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THE SUMMER MONTHS. Are you going to the country on a vacation? If so, it is no trouble for us to forward THE CALL to your address...

FRIDAY.....MAY 31, 1895

Progress is on the march.

Work is the enemy of discontent.

The City Hall angel folds its wings sadly.

Wherever women go there is a bonnet show.

Santa Cruz is casting bread on the waters.

The weather of Decoration day was itself a decoration.

Through tears for the past shines a hope for the future.

The enterprise of capital makes an opening for labor.

Patronizing home industries is the most profitable of our enterprises.

Every purchaser who asks for home-made goods encourages local industry.

Those who lack self-pride cannot be expected to be proud of their State.

The people honored themselves yesterday in doing honor to the veterans.

The world grows wiser every day, and international bimetalism is coming.

Senator Sherman's speech did not suit the extremists and was not intended to.

A good many people spend more time in wishing for money than in working for it.

He who buys a home-made article puts bread into some poor Californian's mouth.

A bad man can as easily starch the wind as make himself seem dignified in the eyes of the wise.

So long as there is a deficit in the revenues of the country, tariff revision will be a live issue.

Perhaps Grover will use the vacancy in the Cabinet to reward a friend, and perhaps he will use it to head off a rival.

Gold standard Democrats may be willing to follow Whitney as a Moses, but the silver Democrats would take to the wilderness.

That consolation which does not elevate us above the plane of our suffering merely gives our pain a rest for renewed activity later.

Some of the country towns of New York are talking of setting the unemployed to work as a rural police to head off the tramps.

If Cleveland expects to have a chance for a third term he will have to hurry up and corral the Whitney boom in the State Office.

There is a demand in Colorado for a crusade against the dandelion, which in that State is said to be worse than the Russian thistle.

Local charitable institutions would have to go out of business if our people would give employment to the poor by purchasing what they make.

The Pacific Mail Company's increase of \$237,170 in the net earnings of last year over those of the year before has struck a fatal reef at Manzanillo.

In every part of the State the people are surprising themselves with the discovery of so much latent enterprise and energy that existed among them.

The forerunner of the good things to which the Santa Cruz Water Carnival will give birth is the promise of a railroad of her own to San Francisco.

At the present time there are three Democratic parties in Kentucky, and as each is wedded to a faction fight, the outlook for Cain raising is good.

A bill has been introduced into the British Parliament making it a criminal offense to circulate a falsehood against a candidate during a political campaign.

While it is distressing to learn of the destitution of Oklahoma farmers, it is still true that they would not have been starving if they had settled in California.

The question as to whether or not labor is honorable is determined by the fact as to whether or not it is beneficial to him who performs it and to those whom it affects.

There is a rumor that the Populists are thinking of nominating Justice Harlan for President on the platform of his recent stump speech from the bench on the income tax.

If any other "recommendation" than the highest efficiency animate Governor Budd in the appointment of a Board of Health it would be safer not to have any board at all.

Seeing that there is no immediate prospect of a coast road backed by San Francisco capital, Santa Cruz has found Eastern money to add to its own for the promotion of the enterprise.

Builders of new rail lines, whether steam or electric, urban or rural, should bear in mind the fact that nine times in ten where the standard gauge of 4 feet 8 inches has been departed from there followed cause to regret it.

The report that the Prince of Wales intends to revive the fashion of silk waistcoats in order to promote the British silk industry should be accounted to his credit, for while a man who wears a silk vest to make a market for home products may be a dupe, he is no mossback.

George Gould has filed an objection to the assessment of the personal property of his father's estate at \$10,000,000 on the ground that the Vanderbilts are assessed at only \$200,000 each, and Sage, Huntington and Carnegie at less than \$500,000 each. This may not be a good objection in law, but it certainly justifies a kick.

A SACRED DEBT.

