OUR COUNTRY.

The power that broke their prison bar
And set the dusky millions free,
And welded in the flame of war
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
Redress the red man's grievance, break
The Circean cup which shames and kills,
And labor full requital make?

Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall?
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all?

With peace that comes of purity
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee:
God of our fathers, make it true!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"AM I?"

"Why, yes; you may introduce me some time; but remember, old fellow, I am not down here for anything but a holiday, and that implies fishing, rowing, tramping—not helping some girl over the rocks, dancing, tennis and dawdling, even with your pretty cousin. You know I left flirtations when I left college."

Having thus delivered himself, Robert Warren waited for his friend, Jack Manning, to assure him for the twentieth time that his cousin Lucia was a girl of common sense; not a coquette, but a cultivated, intelligent—

Robert interrupted.

"Neither do I care to talk philosophy, poetry or the origin of species with an intellectual Boston maid."

Jack turned away to smile, while Robert went on:

"I know them all. Girls can be classed in two divisions—one all for men, the other for something else, because they cannot get men."

"That's enough," interrupted Jack. "Lucia will have plenty of attention without demanding any of you," and the two young men strolled off the veranda.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the object of these remarks was sitting behind the closed blind of the window directly behind the young men, so she could not help hearing what her cousin and his friend had to say.

Robert's sentiments were not new her; so, instead of being annoyed, she only smiled and her eyes shone with sudden mischief.

Jack had talked with her about Robert Warren since they were chums together at Harvard. She knew more of his record as an athlete and a society man there than as a scholar, though since that his honors at a German university were enough to satisfy any demands, and his first year of practicing law was not brilliant.

She knew that since his graduation from Harvard he had inherited a fortune that he had never dreamed would be his, and that before this he had been more deeply in love with a girl than he would acknowledge; she had thrown him over for a rich fellow and had always regretted it.

Lucia knew that Robert was handsome (she had seen his picture), and now she had heard his deep, low rich voice. She also knew that he had been plotted for by many a match-making mamma, as well as by willing daughters. This only made him withdraw more surely from society and devote himself to his law, his rod and gun.

Now it was August, and he had come to spend a month with his old chum, who was with various relatives at one of the large hotels on one of the lovelicst of the Maine islands.

When Robert came in to dinner with Jack, an hour later, he was surprised to see that Lucia was so young and so really beautiful.

He had made up his mind that he should meet a tall, dark, self-possessed society young woman of about 24, while the girl he now met was very fair, petite, with fluffy yellow hair, child-like blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and a mischievous, smiling mouth. She appeared about 18; in fact, she was 22.

Robert felt a little piqued that she did not seem to notice him in the least after her cordial little bow and "I am very glad to meet you," but chatted away to her merry way to a young fellow sitting next to her.

Most young women would have looked at himself, Robert expected, yet he tried to make himself think he was very glad that this one would give him so little trouble.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and as he came in from the piazza he met Lucia as she came downstairs with her mother and this young man whom he had seen at dinner and who had been presented to him as Mr. Perkins.

Lucia was radiant. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining. She was very simply dressed in white tulle that floated around her like a cloud. She carried pink roses and Robert was aware of their faint perfume as she passed him.

He turned to look after her. How gracefully she walked! How charming her neck rose from her shoulders, and how sweet was the beautiful hair!

Robert turned and walked back to the corner of the piazza that he had just left, and watched the dance. The large dining-room had been cleared for the dance, and a few couples were gliding over the shining floor to the music of Strauss' waltzes. The music brought back memories of that last class day dance, when he was waltzing with the girl that he thought he loved, but who, thank fortune, he was well rid of, and who was now trying to win him back.

He saw Lucia as she floated by in young Perkins' arms. How different was her face from that other one's! Bah! His life was not to be concerned with any more pretty faces, no matter how innocent and true they looked. His dancing days were over, too. So he flung away his cigar and went to his room.

The next week was spent as he first wished, in rowing, fishing and canoeing. Whenever he was at the hotel he saw Lucia surrounded by admirers, but it was Perkins who seemed to be favored by her smiles. She was cordial to Robert, but never seemed to take the slightest interest in him.

One evening Robert walked to the cliff about sunset for the beautiful sea view. As he went to take a seat behind a pile of stone, to his surprise he found Lucia there. His step startled her, and she hastily rose to her feet.

"Do not let me intrude," he stammered, and started to go back.

She insisted that he should stay, and before he knew it they were talking together, like old friends. Then they walked home by moonlight.

Robert could never forget her beauty. She wore some light, fleecy scarf about her shoulders, one end of which was carelessly caught upon her hair.

When they reached the hotel Jack met them, saying:

"I have great news for you. Perkins' brother has just anchored his yacht in the harbor, and starts Monday for a two weeks' cruise. He wants us to join his party. There will only be a half dozen—he, his two sisters, his brother, you, Robert and Lucia, and chaperon to introduce us."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Lucia. "Of course I should like nothing better than to go."

