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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1890.

A GREAT DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

Seldom in the history of the country has there been a more remarkable political upheaval than that which shook the Union last Tuesday. The returns are coming in with unprecedented slowness, but enough is known to make it certain that the country has declared in emphatic tones against Republicanism gone to seed. It is difficult to tell what a plant will be before that final stage of development is reached, for the most noxious thistle in its tender days of growth may wear a really fascinating blossom. The Republicanism of these latter days has been bearing seed, and it is of such a sort that the people do not seem to care to go on with the cultivation of the crop to any further extent. It is known by various names in various places. It is Cannonism in Illinois, Quayism in Pennsylvania, Lodgeism in Massachusetts, McKinleyism or Forakerism in Ohio. On the demoralization of silver it is known as Shermanism in the Buckeye state. But it is like the divine William's rose with all its qualities reversed—call it by what name you will, the American people do not seem to take at all kindly to the odor of the thing. As Reedism it may go for the nonce in Maine, but the rest of the people declare that that benighted state shall not produce any more of the pestiferous stuff to shed its seeds in their political gardens. Pennsylvania has been the natural habitat of this thistle, and there it assumes forms truly frightful. Mathew Stanley Quay has been the boss gardener of that fertile field, and here is what one of his assistants said a few days prior to the election: "We will carry this election for Delamater at all hazards. If we can't carry it on the outside we will do so on the inside."

By "inside" this ardent citizen meant fraud, false counting, repeating, bogus registration, voting and the other methods which have prevailed in Philadelphia since Dave Martin and his ilk have run the Republican machine. The canvass made by the Democratic city committee reveals the methods by which the "inside" work was to be done if the Democrats and independents did not prevent it.

No less than 44,456 illegal names were on the voting list, out of a total of 265,971. Startling figures these! Names of the dead, of persons who have removed, and of those who have not paid the poll tax are there. Talk about corruption in New York city! The metropolis cannot hold a candle to the iniquities perpetrated by the Republican ring on election days. The machinery of registration is, of course, in Republican hands. That is one of the fruits of rank Republicanism, a point on which the people have given their righteous verdict. Delamater was not to be saved by any means, outside or inside.

The next house of representatives will be Democratic by so large a majority that Reed's czarism will be buried out of sight so deep it will never sprout again. There will be no more unseating of properly elected members of the house in order to give the Quay and Cannon type of statesmen a "working" majority. Mr. McKinley will stay at home and have time to figure out how much extra cost his own bill puts on his boots and coat. Fry-the-fat Foster will also remain an ornament to rural retirement and not try his hand at his old occupation.

All along the line the will of the honest citizen has been made operative against the machine schemes of the wily politician, and the great commonwealths of the union have nearly all swung into line, and stand shoulder to shoulder to stamp out Quay's methods in politics, McKinley's scheme of enriching the manufacturing barons at the expense of the people, Cannon's style of elegant debate and convincing logic, Lodge's insolent attempt to interfere with the inalienable rights of sovereign states, and Reed's revolutionary attempts to deprive the minority of its constitutional rights. He will be made to learn that the house is a deliberative body, and he will be given time to deliberate in his own mind on the effect revolutionary attempts to subvert the institutions of the fathers have upon the people.

Fourteen years ago Blaine left his place as speaker and went down into the arena of debate to prevent the passage of just such a bill as that of Cabot Lodge. Intoxicated by the success achieved in carrying the last national election by means of boodle, this measure is revived at this late day, by a crank who sees nothing in the whole nation but the black blotch of the negro vote. Gentlemen of the Quay, Cannon, Reed and Ingalls type, the curtain is rung down on your career. Actum est in the legend the hand of the nation has written over your political grave.

The death of Rev. Elias Birdsall has called out a very general expression of regret, particularly from old-time Los Angeles people. His great worth as a man was best known to these, for the reason that they knew him longer, and

had seen him tried in hard days. However, all the people knew him or knew of him, and all who knew held him in deservedly high esteem.

A POLITICAL HARLOT.

