THE CITIZEN.

SATURDAY, - - - JANUARY 1, 1881

Our Weekly Mining Review.

Another Dull Period at the New York Mining Exchanges—The True Inwardness of the Boston Con. Deal—Its Effect on the Future of the Market.

Special Correspondence of the CITIZEN.

NEW YORK, December 19.—The business at the mining boards for the past week has been dull, especially during the early portion and prices have in many cases fallen off. The total sales at both exchanges amount to 734,301 shares. The dull market was mainly due to the collapse in Boston Consolidated stock, which for several days paralyzed business at the American board. The circumstances causing the collapse are, briefly, as follows: The developments recently made in the Boston Consolidated mine warranted the formation of a pool to "bull" the stock. It is understood that H. W. Nason & Co., a firm of stock exchange brokers, acted as brokers for the pool, and under their purchases the stock advanced to $3 per share. In order to raise funds to prosecute the deal it is said Nason & Co. borrowed money on 15,000 or 20,000 shares of Boston stock from Irwin Davis, a man whose rascalities have made him notorious throughout the country. In continuing their purchases Nason & Co. discovered, among the stock delivered to them, certificates which they had hypothecated with Davis, and therefore refused to take any more of the stock purchased at advancing prices, unless the same were registered—although few, if any, of the stocks dealt in at the American board (through which the transactions were made) are registered, and no objection of this kind had ever before arisen. Thus the brokers who had acted for Nason & Co. were left to bear the loss, and as a consequence Boston Con. fell, on Saturday last, from $2.80 to $1.50, and on Tuesday of this week to 82c, fluctuating since then between 83c and $1.10, closing to-day at 97c, on sales of 31,000 shares for the week. A few days ago Nason & Co. made a settlement with their creditors, paying the latter 25 per cent. of their claims in cash and the remainder in notes at sixty and ninety days, with the privilege of taking up the notes before that time should they see fit, and receiving the Boston Con. stock involved, which in the meantime is to remain on deposit with the Union Trust Company. The conduct of Nason & Co. is severely condemned by the brokers, some of whom hint at collusion between this firm and Davis. As the matter stands, Nason & Co. will have a large amount of Boston Con. stock carried for them at a small outlay for from two to three months, unless the price should before then reach a figure that will enable them to unload, when, of course, the indebtedness will be paid at once and the stock dumped on the market. Davis, who figures so prominently in this crooked transaction, has had a varied experience in this country and in Europe, and his old California acquaintances unite in designating him a consummate villain. Previous to 1865 or 1866 Davis was connected with Jim Fair, of "bonanza" fame, but about the time before-mentioned this connection ceased and Davis became a heavy operator in mining stocks at the San Francisco Stock Exchange and was considered a rich man. The principal deal which distinguished him was the deal in American mining stock, a stock of comparatively little value, which he and his confederates ran up from $2 to about $20 per share, a great many transactions being made in the stock at from $15 to $17 per share. Davis employed a number of well-known brokers, and when it was suddenly announced one day that he was unable to meet his contracts, the stock at once fell from $17 to $3 per share, and the brokers who trusted him had to stand the loss between these prices. Davis applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and leaving his attorney to carry his affairs through bankruptcy, left for London. It is believed that Davis threw a large amount of cash stock on the market at high prices, and thus realized a large sum of money. At any rate, he become a heavy operator at the London Stock Exchange, sold Russian bonds short, and is said to have made a large fortune, which some place as high as $4,000,000. It is said that his last visits to San Francisco were made in disguise, for fear that unpleasant consequences might result to him should it have been generally known that he was there. There is a general belief here that New York will also soon become too warm to hold him. To say the least, this deal has been an unfortunate one for mining stock speculation, as it has made the public shy of taking a hand in such a dangerous game.

Other Bodie stocks have been quiet. Only 25 shares of Standard have been sold at $21.50. Bodie records sales of 1,825 shares, at $5.13 to $6.25, closing at $5 25; Goodshaw, 8,300 shares, at 87c to $1, closing at 94c; Con. Pacific, 1,410 shares, at $1.50 to $1.30, and Bulwer, 400 shares, at $1 80 to $1.70.

The California gold stocks have ruled firm on an average amount of business. Green Mountain has sold at $4.85 to $4 65, on sales of 1500 shares, and has come forward with its 18th monthly dividend of 5 cents per share. Only 200 shares of Gold Stripe have been sold at $2.60 and $2.50. This company also declares a dividend (quarterly) of 15 cents per share. Cherokee has been more active, 8200 shares having been sold, and the price advancing from $1.55 to $1.70. Rising Sun has also advanced from $1.75 to $1.80, on sales of 1500 shares.

