How Some San Francisco Printers Started a Paper.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, says the Carson (Nevada) *Appeal*, a tramp printer stopped at this office to apply for a situation. He was furnished with temporary employment, which enabled him to secure a few nights' lodging and meals to match. He was a printer who a few weeks ago had been one of the eighteen proprietors of the *Daily Globe*, which recently suspended in San Francisco, and gave a full description of its inner workings and management, under a pledge of secrecy and a promise that no use should be made of the information until he had reached Salt Lake, where he now is.

The journalistic venture was founded by the printers who refused some months ago to accept a reduction of wages on the *Chronicle*. Charles De Young reduced the wages from fifty to forty-five cents per thousand ems, and in consequence a number of printers left his employ and started a paper of their own called the *Globe*. It gave fair promise of success, and to all outward appearance was a well-managed and well-edited newspaper. Its main purpose was to kill the *Chronicle*, and the enemies of the latter paper "stood in" quite liberally at the start. Let the story, however, be told in the language of the narrator:

"Who ran the concern?"

"I did, for one," said the wandering print. "Then there was Lynch and Brooks and Woods, and all the balance. When the force were all on deck it had eighteen bosses, besides the reporters and editors."

"Who edited the paper?"

"I did—and the rest of the gang. We all took a hand. Some man would be setting up an article and see some friend given a deal. He would walk up to the imposing-stone and yell out, 'What in blazes is this?' Then the boys would all quit work and collect around the stone. Some would think the man the article went after was a perfect gentleman, and the rest would think he was an old snoozer. Then we would row over the matter half an hour or so, and pretty soon a couple would "jeff" to see whether the item went in or not. Each day the editors and reporters got their instructions from eighteen of their regular bosses and their assistants. I kept track of the regulars, but split on the 'subs.' Each man had a policy. I had two. Some had more. No particular policy, but a general sliding-scale to fit any circumstances."

"Did the *Globe* roll along pretty well at first?"

"Yes, it swelled up big. Subscriptions came in lively, ads were brisk, and for a spell the great question was what to do with so much money. We talked of buying a building to move into. Presently, however, the expenses began to chaw us up. Then it wasn't so much a question what to do with the money, but where to get it. Some of the boys were sticking type at the case and some were rustling about on the outside. Somehow the outsiders seemed to dress better and eat at better restaurants than the insiders. Curious, wasn't it? I guess we galley slaves at the case didn't clear over $7 a week."

"Did you dabble in politics?"

"Oh, yes; we ran most of the politics there for a while. We had Democrats, Republicans, Greenback and Kearney men on the managerial force. We didn't agree for awhile, but compromised on a sort of Democratic-Kalloch-Kearney platform. The Democratic Central Committee gave us $2,500 in political printing and owed us $2,000 when we busted. Some of the politicians offered us $5,000 cash down for the paper. We didn't expect over $3,000, but after this offer we had a meeting and raised the price to $10,000. Some of the boys wanted to set the pegs up to $20,000, but were outvoted. I was one that wanted to settle on $20,000. Have ye got a chew of tobacco? If I had a cent I'd buy my own. Well, the $20,000 proposition fell through, and then the Democrats bought the *Examiner*. After that things went by the board, and we began to lose interest in politics. Then some of the typos got sick and we ran short of managers. Then we ran short of coin, and we were sorter short all around. Then we shut up shop and gave the other papers a show. We had lots of fun, though. I'll walk down to Reno to-night and see if I can't get to Salt Lake. I know a conductor that knocks down on the fares, and if he doesn't pass me in the Pullman I'll frighten him to death. Next time I start a paper I'll do it on borrowed capital, and don't you let that idea fall out of your head till I see you again."

Coaxing Sarah.

JUSTICE ALLEY had hardly been opened to legal business yesterday when a sleigh containing seven or eight persons from beyond the city limits drove up to the door of a popular Justice and all piled out with an air of business. His Honor was poking up the fire when an old man beckoned him into a corner and whispered:

"Got a job of splicing here for ye! My darter Sarah here is going to hitch to that chap there with the blue comforter, and then we're going out to have some oysters."