The appearance yesterday of the veterans of the Grand Army marching in orderly array to strew flowers upon the graves of their former comrades and to recall the proud and tender memories of that long war in which they offered their lives that the Nation might be saved, could hardly fail to impress the public mind with the consciousness of the deep debt which the country owes to these brave men and the profound obligation upon this generation to pay it not in words only but in deeds.

In every town throughout the Union where the veterans marched the people could note how the ranks are thinning and how age and disease are weakening those who still survive. The war for the Union was fought by young men. Many of the most heroic among them were hardly more than boys. They went forth at the call of their country regardless of every thought of personal welfare and conscious only of the danger to the Republic and the supreme need of maintaining it for the protection and the glory of coming generations.

It is to be regretted that the pensions bestowed upon Union veterans should ever have become a matter of political controversy. There never should have been a politician, much less a party, in the United States that would oppose a claim so just as this and so honorable both to the Republic that bestows and the veteran who receives. What is it the Nation does not owe to these men? Its strength abroad, its security at home; its peace, dignity, honor, and to a large extent its wealth, are due to them.

Every citizen of the Republic is more or less indebted to them for the prosperity amid which he works and the established order of liberty and law under which he enjoys the fruits of his labor. This debt, common to the Nation and to every citizen, is a most sacred one. It should never be questioned. Its payment should never be opposed. There should be only a sense of pride and gladness in the fact that the Republic is able to maintain a pension-roll the largest in the history of the world.

In the natural order of events the veterans will not be with us long. The present generation can give the helpfulness that will lighten the burdens of the last years of the aging heroes, but the next generation can give nothing but words. We can give honor to the veterans themselves, but those who come after us can do no more than decorate their graves. It should be accounted among the highest privileges, therefore, to make a suitable provision out of the abundant wealth of the Nation for needy veterans, and any one who is either opposed to the gift or niggard in the giving should not be honored by the people with any office in the land.

A SPLENDID RECORD.

The reports made by the Merchants' Association at its first annual meeting, held last Wednesday, set forth the association's achievements so modestly that their full value to the City is likely to be underestimated except by those who have particular reason for knowing the whole truth. The association was formed at a time of unusual great depression, when business was dull and money scarce, and after the merchants had been already so generally subscribing to the Midwinter Fair and to the fund for giving employment at the park to a thousand needy men.

The self-imposed function of the association has been comparatively narrow in its scope, and perhaps that fact, as well as the fine energy and ability of its members, accounts for the perfect success of its undertaking. This, in the main, has been to keep the streets clean—not a very high-sounding task nor one in which there could be much hurraing and brassbanding, but one which constitutes the real essential in the progress and prosperity of a city. The association has shown us not only how advantageous it is to have clean streets, but also how best the work can be done. For its other and more ambitious undertakings, every one of which has been conducted with success, it deserves equally generous credit.

Having solved the problem of clean streets at a heavy expense to themselves, the merchants now ask that the municipality relieve it of further private burdens in the premises and make provision for a public expenditure for sweeping and sprinkling. There is not a citizen worthy of the name who does not give this proposition full support. That the Half-million Club is earnestly in sympathy with the Merchants' Association is most encouraging. The purposes of this club are very different from those of the association, but it is clear that the best work of each is to be done with the best co-operation of the other. There is still another organization, the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association, which with the two others completes the trinity of forces whose energies are being devoted to the upbuilding of the City.

from Asia, was giving to the CALL some information concerning the price of labor in the manufacturing industries of India, which affords the American people abundant reason for keeping a vigilant watch on the tariff. In the Hoogly jute works he found the wages of men who weave 230 yards of burlap sacking a day to be equivalent to \$1.04 a week; bag-sewers receive about 52 cents a week; first-class machinists in repairs shops earn 15 cents a day, and many children are employed who are paid about 25 cents a week.

