

BRIEFLY TOLD.

The New York banks hold \$10,000,000 in excess of legal requirements.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, had a short interview with the president on the 18th.

The managers of the New Orleans exposition have fixed upon April 15 as Mexican vet erans' day.

President Cleveland was 48 years old on the 18th and most of his callers took occasion to congratulate him.

The secretary of the treasury has dismissed five inspectors of the New York custom house here owing to funds running short.

Charles Metry, of Toledo, O., was found dead in a room in the Cosmopolitan hotel, New York. He failed to turn off the gas and was suffocated.

Dorman B. Eaton, of the civil service commission, says there is no ground for the belief that the civil service examinations will be discontinued.

Ex-Congressman John F. Finerty has been nominated by the republicans for city treasurer of Chicago, and the son of ex-minister Washburne for city clerk.

Three men sleeping in a saloon in Pulaski, Tenn., were killed. Two of them were drummers. A number of stores were also burned. Loss, \$30,000; insurance one half.

The directors of the board of trade of Peoria, Ill., presented a resolution to be acted on at an early day, suspending any member concerned directly or indirectly in the business of dealing in options.

The 15th day of April has been set as Mexican veterans day at the exposition. Jeff Davis and Wm. M. Burrell have been invited to deliver addresses.

Henry Ainsworth, of Lodi, Medina county Ohio, has given \$30,000 to the Buchtel college to endow the chair of mathematics, making his gifts to the college \$50,000.

Reports are arriving of restlessness among the Cheyenne Indians near Fort Reno. Two stockmen direct from that locality to-night report the Indians are indulging in war dances at various points.

Gen. Sheridan received a telegram from Gen. Hatch saying that upon receipt of the president's proclamation concerning the Oklahoma lands, most of those preparing to invade the Indian territory decided to return home.

Balles, the attorney for the Iowa state temperance alliance, in an interview stated that prohibition would be enforced under the Fitz decision in the river towns as easily as in the interior, and that the alliance will inaugurate the work immediately.

The northwestern Indians are dying in large numbers from a singular disease, the first symptoms of which are the stiffening of the knees and joints, from which death soon follows. Chicken-pox and diphtheria have taken off many more, and they are in a generally starving condition.

An immense mass meeting was held at Tucson, Arizona, to express indignation against the work of the territorial legislature which, in a sixty days' session, has voted away a million dollars in subsidies. The meeting appointed a committee to devise means to have congress institute proceedings in court to stop payment of the amounts corruptly appropriated.

One hundred men stormed the jail at Independence, Kas., and took Frank Bonham, a young farmer, therefrom and hanged him to railroad trestle. Bonham was charged with the murder of his mother, brother and sister, on the 2d of last month. The district court granted a change of venue to Cherokee county, which incensed the residents of the neighborhood where Bonham lived. His guilt was not proven, though all the appearances were against him.

Secretary Bayard has written a letter to Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, in reply to one relating to the atrocities inflicted upon Jews in Tangier by the Moors. Bayard says: "Consul Matthews has furnished the department a dispatch wherein he speaks of the complaints to which your letter refers, and adds that through his intervention the Moorish minister for foreign affairs granted an audience to a deputation of Israelites and promised them that their people of Denmark should have justice done, and in the future their welfare will be attended to."

The Oklahoma question is being further considered by the administration. General Weaver and Hon. Sidney Clark, representing the settlers here, are earnestly urging immediate action. It is probable that a conclusion will be reached in a very short time, as the situation in southern Kansas is considered critical. Information received in Washington shows that the settlers are very much exasperated because the cattlemen claim the action of the government leaves them in exclusive possession of Oklahoma and the Indian territory.

CAPITAL BRIEFS.

It is understood that the senate has formally ratified the treaty with the khedive of Egypt and the convention relative to the boundary lines between this country and Mexico.

A telegram to the war department from General Hatch, at Arkansas City, says: "The Couch colony of about 500 in number continue in camp and say they do not intend to disband. I don't believe they will attempt to enter the territory."

Miss Cleveland held her regular weekly reception at the white house on the 14th. She was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Hoyt. There was a large number of ladies present, among whom were Mrs. James G. Blaine and her son Walker Blaine.

