THE VERDICT SET ASIDE

SENSATIONAL ENDING TO A SENSATIONAL SUIT.

The Jury Gives Mrs. Millet $5000, and Judge Shaw Sets Aside the Verdict and Orders a New Trial.

The case of Millet vs. Bradbury et al., a suit to recover $36,000 alleged to be due for services rendered, came to a sensational conclusion yesterday.

At the conclusion of the arguments, Judge Shaw summed up strongly in favor of the plaintiff, but expressly stated in his instructions to the jury that the plaintiff could only recover upon services proven to have been rendered during the two years prior to Lewis Bradbury's death, the remaining period covered by depositions of witnesses for plaintiff being barred by the statute of limitations. The court also instructed the jury not to return a verdict for more than $5000.

The jury in a short time returned with a verdict for Mrs. Millet for $5000.

Judge Shaw then set aside the verdict, upon the grounds that the jury had erred following his instructions.

The counsel for the plaintiff then offered to remit $1000 of the verdict rendered, and conclude the litigation.

The offer was not accepted, and the case will be appealed.

BETTER OFF THAN SHERIFFS.

The Constables' Mileage Must Not be Reduced.

Judge Clark rendered a decision yesterday in the case of Pardee vs. Los Angeles county.

The question involved was upon the act to regulate fees of office, and salaries of certain officers.

On act of March 24, 1893, reduced the mileage of sheriffs from 20 cents to 10 cents, and from 25 cents to 15.

The question presented was whether this reduction should apply to constables also.

Judge Clark ruled in favor of the constables, and judgment was so ordered.

DIED OF HIS INJURIES.

Manuel Ramiriez Killed by the Train.

Manuel Ramiriez, of 932 Jackson street, who, while drunk, was run over by a Santa Fe train night before last near Aliso Junction, died early yesterday morning.

Coroner Cates held an inquest on the remains yesterday afternoon.

The verdict rendered was to the effect that death resulted from an accident, and the railroad company was exonerated from all blame.

Inconsistency.

It is popularly supposed that there is hardly a people in the world who have a more intense hatred for slavery than have the people of New England. And yet it is one of the anomalies which Californians find it hard to account for that these same New England people who were so bitterly opposed to negro slavery in the south should be so tolerant of Chinese coolie slavery as it exists in this country, and especially on the Pacific coast. Although there are evils inseparably connected with the latter which were unknown in connection with negro slavery, such as leprosy and the spread of the opium habit among our young people, etc., yet our sanctimonious but ill-informed cousins of the far northeast have from first to last fought all attempts, by legislation or otherwise, to prevent the establishment of this worst form of slavery, with all its horrors, including ownership, body and soul, of Chinese women, on our soil. Not only this, but they characterize as "barbarous" all attempts to check the spread of this terrible evil; and, like their pharisaic prototypes of old, they do not scruple to call us of the Pacific coast "hoodlums" and "barbarians," and, by implication, to thank God that in they are not like other people—especially that they are not like us poor publicans of the west. We think it is about time for Californians to return plain speaking for plain speaking. We need not call our brethren hard names, but we may at least tell them the plain truth.

Indeed, that is what we have been doing for 30 years, but it don't seem to do much good.—[Spanish-American Review.

Cleveland's Triumph.

It is said that President Cleveland is elated at his success in securing the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver law. Does that self-opinionated prig and insufferable egotist realize that he is exulting in what must, with the cartainty of fate, result in misery and misfortune to the American people unless some remedy is speedily found that will effectually check the rise of our standard of value, the gold dollar, which is now worth almost two dollars in silver and in other products of human labor?

No maxim of political economy is truer or comes nearer being self-evident, of being susceptible of mathematical demonstration, than that the rise in the value of that commodity by which all things are measured means the fall of all commodities and all property measured by such standard.

For 20 years the farmers of this country have seen the products of their labor fall, till they are worth only about one-half their former value, and all because of the rise of gold.

Grover Cleveland, the partisan and champion of gold, has succeeded in defeating the people in their efforts to secure remedial measures, and he exults in his triumphs over the people! The majority of voters in the United States are in the west and south. They will never elect another eastern man as president.—[Spanish-American Review.

World's Fair Columbian Edition Illustrated Herald.

This beautiful publication, printed on the finest book paper, is now on sale by all the newsdealers 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.

For a good table wine, order our Sonoma Zinfandel at 50c per gal. T. Vache & Co., cor. Commercial and Alameda. Tel. 309.