"And you, Robert?" questioned Jack.

"Thank you. As your guest I shall be pleased to go," he replied, but there was no warmth in his tone. To tell the truth, he was thinking what a fine opportunity this was for Perkins to monopolize Lucia. Probably they would become engaged heffthought, bitterly.

He saw no more of her the next day than before. She seemed necessary to so many people's happiness, and requisite for the success of any gayety at the hotel. She was so simple and unaffected, so merry and happy, that her presence always brought sunshine.

It was so on board the yacht. She was always on deck, and many and many a night took her guitar and sang to them under the starlight.

The weather was unusually good, but there came at last a two days' storm; they had all stayed below, making candy, acting charades, playing games and singing. At last, when the waves were growing more furious and the wind raging violently, some sudden impulse made Lucia look up to Robert and say with a smile:

"You are the best seaman here; take me on deck, please."

There was a general protest at this, but she carried her point. After being much tossed about they reached the deck and attempted to walk up and down.

"You will have to cling close," he said, drawing her hand through his arm.

The waves were like mountains; the rain beat against them and the wind beat almost a hurricane. The color glowed in Lucia's cheeks, her eyes shone with unusual brightness.

"Oh, how sublime!" she exclaimed. "I could live on the ocean; yet it is terrible, after all," and she shuddered a little.

A sudden lurch of the boat threw her from him, and she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. Her silky hair brushed his cheek, and he felt his heart beating against his breast so that it seemed as if she must feel it.

"This is something of a gale," she laughed, woman-like, as she recovered her self-possession.

They soon went below, for the storm raged more furiously. Robert saw a strange expression in Perkins' eyes, but he was conscious of a wonderful elation, and could still feel the magic of the sweep of those silken locks across his lips.

The next morning dawned clear and fair, with no hint of the previous storm except the wonderful blue of the sky and the blue-green of the sea.

Lucia was pacing up and down the deck with Perkins when Robert came up; then she went below to finish her packing, for this was the last day. They were only a few hours from the harbor now.

When she appeared again she went aft and leaned against the rail, looking back over the ocean. Robert joined her there.

"Are you sorry that this is our last day?" she queried.

"It has been delightful to me," he answered, then stopped, fearing to trust himself to say more.

As usual there was a call for Lucia, and Robert had only time to ask for a waltz for that evening.

His vacation was over. The next day he was to return to New York and the law. He could not understand his interest—he did not call it love yet—in Lucia.

She was surprised to find him so good a partner, and they waltzed and waltzed until the music stopped; then he begged her to go out on the piazza. He drew her lace wrap about her fair shoulders, and it thrilled him to see how beautiful she was.

They had hardly reached the piazza when the orchestra began playing, and Mr. Perkins came to claim her for the dance.

Robert sat in the shadow and watched them through the window. When the dance was over they came out and walked by him. They were talking low and earnestly, and as they stopped where the light from the door shone brightest Robert saw Lucia bend to look at a ring.

He rose as they went, like one dazed. It was nothing more than he had expected, yet it came like a cruel blow.

He met Lucia as she was crossing the threshold.

"I have come to finish our promenade," she said, smiling.

He felt like cursing her for her coquetry, but there was nothing for him to do but offer his arm. This he did with much formality. After vainly trying to coax him to talk, she said:

"Now that our party is so soon to be broken up, I will tell you of an engagement that will be announced to-morrow."

"Indeed," he said, dryly, nerving himself for the news.

"Yes, Mr. Perkins—"

"I imagined as much," he interrupted.

She looked at him in amazement.

"Do you know Marion?" she asked.

Then he looked at her in bewilderment and repeated inquiringly, "Marion?"

"Yes; my cousin Marion. They have been lovers for years, but aunty did not wish the engagement to really take place until she was out of school. He goes to see her to-morrow."

"Is little Marion grown up?" he asked, then lost interest in the two, and led Lucia to a settee in the shadow.

"And are you not in love with Perkins?" A new light stole over her face. Then she broke into a hearty laugh.

"I love him as I ought to love my cousin's fiance," she replied. "Is it possible you thought"—but she turned away her face to hide her smiles.

Robert's theories and cynicisms were evidently left out at sea where the yacht they left that afternoon lay anchored.

"Lucia, Lucia," he cried, clasping her in his arms, "I love you so. Tell me it is not all in vain."

One of her arms stole around his neck, and she buried her face in his breast as she whispered:

"I think I fell in love with your picture, years ago, when Jack brought it from Harvard."

"Then why did you treat me so?" he asked, reprovingly.

"Because I thought you were a woman hater," she replied.

"Am I?" he asked.—N. Y. Recorder.

TOO FOND OF HIMSELF.

