THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS

Senator Jones on Free Coinage in 1890.

Extracts from a Celebrated Speech in the Senate.

The Allegory of the Clocks as Explained by the Senator—Points Made by Him Upon the Great Question.

In May, 1890, United States Senator John P. Jones delivered a speech on the free coinage of silver in the United States senate, which was celebrated at the time. In view of the present general discussion of the question the following excerpts will be read with interest:

"The battle of the standards. The allegory of the clocks."

In an ancient village there once stood a gold clock, which, ever since the invention of clocks, had been the measure of time for the people of that village. They were proud of its beauty, its workmanship, its musical stroke, and the unfailing regularity with which it heralded the passing hours. This clock had been endeared to all the inhabitants of the village by the hallowed associations with which it was identified. Generation after generation it had called the children from far and wide to attend the village school; its first morning peal had set the honest villagers to labor; its noonday notes had called them to refreshment; its welcoming evening chime had summoned them to rest. From time immemorial, on all festive occasions, it had rung out its merry tones to assemble the young people on the green; and on the Sabbath it had advertised to all the countryside the hour of worship in the village church. So perfect was its mechanism that it never needed repair. So proud were the people of this wonderful clock that it became the standard for all the country round-about, and the time which it kept came to be known as the gold standard of time, which was universally admitted to be correct and unchanging.

In the course of time there wandered that way a queer character, a clockmaker, who, being fully instructed in the inner workings of time-tellers, and not having inherited the traditions of that village did not regard this clock with the veneration accorded to it by the natives. To their astonishment he denied that there was really any such thing as a gold standard of time; and in order to prove that the material, gold, did not monopolize all the qualities characteristic of clocks, he placed alongside the gold clock another clock, of silver, and set both clocks at 12, noon. For a long time the clocks ran along in almost perfect accord, their only disagreement being that of an occasional second or two, and even that disagreement only at rare intervals, such as might naturally occur with the best of clocks. But the council of the village, in their admiration for the gold clock, passed an ordinance requiring that all the weights (the motive power) of the silver clock, except one, be removed from it and attached to those of the gold clock. Instantly the clocks began to fall apart, and one day, as the sun was passing the meridian, the hands of the gold clock were seen to indicate the hour of 1, while those of the silver clock indicated 12:15. At this everybody in the village ridiculed the silver clock, derided the silver standard, and hurled epithets at the individual who had the temerity to doubt the infallibility of the gold standard.

Finally the divergence between the clocks went so far that it was noon by the gold standard when it was only 6 a. m. by the silver standard, so that those who were guided by the gold standard, notwithstanding that it was yet the gray of the morning, insisted on eating their mid-day meal, because the gold standard indicted that it must be noon. And when the sun was high in the heavens, and its light was shining warm and refulgent on the dusty streets of the village, those who observed the gold standard had already eaten supper and were preparing for bed.

But this state of things could not last. It was clear that the difference between the standards must be reconciled, or all industry would be disarranged and the village ruined.

Discussion was rife among the villagers as to the cause of the difference. Some said the silver clock had lost time; others that both clocks had lost time, but the silver clock more than the gold; while others again asserted that both clocks had gained time, but the gold clock had gained more than the silver clock.

While this discussion was at its height a philosopher came along, and, observing the excitement on the subject, remarked: "By measuring two things, one against the other, you can never arrive at any determination as to which has changed. Instead of disputing as to whether one clock has lost or another gained, would it not be well to consult the sun and the stars and ascertain exactly what has happened."

Some demurred to this, because, as they asserted, the gold standard was unchanging and was always right, no matter how much it might seem to be wrong; others agreed that the philosopher's advice should be taken. Upon consulting the sun and the stars it was discovered that what had heppened was that both clocks had gained in time, but that the gain of the silver clock had been very slight, while that of the gold clock had been so great as to disturb all industry and destroy all correct sense of time.

Notwithstanding this demonstration, there were many who adhered to the belief that the gold standard was correct and unchanging, and insisted that what appeared to be its aberrations were not in reality due to any fault of the gold clock, but to some convulsion of nature by which the solar system had been disarranged and the planets made to move irregularly in their orbits.

Some people also remembered having heard at the village inn, from travelers returning from the east, that silver clocks were the standard of time in India and other barbarous countries, while in countries of a more advanced civilization gold clocks were the standard. They therefore feared that the use of the silver clock might have the effect of degrading the civilization of the village by placing it alongside India and other barbarous countries. And although the great mass of the people really believed, from the demonstration made, that the silver standard of time was the better one, yet this objection was so momentous that they were puzzled what course to pursue, and at last advices were consulting the manufacturers of gold clocks as to what was best to be done.

