

GENERAL MANUEL CASTRO.

One of the Old Feudal Barons of California.

[Special Correspondence.] SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—The other day one of the greatest and most interesting of the Spanish-Californian leaders passed away. His death may be said to mark the close of an era, for the living men of his day are few and of little representative importance.

General Manuel de Jesus Castro may be taken as the type of the unconquered Castilian. He never accepted American citizenship, and the Spaniards in California



GENERAL MANUEL CASTRO.

looked upon him as their best example, and as the master of all old legends and historical information. The late General Vallejo, of Lachryma Montis, Sonoma, may be taken as the full and fair type of those who accepted the new regime, and learned to love the name of American. The present head of the Castro family, Don Juan B. Castro, of Monterey, accepted the situation sufficiently to become prominent in business and politics in his native district. But old "Don Manuel," like Jefferson Davis, maintained the justice of his "lost cause" to the very end.

The whole Castro family has made its mark on Pacific coast history, and there are indications that the younger members, who are well educated and have some property and social standing, will long maintain the prominence of the name. General Manuel Castro was a familiar figure on the streets of San Francisco for many years past. He had long, costly and eventually futile litigations over valuable tracts of land to which he held Mexican grants.

Leagues of rich Colorado river "bottom" were once in his possession. In many a celebration the general had been one of the most striking figures of the procession. He was to be found, often for weeks at a time, in certain old-fashioned fondas and wine shops in San Francisco with other native Californians, such as the Picos, Alvisos and Romero, and when he levied tribute on the gringos (the Americans) he did so with all the magnificence of an oriental potentate. The general had land claims which were still of sufficient importance to secure him a small payment every time a deed was recorded; then, too, his collections of old letters and Spanish documents possessed much interest.

It was impossible to sit for an hour with the dignified old man, in his favorite and picturesque Spanish restaurant, without feeling that you were in some degree responsible for the sad fortune that had changed him from a feudal baron to a broken down relic of a forgotten epoch. Sometimes, like thousands of the world's greatest geniuses, he "was a little short of funds" until something or other materialized. But such matters always seemed to be a legitimate and lawful tax rather than a personal demand. It was old General Castro.

Born in 1821, on one of the lordliest of California ranches, young Manuel Castro became the governor's private secretary before he was nineteen. I have seen his schoolboy exercises, and read his notes about Caesar and Cicero; I have heard him tell about the teachers of the early part of the century, when all the text books in use in California were manuscript copies, before Zamorano, the printer, set up his press. Young Castro led in the revolt against Micheltorena, and he was a commissioner to make the treaty by which Pio Pico became governor. In 1845, then hardly twenty-five, he was made prefect of Monterey and lieutenant in the army; before 1846 he was promoted to a captaincy. When the Fremont invasion occurred, Castro commanded at the battle of Natividad. Af-



DON JUAN B. CASTRO.

terward, defeated at San Gabriel, he returned to Mexico, and waited in vain for sufficient forces to enable him to reconquer California. He was made colonel in the regular army, and general by brevet, and was given command of lower California in 1849. In 1853 he returned to the United States. He has been of great value to such historians as Theodore H. Hittell, who have known how to sift his abundant reminiscences and correspondence.

If Mexico had retained California, General Castro, in all human probability, would have become the master of one or two hundred thousand acres of the richest land in the province. He would have governed with feudal power and more than feudal magnificence, and his name would have ranked among the five or six leading names of the landed aristocracy. CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THERE WAS TROUBLE FOR TWO MEN.

Their Wives Compared Notes and Decided That They Had Been Imposed On.

There was a moment's silence after the introduction. Womanlike, each was mentally "sizing the other up." Then one of them spoke.

"My husband frequently speaks of you," she said.

"Indeed?" returned the other. "My husband thinks you are wonderfully clever."

"Really? Why, that's the way my husband talks about you. He told me how you reshaped and recovered that old parasol and so saved eight dollars."

"Parasol! Why, I never touched it until my husband had harped all one day on your cleverness in upholstering and relining a baby carriage at a saving of six dollars."

"Nonsense. The thing that made me do that was the way my husband talked about that parasol. Then he got me to fixing over a last year's hat because you were working over an old dress."

"But I never started to do that until my husband had told me five times about your hat. I wasn't going to admit that you could be any more economical than I."

"Why, really, my dear madam, I heard of that dress twenty-four hours before I touched the hat."

"Impossible. I"—

Then she stopped and her eyes began to flash.

"I believe our husbands"—she began again.

