LOVE'S CALENDAR.

Love knows no past nor future, you declare!
Look in that magic grove, your lady's eye,
And see your answer deeply mirrored there:
In Love's rich present past and future lie.
—CHARLES MORRIS in September Lippincott's.

SAVED BY A BEAR.

Among the many animals that have roamed the dense forests of North America there was never one more dreaded by the early pioneers than "the mad moose." This creature has been seen by a score of people living along the Miramichi. It stood nearly as high as a giraffe, and had in summer two mighty antlers, which curved out and branched so widely as to resemble two trees. Whenever seen it was tearing at a mad pace through the woods, making a crackling noise and throwing the branches in every direction, and its bellowings terrified every one who heard them. Its eyes were large and fierce, and I have been told that in the dark they smoldered like two great balls of phosphorescent flame.

Many belated travelers and lumbermen saw it late in the night on their way through the forest to some clearing, and they related how its terrible mooing resounded for miles through the woods and hills on a still summer night. Whenever it saw a human being it seemed to grow enraged, thrust its huge head downward, and at once charged. But as it kept constantly in the covert the pursued person was enabled to climb into a tree and escape the wrath of the monster. Many a traveler was obliged to take refuge in a tree at sundown and compelled to remain there all night with the two greenish-yellow eyeballs of the beast glaring upon him till daylight.

Four or five persons who were not enabled to get into trees in time became victims of the wild brute. From the marks found upon them it was clear that he had goaded them to death with his horns and then trampled upon them with his ponderous feet. It was said also that he tore his victims with his teeth, and it seems to have been established by those who saw him that he raced among the trees with his mouth open and a ball of foam on either side of his jaws. It was natural, for the inhabitants to believe that the moose was mad, like a dog, and when they sometimes found their cattle dead in the woods, swollen or showing scratches or wounds, they believed that they had been bitten by the moose.

The animal did not appear near the settlements in winter, for the snow is usually deep and soft in those woods, and it is difficult for a deer to travel. The popular belief was that the mad moose lived far away in the heart of the forest in what is called "a yard," eating the branches of fir and spruce trees and digging under the snow for leaves, roots and mosses. A couple of hunters were called once to have come upon him in his winter home, and he bellowed so loudly as to fill the woods with tumult; his eyes blazed with rage, and he dug his feet in the snow with such violence that it rose about him like a white cloud. As they had no weapon they were obliged to pass and leave him unmolested.

One autumn afternoon a boy about 15 years old, named George Adams, left his father's farm-house near by the edge of the river to get some things at the store in the nearest settlement, which was about three miles distant. His course lay along a faint path through a thick stretch of spruce and pine forest. He made some delay at the settlement, and when he set out for home it was nearly sunset. When he entered the forest it was already gloomy, and he hurried along, for in his heart there was a great dread of the mad moose which, in summer time, made this region his headquarters. He had gone over the path so often before that he instinctively made his way along, sometimes walking and sometimes running. Every unusual sound in the wood terrified him and he regretted he had not brought his father's gun, for a year before he had obtained permission to carry it, after the latest victim of the moose had been discovered by his father's house gored to death.

When about two-thirds of the way home, and in the densest and most lonesome part of the bush, George was horrified to hear a fierce bellowing near him, and then it seemed from the crackling and swishing as if a cyclone were passing through the forest. He at once thought of the mad moose, and looking in the direction of the confusion saw among the trees and moving quickly toward him two globes of smoldering fire. He flung down his parcel and at once clambered into a pine tree, the branches of which grew well down on the bole. It was well that he was so quick, for he had not got more than ten feet from the ground before he felt a blow upon the foot from one of the moose's horns. When the animal saw that it had been foiled it increased its mooing and bellowing, till all the forest rang with hideous noises. Higher and higher George went into the tree and then he found two branches growing close enough together to afford him an easy resting place. His cap had fallen off when he began to climb and the moose first took it in his mouth, then flung it from him and butted it savagely with its horns. The parcel, which contained articles obtained from the store, was the next object for the brute's fury; he stamped upon it, burst it asunder, and with one of its antlers scattered the contents among the trees. The boy sat there stiff with terror watching the frightful animal, which in turn looked at him with its dreadful eyes up through the branches of the tree. After a while the moose lay down directly below him, his head resting on his forefeet, his eyes turned upward.