The creditors tell us that all they want is "good money." They and their friends glibly insist that all obligations must be paid in "the best money." This is the delicate and plausible euphemism resorted to in order to gloss over and, if possible, hide from the world the odious and repulsive fact that what the creditors always want is the dearest money—the money that costs the people the most sweat and toil to obtain and which, as time passes, grows dearer and dearer.

These interested parties affect to believe that gold is, by nature, the only money metal(ignoring the fact that until silver was displaced by hostile legislation it was, and for four thousand years had been, the principal money metal of the world. . . .

According to all fair canons of construction the best money should be and is a money of unchanging value, a money that he bargained for, and which is all that the creditor is equitably entitled to receive. . . .

But, Mr. President, while they cannot change the figures of the debt, they are enabled, by a crafty manipulation of the money volume, to do that which, to the debtor, means the same thing, as the following story will illustrate:

A usurer of the coarser type had lent $10,000 on a neighboring farm, for which amount he took the farmer's note, secured by a mortgage on the property. He coveted the farm, and in his anxiety to secure it took his banker into his confidence. He informed the banker that he wanted to get possession of this farm, but it would bring $15,000 under the hammer, and he did not care to pay so much for it. "I have a subtle chemical," said he, "by which I can obliterate from the note and mortgage all trace of the rightful amount ($10,000), and that done I can insert $15,000. Then, with the genuine signatures on the note and mortgage I can bring suit, and as the farm will not bring more than the face of the note, I shall succeed to the property."

"His friend, the banker, however, advised against the course, which he characterized as dishonest, but vulgar, and as subjecting the perpetrator of the act to serious penalties. "Honesty," said the banker, 'is the best policy. But," he continued, "I can suggest a plan by which you may accomplish the same end without running counter to law or the views of society. Why not join our propaganda in advocacy of honest money. Gold is decreasing in quantity, and as the world has been ransacked for it in vain, it is likely to continue decreasing. If we can strike down the twin metal, silver, and devolve the entire money function on gold, it will double the purchasing power of money. Then the foreclosure of your mortgage will be sure to take your neighbor's farm, and probably leave him in your debt besides. Instead of being punished for this, you will receive plaudits of the 'best society' for the finesse you have displayed and the firm stand you have taken in favor of honest money, and you will sake high rank among the 'wisest and most conservative of our financiers.' If your neighbor makes any objection to your action, you may be able to secure his incarceration as a lunatic; but if not, he will come to be regarded in the community as a dishonest 'crank' who wishes to pay his debts in a depreciated money; for it is the constant and assiduous care of our guild to teach that only the dearest money, that which is the most difficult for the laborer, the farmer and the mechanic to get is honest money, and the dearer it is the more honest it is."

STILL EQUALIZING.

A Mild Meeting of the City Board Yesterday.

The board of equalization confined its meeting to a morning session yesterday. There was but little business transacted.

Mrs. E. J. Sanborn presented a petition asking a reduction of the assessment on lot 7, block B, of the Moran tract. She wanted a reduction from $780 to $650 on land value and a reduction from $1500 to $1200 on improvements. The petition for reduction on the lot was granted, the other rejected.

The citation of Harris Newmark was dismissed, as were also those of K. Cohn & Co. and Mrs. C. Thompson.

The petition of Bonfilio & McGaughey, asking a correction of the figures in their assessment from $2500 to $1500 on machinery was granted.

A. Hellman appeared before the board and asked a reconsideration of the rate by which the board ordered that he be assessed $30,000 several days ago. On motion of Mr. Munson the rate was reconsidered. Mr. Hellman was sworn, examined and heard. A motion by Mr. Pessel was adopted that Mr. Hellman's assessment be raised to $8800.

The board adjourned until tomorrow at 10 o'clock.

How Is This?

Something unique even in these days of mammoth premium offers, is the latest efforts of Stafford's Magazine, a New York monthly of home and general reading.

The proposition is to send the Magazine one year for one dollar, the regular subscription price, and in addition to send each subscriber fifty-two complete novels during the twelve months, one each week.

