EVENING COMETH.

Each morning hath its evening; the glorious splendor fadeth from the sunset and the night is come.

In the morning of life,
When sorrow and strife
Had never our pathway o'ershaded,
How sweet was the dream,
With its golden-dyed gleam,
Which in after-life melted and faded.

When dews of the morning
Were fresh and adorning
Each leaflet and blossom so rare,
Little then did we know
Of the sunset's hot glow
Which in later years caused us despair.

As we journeyed along,
With laughter and song,
Little dreaming of cares of the morrow,
The pathway grew steep,
The shadows grew deep
And evening brought sadness and sorrow.

The bright, sunny day,
With its last, ling'ring ray,
Is fast verging into the dusk;
In the twilight gleam
I sit me and dream
Of Him who bids us trust.

Dream of that land
With its golden strand
And the loved ones gone before;
Of that happy throng
I shall join ere long
And number one of its choir.

For the sunset light
Has changed to-night
And the summons soon will come
When my tired feet,
From the crowded street,
Will enter my last sweet home.

So while memories throng
Of laughter and song,
And my thoughts to the past will roam;
With folded hands
I await the command,
"For the night bringeth all things home."

San Francisco, December, 1890. M. R. JOHNSON.

THE CUIRASSIER.

It was raining, but a scarcely visible fall, as if the drops were pressed through a fine sprinkler by a gigantic hand behind the clouds, which sailed low in the chilly air.

But in spite of the stinging slaps of the saucy wind the boulevard was full of people—two crowds, one of which moved by the force of business necessity; the other more slowly, impelled only by curiosity, but both meeting and passing in constant succession.

At the corner of a street and the boulevard was stationed a little boy scarcely ten years old. His brown, thick, uncombed hair fell in locks almost to his eyebrows, or stood out like bristles from his temples. His jacket, vest and pantaloons were ill fitting and remade from old, worn corduroy, which had changed from a yellowish brown to a dirty gray hue. They were entirely too large for him, but then (it was reasoned) he would grow inevitably, whether economy made this desirable or not. His face and hands showed the spots of mud which were spattered on him a short time before by a luxurious carriage that, in passing, almost touched his three feet of corner territory. He had small, bright, gentle blue eyes, and was named Charles Froer.

His father, who was a street vender of toys, had placed him there some days before to sell something he had lately invented. It was a wooden cuirassier of brave bearing, mounted on a spirited steed. When a certain spring was touched the horse would prance off on quick moving wheels, and the soldier would brandish heroically his formidable saber, raising and then falling to pierce some invisible breasts, or to mow off the heads of some imaginary hosts of the invading enemy. During this invading attack the cuirassier would roll his eyes ferociously and his savage mustache would bristle with fury. What more alluring and entrancing toy could be offered to a boy with a drop of French bravery in his young heart? The father sold many of them in walking the neighboring streets near the wonderful church of the Madeleine. But he chose to have his son remain at the street corner, having suspended from his neck a frame in which a company of the cuirassiers were in line in the full splendor of paint and gilding.

Every morning he received twenty of them, and each one sold for 20 sous. Thus every evening, in mounting to his home in Acacia street—the sixth story of the house—he must show 20 sous for each missing cuirassier. Now he shivered in the misty air; his cheeks, nose and ears were purple and his little chapped hands were buried to the elbows in his pantaloon pockets. In a feeble, thin and melancholy voice he cried:

"The cuirassier, the fine, brave cuirassier, for 20 sous!" But the indifferent crowd passed on, leaving him to repeat his offers as regularly as he had heard his father do.

This good man, a gilder by trade, but now out of his proper work, turned to this business to keep out of idleness, that he might the better feed his motherless children. He naturally sold many more of the toys, because in his good-natured way he added to these attractions by his sparkling Parisian jokes, they compelling attention and inducing the listeners to buy. The little boy could not do this; indeed was rather sad while crying, "The cuirassiers, brave cuirassiers, 20 sous!" Tears were in his eyes, but not because of the cold; he was accustomed to that. Nor was he ill or hungry; on the contrary he was strong and his father gave him plenty to eat.

Why, then, was he shedding tears, and why did he regard with an air of disturbance, almost of fear, the children of the wealthy who were tempted by the pretty toys to approach him?

And when he sold one and the 20 sous sank deep in his pocket, why did sighs burst from his curved lips and his eyes follow with a jealous and desolate expression the happy child who disappeared in the crowd triumphantly bearing away the gallant soldier? That day business had been excellent, only one toy remaining—one only, and nineteen pieces of silver jingling in his purse. Near him, almost touching him, came a little boy clinging to his mother's hand. Although of the same age he was much smaller than Charles and very thin, his face being emaciated and wan. It seemed hard for him to walk, for his right shoulder projected in a hump.

They had never spoken, but they knew each other very well, having often met. The deformed boy was named Gaston Lembelly, one which Charles thought almost too grand for so small a body. His mother was a rich widow, who lived in the first flat of the house in Acacia street, of which she was owner.

Gaston stopped before Charles, recognizing him with a smile and a bow. He gazed earnestly at the remaining toy and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, see the splendid cuirassier!"

His dark-rimmed eyes—those of one condemned to soon close them forever—opened wider, and he reached his long, thin, waxy hand to grasp the wooden soldier and touch the spring. Immediately the horse gave a fierce bound, and the rider brandished his weapon as if mowing the heads and piercing the breasts of an invisible host.

"Oh, mamma, please buy him for me!"

"How much for your cuirassier, my child?" asked the mother.

"Twenty sous, madame."

"There is the money," and Gaston Lembelly walked off with his prize.

The little wooden frame was now empty, but with contracted lips Charles bent his head. He tried hard not to weep, but it was too much for him, and his forehead almost touching his little shelf, his hands thrust into his pockets, he burst into a shower of tears and sighs.

Gaston Lembelly heard him and turned about, pulling his mother toward the little vender of toys.

"Why are you weeping?" he inquired, in a familiar and kindly manner, for children are fraternal with each other before they are spoiled by conventionality. "Has some one hurt you?"

He sighed, but could not answer. The little invalid insisted.

"Come, now, tell me why you are weeping?"

Charles wiped his eyes with his sleeve, but his tears wetting the mud remaining on it from his former efforts, it left a gray scar on his troubled visage, extending from his eye to his left ear.

Between his sighs, in broken sentences, he tried to explain:

"I—am—not—crying—hou—hou! No—one—has—hurt—me. No—I—am—not—crying—only—my—cuirassiers—my—fine—cuirassiers!"

"Very well. Have you not been paid for them?"

"Yes, but I love them so much. They are so handsome, when I have them all before me. I look at them with so much pleasure! But I dare not touch them because papa has forbidden it. Then when they are all gone I weep, for I would like so much to have one all to myself!"

"And have you not asked your father for one?"

"Yes, but papa is poor and cannot afford it. He needs all the money for us."

The little invalid looked at him with gentle but astonished eyes.

"Then one would make you very happy?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" sobbed Charles, with a new flow of tears.

Then Gaston reached him his toy.

"Here, take mine! I give it to you, and you can keep the 20 sous, too!"

Charles Froer feared he did not hear aright—dared not believe his ears. Nevertheless he half reached out his hands with curled fingers, wide open, sparkling eyes, half smiling, while hesitating to believe in his happiness.

"May I not give it to him, mamma? Are you not willing?"

"Surely, my darling," said the mother in deep emotion, putting her hand in her pocket, but suddenly withdrawing it she murmured:

"Perhaps his self-denial will win him more of heaven," and she disappeared in the crowd with her physically deformed but noble-minded child.

Charles Froer returned to Acacia street. His account was correct. For his twenty cuirassiers he returned twenty francs.

He hid his toy in his pocket. In the evening he played with it; in the morning also before starting out. He even took it with him to the boulevard, fearing if he had it at home that his father might find it and make him resell it.

This continued through all the cold month of December, but the little street-vender was now merry, and his voice, though still feeble, was no longer sad when he cried:

"The cuirassiers, fine cuirassiers for twenty sous!"

Two months passed in which Charles had not seen the little invalid, but the gift was a daily joy and reminder of the giver.

One evening he heard his father say:

"Gaston Lembelly, the son of our housekeeper, is very ill."

Charles felt a sharp pain in his heart, and large tears filled his eyes. Two days after his father again said:

"Gaston Lambelly, the son of the proprietor, is dead."

Charles shut himself into the closet where he slept. In bed he drew the sheet over his head and wept, hardly knowing why. He dosed, but continued to weep in his dreams.

Two days more he saw the large door of the house hung with black drapery, bearing in silver the initials "G. L."