Leadville stocks have been fairly active. The largest business has been done in Amie, at from 46c to 50c, closing at 47c on sales of 114,025 shares. Chrysolite has been active and at one time showed considerable strength, rising from $6.55 to $7.88, and closed firm at $7.13. The reports from this property are again favorable, and the company have on hand here $133,000 in cash. The trustees have decided, however, not to declare a dividend until a large surplus has been accumulated, in accordance with their expressed intention upon assuming the management of affairs.

Climax has been fairly active, sales amounting to 24,600 shares, and the price has declined 1 cent, closing at 62c. A fair amount of business has been done in Little Chief, but at declining prices, 9600 shares selling at from $1.05 to 90c. Little Pittsburg records sales of 1675 shares, and remains unchanged at $2. Sales of Iron Silver aggregate 3500 shares, the stock opening and closing $3.50.

Of the Colorado stocks Bull Domingo has been dealt in to the amount of 1200 shares, and has advanced from $4 60 to $5. Silver Cliff has been fairly active, but remains unchanged at $2 50, sales amounting to 3150 shares. Only 200 shares of Robinson Con. have been sold at $8.50 and $8 25. Hukill records sales of 10,625 shares at $1.35 and $1.40. La Plata records sales of 200 shares at $8.50.

The Comstocks have received the average amount of attention. Con. Virginia records sales of 7460 shares at $2.20 to $2 15; California, 5255 shares, at $1.65, $1.70 and $1 65; Ophir, 795 shares, at $6.75 and $7; Sierra Nevada, 775 shares, at $7 50 and $8.38; Union Con. 765 shares at $10.25 and $11.25; Mexican, 510 shares at $6 75 and $7.13, and Best & Belcher 375 shares at $8 13 and $9.

Among the substantial stocks of the list, Eureka Con. records sales of 145 shares at $19 and $18.50, and Horn Silver 600 shares at $14.

Of the fancies, Great Eastern records sales of 9100 shares at 27c to 22c, Calaveras 58,900 shares at 23c to 22c, Copper Knob 91,400 shares at 12c to 10c, and Silver Nugget 75,200 shares at from 18c to 14c.

Happy New Year.

We doubt if any other section of the United States has better reason to be happy at this annual season of rejoicing than Tucson and Pima county. Elsewhere in this issue we lay before our readers an annual review of the progress made in the development of this section of the Territory, and a perusal of it will afford our readers the greatest satisfaction. It speaks for itself. It tells the outside world of a great stride toward the magnificent destiny in store for Arizona. The CITIZEN does not wish the people a happy New Year without feeling that it is such indeed. For the year's progress which itself has been enabled to make it thanks its generous patrons. It has faithfully done its best for the city, the county, the Territory. It has met with such warm encouragement at the hands of the public that it enters upon another year of work encouraged and strengthened, and with a hearty will to do in the future as in the past.

To our readers, to the public, we wish a heartfelt Happy New Year.

The Old Blue Chest.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One day last week, five or six women with serious faces and hushed voices, were gathered in a room in a house on Fourth street east. For two years a poor old woman had lived there, not exactly a beggar or an object of charity, but certainly in want. She had a husband when she first moved there—a poor old man whose days could not be long; but one day he was missing. He may have fallen into the river, or he may have wandered out into the country and died. This left the old woman alone, and there were days and days in which no one went near or addressed her. The other day when she felt the chill of death approaching, she wanted some one with her. She had lived alone, but she could not die that way. She wept as tender hands clasped hers and kind voices addressed her. Death had already placed its mark on her face, and the women could do nothing. While their tears fell upon her wrinkled hands she passed away as a child sleeps.

There was but little in the room beyond an old blue chest—battered and bruised and splintered, but yet holding together. It had seen strange times, that blue old chest. It had held silks and broadcloths perhaps—it had surely held rags. It had been moved from house to house and from town to town. It had listened to laughter, and had heard sobs and moans. It had grown old no faster than the old woman whose hands had so often lifted its lid. It had doubtless kept the company of good carpets and furniture and crockery, and laughing romping children had climbed over it or hidden in it. It had faded, and its hinges were rusty and weak, but it had outlived its owner.

The women looked around for garments in which to enshroud the dead. Nothing was in sight. One of them lifted the lid of the old blue chest, and and called the others to help drag it out from its dark corner. It held treasure—such treasure as men could not buy or poverty steal away. There was a dress of fine material, cut after a fashion of long years ago. For twenty years the chest had been its guardian. It would have sold for a few dollars, but though the gnawings of hunger had come often and the cold had fought its way to her marrow that poor old woman would not part with that relic of better days. It may have been a link to connect her with wealth and love. Beneath it was treasure still more priceless. Carefully wrapped in paper was a silver dime more than fifty years old. A week's fast would have sent her to the baker's with that relic. A child, dead in its young years, had worn that dime around its neck as a gift or talisman. There was a child's mitten, stained and worn, but a mitten knit by a proud young mother for her child. It could not speak to tell the dim past, but it had power. As the women saw it they covered their faces with their aprons and wept.