An Incident of Travel in the Fifth-Avenue Omnibuses.

A pretty young woman, dressed in the height of fashion, got into one of the Fifth-avenue "busses" the other day to drive up to Central Park. Some of these busses still run on the old "hob-tail" system, that is they have no conductors to collect the fare and passengers must themselves drop their nickels into a box at the end of the conveyance. The driver is supplied with a quantity of small coin to make change for passengers who have not the exact fare. As this handsome young woman took out her purse, several men bent forward expectantly for the privilege of passing her coin up to the box for her. Ignoring their readiness, she made her way up to the box herself and dropped a dime into the box.

Then she waited for her change. No change came, however. She looked at the box anxiously, evidently thinking that perhaps she needed to pull out a handle or press a button somewhere, in order to see her change fall out, but all she saw was a little sign, "Put the exact fare in the box." The men whom she had overlooked only grinned. She appealed to the driver for change. He told her he could not open the box, but that if she would wait till another passenger got aboard she could have his nickel, instead of her dropping it in the box.

Pretty soon a typical "chappie," with monocle and English covert coat, much too large for him, stepped into the bus and offered the driver 10 cents to be changed into two nickels. The driver explained to him the predicament the young lady was in and asked him to give her one of the nickels.

"Certainly; with all the pleasure in the world," said the young fellow, as with a "ain't-I-just-civil" smile he raised his hat, bowed profusely to the young woman, and dropped a nickel into her little gloved hand. He beamed into her eyes as he did so in a way that evidently embarrassed her, but he grinned wider at her blush, and looked around at the others, as if to say: "Watch me mash her the first time." Then with a jaunty air he dropped the other nickel in the box.

Then several men snorted, and the young fellow looked up surprised, to see what they were laughing at. He could not help seeing that he was the object of their mirth. He could not understand it at first, but pretty soon it struck him that he had got rid of two nickels for one ride. Then he blushed up to the roots of his hair, got very indeed and went out on the roof to cool off.—N. Y. Tribune.

WANTED TO ENSLAVE PENN.

Cotton Mather's Hatred of the Quaker. An Interesting Letter.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Cotton Mather to John Higginson, dated Boston, Mass., September, 1862. It is written in the peculiar style of phraseology common to the time, and is of interest from the fact that it is concerning a man who succeeded in establishing a colony of people in this country from which developed a powerful religious sect, whose love of country, patriotism and high sense of morality have been the bulwarks of our civilization. The letter is the property of Mrs. Juliet Riley of Muncie, Ind., and was given to her by a friend while in Boston last year. The following is the full text of the letter:

SEPTEMBER 3, 1682.—To Ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson: There be now at sea a skipper (for our friend Esaias Holdcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would sail southward with a cargo called Ye Welcome, R. Green was master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye general court has accordingly be given secret orders to messe to Master Malachi Huxtell of ye brig Porpols, to waylay ye said Welcome as near ye coast of Cod as may be and make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new ye country with ye heathen worshipe of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in molasses and sugar, and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours in the bowels of Christ, COTTON MATHER.

—Muncie Special to Globe-Democrat.

A Queer Character Who Scores Congress.

The people of Yorktown, a hamlet near Yonkers, N. Y., are excited over the appearance and disappearance of a little old man, wearing an ulster and an old army hat.

He demands admittance to houses at unseemly hours, and, if admitted, sits down and reads over the unjust laws enacted by Congress. If denied admittance, he becomes very violent, and has frightened a number of ladies and children into convulsions.

He refuses to disclose his identity, and his sudden and complete disappearances are a source of wonder. He is supposed to be an escaped lunatic from some asylum who has taken refuge in a cave in the vicinity.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

For All Seasons.

When the peach-buds blow,
And the tulips glow,
And the earth is warm beneath;
At the break of day
With SOZODONT spray
Most thoroughly gums and teeth.

When the summer burns
On her myriad urns
Her incense before the Sun,
Still do not forget
Sweet SOZODONT get,
When the heat of the day is done.

And when autumn outpours
Her wealth of stores,
As yearly it is her wont;
And when winter benumbs
The chrysanthemums—
Still ever use SOZODONT.

The Favorite.

The most popular dentifrice of the day is SOZODONT. People prefer it because they have found by experience that it really does do what is claimed for it; that it is A GENUINE BEAUTIFIER of the teeth; that it is, as its name SOZODONT signifies, A TRUE PRESERVATIVE of them; that it imparts a pleasant aroma to the breath, and renders the gums rosy and healthfully firm. The favorite among dentifrices therefore is SOZODONT.

SEA AND SHORE.

A Ship's Crew Suffering From Java Fever.

An Enterprising Wine Merchant Plays Detective and Captures the Man Who Swindled Him—Movements.

