THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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HER SUMMONS CAME.

A SIGN IN WHICH MRS. GALLUP READ HER DEATH WARRANT.

She Dropped the Dishcloth and After That Fatal Warning Spent the Balance of the Evening In Telling Mr. Gallup How She Thought He Ought to Run the Funeral.

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As Mr. Gallup lighted his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the postoffice Mrs. Gallup was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. He was absent 32 minutes, and when he arrived home he found her huddled up in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and the camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away. Mr. Gallup blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and, having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, sat down and took off his shoes and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished with the first testimonial when Mrs. Gallup sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked:

"Samuel Gallup, do you know that your dyin wife is present in the room?"

He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin had been purchased made him hold his breath as he read.

"Yes; she is present," dolefully continued Mrs. Gallup after several sniffs

HUDDLED UP IN THE BIG ROCKING CHAIR.

at the bottle, "and she wants to hev a few last words with you. When you started over town, I was singin 'Barbara Allen' and thinkin my days might be long in this land. Not five minits later the summons come. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I hadn't gin it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great spat. You are hearin what I say, ain't you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup wasn't. He was devouring the second testimonial, which gave the case of a woman who had been given up by over 50 doctors, and yet two bottles furnished her with a new pair of lungs.

"When that dishcloth fell, I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloths fell, and in 24 hours they was in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrer night, Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news. I'd hev died before you come back home, only I wanted to talk with you a leetle about the funeral. Let's see. If I die tonight, you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrer, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

Mr. Gallup was listening to a noise outside. He heard something to remind him of a hen trying to crow, and he wondered if it could be that so long after dark.

"If you want it a day sooner, you can hev it," continued Mrs. Gallup after sobs and gasps and sniffs at the bottle, "but you must look out or the nayburs will talk. Better hev it day after tomorrer, and I hope, for your sake, it won't be a rainy day. I've sometimes thought I'd like a big funeral when I went, with over 40 wagons in the purcession and the church bell a-tollin and the dogs a-howlin, but I've given that up. No, Samuel, you needn't make any spread over me. I'm one of the kind that kin go to heaven without any hurrah and fireworks. If there is ten wagons in the purcession, I shall be satisfied. Don't you think ten ought to be 'nuff for a person like me?"

It wasn't a direct question, but had it been Mr. Gallup would not have answered. He was devouring the third testimonial and making up his mind to try a bottle on the sly.

"Ten wagons in the purcession, Samuel, and the bells needn't toll nor nuthin else happen. If anybody is diggin taters or makin soft soap or dyein carpet rags, they needn't stop on my account. If 25 people come to the house, that will be 'nuff. We've got 'leven chairs altogether, countin them with broken backs, and Mrs. Walters will lend you the rest. You'll hev our own preacher, of course, but he needn't go on for an hour or two and tell how good I was and how much you'll miss me. If he says that my toil is o'er, and that you won't never find a more savin wife, that'll be about 'nuff. Shall you do any cryin at the funeral, Samuel?"

No answer.

"I'd do a leetle bit if I was you—jest a leetle. If you don't, folks will talk about it same as they did about Jim Dewitt. He never cried at all, and to this day folks say he didn't use Hanner right. I don't ask you to break down and sob and git up an excitement, but you kin gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll hev to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you could be playin checkers or sunthin, but I don't see how you are to git out of it. However, you won't never hev to go up there ag'in. When you git ready to buy me a gravestun, you kin send it up by a man. I s'pose you'll buy a stun of some sort, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup didn't hear. In the fourth testimonial a man declared that he had been saved after one whole lung and three-quarters of the other were gone, and it was a sketch to thrill the reader clear down to his toes.