Thirty dollars allowed for old Davis sewing machines. Drop postal card to 228 South Main street.

Howry & Bresee, Broadway undertakers. "Independsnt of the trust."

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

THE FRUIT GROWERS.

Arrangements Made for their Care During the Convention.

The following letter was sent to Secretary Lelong of the State Board of Horticulture yesterday:

The committee of reception has arranged the following hotel fares for those attending the Los Angeles convention: Hollenbeck hotel, corner Spring and Second, 75 cents European plan, $2 American plan per day, two in each room, and from this price upward according to room. Hotel Nadeau, corner Spring and First, American plan $2, European plan $1 per day and upwards. Westminster hotel corner Main and Fourth, $2.50 American plan, 75 cents European plan, per day, and upwards. Abbottsford hotel, corner Hope and Eighth, $2 per day for all rooms, American plan. New United States hotel, 50 cents per day and upward, European plan.

The Southern Pacific railroad has tendered the convention a free excursion to the Santa Monica wharf on Wednesday afternoon. The Santa Fe will give a single fare rate for an excursion around the kite-shaped track, passing through Orange, Redlands, San Bernardino, Pomona, Pasadena and intermediate stations.

The Hon. Thomas E. Rowan, mayor of Los Angeles will receive the delegates and Mr. Abbott Kinney will deliver an address of welcome. The chamber of commerce tenders its rooms for the use of the committee, etc.

Southern California welcomes the State Board of Horticullure and all fruit growers to the Los Angeles convention. Our hearty wish is that there may be many to welcome.

G. J. GRIFFITH,
GEORGE RHORER,
S. MCKINLAY,
ABBOTT KINNEY,
H. L. MONTGOMERY,
H. L. MACNEIL,
A. I. HALE,
T. E. ROWAN,
JOHN SCOTT,
C. W. HICKS.

RUNAWAY TROLLEYS.

Wet Leaves Convert a Railway Track in Newark Into a Toboggan Slide.

West Kinney street hill is one of the steepest in Newark, N. J. The Rapid Transit company has a double track trolley road upon it. In the storm of a few nights ago there was much trouble because the wet leaves in the street made the wheels slip on the rails, and confidence begotten by continued dry weather had induced the motormen to let their sand boxes become empty.

The company has had several bad slips upon this part of the road, and so put derailing switchmen at the curves at the foot of the hill where the cars turn into Washington street. A switchman is stationed there to throw runaway cars across Washington street over the cobblestones. He was on duty on Friday night when car 34 got loose at the top of the hill near High street and come thundering down the decline with the gongs at both ends clanging. The car was well filled with men and women, who were badly frightened, but were prevented from jumping off by the conductor and motorman. The switchman did his duty, and the car rumbled off the rails over the rough pavement and came to a stand safely.

Among the passengers was a woman who had started down town with her baby to do some shopping. She was so badly scared that, giving up her trip, she concluded to go back home on the next car, which came along quickly. This was car 11, and it ran almost to High street, where it stopped and began to move slowly backward. The brakes were applied, but would not hold, and the car was soon under full headway. Everybody aboard except two men and the conductor and motorman seemed to be crazed with fright.

They feared that this car would collide with the one already derailed. The woman covered the infant's head with a shawl and crouched over it to protect it when the crash came. It was a lively dash of short duration and ended in a jolting over the cobblestones, when the car brought up alongside of the first one derailed.

The tracks were sanded thoroughly after that, but it was not until two other cars had tobogganned down the grade after the first two were removed. The motormen say that fallen leaves are worse than snow or ice on the tracks.

Incorporations.

Articles of incorporation were filed with the county clerk yesterday by the following companies:

N. A. Wolcott & Co., formed for the purpose of carrying on a general printing and publishing business. Capital stock, $100,000. All of which has already been actually subscribed. Board of directors—Nelson A. Wolcott, J. Sydney Benson, Fred H. Taft, Thos. F. Barnes and F. H. Pelling.

Peck & Chase company, general undertaking business. Capital stock, $17,000, all subscribed. Directors—D. W. Peck, F. W. Chase, J. L. Peck, James Booth and B. E. Chase.

Reddy's Examination Continued.

The examination of John Reddy on a charge of entering the room of two young girls at 715 South Olive street last Tuesday morning, which was to have been held in Judge Seaman's court yesterday afternoon, was continued until next Tuesday at 2 p. m.

Attorney Bledsoe appeared for the defendant.

$15 Reward.