George knew that he was safe here for the night, but what would his parents think if he did not get home at the time expected? There were several paths between his home and the settlement, and as they did not know by which one he went it might be a long time before they could release him from his predicament. He knew but too well from what happened to others that the beast would keep him there all night and how much longer he could not guess. He sat there in the branches for hours till the constellation known as the dipper or great bear stood upon its end in the heavens and was turning over, when the sky darkened, great masses of black clouds rolled across the heavens, and very soon seemed to touch the tops of the trees. Soon the lightning shot from cloud to cloud like mighty scarlet daggers; rain began to patter among the branches and great thunders began roared and reverberated across the heavens, all the while the moose glared at him with his two terrifying eyes. An hour after hour he still lay there upon the branches drenched to the skin by the driving rainstorm. Two or three times he slept for a few minutes, and once upon awakening he nearly lost his balance and fell; so he sat upright, resolved not to doze any more. As the wind went wild whistling through the trees his teeth chattered with the cold.

How glad he was when the gray dawn came struggling through the murk! and when the day closed out he raised his voice and cried loudly for help. This startled the moose, who had lain in the same place in the moss during the night, and he jumped upon his feet, made a hasty breakfast from buds and young branches about the base of the tree, and once more took up his position of watching the boy. George, as the morning passed, began to grow hungry and thirsty, every few minutes raising his voice and continuing to cry for help. The moose made a plunge for a spring near by, drank copiously, ate some more buds and young bushes, and again took its post under the tree. Hour after hour passed, and the boy's position in the branches became almost unbearable; he was sore, sleepy, and weak from hunger and thirst; when he cried out his voice was feeble, and the hideous animal he thought was mocking his helplessness. When he saw the sun go down behind the far pines a cold feeling of despair entered his heart. He never expected to see his parents again, and shuddered to think that when he fell asleep some time during the night he would fall from his place and be maimed to death by the fierce beast. That he would not until the second night had come that his hope completely broke down. Then he began to cry, and as if to mimic his misery the moose bellowed louder and louder.

About an hour after dark he saw the moose suddenly start up and thrust its head into the air toward the thickest part of the brush; then it sniffed and snorted, and at the same time the wearied boy heard a sound, as if some heavy body were breaking dry twigs, come from the point where his jailer was watching. He straightened himself up on the branches and listened eagerly; then through the thick dusk he saw a small pair of burning eyes approaching the moose. The latter stamped the ground with his fore feet and thrust its head low waiting for the new comer. Then George heard a deep growl, the moose gave a loud bellow, and the next moment he saw that some other animal had attacked his jailer. The moon shone clearly throug the trees when the conflict began and he was able to make out that the stranger was a huge black bear, and that it had seized the moose around the neck and was hugging him to death with its huge fore paws.

Evidently at the very first clasp the bear had broken the moose's neck, for the hideous brute had fallen back limp and apparently dead, whereupon the bear seized him by the throat, uttering great, deep growls, and did not let go while one spark of life remained. The bear then proceeded to make a meal from the body of his victim, and, after half an hour's gorging, he waddled away into the deep forest.

George waited until the last sound of the beast had ceased, and then, making the best of his exhausted strength, went down out of the tree and set out for home. He was almost blind from sleeplessness and hunger and could scarcely totter along, but as he neared the house he found a party of a dozen people, with birch-bark torches, continuing the search for him. The path by which he had gone and come was the last they had thought of searching.

The inhabitants from far and near came to see the terrible mad moose, but he was not a pleasant spectacle after the bear had had three or four meals out of him.—Edmund Collins in the Detroit Free Press.

COAST ITEMS.

Brief Notes From Pacific States and Territories.

Marysville is to have a Business Men's Association.

Seven acres of land under cultivation sold at Riverside the other day for $13,000.

Redlands has now a telephone exchange, just started, with thirty-nine subscribers.

Pasadena's recent election to raise $5500 for school purposes defeated the measure.

The Caldwell planing-mill of Woodland is about to transfer its operations to Willows.

The Farmers' Alliance at Pullman, Wash., has a warehouse holding 750,000 bushels of grain.

Growers in Nye County, Nev., say they have more apples this year than they know what to do with.

Klickitat County, Oregon, has shipped between 800,000 to 1,000,000 bushels of wheat to the Sound this season.

The public school building, corner of Twenty-first and L streets, in Sacramento, has been condemned as unsa e.

The weekly wage bill of the raisin-harvesters in the immediate vicinity of Fresno is estimated to be about $40,000.

The oil shipments from Santa Paula are said to be now fifty carloads per month in excess of what they have heretofore been.

Sutter County now has absolute prohibition. By an ordinance of the Board of Supervisors no saloons are allowed within the county.

The Redlands Citrograph claims, on the authority of the Southern Pacific engineer, that that road has decided to extend its line to Crafton.

Redlands will pave its principal streets this winter, and will also expend about $150,000 on storm drains and other public improvements.

There are large numbers of hawks flying about the country near Riverside. One killed its other day and its crop found to be full of grasshoppers.

Humboldt County has a pioneer whose period of residence in that section dates back for five years previous to the existence of the State itself.