There was a boy's cap and a girl's hat, both so old and faded and timeeaten that they had to be tenderly handled. The women looked from them to the poor old white face on the bed and whispered:

"None but a good mother would have treasured these relics. She was old and poor, but her heart was pure."

Deeper down, as if to baffle the search of time itself, was a similar toy—a child's dumb watch. Hands were broken and gone, face scratched and case battered, but the women handled it as if a touch would shiver it. There was a doll's head, a boy's fish-line, some toy chairs, a yarn ball, and other things to show that in the long ago that dead woman had felt the soft kisses of children, heard their "good nights" and thanked God that she was blessed. Each relic was wept over—each was replaced with fresh tear-stains. They asked the old blue chest no questions. Its relics might have been voiceless to a man, but to a woman and mother each one had a tale in words as plain as print. They shed more tears as they again bent over the poor old dead, and they said to each other:

"If she had only told us of this, how we would have loved her and sought to lighten her sorrows."

But she had gone. She had come and gone as a mystery, and but for the old blue chest in the corner few would have cared, and none would have sorrowed.

THE Brooklyn approach to the big bridge is finished, and folks who are tired and ashamed of living in Brooklyn can begin jumping off.—[Boston Post.

A FOOLISH young man in Cohoes
Played poker whenever he chose;
He "raised" on two pair—
The result made him swear,
And he now wears his last summer's clothes.

PRINTERS consider every letter a capital one which contains a remittance.

MINES VS. PROSPECTS.

The Views of Wm. A. Simmons on Mines and Mining—Some Excellent Points Well Taken.

[Letter to the Boston Economist.]

You ask me to give you some information about mines and mining matters in general, and some positive information concerning mines with which my name has been identified in particular. First, you say, Tell us about the Empire. I certainly have no objection to telling you all I know about the Empire mine. It was purchased of A. W. Stowe in November of last year; the price paid was $40,000 cash, and some 30,000 shares of the capital stock. The original projectors believed in the property, and have expended more than $50,000 to develop it; nine-tenths of all the money put into this development was put in by the original purchasers. Every share of treasury stock sold, if I remember rightly, was purchased by the various members of the board of management. They believed in the enterprise, and the only trouble with the property to-day is, that it has expended all of its available funds before reaching the producing point; and whenever any mining corporation organized upon the present undeservedly popular "non-assessable" plan reaches this point, it must stop, because, by the very principle of its organization, the avenue for obtaining means for its further development is closed, and unless the stockholders voluntarily come forward and furnish the means, the mine becomes practically worthless. I can concieve of no greater good that a representative mining paper like your own can accomplish at the present time than to vigorously and persistently attack this system of non-assessable corporations. I was told the other day by an old Boston broker that if the Calumet and Hecla Company had not been able to make assessments in its early days, it is more than probable that the enormous richness of its property would not have been brought to light. Of course, the great pre-requisite in all cases is an honest and economic management, and coupled with this, in my judgment, there should always be the power to collect from the shareholders a sufficient amount to develop the property. I have an unswerving faith in the future richness of the Empire mine, and whenever its stockholders are ready to come forward and furnish the money necessary for development, I believe the Empire will prove a very rich and valuable property.

The trouble nowadays with investors is that they rush headlong into an investment, without knowing or seeming to care what the corporation is, or what the prospects for future developments are. They simply look to see whether any prominent names are connected with the enterprise, and then invest their money on their faith in such names. If the result be financial success, then everything is lovely; if perchance it be otherwise, then malediction are poured upon the heads of the management, though, as is oftentimes the case, the managers have never invited a single investor to purchase the stock of the corporation. I have in mind one notable instance, where a large Arizona mining property was offered to several gentlemen in San Francisco at about $10 per share. These gentlemen made inquiries concerning the property and declined to purchase. Not long afterward several of the leading financial men of Boston did purchase the property. It was put upon our market for something like $20 per share, boomed up to $40 or $50, and suddenly collapsed one day to $6 or $8. The high-price purchasers, as is usually the case, immediately turned their vials of wrath upon these leading Boston men, who probably were no more to blame in the matter than you or I. The property was undoubtedly purchased in good faith, and the men who purchased it believed in its great value; but simply because it did not turn out as well as was expected, the original purchasers must not only lose a good portion of the money they originally put in, but be content to receive the gibes and criticisms of every man who happened to purchase a share of the stock above the present market figure. I maintain that every man who invests in an undeveloped mine should do so with the distinct understanding, with himself at least, that he buys a "pig in a bag," and he knows, or ought to know, that every such venture is, in nine cases out of ten, a mere ticket in a lottery—a simple game of chance—and when he invests he is just as liable to lose the whole as to reap a bonanza return. There are, in my judgment, but two classes of mining investments, one in a well-developed, dividend-paying mine, the other a prospect to be opened in the hopes of becoming a dividend-paying mine. He who invests in the first is generally compelled to pay a very handsome price for his investment, because he buys a sure thing, and therefore expects to pay high for it. He who invests in the second class should do so with the understanding that he buys something out of sight; it may prove to be poor dirt or rich ore—he buys the risk. If it turn out the former, he loses his money; if it turn out the latter, he is liable to reap an enormous return. If he be not content to take this risk and abide the consequences without grumbling, he has no business to invest.