"I believe they have," chimed in the other, becoming excited also.

"It's a wicked shame!"

"An outrage! They've just tricked us, that's all!"

"It was a regular plot! And to think how he's made me work! I'll get a new gown today."

"And I a hat."

Then two women went into a dry goods store and spent all the money they could scrape together. And two men got mighty little for supper that night, and when they complained they were promptly convinced that they ought to have said nothing.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was On.

It was exactly midnight the other night when a stranger walked softly into a Broadway hotel and whispered to the clerk, who scribbled the register around at him:

"Will you please tell me if Admiral Beaumont is stopping at this hotel?"

"He is not," was the reply.

"Thanks—exceedingly thankful," whispered the man, as he tiptoed out.

Ten minutes later he returned with the same soft step and mysterious air to whisper:

"I was mistaken. His name is not Admiral Beaumont, but General Thomas."

"No such man here, sir."

"Thanks—many thanks."

This time it wasn't over five minutes before he returned, and he walked on tiptoe to the counter and whispered:

"Sorry to trouble you again, but it is neither Admiral Beaumont nor General Thomas I want. It is Jones—Z. Jones."

"No Z. Jones here."

"Just plain Z. Jones—small man—bald head—lame in left leg—open countenance."

"No such man."

"Very well, I'll call again."

"No, you won't! Here—take it and go!" The clerk handed out a nickel, and the man took it, bowed his thanks, and said as he softly tiptoed away:

"Yours until death! You know how to keep a tavern, and you are onto the racket! Good night!"—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

Not a Millinery Shop.

"Can I get something to eat here?" asked an eastern man of the proprietor of a Montana "hotel." The landlord eyed him suspiciously.

"Tenderfoot, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Eat pie with yer knife?"

"No."

"Make a noise when you drink?"

"Try not to."

"Pick yer teeth with the fork?"

"Certainly not."

"Take off yer hat at the table?"

"Yes."

"Smack yer lips when you strike some-thin' good?"

"No."

"Then you can't eat here. I fed a feller last spring that parted his hair in the middle and had the same brand on his face that you've got, and he hoodooed my place for a month. They's a halfpenny runs a foot trough farther down the street. Guess he'll take you in—he don't know no better—but, by gum! as long as I run this ranch it ain't goin' to be no millinery shop. Day, stranger."—Detroit Free Press.

Cut His Teeth.

A colored brother who was moving down to the city from Albany was asked by a passenger on the train if he intended to keep chickens when he got settled.

"No doubt I shall hev' 'em or less to do wid chickens, sah," was the reply, "but you kin bet yo' life I hain't gwine to leave no felders scattered around de back doah!"—New York World.

Not That Kind of a Doctor.

Polite Waitress—Ten, doctor?

Doctor—No, coffee, if you please.

Waitress—Roast beef, doctor?

Doctor—If you please.

Waitress—Corn, doctor?

Doctor (indignantly)—No, madam, I am a dentist.—Drake's Magazine.

Advantage of a Technicality.

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.

Johnny—Yes'm.

Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any.

Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges.—Harper's Bazar.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

D. Swineland Blake (who is near sighted and mistakes another customer for the latter)—See here! My hat does not fit me at all.

The Other Man (who is sensitive)—Neither does your coat, for that matter.—Litt.

A Friend in Need.

A poor man in rags asked alms in a public thoroughfare. A gentleman gave him two sold, and said:

"You might at least take off your hat when you beg."

"Quite true, but then the policeman yonder might run me in for breaking the law; whereas, seeing us converse together, he will take us for a couple of friends."—Fanfulla.

Their Own Idea.

Dashaway—Well, old man, I see you are back from your western tour. What part did you take?

Billboard—The heavy villain. You see this ring around my neck? That shows the part I took in a hanging scene.

Dashaway—Heavenly who suggested such a realistic thing?

Billboard (sadly)—The audience.—New York Sun.

Forgot the Wrong Thing.

A young woman got on the train at Pontiac with a pug dog which showed considerable reluctance to travel.

"Don't lose Don!" shouted her friends from the platform.

The train was moving off, but more goodbyes were wafled to the pug, who snarled and showed the whites of his eyes, and objected to going into the car.

But one passenger pulled him in at the fore and another pushed on him aft, and the young woman "dearied" and cooed over him, and he was finally landed, sulky and stiff, in a seat in the drawing room car.

When the conductor came around he saw the dog. If there is any one thing a conductor hates more than another, it is a pug dog.

"That animal must go into the baggage car," he said in a crescendo voice.