"All right—all right," was the reply, and in two minutes the official was ready. The man with the blue comforter peeled his overcoat, laid aside his hat and extended his hand to Sarah.

"I won't do it—I'll die first!" she said, as she shrank away.

"She's a leetle timid—a leetle timid," explained the old man, while the mother rebukingly observed:

"Sarah, don't you make a fool of yourself here. William will make you a good husband."

"And don't you forgit it?" added William. "Come, Sarah."

"I won't, unless we can go to New York on a bridle tower," she snapped.

"You'd look nice bridle towering around New York with no better duds than you've got!" said the mother. "Now, Sarah, you stand up and git married!"

"Be keerful, mother—don't make 'er mad!" warned the old man. "Now, Sarah, if ye back out everybody will laff at ye."

"I don't keer! I want to travel."

"You shall," answered William.

"Where?"

"We'll all go up to the House of Correction."

"Tain't far 'nuff."

The old man beckoned William and Sarah aside and began:

"Now, Sarah, William just dotes on you."

"But I want a bridle tower."

"Yes, but we can't have one. The railroads are so powerful under, and towers have gone out of fashion anyhow."

"Then I want a diamond ring."

"Now don't say that, Sarah, for I went to every store last Saturday and they was all out of diamond rings."

"Then I want a set of mink furs."

"Mink furs! William, I know you'd buy 'em for her in a second, but they've gone out of style and can't be had. Sarah, I'm yer father, hain't I?"

"Yes, dad."

"And I've allus bin tender of ye?"

"Yes."

"Then be tender of me. I want to see ye married to William. You can't have a tower, nor a diamond ring, nor a set of furs, but I'll buy ye a pair of new gaiters. William will pay for the oysters, and I'll see that mother divides up the dishes and bedding with ye. Sarah, do you want to see my gray hairs bowed down?"

"N-o-o."

"Then don't flunk out."

"Will they be two-dollar gaiters?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And all the oysters we can eat?"

"Yes, all you kin stuff."

"And a tower next fall, if wheat does well?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess I will. Come, Bill, I don't keer two cents for you, but I want to oblige father."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Evolution of the Horse.

IN a recent paper before the Zoological Society of London, Prof. Huxley illustrated the laws of evolution by reference, among other animals, to the horse. There is evidence, he said, the value of which has not been disputed, and which in my judgment amounts to proof, that, between the commencement of the Tertiary epoch and the present time, the group of the Equidæ has been represented by a series of forms, of which the oldest is that which departs least from the general type of structure of the higher mammalia, while the latest is that which most widely differs from that type. In fact, the earliest known equine animal possesses four complete sub-equal digits on the fore-foot, three on the hind-foot; the ulna is complete and distinct from the radius; the fibula is complete and distinct from the tibia; the full number of canines being present, and the cheek-teeth having short crowns with simple patterns and early-formed roots. The latest, on the other hand, has only one complete digit on each foot, the rest being represented by rudiments; the ulna is reduced and partially ankylosed with the radius; the fibula is still more reduced and partially ankylosed with the tibia; the canine teeth are partially or completely suppressed in the females; the first cheek-teeth usually remain undeveloped, and when they appear are very small; the other cheek-teeth have long crowns, with highly complicated patterns and late-formed roots. The Equidæ of intermediate ages exhibit intermediate characters.

With respect to the interpretation of the facts two hypotheses, and only two, appear to be imaginable. The one assumes that these successive forms of equine animals have come into existence independently of one another. The other assumes that they are the result of the gradual modification undergone by the successive members of a continuous line of ancestry. As Prof. Huxley was not aware that any zoologist maintained the first hypothesis, he did not feel called upon to discuss it. The adoption of the second, however, was equivalent to the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution so far as horses are concerned, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary he should suppose that it was accepted.

An Inveterate Thief.

