Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The great Brooklyn preacher, whose fame is world-wide, was yesterday gathered unto his fathers, full of years and full of honors in the "city of churches." Henry Ward Beecher, fourth son of Lyman Beecher and Roxana Foote Beecher, and brother of Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24th, 1813. He studied in the public Latin schools at Boston, graduated at Amherst College, Mass., 1834, and studied theology under his father at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, Ohio. He first settled as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1837, removed in 1839 to Indianapolis, and became pastor of the Plymouth Congregational church at Brooklyn, New York, in 1847. His church edifice had seating capacity for nearly 3,000 persons, and his church had a membership of 2,000. During his whole career he mingled to a greater extent than almost any other preacher and pastor of his denomination in matters not directly professional. For nearly a year, during his theological course, he edited the *Cincinnati Journal*, a religious weekly. In Indiana he was editor of the *Farmer and Gardener*. In Brooklyn he was soon known as an earnest opponent of slavery, and an advocate of temperance, peace, and other reforms, and very early became prominent as a platform orator and lecturer. He always was a strong republican, and preached a number of political sermons from his pulpit, and addressed a number of political meetings. From the date of the establishment of the *Independent* newspaper to 1858, he was a constant contributor to its columns, and from 1861 to 1863 its chief editor. In 1870 he became the editor-in-chief of the *Christian Union*, a weekly religious paper, a position he retained for about ten years, when he resigned it to Mr. Lyman Abbott, his associate editor. Mr. Beecher three times visited Europe, in 1863 addressing large audiences in the principal cities of Great Britain, on the questions evolved by the civil war then raging in the United States. In 1871, Henry W. Sage, a parishioner of Mr. Beecher, founded a lectureship of preaching, called the "Lyman-Beecher Lectureship," in the Yale college divinity school, and the first three annual courses were delivered by Mr. Beecher. His regular weekly sermons, as taken down by regular stenographic reporters have been printed annually since 1859, and a number of the more important ones have also been issued in pamphlet form. Besides these, he published—"Lectures to Young Men," 1850; "Star Papers," 1855; "Plymouth Collections of Hymns and Tunes," 1855; "Life Thoughts," 1858; "Pleasant talks about Fruits, Flowers and Farming," 1859; "Eyes and Ears," 1862; "Freedom and War," 1863; "Royal Truths," 1864; "Aids to Prayer," 1864; "Pulpit Pungencies," 1866; "Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit," 1867; "Norwood," a novel, 1867; "Overtures of Angels," 1869; "Lecture-Room Talks," 1870; "Morning and Evening Exercises," 1870; "Life of Christ" (of which only the first volume has ever been issued), 1871; "Yale Lectures on Preaching," three vols., 1872-74; "A Summer Parish," 1874, and a selection from his writings, entitled "Comforting Thoughts," 1884. Some years since he formally withdrew from the Association of Congregational Churches, on account of a change in belief on the subject of eternal punishment. His last visit to England was last year. His was a wonderful personality. He possessed the faculty of holding his hearers spellbound, no matter in what vein he addressed them, whether seriously, reverently, or humorously. One who was present at the City Temple in London on the occasion when the Rev. Mr. Beecher held forth, says that it was instructive to watch the gradual growth of the assembly during the hour preceding the service. From the select group of "early birds" it grew moment by moment into a vast throng, filling every available space in the capacious edifice, with the exception of one or two distant corners, of which all but the latest comers, influenced, perhaps, by sinister rumors as to deficient voice-power, fought shy. There was the typical devout old lady who is always there and always early. There were dissenting parsons of every sect and every shade, with a considerable sprinkling of clergymen; including the austere high churchman, who during the sermon must have had rather a warm time of it, and the sleek and dapper curate. Popular divines were there, men at whose feet crowds of Sunday admirers are wont to sit, as well as brethren who fulfill the "necessary," if "harmless," function of pulpit supply. The journalist was there, the London merchant was there, the unmistakeable American, bewrayed both by speech and physiognomy, was there. Shortly before the service commenced a leading popular actress entered. But why that fluttering beneath the clerical waistcoat at her approach? Whence that instant buzz of pleased recognition on the part of an assembly consisting for the most part presumably of ecclesiastics, if not lineal descendants of the stage-denouncing Puritans? Surely those esteemed divines and exemplary church members had not seen the lady before; or, at least, only in the albums of wordly acquaintances in the cabinet portrait form. But was there any incongruity in the presence of an actress at the City Temple? Remembering at the time the histrionic powers of the pastor, and some bits of inimitable acting witnessed in that pulpit, and recalling the dramatic style and force of the preacher for the occasion, it seems only an illusion of the old adage, "Birds of a feather," etc. Who can tell? Was there just the shadow of a shade of passing disappointment as the veteran ascended the platform of which he and Dr. Parker were the sole occupants? Was he rather more of an old man than imagination had pictured him, more senile and less leonine? Was there a slight touch of the