Carroll L. Wright, commissioner of labor, recommends that three special agents be sent to Europe, for three to five months, and eight or ten such agents be appointed for this country, to investigate the labor question in all its various ramifications. The suggestion meets the approval of Secretary Lamar.

In the enrollment of the naval appropriation bill the section providing for the abolition of the naval advisory board at the discretion of the secretary of the navy was omitted. The clause appropriating \$50,000 for the armament of new cruisers was also omitted in the enrollment, although it was agreed by both houses of congress.

Rear Admiral Janett, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, telegraphed Commander Clark, of the Alliance, at New Orleans, instructing him to proceed to Cartagena and Barranquilla, United States of Colombia, and protect American interests in that country during the present disturbed condition of affairs. The dispatch informs Commander Clark that the vessels belonging to American citizens which have been seized by insurgents without compensation may be forcibly recovered.

Secretary Lamar has directed the chief clerk and superintendent of the interior department "to sell at public auction all the horses, carriages and equipments which are the property of the interior department, excepting those used for trucking purposes, the proceeds of the sale to be covered into the

treasury; the sale to take place as soon as consistent with the interests of the public service." The result of this order will be the return to their regular duties of seven clerks, who have been employed as drivers. A similar order has been made by Attorney-General Garland.

CRIMINAL.

At Troy, Tenn., while under guard, three prisoners (negroes) were taken by a mob and lynched. They were all charged with murder.

George B. Swift and four other special agents in Chicago of the customs service will soon be displaced by order of Secretary Manning.

An altercation during working hours in the Michigan state prison resulted in the murder of Thomas Townsend by a fellow convict named Charles Brown, who was serving his fourth term.

Deputy sheriff Stuart Baumgarten was assassinated by a mob on the streets of Morehead, Ky., his body being riddled by twenty bullets. This is another chapter in the Rowan county vendetta, in which Floyd Toliver lost his life last August.

It is understood that Gen. Foster will be retained as minister to Spain for the present, with a view of conducting the negotiation for a more favorable treaty, and that he will probably return to Madrid in the course of a fortnight.

The fact being ascertained that the appointment of a senator by the governor of Oregon would only be for two years, when an election by the legislature would be for six, the republicans are urging the governor to call an extra session, which will undoubtedly be done.

A horse thief named Clark was killed and Frank Harrington, town marshal, fatally shot near Jewell, Kansas. Clark had been traced to a farm house by the sheriff, and the latter, with Marshal Harrington and two deputies, commenced beating him with a rawhide. It was only the other day that the doctress cowhided John Coogee, a Baltimore and Ohio express messenger. She has others to whip, she says. It is alleged that Hood and Coogee talked about her.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Shortly before noon both houses of the Delaware legislature met in separate sessions and balloted for United States senator. Attorney-General Gray received the vote of every member.

At the woman's suffrage society meeting in Albany, N. Y., Kate Stoneman, a sister of Gen. Stoneman, of California, and oher denouced Gov. Pierce, of Dakota, for vetoing woman suffrage act passed by the legislature of that territory. The society sent a dispatch to President Cleveland asking for Pierce's removal.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Zehbeh Pasha will be imprisoned on the island of Cyprus.

The Paris Gaulois says the czar has assured Emperor William that the Afghan question has never threatened the peace of Europe.

The Austrian government sounded the powers' signatory to the Berlin treaty on the annexation of Bosnia by Austria and the abolition of the nominal suzerainty at present held by the porte. It is given out that Bis marek supports Austria.

The cholera is common at Marseilles, France that cholera has appeared again in Toulon it was brought by the troop transports, and Toulon is, if possible, in a worse condition than last July. No care was taken to examine the sick soldiers for contagion. If the epidemic breaks out there again, France will be culpable in the eyes of all christendom.

The terms of the agreement with Russia are denounced by the English conservatives. The liberal press admits that the arrangement is a virtual surrender to Russia of the frontier demanded. Preparations for war, however, continue on a most extensive scale. An enormous transport fleet is collecting in the Thames at Portsmouth and Plymouth. The size of the fleet far exceeds any needed for the Soudan campaign. The Woolwich arsenal workshops have been hurriedly enlarged by the erection of temporary structures and the workmen on the arsenal are on double time.

