

"What's that old cullud negro doin' in the dock?" said Colonel Dudley this morning after his toothpick solo was finished.

The ancient looking darkey who excited the Colonel's curiosity had been arrested for petty larceny. He went into a Pacific street saloon yesterday, and when asked by the drinker what he wished to place himself outside of, said: "A Souf Cariny cocktail, sah."

"A Souf Cariny cocktail?" "What in the name of Gambrinus is a Souf Cariny cocktail?" said the astonished bartender, who found that his seemingly perfect education was yet wanting.

"Oh ho! you ain't make it, hey? Parse me de lickens 'n' I'll show you sah." They were given an extra fill of a tumbler two-thirds full of whisky and brandy mixed, the bartender looking on and mentally vowing that his customer would pay two bits for the drink.

"Now parse me de benediction, sah." "The what?" "De benediction." "Oh, I see," and the benediction was handed to him, he taking about a tablespoonful.

"Now de shatroos." The chartrouse was placed before him and a like amount taken. "Now jest at de post asuffy." Theousse came went into the mixture, and a "sniff of absint" which he asked for.

"New, sah," surveying the dose greedily and admiringly, "all dats needed to make it perlick is a few drops 'o' me-llasses."

The barkeeper's price for the drink had gradually increased from two bits to thirty cents, then to forty, and when he went into the next room after the molasses he took a solemn vow that the old party would not get out a cent less than a dollar.

While drawing the molasses into a cup, however, a horrible suspicion crossed his mind. It grew stronger every minute, and he sneaked carefully to the door and gently opened it.

His horror-struck gaze took in only an empty glass on the counter and a room as deserted as the street. He looked at the door and gently opened it.

A soprano shriek escaped him and only the sight of an old darkey on the opposite street corner dejectedly reposing in the arms of a policeman who had watched the whole performance, prevented his fainting dead away.

His testimony was given with malevolent and colorless precision this morning, and Zechariah Smif, as he called himself, was sent down for sentence.

It is a certain thing, however, that the first rash individual who says "New, sah," in a broken-spirited young man will in a very few moments thereafter be drinking hot whisky in a different way, far, far below.

San Francisco Post.

Com. Vanderbilt's Characteristics.

The Commodore's system of driving was eminently characteristic of the man. He was so blind he could scarcely see the hair on his horse, yet he went out driving every day. He had an idea that if he kept in the middle of the road people would get out of his way.

Not only did he carry this out in his driving, but in every transaction of his life. He never turned out of his course unless compelled to do so.

Vanderbilt has been twice married. His first wife died shortly before his second marriage, having borne him thirteen children. Her features were lined with wrinkles of labor and frugality.

His second wife, it is said, is his superior in refinement and social tact. She is related to him: "I used to have an awe of the Commodore, but on acquaintance he's a good deal of a humbug, like all men. He came home one day, badly hurt from a driving accident, his spectacles having hurt his forehead, and his hair was full of dirt. He was so gross and being asked over the stair what was the matter that Mrs. Vanderbilt concluded to subject him to discipline: so she did not go near him until his hair was clean, Frank," was reduced to an ordinary man's domestic entreaty. It was she who induced him to endow the university that bears his name. Mrs. Vanderbilt was once before married, not happily.

One of his most audacious acts was to declare a dividend one Saturday night of 80 per cent. New York Central and he put up the street upon it. Upon that day the stock had closed at 134. On Monday following it rose to 165, and then sank to 135. Although a great surprise, events have sustained this watering.

After a game at what at the Union League one night, upon leaving this club Mr. Vanderbilt was seen putting a large packet in his pocket.

"Commodore," said Henriquez, "you must have a valuable packet there?" "That's some 'n' I've been waiting," replied Vanderbilt, "and you'll smile, my son, when I say that you will see that stock go to 150."

Vanderbilt sent Harlem stock up to 240 and finally to 250, eventually breaking Daniel Drew, who had issued many "calls" upon it at a low figure. The commutation in Wall street by this work was so complete that no quotations for Harlem occurred for months, and not a bid was received for about a year, thus proving that it is inconceivable to get up "calls."