A breakage in one of the large German pumps caused a stopping of work at the Chino Sugar Factory. The damage has been repaired now and the factory is running again.

Santa Barbara is to have a fine boulevard whereon owners of fine teams may exhibit the same. It is to be 80 to 100 feet wide, and three-quarters of a mile long, and will cost about $60,000.

Spokane is to have a regularly organized medical college, a maternity hospital and clinical lectures three times a week, with free prescriptions to all who may wish to avail themselves of the benefit.

Miss Cherie Bender of Carson, Nev., got frightened at a bear the other day, and in her effort to get away sustained a severe fall, cutting an ugly gash under her left eye. A doctor sewed up the wound.

Three students from Claremont, says the Los Angeles Express, recently made an excursion to the top of "Old Baldy," and by testing the boiling point of water determined that the mountain is 10,050 feet high.

The Sioux are not particularly slow, says the Seattle Telegraph. They have put in a claim of ten millions for "game destroyed." No game is being interfered with in Seattle, so our city government is safe from any similar claim.

Pad Rody and John Eidle, of San Bernardino, have been arrested on suspicion of being the parties who attempted to set fire to and burglarize the store of A. P. Morse there the other day, and are held to answer in the sum of $2000 each.

Little Florence Backus of Riverside had a narrow escape the other day. She was playing in the yard and fell headfirst into a tub of water. A Chinaman coming along saw some clothing floating in the tub and pulling it out found it was baby Backus.

Two Chinese capitalists, Chu Lai and Ung Sun, who arrived in Victoria, B. C., from Hong-Kong recently, are to erect a big salmon-cannery on the Fraser River. All arrangements are completed, and the cannery will be built in time to begin packing next season.

Douglass Tilden, the sculptor, has finished a statue of a "Tired Pugilist." If he wants to send his fame shooting along the kilt-shaved track of the Sphinx by 2000 A.D., says the Sacramento Bee, he should fashion a statue of heroic size showing us the Tired and Disgusted Public.

A woman of Nevada City, who is charged with theft, has taken to her bed, and ever since the charge was made has declared herself too sick to appear in court. The officers, as well as her kin by neighbors who have been carrying food to her, are beginning to think they are being fooled.

J. H. McGee of Lompoc, Santa Barbara County, stooping to pass under a barbed wire line the other day did not bend over far enough, and one of the barbs, entering the scalp on top of his head, severed an artery and penetrated the bone. The blood spurted from the wound a distance of ten feet.

According to Edward Everett Hale the beautiful name "California" was the creation of Senor Don Ordonez de Montalvo, in his Spanish romance entitled "Lergas de Esplandian," published in 1510, in which he mentioned the "Island of California on the right hand of the Indies, very near the terrestrial paradise."

The Santa Barbara Independent alleges to have discovered that swearing is becoming a habit among the women of this country, and attribute it to the fact that the gentler sex have taken so largely to wearing shirts and collars like unto those of their sterner brothers. The connection is close between collar-buttons, starched fronts and profanity, the Independent thinks.

According to the Arizona Silver Belt seven Indian boys of tender years, sent to an Indian school at Grand Junction, Colo., recently graduated without the knowledge of the faculty and gravitated in the direction of San Carlos on foot, a thousand miles through (to them) an unknown country, reaching the latter place last week, apparently as fresh as daisies, just kissed by morning dew.

The Riverside Enterprise says: Rain-in-the-Face, Scavenger Mike, Snow-on-the-Mountains and Whiskey Jim, four able-bodied red men from the classic precincts of Banning, visited this city the other day. They informed a reporter of this paper that their errand here was to secure work pickling grapes. Their easy manners and cold stares were commented upon quite freely by our people.

A bold theft of a horse occurred in San Diego the other day. A gentleman tied his horse in front of a house and went in. Presently, when the train on the motor road passed a man sprang from the train, ran to the horse, untied him, and springing into the saddle rode off. As he started he was joined by a Mexican on horseback and the two headed for Tia Juana at a gallop. Officers are in pursuit.

The meanest man in the State lives in Woodland. He went home one afternoon last week and found his wife just about to take a drive with a handsome young man, and not only made her get out of the buggy but he got into it himself and took the drive that was intended for her. The man who would do a thing like this would swap his wife's best beau off for a yellow dog and then trade the dog for a drink.

The average height of the water in the Colorado River at Yuma on September 12th for thirteen years has been 16 feet 87 inches; highest, 19 feet 3 inches in 1878; lowest, 13 feet 10 inches in 1879. The average temperature of the water in the river during the same time has been 85. Highest, 91 in 1878; 78 in 1875. The average temperature for thirteen years has been 68.6. Highest, 106 in 1879 and 1888; lowest, 93 in 1885.