CATTLE ON SOUTHERN RANGES.

A Winter that was Severe on the Prairies-- Prospects of the Future--The Drove.

Amos T. Atwater, secretary of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' association, who has been making a tour of Texas in the interest of the association, has returned to St. Louis. He reports great diversity of opinion regarding the losses sustained by cattlemen in Texas during this winter, they being variously placed at from 1 to 10 per cent. His own estimate is from 3 to 5 per cent. The winter was the most severe ever known in Texas, and the drifting of cattle was very great. It is estimated that fully 150,000 cattle or five-sixths of a million, were in the vicinity of Lewis's Run and in the Pecos river country. Round-up parties have already started for that section, but, owing to the poor condition of the cattle, it will require much time and careful driving to bring them back.

The closing of the old trail north will compel the owners to throw much of their surplus stock on the market this season, which will no doubt depress the price of beef. There is no doubt that Texas range are overstocked and that ranchmen will be obliged to get rid of large numbers of cows, two years old, and even yearlings, to relieve the burden, and these will mainly have to go on the market, which come there by trail, but not otherwise; and the closing of the trail will close this outlet for Texas cattle. Last year at this time over 1,000,000 worth of contracts were made by Texas ranchmen, but this year not a dollar, by Texas ranchmen. It is the fear among stock raisers will have to pass up their cattle on their own lands and cultivate grass on their own lands. Mr. Atwater attended all the meetings of cattle associations held while he was in the state, and was assured that the next national convention will be very largely owing out of the convention of last year is that the chief of the bureau of cattle and gathering statistics in regard to statistics is in doubt. Cattlemen generally seemed to be in a rage. They were all for a new national convention for every two years, and were on the qui vive for bettering new in connection with their industry.

Going to the Front.

The secretary of the navy has directed, by telegraph, the commanders of the Wachusett and Shenandoah, of the North Atlantic squadron, now near New Orleans, to proceed at once to Central America. The commanders of the three vessels of the squadron laying near New Orleans were directed to hold themselves in readiness for similar orders.

Street Scenes in Lyons.

After the first few days we began to feel quite at home in Lyons, writes a correspondent of *The Boston Transcript*. We know the principal streets, and ventured every day into hitherto unfamiliar ways, for we were sure that we could never go far without catching a glimpse of the Rhone, the Saone, or the Place Pellicour, and from any of those we could take our bearings and easily find the way to our lodgings.

One morning we started on an early walk, accompanied by a friend who was to do her day's marketing. There were stalls and booths all along the quay, and crowds of housekeepers were busy laying in supplies. Following their mistresses were servants carrying large, coarsely netted bags, in which they put the vegetables that they bought; and these bags juttied out and bumped against one at every step. The ladies suggested the articles needed, and expressed opinion of the specimens offered; the servants seemed to be the ones who made the bargains and paid out the money. The market women cried their wares with the flattering fluency of the ready-witted Jenkin Vincent, and I have no doubt that some Gallic equivalent for his "What'd ye lack?" found place among their reiterated phrases.

The Lyonnese voices are clear and resonant, and we found the pronunciation of even the lower classes neat and distinct. There were some who talked down in their throats, but on the whole we had much less difficulty in understanding people than we had in Brittany. We began to think it possible that we might, in time, learn the French language.

Prices varied: things were cheaper as we went on, perhaps because it was near the time for the market to close, and the people may have wished to sell at almost any price rather than carry their stock home again. Our friend told us that when the bell rings for the close of the market, a cart goes through the lines, and each of the stallkeepers throw in something from her stock for the poor. The collection is afterward apportioned among the numerous applicants by some one in authority—the superintendent of the market, I believe. We did not stop to see this ceremony, as we had business in another quarter of the city.

The Little Child on the Truck.