On a table at the entrance, beneath the wreaths of flowers, and lighted by wax candles, was the little casket, not larger than would have been required for a child of 5 years. When it passed out under the hangings many friends followed it. But far behind the procession, more unkempt than usual, his hands still deep in the pockets of his corduroys, Charles Froer followed. The sky was covered with a pall of dark gray, and at times flakes of half-melted snow were beaten by strong gusts of wind into the face and eyes.

Truly living in such a time was not cheerful; it was a happy thing for little Gaston to go away to a country where the children of the rich who had been good to those of the poor here below would meet and play and love each other, and never know cold or want.

Charles did not dare enter the church, but lingered in the vicinity until he could join the procession in its slow movement toward the cemetery of Montmartre. He kept far away from every one while the remains of his little benefactor were being hid away forever. He felt almost ashamed to be there, as if it were a bad action, not having been invited by any one. And he trembled for the safety of his company of cuirassiers which he dared to leave in charge of a friendly comrade, unknown to his father, that he might follow, even afar in the mourners' line, weeping for his little friend. He also avoided the keepers, fearing they might chase him away.

Men, women and the little children, friends of the dead boy, passed back through the gate and Gaston was left forever under the cold of the wet earth. It was then that Charles timidly approached, looking behind him to see if he was watched. No, he was entirely alone. With care and tenderness he drew from his deep pocket the wooden cuirassier.

"His mother did not buy him another, and there wont be any up there, perhaps," he softly whispered to himself.

He considered the toy a minute, touched the spring, and for the last time the steed galloped, the saber cut and pierced and put in flight the terrible but invisible enemy.

Then he kissed the brave man on each cheek, pressed him on his breast, kissed him again and gently placed him beneath the lovely and odorous wreaths—a fitting grave for hero and steed. In leaving the cemetery he continued to turn and throw kisses until the new-made grave had faded from his sight.—Ex.

FRATERNAL NOTES.

A New I. O. O. F. Hall Contemplated in New York City.

Loyal California Lodge, No. 1, Odd Fellows' Manchester Unity, held its regular meeting last evening and conferred the initiatory.

There will be three assessments levied next month by the A. O. U. W. of this jurisdiction.

The corner-stone of the Preston Schhol of Industry, the new State Reform School at Ione, Amador County, was Masonically laid on Tuesday afternoon by Alvah Russell Conklin, Grand Master, assisted by J. B. Stevens, Grand Marshal, and Ione Lodge, No. 85, Governor Waterman, E. M. Preston, State Senator from Nevada County, the author of the bill. The oration was delivered by M. D. Boruck, Grand Orator. On conclusion of the ceremonies a banquet was partaken of in Isaac Hall.

The Royal Arcanum was organized at Boston, Mass., on June 23, 1877, with nine members. On the 1st inst. its membership was 110,000, with 1320 subordinate councils and 18 Grand Councils. There have been 5084 deaths since the date of organization, for which the sum of $15,012,528 20 has been paid. The number of assessments levied has been 135, the highest in any one year having been 15. The average assessment per member in 1889 was $1 08. The average age of the entire membership is 39 years and 6 months. The death rate in 1889 per 1000 was 7.82. The ratio of expenses to benefits paid in 1889 was 2½ per cent.

Emperor William III of Germany has presented to the German Masonic lodges an engraving of Frederick the Great conferring "light" upon a candidate.

There are seven lodges of the Knights of Pythias in Wyoming with a membership of 450.

The Grand Jurisdiction of Missouri A. O. U. W. has 435 subordinate lodges, of which number seventy-three are located in the city of St. Louis.

A Pythian college to be established at Gallatin, under the management of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, will be sanctioned by the Supreme Lodge.

The members of the I. O. O. F. in the city of New York propose to build a hall costing not less than $1,000,000.

R. A. Savage, Supreme Dictator of the Knights of Honor, has been elected President of the Fraternal Congress.

The membership of the Fraternal Mystic Circle in Ohio is now about 2500.

Nearly all the prominent commanderies of Knights Templar in the United States have already established clubs for the triennial conclave at Denver, Colo., in 1892.

SOMETHING TO LAUGHT AT.

Cupid shoots many a deadly arrow, remarks the Chicago Tribune, by using a worn-out old beau.

* * *

Customer—I am troubled with rats in my room. Druggist—Yes, sir. Bromide or ammonia cocktail.—Life.

* * *

There is nothing in the world more deliciously charming than the summer girl, unless it is the same girl sitting near you by the cozy hearth-fire in the howling winter-time. Somerville Journal.

* * *

He—I'd like to see you women struggling around a bargain counter just once, for the fun of the thing. She—And I'd like to see you men struggling around a free-lunch counter.—N. Y. Herald.

* * *

Miss Penelope Beacon—Oh, what an exquisite edition of Paradise Lost. You must value it very highly. Miss Mony Inpork—You bet! It's the best thing in the world to swat waterbugs with.—Boston Traveller.

* * *

The Western Fever—Mrs. Shrimpps (to Mr. Shrimpps)—Cousin Sue writes from Soda Gulch, Mont., that the water there is so alkaline that they can't wash in it. Little Johnnie Shrimpps—Let's go there.—Good News.

* * *

Uncle—And now good-by, my dear nephew, and if you should need money why write to me. Nephew (pulling a letter out of his pocket)—Certainly I will, uncle. There's the first letter now.—Fliegende Blaetter.

* * *

Mrs. Hopeful—Is my boy improving any? Professor of Penmanship—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad that no living soul can read it. Mrs. Hopeful—How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day.—Good News.

* * *

Mother—Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers; that's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you. Daughter—But, mamma, I'm not playing with the soldiers; I picked out the officers and played with them.—Texas Siftings.

* * *

Bobby—Is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckley—I guess not. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckley—Your mother will tell you, my son. She always has the last word.—Munsey's Weekly.

Colonel W. Hutchinson of Wichita, who is anxious to succeed Senator Ingalls, is a man of commanding appearance. He is six feet in length and weighs over 200 pounds. He is well read and a fluent talker, though he has taught himself all he knows.

AMONG THE "CONS."

Minstrelsy at the San Quentin Penitentiary.

Three Characteristic Exhibitions Given by "The Iron Gates Gigantic Specialty Company."

That beehive of the State known as the San Quentin Penitentiary, where 1300 men are incarcerated, work and have a world all to themselves, was stirred to its very center all day yesterday by an event of uncommon interest—one that shows that compulsory isolation from the great living, palpitating world without does not destroy all the ties that bind them to civilization, does not make them lose an interest in the events of history that are theirs by right of inheritance. It is safe to say that no day has been looked forward to with more expectation, enjoyed with more gusto, and destined to serve as a greater mile-stone in the unfortunate years of their incarceration.

For weeks preparations have been going on for a yuletide entertainment, and the convicts with a common interest entered into the work. Uniforms were made of jute bags, dyed or painted, as dye or paint first fell into the convicts' hands, and several costumes were composed of jute colored by both methods. The false hair and beards were of combed jute, dyed and waxed, and from a distance served as well as real hair possibly could.

PRISON-MADE ACCESSORIES.

The scenery was of jute bags ripped up, tacked to frames and painted. One of these was a street scene, another a parlor and a third a very respectable wooded scene. No part of the talent, whether on the boards, in the orchestra or back of the scenes, was other than that of convicts. They prepared everything, produced everything, but the results were enjoyed by many visitors, as well as officers and attaches and by the convicts.

The stage was built in the library. On its right was a buffalo hunting scene and on the left a painting representing a Mexican bull-fight. A dude painted in an angle on the left and a minstrel on the right served as statues to relieve the angle the recess of the stage made with the wall, while above were pendant festoons of evergreens and holly.

The orchestra were seated on stools in a prominent position to relieve the distance between the level height of heads in the audience and the stage floor. The following is the equipment of the orchestra: Leader, John Collins; violinists, Convicts Brannan, Taylor and Knight; guitarists, Ortiga, Espinosa and Rupert; bass vials, Olivas and Lewis.

AN ELABORATE PROGRAMME.

For name the projectors adopted "The Iron Gates Gigantic Specialty Company," a ghastly reference to their confinement, a juggling of words to reduce the sting of reality. Their first exhibition was given on Wednesday night for the officers and prison attaches, and two were given yesterday for the convicts: one in the morning attended by 800 prisoners, and the other at 1:30 in the afternoon for the other 500, who were kept in durance during the morning.