The great railroad King's early surroundings were of the commonest order. He was bred among a rough crew—systemic, long-haired, and their girls—and had no education nor association other than passed through his ferry and making. When he possessed the power of making women feel his will and talent. Men disliked and were afraid of him. He had no manners, and snubbed his way to fortune. Gibbons, a tobacco-carrying planter from Georgia, who was fighting Aaron Ogden, first employed him. From him Vanderbilt got the idea of operating as a steamship agent, and making standard lines buy him off. His whole sea-faring life was a system of blackmail. When he had spent nearly fifty years of his life in this way he resolved to abandon the sea and to embark in railroad schemes.

Once when the old man was thought to be dying, the following remarks were made by one whose intimate knowledge of the Commodore gives them more than ordinary consideration: "He was not a creator of any thing, like a Edison or Stephenson; he merely found a place to invest his money at a late period in life. He did have immense force of character. Like an Attila or any other conqueror, but I think he was destitute of both affection and principle. The pursuit of power had made him so extremely selfish that he was jealous of his successful son. As he cared for nobody, nobody not interested cared for him. He will pass out of memory as thoroughly as his excursion in the North Star."

The editor who kissed his sweetheart saying "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

Epitaph on a printer—Dead matter.

TELEGRAPHIC!

COMMODORE VANDERBILT DEAD.

The Extradition Treaty with Spain Signed—Other News.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5. Commodore Vanderbilt died this morning at nine minutes to eleven o'clock, at his residence in Washington Place.

Commodore Vanderbilt remained perfectly conscious to the last moment of his life, and died almost without a struggle. Ever since Tuesday it has been apparent to his doctors that his hours were numbered, and that at the most he could live but a few days or a week.

At four this morning his condition became rapidly worse, and he expressed a desire to see the Rev. Dr. Deems, his spiritual adviser. The latter arrived in a few minutes and the Commodore said, "I think I am nearly gone." Doctor Deems prayed by the bedside of the dying man, and then some members of the family sang a few hymns in low tones. The music seemed to soothe the sufferer. All his family were sent for during the night, and when he died they were all by his bedside.

When Commodore Vanderbilt arrived soon after midnight and remained to the end. All his daughters were present; and his wife, who has been at his bedside during the entire period of his sickness, was at her post as usual. Drs. Lyndsey and Elliott were also in attendance. They warned both Commodore Vanderbilt and his friends to expect no more.

The news of his death spread rapidly, and many of his friends called at his house this morning and sympathized with the mourners. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., arrived just before his father died. The funeral will take place Sunday at 10:30.

The news of the Commodore's death had its effect on the market. It is estimated by those in a position to judge, that Commodore Vanderbilt was the owner of securities having a present market value of about \$850,000, and that of this total, fully \$350,000,000 consisted of stock and bonds of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

So soon as the news had been received at the City Hall, the flags were lowered at half mast, a course which was soon followed by the principal hotels and the other public buildings.

The body of the Commodore will lie in state for an hour at the City Hall in the main hallway of his house. A large number of the New York Central railroad employees will view the remains and escort them to the church. Rev. Dr. Deems and Rev. Dr. Hutton will perform the burial services, and Dr. Deems will make an address. There will be no pall bearers or floral display, and the cortege will start for Staten Island via the Battery at the conclusion of the services. One hundred carriages have been ordered by the family for funeral.

A post mortem examination will be held to-morrow.

Senator Jones, of Nevada has been here for a few days on private business. He says he does not anticipate the Silver Commission will be able to report before the first week in January. It is waiting for information from abroad, and it is confidently expected that its report will be more trustworthy and complete than that of the British commission, which could not say anything in regard to the rumor that Sherman would report favorably upon the bill, with an amendment limiting its powers, and making silver tender for twenty or fifty dollars. He hoped the bill in that shape would not pass. He did not like the compromise.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND MR. MAY. The Commercial Advertiser puts the street encounter in another light, and gives a new interpretation to the circumstances that led to the quarrel: "Frank, Frank," was reduced to an ordinary man's domestic entreaty. It was she who induced him to endow the university that bears his name. Mrs. Vanderbilt was once before married, not happily.