These are not exceptional payments. Other large manufacturers in India show the same general rate of wages. Taking the country through, the estimated cost of the labor employed in making 8400 jute bags is only about 52 cents. As a result of his investigations Colonel Cole says: "If political conditions in this country ever force the workers of the United States to compete with the labor of India, distress and degradation will surely come to the homes of the land." In that brief statement is the gist of the ever-vital and ever-pressing tariff question. It is of more importance than the money question, for it affects the ability of the American workman to earn any money at all of any kind. So long as there is a possibility of the importation of foreign goods to the extent of ruining American industries and American homes, so long will it be the supreme issue in our politics. The necessities of the Democratic situation may impel Mr. Whitney to seek to evade it, but he will fail in the effort. The tariff question will stay with us until protection, complete and thorough, has been permanently established as the policy of the Nation.

SUNSHINE AND SOCIABILITY.

It would not be possible to find elsewhere in the Union so strong a sense of sociability as exists in California. Nowhere else are there so many picnics and excursions, so numerous health and pleasure resorts crowded during the long summers, so many frolics of all kinds by every possible sort of social, beneficial, industrial, educational or religious society, so many outing clubs devoted to fishing, hunting, cycling, mountain climbing and what not, so many parties made up for a long season of camping in the mountains, and, particularly in the smaller communities, so many clubs with so frequent meetings for dancing or for literary and musical entertainment.

There must be in the reasons for these things some conditions which lie at the very root of the circumstances which make life worth living. What are they? The very first must be a high, free and generous spirit. It is not supposable that some occult reason must be sought to explain its exuberance among Californians. Men and women cannot possess it if their bodies are dull and heavy or lacking in vigorous health, or if poverty and discouragement sit drearily on the heart. The body must be strong, and the soul elastic and aspiring, and these possessions belong generously to our people. Nor could a manifestation of this spirit be expected if climatic conditions were adverse. With our brothers and sisters of the Eastern States such a thing as genuine pleasure is impossible in summer. There can be no pleasant vigorous sport under a blazing sun, no morning jaunts that are accompanied with mosquito and stinging air, no rowing on rivers of molten brass, no camping in comfort under skies that send rains and thunderstorms. Our good friends, therefore, are restricted to the winters for the best of their outdoor sports, and, besides sleighing and skating—which indeed are royal sports—there is little that they can do. In California, on the other hand, the climate at all times invites to its outdoor enjoyment. At times and in some localities (but never on the coast) the shade of midday may be great, but the shade nearly always brings comfort. And at night the necessity for a pair of blankets brings the sweetest slumber. In the summer we may sleep in the open air, on the ground and without shelter, to the extent of perfect security against mosquitoes or drunks.

Nor could a people be expected to cultivate a great sociability if every moment of their time were required in the struggle for subsistence, nor be lithe as the rewards of effort should be meager and the heart bowed down with a weight of poverty. It is natural for human nature to complain, and there are thousands of Californians who grumble because they are not making more money. It is a sort of profanity that they thus indulge a weakness common to the race, for a comparison of their condition with that of their fellows elsewhere gives them reason to rejoice that they are so well off; that they really have all that is needed to build a strong body and a hopeful spirit, and that there are so many other blessings which they may enjoy without any effort to secure them that they could even be worse off financially than their brothers elsewhere and still have reason to be more cheerful than they. But it is a fact that the people here are more prosperous than elsewhere, and that is one reason why they are so sociable and get so much pleasure out of life.

A recapitulation shows that we have these reasons for the wide, free, life-loving spirit that abides in us: First, perfect physical health, the product of abundant sunshine and pleasant thermal conditions; second, a wide range of sports and other pleasures which are encouraged by a bland and wholesome climate; a reasonable prosperity which prohibits gloomy and brooding disposition. This is the strongest array of good things that the world is able to bestow, and if there are any of us so ungrateful as to wish for more we are running the risk of not being given an opportunity to find them even in heaven.

WHITNEY'S TASK.