The programme was elaborate, interchangeable and parts might have been left out ad libitum without endangering the play, and with the exception of the first exhibition the whole was not carried out. It opened with a rendition of "The Old Kentucky Home," in which the vocalists were behind the curtain. This was followed by a minstrel end-man act, in which Ed Walker was interlocutor, J. A. Cain bones and Dave de Costa juggled with the tamborine.

Their points all referred to their imprisonment. Bones told how he was in San Francisco once, then added, sotto voce, "but that was a long time ago." Then, with a shout, Tamborine started the laugh that traveled from the orchestra to the Chinese convicts in the rear of the hall. To a convict the joke may be full of life; to a free man it was the mockery of death.

DE COSTA'S TOPICAL DITTY.

The second number was an original ditty by Dave de Costa. It was designated on the programme as a "comic song." It was, in fact, a history of his stay in the prison and of his hopes to leave. It detailed that he has to serve three months and twenty-seven days yet, and advised the making of his citizen's clothes:

Tell all the "cons" good-by,
'Cause I'm gwine to go.

Then he added that if he ever is put in prison again it will be back East,

Or in a foreign clime,
Or in some other penitentiary.

Then he sang to the company's chorus:

The time is a-coming and I hope it wont be long,
Chorus: Tell all the "cons" good-by.
I'll be going down the world singing my little song,
Tell all the "cons" good-by.
If on the road I stop for to get a little drop,
I wont be long if around is any cop.
Chorus: How! Umph! Tell all the "cons" good-by.

This song of questionable value as an inspirer among convicts was followed by a beautiful rendition of "To Me," a ballad, by one Mitchell, whose barytone is remarkable.

The next two numbers, a sentimental song and a ballad, were sung by Convicts Crust and Sherwood. J. A. Cain gave the well-known "I'm a Methodist, I'm a Methodist, I'm a Methodist until I die," suited to the several denominations, while the company sang a chorus, the burden of which was that that "was one of his hard trials." The finale of this part represented King Cauliflower's arrival. When the King entered, the company sang "The McKinley bill has made him ill, so you must receive him well." It ended by the King being arrested for disturbing the peace, after having "knighted" all on the stage, "just as I did with the Charleston's crew."

THERE WAS NO INTERMISSION.

The second part of the programme was known from the first to those alone who held a programme as there was no intermission, no entr'acte to allow the convicts to "go out to see a man," which is a convenience the ladies would have appreciated. The first number was a comic banjo act by Thompson and Kylie, both experts on the banjo. This was followed by a duet, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" and a song and dance entitled "Alabama Blossoms." Convicts Forney and Wheatley, expert clog-dancers, gave an exhibition of their abilities and had to answer to two encores.

The finale to part second was a farce entitled "The Mischievous Monkey." The monkey was dressed in a loose-fitting gunny bag with uncombed jute sewed to it at irregular spaces; not enough of it to give the impression that hair was meant, but enough to make the outlines indistinct. This nondescript had his face blackened and walked more on his hands and head than his feet. As a monkey he was a failure, as a substitute he was a success. His dire end was to have his tail cut off. Justice is then appeased and the curtain descends.

"HEAP GOOD! WELLY GOOD!"

The third part gave a chance for individual talent to assert itself, and several convicts took on themselves impersonations of national and race characteristics. After a farce introducing "Owney McGinty, that smart little bit of a man," in the laughable Irish act, entitled "The Workmen's Strike," the entertainment closed with "Good Night," sung by Flores and Sherwood.

The programme was prepared by Ed Walker, manager, assisted by William Forney, stage manager. John Collins was the musical director, Al Lynchcombe the scenic artist, and Con Hoffmann the stage carpenter, all of whom are convicts.

"We have had a great time," said Convict Walker. "We have to thank the Warden for this chance to exercise ourselves 'in ways not jute.' It is much better than to have a troupe visit us. We appreciate it more."

"Him heap good, welly good," said a Chinese convict, and he went beamingly to his cell. Evidently his words were echoed in the minds of all present, and it is safe to say that the memories of the past and their association in a common heartfelt effort yesterday will elevate most of them.

The meals served all day were much better than usual and the machinery shut down all day to give them a chance. In every way the "cons" at San Quentin enjoyed the day and "The Iron Gates Gigantic Specialty Company" will be handed down in the prison traditions as a success histrionic.

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

Result of an Attempt at Robbery in a Country Village.

"About the most unpleasant experience I ever had," said a retired burglar to a reporter for the New York Sun, "was in a small village in the western part of the State. I looked around the town in the afternoon and located a house that seemed promising, and about a quarter past 2 the next morning I went in through the back door. The lower part of the house was furnished, but I didn't want any bric-a-brac and I went right upstairs and turned into the first chamber I came to. There was a very dim light burning, but it wasn't light enough to see by and I turned on my glim. The light just happened to strike the head of the bed and it woke up a man. He sat up and said as cool as could be: 'Well, what is it?' and I told him I wanted whatever dust he might have there, and I wanted it soon. I had met cool men before and I wasn't going to stand any bluff.

"He got out of bed and started for a bureau in the corner of the room. I kept the light on him all the time. He was a well-built young fellow, not more than 24. He had a manly sort of a look about him and I was almost ashamed to rob him. When he moved up toward the bureau I moved up too, so as not to give him a chance to open a window and holler or get any other drop on me where I couldn't reach him. He had got about one more step to make to reach the bureau, and he was moving along as quiet as a man could, when, quicker'n lightning, he made a jump and butted me square off my feet before I knew what he was doing. My lamp fell one way and my jimmy the other, and the next second he fell on me so heavy that I thought he would grind me through the floor.

"I had a gun with me, but I didn't even have a chance to get hold of it. He grabbed both my wrists when he fell, and then somehow he managed to hold both of them with one hand and with the other he grabbed me by the neck, and he just simply dragged me out and threw me downstairs. I could hear myself banging all the way down, and I expected to be all broke up when I got there, but I wasn't. I was bruised, but all right. When I got up on my feet I looked up to the head of the stairs where the man was. His face had a serious kind of a look on it, but when he saw I wasn't much hurt he smiled and said:

"'Will you kindly close the door when you go out?'

"'I will,' I said, for I wasn't going to be outdone in politeness; 'but,' says I, 'will you kindly tell me where you got all that business?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'you mean the muscle business? Why, I am the half back of the Wyanoke College foot-ball team.'

"That made me mad, and says I: 'Then, why in thunder don't you hang out a sign and let people know who you are?'

"That seemed to make him mad, and he stopped smiling and started for the stairs, and I just went out and closed the door after me."

DUAL PERSONALITY.

A Very Singular Story That Was Told by Professor James.

A meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research—the first meeting since last March—was held last night in the amphitheater of the Society of Natural History. * * * Professor William James described a case of double personality of the so-called ambulatory type, the investigation of which he has just concluded, says the Boston Herald.

The subject is a man, about 60 years of age, residing in a small place near Pawtucket, R. I. This person was a carpenter until 1856, when, by a strange visitation of Providence he was induced to adopt altogether different habits of life. He had been an atheist. One day, while walking in the open country, he thought he heard a voice, saying:

"Go to the chapel, go to the chapel."

"To what chapel?" he inquired of his invisible monitor.

"To the Christian chapel," was the reply.

Now the carpenter was on unfriendly terms with the minister of the Christian chapel, and he exclaimed aloud:

"Before I go to that place I hope that God may strike me deaf, dumb and blind."

Instantly he fell to the earth, enveloped in darkness and silence, and without the power of speech.

The event which followed, as Professor James said in telling this part of the story, were such as generally occur in cases of the same sort, which are frequent in religious history. Suffice it to say that the events culminated in the man's restoration to his senses in his conversation and in his adoption of the vocation of an itinerant preacher.

For thirty years he followed this calling, doing a great deal of missionary work and becoming well known over a large area of New York State and Western New England.

Early in 1887 he had abandoned his preaching, being advanced in years and desirous of living more quietly, and had taken up again his old trade of carpentering. His health was still good, and he worked twelve or thirteen hours a day in preference to nine or ten.

In what follows it is well to remember Professor James' assurance of his conviction that the man in question is sincere, free from deception and a genuine subject of strange psychical phenomena.

One day, while living at Greene, R. I., he suddenly disappeared from home. Every effort was made to find him, but to no avail. He was completely lost.

Two months later, in Norristown, Pa., a man named Brown, who kept a little candy store, woke up in the middle of the night and found himself in a strange place. His bed was strange, the room in which he lay was strange, and the shop into which he groped his way was so unfamiliar that he became thoroughly alarmed. Fearing he would be taken for a burglar, he cried for help. The neighbors rushed out in the night and discovered Brown, the candy merchant, in an unaccountable state.