"Of course I don't keer about no gravestun for myself," said Mrs. Gallup as she tried to wipe away her tears with the glass stopper of the bottle, "but if you don't put one up the nayburs will call you stingy. Get a cheap one, however. If you kin git one fur $10 and trade a lot of carpet rags in, I'd do it. I used to think I wanted a whole lot of readin on my gravestun, but I've changed my mind. Jest put on that Susan Gallup expired in the forty-ninth year of her age of gineral disability and that she has found rest where asthma, boils, backaches and rheumatiz cease from troublin. You needn't say a word about makin 40 yards of rag carpet and a bar'l of soft soap last year while enjoyin sore eyes and a boil on my arm or that I allus kept catnip, smartweed and peppermint herbs in the house and was a nurse to all the nayburs. No, Samuel, you needn't—say a word—about them things. Make it—a cheap—gravestun, and you needn't—never go up there—and—and"—

And when Mr. Gallup had finished the testimonials and fully determined to buy at least three bottles and hide them in the wood shed he rose up, yawned and stretched and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep and the camphor wasted on the floor.

M. QUAD.

Make a Pet of the Rat.

"As a matter of fact," says a courageous writer in the Boston Transcript, "the common rat is a vastly more intelligent creature than the squirrel or the average cat. I am more than half convinced that the resources of the rat as a household pet would if fairly tested prove very great. The rat is undoubtedly capable of a higher and more intimate form of domestication than that which he now commonly assigns to himself. He is at present a resident of our houses on unwelcome terms, and he makes himself, quite naturally, as much an enemy of the household as possible.

"Let the rat be welcomed and made a friend of the family, as has been done in a few cases, and he becomes a different sort of fellow altogether. No longer forced to steal his food, he becomes a playmate and a companion. The sleek and well groomed gray rat is, barring the ordinary baldness of his tail, quite as pretty and graceful a creature as the squirrel, and there is no reason why we should not become so much accustomed to the appearance of his tail that in time we should regard it as quite ornamental."

He Was Slow.

Lincoln used to be fond of telling a story of a lawyer in a western town who desired the nomination for county judge. On the morning preceding the evening on which the county convention was to meet he applied to the livery stable keeper in his village for a horse and buggy in which to drive to the county town, 16 miles distant, where the convention was to be held. "Give me the best and the fastest horse you have, Sam," said he, "so that I will have time to go around and see the boys before the convention comes in."

The liveryman, however, was supporting a rival candidate and gave the lawyer a horse that outwardly appeared perfect, but which broke down entirely before half the journey was completed, so that when the candidate arrived the convention had adjourned and his rival had been nominated.

On his return to the stable late the following afternoon, knowing that it was useless to resent the trick played upon him, he said to the owner: "Look here, Smith, you must be training this horse for the New York market. You expect to sell him to an undertaker for a hearse horse, don't you? Well, it's time wasted. I know from his gait that you have spent days training him to pull a hearse, but he'll prove a dead failure. Why, he's so slow he couldn't get a corpse to the cemetery in time for the resurrection."

The Famous Asphalt Lake.

Asphalt is being dug out of the famous tar lake of Trinidad, the most notable existing source of the material in the world, at the rate of 80,000 tons per annum. There are still 4,500,000 tons in sight, but as this rate the supply could not last long were it not that the lake bitumen referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth. This accretion is reckoned as amounting to about 20,000 tons yearly and would suffice to restore the lake to its original condition if it were allowed to remain undisturbed for a few years.

This wonderful lake of pitch has an area of 114 acres, and recent soundings made in the middle of it have shown the depth to be 135 feet in that part. Near the center it is semiliquid and bubbling, but elsewhere it has so hard a surface that a man on horseback can ride over it without danger of breaking through the crust. Scattered over its surface are a number of small islands which have no proper roots in the earth, so to speak, but are composed merely of accumulations of soil, though trees of considerable size grow on some of them. These islands are not stationary, but are carried slowly from place to place by the movements of the lake. Now and then one of them is entirely engulfed.—New York Post.

The Hot Water Cure.

Boarding House Keeper—A glass of hot water? What can the man want with a glass of hot water? He doesn't shave.

Cook—He wants to drink it.

"To drink it? Well, I never!"

"Oh, all the boarders is sending for hot water now three times a day."

"Goodness me! What for?"

"Fur to drink. They calls it the hot water cure. It beats all newfangled notions what come up."

"What does it cure?"

"Oh, they say it really cures everything just splendid."

"Thank fortune it's cheap. Give 'em all the hot water they want, Maria."

"Yes'm."