As the freight train on the East Side Road was coming into Stephens' Addition on Monday night the engineer and fireman saw, to their horror, a little child not over three years old, balancing her tiny self upon one of the rails ahead and clapping her hands in greatest glee as the iron monster thundered along toward her. The engineer shut off steam and reversed the lever, while the fireman sprang to the top of the train and set two or three brakes quicker and tighter than they had ever been set before. To blow the whistle would be nothing but murder, thought the engineer, for it would surely frighten the child and cause her to fall in front of the train. So he called out, and probably the tones of his voice had never before been so tenderly modulated. But calling and motioning were of as little avail as the endeavors to stop the heavy train so suddenly. The little girl, knowing no fear, was waving her sunbonnet and her laugh could be heard in the cab of the engine. The strong man closed his eyes and a feeling of sickness came over him. But it was not desisted that that little life should thus be crushed out. Something—was it mere chance or the brush of an angel's wing?—caused the wee one to reel and fall backward away from the track, her tiny feet almost touching the wheels as they went rumbling past.—*Portland Oregonian.*

An Observing Man.

Some of the writings of the late Baron Nesrol have been published in book form in Vienna, from which the following are selected:

"I believe the worst of all men, including myself, and I am seldom deceived."

"I once saw a celebrated race horse that had grown old hitched to a will cart. Since then I don't relish thinking about my future."

"Poverty is undoubtedly the worst thing in the world. If I were offered a cool ten millions in gold to be poor I'd refuse to accept the proposition."

"I can understand why people attend a ball, but why anybody should give a ball is something entirely beyond my comprehension."

"When two wolves meet in the woods neither of them has the slightest doubt as to what kind of animal the other is; but two men never meet in the forest without each one suspecting the other of being a robber."

"There is something irresistibly fascinating in the life of a spy. One enjoys all the pleasures that a thief has, and yet is regarded as an honest man."

"The man who carves is either a rascal or a fool. If he keeps the best, the choicest piece for himself, he is a rascal; if he does not, he is an ass.—*Exchange.*

The Bride of Jolly Jack Far.

My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left a milliner's dry dock; is clipper built and with a figurehead not often seen on a small craft.

Her length of keel is five feet six inches; displacement, twenty-seven cubic feet of light draft, which adds to her speed in the ball-room; full in waist, spare trim.

At the time we spliced she was newly rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers; mainsail part silk; for staysail valenciennes, and st'u'n sails trimmed with orange blossoms.

The rigging is intended for fair weather.

She has also a set of storm-sails for rough weather.

I have been told that in running down street before the wind she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her own length if a handsome craft passes.—*Exchange.*

Perfect flusion must be created; the spectator must forget that what he sees is acting. If he cannot be made so to forget, the play fails.—*Saturday Review.*

GRAINS OF SAND.

Of all who toll from youth till death To win the gilded laurel wreath, And wear it at their latest breath,

Who struggle with the hope, the trust That ages will not let their dust Fall down and unremembered rust,

Not one in every thousand gains The glorious baird for his pains; Yet bears around his heart Woe's chains

That burn and fire the pangs we feel After the point of failure's steel Has opened wounds that will not heal.

Whate'er I may be matters not; Enough if peace falls to my lot, With gleams of tranquillity and thought.

To me my native vales are dear; I love them for their homely cheer, Their quiet noods and language clear.

To me there is a mystic spell In each hill and dell, And music in the lowliest rill.

That rambles humbly like a heart Which scans all petty tricks of art, And wisely takes the better part.

The laughter of the brooks that pass Thro' my own meadow-plot, like glass; The crickets in the summer grass;

The herbs that seek the glades at noon; The men who, sweat-crowned, late and soon Toll in the harvest fields of June;

His birds, who look to me for food; His kine, who plead with language rude To me as primal source of good,—

These keep the heart-foams pure and warm, These drain the soul of all its storm,— Whose loaves Nature knows not harm.

Who writes God's poem Beautiful? Is it not the whom fools call dull, And yet, withal, whose fervent soul Writes Beauty on each rolling plain In verdure billowing like a main— Idylls of grass and song of grain!

Poems of light and life and to I Uprising thro' Art's vain turmoil— Truths which no scorn nor hate can soil

Why bow to Fame whose restless thirst Leads on from slime impure to worst? Truth is true art, and lieth first

With Duty; such my songs: The years Repay all troubles and all fears, All anxious longings and all tears.