The British ship County of Edinburgh arrived from Soerabaya yesterday and is lying in the stream off Black Point. Several of her crew are sick with the Java fever and were attended by Dr. Lawler.

Java fever is a species of malaria, and soon succumbs to medicine and good food. So the sick men will be all right again in a few days.

The fine weather that prevailed yesterday drew a large crowd to the city-front, and nearly every wharf was lined with people inhaling the bay breeze and watching the ships at anchor in the harbor.

CAUGHT HIS MAN.

Paul Demartine, the well-known wine merchant, was prowling around the city front long before daylight yesterday morning. He was playing detective, and feels proud that he got his man.

He has been shipping quite a lot of wine from this city to Portland lately, and it was consigned to an enterprising fellow named D. Rovania. That gentleman took all the wine sent to him and sold it as per agreement, but instead of returning the coin to Mr. Demartine he stowed it away snugly with a view of using it to put on style back in his native land. Saturday night Mr. Demartine learned that Rovania had left Portland on the steamer Columbia and was about to start for sunny Italy.

HIS WATCH REWARDED.

The steamer reached this city very early yesterday morning, and the Italian tourist got ashore before Demartine reached the dock. The wine man was not to be fooled, however, and kept a close watch on the ferry all day and was rewarded by catching his man as he was about to take the train for Sacramento. Not having a warrant the only way he could hold his man was to induce him to commit some act for which he could be arrested. Demartine succeeded in getting the man into a hot argument, and such a crowd gathered that Sergeant Lingford interfered and arrested both men and locked them up at the North Harbor Station on a charge of disturbing the peace.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

The arrivals yesterday were the steamers San Mateo from Comox, Costa Rica from Departure Bay, Columbia from Portland and Pomona from Eureka. The British ship County of Edinburgh arrived from Java with 10,579 baskets of sugar consigned to the Bank of British America; the British bark Maude from Liverpool, the Highland Light from Departure Bay and the schooner Governor Ames from Seattle, all came in coal-laden. The schooners Emma Utter, Jessie Minor, American Girl, Maxim, W. H. Talbot, Confianza, Reliance, Puritan and Czarina came in from coast ports.

The sailings were the steamers Oregon for Portland, Alcazar for Greenwood and Noyo for Noyo. The ship Irby sailed for Seattle, the Louis Walsh for Nanaimo and the brig Consuelo for Kahului.

MOVEMENTS.

The movements yesterday were the Amazon and Celtic Queen to Port Costa and the Melville Island to Union street.

To-day the Snow & Burgess goes to Third street, Thistlebank and Tascadale go to Oakland, General Knox to Folsom No. 2, Eureka and Highlander to Sausalito and the Marion Lightboody to Fremont street.

Outside the heads yesterday the weather was clear, with a northwest wind blowing 12 miles an hour. The barometer stood 30.12.

THEIR MAMMAS OUTWITTED.

In Spite of All Their Precautions the Nuptial Knot Was Tied.

This story is a true one of a marriage that came off in this city a few days ago, says the Chicago Tribune, and which was concisely chronicled in the proper department:

The young lady's home is in Washington. The young man hails from New York City. Both young; girl pretty, petite and with just enough abandon in her make-up to do as she pleases. She has a married sister living in Chicago. Her mother knowing of the attachment between the daughter and the young man, and objecting to the usual fulfillment of such a state of things, objected. The young man's mother likewise objected. The mother of the young lady sent her out to Chicago "to spend the holidays with sister." A day after her arrival the young man had business in Chicago. So had his mother. When he left New York his mother accompanied him. They reached this city and were "domiciled temporarily" at one of the fashionable family hotels.

The mother of the young lady heard of the arrival of the young man and telegraphed her daughter to return. She was to arrive home Monday and sail for Europe the following Wednesday, but the latter end of this programme the young lady knew nothing about. The day she received the summons to return home she wanted to do some shopping and her sister also wanted to do likewise, but as her duties at home did not permit her to leave home she commissioned the visiting sister to attend to her errands.

The young lady went from her sister's house to the nearest telephone-box and called up the number of the fashionable family hotel. Asked for her young man. He was there, and responded. The hiatus comes in here. No one save these two know what electric words ran over that wire. In a half hour they were together. In another half they were in a coupe. In an hour they were in a church in Lakeview. By the Episcopal marriage ceremony it does not take long to make one of two. In another hour they were back in Chicago. Young man with his mamma. Young lady with her sister. That same evening the young lady left for Washington to meet her mamma. The next morning the list of marriage licenses in the Tribune told a story. Young lady's sister telegraphed her mamma. And when the young lady arrived home she was met by her mamma, who flashed a telegram before the daughter. The young man's mamma had also kept track of the marriage licenses and she confronted her boy. They left (mamma and boy) on the evening train for New York. The engagement for passage to Europe was canceled. The couple has not yet been permitted to settle down as one, in a dovecote of their own. The old folks on both sides are keeping them apart for awhile until the fires of hostility cool down.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

Their Strenuous but Futile Efforts to Preserve Their Secret.