The Arlington (Wash.) Times puts it about right when it says: Chinese wishing to get into this country go over to Victoria and take out naturalization papers, swearing allegiance to the Queen of England. Then, as naturalized British subjects, they just step across the line into the United States, whistling, "What are you going to do, brother, what are you going to do," as they pass the customs officers.

Geologists will be interested in the strata brought up by boring operations in a 300-foot level well on the Wilson place, nine and a half miles on the mesa north of San Diego. Work has been temporarily suspended at over 400 feet, where the bore penetrated two feet into a formation of blue clay and shells. The lump exhibited contains all the familiar specimens of sea-beach—cockles, scallops, clams, limpets and other univalves.

Antoine Falrinberg, a young man living near Holbrook, Oregon, was run away with while driving a mowing machine recently. He was thrown from the machine and became entangled in the machinery. The horses ran until tired, dragging him along, and finally stopped. The machine had actually to be lifted off the young man, who fortunately had a miraculous escape, with but the loss of one ear and sustaining a few minor cuts. No bones were broken.

After all, says the People's Cause, it appears that the Salton Sea is not likely to be permanent. The exploration conducted by the Southern Pacific Company shows that it has only an average depth of 45 inches, and under the powerful sun of that region it will not take long to dry up such a shallow body of water. No doubt it will be renewed from time to time by the yearly overflows of the Colorado River, unless the drifting sand should again block the entrance.

SEA AND SHORE.

James Neary Falls Into the Bay and Is Nearly Drowned.

Arrival of the Colima From Panama With Live Turtles in Her Cargo—How Small Boys Stole Many Cocoanuts.

James Neary, a well-dressed man, about 30 years of age, was wandering along the city front yesterday morning and could find no place to sit down, except on the side of the big dredger moored inside the big fence at the foot of Market street. James has been on a prolonged spree and was under the influence of liquor at the time. This was plain by the manner in which he hugged a coal-oil lamp to his breast. Sitting on the dredger James went to sleep and fell overboard. He was powerless to help himself and would certainly have drowned had not the accident been seen by the men who worked on the Tiburon ferry-slip. By the aid of a boat-hook they fished Neary out after he had sunk twice. He was nearly dead when his rescuers laid him on the wharf and began to roll him on a barrel in order to get the salt water out of him. At this time Officers Egan, O'Neil and Gwinn appeared and rang for the ambulance and sent the man to the Receiving Hospital.

After hard work on the part of the surgeons the man recovered sufficiently to give his name and address and again elapsed into insensibility. Up to a late hour last night he had not recovered consciousness.

Neary died at 11 o'clock last night, and his body was removed from the hospital to the Morgue.

STOLE MANY COCOANUTS.

A crowd of boys had lots of fun on Mission Wharf yesterday afternoon around a pile of cocoanuts that came here on the brig Tropic Bird. Quite a pile of the nuts was on the wharf in charge of a solitary watchman, and the boys had a picnic. One of the young fellows would pick out a nut and walk off with it, and of course the guardian of the coveted nuts would give chase. This gave the rest of the crowd the chance they wanted, and before the astonished watchman realized what was up a score of boys were on their way up the dock as fast as their legs could carry them, each with a nut in his arms. During the day the boys stole fully 100 cocoanuts in this manner.

The bark Nellie Troop dragged her anchor about 2 o'clock yesterday morning at the turn of the tide, and fouled the ship Sleive Donard, carrying away the latter's spanker-boom and taking some paint off her. The Troop lifted her anchor and drifted to a safer berth, where the anchor was again dropped.

AN IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.

The most important arrival in San Francisco for a long time, in the opinion of G. E. Beach, the genial ticket agent of the Southern Pacific office, foot of Market street, was a fifteen-pounder, presented to him by his wife last Friday. Mother and son are doing well, and the happy father wears a smile in consequence.

The round-house for the Belt road is nearly finished, and a large force of men are rushing things on the big freight-sheds at the foot of Vallejo street.

The schooner W. F. Jewet went to sea yesterday afternoon with a crew of nonunion men. The captain feared trouble, and a couple of the harbor police were on the wharf at Union street when she sailed, but there was no molestation.

The Pacific Mail steamer Colima arrived yesterday morning from Panama with twenty cabin and thirty steerage passengers, and six Chinese en route for China. She brought only 400 tons of cargo, and part of her freight consisted of twenty-seven live turtles.

IN FROM SEA.

The arrivals yesterday were the steamers Oregon from Portland, Los Angeles from Eureka, Eureka from Newport, Protection from Hueneme, Celia from Little River, Glosy from Santa Cruz, Greenwood from Greenwood, Newport from Eel River, and Colima from Panama. The bark Oakland came in from Port Madison, and the schooners Jennie Thelin and Monterey came in from coast ports.