THE Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, contains at this moment a remarkable new arrival in the person of George Woodward, aged about forty. Woodward, when a boy, was engaged in cattle-raising with his parents, in Ohio, and early developed an unconquerable propensity for horse-stealing. This brought him many years ago to where he is now, but at the expiration of his sentence his friends set him up in a business, which he afterward relinquished in favor of his favorite pursuit, and again he returned to jail—for thirteen years. Although he has no hands, only stumps, he is so clever a workman that he surpassed all the other convicts, and when he had saved $200 he sent for a lawyer, who contrived to get him pardoned, and again he was started in business. But he has been at it again in his old line, though, apparently under legal advice. He stole a whole drove from a Delaware County farmer, and the low price at which he offered the animals in Philadelphia led to his detection. He says that in stealing the cattle all from one person he acted systematically, explaining that he could only be indicted on one bill under those circumstances, whereas, had he taken the same number (eight) of cattle from different persons he could have been indicted and sentenced on eight different bills, making his sentences equivalent to imprisonment for life. Under his present sentence he got the full extent of the law (five years), though the farmer from whom the cattle were stolen took pity on him and did not press the case.

A Cincinnati cat caught a mouse, and began a series of gymnastics with it prior to killing and banqueting upon it. Just then another cat came up. Tom instantly ran his nose under a tin pan that lay in the yard bottom side up, and deposited his prey, and then attacked the intruder. After a lively battle Tom's adversary retreated, Tom pursuing him out of sight. He was gone possibly five minutes, when he returned to the yard, walked up to the inverted pan, again ran his nose under it, seized the mouse and proceeded with the meal, the preliminaries to which had been so impudently interrupted.

MR. GLADSTONE is reported by his wife as singing every morning in his bath, and the inference is that he is not much worried by the Irish agitation.

Some Curious Stories of Lucky Finds of Precious Metals.

MANY rich mines have been discovered by accident. History, both ancient and modern, verifies. Numerous instances of this kind have come under my own observation. This is said to be luck, but it matters not whether it is luck or science, so long as the "find" is a good one. In such cases it would seem that it is even better to be born lucky than industrious. Only last spring a prospector, not twenty miles from here, after hunting many days for a quartz ledge, tired in his search, and threw down his pick and shovel in disgust, and took up his rifle and sauntered forth for game. Fortune favored him; his luck came suddenly to him, as it were. He shot a deer, which in its death struggle fell over the rocks and rolled down the mountain side. When the hunter reached his game he found it lying on the outcrop of an immense galena ledge, which he soon after sold for a good round sum—figures not stated.

In the early days of California a poor prospector, sadly out of luck, was returning to his camp after night, when he was assailed by a vicious dog. Having no weapon with which to stand off his enemy, he felt around in the dark and laid hold of the first thing he could catch, which was a hefty rock. The dog had sloped, of course, and the man kept the stone in his hand until he was safe in his own cabin. In the morning he saw something bright on the missile of war, and on closer examination he found that the rock was full of gold. He returned and found the ledge from which the quartz bowlder had floated, sold it for a large amount of money, returned to the States, bought a farm, married, and raised a large family of children.

About four years ago a poor but industrious prospector in this county had the misfortune (or good fortune) to lose his horse. It was an old bay horse, and, like his master, was a wandering prospector, only that he prospected for grass, while his master prospected for quartz. This particular day the old bay wandered further than he was wont to do, probably because the bunch grass was few and far between. At any rate, the prospector desired to move camp, but could not do so without the assistance of his bay companion. He must needs find him. He was at last successful, and while returning with the truant he noticed the head of a mountain ram sticking in the rocks. Stopping to examine it, he saw rich-looking quartz scattered about, and following it up, he hit upon what is now the noted Ramshorn Mine—the longest and richest silver ledge that we know of. The district was named Bay Horse, as it should have been, and is the richest silver district in the Salmon River country.

I knew a man once who followed mining and prospecting for a period of forty years. He had been all through California, Colorado and Montana, and had prospected twenty years in Georgia before coming West. He was not much in digging deep holes, but he would go round hunting for shallow diggings so long as the boys would "stake" him. He was getting worn out prospecting out of luck, and when, on the 24th day of July, 1864, he camped on a tributary of Prickly Pear Creek, in Northern Montana, he said to his three companions, "Let's sink a hole on this bar; it's the last chance; if we can't find it here I don't know where next to prospect." The younger members of the party put the hole to bed rock, the diggings were named Last Chance, and two years later the old man threw away his tools and went home to Georgia with a joyful heart and $100,000 in clean gold dust, but not until he had seen the city of Helena, the metropolis of Montana, spring up about him.