Off & Vaughn, druggists, corner Fourth and Spring streets, are authorized to refund the above in any case that a single bottle of Smith's Dandruff Pomade fails to cure. Never known to fail. Try it.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

HOLLENBECK.

T. D. Cottrell and wife, Chicago; G. W. Lynch, jr., Redondo; C. S. Whitcomb and wife, Glendora; S. Armstrong, F. M. Dunbar, Riverside; J. L. Latham, G. B. Reynolds, William Schwartz, G. C. Gaskill, S. G. Hoffman, R. T. Bonestell, Sa[illegible]eyman, A. Stahe, W. J. Barrett, E. Malley, David Stark, James B. Ford, Thomas Garrett and wife, A. W. Ottenheimer, E. [illegible] Morrison, J. P. McCarthy, J. E. Gordon, W. F. White, San Francisco; H. H. Yerington, Los Angeles; E. S. Hooper, Philadelphia; G. L. Johnson, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Vazeville, Bakersfield; F. W. Fink, Miss C. Fink, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maddox, New York; M. L. Olmstead, San Diego; S. H. Paine, Kingston, Ont.; Chas. H. Ingham, Manchester, Eng.; R. [illegible] Siebert, Manvel; R. C. Fowler, Phœnix; J. L. Edmundson, Banning; D. W. Parkhurst, Fowler; D. B. Stephenson, San Jose; G. W. Berry, San Francisco; W. C. Handiman, Kansas City; F. Gibson, Chicago.

Finest Variety and Cheapest

Place in town for fish, game, oysters, etc. Fred Hanniman's, Mott market.

CEYLON TEAS. STEPHENS, Mott Market.

THE DIAMOND DOLLAR

THE FASCINATING MYTH CONNECTED WITH THE COIN OF 1804.

It Is Declared to Be a Fake, as the Government Never Issued Such a Coin—Other Instances of Curious Fraud Practiced Upon Collectors.

A sprucely dressed young fellow, with an air of badly suppressed excitement, walked into a secondhand book store and curio shop on Marietta street Saturday night and laid a silver dollar on the show case.

"What is that worth?" he said to the proprietor.

The man behind the counter examined the coin with an imperturbable countenance. "One dollar," he replied.

"But, man alive!" almost screamed the visitor. "Don't you see the date?"

"Certainly. It's 1804."

The visitor fumbled in his pocket and produced a pamphlet. "Read that," he said, opening it and putting his finger on a certain page. The paragraph he indicated ran as follows:

"The dollar of 1804, the 'diamond dollar,' as it is familiarly termed, is the rarest of all American coins. A very limited number were struck from the dies, and only four are known to be in existence. One is owned by the British museum, one by Mr. E. L. Carpenter, a collector of Boston; one by the Illinois Historical society, and one by Mr. V. Herbert of Roanoke, Va. The last one sold was bid in for $1,500."

The dealer read this deliberately and assumed a tired expression.

"That is pure bosh," he said. "In the first place there is no such thing as an 1804 dollar. I mean a genuine one. Of course there are plenty of dollars with 1804 on them, but it was not put there by the mint. If Mr. Herbert of Roanoke or anybody else ever paid $1,500 for such a coin, they were done to the tune of exactly $1,499. There are eight 1804 dollars right here in Atlanta besides this one. Two are in Mr. Abe Fry's safe, Mr. Ed Brown has four and Mr. Williams two. I would bet that there are at least 50 of them in the state of Georgia. Some of the owners know that they are fakes, and some fondly believe that they have a treasure."

"And you say that the government never coined them?" gasped the visitor.

"I do. I made special inquiry at the United States treasury department at Washington and was informed that no dollars were issued that year. In the collection of coins there, which is of course complete, there is no 1804 dollar. I know that the myth is widespread, but it is a myth all the same. It was started by unscrupulous dealers, and there is a regular factory in New York for running out these dollars. They simply change the date on an 1807 or an 1809 dollar, both of which are comparatively common. They are then sold by private agents. If they were posted in the catalogues for public sale, the fraud would be quickly denounced, but they are worked off on collectors who think they are getting a snap."

The young man sighed and put his dollar in his pocket. "There must be a good deal of fraud of that kind practiced," he said.