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MADRID, Jan. 5. The extradition treaty between Spain and the United States has been signed. It applies to all criminal offenses except those of a political nature. Cortes has been prorogued, and no date is assigned for reassembling.

BOSTON, Jan. 5. The Supreme Court sustains the lower court in its decision that Israelites are amenable to State laws regarding the observance of the Sabbath. The case originated in an attempt to keep store Sunday.

LONDON, Jan. 6. Russia has ordered fourteen Krupp eleven-inch guns for Constantinople. The Fall Mail Gazette says it seems doubtful whether at any time more uncertainty or confusion has prevailed than at present. It is clear the committee of foreign statesmen assembled in Constantinople has itself fallen into much disorder and if the Turks are only resolute enough at this hour and are thereafter truly solicitous and speedy in establishing the returns of their own new constitution, they may boast of having defeated and silenced all Europe.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 6. In the house a resolution was adopted calling on the railroad commission for information concerning the condition of the Ashabula bridge when last inspected by him and when such inspection occurred.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 6. The democratic legislature passed a joint resolution declaring the members of the late cabinet of the returning board null and void, and instructing the judiciary committee to prepare an act providing for proper and legal canvass of said cabinet.

Governor Kellogg apprehends no trouble on Monday. He thinks the democratic programme, after inauguration of Nichols, is to duplicate the State government, but pending solution of the present question, they will avoid collision.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan. 5. Hon. J. G. Blaine was nominated in the republican legislative caucus this evening for a short term in the U. S. Senate, and also for a full term, of six years, beginning March 4th, 1877. Both nominations were made by acclamation, every one of the 140 members present rising when the question was submitted. This is the first time since the first election, and this exceptional method was selected as a special and emphatic compliment to Mr. Blaine. His name was presented to the caucus by Gen. Hyde, President of the Senate, and seconded by Mr. Newby, Speaker of the House. Several very eulogistic speeches were made in addition by leading members of both branches of the legislature.

But few in any station of life are thoroughly contented, and in this country, especially, nine out of ten mechanics are looking forward for something better. They cannot consider their trade as their all in life, nor the work-bench as their final station, but are ever longing if not striving, to better their condition. This feeling is perfectly natural, it is fostered by the institutions under which we live, and highly praiseworthy when it leads to honorable exertion. But it becomes childish peevishness when it prevents a man doing the best he can in the position in which he is placed. He can scarcely expect to reach the top who cannot keep his footing half way up.

There is a growing necessity that workmen should take more pride in their trades, and not consider apprenticeship ended while any skill remains to be mastered. Let us act well the part in which we are cast, and without moodily repining for the past or hilly straining vacant eyes into the future. The great mechanics of our country—and they are among our most honored men—are those who did not cease to study from their calling, but pursued them studiously and laboriously.—Eugen H. Munday.

The Road to Success. "What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy." "Nothing," says Reynolds, is denied well directed labor and nothing is to be attained without it. "The difference in any department," says Johnson, "can now be obtained by the labor of a lifetime but it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." This is but one method," says Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox." "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau "is impossible to the man who will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, ever traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant, in the field, or jostled with a mechanic or the laundress, asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of these men had a talent you had not, knowing something that you know not?" The most useless creature that ever yawned at a table or idled in rag under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men are not intelligent, what men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

Make a Distinction. One of the most frequent of small annoyances in type composition is the difficulty of deciding whether the initial of a man's name is for L. The uninitiated custom of using one or the other indifferently, in printing, was long ago discarded, and there is no sensible reason why the distinction should not be made in writing. We often see the signatures of editors and printers, who certainly of all men ought to know better, where I is written for J. A little effort on the part of the "press gang" would soon break up the senseless fashion, and we hope they will unite in doing it.