Every one smiled at a Detroit hotel, as among the baggage which arrived over the Michigan Central was a trunk with a white ribbon tied around it, says the News. It was not long before a young couple drove up in a carriage, and the young man registered them both from Chicago. They did not know that their secret was out, as the young man had probably not looked over his baggage before leaving the city, a precaution which should never be neglected. They walked around trying to look innocent, as if they had been married a score of years. When they addressed each other it was in a cold, formal manner, and at the dinner table he was merely distantly polite. No answering gleam of affection lighted up her blue eyes as she met the glance of her companion, but as calm as could be she repaid his attentions with an occasional "Thank you." They didn't converse much, and no one would have detected in their conversation that flood of happy volubility which is usually supposed to accompany the happy occasion. She didn't say, "I wonder how ma is!" or "Do you think they miss me at home?" or give herself away in any manner. Once she observed, for the edification of the others at the table: "That was a very tiresome journey from Chicago!"

"Very!" he replied, pulling his mustache, although his eye lighted up just a little in spite of himself.

Then they waited five minutes before addressing each other. But meanwhile those who understood smiled and glanced furtively at them. As she detected the glances the young woman's pretty face flushed, and pressing the other's arm nervously she said in a whisper: "I believe they know. Isn't it horrid? It must have been your manner that betrayed us!"

"Nonsense! It was yours!" he returned in the same tone. "Any one can see that you are dead gone on me!"

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

They Beheld a Sight That Made Their Blood Run Cold.

Two young men of Bellbrook had gone coon-hunting. They lost their way. A terrible storm came up, and they were compelled to stay in a house that had been untenanted for years. Nothing was heard until midnight but the raging of the elements on the outside. The sound of reveiry was heard in an adjoining room. They looked in and beheld strangely clad people engaged in a wild sort of dance, who, when they became aware that they were observed, vanished. Not being superstitious the boys resumed their game, but were soon aroused by a shriek that froze the marrow in their bones. Talking in an unknown tongue was heard in the above-mentioned room. They peeped in and beheld a sight that made their blood run cold. Three hideous hags were quartering and cooking infants and eating them with ghoulish gusto. A movement on the part of the boys caused the vision to vanish. In a few moments the smell of brimstone pervaded the air and a phosphorescent light entered the room and gradually grew smaller and more condensed until it resolved itself into a being part human and part devil. A fiendish laugh broke from the creature's lips when it beheld the cowering forms of the boys, who cried: "Spare us! We have done nothing!" The creature vanished and their torch was extinguished. The badly scared boys quitted the house and plunged into the inky darkness of the night, and arrived home at 1 o'clock, completely worn out. They are now tossing on beds of delirium, occasionally crying out: "Spare us! We have done nothing!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HIS NERVE.

How a Locomotive Fireman Won a Reputation for Bravery.

"Yes, I've been pretty badly scared several times since I began railroading fifteen years ago," said an old freight conductor, "and don't really know which one was the worst, although, I always thought the last was. We're all of us human, and if a man tells you he doesn't get scared railroading don't you believe him. I've seen lots in the papers about heroic engineers who stayed at their posts and sacrificed their lives trying to save others. When you show me one man that takes those chances for humanity's sake, as they say, I'll show you a hundred who stayed just because they were too scared to jump or didn't have time.

"A man thinks mighty quick sometimes, but he doesn't always have time to think of anything that's behind him. When a fellow's running across the country at a mile a minute in pitch dark and all of a sudden a big headlight flashes in his face or a pair of red lights show up in front he's mighty apt to forget what the papers will say about a hero at his post. If he can move at all he shuts off and throws her over and plugs her with one hand working the air just because it's second nature and he can't help himself. It's what they call mechanical and a man who will do it without really knowing what he's doing. Then he'll jump if he can.

"Talking about these heroes, I'm one of them myself. I've a big reputation up North as a man who'd stick to his post. It was when I first went to railroading. I'd been raised in my superintendent's family and when I got old enough I went to firing on the Milwaukee. About three months after I'd got a regular run I was out on a freight over night. We'd had a rush and I was pretty tired and about 12 the head brakeman took the fire for awile and I went to sleep. I was sitting on the front end of the seat, dead to the world, when a couple of red lights on the tail of a caboose showed up. The freight ahead of us had broken in two and we caught the hind end in a cut. The engineer shut off, but he didn't have time to throw her over and plug her and the brakeman both jumped without even waking me up.