"Yes," replied the dealer, "there is. Take for instance the Greenville (Ala.) 5 cent Confederate stamp. No such a stamp was ever issued, yet you can buy them by the hundred. They bring all the way from $1 to $25. The $1,000 Confederate bill is another example. There were exactly seven of these printed, and the plate was then destroyed. It's a long story, but that is the gist of it. One is in the British museum, one in the Astor library at New York and the others are owned by individuals throughout the country, a specimen, by the way, being here in Atlanta. Now, I have had dozens of these bills offered me for sale. There are thousands in collections over the world, all spurious, every one of them. In fact, the fraud practiced in that line would fill a volume."

After the young man went out considerably crestfallen, a reporter, who had overheard the conversation, asked whether there were really many American coins that brought very fancy prices.

"Yes," said the dealer. "Quite a number. There is the 1853 quarter without the arrowheads and rays. The quarter with both of these devices on it is common, but without them is exceedingly scarce and worth several hundred dollars. A very rare coin is the 1803 half penny, but recently several thousand of them were found in Ohio, and the price has dropped to next to nothing.

"Most people," he continued, "labor under the impression that a coin is valuable simply because it is old. Consequently they will hoard up old pennies, nickels and silver pieces that are really only worth their face value. The premium on a coin is not fixed by its age, but by its scarcity. How do coins become scarce? Heaven only knows! It is a great mystery. There are instances of coinage of about equal volume on two consecutive years where specimens from one are as plentiful as blackberries and the other as scarce as hen's teeth. Nobody can explain it—we simply know that it is so. The mysterious disappearance of people which we occasionally read about is not half the enigma that this disappearance of money is. It vanishes from circulation, melts apparently into thin air, and all the fancy prices and big premiums of collectors never succeed in bringing it to life again."—Atlanta Constitution.

Death Rate of Miners.

Seeing the conditions under which coal miners work in hot and dust laden atmosphere and their terrible liability to fatal accident, it might naturally be expected that their death rate would be excessively high. As a matter of fact, this is far from being the case. Even when fatal accident is included, their death rate is by no means an excessively high one, and putting accidents aside the death rate from disease alone is exceptionally low, being almost exactly the same as agricultural laborers.—National Popular Review.

Should Be Arrested.

THE POPULAR DEMAND.—Who? What should be arrested? All excessive nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, nervous debility, dullness, confusion of mind, nervous prostration, etc. They should be arrested or stopped before they develop into a condition that can but result fatally. For this purpose no remedy equals Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the discovery of the renowned specialist, whose remedies are the wonder of the civilized world. Nervine is sold by C. H. Hance, 377 N. Spring, on a positive guarantee. Ask for his book free.

ATTEND OUR GREAT REMOVAL SALE

Every article in our establishment reduced in price. We move Jan 1st next to the S.W. corner of Franklin and Spring, and will have one of the finest stores in this city. The low prices we are now naming express our determination to move as few goods as possible. See our windows for bargains

London Clothing Co.

Now Corner Spring and Temple.

AN AWFUL IMPOSSIBILITY.

The soaking rain is pouring down—
How it would fill your cup
With bitterness if some day it
Should start to pouring up!

Umbrellas then would be no use,
And men in rubber boots
Would have to go, while all the girls
Would put on bathing suits.

You'd have a fountain on your lawn
Beside each blade of grass.
To keep your cellar warm and dry
You'd need a floor of glass.

If you were camping in a tent,
You'd have to sleep on top,
And all night you'd be praying that
The cursed rain might stop.

In fact, great inconveniences
Too numerous to state
Would follow if the falling rain
Should cease to gravitate.

So let us hope there'll be no change,
At least in our town,
And that instead of pouring up
The rain will still pour down.
—Somerville Journal.

THE CABECILLA.

The good father was finishing his mass when they brought him the prisoners. It was a wild spot among the Arichulegui mountains. A fallen rock in which a fig tree had plunged its twisted trunk formed a sort of altar, covered in guise of a cloth with a silver fringed Carlist standard. Two cracked water coolers took the place of vases, and when the sacristan Miguel, who was assisting the priest at the mass, arose in order to change the position of the holy books, the cartridges were heard jingling in his cartridge box. All around the soldiers of Carlos were silently ranged, their guns slung across their backs and one knee on the ground upon the white beret.

