

SUNSET.

BY HALLIE C. YOUNG.
In the far west, as the day grows old,
I watch a city of dazzling gold...

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Story of the Discovery of Gold in California.

It was in the month of January, 1848, in a small shanty in the rather squalid little hamlet of Yerba Buena, on the Bay of San Francisco, that two young men from the States, having just printed on a hand-press the 150 copies of their weekly paper, sat down upon stools, weary, faint and discouraged, to talk over the prospects of the country and beyond the mountains...

It was located near the confluence of the Rio de los Americanos with the Sacramento. To the far south, beyond the sources of the San Joaquin river, not far from the Pacific ocean, stood the "Ciudad de los Angeles," Mexican in its construction and population. A Catholic mission at Santa Barbara and another at San Luis Obispo (Saint Louis, the Bishop) another at Monterey on the bay of that name; another at Santa Clara in the lovely valley of that name; another called Mission de San Jose not far from the latter, and another at the village of Yerba Buena, which has since grown into the city of San Francisco.

At the time the two young printers of Yerba Buena were discussing their situation, now and then a vessel put into the bay of Monterey, or San Francisco, or San Diego, to load with hides, or a whaler for repairs, dropping a few Mexican dollars or doubloons, which were the currency of the country. It was, to an active or ambitious mind, a dull and listless life; but to the majority, who loved ease, a healthy climate and beautiful diversified scenery.

THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

Sweet bird with velvet pinion,
Sweet bird with golden breast
That glinted past me, winging
Up to thy wren's nest!

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On the 14th of August the number of white miners was estimated at 4,000. Many of them were of Stephenson's regiment and the disbanded Mormon battalion. The Californian remarked on that day that "when a man with his pan or bucket does not average \$30 to \$40 per day, he moves to another place." Four thousand ounces a day was the estimated production of the mines five months after the secret was first made known.

Such strokes of good fortune turned all classes into miners, including the lawyers, doctors and preachers. The exports of gold dust in exchange for produce and merchandise amounted to \$500,000 by the 25th of September. The ruling price of gold dust was \$15 per ounce, though its intrinsic value was from \$19 to \$20. A meeting of citizens, presided over by T. M. Leavenworth, and addressed by Samuel Brannan, passed resolutions in September not to patronize merchants who refused to take gold dust at \$15 per ounce. A memorial was also sent from San Francisco to Congress in that month for a branch mint here.

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GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

His First Love.
I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Sixty-two.

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Mr. Whittier on Woman Suffrage.
Our writer and poet says: "The society of the future must be acted on more directly by women than that of the past. In the bringing out of the sensibilities they must take a leading part. Woman suffrage I regard as an inevitable thing and a good thing. Women in public life will bring it up more than it will bring them down. There will be considerable floundering before society would become completely adapted to the change, but after it shall be fairly accomplished and in working order the work of society will go on without any deterioration, and with a gain in purity of motives and unselfishness of law-makers and administrators. I fear its effects in large cities, where bad women will come forward. Women are so intense that bad women will be worse in public life than bad men. But the difficulty is in the nature of the city."

Word to the Girls.

Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, it is all very well, and it will be nicer when you get married. But it won't. He thinks he's going to keep on this high pitch of love all the time. But he won't. He doesn't know himself, and you don't know him. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, may be more, when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers, and the bloom is all off the eye; when your hair contains good deal of wash-tub, cradle and coo-ster, he won't stand in front of the house for one hour, out in the cold, watching your light in the window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house. Young woman, protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next.

Kindred and Affinity.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, N. Y., has published a pamphlet with the above title, or "God's Law of Marriage," in which he tries to show that a man should not, under any circumstances, be allowed to marry his dead wife's sister. To us, he says, that such a marriage is "the sweetest and most natural thing" for a widower is mere sentiment and "often sickly sensualism poorly disguised under a thin veil; and against it is to be set up the fact that the impossibility of marriage establishes firmly the sacred and most blessed relationship of the wife's sister in the family. The very name by which the relation is known involves the certainty of this protection. She is a sister-in-law—i. e., in the law of God; as our good English defines it, a sister, with whom, because marriage is impossible, the wise intimacy of a brother's relation is possible and safe."

A Mother and Daughters.