In the case of our own state it must be said that boodle is king. There has not been a time in the history of California when a sack of large dimensions and plethoric distension would not flop her like a flapjack in the hands of a first-class cook. Her political complexion is as changeable as that of a chameleon, and above all she never fails to respond to the color of double eagles, or the silver sheen of daddy dollars. We say this with no lack of appreciation of the sterling worth of the mass of the people. But the proletariat of the slums of the breezy Bay city is so numerous and follows the scent of coin in an election with so much of the same eagerness as a buzzard does the scent of carrion on the plains under an August sun, that the whole state may be swung from side to side like a shuttlecock. It is a disgrace of no ordinary nature that this should be so. But there it is, and there is why California goes Republican in this year of grace. That is the alpha and omega of Tuesday's election.

WHERE will the great land slide stop? It started in New Hampshire, swept the old Bay State, took in Little Rhody on its march, held Connecticut down, swept the Empire State, did not forget the Jerseys, overwhelmed the Keystone State, overlapped on to Maryland, Delaware and the Virginias, embraced the states to the gulf, spread over Ohio and all the valleys of the great lakes and Mississippi, crossed the plains of Nebraska, and even climbed the rock-ribbed mountain heights of Colorado. Republican rottenness lies everywhere, from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, buried beneath the indignation of the people. Only that irredeemably rotten borough, Nevada, and coin-corrupted California escaped. But their turn too will come. The intelligence and honesty of the people will do to bank on. All good men will soon forget their party ties and unite for the common good, the good of their country, and rebuke the money power in politics in California too. Then boodle will no longer be king, despite the slavish disposition of the Barbary coast and Tar flat.

The secretary of the chamber of commerce has done good work for the section in the preparation of a bulletin showing the profits of fruit and vegetable growing in Southern California. These are intended primarily for distribution at the Chicago exhibit, and a number will be issued from time to time.

JOHN JAMES INGALLS has heard something drop out there in Kansas. He may not hereafter regard the purification of politics as such an iridescent dream. Even the stygian pool of Republicanism is likely to be purified of the bitterness of Ingalls's gallish tongue.

MR. BLAINE said at Philadelphia last Saturday that this was a crisis in the career of his party. He also said the defeat of the party at this time meant a death blow to it. Mr. Blaine is a bright man. He was no doubt right. Let us bury the carcass.

BLAINE knew what he was talking about at Philadelphia last week. He knew the keystone of war taxes was slipping from its place. It has slipped and the whole iniquitous system is on the ground, not to be set up again.

FIVE-foot-five Ben's knee-high administration of national affairs has been passed upon by his own state. The little man must be glad of the shadow of grandfather's hat to hide under.

How the Democratic cyclone did sweep over Wisconsin. There are personal rights after all which no tyrannous majority has any right, human or divine, to meddle with, or abridge, much less abrogate.

MINNESOTA FARMERS have got awake at last to the iniquity of paying a tax of 50 per cent. on their plows and spades for the benefit of eastern millionaire manufacturers.

Two to one in the lower house with a score of votes to spare! How is that for a working majority? Did any one hear something drop, Messrs. Quay, Reed et als?

IOWA grangers are tired of feeding that long tariff cow, that browses on the choicest meadows of the west, but is milked in the east.

FOR novices in politics the Farmers' Alliances are doing well.

It is a cold day, and the g. o. p. is left!

AMUSEMENTS.

The Last of the Still Alarm Night.

Tonight The Still Alarm season will close at the Grand. The management announce that by special invitation Governor-elect H. H. Markham and party will occupy a box at the Grand opera house tonight, to witness the far-away performance of The Still Alarm. The house will be handsomely decorated in his honor.

Officials in the prisons frequently have considerable difficulty in securing a faithful photograph of criminals whose pictures are needed for the rogues' gallery, as the subject has occasionally a trick of distorting his features just at the moment of exposure. It has been suggested that by fastening the sitter in a chair in connection with a powerful electric current the difficulty will be overcome. It is thought that any temporary insubordination will be quickly checked by a judicious but sufficient shock.

Mrs. Mary Barrol of Macon, Ga., has been a switch-fender for the past forty years. Come to think of it, there is nothing very remarkable in this after all.—Chicago Mail.

THE FAIR AT ARMORY HALL.