"Where am I? Who am I? Who are you?" he cried, in great perturbation.

They thought their neighbor must be suddenly gone crazy. When told that his name was Brown, he denied it, and gave as his name that of the erstwhile preacher and carpenter of Rhode Island.

The village doctor was called upon for advice. He saw in the case something different from ordinary mania, but still he thought it was mania. However, he communicated with Brown's alleged relatives in Rhode Island, and to be sure, Brown's assertions concerning himself were found to be true.

But Brown now had no recollection of his experience in the candy-store, nor did he know how he got there or how he left Rhode Island.

The case became noised abroad, and was investigated by a Philadelphia physician, but with no results.

All that was known was that the man had been away from home two months, six weeks of which he had spent at Norristown, but the remaining fortnight was a blank to him and could be explained by nobody else.

In the course of time the circumstances reached the notice of Professor James. The man was now again at home, peaceably pursuing his trade of carpenter. The professor visited him and found him to be a hard-headed, matter-of-fact Yankee. After considerable persuasion he was pursuaded to come to Cambridge and be hypnotized. The professor thought that in a hypnotic trance the man might remember his Brown experience. And so he did. This is the most valuable phase of the phenomenon from a psychical point of view.

He was very readily hypnotized, and as soon as he passed into the trance began to talk of Norristown and the candy-store. He also explained those two weeks that had been up to this time a mystery to everybody. While prosaic enough, his account was perfectly circumstantial. Having conceived a notion that some trouble was in store for him at home, he got on a horse-car one day and rode to Pawtucket; proceeded thence to New York, stopped one night at the Grand Union Hotel, went on to Philadelphia, put up a couple of nights at a hotel, and then took a room at a boarding-house. The location of the house he gave at 1115 Filbert street.

While there, seeing an advertisement of a small business for sale in Norristown, he went to that place, which he had never visited before, and set himself up in trade.

Such was his story when he was in the hypnotic state, and in that state he could remember nothing of his former or normal condition. On the other hand, while in his waking state he had no recollection of his Brown experience subsequent to his boarding the horse-car to ride to Pawtucket, nor could he tell why he started on this trip.

His Brown personality was, as Professor James put it, a weak, insipid, diluted extract of his normal personality. In the two states he was two entirely different men.

He was hypnotized many times and attempts were made by all sorts of artifices to effect at least a partial fusion of his Brown condition and his normal condition, but these efforts were quite unsuccessful. The only result was that his hypnotic memory grew more and more feeble until finally he could recollect only the barest outlines of his Brown experience.

His statements concerning that experience were, of course, verified as far as possible. It was not until last week, however, that the boarding-house at 1115 Filbert street was found to have existed otherwise than in his imagination. When Professor James wrenched his hypnotic narrative from him that house had been torn down and replaced by a mercantile establishment and all traces of its former occupants were lost. And only a few days ago did Professor James receive word that they had been discovered.

They perfectly remembered the man, with the circumstances of his arrival at their house and his departure to go into business at Norristown.

This example of dual personality Professor James pronounced to be one of the most complete on record. He will describe it in detail in the next volume of proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.

HALE'S HONEY
—OF—
HOREHOUND and TAR

Should always be kept on hand for use in COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP, and ALL affections of the THROAT AND LUNGS. It is composed of

PURE

Ingredients. Its effects are immediate and

POWERFUL

In relieving these distressing and prevalent complaints, and it is so

PLEASANT

To the taste that young children will take it without difficulty.

TRY IT AND BE CURED.
Sold by Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute
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THE SONGS OF OLD.

Ballads That Were Sung in the Days of Our Grandfathers.

The Heroes and Heroines That Figured in the Rhymes of the Song-Writers Way Back in the Forties and Fifties.

The maiden aunt still has in her possession an old notebook into which she copied the favorite songs of her girlhood, back in the late forties and early fifties. It was the custom then, she says, for girls to keep songbooks of this sort, and hers is so neatly copied in a round hand that the herring-bone chirography of her niece gives the impression of a lunatic's ravings beside Patti's songs.

So I suppose that this old book of my maiden aunt, from which I shall make a few selections, mirrors the popular taste in songs at that far-away period when gold was being discovered in California. No Dan McGintys or Mr. O'Reilleys were celebrated in song then. The Irish song was unknown. Dutch dialect had never been heard of, and songs were written in English or negro lingo—the stage negro dialect. The South was then looked at as a land of flowery beauty, and many were the songs referring to its balmy winds, magnolia trees and orange groves. The sentimental songs are dead nowadays. Here is one of the old ones:

KATY DARLING'S GRAVE.

Oh, I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy, darling,
This world is all a blank world to me,
Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy, darling!
Oh, think, love, I'm sighing for thee.
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And thy heart would be melting, Katy, darling,
Could'st thou see thy love this sad night.
Oh, listen, sweet Katy!
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy, darling,
And the lone birds are singing on each tree,
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy, darling?
Oh, know love, I'm kneeling by thee.

Whether or not such a superfluity of "Ohs" caused Katy to rise from her grave is unrecorded. But that this song was immensely popular in its day is attested by the existence of about 999 parodies of it, having refrains such as "Ducky, Darling" or "Bobby, Darling" (Bobby standing for a policeman), or "Cookey, Darling."

Here is more sentiment:

THEIR LAY.

Lay her where the woodbine clingeth
To the dark magnolia tree,
Where the breezes low music bringeth
From the bosom of the sea.
With a sorrowful devotion
Lay her where sweet violets be,
Where the leaves keep gentle motion
To the breathing of the sea.
There lay her, there leave her,
Our young Ella Lee,
Ever blooming as the summer,
Ever humming like the bee.
We believed her some bright being
From the land where angels be:
We have lost her—ever lost her—
Our fair Ella, Ella Lee.

The popular heroine always used to be dead; it may be noticed "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," was dead, too:

PRAIRIE BLOSSOM.

But the summer faded, and the chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last:
When the autumn song birds woke with the morn,
Little prairie flower was gone.

For the angels whispered softly in her ear:
Child, the Father calls thee, stay not here:
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,
To their blissful home of light.

CHORUS:

Though we shall never look on her any more,
Gone with the love and the joy she bore,
Far away she's blooming in a fadeless bower,
Sweet Rosalie, the prairie flower.

Here's another melancholy bit about a girl named Nelly—dead, of course:

NOW NELLY'S CHANCE.

In the hazel dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Where the flowers wave;
And the silent stars are nightly weeping
O'er poor Nelly's grave.

Hopes that once my bosom fondly cherished
Smile on me no more;
Ev'ry dream of joy, alas! has perished,
Nelly, dear, with thee.

CHORUS:

All alone my watch I'm keeping
In the hazel dell,
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping,
Nelly, dear, farewell.

The idea of the stars weeping, possibly original in "Katy, Darling," is here repeated. That Nellie was the "Annie Rooney" of her day is shown by another song about a girl named Nellie:

DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY.

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy, happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by a little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Neilie Gray.

One night I went to see her, she had gone the night before.
The white man he bound her with a chain.
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away
A-working 'mong the cotton and the cane.

My eyes are getting blinded, I cannot see the way.
Hark! There's a knocking at the door.
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Here is one more in the same strain:

GOOD FOR ELLEN.

Soft be thy slumbers, rude cares depart,
Visions in numbers cheer thy young heart,
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Warm hearts shall beat for thee,
Sweet Ellen Bane.

CHORUS:

Gentle slumbers round thee glide,
Dreams of beauty round thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bane.

It is not quite clear whether this Ellen was sleeping in a grave or not, but if she wasn't, "to be lingering by her side," on the part of the presumable young man who does the singing cannot be defended. He should have done as Artemus Ward did when the serenaders asked him to "Come where my love lies dreaming." Artemus said, "I didn't go; I didn't think it would be correct."

Songs of California were mainly sentimental, too.

This idea of the gold-miner as a gushing hero, fond of religion and tears, was a popular but hardly truthful conception of the real Californian of '49. "The Old Cabin Home" is not yet entirely forgotten, but its beauties do not consist in faultless meter.

GOOD-BY.

Oh, I'm going far away, I'm going to leave you now,
To the Mississippi river I am going;
I will take my old banjo,
And I'll sing this little song,
Away down in my old cabin home.

CHORUS:

Here is my old cabin home,
Here is my sister and my brother;
Here is my wife, she's the joy of my life,
And the child in the grave with its mother.

The touch of pathos contained in the last line never failed in its effect upon the soft hearts of those days. The singer of that time was always trying to find out if he was "missed" by those at home.