No one strives truly but at last Is recompensed for all the past, Nor shalt the guiding desert blast

That races across the arid lands, Cries that upon Time's level sands The column raised by careful hands.

—Charles J. O'Malley, in *The Current.*

A DEAD MAN'S STORY.

You wonder that my hair is so white while I am not an old man as years go? Perhaps your hair would be as white as mine if you had passed through the ordeal of death in life that it was my fate to endure.

Tell you about it? Ugh! I shudder to think of it. Everything comes up before me so vividly when I tell my strange story, that I seem to be living the terrible hours of terror and suspense over again. I do not tell it often, but if you care to hear it, listen, and when I am done tell me if you wonder my hair is white.

I was a soldier in the late war, and it was my fortune to be wounded in an engagement in Virginia. A ball struck me in the shoulder, and I fell to the ground and knew nothing of what happened for hours after that.

When I came to myself I was in an ambulance and was being taken to the hospital. The jolting of the wagon caused almost unbearable pain in my wounded shoulder. At times it seemed as if my suffering would drive me wild. By the time we reached our destination I was so weak I could hardly speak above a whisper. I was taken from the ambulance and carried into the hospital ward, and a surgeon was sent for at once.

He came presently—a kindly featured, mild voiced man who won my confidence at once. He asked me some questions about my wound before he proceeded to examine it. Seeing how weak I was, he gave me something that soon quieted me.

When the drug had taken effect, he examined my shoulder. I saw from his face that he considered amputation necessary.

"I won't consent to having my arm taken off," I cried. "I'd rather suffer any amount of pain than the loss of that."

"But—you might lose your life," he suggested.

"I might as well, and be done with it, as to go through life with one arm," I answered. "I'll never consent to any operation that will deprive me of it."

He reasoned with me in vain. At length he left me.

Shortly after, the nurse having charge of that ward came in. The surgeon had made out a prescription for me and I swallowed the medicine he sent wondering if life or death was to be my lot.

I fell into a broken, troubled sleep from which I woke to the consciousness of a keen, knife-like pain in my shoulder, a sudden darting pain that ran through all my nerves and tingled to the extremities of my body.

In this condition the surgeon found me when he made his next visit.

"I knew how it would be," he said, shaking his head. "I tell you what it is, my boy, you had better submit to the loss of a limb than a loss of life. It will soon be too late, if this inflammation goes on, to risk an operation."

"I can't consent to it," I persisted, thinking of the disadvantage I would be laboring under in attempting to fight the battle of life without my trusty arm. "Besides, the shock of amputation might kill me. It probably would. As well die with my arm on as to have it taken off and then die."

"It might, it is true," said the surgeon, "but the chances of recovery after an operation would be far greater than now. However, if you are determined to hang to it, we'll do the best we can for you."

Then he proceeded to dress my wound. The pain the operation caused was terrible. Once I almost fainted away.

"Grin and bear it," said the surgeon. "After a little you will be more comfortable, I think. But I tell you the truth when I say that you will suffer far more with your arm, if you live, than you would in having it taken off."

"It isn't the dread of the pain of amputation that makes me refuse to have it taken off," I answered. "It is simply because I can not bear the idea of going through life with one arm to depend on."

For a time after my wound was dressed, I was tolerably comfortable. Then the shooting pain I have spoken of commenced running all over me again. My suffering was so intense that I could feel the sweat starting on my forehead. I could not keep back the groans of agony which rose to my lips.

Presently the nurse came in. Seeing how terribly I was suffering, he called the surgeon who chanced to be passing through the hall.

"Poor fellow! he's bound to have a hard time of it," the surgeon said. "Give him this powder now, and if it doesn't relieve him, give another. It may be necessary to give two, but don't do so unless he suffers intensely."

I swallowed the powder. Gradually the sense of excruciating pain died out, and at last oblivion came.

It was late at night when I woke from the stupor produced by the drug.

Just as it came daylight the pain began again, with redoubled intensity. It would seem to concentrate itself for a moment in my shoulder, then spread all over my body like ripples on a puddle of water into which one drops a stone. Every ripple of pain seemed to burn its way along nerve and artery, and I could not help shrieking out in the intensity of my torture.