gentleman-farmer detracting for the moment from the awfulness of the divine? Did it seem, just for a passing instant, as though leathern gaiters and a cattle market were neither irrelevant nor irreverent ideas to associate with the fresh-coloured face and that portly form? Only for a moment did these suggestions of the Evil One find a place in one's mind. It was "first and natural, afterward that which was spiritual." Presently all bucolic suggestions faded away, and the ideal Beecher loomed grandly forth. He was a fine animal, but on that animal—to use again his own phrase—was superinduced the spiritual, and the spiritual was regnant supreme. Mr. Beecher's physique marked him out in any assembly as a man of unusual strength of character and intellectual power. That full brow, like some cliff that lifts its awful form; that serene, massive mouth, automatically eloquent; those slightly prominent eyes capable of vivid fire flashes, only needed kindling to show themselves the sanctuary of a lofty inspiration, the temple and organs of a God-given genius. The entire service was conducted by Mr. Beecher, who announced the familiar hymn, "Not all the blood of beasts," and read the whole of it in accents tremulous, as it seemed, with suppressed emotion. It was recited with a fine elocution, though nearly inaudible amid the noise of movement within the building, and the roar of the traffic outside. This was followed by a reading of the Twenty-third Psalm, characterized by a tender pathos that threatened ever and again to break into a sob, especially in the verse beginning, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." On the word "comfort," in the last clause of that verse, a whole soulful of emphasis was laid. Then came a short prayer, more conventional and less marked by originality of sentiment and expression than most of Mr. Beecher's published prayers. Who can describe that sermon so as to convey any adequate impression to the minds of those who did not hear it? So full of racy humor and philosophic elevation; so replete with double-distilled common sense; so original in its structure and ideas, enforced with so much felicity of phrase, fervor of delivery, and dramatic force; so alive at all points; so fresh and breezy; so full of light and shade; a strain of high reasoning, suddenly passing into a vein of playful satire; impassioned declamation, softening down into the most moving pathos; or a bit of logical analysis, culminating in a poetic image of exquisite beauty—the whole so telling and interesting, so manly and so human. If any critic cared to pick out an Americanism here and there, or to scent any occasional violation of the strictest canons of good taste, he was welcome to his congenial but unsavory task. For the worshippers, having heard that sermon, felt disposed to pronounce their *Nunc Dimittis*. It was a great sermon—great in all the elements of powerful and moving public address. It was a healthy sermon such as no dyspeptic could have preached—robust in its thinking, winsome in its appeals, with flashes of wit, like the violet summer lightning, playing continually around the theme. One did not wonder that such preaching, so intellectual in its quality, and yet going home so straight to all the actual experiences and necessities of human life, should be the attractive force it was to hearers of every type—merchants, statesmen, and men of all the professions. If we could graft a bit of Beecher on to the present race of theological students the pulpit would become a power in our generation with which philosopher, statesman and journalistic alike would have to reckon. There is no difficulty in accounting for Mr. Beecher's popularity. He was a combination of qualities, each of which was in itself attractive. He was eloquent, he was humorous, he was tender. He was intellectual, but never dull. His audience received the compliment of supposed intelligence. One would as soon expect to see Jupiter playing chuck-farthing as to hear Mr. Beecher twaddling. He had a fine voice and a noble figure. He was broad in his views and charities, and yet the accent of profound conviction ran through all he said. He was playful but never flippant. His sympathies were with social and political, as well as theological ideas. He was tribune and prophet in one. During the Garfield-Hancock presidential campaign he took a prominent part, advocating the election of the republican candidates, and the writer has a pleasant memory of a speech which he delivered in the vast hall of the Cooper Union, New York, when that wonderful magnetism, which has enslaved thousands, carried away the great audience, who were swayed as one man by the speaker's burning words. He declared for Cleveland at the last election, and as a "Mugwump" lent the charm of his oratory to the cause. In his pulpit he was, as a rule, the thoughtful scholar, the eloquent divine, breathing out edifying truths which savored of the old standard school of theology. He visited Victoria in September, 1883, and lectured in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church to a vast audience. One of his sons, Capt. H. F. Beecher, resides at Port Townsend, and has been summoned home. At the ripe old age of 73 years, surrounded by his ever devoted and lovable wife and his children and grand-children, he passed to the Great Beyond to have his name inscribed, as his hosts of admirers pray, in golden letters in the Lamb's Book of Life. He has had his detractors, calumnies have been heaped upon him, but he has come, as "pure gold," out of the fiery furnace. He had few *enemies*, even his strongest opponents can be conscious of no shade of personal bitterness to him who has been so suddenly and terribly stricken down, and were every one for whom in private life he has done some loving service to drop a blossom on his casket, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