UNDOUBTEDLY NOT.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved one
Was saying, I wish he were here.
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

To this homesick youth the following reply was made:

UNDER A HAYSTACK, PROBABLY.

The shadows of evening are falling,
Oh! where is the wanderer now?
The breeze that floats lightly around me
Perchance may soon visit his brow.

Oh! hear on thy bosom a message,
We're watching, oh why wilt thou roam,
Thy heart has grown cold and dejected,
For we miss thee, we miss thee at home.

As was Nelly for a heroine so was Willy for a hero. Of course there was a Willy who was "missed."

WILLIAM GETS THERE.

Oh, Willy, is it you, dear? safe, safe at home;
They did not tell me true, dear; they said you would not come.
I've watched for you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice,
When I heard your well-known footsteps and that dear, familiar voice,
Making music in mine ear in the lonely midnight gloom.
Oh, Willy, we have missed you; welcome, welcome home.

We've longed to see you nightly, but this night most of all;
The fire was blazing brightly and the lamp was in the hall;
The little ones were up till 'twas 10 o'clock or past;
But their eyes began to twinkle, and they're gone to sleep at last.
They listened for your voice till they thought you'd never come.
Oh, Willy, we have missed you; welcome, welcome home.

Where Willy went is possibly explained by another song:

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

My Willy is on the dark blue sea,
He's gone far over the main,
And many a dreary day will pass
Ere he'll come back again.

CHORUS.

Then blow, gentle winds, o'er the dark blue sea,
And the storm king stay his hand,
And bring my Willy back to me
To his own dear native land.

Here is one of the humorous songs of fifty years ago:

SUPPOSED TO BE NEGRO.

Oh, white folks, I will sing to you
About my dear Susannah,
She's the gal that stole my heart away,
'Way down in Alabama.
She's tall and slender 'bout the waist,
And beautiful as Wenus;
Of all the gals I ever see
She am the greatest genius.

CHORUS.

Oh, give me the gal with the blue dress on
The white folks call Susannah.
She stole my heart, and away she's gone,
Away down in Alabama.

My love can cut de pigeon wing,
And likewise cut de polka;
She's a samser in de darky jig
And a sylph in de cow chokper.
Her gay high heels de go so fast
The darkies look with wonder;
Some fall down and faint away
And think they're struck with thunder.

I took her to a ball one night,
And when we went to supper
She fainted, and ober de turkey fell
And run her head in de butter.
Dey used campfire to fetch her to,
But den it was too later.
For a turkey leg stuck in her throat
And she choked to death with a 'tater.

Similar would be the last minutes of any one who should attempt nowadays to inflict on the public such songs as these.

A THRILLING RIDE.

Hitched to a Passenger Train and Couldn't Let Go.

James de Boe, a lineman employed by the Great Northern Railway Company, accomplished a feat last night which, while it was to a great extent involuntary, is no less remarkable. De Boe is furnished by the company with one of those tricycles so constructed as to run on the regular railway tracks. The machine works with a hand lever, and a speed of ten miles or more an hour is quite commonly attained. De Boe told a St. Paul Globe reporter that he had accomplished the extraordinary feat of keeping up with a short line train running thirty miles an hour for a distance of over two miles. He wouldn't do it again, he says, for $10,000.

He was waiting in the yards for the 7:30 train to Minneapolis to pass him. The train passed all right, and stopped for a few seconds with the tail coach close to where De Boe stood with his machine. That gentleman conceived a brilliant idea. He would take a turn with a section of No. 6 wire on one of the coach buffers, make the other end fast to his wheel and save labor. The connection was made in such a way that he calculated he could release himself by cutting the wire when the speed got too high. He chuckled when the train started up to think what a snap he was going to have in getting to Como. The train was a fraction of a minute late, though, and the speed ran up to twenty miles in no time. De Boe saw with alarm that the little wheel on the other track was jumping a foot clear of the rail every few seconds. He determined to cut the wire, and reached round behind for his pliers.

They were gone. The unusual motion had jerked them out of the tool-box. The speed was up to twenty-five miles now, and the tricycle was spinning along on two wheels, with the beam carrying the third fanning the air like a kite-tail.

De Boe was working hard to unwind the connection with his fingers, when there was a gigantic plunge. A telegraph lineman shot through the air like a meteor, and landed in a pile of sand beside the track. A railroad tricycle kept going and lit thirty feet further on, a badly wrecked vehicle. The concern had run off the track.

That De Boe was not killed is a miracle. He was at home last evening, however, and only a few scratches told the story of his thrilling experience.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

RUSS HOUSE.

J A Lund & wf, Stockton	J Allen, Sierra Valley
J Woodruff, Lodi	Miss E Huntoon, San Jose
T Godbe, San Jose	L C Briggs & fm, New York
Mrs T Godbe & dt, San Jose	M M Odell & fm, Siss'n
W A Badsman, Santa Rosa	J W Watson & wf, Marysville
H McCue & wf, Vallejo	L C Smith, Alvarado
J H Hoskins, Milwaukee	P Ward, Alvarado
W J Oakes, S L Obispo	L Estell, Oregon
W Clark, Bramer mine	S J Thompson, Montana
P Dany, Idaho	Rev J Cheal & fm, S Luis Obispo
J Villers, Winters	H M Campbell & wf, Mont
W E Bonman, Sacto	F Boddy, Montana
E Masters, Sacramento	S Agleton, Montana
R Radcliffe, Tracey	Mrs M Boddy, Montana
G Blumhardt, Tracey	G J Smith, Montana
W Buerke, Tracy	E L Williams & wf, Nev
J E Murphy, Arizona	W B Morris, Oregon
J J Swett, Santa Rosa	W L Piper, Oregon
H J Owens, Fresno	H Duff, Santa Clara
C Carey & wf, Brentwood	D Barrey, Santa Clara
Mrs Cooper, Sacramento	F L Fisher, San Jose
Miss E Kelly, Sacramento	E S Hill, California
J W Parker, Livermore	J Callahan, Chico
J B McDonald, Seattle	W E Geiger, Los Angeles
L B Falon, Sacramento	W J Browning & wf, Cal
J S Tannahill, Redwood	J A Bunting, Castroville
C P Adie, Oakdale	A C Morrell, Wrights
A B Smith, Oakdale	T R McClure, Stockton
J E McCormack, Sacto	W Coy, Napa
A P Tracy, San Rafael	J Stanley, Oregon
J W Collins & w, Calistoga	

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

A Brofeldt, U S N	B Fitzsimmons & fm, Red Bluff
E L McLachlaw, Cal	T James, Red Mountain
H Knott, California	J A Morgan, Kansas City
R Williams, Sacramento	J Englellard, Kansas City
J A Kittinger, Salt Lake	R Johns, Nipoma
J Johnson, Sacramento	J J Dunphy, Sacramento
H Hunt, Denver	W Estey, Cawies
C Anderson, Sacramento	G A Parkhurst & wf, Cal
E C Cochrane, Prescott	G Hunter, U S Navy
G Johnson, Sacramento	J Fitzpatrick, Missouri
J M Nixon, Seattle	J Martin, Manitoba
F A Keen, Seattle	J E Jackson, Manitoba
G Clarke, Sanger	A K Engley, Big Pine
A Olsen, San Rafael	C L Meyers, Big Pine
C Kane, Toronto	C Gibson, Chico
Miss Stetson, Toronto	J J O'Rourke, Nevada
Miss K Rigby, Toronto	G J Sawyer, New York
T M Roberts, London	H Clifford, New York
R Prouty, Los Angeles	D Carswell, Angel Island
E Ward, Los Angeles	F Meredith, U S N
T Drucy, Livermore	J Rutter, California
E Bartsch, New York	T Berwin, L Couras
F Berg & wf, Los Angeles	J Hendricks, Alameda
W M Lackland, New Hampshire	R C Guthrie, California
J R Hamilton, Napa	J Skidmore, U S N
R P Saunders, Livermore	L Gage, California
W C Fitch, Guerneville	J Humphrey, California
W Stone, Guerneville	J Bidsdale, Elmira
J Maloney, California	J J Smith, Monterey

GRAND HOTEL.

