LEGISLATIVE PLANS.

Preparations Being Made for the Coming Session.

Reddick's Coming Anxiously Awaited—Coombs Selecting Committees—Legislation That Is Being Talked of.

Preparations are already under way for the opening of the State Legislature, which will convene at Sacramento on the 5th day of January, and the various Senators and Assemblymen, especially among the Republicans, who are largely in the majority, are planning out the work to be undertaken.

As to the Senate no one knows just what course will be pursued by Mr. Reddick, as that gentleman has not announced his intentions as to the appointment of committees and the other details of organization, which will naturally fall to him as the presiding officer, and he persists in lingering at his home in spite of the efforts which have been made to procure his presence in San Francisco. It was, in fact, announced some two weeks ago that he would come here at that time for the purpose of meeting a number of the members of the Upper House and discussing with them the formation of committees. It was announced at the same time that a plan of action would be agreed upon, but Mr. Reddick, for some reason, best known to himself, failed to materialize, and the work was consequently delayed. With each succeeding day his immediate arrival is announced, but with each succeeding day, likewise, his arrival fails to become an accomplished fact. The consequence of his tardiness has been that little has been accomplished in the way of preliminary work, and those most interested are largely at sea concerning the outlook for the future. It is believed, however, now that Christmas is over that he will come to San Francisco and arrange matters so that no time will be lost in getting down to business without the loss of valuable time.

WATCHING THE ASSEMBLY.

But, as is the case in nearly every instance, but little attention is paid to the possible actions of the Senate, which, like its national prototype, is a dull, uninteresting sort of a body after all, and the chief interest seems to center in the Assembly, as being nearer to the people, and, by reason of its size and the diverse elements composing it, more liable to furnish food for the gossips.

With the latter body, composed, as it is, of sixty Republicans and twenty Democrats, the power is so overwhelmingly with the former that the latter are scarcely heard of, and in the plans under way they are scarcely taken into consideration. The Democrats, in fact, seem to have been lost sight of, but it is possible that they may make some slight effort to delay legislation by obstruction, but with these tactics they are not sufficiently strong to make any considerable headway. It is likely, therefore, from present indications, that they will take but little part in general legislation, and will be content to devote their energies to securing the passage of such private bills as they may be personally interested in.

In the organization naturally they have but little interest, and will be compelled to content themselves with going through the empty form of nominating a candidate for Speaker as a matter of compliment to some leader, and as a means of letting the public know that they are on hand and ready for business.

COOMBS THE MAN.

In the meantime they will have the pleasure of seeing their Republican friends dictate the organization, and it is already settled beyond the possibility of doubt that Frank L. Coombs will wield the gavel. So far assured is this latter fact that H. C. Dibble, Elwood Bruner and J. R. Lowe, who for a time aspired to the honor, have quietly withdrawn, and are by their own confessions content to take their chances in the way of good committee chairmanships, with which Mr. Coombs says he feels disposed to reward them. He denies most vigorously, however, that their withdrawal was any part of a bargain, and states that the battle was won without the necessity of resorting to any combinations or embarrassing promises. On the contrary, he avers, he is absolutely free to do as he pleases, but will, of course, feel bound in this duty to listen to the advice of his party leaders in all things that will have a bearing upon the political future of the State.

It is understood that Mr. Dibble aspires to be Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and that Mr. Bruner would like to be placed at the head of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Lowe, so far as known, has expressed no desires in the matter, but from a statement made by the prospective Speaker a few days ago, it is probable that the Santa Clara man will find himself at the head of one of the most desirable committees, probably. If report be true, that on Appropriations, which is of unusual importance at this time, in view of the demand for a reduction of the expenditures in order to come within the fifty-cent limit of taxation.

In all there are forty committees, but as there are sixty Republicans in the Assembly it naturally follows that there will be some disappointments, and this fact is causing Mr. Coombs more uneasiness at present than anything else. For this reason he is keeping his own council so far as possible, and it is probable he will not come to any final decision as to a complete list of committees for several days.

MINOR POSITIONS.

As to the minor positions, such as Doorkeeper, Sergeant-at-Arms, Secretary, Enrolling and Engrossing Clerks and others of a similar nature it is too early yet to venture any definite predictions, but their is already an army of aspirants in the field and there promises to be some lively log-rolling done before these positions are finally filled.

The same may be said of the Senate positions for which applicants are even more numerous than for those connected with the Assembly, and the only place that seems to have been definitely settled upon is that of President pro tem, for which Thomas B. Frazier of Placerville has no opposition. It is universally agreed among the members of the Senate that he will be chosen, and he is, therefore, making no particular fight for the place.