"So hot water is a great cure, is it? Well, I shan't let any of my boarders get ill for want of medicine. Just put another gallon of hot water in that oyster soup, Maria, and I think you'd better take out the oyster now. It might get too rich."—London Tit-Bits.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW.

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all"—

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer. "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do," pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman, "you run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the bluecoat gently wafted the remnant on its way.—Detroit Free Press.

Woeful Ignorance.

Farmer—See here, you! You remember putting two lightning rods on my barn last spring, don't you? Well, that barn was struck six weeks after and burned down.

Peddler—Struck by lightnin?

"It was."

"In the daytime?"

"No; at night."

"Must 'a' been a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; dark as pitch."

"Lanterns burnin?"

"What lanterns?"

"Didn't you run lanterns up 'em on dark nights?"

"Never heard of anything like that."

"Well, if you don't know enough to keep your lightnin rods showin you needn't blame me. G-lang!"—New York Weekly.

Bright Little Sammy.

Sammy (who is never allowed to stay out of school)—Howdie Hurlburt didn't come to school all day.

Mamma—Why not, Sammy?

Sammy—'Cause his mother died. When you die, may I stay home all day?

Mamma—Yes, darling; you may stay out a whole week.

Sammy (suspiciously)—Oh, I know! You mean to die in vacation.—Harlem Life.

The Conceited Peer.

A certain conceited nobleman once observed to Charles Townsend, "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a-laughing." Townsend eyed him curiously and at length remarked in the most deliberate manner, "Ah, I envy you your happiness, for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

When you are invited to a real old fashioned woman's house for supper, she always has floating island. This is a sure test.—Atchison Globe.

Turned Into Trade.

A retired cheesemonger, who hated an allusion to the business that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb in the course of a discussion on the poor laws, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call 'the milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily and gave his acquiescence in these pithy words: "Yes, I am aware of that. You turned it all into cheese several years ago."

Mellifluous "Bahoo" English.

The late G. W. Steevens gives an example of "Bahoo" English in his book, "In India." It is an effort to express admiration for the speech of Pundit Madan Mohan Malavayya at a native congress:

"His speech is as mellifluous as his name. He has a sweet voice and is one of the most enthusiastically welcomed of men on the congress platform. Neither tall nor short nor stout, but thin; not dark, dressed in pure white, with a white robe which goes round his shoulders and ends down below the knees, Mr. Madan Mohan stands like Eiffel's tower when he addresses his fellow congressmen.

"He stands slanting forward, admirably preserving his center of gravity. His speeches are full of pellucid and sparkling statements, and his rolling and interminable sentences travel out of his mouth in quick succession, producing a thrilling impression on the audience. There is music in his voice, there is magic in his eye, and he is one of the sweet charmers of the congress company."

Respected His Memory.

She entered the office of the tombstone company, and the clerks immediately became sad of countenance.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the chief mourner.

"Yes; my husband, John T. Abernathy, has died, and I would like to secure some suitably engraved headstone—something with an appropriate inscription, if you please."

"Certainly, madam. Right this way. Now, here is a very pretty thing in the stone line. Right over this cross we would carve, 'Here lies John T. Abernathy, and"—

"Ah, sir," interrupted the widow, "you must think me cruel! I would not say 'Here lies.' That was one of his faults in life, and I will not follow him with the accusation now that he has gone."—Denver Times.

IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour
To sow in and reap. Is it thistle or flower?
Tis the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand staid the shower.
Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace
To begin with the best and their records efface,
Had thy sandals been winged. Step down from the race;
One swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance.
Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off mischance?
Let fall thy vain weapon; a thousand advance
To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance.

—Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

BY THE LYCH GATE

A Story of One Who Married For Wealth and Beauty.

There is a valley amid the Yorkshire hills known as Coverdale, from whose slopes, long years ago, came pious Miles, who translated the Bible, and who was called by the simple folk Miles of Coverdale, after the place of his birth.

Very calm and peaceful the little dale lies under the shadow of the great hills, whose summits are purple in the sweet summertide with their royal mantle of fragrant heather, and where the curlew and the golden plover's cry alone break the gentle stillness that rests over the little world beyond the haunts of restless activity and hurrying life.