J W Graham, Los Alamos	W Ramsey, Napa
C E Owens, Martinez	J W Davis, Tulare
G W Godly, California	H Barrows, San Mateo
F W Stearns, Santa Cruz	E W Preston, Chicago
W Jordan, Oakland	B McCullough, Crows Log
H N Putnam, Oakland	E Gaddis, Woodland
G Trafton, Watsonville	W E Stoodman, Benicia
N B Miller, Mare Island	C W Helbing, Benicia
F H Aiken, Oakland	Miss B Gibo, Benicia
S Smith, Oakland	M Armond & w, Sacto
J Mitchell, Turlock	J H Ink, St Helena
H Preston, Chicago	T L Nixon, Tacoma
E Masterson, Sacramento	W Dillard, San L Obispo
Mrs Miller, Mare Island	E Smith, Pacific Grove
J Smith & w, Mare Island	Mrs C Smith, Pacific Grove
E Johnson Jr, Sacto	L Hood & w, New York
E R Hinckley, Oakland	C J Sowle, Wisconsin
J O Donnor, New York	N A Cloveland, Chicago
T Parker & w, Los Ang	H B Ritz, Mooretown
S Bird & w, Pittsburg	L A Little, Salt Lake
D Kelso & w, Kansas	M Tast, Los Gatos
A J Hess, Shanghai	R Barcas, Vacaville
S J Davis, New York	T J Cayley, U S N

NEW WESTERN HOTEL.

G Carlson & wf, Riverside	T F Clifford, Sobrante
L W Clark, Riverside	W Lengfort, Sobrante
J A Johnson, Watsonville	A Staford, Colorado
R McFadden, Los Angeles	J A Douglass, U S N
C A Foster, New York	A G Connelly, U S N
R Ballentyne, San Jose	C L Emenback, U S N
M Peterson, San Jose	C Kutter, U S N
O Olsen, New Jersey	J Jones, U S N
W L Jones, New Jersey	W Poulson & wf, N J
N J Phelean, Toronto	J M Garrison, Newport
H Hayden, Napa	J D Cochrane, Baltimore
C H Shian, Berkeley	T V Turner, Tillamook
H Worthing, Pittsburg	J Young, Tillamook
J P McRossie, Denver	G Armstrong, Nevada
G Rivers, Danville	T J Wash, Iowa
F Osborn, Danville	L G Carlisle, Reno
L A Bunnell, Stockton	W A Straub, San Jose
G Eastman, New York	M Citron, Los Angeles
W Esenberg, Sobrante	H C Brown & wf, Alameda
G H Leonard, New York	J R Bolton, Seattle
J Rutledge, Stockton	

BALDWIN HOTEL.

C A Brown & w, Visalia	C H Frost, Berkeley
W Chester, Visalia	M Kelly, Winters
C E Wiggins, Berkely	F J Bonney, Winters
A B Smith, Berkeley	I S Bostwick & w, Stkton
R C Landers, Berkeley	G Cuns, Holland
J Galvin, Berkeley	Dr W Beele, Stockton
C J Young, Sacramento	A C James, New York
N A Page, Salinas	Mrs E Parsons, Sonora
J H Fannin, Pennsylvania	Miss L Parsons, Sonora
Miss D F Armstrong, San Jose	E B Leavitt, Ogden
Mrs Loveland & d, Sn Jos	S E Abbott, Hartford
C S Gibbs, Haywards	J L Tierney, New York
H M Parker, New York	Mrs A B Brown, San Jose
W H Murdock, San Jose	J S Topping, St Louis
O P Hayes, San Jose	J S Mills, St Louis
H K Robin, San Jose	J H Finch, Crockett
L J Bent, Los Gatos	G W Fields, Salinas
A Hentzler, Holland	D C Morgan, Sacramento
H S Stenson, Salinas	G K Lester, Sacramento

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

J Crowley, Stockton	H J Molt, Bolinas
T L Brew, Crockett	C McCrery, Bolinas
P M Maher, Crockett	R R Cordova, Gilroy
H J Vanderhorst, Oregon	C Navarro, Watsonville
W Young, Port Costa	J A Gaston, Mare Island
P A Gianocco, Port Costa	C H Wallace, Mare Island
C Peirson, Sacramento	J Mongini, Vallejo
T Hall, Sacramento	A Moore, Vallejo
G Schioppacapl, Bolinas	J Bear, Oakland
C Hendrey, San Rafael	S Opidor, Oakland
A Gimi, San Jose	R Stevens, Oakland
T Kirnigsen, New York	W C Morgan, Fort Ross
M Ferguson, New York	C A Lawrence, Sierra City
C Ohlsen, Olema	Silas Wallace, Denver
N Johnson, Olema	A Grand & w, Point Reyes
C Carlson, Oakland	Mrs E Dallas, Boston
Miss J Dallas, Boston	

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Mrs Sanborne, Redwood	G A Reynolds Jr, St Cruz
F H Simpson, Helena	Mrs Reynolds, Santa Cruz
M Pzmun, St Paul	Mrs Hammersmith, N Y
Mrs Pzmun, St Paul	P Sells, Columbus, O
R W Pzmun, St Paul	Mrs Sells, Columbus, O
A Crawford, St Paul	Mrs E Phelps, Helena
Mrs Crawford, St Paul	Wm Bowen, Tacoma
W A Crawford, St Paul	C Gray, Portland
Miss E Crawford, St Paul	F Gilleran, Portland
F C Bethell, San Jose	T Miller Jr, Santa Cruz
E Hackett, Santa Cruz	G Warfield, Healdsburg
L Hess, New York	W Giberson, New York
J Silverstone, New York	Mrs Giberson, New York
C Hayne, New York	C D Rhone, Monterey
Miss A Coldwell, N Y	Mrs Rhone, Monterey
Miss F Carlisle, N Y	M Niswander, China

LICK HOUSE.

O G Haskett, Vallejo	Mrs E J Sanborn, Los Ang
H B Bascom, Philadelphi	J A Douglass, Fresno
S Fox, San Diego	Mrs T B Howard, San Jose
A J Hull, Napa	Miss G Howard, San Jose
T H Thompson, Tulare	I de Turk, Santa Rosa
Wm Greenbaum, Redding	M Cooney, Grays Harbor
H P Smith, Cincinnati	F H Mayer & wf, Denver
C S Riley & wf, Vacaville	W W Williams, Sn Rafael
B F Cole, Iowa	F Greene, Salt Lake
E S Harrison, Santa Cruz	J H Kester, Chico
M Christensen, Volcano	C H Utting, Granada
S Brown, Somersville	Mrs E H Hathaway, Sn Jose
R E Murray, Stockton	C E Hathaway, San Jose
M S Harding, Armand	

Miss Norling, a waiter girl in a Pasco restaurant, poured out for herself a cup of coffee and sweetened it, as she supposed, with a large spoonful of condensed milk. The can into which she dipped her spoon, however, contained concentrated lye. She drank the coffee hurriedly, merely noticing that it had a queer taste. A few minutes afterward she fell down unconscious. As her symptoms were those of poisoning, an emetic was administered and she will recover.

Society personal from the Colton Chronicle: A number of Yumas have been in town this week. Among them are Yuma Joe, Dusky Sage Hen and Bounding Bill. They are like the lilies of the valley—they toil not, neither do they spin.

HUNTING STORIES.

Hunting Elephants, Buffaloes and Still More Savage Men.

What an Old Hunter Who Had Been in Africa Thought About Taking Chances. Hunting Human Heads.

"There are few more thrilling sights," said one of the veteran sportsmen at the camp-fire, "than an elephant fight. I don't mean a fight with an elephant, though that may be pretty thrilling to you, if you wound the brute without disabling him, and he gets after you in the open. But I mean a fight between elephants."

"I didn't know they ever fought," interrupted a novice in the jungle.

"You would know it if you ever saw two 'tuskers' fairly at it," was the reply. "They don't often do it, but when they do it is a battle to the death. One day, up in the hill country, I saw such a combat. They were hard at it when I came in sight. They were on the hillside. One of them, a burly, stout-built beast with short powerful tusks, was evidently getting much the worse of the scrimmage, and the white and red furrows in his sides plainly indicated seams made by his antagonist's tusks. Blood was trickling down his head and shoulders. On the rise of the hill was his enemy, a still larger animal, possessing the advantage of longer tusks. It was a lost fight. In a few minutes the victor, with a quick rush at the other, made a good thrust at the side. There was a severe struggle, but the tusk went its full length into the now beaten brute, and, using all his weight, the victor pressed him down the hill, where they disengaged themselves and prepared for another bout. The wounded tusker's roars of pain were pitiful to hear. He turned tail and sought safety in flight. But the other kept close behind and gave him thrust after thrust, but not in any vital part. Pretty soon they wheeled around, raced, and came together with a mighty smash. This was about the only stand made, and the beaten brute was quickly overpowered by the more powerful and fresher victor. The thrusts now put behind the shoulder and into the body quickly disabled the poor brute, and in fact, in a few minutes the combat was over. The conqueror with one rush completely

ROLLED HIS ENEMY OVER,

And, by repeated thrusts into the prostrate form, finished the fight amid moanings and trumpeting.