WILD ELECTRICAL PROJECTS.

When will scientific education be sufficiently diffused to enable inventors to understand that electricity is but one of the forces of nature, like heat and light and gravitation, and no more capable of working miracles than these are. According to quite a multitude of dreamers electricity is the power of the future, which will supply us with light, heat, mechanical power and even with life itself. The monster gooseberries of the "stupid season" are now supplanted by new applications of electricity. In spite of the sad warnings presented by the failure of the late Sir C. W. Siemens's sensationally heralded marvels in promoting horticulture by means of the electric light, we have further accounts of galvanizing the soil to stimulate its productiveness. Another inventor on the other side of the Atlantic ripens whisky by placing incandescent lamps inside the barrels. Long ago, when patents were very costly, a dreamer of electrical dreams secured for himself the monopoly of an improved steam boiler, which was to be worked without coal or other fuel by simply passing platinum wires through the water, making them red hot by means of a galvanic current, and thus getting up and keeping up the steam. A similar device has been more recently proposed for warming railway carriages, and seriously and approvingly described in one or more of our engineering journals. The inventor is described as "M. Tommasi, the French electrician," who proposes to keep up the temperature of railway carriage foot-warmers "by means of a heat due to an electric current traversing a high resistance." The platinum wire was neither more nor less than this, but the foot-warmers are to obtain their resisted current "by a dynamo driven off an axle of the train, and the circuit passes through all the warmers; a simple device allows of the foot-warmer being thrown out of circuit should it become unbearably hot." The electric current is to be applied to the foot-warmers charged with acetate of soda, which, by the present arrangements, are so readily heated by immersion in hot water and retain their heat for so many hours. Instead of such direct heating we are to first heat a boiler, losing heat in the production of steam, losing more in working the steam engine, very much more in the dynamo, and more again in transmission. The cost of such electric heating would be at least twenty times as great as the direct heating, not to mention cost of apparatus.

ROYAL BETROTHALS.

Two Matches Which Excite Court Circles at Berlin.

LONDON, March 1.—The Emperor William is to go to Wiesbaden directly after Easter for three weeks, and while there he will have an interview with the Queen. It is reported that the emperor will pass the day at Darmstadt during her majesty's stay there, and it is not impossible that he may be present at the formal betrothal of his grandson, Prince Henry, and the Princess Irene of Hesse.

It is reported in court circles at Berlin that the betrothal will shortly be announced of the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the German crown prince, to Prince Frederick of Anhalt, the eldest surviving son of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessen. The princess was born in April, 1886, and the prince is nearly ten years her senior. The hereditary Prince of Anhalt died last year, a few months after his marriage with the Princess Elisabeth of Hesse-Cassel. As he left no son his next brother, the aforesaid Prince Frederick, is now heir to his father's throne and to his extensive and valuable estate.

AN EVICTION RIOT.

Police Barracks at Ballyhannis Attacked by a Mob.

LONDON, March 2.—Last evening, while a body of police at Ballyhannis were taking a number of prisoners arrested for obstructing the law in attempting to prevent evictions, to the police-station, a mob attacked them and recovered the prisoners. They then stoned the police so vigorously that the latter retreated inside the police barracks. The mob made an onslaught on the building, partially wrecking it. The police then opened fire on the crowd with their rifles, compelling the mob to beat a hasty retreat, but otherwise their shots were harmless. Several policemen were injured.

At the stamp window—"One-cent stamps, ma'am?" Lady (indignantly)—"Two-cent stamps, sir! We can afford to have them as well as anybody."

DOCTOR READ'S ERROR.

Dr. Wilfred Atkinson and Dr. Frederick Read sat chatting confidentially.

Both were young, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, and both were students of medicine.