Only last August a prospector in the Lower Wood River country met with an unexpected streak of luck that astonished him. While on his way across from Bellevue to Croy Canon the pack on the horse he was leading became loose, and in order to adjust it he dismounted. While rearranging it he saw something at his feet that resembled rich silver "float." He traced it up to the ledge, which was only a short distance away, and found that he had one of the best "prospects" in Wood River. He located the original and two extensions, and the best ore in the vein assays up into the thousands. Recently he sold out for a snug little fortune.

On a mountain trail in California there used to be a big bowlder which furnished a favorite resting-place for tired footmen. Thousands of men had sat on that stone and rested their weary limbs. In fact it was of so peculiar a shape that it seemed to fit every one who tried it. With long usage it had worn as smooth as ivory, and was greasy with frequent contact with miners' clothing. One day an old prospector squatted himself upon this favorite resting-stone, and while getting his wind he carelessly and unconsciously pecked away at the bowlder with his pick. A piece of rock flew off and revealed to him the surprising truth that he was sitting on a rich chunk of quartz. He at once proceeded up the hill and found the ledge, and it was full of gold and brought him much wealth.

We are told that once upon a time a young man left the home of his childhood, bade farewell to his weeping mother, kissed away the tears of his little sweetheart, and went out into the wilds of the West to become a miner. The tradition goes that he at length struck a mining camp, and, being inexperienced, he sighted a veteran for advice as to the best place to dig. Seeing his visitor was a "tenderfoot," dressed in store clothes, the old man, in the kindness of his big heart, answered: "Young man, go up on the hillside, in the shade of yonder green tree, and dig, and fortune will smile." The youth did not "tumble" to the sarcasm of the man of experience, but went forth with joy to the shade of the green tree as directed, dug, and found a fortune in less than an hour. But this is a lie every word of it. I have heard the same old story told as having happened in the lead mines of Wisconsin, in the gold mines of California, Montana, Colorado, the Black Hills, and Nevada, and now I am only waiting to have some fellow spin it to me and locate the scene in Idaho, and forbearance will then and there cease.—*Cor. Omaha Republican.*

IT will only cost $5 to attend the inauguration ball at Washington.

Our Young Folks.

JOHNNY'S NEWS.

JOHNNY, standing four feet two,
In his suit of navy blue,
Aged ten years to a day,
Full of business and of play,

Proudly gravely looks down
On the little downy crown,
And the little upturned face,
Of the young baby, Grace.

"What is a baby good for, now?"
Many questions, with a brow
Puckered up into a frown,
As he stands thus looking down.

"I can do a heap, you know—
Fly a kite and shovel snow;
Spaded up the garden bed
Just this spring, as well as Ned;

"Mother said so; but that's not
Half, nor quarter—there's a lot,
Oh, a lot more I can do;
Base-ball, hooky, cricket, too.

"But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow?
Kept to spell a fellow's play,
And to get in folkses' way?

"Makes a lot of trouble, too;
Such a heap of things to do!
I don't see why folks can't be
Born grown up as big as me!"

Just here baby gurgled out
Such a jolly little shout!
Then began to babble fast,
"Ma, ma, ma, ma," and at last,

Was as sure now as the world
Did the baby lips unpurled,
And commenced to talk sense too,
"Don-ny, Don-ny!" Such a shout

As our Johnny gave at this—!
Then a great big smacking kiss
Fell on baby's cheeks of pink—
"Mother, mother, only think!"

Mother heard him loud exclaim,
"Somehow, baby learned my name!"
Mother, laughing, looked on,
For awhile, neglecting John

Kissed the baby in delight,
While he held her close and tight.
Then she mischievously said,
Glancing at the downy head:

"'But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow?'"
Johnny turned as red as fire,
Then tossed baby up the higher.

While the baby laughed and crowed,
Johnny, though his blushes mowed
Answered, boldness beyond brass, just this:
"Why, she's good to love and kiss!"

—*Norah Perry, in St. Nicholas.*

THE STOLEN PILLS.

A True Story.