Think of it. You receive a new and complete novel, by mail, post paid, every week for 52 weeks and in addition you get the Magazine once a month, for twelve months all for one dollar. It is an offer which the publishers can only afford to make in the confident expectation of getting a hundred thousand new subscribers. Among the authors in the coming series are Wilkie Collins, Walter Bessant, Mrs. Oliphant, Mary Cecil Hay, Florence Marryat, Anthony Trollope, A. Conan Doyle, Miss Braddon, Captain Marryat, Miss Thackery and Jules Verne. If you wish to take advantage of this unusual opportunity send one dollar for Stafford's Magazine, one year. Your first copy of the Magazine and your first number of the fifty-two novels (one each week) which you are to receive during the year will be sent you by return mail. Remit by P. O. order, registered letter or express. Address H. STAFFORD, Publisher
Stafford's Magazine.
P. O. Box 2264,
New York, N. Y.
Please mention this paper.

The Galen Institute,

Office, 305½ South Spring street, Los Angeles. From their experience in the hospitals of Europe and America, their knowledge of the rapid advancements that have been made in diagnosing and treating diseases in the last few years, can tell the probability of a cure in all cases of chronic diseases. They make every case a special study, and will not take any case unless there is a moral certainty of making a complete cure. They will guarantee a complete cure in every case they take for treatment. Services free of charge.

Poison Oak—Hall's Cream Salve will give immediate relief and cure in 24 hours. 25 and 50c. Off & Vaughan's drug store, Fourth and Spring sts.

A CYCLING TRIP TO SAN DIEGO.

Pleasant Experience of Three Los Angeles Boys.

A Running Account of the Long Journey.

Description of the Surrounding Country. Down Grade and Up—Frightened Mules—Pretty Scenery. Under a Haystack.

The use of the bicycle has so far advanced that the owner of a good wheel is comparatively independent of most means of locomotion, outside of boats. A wheel enthusiast likes nothing better than to don his "sweater" and other paraphernalia of the cyclist, mount his silent steed and spin away to explore the country. To bowl along over smooth roads, amid orchards and meadows and green fields, breathing the fresh, pure air, now in the shadow, now in the sunshine, coasting down this grade or pulling leisurely up that, always moving onward to new sights and scenes; these are the joys of the cyclist.

With such pleasant fancies as these meandering through our gray matter we left Los Angeles one cool, foggy morning, a trio of as light-hearted and sanguine wheelmen as ever scorned a "header." We were San Diego bound, and our motto, translated into English, was something like this: "San Diego or bust." We rode up to Pomona leisurely and stopped for dinner with genial Dr. Howeth of the Weston hotel, who fed us so well that Kitts found it hard to leave the place.

From Pomona, where Dorn took a most beautiful header into a ditch, we started for South Riverside via Chino and Rincon. Between Rincon and South Riverside we enjoyed the pleasant novelty of being blown up a 5 per cent grade by the gentle zephyrs from the Santa Ana cañon, which struck us square in the back and helped us on our weary way in good style.

We reached South Riverside at 4 p. m., and after enjoying the courtesies of Messrs. Joy and Jameson of the land and water company for an hour or so, pushed on toward Elsinore, 22 miles further, through Temescal pass. Such a distance, to a cyclist, is a mere bagatelle. Spinning along we soon reached Temescal, 12 miles out of Elsinore. After supping sumptuously on corned beef and soda crackers, we rode gaily on, but soon rode gaily off—dismounted, in fact. I regret exceedingly to be obliged to add that we remained in that lamentable condition most of the way to Lucerne, two miles from Elsinore. If you care to know the reason I can say it in one word, but it means volumes—sand. It is doubtful whether the sulphurous blue clouds have dispersed from that desert yet.

We got to Elsinore, anyway, about three hours behind schedule time. The town is very prettily situated on Lake Elsinore, a sheet of water about six miles long and two miles wide. The place is something of a health resort, having warm springs of sulphur and mineral waters, whose medical properties are such that many invalids annually visit Elsinore for the benefit of the baths, there being two bath houses for the purpose. Not being invalids, we had no time for medical baths, but having by this time accumulated the appetite of the proverbial ostrich, we, after a night's sleep, ate everything the hotel had on hand for breakfast and departed for Temecula.

Our route lay along smooth, hard roads through the pretty towns of Wildomar and Murrieta, surrounded by extensive grainfields, where threshers and hay balers were hard at work cleaning up the crop. At Temecula we devoured the usual extensive meal, and set out again toward our destination, and were soon pushing our wheels up the Veycitas pass. Reaching the summit we got aboard our wagons and slid down the grade. Did I say "slid?" We fairly flew at times. The mountains here are more extensively supplied with rocks and boulders than any I have ever before seen. They crop out like warts on the hand of a backwoods boy, and stand like giants on the ridges and summits.

