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, AND ALL Inflammation.

THE MONEY PROBLEM. An International Bimetallite Conference to be Called. WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Senator Merrill, from the Committee on Finance, today reported a substitute, which was unanimously approved by the committee, to the joint resolution introduced by Teller to provide for an international bimetallite agreement.

THE CELEBRATED BUFFALO BRAND. Has no rival in the market for a \$8 whisky. George E. Dierssen & Co., Proprietors, Ninth and I Streets.

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc.

DR. HOBBS' NERVE TONIC PILLS. For Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Headache, etc.

THE PROFIT OF MARTYRDOM. "I understand that Dr. Cope has made a good thing."

Tobacco is a luxury. a quieting, restful friend to mankind. The better the quality, the sweeter and milder the smoke.

DR. PRICES' Cream Baking Powder. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Lavenson's. NOT FOR ONE HOUR! NOT FOR ONE DAY! NOT FOR ONE WEEK! BUT FOR ONE WHOLE MONTH! YOU CAN BUY HONEST AND RELIABLE

FOOTWEAR. For less money than you ever bought good Boots and Shoes before.

SHOES THAT WILL FIT WELL, THAT WILL LOOK WELL, THAT WILL WEAR WELL. Every pair warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

NO AUCTION OR CHINESE BOUGHT TRASH FOR BAITS. Our Whole Elegant Stock of Footwear are Baits. Make No Mistake! Everything is Reduced! Nothing Reserved!

A FEW OF THE THOUSANDS OF SPECIALS: MEN'S POLICE AND RAILROAD SHOES, in lace or gaiter style. Former price, \$4, now, \$2 90. MEN'S FULL STOCK KIP BUCKLE WORKING SHOES, worth \$2 50; now, \$1 80.

Meeting Notices. REGULAR MEETING OF COURT SUTTER. R. E. MONTGOMERY, Recorder Sec'y.

General Notices. MRS. EMMA POW SMITH WILL, LEGAL NOTICE. MISS EMMA FELTER, PUPIL OF MME. O. BRINKHOFF.

Wanted. WANTED—A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN from the East, with small means, wants a situation as housekeeper.

For Sale. FOR SALE OR RENT—THE YOSEMITE Hotel, Merced, Cal.

Lost and Found. LOST—YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, TEN yards light gray China silk.

IT'S TRUE. SEAL OF NORTH CAROLINA IS THE BEST. All labor has for its object the satisfaction of human desires.

Waterhouse & Lester, DEALERS IN—Iron, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.

HAMMER'S GLYCEROLE OF TAR For Coughs and Colds. A SPEEDY AND RELIABLE CURE.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING School. Standard System taught by an approved instructor.