

MISCELLANEOUS.

MINER AND MILLIONAIRE.

A Phase of California Life—A Story of Ups and Downs.

The atmosphere of good luck that hangs around some men is part understanding. Take the case of Bob Morrow, the San Francisco manipulator, who owns St. Julien, the fastest horse in the world to illustrate by, for instance. The reporter met a fifty-nine, who used to know him in the days when a "boiled shirt" worn among the mountain miners indicated that the possessor was either a black leg or a gasp, expounding upon being ninety-nine to one that he was the former, for persons were then scarce as copper pennies. He arrived in Nevada City when the camp was a mere infant, so to speak. The first thing he did after getting here was to skirl around and hunt up a shovel, pick and rocker. With these he began searching about Deer Creek for gold. By dint of persistence and hard work, his knowledge of mining did not exceed his intimacy with bible passages—and an exercise of cheek, he got enough to alleviate the pangs of hunger to a bearable extent. He stayed around here till 1853, and by that time his clothes were so tattered and torn that he had to put his old hat under him to keep his bare body from coming in contact with the chair whenever he sat down. He was a poor emigrant. George Hearst, Joe Clark, A. E. Head and a number of the other boys, whose lives were too hard for comfort, wanted to go with him, but the prospector would not have any dead broke, and, figure as they could, no alternative presented whereby they could secure enough coin to get out of camp with. Finally Arthur Hagadorn came to the rescue. He fitted some of them out with a couple of pieces, provisions and coin. They made a bee-line for the Comstock. The next time his old townies heard from Morrow he was on top of a wave of prosperity—that is, had got into the savage and some other big mines at Virginia City. For several years he revelled in wealth. After enjoying the rapidly acquired shekels for a few years, they slipped away from him, and he was busted once more. His will and energy didn't peter out when his money did, and, making a little raise, he sprang boldly into the arena of the stock market. Since then he hasn't drawn a blank in the lottery of life, so far as heard of. As a director of the Bank of California, he says nothing of all the other stock things he dropped into through the influence of the deceased Balston, he has glory enough to satisfy any common man. As to the three individuals named above, who took sail on the same ship with Morrow, they are all in San Francisco, doing more or less in stocks. One or two of them have become pretty well fixed in respect to this world's goods.

Receipts from the "Golden Rule."

When a friend corrects a fault in you, he does you the greatest act of friendship. When a man helps you to be a truer and better man, he does you the greatest act of friendship. Many a man has been ruined because his credit was so good and his popularity so great. If some folks had their way about this world, how few people could live comfortably in it.

What are a few years of what men call sorrow and burden-bearing to an eternity of blessedness? Things are not so unequal as many people imagine. What is wrong here will be righted hereafter.

What is it to part with a friend whom we shall meet again to what it is to part with virtue and honor, which are never lost?

Those who think that all the greatness there is for man is on this earth have a very narrow view of life.

God's providence may seem slow in dealing with men, but it is helping them build character for eternity.

It would improve some people very much if they were as careful of their daily lives as they are of their ordinary clothing.

God is as mindful of the half-dressed newsboy selling papers on the street as he is of the banker at the brokers' board.

Some people utter their unkindness as well as their usefulness. It would be better for them and their friends to be earlier.

The poorest way of humanity is in the thought of God. If circumstances are such that God cannot be thought of, let us think of him here. He may make him a king or priest in Heaven.

The reason why men are so disappointed in the dealings of God with them is because they plan their lives by the gaze of the world. They doubt God if He does not help them carry out a plan.

A young man cannot recover the loss he suffers here in the time of his had luck, but by penitence and godly sorrow he may regain the celestial companionship of his mother in Heaven.

The Electric Light in a Museum.

[From the London Times, November 23.] The practical utility of electric lighting was fairly tested on Saturday morning during the heavy fog which covered the metropolis. For more than a century readers at the British Museum have been compelled to suspend work on the occasion of a fog, and to leave the reading-room; but on Saturday morning shortly after 10 o'clock, when many were lamenting the improvements of the age, were about to quit with their papers, the electric light was turned on, and, without any apparent preparation, the spacious room was suddenly illuminated as by a magic ray of sunshine, to the great satisfaction of all present. There was a murmur of applause. For with the new carbon which Messrs. Siemens have manufactured at their Berlin works, and with the reflectors suggested by Mr. Bowd, the principal librarian, the light is about as good a substitute for sunlight as can yet be desired. Since the latter part of October the electric light has been continuously used in the national reading-room on an evening until 7 o'clock, and an average of more than 200 students and literary men have been nightly able to proceed with their reading until that hour, instead of leaving off, as formerly, when the shades of evening fell. It is reported that one of the staff—Mr. Nichols—has worked closely for two hours for a fortnight by the light with a view to testing the effect of the light, and finds that there is not only no inconvenience, but that the optic nerve is strengthened and that glasses are quite unnecessary as a protection.