The bright sun was concentrating its dazzling heat in this burning and sonorous rocky hollow, where the flight of a blackbird alone, from time to time, disturbed the psalmody of the priest and the servant. Higher up on the jagged peak sentinels were standing, forming motionless silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—this priestly commander officiating in the midst of his soldiers! And how plainly the double existence of the Cabecilla showed itself upon his countenance—the ecstatic air, the hard features, further accentuated by the bronzed complexion of the soldier in the field, and ascetism without pallor, in which was lacking the shadow of the cloister; small black, very brilliant eyes, the forehead traversed by enormous veins which seemed to bind the thought as with ropes, to fix it in an inextricable obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the spectators with open arms to read the Dominus Vobiscum, one saw the uniform beneath the stole, and the butt of a pistol, the haft of a Catalonian knife uplifting the rumpled surplice. "What is he going to do with us?" the prisoners asked themselves in terror, and while awaiting the end of the mass they recalled all the acts of ferocity which had been related of the Cabecilla and which had won him a special renown in the royalist army.

By a miracle that morning the father was in a clement mood. The mass in the open air, his success of the previous day, and also the cheerfulness of Easter, yet felt by this strange priest, cast upon his face a ray of joy and kindness. As soon as the service was over, while the sacristan cleared off the altar, fastening up the sacred vases in a huge box, which was borne on the back of a mule in the rear of the expedition, the cure advanced toward the prisoners. They were a dozen of republican carbineers, exhausted by a day of battle and a night of anguish in the straw of the sheepfold, where they had been penned up after the action. Yellow with fear, wan with hunger, thirst and fatigue, they clustered together like a flock of sheep in the courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their belts in disorder, pushed up in the flight and in sleep, the dust which wholly covered them from the tufts of their caps to the points of their yellow shoes, all contributed well to give them that sinister look of the vanquished in which moral discouragement is betrayed by physical dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for an instant with a little laugh of triumph. He was not sorry to see the soldiers of the republic humble, wan and ragged amid well fed, well equipped Carlists, Navarre and Basque mountaineers as brown and hard as carob beans.

"Viva Dios! my children!" said he to them with a good natured air. "The republic nourishes her defenders very ill. Why, you are all as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees, when the mountains are covered with snow and they come into the plain to sniff the odor of the table by the lights which shine under the doors of the houses. One is treated otherwise in the service of the good cause. Would you like to make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast off those infamous caps and put on the white beret. As truly as this is the holy day of Easter, to those who will shout, 'Long live the king!' I will give their lives and the same campaign food I give my other soldiers!"

Before the good father had finished all the caps were in the air, and shouts of "Long live King Carlos!" "Long live the Cabecilla!" resounded on the mountain. Poor devils! They had been in such great fear of death, and so tempting were all those good victuals which they smelled close to them, about to be broiled in the shelter of rocks before the bivouac fires, pink and faint in the bright sunlight, I believe that never was the pretender acclaimed with such good will.

"Give them something to eat at once," said the cure, laughing. "When wolves yelp with that strength, it's because they have sharp teeth!"

The carbineers went off. But one among them, the youngest, remained standing in front of the chief in a proud and resolved attitude, which contrasted with his juvenile features and the fine down, scarcely colored, enveloping his cheeks with a blond powder. His capote, which was too large for him, was wrinkled at the back and on the arms, was turned up at the sleeves over two slight wrists, and by its fullness made him look still younger and more slender. There was excitement in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab eyes, intensified by Spanish flame. And this fixed flame annoyed the Cabecilla.

"What do you want?" he asked of him.

"Nothing. I am waiting for you to decide on my fate."

"Your fate will be that of the others. I named no one. The pardon was for all."

"The others are traitors and cowards! I alone did not shout anything!"

The Cabecilla gave a start and looked him full in the face.

"What's your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"Whence come you?"

"From Puycerda."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic, then, has no more men, since she is reduced to enrolling children?"

"I was not enrolled, padre. I am a volunteer."

"You know, fellow, that I have more than one means of making you shout 'Long live the king!'"

The youth assumed a superb look.

"I defy you to do so!" retorted he.

"So you would rather die?"

"A hundred times!"

"Very well, you shall die!"

Then the cure made a sign, and the execution platoon came and ranged itself around the condemned, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the chief with pity. He demanded:

"Have you nothing to ask of me first? Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want something to drink?"

"No," answered the youth; "but I am a good Catholic, and I don't want to go before God without confession."

The Cabecilla still wore his surplice and his stole.

"Kneel," said he, seating himself upon a rock, and the soldiers having withdrawn a short distance, the condemned began in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, because I have sinned!"

But in the midst of the confession a terrible fusillade burst forth at the entrance of the defile.

"To arms!" cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, issued his orders, distributed the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself had seized a carbine without taking the time to remove his surplice, when, happening to turn around, he perceived the youth still on his knees.