We were soon at McComber's ranch, on the San Luis Rey river. Here we met a brother wheelmen returning home to Temecula from Oceanside. He assured us we would have to wade the river, and advised us to go to Oceanside via San Luis Rey mission. When we reached the river, where our whilom acquaintance had spent a half hour taking off and putting on his shoes, we found it not over 40 feet wide, and only six inches deep at best. We rode through it, as we had every other stream on the way. We pushed on as rapidly as possible, hoping to make Escondido, our objective point for the day, by nightfall. By the advise of a misguided and eccentric individual who keeps the postoffice at Bernards we turned into the Little Moosa cañon instead of going to the Big Moosa, as we had been directed to do. The riding was very nice here until we struck a stretch of the most beautiful sand I ever looked upon. It was lovely sand. I wish they had it here in Los Angeles all piled up to make mortar. It certainly was exquisite, from a sandy point of view.

By this time it was growing dark, and we were tired and hungry, as a matter of course. We inquired of some agricultural gentlemen coming along in a wagon how much there might be of that road. Said they, in all seriousness, "Eight miles." Said we, "Gee whiz!" As the road was knee deep in willows we had no means of knowing that the agricultural gentlemen's statements were highly facetious, but we next morning discovered that we were not over 300 yards from the grade out of the cañon.

Fortunately we found a farm house a few rods ahead, and having stated our case to the head of the house, a genial man whose name is Kincaid, we were allowed to stay over night. Mrs. K. got us some supper, and after smoking a pipe of our Yale mixture with our host (except Dorn, he don't smoke), we helped to make up our bed, which was a mattress laid in the lee of a haystack under the friendly shelter of a load of the same commodity.

Next morning by 6 o'clock we had breakfast, and were climbing out of the cañon and soon were rolling smoothly along on the 11 mile run to Escondido, under the friendly shade of live oaks and sycamores. Our ride to Escondido was without incident. There are many little ranches tucked away in those mountain cañons, but extensive farming territory, such as we see around Los Angles, seems to be rich. We soon rode into Escondido, which is by far the cleanest and brightest town we saw after leaving Pomona. Situated in a broad, open valley and surrounded by healthy looking farms, it looks as prosperous and solid as it probably is.

From Escondido to San Diego is only 35 miles, so we pushed on directly, only stopping to eat a watermelon at Merton postoffice. A few miles beyond Merton we struck the Poway grade, and pushing our wheels began the long, hot ascent. The grade is about 1½ miles long and is a steady rise from bottom to top. On reaching the summit we were rewarded by a cool breeze and a sight of the blue Pacific in the dim perspective. We felt like Balboa discovering the oyster, but choking down all such feelings, mounted and sped away downward toward the mesa. Being the most reckless of riders on a grade, I got a mile or so ahead of the boys in no time. Near the foot I dismounted to let a couple of teams pass, one of which, composed of mules attached to a buck-board, was rather shy of me, but passed all right. When the boys came up to me lying under some trees a few minutes later, they told me that those self-same mules had become scared at them, although they dismounted and went out of the road, and had spilled out the driver and his wife and tore off up the cañon, scattering groceries and dry goods in their wake. The boys got called hard names, but did not feel themselves to blame as they had courteously complied with a request to go further from the road. That was the only very exciting incident the trip contained and I didn't see it.

Riding steadily on over the 20 miles of mesa between the mountains and San Diego we at last reached Mission valley. Crossing by the county farm, we ascended a winding grade, and were soon coasting down the track of the defunct cable road into town, where we arrived at 2:30.

After being two and a half days on the road, and 28 hours in the saddle, we felt like resting, and so during our four days' stay in San Diego we lived in royal ease. Our trip was a memorable event, and we shall always look back to it with pleasure.

D. P. HARRISON.

POINTERS FROM THE BAY.

A Gossipy Letter from Tammany Full of Local Interest.

Special correspondence to the HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Superintendent of the Mint Daggett is making his appointments, so far they are mostly from the country, and if Mr. Daggett is quoted correctly, they will continue to be until the places are all filled. It is currently reported in political circles that the head of the mint desires to don the senatorial ermine two years hence, and in furtherance of this object he is giving the hold-over senators the privilege of naming some of the best places in the mint.

Senators Ames and Mitchell have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure places for themselves, while Senator Dunn is reported as having named a man for a place, all of which tends to show that the rumor of Mr. Daggett's ambition is not without foundation.

The calling of a special session of the legislature will be hailed with delight by the members of that body residing in this city who, since the adjournment last March, have not been doing as well as they had hoped. The majority of them had based their hopes of reward on their fidelity to Senator White, but with the exception of Assemblyman Hurley who received the appointment of night watchman at the custom house at a salary of $70 per month, they are doomed to disappointment. The majority of the San Francisco delegation to the last legislature may be seen any day on Montgomery street near California, where they congregate to discuss politics and relate to each other their tale of woe.