"We hit the caboose pretty hard I tell you, but instead of breaking her up or ditching, the pilot went under the car and raised it right up till it slid half way up the boiler. The shock woke me up, but I was only half awake then. She was moving along slow yet, and when I saw the red lights on the caboose the first thing that struck me was that we were on a siding and that the engineer had got off, leaving the engine in forward motion, and she had leaked or sprung her throttle and gone into another freight on the siding ahead of us.

"I jumped over to the engineer's side and threw her over and plugged her hard. It didn't take much to stop, and I stood there for a minute commenting profanely on the engineer's leaving her in forward motion and leaving a train ahead of us. It didn't strike me what it was until some one came running up and asked me if I was hurt. I said no, and asked what was the matter. Say! when I found out what I was you could have knocked me out with a finger. I couldn't talk, and by the time I got my senses back the boys began talking about my nerve. I didn't say anything, and when we got in the papers had it written up and made me a hero from way back. The engineer and brakeman jumped, and one broke his ribs and the other his arms. My wonderful nerve is sticking to the engine when they jumped was talked about by everybody.

"The Superintendent took me up to the General Manager's office and introduced me and told him that was the kind of boys he raised. I was only a kid then and didn't know much, but I knew enough to keep my mouth shut when they talked about the young hero who had stuck to his post and saved lives and property by stopping the engine.

"If they'd just given me half a chance to jump though you bet your sweet life some other fellow would have been the hero and I'd tried to beat the engineer and fireman out of the cab window."—Kansas City Star.

HIS BIG BLUNDER.

Fought With the Waiter for Being Invited to the Captain's Table.

He was pacing the promenade deck of the ocean steamer Majestic. One of his eyes were blackened, and his red nose and swollen features wore a careworn expression. The breeze played gently with the tails of his long ulster, and he could scarcely keep his feet. A sudden lurch of the ship sent him sprawling on the deck in front of one of the passengers, who helped him up and asked him if he were sick.

"No, my friend," he answered gravely, "but I'm afraid I've made a big mistake. Ever crossed the ocean before?"

"Two or three times," was the modest answer.

"Well, then," he continued, "perhaps you can tell me whether I was right or wrong."

"How was it?"

"Well, you see, it was this way. I'm from Illinois, and the other day I was appointed United States Consul to a port over here across the pond. I'm on my way there now. I took cabin passage on this boat and I was having a tip-top time until to-day. This morning I had just sat down to breakfast when a big waiter came up behind me, and said he: 'I beg pardon, sir, but the captain requests that you be seated at his table.' 'What's that?' said I, 'sit at the captain's table! Not much, sir. I'm no plug of a common sailor. I'm a United States Consul. I paid for first-class passage on this craft and I'm going to have first-class grub. Sit at the captain's table. You must be crazy, man. No, sir, I'm going to sit right here and take my meals like the other first-class passengers. I'm a gentleman. I'm an American sovereign, sir, and I stand on my rights. The next thing you'll want me to go down and take pot-luck with the coal-heavers. I'm no steerage passenger. If you don't believe it, here's my ticket. I don't eat with sea captains, do you see?'

"Everybody at the table began to look astonished like, and the waiter said, 'I'm sorry, sir, but orders is orders. I wouldn't dare tell the captain that you had refused to come to his table. He would be much insulted, sir.' Then let him get insulted, I said I, getting a bit riled. 'It's none of his business where I sit. I don't have to eat with my social inferiors. I'm going to sit right here, and if you don't take your hand off my shoulder I'll paste you one right between the eyes.' 'But you don't understand—' he began, and put his hand on me again. With that I got up and hit him. He struck back and we clinched, rolled over on the floor and gouged each other. A lot of the waiters ran up and parted us. I got up and left the room without any breakfast. Just as I went out I heard somebody remark that I was the biggest fool that ever stepped off dry land. Now tell me, stranger, is a man a fool because he stands up for his rights?"

"Certainly not," answered the other passenger. "But don't you know that it is considered a great honor to be invited to the captain's table? It is an honor accorded only to people of high social rank or official position. The captain's table is considered the finest in the dining-room."

"In the dining-room!" he gasped. "Then it ain't down in the forecastle! Ah, now I catch on. What a tarnal fool I've been, anyhow. I'm going to get the biggest deckhand on board to kick me all over the ship, and then I'm going to my state-room, and I wont stick my nose outside until we get to Queenstown. Good-by, my friend."—N. Y. Tribune.

It Was Only His Step-House Any Way.

A New Hampshire lawyer, with evident appreciation of his little stepdaughter's wit, tells two stories about her, says an exchange.

Shortly before his marriage with her mother the four-year-old said one day when the approaching marriage was being discussed:

"I'll be glad when Mr. G— comes here to live."

Her mother was pleased.

"Why will you be glad?" she asked.

"'Cause, p'r'aps, then we'll go away sometimes."

After the wedding the stepfather attempted to correct the child for misbehavior at the table. She rebelled and said, with flashing eyes:

"This isn't your house anyways."