Schurz's Pitchforks.

[From the Yankton Press.] As an example of the distinguished manner in which Indian matters are managed in Washington, it is appropriate to mention the fact that a single shipment of 1,200 pitchforks was made to the Santee Indians. As the entire Santee band at the agency does not number over 900, the people who made the shipment generously wish the Commissioner exhibits in his dealings with these people. Through the liberality of Hayt every Santee buck, squaw, and youngster will be given two pitchforks with which to make their hay. When they are using one the other can be hung in the parlor over the piano, and when the head of the family calls his flock about him for morning prayers he can point to an atypical of the goodness of this Government and comment upon the strong resemblance which exists between the pitchfork and Carl Schurz, the lesser Great Father.

Disappearance of Fishes.

[From Harper's Magazine.] Disappearance of sea fish from their long-time homes occurs frequently, and for reasons unknown to man. The herring have left the coast of Sweden, where once they were numerous, and the big-eyed or club mackerel, which thirty years ago was common on our coast, is now so rare that Professor Baird has been unable to obtain it for his collection, although he has offered \$25 for a single specimen. Whether the merits of the fish have suddenly become known to marine epaulettes, or whether the shoals have been found a deep-sea lander, which is better stored than his old one was, must for the present be matter for conjecture. Porpoises, tunny fish, sharks, porpoises, dogfish and other lively fellows with disciplinarian appetites might throw some light upon the subject if they could be interviewed. At one time the tunny had driven the cod entirely away from the vicinity of Rock Island, but the tunny himself having been driven away by oil men and purveyors and manufacturers of fish guano.

THE CONVERSATION A DUTY HANDKERCHIEF HAD WITH A JAPANESE FAN.

A duty handkerchief and a Japanese fan, the handkerchief carried through, through the fan's sticks, were lying on a chair. "Well," said the handkerchief, "how do you like this? We have had enough sea air at any rate, and I don't like this damp night. It is outrageous. I look like an old rag."

"It is careless of you," answered the fan. "I feel very hot, and I am sure my owner is a good fellow."

"Spilled! I should think so!" snarped the handkerchief; "all the varnish is coming off me. I shall never be fit to be seen again, and I am a rag-bag."

"It is better than aah-heaps," said the fan, "that is where I will be thrown at last. It is awful! Such dirty people pick one up. I shall never be fit to be seen again, and I am a rag-bag."

"Well, it is nice to be picked up by a pleasant person," said the handkerchief. "That Mr. Cartwright, now. He always picks me up so carefully when our lady lets me fall. I like him."

"I know," said the fan, "but why ladies are let us fall so often? I wonder if they always jump up without looking what they have? It seems so. Up they get, down our heads go, and we go down, and they pick them up. They sweat over it, too, sometimes, when they roll far. So a ball of worsted told me."

"Oh! ladies never think, it isn't expected!" said the handkerchief, "they are supposed to look pretty, that is all. Dressing is a great deal toward position. Our lady was very careful about her toilette for coming here. She has her handkerchiefs to match every dress. She came here to get into society, you know."

"Did she," said the fan, "curiously. "What does that mean?"

"Well, really," answered the handkerchief, "contaminated. It means to know the world, to be like of the world; and I suppose quite simple-minded people live in Japan."

"Japan," laughed the fan, "I never saw the place. Most of us are made in America and imported. It does just as well. I have heard that. Tell me about society. What must one do to get there? Is it a place?"

"A place," laughed the handkerchief, "in her turn. I should think you would know. Society is a people. Not everybody, but the people."

"What sort are they," asked the fan; "hand-some?"

"No, not always—sometimes."

"Clever?"

"No, not always—sometimes."

"Good people, perhaps?"

"I am afraid not always."

"Rich?"