SMALL Miss Rachel Winchester was a snapping-eyed Puritan of seven years. She knew the shorter catechism and the longer catechism, and if there had been any middle-sized catechism, like the "middle-sized bear," you know, she would have had that at her tongue's end. She *meant* to be a pretty good girl—only the catechisms had not had time to strike in. Her brother *Niah*, as all called him, did not know even a catechism, and was not a bit ashamed of it. Rachel and Zephaniah lived with their grandfather, a doctor in Albany.

Rachel had a friend, Scotch Margery, with wide-open blue eyes. One day she came to see Rachel, who could not play until she finished her "stint:" five rows of knitting around a sock.

Then they went around to grandfather's office to see him get ready to go away. Being forbidden ever to enter without permission, they sat down on the doorsteps with Zephaniah and looked in.

It was a charming place. A dusty, hollow-eyed skull sat on a shelf, and in the corner was a chest holding—nobody knew what—which was awful, you know. Grandfather was making up powders, getting ready "blue mass," assafœtida and "green and yellow" mixtures for his circuit around the country. Before he put them into his old leather saddle-bags he looked over another wallet that made shivers run up Niah's spine. Here were nippers, pinchers, cutters, clashers, scissors, tooth-pullers and nose-wringers! Remembering a certain poor tooth in his possession, Niah now arose and "melted into the distance," as artists say.

The little girls sat still until grandpa went away. When his big horse, Thunder, had kicked up a cloud of dust and hid his long legs in it, Rachel Winchester, the small Puritan, whose ancestors came over in the "May Flower," she forgot all the good in *both* catechisms and said:

"Margery Campbell, *let us go in!*"

"But your gran'ther said we mustn't."

"That's *just* why I want to. What is the use of always behaving well? Let's *peek around a little bit*—Niah's out of the way."

Margery consented. In they went. First they opened queer little drawers full of cloves, spice, slippery elm and alum. Then they took hold of hands and took a respectful view of the skull.

"What is in the inside of *it* when it is inside of *us?*" whispered Margery.

"Why, nothing! The skin and hair cover its outside and then it is hollow—that is why your head rings when you get your ears boxed," said Rachel.

"Where do our brains be?" asked Margery.

"Oh—why—in our eyes, certainly. As soon as you see something you begin to think—your thinker is your brains, you know. Grandfather explains such things to our family."

"We haven't got any grandfather."

"Oh, well, I knew *this* without mine," said Rachel, arrogantly.

They poked their fingers into everything sweet, sour, sticky or in any way mysterious. They smelt of various poisons and, for a wonder, did not taste. They put their tongues, however, to a laudanum bottle and then sputtered wildly into the air. At last they found a nice clean vial full of pretty white pills. They examined it with delight.

"Now, just let's take the tin cup of water," said the enterprising Rachel, "and swallow first one of these, and then a drink and then a *nuther*, and see which can swallow the most!"

Margery agreed, and at it they went—a pill—a drink—a pill—a drink—a pill—a pill—a pill—until the vial was empty. Now you have often heard that our Puritan forefathers were very thorough—well, so were our little foremothers.

Perhaps if these children had not taken so *many*, I might have had to end my story with a dreadful account of their funerals. As it was, they overdid the matter, and their folly saved them.

Margery had not once winced, but Rachel did not take time to wide, and so came out three pills and a choke ahead of her friend. When all were down they went out and sat down in a vacant lot near the house. It was cool and pleasant under the fence, and they began to tell Indian stories. Suddenly in the middle of one Margery exclaimed:

"Oh! I feel as I did coming from Scotland, when the ship turned over!"

"What ails you?" said Rachel, slowly.

"I guess it's the *weather*—I've been feeling sort of—lonesome in my stummick."

In a minute she knew exactly how Margery felt coming over seas, for her lonesomeness increased and she rapidly lost "stan'."

Margery, growing white and whiter, slid down flat on the grass, then with a groan that seemed to come from her little pegged shoes, became dreadfully sick, and Miss Winchester followed suit.

If they had swallowed the whole contents of the doctor's saddle-bags they could scarcely have suffered more. When it seemed as if they must have thrown up not only the pills, but the coats of their stomachs and their original sin, they got up and staggered along by the fence; but were soon forced to drop down again.