They had become intimate at college, and a strong friendship existed that had known no jar or break.

It was Fred Read who said:

"You will accept this offer?"

"Accept it?" cried his friend. "I should think so. It is what I want most in the world. You see, I have always been more interested in the study of insanity than in any other form of disease, and to be resident physician in an asylum, where I have only made weekly visits, gives me an opportunity for study that I could never have elsewhere."

"Yes; I know all that, but it will be very confining. I think I prefer general practice, after all. But you may expect to see me often. How I shall miss you, old fellow!"

And then the talk drifted into other channels, until Dr. Atkinson discovered that it was time for his train to L——, where his new field of study lay.

"You will come over often," he urged in parting from his friend; "and if I am busy or away, make yourself at home. The grounds are large, and very pleasant, and if you meet any of the patients, be sure those who are allowed to roam about inside the walls are harmless. Some of them are absolutely sane on every point but one; touch that, and off they go. But they will tell the story."

"Yes; it is hard to hide it there."

"And contradiction brings out the truth. As long as the delusions are humored they are generally amiable enough, but once cross them, whew!"

"I shall be there often and hear the results of your experience. My practice takes only about three hours a day."

In pursuance of this promise Dr. Read took the train about once a week, and spent an hour or two with his friend,

A lady whose face attracted him at once.

finding him generally busy, as his duties included a general superintendence of the asylum, and details that were quite independent of professional work.

It was when Fred was young, and the air soft and pleasant, that Dr. Read, strolling about in the prettiest part of the grounds, saw a lady in a summer-house, whose face attracted him at once.

It was a very pale face, and the large dark eyes were languid, while the slender figure seemed weak, as if from recent illness.

But it was, too, a beautiful young face, shaded by waving brown hair, and purely oval outline and regular features.

"A new patient," was Fred's mental exclamation. "What a lovely face!"

Then he sauntered over to the summer house and spoke to the lady.

To his consternation, she started, gave a quick gasping sob, and fainted.

It was not a very long insensibility, and under Fred's prompt treatment the large eyes opened and she whispered:

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Bob Bloomer! But I have been very ill, and you startled me."

"I was very much to blame," he said penitently, "and I hope you will pardon me. Are you well enough now for me to run up to the house for a glass of wine?"

"I am well enough but I do not need it," and she sat up again, and took up a piece of needle-work that had dropped from her hand. Her fingers still trembled, and a pretty flush came for a moment into her pale face as she said:

"Perhaps you of the physicians here?"

"Only by courtesy," he replied. "I have the run of the place; but Dr. Atkinson is the physician. Old Dr. Hare is the head doctor, but he does very little."

"Yes, I know. It is a lovely place, is it not? Out here, I mean! Inside," and she shuddered, "the sounds are often dreadful. But the doctor at home thought a change of air would be good for me, and so mamma sent me here."

"Change of air" thought Fred. "Poor little thing! Quite unconscious of her infirmity."

And through a delightful hour Fred vainly tried to discover the one point upon which the new patient was insane.

Whatever it was, it evaded him, and he looked as vainly for any wandering of vacancy in the soft brown eyes that met his own, full of intelligence.

They were still conversing when one of the nurses came down the path leading to the summer house.

"Miss Bessie," she said, "Dr. Atkinson sent me to say you had better lie down now for an hour or two, and he has sent some medicine to your room. Let me help you."

Dr. Read, being a physician, made no attempt to detain the fair patient, noting with sincere sympathy how weak she

He read the truth in a flash.

was, and how wearily she leaned upon the nurse's strong arm.

He did not feel inclined to have any jesting about his interest, such as his friend was wont to indulge in when ladies were the subject, so he said nothing of his experience and joined Dr. Atkinson in his "rounds" without hinting at any desire to see one especial patient—a desire not gratified, for there were only familiar faces in the wards.

But the summer-house was soon found to be Miss Bessie's resort. It was in a secluded part of the grounds, shaded by a thick clump of trees, and provided with a rustic table and cosey nest for herself, and the place looked home-like with her work-basket, her books, knitting, or sketch book, her cushions and footstool.

"The doctor said I must be in the open air as much as possible," she told Fred one day, "and as no one seems to care much for this summer-house, I have appropriated it. Sometimes I have visitors," and her face saddened, "the poor patients here, you know, but they do not like the quiet, and soon leave me to myself."

She never classed herself with her companions. Fred noticed often sneering, pityingly of those more heavily afflicted. But this phase of mental delusion was very common.