The Management Determined to Maintain Its Successful Reputation.

The days of the chrysanthemum fair are now numbered, but as it draws to a close its popularity appears to be on the increase, for the attendance on each day of the present week has been better than that of its predecessor.

It is expected, however, that tonight will be more successful than any of the previous evenings, as in addition to the many attractions offered by the fair itself, Col. H. H. Markham, accompanied by Brigadier-General Johnson and his staff, has signified his intention to be present.

The distinguished visitors will be met by the reception committee, and Messdames Dr. Elton Williams and W. J. Brown, president and secretary of the fair association, in parlor A at the Armory hall, at 8:30 o'clock. At 9 o'clock an escort of infantry will conduct the party from the parlor to the platform of the hall, and a few brief addresses will be made.

The committee on arrangements, Messdames R. M. Widney, Dr. M. H. Williams, C. D. Howry and E. J. Curson, held a meeting last night in order to arrange the matter, and the result of their labors will be manifested this evening.

Tonight's programme will be under the direction of Mrs. Emily Valentine of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and members of that institution, assisted by Mr. J. Bass Emerick, late of Grace M. E. church choir of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. J. B. Brown of Los Angeles.

Piano solo—Mrs. Emily J. Valentine; vocal solo—Mrs. J. B. Brown, with cornet obligato by W. H. Brown; mandolin duet—Miss A. Werner and Oscar Werner, with piano accompaniment; vocal solo—J. Bass Emerick; violin solo—Chas. A. Valentine; piano quartette—Misses Clark, Stiles, Deffenbacher and Knighton; patriotic musical selection—A grand orchestra.

The following letter, which is self-explanatory, was received from Mayor E. B. Pond, a few days ago, by the lady to whom it is addressed:

To Mrs. W. J. Brown, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Second Annual Chrysanthemum Fair.

MY DEAR MADAM—Please accept my cordial thanks for your kind invitation to attend your Second Annual Fair, on some evening during the first week in November next. As that will be a somewhat eventful week, it may not be in my power to accept, but rest assured that if I can possibly arrange it, I shall be only too happy to revisit your beautiful city, where I have made so many friends, and from which I have so recently brought away such pleasing recollections.

The love of women for flowers is proverbial, and in refined communities like yours, their influence upon the coarse fibre of men in cultivating, by such displays as yours, a taste for the beautiful, is apparent, and is becoming more marked every year. I have long learned to gauge the refinement of people by their respect for woman and their taste for flowers.

Your very title, my dear madame, "chairman of the executive committee," is significant of the immense advance made by your sex in organizing and sustaining institutions for the welfare and improvement of the people.

Fifty years ago there was no need for the feminine "chairman" or "committeeman" in our language. The activity of women in our days in the promotion of all good works, renders the coinage of such a word a necessity.

Wishing you an enjoyable gathering and abundant success, I am, very truly yours, E. B. POND.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Henry Ward Beecher's Instructions to His Son.

The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared on good authority never to have been published. It is reminiscent of the worldly good sense of the advice given to Laertes by Polonius, but it is also permeated by the leaven of christian experience. The precepts in it are those which, if followed, would produce a good man as well as a gentleman.

ENGLAND, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1878.—My Dear Herbert: You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house and from all family connection, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found so damaging.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises can not afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible to a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

7. The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient.

8. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strive to make money suddenly, largely and without working for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

9. In regard to Mr. B—, he is a southern gentleman; he is receiving you as a favor to me; do not let him regret it.

10. I beseech you to correct one fault—severe speech of others; never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding and severe speech of absent people is not honorable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself and is wicked.

11. You must remember that you go to Mr. B—not to learn to manage a farm like his. One or two hundred acres, not 40,000, are yours to your future homestead; but you can learn the care of cattle, sheep, the culture of wheat, the climate,

the country, manners and customs, and a hundred things that will be useful.

12. If by integrity, industry and well earned success you deserve well of your fellow citizens, they may, in years to come, ask you to accept honors. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young—wait, but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honor in halls of legislation. Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of church privileges, you need all the nerve to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Bones of Mirabeau.