"I got some men and women out next morning to look for the body and get the tusks. We found a big herd of elephants in an excited state almost on the spot where the finish had occurred. In it were several small tuskers, besides the big conqueror of the evening before, who seemed to instill a great deal of fear into the youngsters. He came out into the open glade with a fine young female, and as he approached there was a general stampede out of his way. We came on the dead beast, which had been butted and rolled after it was killed into a clump of bamboos. It had been a fine, burly animal, but was marked from forehead to rear and top to foot by ribs and cuts. He measured 9 feet 6 inches at the shoulder and the tusks proved slightly over 100 pounds the pair. The victor, which in the fight appeared to tower over his foe, must have been quite 10 feet high, and had the longest tusks I have ever seen clear of their sockets. I tried to get him, but what with his harem about him and the difficulty of getting a clear view in the long grass I failed to get a shot."

"I don't know, though," said an old hunter who had been in Africa, "but that I would rather take my chances with an elephant than with a real mad buffalo. There is no more savage brute, and none more indomitable and persistent in his wrath. It is not that they are swifter or stronger or that their horns are a more deadly weapon, but that they display pertinacity of spite which makes them exceedingly formidable. Let a lion miss his first spring and he will turn away—unless ravenously hungry—in disappointment and disgust from his intended victim. Let a rhinocerous be wounded and, unless hemmed in by foes, he will make for the water. But the wounded buffalo sticks to his enemy, and has been known to watch under a tree for days in the hope of securing his revenge upon the hunter who had climbed up it to escape his fury. The natives have a special plan of their own for capturing them. They used to select the special bull

THEY WANTED TO KILL,

And entice or drive it from its companions. Two or three of them would engage the animal's attention in front, leaping nimbly to one side to avoid his furious charges, while another hunter undertook the risky job of creeping up behind and hamstringing the beast. They were generally successful, but many lives were lost every year in buffalo-hunting and the natives themselves consider it the most dangerous quadruped in the forest."

"But you must go up through the Shan country," said a soldier of the British-Burman army, "to find the greatest hunting in the world. Go up to Lawa."

"What do they hunt up there?"

"Heads!"

"What kind of heads?"

"Human heads, to be sure. They want them to drive the devil away. In every Lawa village there must be a skull for every house. They are stuck on posts along the roadside, and a cheerful-looking avenue they make. They organize regular head-hunting raids every year. Whenever a Lawa man meets a stranger, especially near his own village, he goes for his head. If he failed to do so his neighbors would go for his own head when he got home again. They would regard him as lacking in public spirit and enterprise. If there is an unusual dearth of other people's heads, or a new village has to be protected at any cost, the wild Lawas do not hesitate to cut off the heads of the tame Lawas. Peaceful traders who penetrate elsewhere with their merchandise give a wide berth when they approach the Lawa country. Still I must say that apart from this one weakness for head-collecting the Lawas are said to be an industrious, hard-working, honest race, and very seldom steal anything, even when they have cut off the heads of everybody in a village. And they only cut off heads, as I have said, to protect themselves from evil spirits."

"Even that is scarcely as bad," said another, "as the blood feuds they have in the Afridi country. There was one man there, named Faiz Talab Khan, who won

THE HATRED OF CERTAIN CHIEFTAINS,

Who planned his murder. A man named Muhamad Yar, a Nasiri Ghilzai, who had murdered some nineteen or twenty persons by treachery, was found willing to undertake the business, if he was paid the sum of 1100 rupees and a shawl. This being agreed to, he left the Jelallabad Valley and started for the Khyber. A friend of Faiz Talab Kahn's, being informed of the plot, wrote to him and gave all details as to the appearance of the man who had consented to murder him for a consideration. Strange to state, Muhamad Yar appeared at Faiz Talab Khan's gate and claimed shelter and hospitality, just as the letter arrived warning Faiz Talab against his assassin. The letter was carefully read, and the descriptive roll conned, compared and found to suit the man who had just claimed shelter. Faiz Talab's retainers were for killing the man at once, or, at all events, turning him away for good; but their master would not hear of it, and after carefully searching the man to find out whether he had any arms concealed about his person, he was allowed to enter the fort, Faiz Talab declaring that they could not murder their own guest or turn away from their doors a hungry man who had solicited their hospitality. The man was most carefully searched every morning, and was told that he was never to leave the inclosure, or ascend the platform on the tower, from whence he could get down into the open, and he was warned that if he was ever seen he would be killed at once.

"For thirteen days this game went on without any damage to any one. However, a mullah who taught Faiz Talab's sons was bribed, and through him a pistol was conveyed to Muhamad Yar, and a date fixed for him to make the attempt on Faiz Talab Khan. On the fourteenth night of this strange guest's stay in his fort Faiz Talab was roused and heard a man moving about the platform of the tower, and asked who it was. Muhamad Yar said it was he, and being very thirsty he was searching for some water. Faiz Talab Khan got up, and as he went to the man and bent down to fill a cup with water, he was shot in the back by his treacherous guest, who used the pistol, and scrambling down the wall, was soon under the shelter of Feroz Khan's roof, and from thence he soon fled to Jelallabad and ultimately toward Cabul. He was captured, and the news was sent to Bostan Khan, brother to Faiz Talab Khan, who proceeded at once to Cabul. The murderer was then handed over to Bostan Khan, who took him outside the city and cut him to pieces."—N. Y. Tribune.

A CLEVER THIEF.

Sam G. Ingle's Store Systematically Robbed by an Employe.

For some time past Sam G. Ingle, the Fifth-street hardware merchant, has been missing goods of various kinds in small quantities. Investigation led to the arrest on Monday afternoon of his trusted delivery clerk, John Stansel. As soon as arrested John Stansel, who is a colored man, weakened and confessed that he had been systematically robbing his employer for several months. His method was, when loading orders for delivery, to add a few small articles, such as a coal-oil stove, a couple of faucets, a cooking utensil, or a gasoline stove for his own use and benefit. These articles, he says, he would take home and place in his yard, covering them with an old carpet, until night, when a certain junk-dealer, whose name he gave, would come and take them away. In this manner he disposed of some $250 or $300 worth of goods. Quite a large quantity of the goods was recovered yesterday from the junk man, and steps are being taken to secure his arrest as an accomplice of Stansel.

Mr. Ingle says he had every confidence in Stansel and allowed him the utmost freedom, paying him a good salary and furnishing him a house in which to live. He believes the man was made a thief through the negro gambling-houses of this city; indeed Stansel says that in all he realized not more than $25 or $30 from the sale of the stolen goods, and that he gambled away.—San Diego Union, Dec. 24th.

SARA AND HER SNAKE.

A Reptile That Has a Will as Strong as Its Owner's.

I think that the performer in "Cleopatra," next to Sara Bernhardt herself, who attracts the most attention, is undoubtedly the serpent. His actions have certainly the attraction of the unforseen. Philippe Garnier and Mlle. Fleur, and the rest of the actors and actresses, have not only the words that they are to say set down for them, but their gestures and movements and stage business are all carefully regulated and rehearsed beforehand. But his snakeship is always indulging in wild and wonderful gyrations, neither set down in the manuscript of Sardou nor prescribed by the stage manager of the Porte St. Martin. So his appearance when Cleopatra first draws him forth from the conical-shaped basket in which he lies concealed all through the commencement of the fifth act is always anxiously anticipated, and causes a thrill of interest to pervade the audience, writes a Paris correspondent to the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The other evening he positively refused to be incarcerated in the pocket cunningly arranged in the breast of Sara's tunic to contain him, but wriggling forth, head foremost, he encircled the actress's neck with his green shiny length. Sara tried very hard to persuade him to enter his usual prison, but in vein, so she was obliged to go through her death scene adorned with that strange necklace, and clutching tight to the reptile's slippery tail, to prevent his getting away altogether. When she called out at the close of the drama, she came forth still holding on to her asp and with it still coiled around her throat.

On another occasion his conduct was even more trying. He would not be persuaded to enter the pocket all all, though Sara, rendered wise by previous experience, tried to put him in headforemost. He resisted all her efforts, the long, supple green coils writhing and wriggling over the front of her white robes in the liveliest possible fashion. Whereupon the gallery gods waxed hilarious, and set up the traditional air of "Les Lampions," to the words, "Entrera—Entrera pas?" (Will he go in—wont he go in?) stamping their feet in cadence. The wrath of Sara can better be imagined than described, particularly when one spectator, more audacious than the rest, cried out, "See here, Sara, your snake is running away. Send him back to the stable!" Altogether the live serpent, though a very good advertisement, is a serious blemish on the artistic qualities of Cleopatra's death scene, which should have been pathetic and poetic merely, but which is, by that adjunet, rendered sensational and at times ridiculous.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

Dates of Departure From San Francisco.