I once met (it was at a garden party) a clergyman's wife—a graceful, accomplished woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them. "Yes," she said, with a tender pride, "I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful, too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the elder girls that they would have either to turn out and earn their bread, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scour and clean. My girls take it by turns to be cook, housemaid and parlor-maid. In the nursery, of course 'happy mother who could say 'of course!' they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters. "But how about education?" I asked. "Oh, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. Where there's a will there's a way. My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either. Look at them now."

Woman's Opportunity.

The downfall of this or that unhappy person may be commonly imputed to speculation or misfortune in business or to other causes; but the origin of the great bulk of these disasters, if carefully sought out and verified, will be found, we believe, in extravagant expenditures in every-day life. American women have a task set before them to which they should forthwith put an earnest and willing hand. It is to return so far as possible to the old and frugal ways, the forlorn and sagacious domestic management of their grandmothers. By example, no less than actual saving, they may do a world of good. Let them show their husbands that they are determined to oppose wasteful and unseemly outlay as a matter of principle. The family may be able to afford such an outlay today, but may not be able to afford it tomorrow.

Millions of Dead Letters.

The following interesting figures are from the report of A. J. Dallas, Chief Clerk of the Dead-Letter Bureau at Washington: Number of dead letters received during the year, 3,353,651. Of these, 2,695,844 were sent to the Dead-Letter Office, because unclaimed; 56,188 were returned from hotels, the parties addressed having left for other places; 94,062 were returned from foreign countries; 259,618 were held for postage; 1,179 containing unmailable matter; 201,889 were misdirected; 93,773 were to fictitious addresses, and 1,167 contained no addresses at all. The disposition of these letters and packages was as follows: Opened and returned to the writers, 805,913; returned to owners without opening, 364,008; filed for further action, 30,549; opened and now in hands of Postmaster for further investigation, 1,817; destroyed, owners not being found and letters being of no value, 2,105,931; on hand at end of year, unopened letters, 45,433. The great mass of the above letters contained nothing of value. Of the remainder, 26,264 contained money to the amount of \$49,498.77, and 21,374 contained drafts, checks, notes, etc., to the amount of \$1,526,216.65. The number containing books or merchandise, etc., was 56,308; containing photographs, 30,957; containing postage-stamps, 73,749. Most of this property has been restored to the owners; a small amount, however, is still in the custody of the department. That which was unclaimed and could not by any possibility be returned to the senders or parties addressed, were sold at public auction, realizing the sum of \$3,405.12, which has been turned into the treasury.

Something About Babies.

According to a Yorkshire notion, a new-born infant should be laid first in the arms of a maiden before any one touches it, and in some places the infant's right hand is left unwashed in order that he may gather riches. It is, too, considered very important by many that an infant should go up in the world before it goes down. Thus, in Cleveland, says Mr. Henderson, if a child should be born in the top story of a house, for want of a flight of stairs one of the gossips will take it in her arms and mount a table, chair or chest of drawers before she carries it down stairs. In the North of England, when an infant for the first time goes out of the house, it is presented with an egg, some salt and a little loaf of bread and occasionally a small piece of money—these gifts being supposed to insure that the child will never be in need of the common necessities of life. In the East Riding of Yorkshire a few matches are added to light the child to heaven. It

their resources. Poor Richard may not be the best guide in the world in everything, but he is certainly a safe one in domestic economy. There is no earthly need for doing always what other people do, or thinking always what other people will say. If American women will but dare to insist on becoming housewives of the good old sort, of regulating their homes, not of necessity as others do, but as their own sense of right and length of purse justify, with an eye to the future as well as the present, there will be fewer breaches of trust and broken fortunes in the business world hereafter than in the ten sad years that have been, as well as much sounder, because much safer, enjoyment of life among business men.

About Penants.