"Then I will go with him," answered the young woman decidedly.

"We don't carry passengers in the baggage car. I'll take care of him myself. Ticket, please."

The young woman, still clasping her dog, felt in her pocket, and began to look troubled. Then she examined her sachel.

"I left my pocketbook in the depot at Pontiac. It had my ticket and twelve dollars in it. Oh, what shall I do?"

Her distress amused the passengers, who mistook the cause of it.

"Anything the matter with the dog?" asked an old traveler in the seat behind her.

"Open the window and give him air," suggested another.

Still clasping her pet, the young woman got off at the first station to return to Pontiac, while the conductor scolded about women losing their pocketbooks, and the juvenile passengers called after her.

"Hang on to the d-o-g."—Detroit Free Press.

Under the Silent Watches.

First Clock—Always glad to see your face round. You're not idle, I notice.

Second Clock—No, I manage to keep my hands going from hour to hour, but I mean to strike.

First Clock—What for?

Second Clock—For twenty-four hours. Say, old man, you seem run down.

First Clock—Yes, my weight's fallen off. Lost my second hand the other day, you know.

Second Clock—No danger of getting the grip from you, then.

First Clock—No, but your hours are numbered, nevertheless.—Drake's Magazine.

He Was No Whistler.

A certain Detroit employer hates a man who whistles at his work, and always asks on that point. The other day an applicant called on him.

"So you want a job?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the polite reply.

"Well, the first thing I want to know is, do you whistle at your work?"

"I never have, sir, before."

"Ah? What kind of work have you been doing?"

"Glass blowing, sir."

The employer took his case under advisement.—Detroit Free Press.

A Change for the Better.

Fogg—Ah, Fenderson! You're coming to the club tonight.

Fenderson—I was coming, but I've changed my mind.

Fogg—Gracious, man! that is all the more reason for your coming.—Boston Transcript.

He Was Not a Purchaser.

Colonel Lotts (of Boomville)—Five years ago, sir, you could have bought the site of this thriving city for a mere song.

Visitor—I couldn't. I can't sing.—Harper's Bazar.

The Czar's Suit.

Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—What has become of my undershirt?

Valet—Please, your majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it.—Yankee Blade.

Mere Coyness.

"G'wa, dat!"

Jonofan Whiffles Smif

Yo' heah me,

Don' yo' came aneah me,

'Ness yo' want er biff

On de mouf

Knock yo' souf

'Bout er mile!

Don' yo' smile

When I say

'G'way!

Jonofan Whiffles Smif.

Coz I feels

Jes mad from head ter heels!

No such passon slips

De honey from dease lips!

Stop yo' teasin'!

And yo' squeeze in'!

G'way.

I say!

Ah! Yap-Yap,

Callup!

—Merchant Traveler.

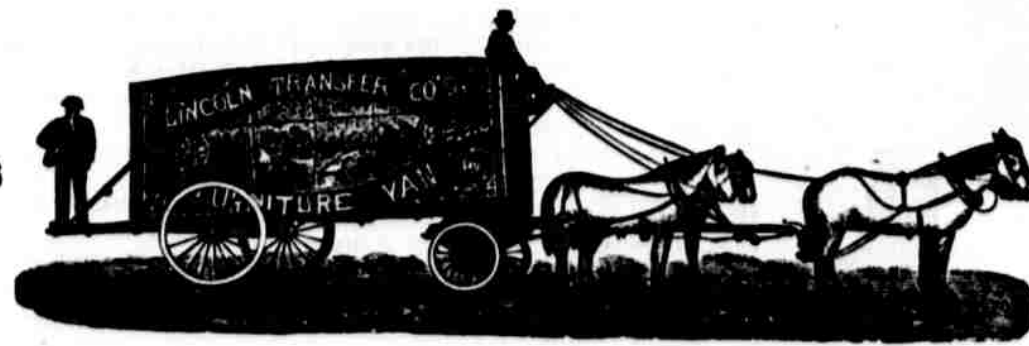
WINDS IN THE TREES.

Words from the German by Miss MULOCH.

Music by A. GORING THOMAS.

Musical score for piano with lyrics in English. The score is in 12/8 time and includes various musical notations such as 'Moderato', 'pp legg.', 'Ped.', 'colla voce', 'cres.', 'dim.', 'a tempo', and 'rit.'. The lyrics describe a scene of a man and a woman in a forest, with the man playing a flute and the woman humming a song. The score is divided into measures and includes a key signature of one flat.

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