Beyond the mere question of organization there are problems of legislation which are already beginning to attract attention, and chief among these is the reapportionment of the State. Of course, there is some interest attached to the election of a United States Senator, but this has come to be regarded as a sort of "jug-handle affair" and is discussed but little. There seems to be such a universal belief that Senator Stanford will be elected to succeed himself that it does not seem probable that any serious opposition will be made to him.

PLANS FOR REAPPORTIONMENT.

For this reason the question of reapportionment under the new census is regarded of prime importance, and with the question of appropriations engrosses the greater share of public attention. Already numerous consultations have been held to decide upon some plan for reapportioning the State, but if any decision has been reached it has been kept as a secret and no information of it has reached the outside world. It is known, however, that there is a general impression that the voters are not in the mood to accept any high-handed feats of gerrymandering, and that the redistricting, when it is done, should be accomplished without the formation of what are known as "shoe-string" or "grapevine" districts. At least, such is the expressed belief of the more conservative element of the party.

Another question will be that of limiting the expenditures of the Government so as to come within the fifty-cent limit, and this it is said will be made a matter of the most careful study, and that the money available will be distributed so as to meet the actual expenses on an economic basis, leaving the various public buildings now under way to be cared for as well as the circumstances will admit. The leaders state that if the worst comes to the worst work will be temporarily abandoned, if necessary, to keep within the limit laid down in the platform.

AFTER THE COMMISSIONS.

It is probable that among other things a bill will be introduced to abolish the Railroad and Forestry commissions, and to merge the Viticultural and Horticultural commissions into one. As a reason for abolishing the two commissions first named, it is urged that they have imposed upon the State a considerable expense, for which no adequate return has ever been realized; while the other two commissions, it is claimed, should never have been separated.

A San Francisco member of the Assembly has conceived the idea of inaugurating a change in the Harbor Commission, and a bill to that effect is in process of formation. It is proposed to increase the commission from a membership of three to five, and to give them exclusive jurisdiction over all the harbors on the coast, thus doing away with the various smaller commissions now in existence. A provision will also be made for the geographical distribution of the Commissioners in such a way that each section of the State interested would be represented, thus avoiding any charges of sectionalism in the appointments. Whether this bill ever sees the light of day or not it is probable that an effort will be made to enlarge the commission having charge of this harbor. There is a desire among politicians to accomplish this, but there is a well-marked opposition to it, and if the attempt is made it is probable that a sharp fight will be the result.

KOCH'S FIRST STEP TO FAME.

The Young Fellow From Posen Who Lectured on Bacteriology.

The first step of Dr. Robert Koch into the light of publicity took place in the laboratory of the bacteriologist, Privy Councillor Cohn, who announced one day years ago to the students under his supervision that on the next morning "a young fellow from Posen would be on hand to show some preparations." What the young fellow's name was the Privy Councillor had forgotten. Of his preparations he was equally ignorant.

At the appointed hour the students had assembled and were trying vainly to learn just how little the coming man knew of bacteriology. The door opened, and a little man in simple black garments slipped in. He had great, unsophisticated blue eyes, such as only German men have, a big, clear forehead, and a small, stiff mustache. The students smiled as he bowed deeply and introduced himself as Robert Koch. He addressed his simple compliments to the mighty "Herr Geheimrath," and then opened the boxes he had brought under his arm.

Every one ceased smiling as he laid out his wonderful little glass slides, which are so familiar to the eye of the medical students and professors of Germany. Preparation after preparation of the most wonderful sort, obtained with infinite pains, study and intelligence, and preserved in a fashion pitiably economical, yet thoroughly scientific, was spread out by the silent small man, together with sets of irreproachable photographs of everything, all done by him, and by him alone, away off in the hamlet of Wollstein in Posen. When the exhibit was finished there was a dead silence for a minute or two. Then Privy Councillor Cohn said:

"Sir, you should remain in Breslau. It is not fitting that a man of your genius should go back to Wollstein in Posen."

Koch was willing enough to remain in Breslau, for his life in Wollstein had been joylessly poor, according to the views of most men, although he found comfort in his remarkable work. "I am anxious to remain, but I have no money," he answered.

Two days later the Judicial Court doctor of the Nicolai District died. His place was poor enough and almost without fees, but it was a foothold, and as such Cohn secured it for Koch. The young Posener took up his residence in Breslau and continued his studies. He found, however, little profitable employment. After three months, in which he earned just $6, he announced that, well as he enjoyed his official honors, he could not see his way to living with them any longer. He resigned his place and went back to Wollstein. His three months in Breslau, however, had made him known to the world, and not long afterward he was called to Berlin to take a place in Bismarck's new Health Bureau.—N. Y. Sun.

DISHONESTY OF A DOG.

Steals a Shawl, Sleeps in It Nights and Hides It Days.