"Often, but not always. Our lady is rich enough, you know. Her father made it in a factory."

"Tell me, what sort of people is society, then?"

"Oh, people of family—the Wallingfords and the Shushans and the Gottards in our town—they are society. Blood, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," answered the fan, "stupidly. I have heard that Mr. Wallingford's grandfather kept a groshop, and that Mr. Gottard's mother made flowers for a living before she was married. Is that all society?"

"You don't understand," said the handkerchief, "society is a people. You can tell society people in a minute; they have an air. They come into a room as if they owned everything in it, and they do. Twenty of people bow down to them."

"Ah! now you begin to talk," said the fan. "I am not so stupid; you did not tell me properly by the way. Let me see now. It is push which makes society; smiling and bending, but pushing along into the same, never minding snubs and sliding into place after that way; it is the same sort of thing. A snub and you leave here and a gruff push there and a stiff beg pardon another time, but always getting through. Before people know it they are in society, they are in front of them. They almost wonder how you got there. Push, smile, push, and on you go; all—"

"Dear me," interrupted the handkerchief, "there comes our lady—and with Mr. Gottard, for all the world! How did she get to him?"

"Why," said the fan, "she talked to her all last evening, very close, in this very spot—were you asleep?—why, didn't you tell me she was society?"

"It was so dark," murmured the handkerchief, "that I couldn't see her. You can't tell society people in the dark."

"Oh! here it is," said a bright, fresh young voice, "I am so glad. Dear old fan; I would not lose it for the world; now—"

"Nor would I have you," answered Mr. Gottard, "very sorry. It reminds me of one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent."

"Oh! oh! whispered the fan to the handkerchief; "she is in society."

THE ROMANCE OF IT.

General Grant's Love Story. [Philadelphia Times, December 16.]

With the name of the good woman and faithful wife who accompanies General Grant in his military career, there is some romance connected. While Grant was a cadet at West Point he had a friend, or "bunkey," as the "plebs" say, for whom he formed a strong attachment.

When leaving the academy in 1843 his young friend invited him to pay a visit to his home and the invitation was accepted. On being gazetted to his regiment, the Fourth infantry, Grant took the usual three months' leave and went to see his friend and fiancée, Frederick Dent, who lived with his father, Judge Dent, at St. Louis. It was here Grant saw for the first time Julia Dent, his friend's sister, she being then a virgin of seventeen. The little lieutenant laid siege to her girlish heart and soon won her consent to become his wife. The Dents lived about four miles from Jefferson barracks, and Grant, to his inexpressible delight, was ordered stationed at the barracks. War clouds with Mexico were arising and Grant was soon ordered off with his regiment. Ah! then there was hastening to and fro with the little lieutenant, and the marriage was postponed. The leaving of a sweetheart behind is about the hardest thing in all nature, but it often happens to officers of the army. How many times we have seen a pale, haggard-looking fellow, who had been in camp late at night with an order in his pocket for the frontier! Talk of sickness, death in the family, the loss of a father, brother or sister—what are these things compared with the blow which tears a fond young fellow away from a pair of loving arms? If the little lieutenant ever wept it was when he thus parted from his devoted Julia to take the chances of getting his head knocked off in Mexico. Grant participated in sixteen battles in Mexico, and at the close of the war returned to St. Louis with his regiment, and in 1848 was married to Miss Dent.

Many people will to-day contrast the gray-haired soldier with the boy and wonder what he looked like. An officer who was at the Military Academy when Grant was a cadet there gives the following description of him: "I was a young man and saw the famous soldier in front of the quarters. He was as though it were yesterday that I saw him going to the riding hall with his spurs clanging on the ground and his great cavalry sabre dangling by his side. It is thirty-eight years since, and the General and I must be growing old, but it is wonderful what a short time it seems since I was a young man and saw the famous soldier whose name is now so familiar to the ears of all who are gathered together."

Strange History of a Bank Note.

Not long ago a well-known collector of curious and interesting facts, gathered together his mass of money to the gathering together

HOSTESS'S BITTERS.

of bank notes of all countries and all values, the possessor of a bank of England for five-pound note to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-faded words, scrawled in blood between the printed lines, and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentence was made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn thereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers. Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange misadventure first attracted attention in a Liverpool counting-house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in raising the note from the Dey, and brought him home to England, where, however, he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privation and forced labor in the Dey's palace."

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