Ex-Secretary Whitney has returned from Europe to find his party in New York prepared to lay all its honors at his feet. He can have anything the New York Democracy can give, even to a commanding position on the proposed committee to reorganize Tammany. He will be supported by his party in his State for everything in sight and has already been suggested for Senator, Governor, Secretary of State and President. All of which is not only flattering to Mr. Whitney, but attests the excellence of his wisdom in going to Europe last fall and leaving David Bennett Hill to face the whirlwind of the election. It would appear a reasonable supposition that Hill and his stalwarts would be ill disposed to see all these honors offered to a man who practically deserted the party in the darkest hour and left it to fight without his leadership in the last campaign. Such a supposition, however, would fail to take into consideration the full extent of Hill's human nature. It is human to be jealous of rivals, but it is also human to be fatigued at times, and Hill just now is very much fatigued. He has had enough for the present. His disastrous experience in the last election has made him satisfied to sit down on his Senatorial seat and rest. The outlook for the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency is not good. Mr. Hill does not yearn for it in his present mood of mind. Hence

there is no opposition on his part to the Whitney boom of the day, but of course if by any chance Democratic prospects should brighten before 1896, politics would be different and then also Hill's attitude toward Whitney might be different. At the present outlook, however, Whitney stands first in the line for the Democratic nomination in 1896. It is not altogether an enviable position. The party is demoralized by the disasters of the last two years, divided on many of the most important issues of the day, disorganized by the faction fights among the leaders, and almost hopelessly dependent in every section of the Union. To make sure of a nomination under conditions that would render it worth fighting for, Whitney will have to revive the spirit of the party, quiet the factious leaders, harmonize the dissensions, establish a basis of agreement on a platform and thoroughly reorganize the machine in every State. He has just about a year in which to do this work, and no one who has watched the course of the Democrats during the last two years can doubt that it involves enormous difficulties.

Great as the task is, the man who seems about to undertake it is not wholly unworthy of it. Despite his associations with millionaires and with the giant monopolies of the country, Whitney is one of the few living Democrats who measures up to the standard of a statesman. His administration of the Navy Department was the one success of Cleveland's first term as President. His management of men and discordant factions in the Chicago convention of 1892 was the one thing that made Cleveland's renomination possible. He has, therefore, a high prestige in his party, and in entering upon the great task which is now before him will have the advantage of being already in possession of the confidence of the party leaders and having in no small measure the support of some of the ablest among them. He has, therefore, a sufficient chance of success to excite interest in his undertaking, and his course will be watched with close attention.

AROUND THE CORRIDORS.

E. M. Garnett, who trained the crew of the University of California until their boathouse was burned down, is at Harvard and a great enthusiast in boating. Last evening he was speaking at the Palace of the prospects for college boating and said: "The university men are going to build again right away, but on a cheaper plan. They have a good course of 5450 feet, and are fitted up with reading-rooms and all that sort of thing. They propose to be more practical now and build what will be strictly a boathouse for about \$1200 and put more money in boats. There was \$2500 on the house, you know, but I probably buy new furniture and racing rigs for class races and two-pair oar tub rigs for coaching. They will begin a few preparations when the men come back next term, and will probably row the Columbia Club in the fall. What they hope to do more than else is to inspire Stanford with a little more aquatic enthusiasm, and eventually have an annual eight-oar race between the universities. Then in time they would send crews East. California men should beat anything in the East. I have had a great deal of practice in the year to practice in, and that makes a great deal of difference. Then California men seem to have good endurance. That is shown by what the members of the team that is East have been doing in the field sports."

J. S. Brown of the Lincoln Mill Company of Eureka, Humboldt County, says that there is a great deal of railroad talk in his country now since the report of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad. "Starting this road has started everybody to thinking of our getting a railroad into Humboldt. The Eureka papers are full of it. To be sure, with water communication we have cheap freights, but the cost of re-loading is heavy. What we want is to get our freight out by rail to the East without re-loading. The distance a road would have to be built would be only about 120 miles to reach Ukiah and join the San Francisco and North Pacific there. There has been a great deal of talk for some time looking up a proposition to bring in an overland road direct from Salt Lake to Humboldt Bay, with a branch down here. Eureka is within ten miles of due west from Salt Lake, and by the route he proposes the cost of re-loading would be made in nine hours' less time than is made by the Central Pacific from Salt Lake here."