A couple of years ago there was a great quest for the bones of Mozart. Now it is for the bones of Mirabeau. The playground of a boys' school near the Boulevard Saint Marcel has been torn up, and an amazing number of bones and skeletons have certainly been discovered, but no one can say which of them are the remains of the great hero of the Revolution. The skeleton, wherever it is, has had strange experiences. Mirabeau died in 1791, and on the 4th of April his body was conveyed with extraordinary pomp to the Pantheon. His was the first interment in the great temple that was to hold the ashes of the noblest Frenchmen.

A couple of years afterward papers were discovered that proved the people's idol had received considerable sums of money from Louis XVI. So it was decided to cancel the public burial, and, in fact, to remove the bones. This was in effect done, but they should be buried somewhere. The leaden coffin was carried off to the cemetery of Saint Marcel, a grave yard used for the interment of criminals. And now when the bones are wanted they cannot be identified. No leaden coffin can be discovered, and the authorities are uncertain whether to select a skeleton and do it vicarious homage or let matters revert to their old condition.—Fall Mall Gazette.



Mrs. Geo. P. Smoot, a highly cultivated and estimable lady of Prescott, Ark., writes under date of April 22, 1890: "During the summer of 1887 my eyes became inflamed, and my stomach and liver hopelessly disordered. Nothing I ate agreed with me. I took chronic diarrhea, and for some time my life was despaired of by my family. The leading physicians of the country were consulted, but the medicines administered by them never did me any permanent good, and I lingered between life and death, the latter being preferable to the agonies I was enduring. In May, 1888, I became disgusted with physicians and their medicines. I dropped them all and depended solely on Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), a few bottles of which made me permanently well—well from then until now."

It Builds up Old People.

My mother who is a very old lady, was physically broken down. The use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has entirely restored her to health.

R. B. DILWORTH, Greenville, S. C. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

5 CENT DEPOSIT STAMPS.

A New Feature in Savings Bank Deposits.

The Security Savings Bank & Trust Co.

At 148 South Main street, has for the past six months been receiving Children's Deposits in sums as low as 25 cents and issuing to each depositor a pass book.

As an aid to this department of our Savings Bank and for the purpose of encouraging small savings by all persons both old and young, we have decided to introduce what is known as the

5-CENT DEPOSIT STAMP.

We will issue a 5-cent Stamp, about the size of a U. S. Government stamp, bearing the name of our Bank.

To the purchaser of two of these stamps will be given a blank book containing ten leaves, each leaf ruled for twenty stamps.

On presentation to the Bank of one of these leaves with 20 stamps, a pass book will be issued to the depositor showing a deposit of one dollar, which will at once begin to bear interest according to the rates of the bank. Every time a leaf filled with twenty stamps is presented, a dollar credit will be entered in the pass-book, and so on.

In order to facilitate the working of the system and in order to enable all desiring to avail themselves of its benefits, to secure the stamps and blank books we will have agents in various and convenient parts of the city and county, who on the purchase of two or more stamps, will give to such depositors a blank book. The depositor, when he has purchased twenty stamps and filled one leaf, can send or bring the same to the Bank and secure his pass-book.

This 5-cent feature of Savings Deposits has been successfully operated in many of the European and several of the prosperous and progressive American Savings Banks; notably the Citizens Savings Bank in Detroit.

Believing that it is the province of a Savings Bank to receive and encourage the making of small deposits by both children and grown people as well as to receive the larger accounts of the more well to do, we have decided to adopt this 5-cent Stamp system as the simplest and most effective way of obtaining the end desired.

We are pleased to announce to the public that in a short time we will publish in the daily papers a complete list of our agents of whom these 5-cent Stamps and blank books can be obtained.

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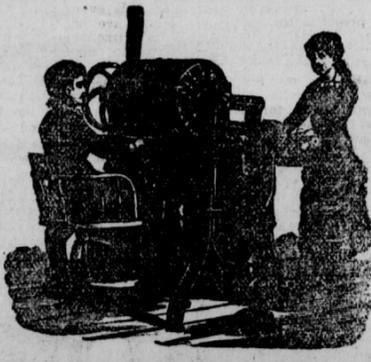
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