STEAMER.	DESTINATION.	SAILS.	WHRF
State of Cal.	Portland	Dec 26, 10 AM	Spear
Pomona	San Diego	Dec 26, 11 AM	Bdw'y 2
Umatilla	Vic & Pgt Sound	Dec 26, 9 AM	Bdw'y 1
Mexico	Mexico	Dec 26, 10 AM	Bdw'y 2
Humboldt	Humboldt Bay	Dec 27, 9 AM	Clay
Wilamette V	Yaquina Bay	Dec 28, 10 AM	Seaw'l 4
Eureka	San Pedro	Dec 28, 8 AM	Bdw'y 2
Santa Rosa	San Diego	Dec 30, 11 AM	Bdw'y 2
Belgic	China & Japan	Dec 30, 3 PM	P M S S
Haytian Rep	Puget Sound	Dec 30, 10 AM	Miss'n 1
Oregon	Portland	Dec 30, 10 AM	Spear
City Puebla	Vic & Pgt Sound	Dec 31, 9 AM	Bdw'y 1
Corona	Humboldt Bay	Dec 31, 9 AM	Bdw'y 1
Australia	Honolulu	Jan 2, 2 PM	Oceanic

Departure of Australian steamer depends on the English mails.

SUN AND TIDE TABLE.

In Pacific Standard Time. Computed by THOMAS TENNENT, Chronometer and Instrument Maker, 18 Market street.

Dec...	H. W. Large.	H. W. Small.	L. W. Large.	L. W. Small.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets...
26....	11.04 AM	1.04 AM	6.24 PM	5.09 AM	7.23	4.57
27....	11.41 AM	1.53 AM	7.01 PM	5.54 AM	7.24	4.58
28....	0.12 PM	2.42 AM	7.35 PM	6.40 AM	7.24	4.58
	Small.	Large.				
29....	0.43 PM	3.27 AM	8.07 PM	7.28 AM	7.24	4.59
30....	1.19 PM	4.04 AM	8.41 PM	8.19 AM	7.25	5.00
31....	2.03 PM	4.35 AM	9.19 PM	9.17 AM	7.25	5.01
Jan 1	3.25 PM	5.04 AM	10.07 PM	10.32 AM	7.25	5.02

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

For Late Shipping Intelligence see Eighth Page.

Arrived.

THURSDAY, Dec 25.

Stmr Point Loma, Conway, 79 hours from Grays Harbor; pass and mdse, to Grays Harbor Commercial Co.

Stmr Coos Bay, Nicolson, 18 hours from Fort Bragg; pass and mdse, to Goodall, Perkins & Co.

Stmr Gipsy, Plummer, 12 hours from Santa Cruz; pass and mdse, to Goodall, Perkins & Co.

Stmr Alcazar, Hansen, 17 hours from Russian Gulch; 10 M railroad ties, to L E White.

Stmr Willamette Valley, Paton, 50 hours from Yaquina Bay; pass and mdse, to W B Webster.

Br stmr Strathclyde, White, 68 days from Java, via Yokohama 41 days, via Honolulu 11 days; 14,370 baskets sugar, to J D Spreckels & Bros.

Bark Bonanza, Stetson, 84 days from Sydney; ballast, to Pope & Talbot.

Sailed.

THURSDAY, Dec 25.

Schr Kitsap, Tibbets, Puget Sound.

Telegraphic.

POINT LOBOS — Dec 25— 10 P. M.—Weather hazy; wind NE, velocity 6 miles.

Memoranda.

Per stmr Willamette Valley—Passed Br ship Fort George of Glasgow, from Cardiff for San Francisco, 4 miles NW of Point Reyes, and she wished to be reported.

Per stmr Laguna—Passed considerable wreckage between Port Gorda and Mendocino, Tuesday night, Dec 23, supposed to be from the stmr Ajax.

Per bark Bonanza—Lost foretopmast jibboom and topgallant mast, with everything attached, and also sprung foremast head on Nov 18, lat 32 20 N, lon 167 45 W, during a heavy squall. The vessal was bound from Sydney to Port Townsend in ballast, and put in for repairs.

Per Br stmr Strathclyde—Lat 37 N, lon 163 W, heavy seas washed on deck, carrying away everything moveable, destroying the stores and doing damage. Had to put into Honolulu for coal and provisions.

Per stmr Farragut—Picked up a boat belonging to sealing schr James Hamilton Lewis, which was capsized off Lime Point. A man that was in the boat was saved and is now at Lime Point.

Domestic Ports.

EUREKA—Arrived Dec 24—Schr Mary Buhne, hence Dec 20.

Sailed Dec 24—Br bark Royal Tar, for Australia; schrs Emma and Louisa, Gussie Klose, Sparrow and Laura Pike, for San Francisco: —— Sadie.

MENDOCINO—Sailed Dec 25—Stmr Greenwood, for San Francisco.

FORT BRAGG—Arrived Dec 25—Stmr West Coast, hence Dec 24.

ALBION—Arrived Dec 25—Schr Mary Bidwell, hence Dec 24; schr Albion, hence Dec 23.

Importations.

YAQUINA BAY—Per Willamette Valley—912 hf sks flour, 6136 sks wheat, 3424 sks oats, 5 hf bbls salmon, 925 sks potatoes, 5 M ft lumber, 495 boxes apples, 61 pkgs 4 bxs trees, 9 sks beans, 1 cs woolens, 14 rls leather, 25 bdls hides, 1 sk nuts, 17 sks oysters, 3 hf bbls whisky.

MOSS LANDING—Per Gipsy—823 sks potatoes.

Watsonville—273 sks wheat.

Pajaro Valley Railroad—100 sks beans, 391 sks potatoes.

Soquel—30 bxs apples.

Santa Cruz—800 bbls lime, 2 bxs castings, 3 cases cheese, 4 bxs butter.

FORT BRAGG, ETC—Per Coos Bay—1 box saws, 19 cs 1 pkg mdse, 4 bdls hides, 18 sks 10 pcs 3 bdls iron, 220 sks bark, 3 bdls rails, 4 bdls balusters, 1 cs canned goods, 2 cs eggs, 300 M shingles, 5 bxs fish, 4 coops chickens, 3 bxs butter, 2 pkgs express.

GRAYS HARBOR—Per Point Loma—20 spruce logs, 200 M ft lumber, 1 pkg hardware, 1 bbl 5 kgs whisky, 2 hf bxs butter, 81 bdls hides, 1 pkg mdse, 1 cs clothing, 1 cs glass, 4 cs type, 4 cs wine, 1 cs 1 sk beef.

Consignees.

Per Willamette Valley—Moore, Ferguson & Co; N Manson & Co; Hulme & Hart; Eveleth & Nash; C J Liest & Co; Ross & Hewlett; Brown & Adams; S L Klein & Co; Starr & Judson; W Curtis & Co; J J Sullivan & Co; Williammond & Co; J Howard & Co; Hart Saddlery Co; A C Nichols & Co; P Clark & Co; W B Sumner & Co; Porter Bros & Co; Trumbull & Beebe; Morgan Oyster Co; J Walters; W & J Sloane & Co; J P Thomas; B F Ball & Co; A Greenbaum & Co.

Per Point Loma—Pac Pine Lumber Co; Delmas & Co; Spruance, Stanley & Co; E Rottanzi; Stearns Mfg Co; Getz Bros & Co; W R Knights & Co; American Press Ass'n; S Brandenberg; E Campbell; A Dowling.

Per Gipsy—H Dutard; Ross & Hewlett; Wolf & Son; Hills Bros; B M Atchinson & Co; Thos Loughran; Morgan & Chick; Taylor & Co; H Cowell & Co; R H Heck.

Per Coos Bay—Allison, Gray & Co; Palmer & Rey; C F O'Callaghan & Bros; Dodge, Sweeney & Co; R G Byxbee; Russ, Sanders & Co; Wells, Fargo & Co; H Craig; De Bernardi & Westphal; Hart Saddlery Co; Levi Strauss & Co; W B Sumner & Co; F W Bridge; Heyman & Mayer; Simonds & Co; Pac Butcher Supply Co; H J Rodgers & Co; T E Duffy.

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