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, who has been the leading representative of the New York Life Insurance Company on the Pacific Coast since 1870, goes from San Francisco to London to represent the company's interests in Great Britain. The charges in the order of promotion as the London agency is of high rank in insurance circles, and, of course, the compensation is commensurate with the responsibility. Colonel Hawes has been an active man of affairs since 1856. He worked on an anti-slavery newspaper in Kansas and sided with John Brown in several expeditions in that State. At the beginning of the war he was editing a newspaper in Illinois, near St. Louis. He was raised a company and was promoted to Captain in the 10th Iowa. He has been closed in San Francisco he has made a remarkable president of the Art Association, and achieved distinction as commander of the Royal Legion and president of the Bohemian Club. He was one of the founders of the club and has not sold of the Edward Bosqui "pledged his private fortune" in 1873 to help merchants who had trusted the club for goods.

PERSONAL.

J. M. McKee of Napa is at the Baldwin. Frank B. of the army is at the Occidental. L. Frank Farrar, an attorney of Merced, is at the Grand. Isaac Bird Jr., a merchant of Merced, is staying at the Grand. J. W. Barbour, a business man of Hanford, is staying at the Lick. W. T. Ellis Jr., a banker of Marysville, is a guest at the Palace. General G. W. B. Montgomery of Chico is staying at the Grand. C. R. Mason, manager of the Byron Springs Hotel, is at the Palace. Eugene Ysaye and Aime Lachaume registered yesterday at the Baldwin. W. H. Clary Jr., a well-known mining man of Sheep Ranch, is at the Lick. L. Dwight, a leading banker of Toronto, Canada, is a guest at the California. J. D. E. Wiley, a merchant of Vina, was one of yesterday's arrivals at the Baldwin. William H. Ott of the United States Geological Survey is at the Occidental. J. J. Chapman, a mining man of El Dorado, was one of yesterday's arrivals at the Grand. Sheriff A. C. Bush of Sierra County came down from Downville yesterday and registered at the Russ. E. C. Paris, who is interested with Baron La Grange in some Trinity County mines, registered at the Palace yesterday.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Mexico's greatest bandmaster, Payen, has organized a band of the best instrumentalists in the country and is going to bring it to this country. The illuminated manuscript copy of the Gospels sent to Mr. Gladstone by the Armenians is said to be finer than anything in the British Museum. Gladstone said recently that he was too old to hold any opinion on the new woman. His "ideal woman" had not altered in the last three-score years and ten. Jules Verne can still work steadily for five or six hours a day, though he is in his seventy-ninth year. He has five stories all ready for the printer and is engaged upon another for 1897. Bishop Leonard (Episcopus) of Ohio, in his convention address of last week, made a bitter attack on rationalistic clergymen in the church, calling them traitors in the camp.

A GUNNER WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

BY W. C. MORROW.

Had it not been for two circumstances it is not likely that old Rummage would have come under the notice of Garfield Post. One was that although he was never able to give an account of his connection with the war, he apparently either had seen service or had picked up knowledge from a soldier, and the other was that he was the only man in these parts who could give so graphic and circumstantial a history of the daring feat of Black Harry at Gettysburg. His apparent close knowledge of this extraordinary affair caused some of the veterans to think that he must have witnessed it, but there were others who believed it more likely that he had heard the story from an eyewitness and had been so strongly impressed by it that it was the one thing which remained clear in his mind.

That difference of opinion, however, had no effect upon the treatment which Rummage received from the members of Garfield Post. It was reflected that Rummage never claimed to have been a soldier, had never applied for a pension or for admission to the Grand Army post, and hence that he could not be a real soldier. When questioned particularly on these subjects his deeply lined face would wrinkle in the most perplexed fashion, and he would look as foolish, helpless and bewildered as when some of the good housewives of the neighborhood would rail at him for innocently making too free with such backyard chattels as did not properly come under the jurisdiction of a scavenger. Nor could his real name ever be learned—unless, indeed, it was Rummage. But there were many who insisted that he was called Rummage simply because as a scavenger he rummaged.