People come to me every day saying, "What do you think of Empire or Sycamore or Contentment?" or some other stock with which they think me familiar. I have one unvarying answer: "If you bought for a 'turn,' don't let the stock reports worry you to death, sell out and be at peace. If you bought for investment, let the stock reports alone and wait patiently until a proper development of the property is possible." Of all classes of investors in undeveloped property, deliver me from those who have no patience, and who buy for a "flyer."

Take the Contentment mine, with which you are entirely familiar. One of you has been over the ground a dozen times. You know that it is nothing but a prospect—practically undeveloped—and yet both you and I know that it lies next to the richest mine on the American continent, and from its position is liable to prove as valuable as its rich neighbor. Men who invest in it for a quick turn may make a great mistake; and yet, for an undeveloped minin chance, or gamble, as they say out West, it is liable to surpass anything in the market. I look forward with some degree of hope to the time when the leading mining jounrals of the country will make common cause in one direction, and that is, the plain, unvarnished representing of these two classes of mining interests before the general public; when mining editors will have the courage to say that every mining corporation which does not produce ore in paying quantities is to be classed as a "prospect," and not as a mine; that the purchaser of its stock buys the risk and takes his chances; and that only those properties shall be classed in the communities as mines, which produce ore in paying quanties, in neighborhoods where mineral deposits are known to exist, for the purpose of organizing companies and selling stock to develop such properties. This, perhaps, is the best method of development. I only want to bring out the necessity of having such properties for just what they are—to-wit, claims or prospects, and not mines; and to have every purchaser of their stocks informed, understand and know that he buys at his risk a certificate in what may not be inaptly termed a "mining lottery," and that having bought it, it becomes his risk, entitling him to all the profits if he draw a prize, and by natural sequence to all the loss, without grumbling or charging it to anybody else, if he draw a blank. So, Mr. Editor, I suggest that you head your next article on mining with the title "Mines vs. Prospects. W. A. SIMMONS.

A Field for Ethnologists.

[Prescott Democrat.]

Probably no portion of the United States affords so active a field as Arizona for investigation, by those who make a study of the ruins and relics of extinct races, and endeavor to discover by these remains the origin and history of the people who once played a part on the stage of life and have made their exit, leaving a few shapeless ruins to tell the story of their existence. This Territory is covered with the ruins of a long extinct race who once occupied the land, and who, judging from the remains they have left behind, had attained to some degree of civilization.

On the Gila, on Salt river, on the Verde, on the Little Colorado, on the San Francisco, in fact, along nearly every stream in the Territory, those ruins are found. Some of them were old—notably the Casa Grande—when the Spanish explorers passed through what is now the Territory of Arizona, in 1540. When or by whom they were built was as much a mystery 240 years ago as it is to-day. The Indians, when questioned by the Spaniards, could tell nothing about their history. They were ruins as far back as traditions ran in their tribes—showing their great antiquity. That those buildings were the work of a race far superior to the present aboriginal occupants of the Territory, admits of no doubt. That they understood the principles of architecture is evident from the remains of some of their structures which have withstood the ravages of time and the fury of the elements for ages. That they were adepts in the manufacture of pottery is clear, from the fragments of this article, which are found in such profusion about their former places of abode. That they were an agricultural people is shown by the traces of immense irrigating canals which are found all over the Territory; that they were a mining people and understood the working of precious metals is certain from the old workings which have been discovered in all parts of Arizona.

Who were those people that cultivated the earth, opened mines and built those massive structures, whose ruins, after the lapse of ages, attest the skillful handiwork of their ancient builders, who have vanished from the earth, leaving not even a tradition behind? Whence came those people, and to what race did they belong? Were they of the Aztecs or Toltecs, or were they of a race prior to either of these? And, above all, what became of them? Were they destroyed by war or pestilence or by some fearful convulsion of nature?

These are questions that have never been answered, though they have been often asked. Who knows but the ruins of Arizona Territory will yet furnish the key to some future Layard or Rollinson to unlock this mystery, which has puzzled the learned since the discovery of the American continent.

Shall We Meet Again.

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice: "The flat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to the dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitudes that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the tomb is the skeletons of all the feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again, to which he responds: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But, as I gaze upon the living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty and cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'"

Immortality of Jokes.