The nurse was greatly alarmed when he came in, and hastily emptied some powder from a vial he carried into a glass of water, and held it to my lips. I drank the draught eagerly, hoping for relief from pain, or death. I cared not much which.

Again that deadly stupor crept over me, and I felt all consciousness leaving my brain. Soon I knew no more.

When again a vague sort of consciousness came stealing in upon my benumbed senses as the first faint beams of coming day steal in upon the gloom and darkness of night, I became aware of the sounds of voices in the room. I could hear words spoken, but they seemed far off. Gradually they seemed to come nearer until at last I could distinguish what was being said.

"He died day before yesterday," I heard the surgeon say, in tones full of respectful sympathy. "The nurse found him suffering terribly and gave a large dose of morphine. That seemed to quiet him, and I came as reported I could. When I came he was dead. I am sorry you could not have been here sooner, madam. He often spoke of his mother. If I had dreamed how near the end was, I would have telegraphed at once. But I supposed there was no immediate danger."

"I wish I could have been here," a voice choked with tears made reply—the voice of my mother. "Oh, my poor boy!"

Then I felt warm kisses pressed upon my lips and tears felt like rain upon my face.

Good God! They thought I was dead. The terrible truth flashed over me like lightning.

For many hours I had been lying there wrapped in the icy semblance of death, and my mother was preparing to take my body home for burial! I tried to open my eyes, to speak. In vain! No muscle moved in response to the dictates of my will. The current of life was frozen in my veins.

It was terrible, terrible, terrible, the awful sickening feeling that crept over me when I found that my body had thrown off allegiance to my will, that I was powerless to move a finger or lift an eyelid. I was dead to thought came to me that perhaps this was all outward appearance. Once the really death, and my soul had not yet taken its leave of the house of clay. But I could not believe that, and I strove to shake off the lethargy upon me again and again. But my will could not accomplish its purpose. I felt myself receding into unconsciousness again, as a wave goes out from shore till its identity is lost. I was a wave on the tide of life, going out into oblivion. I thought then that I was indeed dying. The semblance of death was fast becoming long and utter blank in my existence.

When again consciousness returned it brought a sensation of intense cold. I seemed to be in some region of ice and frost. All my energies seemed congealed in deadly numbness. Again I tried to move, to open my eyes. Not a muscle stirred.

How long was this to continue? I asked myself that question, but I could not answer it. Then the thought came again that after all I might be really dead. How did I know that the soul left the body when what men call death takes place? Might it not remain and be conscious of earthly things as before? Who could tell what happened after the breath of life has left the body? The lips of those called dead never opened to divulge the secrets of death. Perhaps I was finding them out. But no! no! It could not be that I was dead! I was in a trance. But they believed I was dead, and they would bury me alive!

By slow degrees the truth of my position came upon me. I was in my coffin!

I leave you to imagine, if you can, what I felt. But you can not. No one can who has not been through the same terrible experience.

Then steps came into the room. I felt myself lifted and borne out. I was carried for some distance. Then I knew that those who bore me were ascending steps. I heard the creaking of heavy doors, and then the deep and solemn tones of an organ broke forth in the Dead March in Saul.

I knew, then, that I was in the church I had attended previous to my enlistment. I was back in my old home, and friends had gathered to pay their last tribute to my memory.

Then the organ's mighty voice died out in a long minor chord, and the minister read in slow, impressive tones: "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in Me though he be dead, yet shall he live again." Then came messages of comfort from the word of God to sorrowing hearts. I heard the sob of friends about me, as the good man spoke. Then he prayed. A hymn was sung. Then the

lid above my face was lifted, and friends came about me to take the last look. I felt tears falling on my face. I felt that my last chance had come. Now, if ever, I must shake myself free from the deadly lethargy upon me. It seemed as if my frantic efforts to break the bonds that bound me must avail and set the current of life in motion.

My mother came to me last. She leaped across the coffin, and laid her cheek against my face, and whispered, "Oh, my boy, you were all I had left, and I loved you so."