"What are you doing there?" he thundered.

"I am awaiting absolution," was the reply.

"That's true," said the priest. "I had forgotten you."

Gravely he raised his hand and blessed that bowed young head. Then, before going away, after glancing around him for the platoon of execution, dispersed in the disorder of the attack, he drew off a step, took aim at his penitent and shot him.—Alphonse Daudet.

Facing Certain Death.

With his foot caught and firmly held in a frog on the Reading railroad track at West Falls, John Duffy met death in fearful form. Duffy was employed as a brakeman by the Reading company, and ran ahead of his train to open a switch. That duty performed, he signaled his engineer to bring on the train.

His signal was observed, and as the train came toward him Duffy found that his foot was caught firmly in a frog. He shouted for help and made frantic efforts to release himself, but in vain. The noise of the puffing engine drowned his cries, and when the engineer saw the struggling man in the full glare of the headlight it was too late to save his life.

Swiftly the great engine bore down on the frantic prisoner, and though the the lever was reversed and the brake put down hard the locomotive struck Duffy and he was literally cut in two. Death was instantaneous, but the expression on the dead face showed plainly the terrible agony the man had endured for a few seconds.—Philadelphia Record.

A Heating Scheme.

A plan of heating mills has been introduced by which heated air is delivered from a large fan into flues in the walls, registers from each flue delivering the air into the different rooms, this air being heated by the waste gases from the boiler. The products of combustion pass from the boilers through economizers for heating the feed water, next through a regenerator for reheating the steam exhausted from the high pressure cylinder and on its way to the low pressure cylinder, and then passes through air pipes, where it heats the cold air for heating the buildings, then passes to the chimney. If heated air is not wanted, but only cool air for ventilation, the gases from the boiler are turned by a damper into the chimney without entering the heater, and if the gases are not sufficient to heat the air as desired additional heat is supplied by radiators of steam in this heater. The temperature of the air is raised about 50 degrees by its contact with the hot gases.—New York Sun.

Reading by Candle Light.

"I must inveigh," says an oculist "against the candle as a night reading light. It is quite a custom, I find, for sleepless folks to keep a candle at their bedside and rely upon it for light during wakeful hours that are passed in reading. As the flame flickers with the slightest current of air, the light is uncertain and waving and most trying to the eyes. A small reading lamp takes a few seconds longer to light, but it is much to be preferred."

A Colossal Rock Camel.

One of the most curious and interesting formations in rock in the world is to be seen a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle, and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills.

When first seen, we are told, the effect is startling, and the mind has to get over the shock before the peculiar object can be comprehended. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite. This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they, strangely, are in the proper places to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully.

Perhaps some of the first discoverers of the sphinx in modern times attributed its authorship to an upheaval of the earth's crust, but everybody in this age knows better. As mediæval man has been traced to Arizona and his methods and implements discovered there in profusion, why should we say that every curious formation bearing the image of some beast or other thing was not his work a thousand years or more ago?—Salt Lake News.

Got the Sparrows Tipsy.

The English sparrows have proved a nuisance in the cotton country, for as soon as the bolls open they pick out the cotton and carry it off, and some planters have lost, as they claim, hundreds of pounds in this way. There is one man, however, on the Mississippi that has not lost much. When he found the sparrows were committing depredations, he procured a quantity of wheat, soaked it in sweetened whisky and strewed it along the rows. The sparrows found it and thought they had a picnic.

So they had, but in 15 or 20 minutes there was the tipsiest lot of English sparrows ever seen on the face of this earth. They rolled about on the ground, falling on their sides and backs and kicking their heels into the air like a parcel of drunkards, all the while uttering the most comical squeaks. They did not have long to squeak, however, for the boys gathered them up and threw them into bags. The first day they gathered two bushels of drunken sparrows. Three or four days later the experiment was repeated with almost equal success, and from time to time since. They made excellent potpie, but the survivors have evidently come to regard the plantation as hoodooed, for now very few come about it.—St. Louis Exchange.

George I and the Stage.

George I was a lover of the stage, and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "servants" to play before him at court. In 1718 his majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton court to be converted for the time into a theater. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Among the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love For Money," "Volpone" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Among the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton court, King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and traveling expenses, gave £350, and added £200 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.—Gentleman's Magazine.

'History Repeats Itself,"

And so does Hood's Sarsaparilla in the remarkable cures it is continually accomplishing. If you will give this medicine a fair trial it will do you good.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet efficiently.