Every dog lover acknowledges the superiority of the fox-terrier in that sort of intelligence which goes to make a dog appear to be almost human in the exercise of reasoning powers or something akin to them. When a dog turns a faucet to get a drink he shows intelligence. Some persons say that this is instinct, and demand that the dog shall, of his own volition, shut off the water before they will give him credit for reason. A dog can be taught to close a faucet or shut a door after him, but until he is taught he will generally leave both open after satisfying his desire to get into the house or get a drink of water.

Horace N. Congar Jr. of Newark has a fox-terrier, which seems to have something more than instinct, writes a New York Sun correspondent. There appears to be something like reasoning power directing some of her actions. She has been sleeping in the basement of the house in a box placed under the stairs for her convenience. Recently one of the servants missed a small shawl, which early in the morning and late at night she had been accustomed to wear. A short time ago she went downstairs late at night, and, glancing into Spot's box, saw the dog snugly wrapped up in the shawl. She didn't disturb Spot, but told Mr. Congar about it the next morning, and he concluded to watch her that evening. The shawl was missing as usual during the day. At night, when everybody else had left the basement, he saw Spot scratch away a lot of kindling wood in the cellar and drag out the shawl. She pulled it across the floor to her box, and, carefully adjusting it, took one corner in her teeth and folded over twice.

In the morning the shawl was in her box, and a search of the woodpile revealed that the clever dog had removed it and carefully covered it up. Mr. Congar fully believes that Spot knew that she would not be permitted to sleep in the shawl if seen, and that she had intelligence enough deliberately to enter upon her dishonest course of conduct.—Chicago Herald.

LANTERN SYMBOLS OF RANK.

A Strange Old Custom Still Prevailing in Parts of Germany.

The distinctions of rank which exist in European countries give rise to troubles, which, though they may seem rather amusing as well as trivial to us, are in reality quite serious to the persons concerned in them. In Stuttgart, years ago, says the Youth's Companion, there existed a curious custom which is not yet entirely abolished, and, in fact, still flourishes quite vigorously in some parts of Germany and Switzerland. This was the use of lanterns of different varieties and sizes by which, at night, the rank of the party could be easily distinguished.

The lanterns were carried by the servants who were sent to escort their mistresses home from places of amusement, and they made the square in front of the Royal Opera House, where most of the entertainments were then given, quite picturesque, with their lights bobbing up and down in every direction.

The difference between some of these lanterns were slight, but they had to be strictly observed or trouble arose. The order of rank, as set forth in the "rank list," was something from which they could never swerve. Some had lanterns of tin, some of brass; some had wax lights, and others tallow; even the number of lights was prescribed for each separate class or rank.

THE QUEEN'S WEALTH.

It Is Enormous, and She Never Lost a Penny by Speculation.

It is believed that the Queen is the richest woman in the world. Of the extent of her possessions only those few in her confidence have positive knowledge, but occasionally there is brought to light some little incident that confirms the popular suspicion that her Majesty has most successfully feathered her own nest. The Queen has always surrounded herself with the shrewdest business advisers, and the manipulation of her finances has been intrusted to the closest hands. It is said that she has never lost a penny by unwise speculation.

The amount of real estate she owns in London is simply enormous. One block alone is said to include both sides of the Quadrant and Regent street, from Piccadilly Circus to Oxford street—the most valuable property in the kingdom. Victoria began her career as poor as the average German princess; the lesson in frugality taught her by her excellent mother she has never forgotten. She is provident to the degree of parsimony. Of the extravagance of the Prince of Wales she has a special horror, and it is said that she locks up her wallet and loses the key whenever she sees her son and heir coming down the road toward the castle to pay her a call.—Chicago News.

WHO LOST THE WAGER?

A Practical Joke Played, With William Bender as the Victim.

On Wednesday Captain Higgins of the steamer South Coast, from Fort Bragg, presented William Bender of Bender Bros. with a fine salmon he had brought down with him. The vessel is lying at Berry and Third streets Wharf, and Mr. Bender engaged an expressman there to take the salmon to his house. The Wharfinger Carroll "got in his deadly work." He gave the expressman a couple of drinks, and, watching his chance, changed the address on the fish, so that the carrier took it the house of John Wilcox, wharfinger at Fourth-street Wharf. Then Carroll went to Bender and bet him a new hat that the salmon would not be delivered at his house. Bender was only too glad to make the bet. When he went home he found that the fish had not arrived, and immediately went down to the wharf and instituted inquiries. He found out the joke that had been played and went to Wilcox's house for the salmon. Now there is a dispute as to who lost the bet of the hat—Bender or Carroll?

Mission Footpads.

Footpads have been heard from in Comerfordville. A few nights since a man was "stood up" under the railroad bridge on Valley street and relieved of his surplus cash. Another case has been heard of on the track route, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-ninth streets.