Among the well-known Los Angelefios here this week are Marshal Gard and his charming daughter. They seemed to be in full sympathy with Roger La Honte, as viewed from a loge at Stockwell's a few evenings since.

Judge Clark seemed to take pleasure in viewing the feminine beauty as seen on Market street any pleasant evening.

Assistant Postmaster Lewis, who is going to chase a rainbow in his desire to win the Republican nomination for county assessor against the invincible Theo Summerland, was taking in the sights of Kearney street a few days since in company with Judge Fitzgerald.

Dick Culver, who wrote such vivid letters to the HERALD describing the modus operandi of the Keeley cure as practiced at Riverside, is furnishing the Oakland public with lively reading matter through the medium of the Tribune.

Robert Dominguez, a former resident of Los Angeles, but lately connected with one of the Pacific Mail steamers as freight clerk, has departed for New York in company with Dick Belau, the author of Elwood Bruner's troubles.

TAMMANY.

RULES FOR HOSPITALS.

A Meeting of Southern California Doctors in That Connection.

A meeting of physicians was held yesterday in the Nadeau for the purpose of formulating rules and regulations governing all county hospitals in Southern California. The rules will be submitted to the supervisors of the various counties for their adoption.

The necessity of such an ordinance covering hospitals and poor farms has long been felt, and those who were present at the meeting declare that something must be done to keep out the professional quacks and others who make a business of traveling from hospital to hospital, imposing upon its inmates and the use of the public funds.

The object of the meeting was for the purpose of securing uniformity in the rules and methods of conducting these public institutions.

Dr. Henry E. Way of Riverside county, Dr. T. E. Taggart of Kern county and Dr. M. Hagan of this city were appointed as a committee to formulate the rules referred to.

The prime mover of the matter was Dr. D. Gochenauer, county physician of San Diego county. The doctor was seen yesterday and he expressed the belief that immediate action should be taken in the matter and hoped all supervisors to whom the rules may be submitted will adopt them.

Seventy-five Convulsions.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.—There is no one but at some period in life has an experience that stands out prominently beyond all others. Such is the case of John B. Collins, of Bonnie, Mich., who says: "From September to January, before using Nervine, I had at least seventy-five convulsions. After three months' use I have no more attacks." Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine also cures nervous prostration, headache, poor memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, etc., and builds up the body. Mrs. J. E. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., and J. R. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds of flesh by taking it. Sold by C. H. Hance, 177 North Spring street, on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, free.

Paper Hangers,

You can buy at cost at Eckstrom & Strasburg's closing out sale.

LETTER BAG.

The Story of Two Panics.

EDITORS HERALD: As the bank run of a few days' duration in June last has passed into history and the lunacy subsided so far as Los Angeles is concerned, no harm can come from comment. That the insane raid on the banks during those memorable three days was wholly inexcusable and a species of lunacy which attacks people at periods when least anticipated, as rabies does dogs, is generally conceded. A repetition of the experience is not desired in this community, but the contagion seems to strike nearly every active town throughout the country much the same as it did Los Angeles, and like smallpox, yellow fever or cholera, runs its course whenever it breaks out. Human beings get panic stricken and stampede at slight provocation like cattle, and are equally as irrational.

The unseemly demonstration of a few weeks ago calls vividly to mind a scene which transpired on the plains in what is now Montana, then Washington territory, in 1862. The two occurrences have a relative resemblance.

A large caravan of emigrants was making its way over the plains in the year named, and the motive power was the patient, primitive ox.

At night, when camp was formed, the long line of wagons was formed into a huge oblong corral, the wagons placed as closely together as possible, the forward end inward. This for safety in case of attack from hostile Indians; and in dangerous regions the cattle were driven into this enclosure after feeding and closely guarded after night. One bright, beautiful morning in June a scene and a tragedy took place at one of these camps which beggars description and will ever be remembered by the witnesses. The camp commenced to stir at an early hour preparatory to driving the cattle out to feed, when a few of them became excited from some unknown cause and a scene of fury followed. One ox jumped up suddenly and snorted, and then another and another; tails went into the air, and the whole band, numbering about 200, began to surge and crack their horns together, and pandemonium commenced. A rush was made for a narrow opening where a wagon had been removed and a stampede, a new thing to the members of that company, was in full swing. A young lady, about 18 years old, was sitting on the tongue of the wagon which had been run out, combing her hair. She was caught by the maddened brutes and literally trampled into a mass of fine bones and muddy paste, and the wagon and contents completely stove into nothing. When the mad rush passed a portion of this muddy mass, a few moments before a living human being, was gathered up and given a decent burial, with every available form and Christian ceremony. The mad cattle ran as only such animals can, until thoroughly exhausted, and fell one by one along the road, 12 or 15 miles, until the last old bull tumbled over, winded and panting, and the stampede had ended. These animals had patiently toiled and tugged through deep and scalding sand, under a pitiless sun, a distance of more than 1000 miles, with scant feed and water; were foot sore, worn and ready to wander away and die, as many did, yet became terrified at nothing and stampeded in a panic, performing just about as human cattle do under like circumstances. It took several days to get the cattle together and be ready to move forward again, men, women and children used up, worn out and heart sick, and they did not fully recover from the wild excitement for the rest of the journey.