But Fred had not, when July closed, found out the delusion of the sweet little girl he called "Miss Bessie." She had gained perfect health in the two months of quiet and open air.

In these two months Fred had scarcely seen Dr. Atkinson, whose superior in office, Dr. Hare, had gone away for a summer vacation, and a new wing was being added to the building. The resident physician had scarcely a moment to call his own, and Fred frequently did not see him at all during his visit.

It was in July that Dr. Read suddenly woke to the appalling conviction that he was deeply in love with the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

It had become quite a common thing for him to read scraps of newspaper intelligence, little bits from one of the books on the table, or a selection from a favorite work brought with him, while Bessie sewed or knitted and listened to him.

And on this particular July day he had read a little love-poem nestled in the corner of a newspaper. It was not a wonderful production of genius, but it was pretty and tender.

Looking up, Fred saw a pair of blushing cheeks, downcast eyes, trembling fingers, and his heart stood still.

He read the truth in a flash. He loved the lovely girl before him, and she—alas! she returned his love.

His first feeling was one of keen self-reproach. What if he had added to the mental infirmity that had caused this beautiful young creature to be sent to an asylum?

Would she forget him, or—dreadful possibility!—would the whole reason give way if he deserted her?

He scarcely knew how he reached his home; but once there he sat down and looked the situation squarely in the face.

His own share of the affliction he put aside for the present. He was a man, and he could bear his trouble manfully.

That he loved where his love must die, was, in a great measure, his own fault and folly; but that he had won a pure sweet heart, only to wound it, caused him a bitter pain and regret.

"He knows where the weakness I have failed to discover lies," Fred thought, "and he can tell me whether it is safest to break off my visits suddenly or gradually."

Some vacillation brought him to one resolution. He must see Dr. Atkinson, make a clear confession, and have his opinion of the danger to be anticipated.

It was not an easy matter to catch Dr. Atkinson, or, having caught him, to secure his attention, but something in Fred's troubled face aroused his friend's anxiety, and he turned his back for the time upon his manifold duties and shut himself in his private office with Fred.

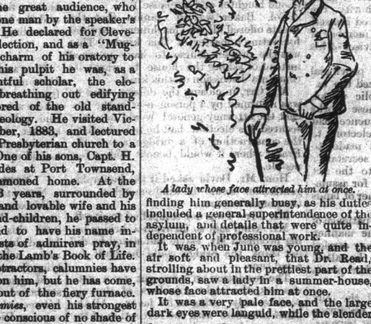
At first he listened gravely enough, but as Fred proceeded his face became more and more amused, until, to the consternation of the penitent speaker, he threw himself back in his chair, and broke into a roar of laughter.

"Oh," Fred said, "it is funny, is it? I do not see it in that light. Even if this poor girl is insane—"

"Stop!" interrupted his friend; "don't get angry, my dear fellow. You really love her, you say?"

But Fred was too angry to answer.

"And she loves you, at least you think so—and you want to know if it is a



"Oh, it is funny, is it?"

curable case, and——Well, I will not torment you any more. Your charmer, Fred, is not a patient, not as far as I know, a lunatic."

Fred gave a long sigh, but only looked his eager questions.

"She is my sister, Bessie Atkinson, has had a long winter of illness from typhoid-fever, and is paying me a visit. I thought she was quite safe from intrusion in that summer-house, as the attendants have orders to keep the patients away from there, and I did not think of you. But since you have been prowling around so long, perhaps you had better come now and be introduced in form."

"One moment, Will. I have been a puppy, it seems, in taking her love for granted; but if I have won it?"

"Oh, I'm sure my sister will be glad of her father died years ago. I can quite see that what I approve, my mother will sanction, and you must know nothing could please me better than to know Bessie had a lover I esteem so highly as you."

"And—you will not tell her—will you, my awful mistake?"

"I can't promise. I'll try to keep the secret, but," and the doctor roared again, "the idea of Bess as a raging lunatic! Well, there, I won't tell her, at all events, until you have told her something far more interesting."

Bessie Atkinson had been Bessie Read more than a year before she knew that her husband had ever considered her an interesting patient in a lunatic asylum.

A Permanent Cure.

"Ah, doctor, you have made a permanent cure."

"Yes, I always cure every one I take hold of; never lost a case in my life."

"Yes, doctor, your patient is very well cured indeed; she's dead."

"Ah, humph! Well, you know we can only assist nature."