George Shaw of Winters owns a game cock that kills rats as well as a terrier. He pins his victim to the ground and with one thrust sends his bill into the brain.

THE CRUISE OF THE ISAAC AND —

Story of a Schooner That Bears That Singular Name.

The Captain Had Named Her After His Own Name and That of His Intended—He Obliterated One Name.

In the list of vessels published this year in Lloyd's Register is one bearing the peculiar and abrupt title of Isaac and —. She is a two-masted schooner, hails from New Bedford, and is owned and commanded by Captain Isaac Johnson, says the New York Times. But the Register is silent as to the reasons that induced Captain Johnson to christen his vessel by so strange a name; neither does it make mention of an extraordinary voyage which the same vessel has recently finished.

Captain Johnson, who was one of a race of hardy mariners, found himself at the age of 40 in possession of a snug little fortune. This he concluded to invest in a schooner, and at the same time he thought of marriage, and his choice fell upon a comely damsel of New Bedford who bore the not unpleasing name of Priscilla.

To Priscilla, therefore, the captain made love, and she, not unwilling, consented, and day by day they watched the vessel as she was shaped and fashioned by the workmen's skillful hands. Finally she was finished, and one morning as she gracefully glided down the ways Priscilla, sweet and blushing, broke upon the schooner's figure head a bottle of wine, at the same time crying:

"I name thee Isaac and Priscilla."

Across the vessel's stern this name shone out in gilded splendor, and as the captain watched the letters sparkling in the sunlight he felt that his happiness was complete. The work of fitting out was soon done. To the captain it was a labor of love, for to the Isaac and Priscilla was he to bear his bride and sail upon

HIS HONEYMOON.

But one day, one cold and dreary day, they came and told him that she whom he had loved and trusted had deceived him, that she was another's. Then, with aching heart and trembling hand, he wrenched the false one's name from where he had so lovingly placed it, and sailed away from the scene of his grief and woe.

Years ago was this, and since that day the Isaac and — has braved the waters of many seas, and though her name has grown old and dim, and the captain's heart has healed, yet she still bears that half-interrogatory, half-exclamatory legend across her stern.

Many a wild tale of storm and disaster and many a curious story of foreign lands has the captain brought back from port. In all of the voyages that the Isaac and — has made the last is the most extraordinary.

It was in March of the present year. Vessels were in little demand and freights were low; so the captain concluded that a small speculation on his own account would be of some profit, and, loading his vessel with lumber, he set sail from Norfolk on the 23d of March and laid his course for the island of Jamaica. Now, the captain was of a frugal mind, and, instead of spending several dollars on a chart of the Atlantic Ocean, he consulted Captain Sharp, a retired shipmaster, as to the course he should steer and the probable time he would be in making the passage to Jamaica. Captain Sharp assured him that it was one of the pleasantest of cruises, that he himself had made it many times, and that all Captain Johnson would have to do after getting clear of the land was to let his ship go south a little easterly and that in about ten days he would be sure of making the island.

With this information Captain Johnson weighed anchor and, with a light wind blowing from the westward, let her go south a little easterly. All that day, and for many succeeding days, the Isaac and — speeded on her way, the wind light from the westward and the course always south a little easterly. The weather, unfortunately, remained cloudy, so that the captain was unable to take any sights for position, but trusting implicitly in

THE JUDGMENT OF CAPTAIN SHARP,

He day after day kept on the course of south a little easterly and borrowed no trouble for the morrow.

A surprising fact, and one which at first caused the captain some uneasiness, was that the weather, instead of becoming milder as the ship sailed south, grew steadily cooler. But after a consultation with his mate, who was more or less of a scholar, he concluded that the change in climate was entirely due to the enormous destruction of forests then going on in the United States.

At early dawn of the tenth day land was reported by the lookout at the masthead, and in a few hours the island of Jamaica was plainly seen from deck, and at sundown the Isaac and — was safely moored by the starboard anchor in seven fathoms of water. Congratulating himself upon the the successful voyage, and upon the money he had saved in not buying a chart, the captain made preparations for landing at daybreak. Before retiring, he gave orders to his steward to get out his white trousers and alpaca coat, that he might lose no time in the morning.

In the course of the night the captain was several times awakened by a feeling of chilliness, but gave the matter no particular attention and simply snuggled closer under the bedclothes. What was his surprise then upon looking out of his cabin the next morning to see the snowflakes falling thick and fast. But thinking that it was only a passing squall and that soon the tropical sun would come out in all its plendor, he shiveringly arrayed himself in his white, trousers alpaca coat and straw hat, and jumping into his boat also quite pulled for the shore. As he neared the beach and could make out objects more clearly, how different they all were from what he had pictured.