This assumption was borne out by two circumstances. One was that he had no Christian name, or, if he had, he would not confess it; the other was that he could never be made either to affirm or deny that his right name was Rummage. When asked about this he would exhibit that same foolish and helpless look with which all who knew him were familiar. Those who believed that his real name was Rummage insisted that it should be spelled Rummidge, which made it respectable; and so his official name, so far as the records of the Associated Charities went, was Rummidge. But, for my part, believing as I do in directness and simplicity, I prefer Rummage, and it shall stand at that.

These were about the words in which Rummage, upon the least encouragement, would tell the story of Black Harry's heroic act: "It was at Gettysburg, sir, and Black Harry was a stand-in by his gun waitin' for the chargin' rebels to come close enough for grape. Rebel shells were screamin' an' rippin' over the works, an' some of 'em was bustin' and knockin' the boys about. The air was jess full of shells, an' my, how they shell screemed! Purty soon 'long come a piece of shell an' clipped the halypart of the flag that was wavin' right above Black Harry; and fust thing he knowed he was all buried up in flag. Nothin' but flag to see, nothin' but flag to breathe, an' if he'd 'a' been hungry nothin' but flag to eat. Harry unflags hisself so—jess digs out. Then he takes the clipped end of the line in his teeth, leaps up on the works and shins up the pole like a monkey. He catches the other end up there an' knots it, an' all the time the whole worl' is screamin' with rebel shells. Jess as Harry gets it tied and it begins to float out gran' an' free over the works a shell hits him an' busts inside his head. He don't feel nothin' but hurt him, but jess sees a big, blidin' flash of light, an' when he comes to he's a walkin' along the road, but—"

Here Rummage would look wistfully about, and then up at the sky, and then at the ground. "But what, Rummage?" "Well, that was 'ome," the old man would answer simply, and then he would tighten the knot of the old bandana which served as his head-covering, and from the edges of which hung his snow-white air. Rummage would always have been content to stop his narrative there, for he feared somewhat the cruel laughter with which some people would greet his story. "And so the shell had blown his head off, Rummage?" "Clean off, sir."

"But he got well?" "Oh, yes, he got well, but he couldn't fight any more. How kin a man fight without a head? To be sure he wanted to fight, but they told him the war had been closed a long time." And then he would look grieved and foolish when they laughed.

Up to the point of Black Harry's being struck on the head by a fragment of a shell Rummage's narrative agreed with the records of the battle, but thenceforward the two accounts went apart. While it is not to be accepted as a fact that Black Harry, a famous daredevil who had performed other feats of valor in the war, could have gone through life thereafter without a head, the official record failed to account for him after he fell; and it was very sensibly assumed that as his name did not thereafter appear either in the muster-roll or in the hospital record the shell had dashed out his valor with his life and his body had been interred among the Unknown.

Although Rummage could never be brought to say that he had known Black Harry or had witnessed the tragedy, he had a certain knowledge of Harry's personality. He would explain, for instance, that Harry was called Black because of his very dark skin and coal black hair, and that tattooed on his breast was a large Union flag, done in proper colors and bearing beneath it the initials "H. A." (Armstrong being his surname). All this seems trivial to us, but it meant a great deal to old Rummage; and as it was a part of his warped and crippled life, and as this is an account of so much of his life as it has been possible to learn, it must be accepted along with the other poor trumpery of which his history consists.