Three Things at a Time Done Well.

"My son," said Willie's parent, disdefully, "if you try to do more than one thing at a time you can't do anything well."

"Oh, yes, I can," answered the young gnostic, with the triumphant assurance arising from practical proof. "I've tried. I did three things, and did 'em all well! I swung on the gate, and whistled, and threw a stick at Jimmie Denamore; and I hit him, too!"—San Francisscan.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

It was in the Spring of '55 that Tom Whipperton sat in the doorway of his cabin at Angels Camp, in Calaveras county.

The winter's work hadn't "panned out" well for Tom. He was in debt for three months' supplies at Bloomer's. The general merchandise dealer of Angels Camp was pressing Tom for payment.

"What shall I do?" muttered Tom to himself. "I can't pay Bloomer; the diggings are not yielding anything. Dum California! I wish I was back in Ohio?"

"How d'ye, Tom," said a sweet voice.

"Is that you, Ell?" inquired the impoverished miner.

"Yes, it's me. What makes you look so sad, Tom?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm in trouble."

"What's the matter?"

"Miue ain't yieldin' nuthin'."

"Oh, I thought some of your kin was dead. Dad's claim ain't yieldin' nuthin'

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm in trouble."

but we are all happy, though. Did you hear the news, Tom?"

"No. What is it?"

"We've a bran new baby up to our locashun."

"Have you?"

"Yes. It was born last night; an' it's the first child ever born in Angels."

"That's a fact. What do you call it?"

"It ain't named yet."

"What is it; boy or girl?"

"It's a boy."

Ellen Thompson—for such was the name of the possessor of the sweet voice—was the pride of Angels Camp in '55. She was admired by every miner in the diggings.

She had beautiful dark brown hair, luxurious of curl, a willowy form and a warm heart.

Prior to the advent noted above she had been the only child of Longfelt Thompson.

Wherever Ell, as she was called, went the warmth of her sunshiny nature was felt.

Bloomer, the only merchant of Angels, was a warm friend of Ell's.

He was a native of Massachusetts, a close, sharp trader, and unmarried. He was without sympathy unless it was connected with a business transaction. He never allowed a debtor to escape his vigilance.

It was rumored about Angels that Bloomer had sought the hand and heart of Ell; and that while she had evaded the offer she had not wholly refused him.

"Tom, you say your mine ain't paying?"

"Yes."

"Nobody ain't pressin' you, be they?"

"No, not exactly; but Bloomer feels a little uneasy. I owe him a bill for three months' grub, and he's harassing me for the money."

"What does Bloomer want of money? He ain't got no family, an' surely he's well enough off without tormentin' you."

"I know he ain't got a family, but there's a rumor in the camp that he is goin' to have one shortly: that he is to be married," said Whipperton gravely.

"Who told you so?"

"Jim Haskins."

"Well, that's all Jim knows about it. Who would have Bob Bloomer?"

"Report says you are goin' to marry him."

"Me! I guess not. I'd sooner marry you than him, and I'd sooner marry a grizzly than you," laughingly replied Ell.

"So there ain't no truth in the report, eh?"

"Not a bit, Tom. Do you suppose I'd marry Bob Bloomer? I guess not if I know myself, and I think I do."

"Where you goin' now, Ell?"

"I'm goin' up to Bob's."

"Can I go with you?"

"No. It might injure my credit to have you along, as I want to get a paper of pins," replied Ell, good humoredly.

"Bob," said Ell, entering Bloomer's store, "what's the matter with you?"

"What do you mean, Ell?"

"I hear that you are pressin' Tom Whipperton."

"Who told you?"

"Never mind who told me. It's a shame, Bob, that a man as rich as you are should torment honest old Tom

"Is it business to starve a man?"

Whipperton when he is in bad luck an' ain't got a cent to pay his debts."

"Ell, business is business."

"You talk like a fool. Is it business to starve a man because he ain't got a dollar? It may be business, but it ain't humanity. Bob Bloomer, I'd—"

"Well, now, Ell, what's the use of getting mad about it? Tom Whipperton is a pretty good kind of man; so is Bob Bloomer. It's my duty, as a merchant, to look after my own interests. I can't trust every poor mortal that comes along simply because I'm pretty well off. It's bad enough to be a merchant, and get paid for the goods I sell, without the trouble of doing a credit business, and not getting a cent for it."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bob Bloomer, that you won't get a cent from Tom Whipperton?" and Ell's bright eyes shone with additional luster as she spoke.