If it be true, as advocates of evolution contend, that the human family started from the lower order of animals and have but evoluted along up to such a degree of perfection and intelligence as each may enjoy, there is abundance evidence to show the unreasoning animal very largely predominates, and man may be but a little higher bred animal after all; liable to get panic-stricken and stamped like a band of mad steers, with as little cause, and trample into the dirt everything before them, and paralize everything, whether it be a peaceful emigrant train or a run on the banks and wrecking the business of an otherwise civilized community.

R. H. HEWITT.

A Word to the Busy Women.

In a paper on Vocations a woman suggestively says: "The fashionable sin of today among women, whatever it may be, is not idleness. To a student from Norton or South Hadley, Wellesley or Smith, idleness is simply an impossibility. If years of thorough methodical, intellectual training have not formed habits and tastes for work, they have resulted in nothing.

"The lazy woman in a wrapper, yawning half a day over a novel, may still exist in stories. Out of them she is not often found. The reality and contrast is a trimly dressed, quick stepping little lady, calling early at the butcher's and grocer's, considering the economies of beefsteak and strawberries, preparing the custard and salad dressing, encouraging Bridget to be neat and skillful by precept and example—and this only as a beginning to the busy day which she sets for herself."

It is due to the woman of today that her all-round capability should be mentioned. There was a time when, if she were a good housekeeper, she was nothing else, or if she pinned her laurels to charitable work her family was slighted. The end of the century woman is skilled in many things and expert in at least one.

The writer of the paper goes on to sound a note of warning against women becoming "busy, bustling, anxious, creatures, whose lives are marred if not wasted by a sort of overproductiveness. They," she says, "should read the lesson of the lotus tree. They should even stand beside the peaceful-eyed cow, and mark how she chews the cud of gentle reflections," and so on.

In many ways the hint of reaction is obvious in the magnificent spurt woman has taken. She is willing to listen, in the gospel of progress to which she hearkens diligently, to an occasional sermon on the text, Make Haste Slowly."
—New York Times.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by C. F. Heinzeman, druggist and chemist, 222 N. Main street.

Our Home Brew.

Maier & Zobelein's lager, fresh from the brewery, on draught in all the principal saloons, delivered promptly in bottles or kegs. Office and brewery, 444 Alisso street. Telephone 241.

USE GERMAN FAMILY SOAP.

THE MAMMOTM MINE.

A New Process of Amalgamation—The Prospects.

When the recent shut-down of the Mammoth was made it was by many attributed to the cave-in, remarks the Tucson Citizen of last Saturday, which was supposed to have increased expenses in handling.

Such was not the case. The shut-down was intended some time ahead, and was made for the purpose of reorganization. One of the objects of the new organization is enlargement, to include the Collins group of mines, owned by R. N. Fletcher, the original possessor of the Mammoth.

A series of experiments has been made at the mine since the shut-down, by a new amalgamating processes, the Clark & Raber's. This was more than successful. The ore was worked by five stamps of the mill, and some of it was more rebellious than the average ore of the Mammoth. Nevertheless the gold was extracted, leaving a very small per centum. The figures are of course withheld. What the real returns of the Mammoth have been for years have probably been known to few beside the superintendent, assistant and stockholders.

The Clark & Raber process has been found likewise highly satisfactory on the tailings. These will be worked, and, in the total to immense profit. The amount of tailings piled up these is immense. They have been saved for the last four or five years, and counting 100 tons a day for that period would well demonstrate how great an amount a few dollars a ton would result in.

Something of the value of the new process may be judged from the fact that Superintendent Johnston resigned to take charge of the Clark & Raber concern.

Harry Barnhart, former assistant superintendent succeeds Capt. Johnston. Mr. Barnhart is quoted as expressing the opinion that the Mammoth is one of the greatest gold mines in the world. Certainly nothing like its limits have been found. The late cave-in, as is well known, developed a large new body of ore.