There never was a parade of Garfield Post but that Rummage might have been observed marching sturdily and solemnly in the rear, holding now gloomily aloof from his customary associates, the young ragamuffins of the street, who trailed behind. Even the ragged dogs of the town, every one of whom ordinarily regarded old Rummage as his most intimate and reliable friend among all human-kind, could not get a look from the grizzled, ragged old man who kept his eyes so immovably to the front. For Rummage was every inch a soldier on these occasions. It was all well enough for him in his capacity of scavenger, old man though he was, to condescend to play marbles with street Arabs and be on terms of friendly

sociality with such vagrant dogs as often became as much as he the bones and the scraps of bread which his vocation as scavenger discovered to his enterprise. But on these occasions of parade he was a soldier, with head erect and shoulders thrown back, his step keeping perfect time to the rattling of the drums and his old heart swelling with the martial music that filled all the air with brass.

Garfield Post never objected to Rummage's company and its members would have felt that something was missing had the old man kept away. They would have felt, too, that matters were out of joint had he failed ever to appear on Memorial day to do his share toward honoring the dead. It was not much that he could do, but that was done bravely. This was, first to stand near the cannon when the salute was fired, his ordinarily dull eyes shining with a wistful black brilliancy that made a startling contrast to his deeply bronzed face and his snowy hair; second, to march in the rear of the veterans, tricked out in the ancient and ragged habiliments of a Union artilleryman. It did nobody harm, and was a pleasure to him; and what if it was only a reminiscence that he had a right to participate? And thus it was that old Rummage marched bravely forth to his last celebration. There are persons who will say to-day that it was a wonderful and awful thing that they saw that day. It was thus:

The flag rolled out gracefully from the tall pole which stood in the center of the memorial lot. A hymn had been sung and a prayer rendered up, and the orator had just closed his address recounting the heroism of the men whom all present had assembled to honor. At that moment a gust of wind snapped the weak cord at the top of the pole, and as the colors came floating down there dashed forward with impetuous force, pushing a way violently through the orderly ranks of the veterans assembled in square about the lot, the strange, wild figure of an old man, white-haired, dressed in the frayed uniform of an artilleryman, a cap covering the red bandanna that bound his head, his black eyes blazing with a light that none had ever seen in them before, every line of his deeply wrinkled face strained with the ardor and excitement of battle, and his whole frame a clamorous proclamation of the soldier eager to stake his life on the issue.

Down swept the brave colors, enveloping him as a mantle, from underneath which he quickly dug his way to freedom. In a moment the end of the severed cord at the upper edge of the flag was between his teeth, and before it was possible to interfere or even to grasp his intention he had attacked the pole and with amazing strength and agility was proceeding to scale it. Old Rummage had not forgotten the daring venture of Black Harry at Gettysburg.

A deep stillness rested upon the thousands assembled there, for it was seen that the wry and slumbering wits of the harmless old man had broken out in madness, and that always is an awful thing. Before a hand could be raised to stay him he had dragged the flag out of reach in his ascent of the pole. There was then nothing to do but wait. Higher and higher went the madman, achieving that which to many a sane young man would have been impossible. His strength never flagged, and he was as agile and sure as a sailor. The pole began to sway ominously as he neared the top, and there were many who realized that it was slender and old and could bear a man's weight only by a miracle. Still upward he went, until finally, just as he reached up to scale the other end of the cord at the top of the pole, the dreaded thing occurred. The tall pole swayed heavily, began to bend and crack, and then parried with a crash below him. He turned quickly, fell face downward, and as the upper fragment of the pole came clattering to the ground his breast struck the sharp point of the lofty stump, and there the poor madman hung impaled; and those who had the heart to look upward saw the strange, wild light in his eyes quickly grow dim, and then the white hair stray, windblown and unheeded, across the deeply wrinkled face. But between his white teeth—the gleaming of which between his parted lips could be seen from below—was still firmly held the flag, that he loved, which, caught in the arms of the leisurely wind, that was passing along, rolled out majestically between earth and heaven.

When the limp body was at last brought to the ground and the old bandana removed, there was found upon the head an ugly scar, which, an old army surgeon said, must have been left by a fragment of shell. But more interesting than that was the discovery that the flag of the Union, done in its proper colors, was tattooed in large size, covering the dead man's breast, and that the center of it had been pierced by the flagpole. Stranger still, beneath the flag were found the tattooed initials, "H. A."