Instead of the luxuriant forests, a few scrubby pines; plantations of sugar-cane had given place to thin and stunted cornstalks, and the thatched huts of the natives, shaded by the stately palms, had changed into a few weather-beaten houses. Save

A MAN CLAD IN A FUR COAT,

Who was hard at work shoveling the snow away from the front of his house, not a solitary being was visible on the island.

Toward him for information the captain took his way. The man in the coat greeted him as he approached, and Captain Johnson told his story—where he was from, how long he had been on his journey, and what his cargo was.

"I'm afraid it's not much use," said the native, when the captain had finished his tale. "Nobody wants to buy any lumber around here, I guess."

"I'm very much surprised," said the captain, "for I understood before I left Norfolk that there was quite a demand for lumber in Jamaica."

"Jamaica?" queried the stranger.

"Yes," replied the captain. "This is Jamaica, isn't it?"

"Jamaica be blowed," cried the inhabitant, "It's Block Island."

And so it was. Whether Captain Johnson in his efforts to sail south a little easterly had been swept to the northward by an unknown current, or whether his compass, acted on by that unknown force which we call magnetism, had deceived him we shall never know.

But it is evident that unless the system of navigation is greatly improved we are liable at any moment to be shocked with the news of some terrible disaster. There are other commanders besides Captain Johnson who are of a frugal mind, and who rely upon the information gleaned from their brother tars, and it is a duty which every seafaring man owes to these worthy sailors to invent some means by which any land can be distinguished the moment it is seen. The proposition which was recently made in the columns of a well-known nautical publication to paint every island a different color is hardly feasible for more reasons than one, but we have little doubt that when this subject is brought to the attention of seafaring men the problem will soon be solved, and the cruise of the Isaac and — in the spring of 1890 will never again be duplicated.

ALEXANDER G. ABELL.

Critical Condition of the Well-Known Pioneer.

The condition of Alexander G. Abell, a well-known Pioneer and Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., is such as to cause the greatest alarm to his numerous friends in this city and all over the State. For the past three months he has been confined to his bed, and for nearly a week past he has been lying unconscious. The physicians who are attending him pronounce his case most critical, and the opinion is expressed that Mr. Abell will not live many days more. He is not suffering from any special disease, and his condition is due to a general breaking up of the constitution from old age.

The Monkey Up a Tree.

Here is the latest puzzle: I see a monkey up a tree. He sees me and gets behind the trunk of the tree. I start to go around him and he keeps going around as I do, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and me. I reach the place I started from, with the monkey still opposite me on the tree. Now, I have been around the tree. Have I also been around the monkey?

A Boston woman is quoted as saying: "I tried it on my husband. I had him for the monkey and I took a whisk broom and went around him, brushing his clothes. He kept turning around just as I did, and when I had been clear around I had brushed only one side of him and one leg of his pantaloons. Now all the professors of Harvard University couldn't convince me that I had been around that man, and neither had the man been around the monkey in the tree?"

What do you think?—Buffalo Express.

CALIFORNIA AHEAD.

Retrospection and Introspection by a Returned Exile.

I have been tempted ever since my return to California—which, after seventeen years of continuous residence, I left for a visit to my old home and friends in the East—to give you some of my experiences while away and the impressions made by my observations. I spent most of the summer in Florida, where my aged mother, since dead, resided, and I was most agreeably disappointed in many things which would fill pages of paper to relate, so I will omit much that I would like to speak of, and come directly to the point in what I have to say, reserving for the future a more detailed account of my observations during my months of wandering.

After a pleasant visit to my old home, where I found many changes and a vast improvement, I traveled north, visiting the old battle-grounds in Georgia and Tennessee. Here again the busy hand of change was visible and everything seemed teeming with renewed life and energy. Again, on to Cincinnati, to the great Centennial; to St. Louis, where I saw the wonderful spectacle of the Veiled Prophet, stopping for days, weeks or months, as time or circumstances dictated. But when cold weather began to assert itself my thoughts turned to my California home. But at this time I had not half satisfied myself with the changes wrought during my absence. Americans wear themselves out with the rush and excitement of life, and need some changes in order that they may recuperate their exhausted energies, and to some persons change is an absolute necessity. Well, I needed change, and I thoroughly enjoyed my ramblings. Everywhere I seemed to feel and appreciate it, and all the elements and circumstances appeared to enhance it, until I appeared to be intoxicated with the pleasant experiences. I investigated everything, looked into every subject, and studied the people, the climate, country and municipal affairs of every place I visited, but I could not stand the cold weather. That was too much for me. What to do and avoid the discomfort without coming back was the question. I had been in New Orleans, and while there I had seen a chance for business and improvement, and I concluded I would try it, so I took passage on one of those magnificent and world-renowned Mississippi River steamboats, and a nine-days' trip on the Father of Waters brought me to the Crescent City. And such a boat! such weather! Well it was good, and I was sorry to end the experience. There I spent two months in New Orleans and in Mobile two years of exceptionally fine weather, during which time an overcoat was hardly ever needed. I stayed and stayed, like the Israelites, who waited in the wilderness, waiting and waiting, living and learning, and the result was that I learned that all things and places have two sides, if more. I think that all the cities that I have visited are improving morally and physically in the true American sense, and I think that we may really and reasonably hope for a grand future if the struggle for advancement is continued.