There is no railway in quiet Coverdale, no town to which the country folk may wend their way, no shops save the wonderful village emporium, where everything in a very small way may be obtained, but where few fashions come to startle the gayer minded of the maidens, or strange new devices in neckties to dazzle the vision of the country lads.

To peep into the world necessitates a journey under the shelter of the lone hillsides, along bonny lanes, intwined with pink and creamy tinted honeysuckle, and green with waving ferns; past the quaint inn, whose sign is a famous but long ago race horse, called in the canny Yorkshire tongue the Lady Bab, and, finally, across the moor into horse loving Middleham, where are people and shops, and many inns with curiously painted signposts—the Black Swan and its brother, the White Swan, and many others too.

But down in Coverdale there is a beautiful old church, set like a jewel in its surrounding of stately trees and blossoming hedges, with the quiet greenness of God's acre lying stretched about it, and the singing of nature's choristers in the sweet air around—a place of peacefulness and repose, where earth's burdens may fall from one for a little space and heaven's benison light softly on such of its children as stay to pray and think awhile.

There is a quaint lych gate at the entrance to the holy spot, a carved halting place of oak, set tenderly by some good man of the dalespeople—a squire of the olden days, who loved his home and his neighbors and his God full well, I think, and sought to beautify the church in which he and his had worshiped so long.

And down the fair avenue of trees within the precincts and past the quiet church lie the remains of what was once the proud abbey of Coverdale, where the monks said masses and cultivated their garden and tended the souls and bodies of the poor and needy in the dale.

It is a beautiful spot in a beautiful countryside, and so thought a man who viewed it lovingly and pointed out all its changeful lights and shadows and all its pretty peeps of field and river to his wife.

They had only been married a little while, a few short weeks, and had elected to spend their honeymoon in some of the quaint corners of England; hence their journeying thither to this sequestered nook among the hills and the far stretched moorlands in their veiling of regal purple. The man loved it already with the artist love which sees the beautiful so quickly and feels it so strongly, and the woman—well, she saw the beauties, too, but she was growing a little weary of pretty sights, and she was very pretty and spoiled herself and perhaps a little jealous of admiration wasted which might have been diverted homeward.

So she stood by the quaint relics of the abbots and mailed knights at Coverdale, where two quaint forms guard a doorway as perchance their originals guarded some stronghold in the old fighting days long gone, and her white gown fell over the gray stones and gleamed against the red and orange nasturtiums in the garden which surrounds the old walls and arches, and she wondered if her husband had nearly finished his sketch and whether they should stay at Middleham for a day or two or go on farther to Wensleydale.

"I am rather tired of admiring places," she said to herself a little impatiently, "and, then, I never can remember who lived in the castles and abbeys. How uncomfortable they must have been!"

And then—for she was only a very young bride, too—she felt sorry for having been impatient, even in her thoughts, toward her husband, and she turned to speak to him with an even sweeter smile than usual on her pretty lips, for her husband was a genius in his way, a thinker and an author, and every one had envied her when she married him in spite of her wealth.

Ah, there was a pitiful ring in the story—poor and nameless, but clever; beating himself to pieces in his eager attempts to win fame single handed, and rich and beautiful the woman with the fairylike figure and exquisite face who had given the man her gold.

And, ah, a more pitiful note still, and the man remembers that some one has once long ago talked of this very spot, with its quaint surroundings and its old world atmosphere, in the time that might have been and is not.

He closed his sketchbook, with a sigh, and turned to the white robed loveliness of his wife with a murmured apology for having kept her waiting, and then together they passed down the avenue that leads to the road again.

But he was very silent, and his wife felt tired and just a little cross. She liked to be petted and coaxed and flattered, and latterly Wilfred had been too serious to suit her gay fancies and too absorbed in new ideas for his book to pay her the attentions she loved so dearly to exact from every man and especially from her husband.

"Let us go home to town," she said suddenly. "I am so tired of roaming in this out of the way place, Wilfred, and there is still so much going on, I hear. You must have got lots of ideas now, I am sure." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. The murmur of the streets seemed already in her ears, and the flash of silks and jewels came over the sunlight on the grass.