"No," he said, gently; "it is our house."

"No, it is not," she replied; "it's just your step-house."

THEY WERE MURDERED.

A Tell-Tale Scaffold Trap-Door in a Robbers' Den.

A report has reached Chaneler, Ok. T., of the finding of a house in the dense woods along the river over in the Indian country, which had been deserted, and an examination of which solves a mystery which has been puzzling the people of that city for several years.

The house was situated in a deep piece of timber, and was about a mile off the stage road. It was approached by a circuitous trail through the woods, and was in such a position that it was only discovered by accident. For years it has been a matter of frequent occurrence that travelers have disappeared when traveling along this road, and no trace of them was ever after discovered. On several occasions search has been made for the missing parties, but such search has always been fruitless. Lately the United States Marshals have been making it very warm for the outlaws which have infested that territory, and the result is that many of them have fled to other parts until the storm blows over. It is evident that the house spoken of was the rendezvous of some of the robbers, for it was built for that very purpose, as is evidenced from its structure.

It is a small cabin of three rooms, leading one into the other in a line. Near the door which leads from the first to the second room is a large trap-door, which a person passing from one room to the other would be compelled to step upon. The trap-door swings downward, and is held in place with an arrangement similar to that used on scaffolds, and it was so arranged that a person in the rear room could spring the trap and send the victim to the bottom of a deep hole. It was evident that it was used for this purpose, for the bottom of the hole was covered with jagged rocks, and on many of these could be found dried blood and hair. No indications of remains could be found, but the ground near will be thoroughly searched by the officers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

W J Wilson, Red Bluff
J Soden, Red Bluff
C Nelson, Haywards
M A Smith, Bay City
J L Fisk, Bay City
J Schonlaw, Red Bluff
O McCarthy, U S S Balt
R Stickney, U S S Balt
S T Hedley, U S S Balt
J W Scott, Colfax
E E Pritchett, Nelson
R B Turner, Nelson
F Tarbox, Nelson
L T Conner, Nelson
R Anderson, Nelson
J B Northrup, Nelson
H Molles, Crockett
H Honberg, Portland
T Morris, Portland
D H McCollum, Vancouvr
H F Metcalf, Oregon City
W T Metcalf, Oregon City
Q Levson, Astoria
W Lee, U S S Baltimore
H L Deniston, Merced
Williams, Merced
Mrs F C Pohlman, LosAng
M Smith, Arizona
C Hall, Arizona
L Brindle, Arizona
Mrs E Ehrhardt, Sacto
W A Northrup, Mojave
M W Wreston, Los Gatos
F L Knudsen, Crockett
C Withrow, Iowa
J O'Brien, Redwood
G Anderson, Modesto
E Kent, Mojave
G H Gates, Stockton
Hallsman, U S S Balt
K P Larsen, U S S Balt
R Holm, U S S Baltimore
H T Carter, Texas
H Spencer, Tiburon
T Miller, U S S Baltimore
A T Pierce, U S S Balt
J Martin, Washington
A Vennor, Fort Canby
W H Larrabee, Portland
D Chisholm, Portland

GRAND HOTEL.

T J Patterson, Cal
M H Stout, Eureka
G W Hopkins, San Mateo
D C Plate, Oakland
F W Williams, San Jose
C C Ingels, San Jose
F Gregory, Sacramento
F K Randall, Oakland
J. Wahl, Stockton
J A Brown, Sacramento
F F James, Cal
W B Harrison, Stockton
L H Ross & wf, Eureka
R B Sellers, Eureka
C H Johnson & ch, Yokohama
Miss A Doherty, Eureka
T McConnell, Elk Grove
W E Howell, Los Ang
J Yule, Oroville
C S Noble, Fresno
E R Lytich, Salt Lake City
J Lowell & fy, Los Ang
T F Caffield, Sacramento
J Neal, Philadelphia
B M Stockman, Napa
J A Brown, Columbus
E Barnes, Palo Alto
T H Spesdy, Portland
C Grier, Salem
J R Hebbron, Salinas
W H Schmidt, Napa
J E Layton, Chicago
J B Knapp, Hollister
G Wright, Chicago
W L Wilson, Willows
J Keiffe, Grass Valley
E Fuller, Chicago
Mrs W S Richey, Colusa
Miss C A Richey, Colusa
G W Parker, Ukiah
D H McIntosh, Los Ang

RUSS HOUSE.