"I don't believe I'll ever get a cent from him."

"Well, then, I don't believe you'll ever get one cent from Longfelt Thompson. If you want to be so mean as not to trust Tom for the necessaries of life, I'll go to it that my father don't pay you what he owes. Let me have a paper of pins."

"Where's your dust to pay for them?"

"Hain't got none."

"Well, you can't have the pins, then."

"Well, I don't want your pins," indignantly replied Ell, as she left the store.

"Well, Ell, you can have them," remarked Bob, as he stood in the door of his emporium.

"I don't want 'em. You can take your old pins an' keep 'em."

"Well, I declare!" muttered Bob to himself, as Ell passed from his view, "I'll be hanged if that ain't the queerest girl I ever saw. To think that she would take the part of worthless Tom Whipperton, who owes me over four hundred dollars for stuff I've let him have, and for which I can't get a cent. I hear they had a newcomer up at Thompson's last night. I don't see why they want more children when they can't properly support Ell. Let's see, I'll create a new style that girl puts on; but for all that I like her; I did once think that I'd marry her; but if she were my wife she'd make me a pauper in a month."

Thus reasoned the Angels Camp merchant; and so reasoning he turned to his crude system of book-keeping, and hunted up Longfelt Thompson's account.

"Eight hundred dollars!" exclaimed the merchant. "Owe me eight hundred dollars! Impossible! Why, that will take all my profits for the year! and all on account of that girl! If that ain't buying a wife at a pretty high figure! Thompson has no claim. He never can pay me more than Whipperton. Hang the luck!"

As the Spring advanced Tom Whipper-

He hunted up Longfelt Thompson's account.

ton "caught on." He struck a rich deposit—the richest ever unearthed at Angels.

Tom liquidated his indebtedness at Bloomer's, as well as Longfelt Thompson's. He married Ellen Thompson and represented Calaveras county in the Legislature with distinction. A few years later he purchased a "plant" and published a newspaper at San Andreas.

It was while an editor that Tom met Mark Twain. The humorist was poor and unknown to fame. Tom loaned Mark a few dollars. Mark never would pay Tom, although frequently importuned for the amount. Time slipped by, and Mark went East.

When the latter completed his "Innocents Abroad" Tom wrote Mark that he wanted the sum loaned him while at San Andreas.

The romance, if there be any in this sketch, centers in the fact that Mark paid Tom.—(California Maverick.

Just Where the Dimenty Was.

Sober passenger, angrily: "Look where you step, man!" Tipsy passenger, apologetically—"I-yes, I do; the t-trouble is to hic—step where I look."—[Bloomington Eye.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so sunny and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them—
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are falling,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of springtime prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old doorstone.

Though dimmed her eyes' bright azure,
And dinned her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in sunshine
Till the day was almost gone;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm:

Like a bridal pair, they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city
"Whose builder and maker is God."
—[Providence Journal.

PURELY SENSATIONAL.

Story that the Czar has Visited Paris.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—It has just transpired that the czar has been visiting Paris. He came here in the last week of December and staid for several days; some say weeks. There is no doubt of it. His coming was heralded by the arrival of Grand Duke Nicholas. This nobleman did not, as usual, go to a hotel. On the contrary, he entered a house on the Rue Boetie, a most retired and inconspicuous place. Although he was only to stay five weeks, he hired also the houses adjoining on both sides and cleared everyone out of them. Then the czar came. He traveled in the garb of a well-to-do Russian merchant and was not recognized on the journey. He had three companions. One was his most trusted aide-de-camp, who was also carefully disguised. Another was a Russian soldier, who had no idea of the czar's identity. The third was a large Russian mastiff or bloodhound. The object of his coming here was to have a personal interview with M. Grevy about Bulgaria and the general situation in Europe. What the result of their conference was, is, of course, unknown. Rumor at the Elysee has it, however, that the czar agreed, in case of a Franco-German war, to remain neutral only so long as France was getting the better of it. If Germany began a victorious march toward Paris again, all the military force of Russia would come swooping down on the German frontier.

How was the czar's presence discovered? Two English officers, who had been at St. Petersburg and who live opposite the house he lived in here, recognized him. They set watch upon him and their suspicions finally were confirmed.—*Adolf Houssaye, in Chicago Tribune.*

"I do no desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic, "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

The Philadelphia *Evening News* has been having a competition in anagrams upon the names of Grover Cleveland and James Gillespie Blaine. Those to which the prize is awarded are "Govern, clever land," and "Jim's pen, I allege, is able."