And to this day there are those who believe with old Rummage that a soldier may live even though a shell may have taken away his head, provided his heart remains whole and sound and full of gentleness toward all living things, and strong with love for the flag under which he had fought; and it is these, also, who, shuddering at the recollection of what they saw on that strange day, wonder if the daring artilleryman who lost his head at Gettysburg had not, after all, met a fitting end.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

In small communities petty feeling and spite too often are indulged in to their own undoing. Oroville Mercury. Those California Indians who, from sheer laziness, doubled up the bodies of their dead like a jackknife so that they would occupy a small grave, thus saving the diggers labor, were evidently the original slurlians. The Agricultural Department has decided that the peanut is not a nut, but a pea. Thus does the present administration gradually solve problems of great pith and moment that were neglected by its Republican predecessors. While cities and towns throughout the State are scraping and saving and, in some instances, starving, Red Bluff is pursuing the even tenor of her way with her finances in healthy condition and the exceedingly low tax rate of 37 1/2 cents on the \$100—Red Bluff Sentinel. Taxpayers commended favorably on the proposition to bond the county for funds to improve the public highways. They are awaking to the fact that such action is not only a means of reducing the rates of taxation, but will be the first step in encouraging immigration.—Solano Republican. No town can build itself up in enduring prosperity which ignores the value of a poor man and his family. It must afford him good schools for the education of his family; it must

give encouragement to every progressive movement that will give him permanent employment.—Woodland Mail.

It is refreshing with these cool, delightful days to read about the sultry heat of the East and general discomfort. If people will leave California and the Pacific in the summer they must put up with it.—Pasadena News.

This Republic is great and strong enough to formulate and carry out a system of coinage and currency of its own independent of the king and queen ridden countries of the Old World. The country needs free gold and silver coinage and a well-secured paper currency, and the nations that don't want to exchange and trade with us could let us alone.—Shasta Courier.

Good roads accomplish wonders for rural populations. They not only facilitate the marketing of farm produce, but they encourage sociability, a thing which is seriously lacking in our rural life of to-day. The dreary isolation of the farmer on account of the difficulty in moving about in certain seasons in the year is responsible in a great measure for the rapid increase in the population of the cities at the expense of the country.—Dixon Tribune.

SUPPOSED TO BE HUMOROUS.

"Bumple seems wonderfully well satisfied with himself." "Yes. There's nothing you can mention that he doesn't think he knows all about."

"Well, suppose you can't blame him. He has no children old enough to ask questions and take the conceit out of him."—Washington Star.

"Take something to drink?" said his friend. "No, thank you." "No! Why not?"

"In the first place," said the party in question, "I am a secretary of a temperance society that is to meet to-day and I must be consistent; in the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to his memory I have promised never to drink on this day, and in the third place I have just taken something."—Boston Herald.

Patient (after some healing)—Yes, I am all right again, but I fear that I shall carry this terrible scar as long as I live. Surgeon (reassuringly)—Yes; but then, you know, you may live only a year or two.—Boston Transcript.

"False one," he said, "I would that I never had wed you! Your teeth are false, your complexion is store-made, your hair is another's. You are wholly false."

"No, not wholly," she replied. "I have a mind of my own, as you well know." And he was forced to admit the bitter truth of her statement.—Cincinnati Tribune.

"No," said Cholly Angliomane, "I will nevah consent to havin' twadespeople in the club."

"Because I have twouble enough to avoid meetin' my wedditors as it is."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Snags (reading the fashion news)—Yellow is to be a very fashionable color. Mr. Snags—Then our baby is right in style. He's a yellor.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

"Uglymugs must be a tough-looking man, from all I hear." "He must be—I hear he's afraid of his own shadow."—Atlanta Constitution.

First humorist—That paw man on the Blatter is writing some funny stuff, isn't he? Second humorist (gloomily)—Yes; but, confound him, he's spoiling the business. First humorist—How so? Second humorist (still more gloomily