"I'm a-dyin!" said Margery. "And I am afraid—I want my mother."

"Ain't it awful?" groaned Rachel. "I've committed sin lately and I'm scared, too. I broke a china cup and hid it up the chimney."

"Yes, we're both of us wicked as we're sick," moaned Margery. "I made faces at my mother behind the door, when she wouldn't let me take her gold ring."

"Hello down there! What you a-doin'?" cried Zephaniah, his shock head coming over the top rail of the fence, and he seeming to hang there by his chin.

"O Niah, we're goin' to die!" answered Rachel, dismally.

"What for?" he asked, not seeing the least use in it.

"We've killed ourselves," returned Rachel, faintly. She must talk while breath remained, so she gave her brother the facts of the case. His face, during the story, showed disgust at their present wilted condition, mingled with admiration for their daring exploit.

"Phu, Rachel! I wouldn't die—you can't see 'em bile maple sap next year."

"How can we help it?" gasped blue-eyed Margery.

"Oh, I'll stiffen you up!" and Niah suddenly unhooked himself from the top rail and disappeared. They thought he had gone to tell of them, and did not care, for they were so weak and miserable.

Ten minutes later he came stubbing along over the plowed ground toward them with one hand carefully shut over the other. He dumped himself down by their side.

"Now," said he, "we'll take every bit of *this here*, and it'll cure us!"

They felt a little better, and so curious to know what "this here" was that they forgot to ask Niah where he felt unwell. They looked eagerly into his hand and sniffed with their little noses. He, too, had been into mischief; for in his not over-clean paw was all the white sugar it could hold, and into that he had poured at least a gill of paregoric.

"Stick in your fingers and lick 'em off," said Rachel's worthy brother. "It's good."

Grandfather Winchester might not have given this very remedy; but true it was, that before they had "licked" their fingers many times, they were better, able in fact to sit up and walk a little way.

"I shall never sin any more," said Rachel.

"Nor I," said Margery. "It must be dreadful wicked to take pills when you don't need 'em."

"Awful!" said Niah, with a finishing application of his tongue to his small palm. "*Awful*—but we *needed* this paregoric!"

"Do you think," asked Rachel, "we have got to tell grandfather of this?"

"No," said Niah, promptly.

"I shall tell if it is right," said Rachel, firmly. "I ain't going to sin any more."

Margery mused. Then she remarked:

"The pills didn't stay stealed long. We can't give 'em back. I don't feel as if I needed any more punishing to make me sorry."

"That's so," said Rachel. "We've had our own punishing."

They each forgot that Niah had sinned and not suffered; while he was hardened enough not to think of himself at all.

When the afternoon crept out under the shadows of the evening the little Scotch girl went home with a sick headache and was put to bed. Rachel returned "tired out," she said, and meekly crept to her couch two hours earlier than usual. Niah was a notable example of a scamp who escaped correction. He fell asleep over his supper in consequence of the drug, and slept all night the sweet sleep of innocence. Grandpa missed his pills in time, but went to his grave in ignorance of the "manner" of their "taking off."

Rachel and Zephaniah more than once through a long life remembered that day. Scotch Margery grew up and grew old, too; but her eyes were never less blue than when she came from Scotland, and she it was who told this story to her grandchildren, with those same eyes twinkling with fun.

This is all, children, when I have added a *moral* and a bit of advice, which just this once I beg you not to skip.

Moral: Be sure your sin will find you out as it did these little Puritans. Indeed, it nearly turned them wrong-side out.

Advice: Whatever you do—do it thoroughly.—*Annette L. Noble, in Wide-Awake.*

NINETY million dollars is now the official estimate of the cost of the late endeavor to extend British sway in Afghanistan, including therein the cost of the frontier railways, undertaken solely as war necessities. To this must be added the item of the lives lost, and the suffering incurred among the troops and among their families at home. And, after all, this estimate includes only one side. It forgets the lives and treasure lost by the Afghans in defending their homes.

THE Duke of Northumberland intends to introduce the electric light at Alnwick Castle, and if successful it will no doubt be used in other English houses.

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