MONEY

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BUILDING LOTS

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LAND BUSINESS

Of Every Kind Speedily Transacted.

Address E. M. JOHNSON, Notary and Conveyancer.
P. O. Box 183. fel5

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS Against the Estate of William Fuller, late of 105 Mile House, Cariboo Road, deceased, are requested to present their claims to the undersigned without delay.

WILLIAM ABEL, Administrator.
111 Mile House 12th Jan., 1887. ja28-w4t

MONEY TO LOAN

ON MORTGAGE AT LOW RATES.

Town Lots and Farming Lands For Sale

ON EASY TERMS, BY

ALLSOP & MASON,

Estate Agents,

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

LONDON OFFICE—2 Gresham Buildings, Guild hall. mh18dw

THE CELEBRATED BAJA

CALIFORNIA BITTERS

ARE PURELY VEGETABLE MADE FROM FRESH DAMIANA LEAVES.

Damiana is a Mexican Herb

AND COMES FROM LA PAZ.

DAMIANA was first made and drank by the Mexicans as a Tonic for the Stomach and Bowels.

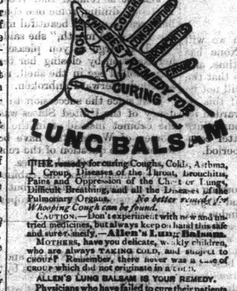
DAMIANA is acknowledged by those that have used it to be a Great Invigorator and Nervine.

DAMIANA acts directly upon the Kidneys making them strong.

DAMIANA cures Dyspepsia and gives Appetite.

For Sale by LANGLEY & CO., Druggists, and BOUGHEARAT & CO. no26dw

ALLEN'S



LUNG BALSAM

THE Remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all the Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. *No better Remedy for Whooping Cough can be found.*

CAUTION.—Don't experiment with worthless trial medicines, but have kept on hand a safe and sure remedy.—**Allen's Lung Balsam.**

Mothers, have you delicate, weakly children, who are always TAKING COLD, and subject to CROUP? Remember, there never was a case of CROUP which did not originate in a COLD. **ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM IS YOUR REMEDY.**

Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine. Here you have the case up, as we know many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.

Do not despair because all other remedies have failed, but try this remedy, and you will not be disappointed. *It will cure when all others fail.*

Allen's Lung Balsam is now put up in Three Sizes, Price 25c., 50c., and $1 per Bottle.

The 25c. bottles are put up for the accommodation of those who require a Cough or Croup remedy. Those desiring a remedy for Consumption or Lung Disease should secure the Large $1 Bottles.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 107 Wall Street, New York. jan15 ly

To the Electors of Vancouver Island District for the House of Commons:

Gentlemen,—I beg to announce myself as a candidate at the ensuing Dominion Election for the representation of your important district in the Parliament of Canada.

I again solicit your confidence as a firm supporter of the Liberal Conservative party, whose wise policy has raised the Dominion of Canada to her present exalted position.

I will hold public meetings wherever I find it possible to do so, of which due notice will be given and at which I will give an account of my stewardship during the four years that I have had the honor of representing you in the House of Commons.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Yours truly,
D. W. GORDON.
Nanaimo, Jan. 17th, 1887.
ja18-dw

To the Electors of Vancouver Island District:

Gentlemen,—Having been requested by a large number of Electors to allow my name to be placed in nomination as Liberal Conservative Candidate for the House of Commons for your large and important District, I respectfully announce myself as a Candidate for the favor of your support at the coming election.

I will be pleased to hold public meetings wherever possible as soon as dates can be arranged.

Yours faithfully,
J. P. PLANTA.
Nanaimo, V. I., Jan. 24th, 1887.
ja25-dw

CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR

This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion Arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion, its action on the stomach being that of a gentle and harmless tonic, exciting the organs of digestion to action, and thus affording immediate and permanent relief. The tarminative properties of the different aromatics which the Elixir contains render it useful in Flatulent Dyspepsia. It is a valuable remedy for Atonic Dyspepsia, which is apt to occur in persons of a gouty character.

For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an effective and certain stimulant is required, the Elixir will be found invaluable.

In Fevers of a Malarial Type, and the various evil results following exposure to the cold or wet weather, it will prove a valuable restorative, as the combination of Cinchona Calisaya and Serpentaria are universally recognized as specifics for the above-named disorders.

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*Physicians, Minist