I think, however, that in some respects San Francisco has advanced further in material progress. There is room yet for some radical changes, but they will come. Some things are much better, and I do not think anything is worse than it was ten years ago, not even the Chinese question. One thing has struck me forcibly since my return, and I suppose the comparison was possibly suggested by remarks and inquiries made by Eastern people in Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, New York and other cities, and that is the number of fine looking people who are to be seen here, and especially ladies and girls. In the South especially, they pride themselves on their fine women, and they have a right to be proud of them. And I think that it is because they make the claim and think a great deal about it, and strive to be superior, that brings about the desired end. We all should strive to make ourselves what we ought to be, and at the same time make the government of our cities and our country what it ought to be. I think I have seen some as fine people—nice, smart and intelligent—in Texas, Georgia, Florida, Mobile and New Orleans, as can be found in the world. There should be more of them. But in San Francisco I have seen whole blocks crowded with them, more in fact in ten minutes than I have seen in any place in the world. It beats Saratoga's summer season all the year round. I was there in August, and it was crowded to its utmost; but what is nicer than San Francisco, even now? Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am yours, S. H. SLAUGHT.

QUEER BEQUEST TO A CHILD.

If a Daughter to Have a Fortune, if a Son a Dollar.

At the old Conant homestead on Pearl street, East Somerville, Mass., about three weeks ago, Mrs. William E. Blaikie died a few hours after giving birth to a son, says the Boston Globe. For a week she felt as if she would not survive the birth of her child. Her own mother had died when Mrs. Blaikie was but a few hours old, and a former wife of her husband had also died under similar circumstances.

These facts intensified her forebodings, and she made every preparation for death. Shortly before that event she made the will whose strange provisions have just become known. It provides that if her child was a daughter she should receive all her mother's property, with the exception of her diamonds, which should go to Mr. Blaikie, but if the child was a son all the mother's property, with the exception of $1 necessary to legally establish the son's birth, should go to her husband. What led to the drafting of so strange a will? Why did the dying mother leave her son so entirely unprovided for? No one seems to be able to answer.

Mrs. Blaikie was the granddaughter of Ezra C. Conant, a wealthy wholesale grocer of Boston. When her mother died her grandparents took her to live with them, and from them she inherited a good deal of property. She married William E. Blaikie, now an architect in Boston, and after the death of the old people she went with her husband to live in the old homestead, where she had spent her girlhood. It was there she died. But why should she wish to disinherit her unborn son? No one can tell.

LONDON'S OLD ROMAN WALL.

Accumulations of Centuries Removed, Laying Bare Wall and Ditches.

The recent excavations for the new Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, says the London Times, have led to the discovery not only of by far the most perfect piece of the Roman wall laid bare in recent times, but also of a complete outline of the old town ditch, which defended London during the Middle Ages. * * *

It is difficult to draw for ourselves now a picture of London as a walled town washed by a broad moat. Wall and fosses are now in the very heart of the county of London. Not only so, but the town has covered them in and grown over them. From the present street level to the footings of the old Roman wall, the level of the old moat, is about eight feet and a half. The accumulations of centuries have buried the defenses of the old city out of sight, and it needs an owner more anxious than usual to make the most of his property to bring to light the hidden history of the place.

It is curious that the enormous value of city land for commercial purposes, and the burrowing into the bowels of the earth thereby occasioned, should lead to the disinterment of relics of London of the Roman period and of the middle ages.

PERSONAL NOTES.

L de Turk of Santa Rosa is at the Lick.

Judge J. W. Davis of Tulare is at the Grand.

Dr. W. M. S. Beede of Stockton is at the Baldwin.

F. W. Mitchell, a rancher of Turlock, is at the Grand.

Baron von Schilling, a wine-manufacturer of St. Helena, is at the Palace.

T. J. Sayberry, U. S. N., is registered a the Palace from Yokohama, Japan.

Fire on Minna Street.

Sparks from a chimney started a blaze on the roof of the two-story frame dwelling of Oscar Foss, 342 Minna street, at 1:25 o'clock yesterday afternoon. An alarm was sent in from Box 63, and the Fire Department smothered the flames before more than $10 damages had been caused.