"Evidence is abundant," says the Cincinnati Gazette, "that jokes are immortal. Of no joke can any man say, Lo, this is new; but he can be certain that it will never die. The jokes that are familiar to us are those which our ancestors enjoyed. They are found in the most ancient literature that remains, and in hieroglyphics of the ruined monuments of dead empires. Their unchanged existence throughout these ages does not allow that these, like the earth and man, may have been created by a process of development; they must have been created absolutely. At some stage of the work of creation the jokes were launched into being, and they have continued to revolve by their own gravity, the same as the planets. None of them can be annihilated any more than matter, nor can another be added. No person who attempts originality can get recognized as a wit, but any man can who has talent for memorizing the old stock jokes and funny stories, and for working them over on all occasions. There is justice in this. No person who assaults another's intellect and exposes him to chagrin by an unfamiliar joke, or one which is not true, deserves the name of a funny man. Jokes should always be drawn from the memory. Whatever other things are drawn from the imagination, it should never be called upon for wit or humor."

THERE was a young man in Elmira
Who courted the lovely Elvira;
But the father was rash,
And so, out through the sash
The gay youth made a sudden begira.

Colonel Crittenden's Crooked Career.

[Denver Mining Review.]

Colonel George A. Crittenden, son of the San Francisco lawyer, whose tragic end at the hands of the frail female, Laura D. Fair, may be still fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, has fled the Carbonate Camp in dire disgrace. Leadville and the Gunnison country has been the fields of his exploits during the past two years, and relative to his peculiar escapades the Chronicle, of the first named place, says:

He recently stocked certain mines at a million dollars, and the shares are held among about a dozen prominent gentlemen of this city, who purchased with a bona fide intention of developing the mine or disposing of their interest in a legitimate manner. During the past fortnight, arrangements were being perfected by which he was to go to New York and dispose of a portion of the stock of the consolidation, and it was understood that he would leave in the course of a few days. During all this time, however, he had been maturing a plot which for cool cunning and devilish ingenuity has no equal in the criminal annals of the country. He secured a bogus abstract of the properties that he claimed to own, in addition to which he caused the seal of Gunnison county to be counterfeited, so that the same might be appended to the forged document. Previously he went to the law office of Murray & Sale and engaged the firm to effect a loan of five or six thousand dollars for him, agreeing to pay a fee of one thousand dollars for the service. The loan was to be secured upon three-sixteenths of the Smuggler lode, at Aspen. He has been guilty not only of an attempt at deliberate swindling, but of a cool and infamous forgery—a crime that would place him behind the bars of the penitentiary for years. The whole truth may as well be told. George A. Crittenden's disgraceful downfall may be attributed to solely one fact—his dissipation and association with abandoned women. One of these low creatures clung to him like a curse, draining him of every cent, and demoralizing him morally and mentally as well as financially. He stated to a friend that this woman has obtained $800 from him in the past month. Though fleeing from the scenes of his nefarious exploits, warrants for his arrest have been issued, and telegrams sent in every direction after him.

One Hundred and Eleven Years Old.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Moriarty, who died on Wednesday, at the great age of 111 years, took place at 1 o'clock this afternoon from the residence of her daughter, at No. 1524 Second avenue, New York. A large number of her descendants and other friends were present. Gathered around her coffin were her gray-haired sons and daughters—the eldest son is seventy-six, and a daughter is sixty nine years old—her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren. The casket bore the following inscription: "Ellen Moriarty, died December 15, 1880, aged 111 years." The face was exposed to view, and all who looked upon it were surprised at the comparatively young appearance. The daughter affectionately pointed out that there was hardly a wrinkle upon her forehead. The pall-bearers were members of her own family. The remains were taken to Cavalry Cemetery, in the chapel of which the burial service was held. Her daughter said to day that Mrs. Moriarty was in very good health until about a month ago. She had, however, at times during the past fifteen years suffered from neuralgia. Her mental faculties were good until a few weeks ago. She had a wonderful memory, especially as regarded the events of her life at and near her home at Kilmallock, Ireland, where she was born. The Irish songs she could sing until nearly the close of her life, and she never tired of telling stories of the olden times, including happenings of the fierce revolutionary struggle of '98, when she marched at one time with the army for five miles. So well preserved were her powers that about six weeks ago, at a gathering of friends, she threw aside her stick and daintily holding up her skirts, danced in a lively way to show what real dancing was by the girls and boys when she was young. Till near the close of life she would have her needle threaded for her and made efforts at sewing. She was very devout. "She prayed all the time," one of her young descendants said today. She had been a member of St. Lawrence's Church in Eighty-fourth street, this city, for twenty-five years.

How to Keep a Husband at Home.

[Oil City Derrick.]