The sailings yesterday were the steamers Columbia for Astoria, and Alcatraz for Eureka, and the schooners Ocean Spray, Reliance, Archie and Fontie, Lila and Mattie and W. S. Phelps left for coast ports.

MOVEMENTS.

The moves yesterday were the Invergarry to Beal street, Gloneaslie to Port Costa, and Oakland to Mission Flats.

To-day the bark Arcturus tows to sea.

Large crowds of people crossed the bay and the ferry-boats were crowded all day.

In spite of the fine weather very few people were along the front and things in general were very quiet.

Outside the heads the weather yesterday was hazy with a northwest wind blowing 20 miles an hour. The barometer stood 29.90.

WORE TIGHTS TWELVE YEARS.

But She Never Was Ashamed Until Her Little Son Caught Her.

An interesting talker was a burlesque actress, personally a quite irreproachable woman, no matter what the public may think of her.

"The first time I ever put on tights," she said, "I was not greatly embarrassed, but this week I had an experience of utter and absolute shame. You see, I have been wearing tights now for twelve years. I was 16 when I first donned them. I had always supposed it was a proper thing to do, for I had been brought up among theatrical people, and I doubt if I had ever heard a word said about the immodesty of it. I felt awfully awkward, and had some fear about the things holding together on that first occasion, but there was no shame whatever. Indeed, I was conscious of looking lovely, and was glad of the chance of showing how well I was planned. Well, I married, you know, a little while after this and had a child—a fine boy. The boy, I, was the pride of my heart and is still. I brought him up well as a roaming gypsy like myself can bring up children. A great part of the time he has lived quietly with his aunt in New Jersey, and for the last two years he went to a boarding-school in New Hampshire. Now, in all his life he never saw me on the stage. He knew that I was an actress, but had no idea that I played in tragedy or something serious. Recently he came to visit me and pestered me to let him go to the theater and see me act. I refused and he cried a little. He is 9 years old, you know, and I gave him 50 cents a week for pocket money. I thought no more about his going to the theater, but when I made my entrance on the stage one afternoon the first face my eyes fell upon was my boy's.

"There he sat, pale, upright, with his eyes fixed on me in my burlesque costume. I had a stage fright, and only recovered myself by a supreme effort. For the first time in my life I felt the shame of wearing tights. Could I have foreseen that moment, could I have anticipated that sensation in my girlhood, I would never have put them on. During all that performance I was miserable, the more so because my boy got up and ran out of the theater as soon as he saw the spectacle I was making of myself. When I went home I found him almost broken-hearted. Now, I've got to give up my old line of business. I'm looking for a chance where I can wear skirts. I don't blame the boy a bit. How would you feel if you saw your mother skipping round in pale-blue fleshings before a theater full of people?"—New York letter in Washington Star.

SUICIDE OF A BRIDEGROOM.

An Ohio Farmer, Married at Midnight, Takes His Own Life Soon After.

What was at first supposed to be a sensational murder at the residence of George W. Wisely, a prominent farmer living four miles east of Findlay, proves to be a suicide. O. B. Wisely, the oldest son of the farmer named, was found in his father's barn in the last agonies of death, clasping in his hands a pitchfork, while by his side was a revolver with two chambers empty.

The young man was unconscious, and died without making any disclosures, but from relatives and others it was found that Wisely was secretly married at midnight to a young lady named Marvin against the protests of his parents. The marriage license was taken out in May, but owing to the parental opposition the ceremony was not performed at that time. As soon as the marriage was over Wisely mounted his horse and rode home, put his horse in the stable, then placed the revolver to the back of his head and fired the fatal shot.

Young Wisely had had trouble with the girl he married, and the worry and excitement culminating in his secret marriage was more than he could bear. The family is prominent, young Wisely being a member of the Democratic County Central Committee and his father a member of the recently appointed Hancock County Board of Elections.—Springfield (Ohio) special to Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Barbers Can Coin Money.

It is a peculiarity of many German barbers that their personal friends are also their customers, and a certain amount of neighborly gossip follows their entrance and precedes their exit from the delay of strangers in the chair. An exasperated gentleman whose chin had been rubbed by the lathered fingers of a smiling barber who was gossiping over his head with a friend suddenly sat up in his chair and told the surprised operator that he would cheerfully pay him a quarter for a shave every time if he would keep his hands off his chin except when holding the razor. It is the belief of many victims that if a shop will set up in the shaving business with the understanding that a customer's chin shall not be rubbed into a state of irritated tenderness by a hard and bony hand, under the absurd plea that the process softens the crop of bristles, it will be crowded with happy customers and coin money.—Baltimore Herald.

A FIFTY-DOLLAR NOTE.

How It Brought Joy to a Woman's Heart and Tears to Her Eyes.