Somehow those words seemed to touch the hidden spring of life. The stagnant current began to move again, my will resumed its power over my body; I opened my eyes, and I cried out: "Mother!"

I cannot describe the scene of terror and excitement that followed. Imagine how it would be if you saw the dead come to life. For months after that many looked at me with frightened faces as if they could not rid themselves of the impression that I had really been dead and they beheld my ghost.

Do you wonder my hair is white? What I wonder at most is that my mind stood the strain of that terrible experience.—*Eden E. Reardon.*

Discovery of Gold in California.

In your issue of Friday evening, writes John Kane in *The Sacramento Bee*, I saw an item headed, "The Discovery of gold," dated at New York, where the writer, an alleged California pioneer, objects to J. W. Marshall having all credit for the discovery of the precious metal and asserts that Capt. Sutter is deserving of the lion's share of praise. With all due respect to both those pioneers, I wish to show through the columns of *The Bee* that there are other parties equally as deserving. I refer to Mr. Weimar and the latter of whom had the first piece of gold discovered in California in her possession in 1854. The writer of this paid a visit to the Weimar family, in the town of Coloma, El Dorado county, in company with a Mr. Hill, and our only object was to get a look at the specimen, and the lady informed me I was only one of hundreds who visited her for a similar purpose. It seemed to please the lady to have people call on her. I now give you her version of this discovery. She said that Mr. Marshall and her husband went out from the cabin one Sunday morning to visit a water-course, or tail-race, where Capt. Sutter had a number of Indians employed. They were walking along, and one of the men saw the glittering specimen, picked it up, and brought it to their cabin. Neither of the two men knew what it was, but she exclaimed as soon as she saw it that it was gold, but the men only laughed at her. She then convinced them that she was right by testing the metal with soap-suds, and her husband was going to the fort, at Sacramento, the next day to give the important news to Sutter, but as (Weimar) was superintendent, or boss, of the laborers on the tail-race, he thought it best to let Marshall go.

Such is the history of the discovery of gold as given to the writer of this by a lady who could have had no object in coloring the story. She remarked to us at the time that she had been offered \$900 for the specimen, and it was only about \$5 value in weight. I asked her why she did not accept the offer, and she said she would not part with the specimen for money, but that if the state of California desired it as a memento for its collection of historical relics it could have it; and I think that remark speaks volumes for the lady.

Eli Eclipsed.

Away up in New Hampshire, where the mountains stick their heads above the timber line, Eli Perkins once ran across an old man, seated in front of a cabin, and opened up a conversation with him.

"Good morning," said Eli, with confidence.

"Likewise, this way," said the mountaineer quietly.

"You live here, I presume?" he continued, letting down a little.

"I don't look like I was dead, do I?" answered the old fellow.

"No; of course not; I merely desired to know if this was your place of residence."

"It's my shanty."

"Thanks. My name is Perkins, Eli Perkins, and I was told you were the oldest inhabitant in these parts, and could give me some valuable points for a newspaper letter," said Eli, with unobtrusive effrontery and an evident desire to get solid with the old man.

"Are you the great-American-liar Perkins?"

"The same," replied the delighted Eli.

"And you want to know how long I've been in these parts?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Eliar Perkins, you see them mountains sticking their bald heads up and makin' hats out of the clouds, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Eliar Perkins, when I first come to these parts, the hair was growing on them bald heads one hundred and sixteen feet six inches long, and we had to comb it with saw-logs set on end."

He looked up innocently at Mr. Perkins, and that gentleman bowed down and kissed the dust at his feet.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Wanted the Real Thing.

"A scientific Frenchman says he has discovered a process for making artificial brains," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper she was reading.

"Artificial brains?" sniffed Mr. Wigglesworth, scornfully. "That's just like those nonsensical Frenchmen, always fooling away their time making something artificial. What I want is real brains—none of your make-believe nonsense."

Mrs. Wigglesworth, as she resumed her paper, demurely murmured that she had noticed it, too, but she never should have dared to speak of it herself. And Mr. Wigglesworth rubbed his head in a dazed sort of fashion, and wondered if he really had expressed himself just as he meant to do.