C Persevel, San Jose
D Carr, Placerville
J McKee, Placerville
J Smith, Ashland
J Johnston, Yosemite Valley
W Squire, Santa Cruz
G Smith, Santa Clara
F Batchelr & w, Cal
J Mccord, Palo Alto
L Hall, California
L D Ford, Chicago
J McQuaid, Woodland
F Burton, Campbell
J Young, California
W Wmline, Healdsburg
J S Selly, Arcata
E Wilson & w, Eureka
J Bain, Astoria
J Furlong, str Baltimore
H Spies, Sacramento
D S Armstrong, Eureka
Miss L Devlin, Arcata
W R Carter, California
G F Benson, Portland
C Kay, Salem
C P Bishop, Salem
J W Cruse, Coos Bay
G Harper, Stockton
C D Cole & w, Battle Mtn
Mrs Whittaker, BattleMt
L A Young & w, Boston
C M Tirneus, Sidney
B Thomson, Salt Lake Cy
A E McIsaac, Salt Lake C
Mrs J H Lancaster, Cal
Mrs A E Crandall, Colo
Mrs J Blood, Denver
J B Moore, Ruby Valley
R Webb, Jackson

PALACE HOTEL

E S Colnon, Stockton
Dr M R Pigott, U S N
H Lindley, Los Angeles
R L McKnight, Los Ang
W J Clark & w, Montana
C T Dutcher, Ohio
W G Miller, Cal
L A Alexander & w, Cal
Dr Cluness & w, Sacto
W J Hawkins & w, Cal
L N Ross, Chicago
S R Clarke, Butte
S W Hull, Redding
W M Sims, Sacto
R R Mackenzie, Walla Walla
W O Fisher & w, Cal
J W Woolfskill & sn, Los Angeles
Miss Woolfskill, Los Ang
W B Brown & fm, Cal
A L Raeder, Denver
J F Seymour, Denver
W H Cook, Chicago
C R Lathrop, Chicago
F H Morehouse, Montana
M Stein, Stockton
J J Connor, New York
Miss E T Wells, Dakota
M T Sanders, Pleasanton
W D Pickett, Wyoming
Mrs M Marks, Stockton
M Bradford, Cal

LICK HOUSE.

J M Schierberle, Lick Ob
L C Ferrel, U S N
E E Morris, Chicago
Miss B Brady, Louisville
C Frankenthal, N Y
T H Hutchinson, Visalia
A C Hillman, Davisville
C W Whitten, Eureka
Wm Greenbaum, Redding
Mrs Mix & s, Nevada
H H Hobson, Philadel
F A Allen, Tacoma
T Bracker, Astoria
E Sevier, Eureka
T P Randall, Oregon City
A B Mason, Portland
A L Wilson, Portland
H H Upton, Oakland
A Bennett, Michigan
P J Lucas, Michigan
D Clays, Berkeley
J Mays, Berkeley
H Gruman, Martinez
C S King, Sacramento
H T Tucker & w, S Rosa
W E Brown, San Jose
F E Redell, Los Angeles
Frank Wyman, Deming
F W Thompson, Los Ang

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Postoffice at San Francisco on MONDAY, January 11, 1892.

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

Abrahamson, Alex — Abrams, Erben — Adams, Miss Edyth L — Ainsworth, Miss Eva — Aitchison, Master A F — Aitchison, Miss Lizzie — Allen, Muzary & Co — Allen, Jack — Ames, Wm A & Co — Ambrosio, Miss Josie — Ames, Miss L — Amsbury, Miss Louise — Anderson, Mme (continue) — Anderson, Aud

Bachmann, Adolf — Babson, Miss Marie R — Badger, Walter — Bailey, Harry — Bailey, Wm — Bayne, Wm — Baker, H P — Baker, J E — Bahr, Miss Hilga — Ball, Mrs — Ball, Walter — Balch, Mrs Anna T — Bankhardt, D — Barker, Jas L — Barbeau, Fred F — Barnard, J — Barnes, Mrs Susie — Barnes, Mrs Wm — Baro, Jos — Barrett, Mrs Hanna — Barrett, Mathew — Barthel, Robt — Barquinsky, Gus — Batchelder, Mrs Maria — Beach, J B — Bean, Wesley P — Beaumont, T H — Beck, Mrs B — Bechtel, Jos — Becker, H — Beckman, W S — Beetschen, Chas — Beebe, Mrs Dora — Beese, Mrs Caroline — Behrs, J W — Bell, J W — Bennett, Geo — Benninson, W E — Berelta, Miss Celestna — Bergstrom, Gottfred — Bergmann, Th — Bernabe, Charlie — Berkley, Miss Laura — Bernal, Mrs Mary D — Berry, J — Bertin, Miss Fannie — Berven, Samuel — Bettencourt, P V — Betters, Mrs Margret — Bevin & Bennett — Beris, C G — Biederman, Louis — Bingham, Miss Laura — Binn, A — Bittle, Mrs Katie — Bixler, Chas M — Black, Chas — Blach, S — Black, Mrs M H — Blackball, Mr — Blackwood, Mrs E B — Blake, Mrs M A G — Blanton, Mrs Tessie — Bletchley & Co — Blume, Mrs G H — B