Infidelity is receiving daily accessions to its numbers in this country as the buck heat-cake season advances, so many, many men and women losing faith and belief in Providence, because it didn't make the human arm two inches longer and put one more joint to it, so that the middle of the back could be scratched without compelling the subject to rush out and back up against a hitching-post.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., wanted his ladies to give up three-button gloves and their hats four thousand dollars for his orphanage; but a wicked Christian paper says that instead of building an orphanage, he should give three-button gloves, better let the kids alone with the big coat on the church itself is paid off. Which shows that wit and wickedness do not flourish together.

In Germany, it is said they kill an editor if he says anything witty, and one has not been killed in thirteen or fourteen years.

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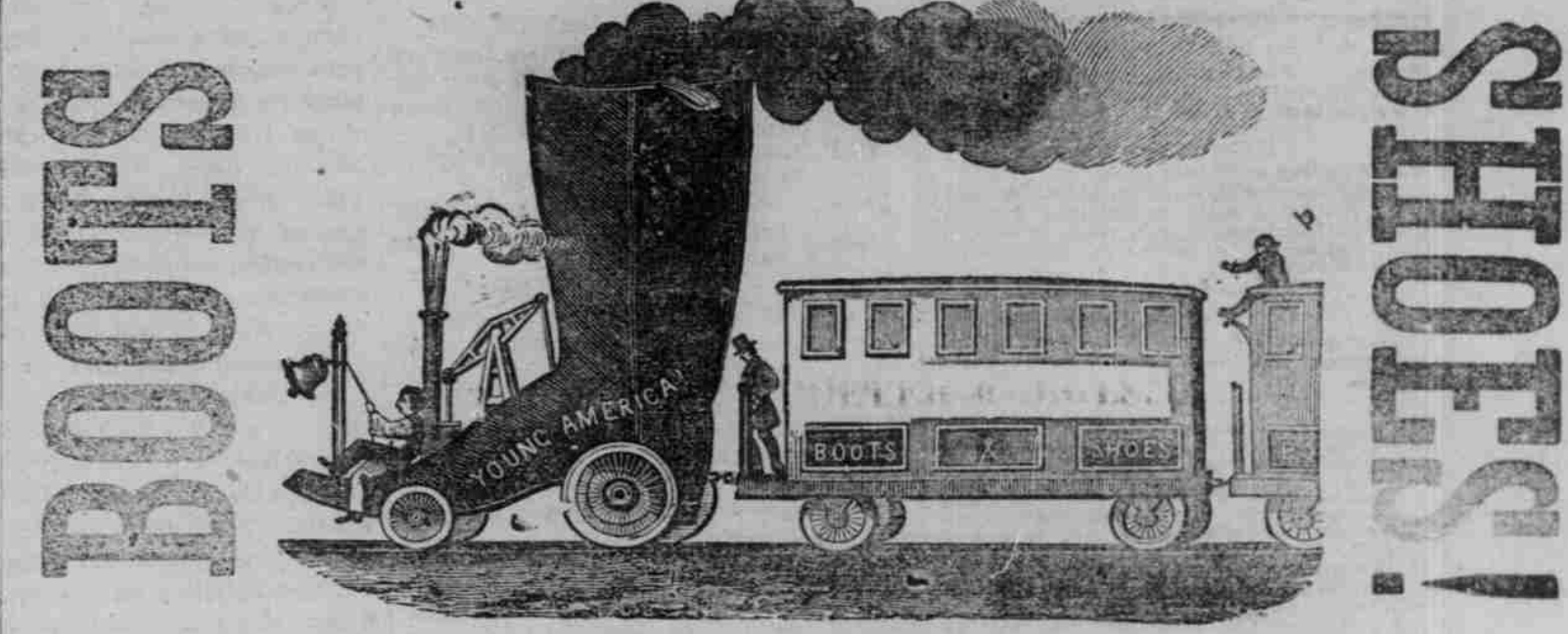
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