The earliest mention of holly in connection with Christmas embelishment is a carol in its praise, written about 1450 and preserved in the Harleian manuscripts.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

Sherman's Great March as Told by Gen. Henry W. Slocum.

It Was the Romance of the Great Rebellion. The March Was One Grand Picnic From Beginning to End.

General Henry W. Slocum, who was in command of the left wing of Sherman's army during its famous march from Atlanta to the sea, recently delivered a lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the benefit of one of the local churches, and his text was the "Greatest Military March on Record." The Brooklyn Eagle presents the following interesting report of the lecture:

"Sherman's march," General Slocum said, "needs no glowing description, and if I can make you see it as it really occurred that is all I hope to do. General Sherman started in Mississippi, marched long and fought fifteen or twenty battles to capture Atlanta, because it was a great railroad center. When his army reached the city General Sherman found it defended by earthworks. Instead of attacking it he left me in front of the city, while he took a detour about it and captured all its railroad connections. After three or four days of this sort of campaign we heard a great noise, which sounded as if the rebels were firing upon us. Investigation showed that the Mayor of the city was coming out to surrender, and that what we had thought was firing was the garrison blowing up their cannon and ammunition to prevent its falling into our hands. They surrendered because their supplies had been cut off. Hood had taken his army off to fight Sherman because he couldn't get food for it in the city.

"After Sherman was in possession of the city Hood tried the same tactics on him, but Sherman sent Thomas with two corps to get back of Hood and keep him out of Kentucky while Sherman took the rest of the army and began the march to the sea. He had two objects: first to unite with Grant, and next to destroy all the railroad connections of the South. That march was the greatest of modern times, and the proposition to abandon his base of supplies and take a great army foraging through a hostile country caused great excitement. You, perhaps, remember the English comments, that General Sherman had made a fool of himself and had attempted the impossible. The excitement in the army was greater than at home. The march was the romance of the war. We went through a country unmatched for fertility, where there were 4,000,000 slaves, to whom we were as much objects of veneration as we were of fear to the whites. The course of these black men was one of the most wonderful things of the war. They knew what the war was about. They came into our army by hundreds, but in hardly any case did they desert women and children left in their care. Those who joined us were men left alone on plantations. There was just enough fighting and danger of fighting to give zest to the experience, and, at night when we camped in the piny woods, we had hundreds of bands playing while the darkies danced and sang upon platforms.

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From beginning to end. The army was composed of 60,000 infantry, of which General Howard commanded the right wing and I the left, and 5500 cavalry under Kilpatrick. We marched in four columns on four roads as nearly parallel as might be, and each column had long trains of wagons, ammunition and pontoon bridges.

"A great point of General Sherman's foresight was in the selection of provisions. He saw that we could get beef, oats, corn and flour on the march, so that he loaded down his trains chiefly with salt, pepper, sugar and coffee. We had large information corps of men who went ahead, rushed into every county town and seized all the maps they could find. From these our engineers made us every night a map of the country for the coming day's march, including roads and names of residents as far as we could get them. Then we marched like madmen, and, what may seem very dreadful to you now, seized all the private letters we could find in every Postoffice. I have spent hours reading letters written by men in Lee's army to their wives, and we got valuable information from those letters. Many men wrote: 'So Sherman is starting up our homes. We won't stay up here and let that go on. We'll desert first.'

"Of course, we couldn't have had better news than that. Sherman never intended to leave a thing behind him that could be of value to the Confederacy, and especially not a mile of railroad. If you simply bend a rail it can be straightened and used again. But if it is heated in the middle and twisted like what we Yankees call a doughnut its usefulness is over. So before we left Atlanta General Sherman had hundreds of hooks made especially to twist rails with. Then we had bodies of bridge-builders. Each column carried pontoon bridges to replace the permanent ones which the Confederates burned on our approach. General Sherman wanted to avoid fighting and the loss of men, except where that course was forced upon him. When we left Atlanta he started General Howard's wing for Macon and mine for Augusta, one east and the other south. His idea was to hold all the troops possible in both cities as a garrison. It succeeded perfectly. Both thought they were to be attacked, and got all the troops they could beg from Lee's army.

"Within a few miles of each city we turned sharply, united our forces, and entered Milledgeville without opposition. There some of our boys organized

WELL-KNOWN MOCK LEGISLATURE

In seats that had hardly grown cold from Confederate occupancy and voted Georgia back into the Union. I again moved toward Augusta with the same object, and twenty-six years ago to-night was within five miles of that city. Then we turned off and marched on Savannah, which we found guarded by earthworks. Instead of attacking the city General Sherman attacked Fort McAllister, which prevented our gunboats coming up the river with supplies. The fall of Fort McAllister ended the campaign. General Sherman went down the river in a small boat that afternoon, and next morning our gunboats brought us mails and supplies. Some of the letters from home were two months old, but still they were the happiest day among the soldiers that I ever saw. Savannah had this same rabble which collects in all large cities, and when the Confederate troops withdrew, this mob began breaking open and pillaging stores and private houses, and the people eagerly welcomed the protection of our army from these plunderers among their own people."