The Collins group, which will probably be included in the new management, has ore bodies of precisely the same nature of the Mammoth.

When the new management gets under way, the Mammoth will be worked on a much larger scale that at present. One hundred to 150 stamps will be put in. The mill may be on a new site.

Either water will be brought to the present site from the river or a railroad threee miles long will be built to the river.

The last expert reported in favor of the railroad. The company have an excellent mill site located at the river.

As the company is part American and part English, arrangements can be made but slowly. Therefore it will be some time defore the mill is again pounding out the gold at Mammoth.

A HAMMOCK STORY.

Don Ezekiel Passed a Night in Unpleasant Company.

Every traveler in India has a right to take shelter under the roof of the public Dak Bungalows. In Central America the cabildos (city hall) have rooms set apart for wayfarers. But in Yucatan, whose people are among the most hospitable on the face of the earth, villages, towns and cities are provided with a building called royal house (casa real). Each one is in charge of two Indians, bound to give their gratuitous service for a certain number of days. Persons seeking shelter in the house can, for a trifling consideration, engage the services of these men to procure food and fodder if needed. One may be provided with a steed and carry a well-filled purse, yet find himself obliged to take shelter in the casa real if there is no inn and he has no acquaintances, especially if the night be far advanced.

This is just what happened to Don Ezekiel H——, an over fastidious gentleman on whom a horrid trick was played. A physician of renown, he had been called some distance from the capital to attend a patient, and, the case being a grave one, was unable to start homeward until late. He was but half way home when he arrived at a village long past midnight. His horse being weary and he himself exhausted, he alighted at the thatched building which served as casa real. Not that he relished the idea, for he was fussy about his surroundings and knew well enough that the Indians did not even make a pretense of evicting vermin from the public shelter.

Many sportive insects abounded there, as if to compensate for the entire lack of all furniture. Each comer is expected to bring his hammock. Don E. had several at home, but none with him. However, he noticed that two hung in the room and that one was empty. The men said it belonged to them. He offered a very liberal sum for the use of it, but loan their hammock they would not.

In the other one lay a man who did not move or speak. The Indians pointed to him and said that the hammock was very wide and they saw no reason why the new comer should not rest by the side of the man who was sleeping so soundly.

The only light was the feeble glimmer afforded by a wick burning in a cup of oil on the floor in one corner of the room. The tired doctor could see only the outline of the sleeper, but having to choose between the hammock and a rather objectionable floor, he decided in favor of the former and was soon asleep. Voices aroused him. In the gray light of early dawn he perceived two men at the door. One was saying:

"We have come for the dead man."

Don E. jumped to his feet echoing the words "Dead man?"

"There he is," retorted the Indians, pointing to the man in the hammock. The indignant don was simply furious. The keepers grinned with delight at his anger. One of them said:

"He died yesterday afternoon. We could not turn him out of his own hammock, and he has not hurt you, for you slept well."

This traveler's tale is a perfectly true one. The doctor himself told us of the occurrence, and added: "If the man had died of smallpox those wretches would have played me the same trick, for there is nothing that an Indian will not do to a white man!"

World's Fair Columbian Edition Illustrated Herald.

This beautiful publication printed on the finest book paper, is now on sale by all the news dealers and at the HERALD business office. It contains 48 pages of information about Southern California and over 50 illustrations. As a publication to send to eastern friends it has never been equalled. Price 15 cents in wrappers.

250 envelopes, 50c; ½ rm writing paper, 25c. Langstadter, 214 W. Second, Hollenbeck hotel.

Reason? Beecham's Pills act like magic.

THE VOICE OF LABOR.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

The Council of Labor held a special meeting last Friday evening to consider the grievances of the Paper Hangers' union against the Chicago Wall Paper House, and the trouble between Melsted & Maxwell's restaurant and the Waiters' union. In the former case Mr. Bauer agreed with the Paper Hangers' union to pay the union scale of wages and employ union men, but he desired to advertise he would hang paper for 10 cents a roll, when the union price is 15 cents, although he was willing to, and did, pay the union price. The other dealers complained of this style of advertising, and Mr. Bauer appeared before the Council of Labor and explained his position. The Council of Labor agreed that it could not dictate as to how Mr. Bauer should run his business, but stated his advertisements would have a tendency to destroy the union scale of wages. Mr. Bauer agreed to state in his advertisements that although he hung paper for 10 cents he paid the workmen 17 cents. This was satisfactory, but Mr. Bauer failed to keep his promise, and again broke faith by employing non-union men.