Twenty-five years ago a pretty curly-haired English girl, the daughter of a well-to-do mechanic, made a foolish marriage with a scatter-brained, dissipated fellow, and came from an inland city to try new fortune in the East.

Children came, and sickness and trouble. When she had been married ten years the woman one evening took a basket and went quietly out of her poor room. She turned into a little street and timidly approached the basement door of a house. Twice she turned back; she had never begged, but the children were crying at home. When at last she rang the bell the door was opened by a kindly looking woman.

"You don't look used to this life," was her comment.

Then the tears came and the sad story was told. The woman who heard it expressed her sympathy by giving a warm supper and a cup of tea and food to take home to the children.

"Come again when you have need," she told the mother.

This was the darkest hour. The Englishwoman had once been a tidy dressmaker, and she was glad to sew, wash, iron and scrub whenever work was to be had. But it was always a struggle with debts, sickness and anxiety. No word came from her old home. She thought the marriage "that lowered the family" had never been forgiven, and she would not write and say that she was in trouble. She never went home, because when one is poor a hundred or two hundred miles distance might as well be around the world. So went a quarter of a century.

Recently, after she had gone to her work at the house of a woman who had befriended her, an unexpected visitor arrived at her home. This was her older brother, who once "had hoped never to lay eyes on her again."

What he thought of the surroundings he kept to himself, but he sent the scatter-brained husband to the house of his sister's employer with the message that he had come and with $50.

"It's not only the money," she told her employer, "though now I can pay what we owe, but it's my brother, my brother's to come to me after all these twenty-five years," and she dropped her needle and cried, but they were happy tears.—Newark Journal.

A FORGETFUL YANKEE.

Headed Up His Son in a Barrel and Left Him There.

George Bump, an eccentric Yankee, who lives on a small farm in the backwoods not far from North Lyme, Conn., has for ten years been striving to solve the problem of perpetual motion. The occupation seems to have affected his brain, and for years he has been commonly spoken of as "Mindless Bump," owing to his absent-minded actions. Numerous stories are told of his failing in this particular. But the climax seems to have been reached last Friday afternoon. Bump was out in the yard trying to put a head in a barrel to be used for cider. He could not make the head stay up until he tightened the hoops, so putting his deaf and dumb boy inside the barrel to hold up the head he went on with his work.

The scheme worked first rate, and he soon had the barrel headed up. Leaving the yard he went out into the field to dig potatoes, forgetting all about the boy in the barrel until his attention was called to him by his wife, who came down to the field and inquired if he had seen Thomas. Bump dropped his hoe and ran for the barrel. The boy was breathing through the bunghole. Bump knocked in the head of the barrel and lifted out his son. The child was so frightened that he went into spasms, and his life is almost despaired of. The next day Bump's wife came into town and asked for his arrest on the charge of attempting to kill his son while insane. The examination failed to prove his insanity, however, and Bump was accordingly released.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

G Barber, Knights Ferry | W Acken, Los Angeles
Mrs Johnson, Eureka | L P Brann, Los Angeles
Mrs Mauney, Eureka | E Everitt, Los Angeles
D M Bixby, Eureka | W Carr, Los Angeles
A McLoos, Eureka | J Pencer & w, Woodland
D Murphy, Eureka | E Cavanagh, Woodland
N M Phipps, Eureka | H C Ewer, Merced
J Murphy, Eureka | L Sullivan, Merced
F Spartz, Helena | M Sullivan, Merced
M Phelan, Helena | A Hansen, Merced
M Spouza, Taylor | M J Fitzgerald, Oakland
M Reynolds & w, Portland | L Tennison, San Jose
O Denison, Portland | L Westlake, San Jose
H H Buffum, Portland | J Fox, Tucson
T Dwyer, Spokane | Mrs Hall, New York
R F Knox, Salem | M Denoff, Kelleton
E Spencer, Salem | H Geer, Boston
T Davenport, Tucson | T Fletcher, New York
W Holland, Modesto | J Thard, Knights Landing
M Gudtred, San Diego | A Richeran & w, Stratford
J Keeler, San Diego | Miss Dunn, Wheatland
J Shan, Ireland | F Johnson, Sulsun
J Quill, New York | F Cooper, Merced
T Patterson, New York | P H Conyers, Merced
M J McKean, New York | A Fitzpatrick, Oakland
A J Fisher, New York | F Shannon, Modesto
Mrs A Moore, Auburn | D Montgomery, Goshen
J Shandler, Auburn | J Steel, Boston
M J Smith, Auburn | L G Knotts, Ogden
H F Knotts, Denver | H F Knotts, Ogden
S M Gates, Butte | A Richmond, Denver
F Dugan, Stanton | E Burgess, Denver
W Bunner, Baden | A S Darr, Denver

PALACE HOTEL.