He paused a moment. "Will you not come on a little farther?" he asked kindly, yet a little wistfully. "There are some lovely places in the dale, and you would be interested in them, I think."

But she shook her head until the diamonds in her little ears twinkled like dewdrops. "You know I am not interested," she said petulantly. "I hate those old people who perched castles on the tops of hills and expect you to climb up to see them. Do let us go back."

They had reached the lych gate now, and a girl was entering it from the other side, where their carriage—his wife's carriage—with its beautiful bays, stood waiting. The sunlight fell on her quiet black gown and her soft hair as she passed under the quaint oaken structure, and then she lifted her eyes, and a sudden light flashed into them and then died very gently again.

The man's face grew white in the shadow of the leafy elms, but his wife chattered on in her high, pretty voice and noticed nothing of his pallor. And then, as they met, he advanced quietly to meet the girl as quietly as if they had never parted in bitter, bitter sorrow, the one brave and ready to sacrifice herself for his sake, the other, as he said to himself bitterly enough, a coward and a craven. And now they met again in the soft sunshine of the autumn day, with the first few leaves falling, golden tinted, from the trees around, with the blue, bright sky overhead and the purling of a little stream somewhere near, under the old gateway that leads to the house of prayer.

She spoke to him very calmly and quietly, and he introduced her to his lovely wife, and she told the stranger at once in her pretty, petulant voice of her wish to go back to town and its gayeties, only Wilfred wouldn't, he was so cross.

But the girl smiled so gently and spoke so soothingly that the little lady's wrath melted away, and she laughed like a merry child and straightway invited her new friend to pay them a visit in town.

"We will go tomorrow, won't we, Wilfred?" she said laughingly, and the grave faced man answered that her will was law.

"Yes; we will go tomorrow," he said when the girl had answered that she never went to town now. Her father was old and needed her care, and she was quite content with her life in the still countryside.

"I have him, and he has me," she said, with her peaceful smile, and the laughing woman before her could not guess and would never have realized that this gentle faced girl had loved the man beside her with all her heart and soul and had passed through the deep waters alone with her sorrow to take up her life again bravely and well.

And then one of the beautiful horses claimed the pretty wife's attention, and she went hurriedly on, leaving the two together for a brief moment in the sunshine of the old gate.

"Forgive me, Enid!" he said brokenly. "Ah, I have wronged you so, and I deserve your hatred, but forgive me if you can!"

His face was haggard, and his lips whitened and trembled as he spoke the few strained words.

But she laid her hand in his very gently, as if to say goodby to a dear, dear friend forever. "I have forgiven you, dear," she said. "I may call you that for this one last time? I have forgiven you everything, and God keep you, keep you safely and lead you aright!" She paused, and the great tears rose in her calm eyes and rolled down the pale cheeks. She loved him so well still, and the meeting and the parting were very hard to bear.

And then, with one last look, she passed on into the loneliness of the still graveyard and the quiet dead.—Exchange.

Abyssinians Expert at Thatching.

In describing Abyssinia and its strange capital a writer in Pearson's tells of its mushroom growth as follows: A crowd of workers appears with loads of sticks some 12 feet high. These are planted in the ditch to erect the walls, and a few more sticks are twisted in and out to keep them together. Now comes the preparation of the roof. A number of men climb up inside and bind together more sticks like the frame of an umbrella. As soon as these are in position they clamber outside like monkeys and set to work to thatch. For this purpose they bring great bundles of hay and twine it between the sticks. They are not an artistic nation, and they have next to no industries, but at thatching they are really expert, and they turn out work which would call for admiration even in a civilized country. They do not trouble to produce an elegant finish, but this often adds to the picturesqueness of a cottage.

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The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors is held on the first Monday of each month. Fred B. LeMoin, Chairman.

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Justice of the Peace	H. Goldner
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TOWNSHIP TWO.

Justice of the Peace	James McCauley
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TOWNSHIP THREE.

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Ledger and Weekly Call, one year	3 60
Ledger and Daily Bulletin, one year	6 50
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Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year	7 70
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Ledger and Daily Examiner, one year	8 30
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