The modus operandi by which the nuts are separated, cleaned and classed is somewhat as follows: The third story of the building contains thousands of bushels of peas in bags, and there the continual roar of the machinery is deafening. Each machine has a duty to perform. First, there is a large cylinder in which all the nuts are placed, in order that the dust and dirt may be shaken off them. They pass from the cylinder into the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they pass through a sluiceway to the floor below, where they are dropped on an endless belt, and dashed along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand eight colored girls, and, as the nuts fall from the sluiceway to the belt the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, and by the time the belt reaches the end two-thirds of the nuts are picked off, allowing only the finest to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop through another sluice and empty into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is taken away by hand, sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are then thrown to one side, placed in the bags, and carried into another room where they are again picked over, the best singled out, bagged and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." Having gone over them twice, we now come to a third grade, which are called and branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of the "cocks" and "ships," but now and then you will find a respectable-looking nut among them, though the eyes of the colored damsels are as keen as a hawk, and a bad nut is rarely allowed to pass their hands. The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent through the elevator to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller, which is not only novel, but as perfect a piece of machinery as was ever invented. These nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops into bags below free from dust or dirt of any kind, and are then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where they are bought up by the confectioners for the purpose of making fatty or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.

Autumn Leaves.

An effective method of decorating a wall or panel with autumn leaves is to cover the space to be ornamented with tulle, the meshes of which are as large as possible. This at a distance does not hide the painting or the paper on the wall, and it makes an excellent ground work on which the leaves and ferns can be pinned to form very ornamental designs. Pictures scraped away for decorative purposes. Small rooms, and nurseries, especially, papered with them and afterward varnished, afford great entertainment; cornices may be made of them to run around all the wall paper, with about two inches of gold roll between each, and a black bordering. Wooden fire-boards and Holland mats may also be covered with them; these mats should be varnished. Common garden flower-pots can be made ornamentally by giving them a coat of paint and then painting on them landscapes, flowers or figures. If you cannot paint, the embossed picture scraps can be pasted on and afterward varnished. Bleached skeleton ferns may be laid on photograph book covers, wooden trays, or on blotting books, and varnished. They look especially well on black-painted wood, if laid close together they resemble an inlaying of ivory. A plain table with one drawer makes quite a pretty writing table by staining it black, and then laying the ferns on a border round the top and around the drawers. The ferns can also be applied to velvet frames, when the whole should be covered with white tulle of the finest and most invisible description. An elegant fireboard may be made in this way.

Tower of London.

The Tower of London is intimately connected with the history of England. It is the place where noted political and religious persons have been tortured and beheaded. It still contains some of those instruments of torture. The last time it was used as a state's prison was in 1820. It is also the place where the crown jewels are kept, which are valued at \$12,000,000. Among these is the celebrated Koh-i-noor. Its early history is mysterious. It was obtained from the Lullone Crown, a gem by the conquests of the East India Company, and arrived in England June 30, 1850, and July 3 was presented to the Queen. The crown of Victoria contains one large broadcast sapphire, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls. The prisoners confined in the Tower of London sometimes made inscriptions upon its dreary walls. The following is one: "Be friend to one. Be enemy to none." A square frame contained the following from the same hand, dated Sept. 10, 1871. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversity. For men are not always what they seem. They are what they are; but with very impudence which they suffer.

How Tooth-Brushes are Made.

Although the tooth-brush is not a very complicated article, no small degree of skill is required in its manufacture. In the first place, care must be exercised in the selection of bone from which the handle is to be made. For this purpose the thigh bone of an ox is used, and instead of boiling these with the joints on—the method commonly in vogue—these joints are sawed off previous to the boiling process. The increased heat necessary in the former method renders the bone unfit for the purpose of the brush manufacturer. On arriving at the factory the bones are first sawed into the required length and thickness for brush-handles. They are next turned with a model in a similar manner to that employed in the manufacture of shoe-lasts. Then comes the polishing process, which is done by means of a sort of revolving churn. An ingeniously-contrived machine now takes the pieces and deftly punctures holes for the bristles while grooves are cut in the top by saws. Now being ready for the bristles, they are introduced to the department for this work. Girls are usually employed for this branch of the business. After putting in sealing wax to fasten them securely in place and to fill up the grooves. All that remains to be done is to brand the brushes and pack them for market.

Minded Their Own Business.

A man having announced that he was once in a community where they all minded their own business, his statement was doubted, and he was called upon to tell where it was. "It was on board a ship at sea," he said; "and the passengers were all too sick to meddle with one another's affairs."

There is in London a dog's boarding-house, where canine pets may be sent to be taken care of during the absence of their owners from town. A lady sent her dog to board there while she was abroad, and so attached did he become to the house and his fellow-boarders that when she returned and his reinstatement in his old quarters he has called on the other dogs regularly every Sunday afternoon.