G T Mixon, Nevada | Hon H Noel, London
M T Dougherty, Nevada | Miss Noel, London
A P Moore, Menlo Park | R Salick, Norfolk
T F Haggin, California | T C McKeeran and wife, San Jose
Mrs F Farmer, Cedar Rds | E D Boyle, Nevada
H Farmer, Cedar Rapids | D T Murphy, Nevada
E S Miller, Cedar Rapids | B Hamington, Utah
C C Kalkfleisch, N Y | H Leyser, New York
Miss Kalbsfleisch, N Y | K H Wade, Los Angeles
J W Nance, Perris | C C Thomas & w, Sutterck
W H Miller, Baltimore | J Auquirna, Guatemala
Z Oppenheimer, New York | Gen Alatore, Guatemala
J Orr, w & m, Kansas | E Terrevila, Guatemala
A D Hand, Nevada | N P Sachs & w, Honolulu
N J Buntley, Chicago | A H Hartsvelt, Fresno
G S Nixon, Nevada | W Matthews, California
G W Sell, Jacksonville | B Sachs, Honolulu
G G Van Haglay, Fresno | J Kennedy, New York
J D Carr, Salinas | S D Morrison, New York
J A Whitty, Modesto | W S Boyle, Kansas City
D C W Brown, Santa Cruz | T W Watson, Victoria BC
O Alexander, Oakland | G T Barson, Tacoma
T V M Hudson, S Rafael | T P Gerald, Tacoma
F Wilkins, Genoa | G Gerald, Tacoma
G R Sweet, Oakland | J Hull, Los Angeles
H Holt, Benicia | J E Allen, Washington
G W Tuttles, Benicia | C Wilson, California
H E Scott, Tacoma | K Greenham, New York
Gen Moulton, New York | C Casting, Philadelphia
J Mosley, New York | G E Marshall, Ireland
W E Wyatt, New York | P B Robbins, Peoria
W Willis, New York
F Byrne, Calistoga

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

A G Fletcher & w, Cal | G F Barber, Knights Fy
E E Harlow, Stockton | A C Kirkpatrick, Sacto
C Newman, Dixon | W W Woodruff, Auburn
R Jones, Island | O D Williams & fm, Winnipeg
L D Marks, Placerville | A W Burt, Pomona
F Young, Woodland | J D Miller, Eureka
W J King, Stony Ford | J K Greenwood, Eureka
W W Ashford, Haywards | H S Richardson, Eureka
W L Brown, Reno | F M Newell, Redondo
W J Douglass & w, Sodaville | R Knowles, Arcata
W J Osgood, Santa Rosa | B F Hubbard, Bangor
O Folsom, Alameda | H Duffy & fm, Sacto
L R Green & w, Colusa | J M Brittingham, P Twd
E G Hall, California | A A Carter, Oroville
J R Thomas & w, S Rafael | M Colegaham, Spokane
C Colombet, California | G Elber, Portland
R S Brown, Petaluma | J M Rodgers, Portland
Miss A Stone, Biggs | Dr C V Garroway & w, Nashville
Miss E Chesmore, Briggs | J W Clement, Portland
A S Nichols & w, Truckee | J F Clement, Portland
T A Hurrard, Oakland | Dr G F Mohn, Los Angls
H Schuiler, Oakland | L J Jaeger, Colton
F Thomas, California | E Downing & w, Bkrsfd
W W Frank, Oakland | E H Green, Sacramento
J J Maloney, Oakland | J Yates, Tacoma
F Dugan, California | E E Balton, Los Angeles
F Tonini, Humboldt | J Lally, Los Angeles
F Tonini, Humboldt

GRAND HOTEL.

A Moncure, Palmero | Mrs Browne & ch, Oakland
A N Bell & w, St Helena | H Brown, Santa Rosa
J O Hunt, Vacaville | E M Houx, Maxwell
C E Hunter, Sacto | Jesse Cope, Santa Cruz
S Neville, Sacto | O M Welburn, Gilroy
C D Stephens & w, Sacto | T P Robb, Santa Cruz
Mrs J Smith, Yolo | J S Crouk, Watsonville
W R Ellis, Woodland | T S Spaulding, Woodland
S A Riggs, Lawrence | Mrs C T Jones, Sacto
W L Buckley, Stockton | Miss Jones, Sacto
C F Koppitz, Stockton | Miss M Long, Vacaville
P O Chistrom, Portland | W S Elliot, Chico
J W Dunlap, Oakdale | H Sammers, Salinas
Miss L Robinson, R Bluff | Evans & White, Cal
G J Pason, Colusa | E W Butt, St Paul
J Markley, Geyserville | M C Meeker, Sonoma
C P Bates, San Jose | S Custal, Seattle
H Clark, Cal | T C Snelling, Red Bluff
C Sutherland, Coulterville | Mrs J Powers, Eureka
Mrs Stevens, San Diego | Miss McCertle, Eureka
Mrs W E Lyons, Silver C | Mrs J R Peters, Bakersfld
A M Brown, New York | Mrs L G Adan, Oregon
Mrs C Fyffe, Bloomingfield | W Gussefeld, San Jose
Miss Fyffe, Bloomingfield

LICK HOUSE.