"Julia" writes us a long letter asking how she can keep her husband at home nights. She says she has done everything she can think of to please him, but he will insist on leaving her alone each evening. We fear Julia doesn't make her husband's home pleasant for him, or he would certainly not go away. Now, Julia, you go down town to-day and buy a keg of beer, placing it in one corner of the dining-room. Strew sawdust over the floor, put a half a dozen coarse wooden boxes about the room for spittoons, hang a sheet across one end of the room, invite a dozen of your husbands male friends to spend the evening. Then, Julia, you and your servant dress yourself up in long stockings and night-dresses, and when your friends have assembled with their cigars pull aside the sheet you have previously hung up and skip from one side of the room to the other on the tips of your toes, singing, "Tra-la-la-le!" and jump as high as you can at every third step. This will prove a highly interesting exercise for yourself and servant, and prevent your husband from staying away. If your husband's male friends are married, invite their wives to assist you in the evening's entertainment. If this doesn't keep him at home of evenings you had better trade him off for a yellow dog, and keep the dog chained up.

Californians in the Holy Land.

[Joaquin Miller in January Californian.]

I am reminded here of two Californians, who short of money and determined to see the holy land, went with Cook, the tourist. They were the horror of the staid old orthodox parties, but in less than a week they were the leaders of the company.

They wanted to pump out Jacob's Well, and get down to the bed-rock. They were perfectly certain it was only a prospect hole. And when they came to Mount Sinai they found quartz indications, and declared that all that side of the mountain from which the Ten Commandments were supposed to have been taken, would pay ten per cent. They pretended to find plenty of gold in the rock one morning, and made the whole party believe that they intended to set up a forty-stamp mill, and have it thundering down the same canyon Moses is supposed to have descended with the laws.

"ALL seems to hinge on this," remarked the lover when he proposed to his sweetheart while swinging on the gate in front of the house.

THE "raquet 'dance is "one, two, three, kick"—that's all there is to it.

Personal.

Winslow, the Boston forger, is still editing a newspaper at Buenos Ayres.

Mlle. Bernhardt's receipts in Boston were $49,157, as against $51,867 in New York.

Justice Strong, who has just retired from the Supreme Court, will continue to reside in Washington.

Henry C. Gibbon has given $50.000 for the incurable ward of the University Hospital of Philadelphia.

General Robert Toombs, of Georgia, has given one thousand acres of land in Texas to aid in founding a university in that State.

It is reported that Secretary Schurz will leave Washington in April, with his family, to settle permanently in St. Louis.

A daughter of General Worth, of Mexican War fame, has been appointed to a clerkship in the Pension Office at Washington.

Mr. J. C. Flood declares that he wouldn't accept an election to the United States Senate from California under any circumstances.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the actress, won the prize at a private shooting match recently held in St. Louis. She used a heavy rifle, and scored sixty-nine shots out of a possible seventy-two.

The health of the Pope is said to be causing anxiety. He breaks down occasionally under the strain of continual mental labor, and is liable to frequent attacks of illness.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria, whom a Paris gossiper styles "the first Amazon of the world," is about to receive, it is said, the title of Honorary Colonel of a regiment of Russian Uhlans.

Zola, the novelist, once spoke of himself as perhaps the only original Republican who did not ask for an office when the Empire went out, and Gambetta quietly produced a letter from Zola, written when Gambetta was Dictator, on the very morrow of the Imperial downfall, asking for a sub-prefecture.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, who has given away $600,000 for benevolent purposes during the last sixteen years, now says that she believes that she has done more harm than good. She says that the poor are of two kinds—"God's poor and the devil's poor—and that she has been victimized by the latter class until she is sick of it.

Bernhardt is tired of being called names. She gives notice that she is going to take the matter into her own hands, and "any person, be he clergyman or otherwise, who attempts from this time forth to blacken my reputation by proclaiming and circulating false reports about my life, of which he knows and can know nothing, will be brought into court to answer to a criminal charge."

The Inauguration.

WASHINGTON, December 29.—The crowd of people who expect to attend the inauguration bids fair to far outnumber any previous occasion. The Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania reports that from five to seven thousand of the National Guards of that State will be present. One hotel has had 210 applications, and another has engaged for 600. The railroad companies are arranging for side tracks for the extra trains. One line has six miles of such track now available. The sleeping-car companies have applications enough for the night of the 3d of March to fill eighty sleepers. Col. H. C. Corbin, Secretary of the Executive Committee having in charge the ceremonies, is meeting with decided encouragement in his effort to have a fine civic and military display on the occasion. For the first time since the war, the Southern States will take an active part. Invitations are being sent to every military company in the South, and the replies are very encouraging. It now seems probable that every State in the Union will be represented by local military. Arrangements are being made to secure half fare transportation on all leading railroads, and from letters already received from managers of trunk lines it is probable that this will be done. The feature of the occasion will be a special train from the Pacific Slope, with military companies and visitors. Permission has been given the committee to use the National Museum for the inauguration ball.