The matter was referred to a committee with power to act, and will be settled without trouble.

Melsted & Maxwell refused to agree to the Waiters' union scale of wages, which is $10.50 for 11 hours' work 7 days in a week for white apron waiters, 20 minutes for meals, and $10 a week for waiters without aprons. The restaurant proprietors express themselves well pleased with the scale and it is working nicely where it is in use. An effort will be made to induce Melsted & Maxwell to comply with the scale.

The clerks have won a signal victory in their struggle for early closing. All stores on Main and Spring streets have closed and agreed to keep their agreement. The Main street merchants were allowed one hour later, owing to the different class of trade supplied by them.

The Spring street stores close at 6 p. m. and the Main street stores at 7 p. m. The clerks worked hard to induce the merchants to close, and were heartily supported by organized labor.

The Council of Labor have arranged for a midsummer excursion to Redondo on September 4th, Labor day in every state except California. A gala time will be had, speaking, dancing, boat riding, etc., occupying the day. The committee, consisting of Messrs. W. A. White, F. B. Colver, S. Larson and W. Gailbraith, are hard at work perfecting arrangements. Special trains will be run over the Santa Fe and organized labor will participate in its fullest extent.

The Sacramento Federated Trades have passed resolutions in reply to John P. Irish's attack upon trades unions in an address to some high school graduates. Irish in his speech claimed labor unions prevented boys from learning trades and compelled them to go to prisons owing to lack of work. How utterly false and nonsensical this is any union man knows. Irish merely demonstrated his own ignorance of the labor question by his idiotic utterances.

The organizing committee of the Council of Labor will meet Tuesday evening in the Council of Labor hall for the purpose of taking means to organize the barbers of this city and to organize the merchant tailoring establishments, as well as to introduce the Tilors' union label.

The deportation of Wong Dip Ken, the Chinamen arrested at the instance of the Federated Trades of this city, was the first of its kind in the United States. The committee in charge of the matter here have plenty more cases to follow, but the United States district attorney refused to proceed until he had heard from Washington and received his instruction. There are 35 warrants yet out for the arrest of Chinese who are here unlawfully, but these warrants have been suppressed by the authorities in this city. Organized labor fully endorses the HERALD'S editorial on this question, calling for prompt action in the arrest of more Chinese.

The Sacramento federated trades are arranging to place the exhibit made by them at the last state fair in the midwinter exposition at San Francisco.

In San Francisco last week 1000 idle men paraded, demanding bread or work. They carried an American flag with a loaf of bread on the pole. The situation here is not so bad. Many workingmen are idle, but as yet their is no destitution or suffering. The free labor bureau has been of great assistance to the unemployed, furnishing many with work who were unable to pay the employment agents' fee. Servant girls are in demand and hard to secure. Skilled mechanics have plenty of work, but laborers find the market overcrowded. The stone cutters report the outlook as promising.

The building trades have work enough for the men already here, but no room for more.

The bricklayers are all busy, receiving good pay.

Tailors report trade very dull.

Cooks find work slack; too many Chinese employed.

The machinists will suffer heavily, owing to the retrenchment orders of the Southern Pacific Railroad company.

Printers report trade very dull.

Clerks, fair.

The waiters are urging recognition of the union button, and are making strong efforts to secure more restaurants.

The cigarmakers complain of the lack of support given the blue label, and will agitate this question again.

PRIVATE CONTRACT WORK.

Street Superintendent Watson Makes a Recommendation.

Street Superintendent Watson will present the following communication to the council at its session tomorrow:

"I would very respectfully recommend to your honorable body that an ordinance be adopted as to the issuance from this department for permits for cement work by private contract immediately upon the recommendation of your honorable body for the notice of intention to improve.

"At present it is impossible for this department to refuse to issue these permits to the property owners who desire to take the improvement out of the hands of the city before the publication of the ordinance of intention."

Astonishing Fact.

SUSPECTED BY COMPARATIVELY FEW.—Things that embody the most truth are frequently among the last to be realized. Incredible as it may seem one in four have a weak or diseased heart, the early symptoms of which are, short breath, oppression, faint and hungry spells, fluttering, pain in left side, smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy, wind in stomach, etc. Levi Logan, Buchanan, Mich., suffered from heart disease 30 years. Two bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured him. "The effects of your New Heart Cure is wonderful."—Mrs. Eva Dresser, McGregor, Ia. This favorite remedy is sold by C. H. Hance, 177 North Spring, on a guarantee. Get the doctor's book, New and Startling Fact, free.