E Fine, Santa Rosa | M B Mehran, Boston
C A Stockton, San Jose | J R Batch, Weaverville
P W Cook, Salinas | R H Finger, Minnesota
C Murphy, Fairfield | M F Taylor, Bakersfield
J F Mulgrew, Santa Rosa | G A Brown, Worcester
L H Raser, San Jose | D Dodd, Utah
J W Pameler, Copley | M Brown & w, Sacramento
L W Pameler, St Paul | W P Preston & w, Wash
Miss O'Pameler, Chicago | E H Macoy, New York
Miss A Barker, St Paul | Miss M Heath, New York
Dr A N Beach, Pasadena | Mr Proel &d, Santa Maria
W E Ladd & fm, Stockton | R W Natall, Santa Maria
M s D Spyerer & d, Roseburg | J F Madden & w, Oakland
Mrs C Seideman, Paso Robls | C Rhine, Clayton
A Littlefield, San Miguel | R Newman & w, Sacramento

BALDWIN HOTEL.

J A Morrissey, Stockton | D McMurphy, Eureka
J W Kelly, Bodie | J M Fink, Crockett
J E Willis, San Diego | F Miller, Marysville
J J O'Brien, San Diego | H A Beatty, Boston
A W Byron, Sol Smith | J D Lynch, Los Angeles
Russell Company | P Smith, Los Angeles
Edward Vroom, do | C Carr, Los Angeles
Miss M Lester, do | Mrs Smith, San Jose
Miss M Redcliffe, do | C C Freeman, San Jose
Miss Annie Belmont, do | D M Love, Woodside
Mrs Chandron, do | W G Renner, New York
Sol Smith Russell & w, do | F Davis, San Jose
L L Lewis, New York | L Liebes, San Jose
J J Culley, New York | G A Challis, Galveston

BILL NYE ON LIBERTY.

He Thinks Only Those Who Come Here From Abroad Enjoy It.

It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer.

The more I study American institutions the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in this country except the American. He seems to be so busy paying his taxes all the time that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl with the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the limited mail and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into ourselves with a dull thud, and hardly have time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our families.

We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman or child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods whether we have any left for ourselves or not.

What would the great world beyond the seas say to us if some day the blue-eyed Mormon, with his heart full of love for our female seminaries and our old women's homes, should land upon our coasts and find that we were using all the liberty ourselves? What do we want of liberty, anyhow? What could we do with it if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. We is a good thing to keep in the house "for the use of guests only," but we don't need it for ourselves.

Therefore, I am in favor of a Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we can visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York harbor night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be free-trade, it may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there day after day, bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-grown Mormon moving toward the far West, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his mind and, as he is remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself.—From Bill Nye's "Stray Thoughts."

Brief but Decisive Answers.

A gentleman appeared before the clerk of the Jersey Game Protective Society the other day and asked for a gunner's license.

"Name, please?" asked the clerk.

"Benjamin Harrison," was the reply.

"The address?"

"Washington, D. C."

"The president?" inquired the clerk.

"The same," replied the applicant, as he paid his $5, folded the paper and put it in his pocket.—Boston Herald.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Postoffice at San Francisco on MONDAY, September 21, 1891.

☞ To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "Advertised Letters," and give the date of advertising. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the Dead-letter Office.

Abraham, H
Abraham, E
Abrahams, Dick
Abrams, Capt Amos
Ackerman, S
Adsit, C L
Adams, Mrs A W
Adams, Charley
Aevis, Miss Imogo
Ahrens, Geo N
Atkins, M J
Alexander, L L
Allen Bros
Allen, James R
Allen, J R
Allen, O C
Almagiosl, Jos
Alter Frank
Alnes, Jose
Alpaugh, Mrs Nettie
American Refrigerator Transit Co
Bacon, B F
Bacon, H L
Bailly, Miss Cath
Baker, Dr B O
Baker, Hattie F
Bahnsen, J W
Bahne, Fred
Baldwin, Roger S
Bamberg, H
Barker, W B
Banks, Rev David Stuart
Barker, Mrs Alice J
Barker, Wm H
Barker, John
Baranoff Packing Co
Barclay, W H
Barnes & burrough
Barnes, John Y
Barnes, M A
Barry, Francis
Barris, C E
B