Southern Pacific Intentions.

The last number of the Denver Tribune contains an interview with Vice-President Crocker, of the Southern Pacific, in which that gentleman stated that the Eastern terminus of the Southern Pacific had been definitely fixed at New Orleans, where a line of steamers will make connections for Europe. It was not the intention to make permanent connection with the Atchison road, more than with any roads which may intersect the Southern Pacific. Mr. Crocker said. "Our purpose is onward to the ocean. If we make any connection at all it will be with the Tom Pierce road starting from Galveston and running to San Antonio, Texas. From Galveston the road is already completed to New Orleans. Our present plan is to follow southeastward along the Rio Grande from El Paso to a point about the southwestern corner of El Paso county, Texas, and from these strike east across Texas. When we get the road completed to El Paso we will begin work at both ends to complete this junction. The distance from El Paso to San Antonio is about 600 miles. It is a favorable country for railroad building, and the work can be done and trains running over the road from San Francisco to New Orleans before the close of the year 1881."

A Prisoner's Suicide.

CHARLOTTSVILLE, Va., December 12.—A suicide under very remarkable circumstances was committed in the county jail of this county last night, the victim being a prisoner who was awaiting the action of the grand jury for shooting a young woman about a week ago. Last night at a late hour Charles Jones' cell-mate, who had just retired, discovered that Jones had saturated his blanket and bedclothes with kerosene oil, a bottle of which happened to be in his cell, and set fire to them. After burning for a while the prisoner made an attempt to extinguish the flames, but without success. He threw the window of the cell open, but this, of course, only made the flames burn more rapidly. Before help could be summoned Jones was dead, having died, it was discovered from inhalation of the flames. It is believed that his death was the result of a deliberate purpose to commit suicide. The woman whom the prisoner shot is well enough to walk about.

AN old fellow under the control of his fourth wife always alludes to the three departed ones as his "spare ribs."

AN injured woman in St. Louis sued her husband for divorce on the ground that he had called her "an old cow."

IT doesn't hurt business to dispatch it.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Silver King Shipments.

Special to THE CITIZEN.

CASA GRANDE, December 31.—Yesterday 40,396 pounds of Silver King concentrations were shipped to San Francisco.

Good Enough.

VIRGINIA, Nev., December 31.—The District Court to-day sentenced B. H. Carrick, the defaulting County Treasurer, to pay a fine of $21,940—the amount of his defalcation—and to five years' hard labor, being the full penalty of the law.

'Frisco Matters.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 31.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the sympathizers with the Mussel Slough settlers was held at Platt's Hall to-night, presided over by ex-Justice Nathaniel Bennett. Col. Marshall and others spoke. The sentiments of the meeting were decidedly with the settlers, and resolutions were adopted endorsing their action.

The First regiment of the N. G. C., Col. Dickenson Commander, was presented with a stand of colors at the Pavilion to-night by Gov. Perkins on behalf of the citizens of San Francisco. There was a large attendance, and after the presentation and a review of troops, dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

The Irish Trials.

DUBLIN, December 31.—Attorney-General Low resumed his address this morning, speaking for an hour, and concluded with a fercible peroration. He said he hoped the jury would be true to their consciences and return a verdict satisfactory to the country. This disorder, he said, must be put down, no matter what the cost. As he spoke there was no manifestation of any kind. The Government shorthand reporter was placed in the witness box to attest his notes made at public meetings attended by the traversers.

LAST NIGHT'S DISPATCHES.

Capital Notes.

WASHINGTON, December 30.—Customary orders have been issued for the officers of the army and navy at Washington to pay their respects to the President on New Year's Day.

A. S. Logan, a lineal descendant of the historic Indian chief, has been appointed to a position in the Interior, Department.

Judge Freeman, Assistant Attorney General for the Postoffice Department has written the Postmaster-General, taking the ground that printed commercial papers, filled out in writing, are legally subject to letter rates of postage, and therefore Section 232 of the present postal regulations, allowing such papers as bills of lading, invoices, way-bills, insurance documents, deeds, circulars and hand-bills to pass through the mails as third-class matter, should be annulled as contrary to law.

After the Traversers.

DUBLIN, December 30.—Mr. Low completed the reading of seventy-seven extracts from speeches of the traversers, showing they all counseled the people to withhold their rents. He then quoted the judgment of Chief Justice Cockburn, to the effect that conspiracy was the act of two or more persons combining to injure a third party, and that it was not necessary that the act to be done be criminal. A mere combination to effect a civil injury would come within the law. He wished to read the opinion of Daniel O'Connell on the proposed strike of farmers against a rent-roll, but this was not permitted by the Court.