General Slocum told many interesting incidents of his march North from Savannah, General Howard's division going by water. In one place where he was delayed by a swollen stream, too wide for his pontoon bridges, an old Brooklyn ferry-boat was sent him to get his men across. In another the rebels had buried torpedoes in the sand so arranged that the pressure of a foot would ignite the fuse and destroy the man who stepped on it. The solders were incensed at this violation of the rules of war, and in retaliation burned houses and destroyed property for days after. At Cheraw, S. C., the soldiers found the buried wine cellars of the rich Charleston people, and General Slocum saw wine that must have been worth $25 a bottle drank from old tin cups. A troublesome incident was the capture at Averysborough of Rhett, a fire-eating Charleston editor, who had advocated secession almost from 1812.

As both General Sherman and General Slocum had known Rhett socially in their regular army days at Charleston, and as there was no reason to treat him severely—he was a delicate prisoner—he was finally shouldered off upon Kilpatrick, who had never known him. One incident convinced Rhett that secession was not such a cunning thing as he had thought. General Slocum met him wearing a pair of coarse army shoes after one of the soldiers had levied on Rhett's own well-made boots.

AT GOLDSBOROUGH

General Slocum and his command were saved from destruction by a Union soldier who had been a rebel prisoner and been forced into a rebel regiment, only to desert at the first opportunity. There had been firing in front, but General Slocum felt sure that no large force was there, and had sent word to General Sherman that he could take care of himself, when this man in rebel uniform was brought to him. The man claimed to have belonged to a New York regiment which General Slocum knew, and some one was found to identify him. Then the man insisted that Joe Johnston's entire army was in front, and that the Colonels had given out to their regiments that morning that they had caught one wing of Sherman's army off by itself and that they would crush it before re-enforcements could come up. General Slocum sent a young Lieutenant quickly to General Sherman. That Lieutenant was Joseph B. Foraker, now an ex-Governor of Ohio, and he has since written the story of his ride. The next morning Sherman made himself felt on Slocum's right, and the wing was not crushed.

General Slocum was at Raleigh when the news of Lincoln's assassination came, and said that it was only Sherman's prompt orders for the suppression of all violence that saved Raleigh from the flames. Sherman's treaty with Johnston followed soon after. General Slocum said that Sherman talked this treaty over fully with his officers, and if there was a single man among them who objected to its leniency, Howard or Logan or any other, he never heard it. The meeting of Grant and Sherman took place just after the bitter Northern attacks on Sherman for his treaty, and it brought out, General Slocum said, the finest traits of Grant's character. Sherman was the nearest approach to a rival whom Grant had in the army, and a mean man would have taken advantage of the situation to cripple his brilliant subordinate. But Grant exercised no authority, said not a word of reproach and offered nothing but encouragement. The feeling in the army about the newspaper attacks on Sherman for the Johnston treaty was very bitter. General Slocum found one day a stack loaded down with New York papers, to which some soldiers were just applying a match. He asked an explanation, and one of the men said: "Those papers have got lots of stuff in 'em callin' old Tecumseh a traitor, and we ain't going to let 'em get around. If the man that reads 'em don't look out we'll send him the same way."

Scientific Item.

A—There is a most remarkable echo in a cave in Kentucky.

What is there remarkable about it?

A—If you call out "Hello, Smith!" the echo says, "What Smith do you mean?" no less than fourteen distinct times.—Texas Siftings.

The resemblance said to exist between Patrick Walsh of the Augusta (Ga.), Chronicle and the late Sitting Bull of the Ogallalla Sioux has been revived since Mr. Bull's demise. Mr. Walsh has attracted a great deal of attention in New York, and his figure, compact, if anything under middle height, is not unlike that of a muscular Sioux.

OBITUARY.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

Most Reverend William Thomson, D.D., Archbishop of York, died yesterday in London. He was a son of the late John Thomson, Esq., of Kelswick House, and was born at Whitehaven, Cumberland, February 11, 1819. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was successively Scholar, Fellow, Tutor and Provost. He took the degree of B. A. in 1840; of Bear to the whites. The course of these black men was one of the most wonderful things of the war. They knew what the war was about. They came into our army by hundreds, but in hardly any case did they desert women and children left in their care. Those who joined us were men left alone on plantations. There was just enough fighting and danger of fighting to give zest to the experience, and, at night when we camped in the piny woods, we had hundreds of bands playing while the darkies danced and sang upon platforms.

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