Don't like Jones.

"I don't like Jones," said Snodgrass. "No," he added, after a pause, "I don't like him. The fact is, Jones speaks so much of himself, tells so much, you know, that he doesn't leave any room for the imagination." Does any reader know Jones?

PITH AND POINT.

AND NOW Lady Godiva is said to be a myth—a bare falsehood, as it were. ACROSS should be watched closely on election day. They are professional repeaters. SOME one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to wait long ago. IF a mule had as many legs as a cockroach this country wouldn't be so thickly populated. THE bawled horse spends his whole existence in lamenting his lack of terminal facilities. A COMPOSITOR who cannot agree with his wife says he must have taken her out of the wrong foot. WHY is the discovery of the North pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still. IT requires but a short time for a young lady out shopping to learn all the counterweights of the dry-goods trade. "I CAN'T think," says Dick, "That makes my ankles go so thick." "You do not recollect," says Harry, "How great a calf they have to carry."

THE Eye says it was a Bloomington man who hit the nail on the head, but he mourned the loss of a thumb by the transaction.

FROM Adam they took a ribbon to make fair woman. Fair woman has been made up with ribbon ever since.—Bloomington Eye.

PHYSICIANS now say that the telephone is injurious to the ear. We presume it's the strain of listening and hearing nothing that does the harm.

ONE of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railway station agent was: "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lanterns."

IN Texas there is a township called Gin, and in it a town called Brandy, and the name of the postoffice is Rummy. No State could ask for anything better.

A VERY disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John?" said Jerusha, as she stopped opposite the leopards' cage. "Wa'al, yes," said John, "but then he's drefully freckled, ain't he?"

"I THINK, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time. He didn't call the next evening."

THE Whitehall Times says the fish in Lake Champlain have been so long without water that when it began to rain, for the first time in six weeks, they were seen running about with umbrellas over their heads.

A YOUNG woman in Denver flung herself into a cistern, but she was fished out. A local paragrapher advised her as follows: "Cis turn from your evil ways." But he won't joke that way when it comes cistern.

A POET asks: "When I am dead and lowly laid. . . . And clouds fall heavy from the spade, who'll think of me?" Don't worry. Tailors and shoemakers have retentive memories, and you'll not be forgotten.—Norristown Herald.

FATE of a drunk butcher:

He tried in jilted to drown his cares,
But daily saw grief more woe-begone—
But never saw grief more woe-begone—
At last his weary soul found rest,
His sorrow now no more;
No fickle wind now troubles him—
But rather, he's a man of rest.

ONE Sunday night we were sitting out in the moonlight, unusually silent, most sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said, in a low tone, "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless cloud said, "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, with a sad, sweet voice.

A BAKER, whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," when going his round to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread."

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole," was her reply.

A big, fat colored woman came to the Galveston Chief of Police and told him that her stepson had run away and she wanted to know where he was.

"It boddens me to know why he left. He had everything he needed to make him comfortable. I done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he may be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all de marks I made on him with a bed-slat, while de old man was holdin' him, has faded out yet."—Galveston News.

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"It boddens me to know why he left. He had everything he needed to make him comfortable. I done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he may be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all de marks I made on him with a bed-slat, while de old man was holdin' him, has faded out yet."—Galveston News.

How Tooth-Brushes are Made.

Although the tooth-brush is not a very complicated article, no small degree of skill is required in its manufacture. In the first place, care must be exercised in the selection of bone from which the handle is to be made. For this purpose the thigh bone of an ox is used, and instead of boiling these with the joints on—the method commonly in vogue—these joints are sawed off previous to the boiling process. The increased heat necessary in the former method renders the bone unfit for the purpose of the brush manufacturer. On arriving at the factory the bones are first sawed into the required length and thickness for brush-handles. They are next turned with a model in a similar manner to that employed in the manufacture of shoe-lasts. Then comes the polishing process, which is done by means of a sort of revolving churn. An ingeniously-contrived machine now takes the pieces and deftly punctures holes for the bristles while grooves are cut in the top by saws. Now being ready for the bristles, they are introduced to the department for this work. Girls are usually employed for this branch of the business. After putting in sealing wax to fasten them securely in place and to fill up the grooves. All that remains to be done is to brand the brushes and pack them for market.