Low proceeded to explain the punishment which the traversers advocated for those who took evicted farms, and declared that one of the traversers had been continued in his post as a paid agent of the Land League, after having held persons up by name to popular execration for murder. He dwelt with much effect on the point that the traversers had given prominence to a statement that if 30,000 persons were enrolled in the Land League, no army could enforce the land laws.

Contested Seat.

WASHINGTON, December 29.—Governor Matthews, of West Virginia, left Washington to-day for Baltimore to meet Hon. J. M. Camden, of Parkersburg, with reference to the pending contest for the Senatorship. Their meeting has a peculiar significance by reason of the fact that they are both candidates for the place now held by Senator Frank Hereford, formerly District Attorney of Sacramento, Cal., and it is considered certain that either Matthews or Camden will secure the prize, as their respective forces will, if necessary, combine upon one that is against Hereford. Matthews informed some Washington friends last night that Hereford has no possible chance.

[Senator Hereford is a brother of Hon. B. H. Hereford, of Tucson.—ED.]

More Retirements.

WASHINGTON, December 30.—The President retired Brigadier-General Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector-General, and Colonel John Barnard, of the Corps of Engineers.

Robbing a Hen-Roost.

STOCKTON, CAL., Dec. 29.—Michael Sheridan, who keeps a chicken ranch near the Five-Mile House, on the Lower Sacramento road, caught a stranger in the act of robbing his chicken house at a late hour on Tuesday night, and shot him dead. A Coroner's inquest was held to-day, and a verdict of justifiable homicide was rendered. This morning Sheridan came into the city and surrendered to the Sheriff, and the examination is set for to-morrow.

Clearing-House Business.

NEW YORK, December 29.—The to-morrow's Public will have an article showing that the Clearing-House Exchanges, at New York, for the past year were not only larger than ever before, but much larger than those of London or any city in the world.

The Public says, there is one moderate-sized room in New York in which the payments made during the past year have greatly exceeded the entire amount received and the entire amount expended by the United States Government from its first establishment down to this time. The aggregate receipts of the United States Treasury on all accounts, loans included, have been $18,570,848,647. The aggregate payments, including all redemption of notes and bonds, have been $18,334,854,202, but the amount paid in the Clearing-House by exchanges alone, since January 1, 1880, is $38,644,240,578, and the balances paid during the same time amount to $1,561,200,000.

The largest transactions ever known before in a single year were those of 1869, when a third of the exchanges probably was due to speculation in gold, the exchanges then were $37,407,028,987 and the balances $,120,318,308. For the first time that record has been exceeded. The largest transactions ever made in any year through the London Clearing House were £6,013,299,000 in the year 1874-5, equal to about $30,066,495,000, hence the payments made in 1880 in the room where Mr. Camp has charge are the largest ever made during any year in any establishment on earth. The exchanges in all other cities in this country during the year will not be far from $12,265,000,000, or less than one third those at New York.

Valuable Indians.

WASHINGTON, December 30.—Two separate conferences were held to-day at the interior department, before Secretary Schurz, between the Cheyenne River and Lower Brule Sioux delegations and representatives of the Chicago, and Northwestern and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads, in regard to obtaining the right of way for a continuation of the two lines of railway through the Sioux reservation. In the forenoon the conference was held with the Cheyenne River delegation, and Four Bears at the outset renewed his proposal of yesterday by asking $7,000,000 for the necessary lands.

Secretary Schurz stated that the railroad company offered to pay nearly five dollars per acre for the necessary lands, which he said was nearly four times as much as the government obtained for wild lands. He endeavored to point out the advantages which would result from having a railroad built through their reservation, owing to the fact that it would bring their crops nearer to market, and thus enhance the value of their land adjoining the railroad. If they wanted to be civilized the railroads were great civilizing agencies.

Rattling Reb then wanted to know whether they could or could not get the price asked, when Secretary Schurz informed them that they could not, and he thought the Indians did not know how much seven million dollars was or they would not be so foolish as to ask such a price.

Rattling Reb concluded his talk by remarking that "We must talk it over slow," and added that he would go home and talk with his people.

That Does Settle It.

ST. LOUIS, December 30.—Major J. L. Mahon, of the Indian Department has arrived from the Colorado River Indian Agency en route to Washington. He says there is no doubt about the death of Victorio, the Apache chief. Major Mahon saw the famous warrior's wife at San Carlos, and she was in mourning and had cut off her hair—a sure sign that her husband is dead.

Tea Culture.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has triumphed over those who have been laughing at him for his efforts in introducing tea culture into the United States. Mr. Jackson sharing his enthusiasm, has 35,000 tea-plants on his farm in Georgia, and lately sent some of his tea to Washington. The Commissioner went incog. to several New York tea-houses and presented it as a sample of tea he had to sell. An expert pronounced it India tea, worth