# ON COOKING WHALE

## Whale in Sausage Not Gastronomically Inviting.

### LOG BOOK OF PRENTICE MULFORD

Shark's Meat—Social Position of the Sea Cook—A Useful, but Not Always Honored, Member of Society—Mexican Butter and Sugar Fiends.

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VI.

WAS an experimental cook, and once or twice, while cutting in whale, tried them with whale meat. The flesh lying under the blubber somewhat resembles beef in color, and is so tender as easily to be torn apart by the hands. But whale meat is not docile under culinary treatment. Gastronomically, it has an individuality of its own, which will keep on asserting itself, no matter how much spice and pepper is put upon it. It is a wild, untamed steed. I propounded it to my guests in the guise of sausages, but when the meal was over the sausages were there still. It can't be done. Shark can. Shark's is a sweat meat, much resembling that of the swordfish, but no man will ever eat a whale, at least an old one. The calves might conduct themselves better in the frying pan. We had many about us whose mothers we had killed, but we never thought of frying them. When a whaler is trying out oil, she is blackened with the greasy soot arising from the burning blubber scraps from stem to stern. It falls like a storm of black snowflakes. They sift into the tiniest crevice. Of all this my cookery got its full share. It tinged my bread and even my pies with a funeral tinge of blackness. The deck at such times was covered with "horse pieces" up to the top of the bulwarks. "Horse pieces" are chunks of blubber a foot or so in length, that being one stage of their reduction to the size necessary for the trypots. I have introduced them here for the purpose of remarking that on my passage to and fro, from galley to cabin, while engaged in laying the cloth and arranging our services of gold plate and Sevres wear, I had to clamber, wade, climb and sometimes, in my white necktie and swallow-tail coat, actually crawl over the greasy mass with the silver tureen full of "consomme" or "soup Julien," while I held the gilt-edged and enameled menu between my teeth. Those were trying-out times for a maritime head butler.

The cook socially does not rank high at sea. He stands very near the bottom round of the ladder. He is the subject of many jests and low comparisons. This should not be. The cook should rank next or near to the captain. It is the cook who prepares the material which shall put mental and physical strength into human bodies. He is, in fact, a chemist, who carries on the last external processes with meat, flour and vegetables necessary to prepare them for their invisible and still more wonderful treatment in the laboratory which every man and woman possesses—the stomach—whereby these raw materials are converted not only into blood, bone, nerve, sinew and muscle, but into thoughts. A good cook may help materially to make good poetry. An indigestible beefsteak, fried in grease to leather, may, in the stomach of a general, lose a battle on which shall depend the fate of nations. A good cook might have won the battle. Of course, he would receive no credit therefor, save the conviction in his own culinary soul, that his beefsteak properly and quickly broiled was thus enabled to digest itself properly in the stomach of the general, and thereby transmit to and through the general's organism that amount of nerve force and vigor, which, acting upon the brain, caused all his intelligence and talent to attain its maximum, and thereby conquer his adversary. That's what a cook may do. This would be a far better and happier world were there more really good cooks on land and sea. And when all cooks are Blots or Soyers, then will we have a society to be proud of.

While whaling in Marguerita bay, we "kedged" the Henry about one hundred miles inland, where the whales abounded. In so kedging it was necessary to stake out at low water portions of the channel daily, when it ran a mere creek through an expanse of hard sand, sometimes a mile from either shore. At high water, all this would be covered to a depth of six or seven feet. The Henry grounded at each ebb, and often keeled over at an angle of forty-five. From our bulwarks it was often possible to jump on dry ground. This keeling over process, twice repeated every twenty-four hours, was particularly hard on the cook, for the inconvenience resulting from such a forty-five degree angle of inclination extended to all things within his province. My stove worked badly at the angle of forty-five. The kettle could be but half filled, and only boiled where the water was shallowest inside. The cabin table could only be set at an angle of forty-five. So that while the guests on the upper side had great difficulty in preventing themselves from slipping off their seats on and over that table, those on the lower side had equal difficulty in keeping themselves up to a convenient feeding distance.

Capt. Reynolds, at the head of the board, had a hard lot in the endeavor to maintain his dignity and sitting perpendicularly at the same time on the then permanent and not popular angle of forty-five. But I, steward, butler, cook and cabin boy, bore the hardest tribulation of all in carrying my dishes across the deck, down the cabin stairs, and arranging them on a table at an angle of forty-five. Of course, at this time the rack used in rough weather to prevent plates and platters from slipping off was brought into permanent use.

Transit from galley to cabin was accomplished by crawling on two legs and one arm, thus making of myself a peripatetic human triangle, while the unoccupied hand with difficulty bore aloft the soup tureen. It was then I appreciated the great advantages afforded in certain circumstances by the prehensile caudal termination of our possible remote ancestors. With such a properly equipped appendage, the steward might have taken a close hitch around an eyebolt, and let all the rest of himself and his dishes safely down into the little cabin. It is questionable whether man's condition has been physically improved by the process of evolution. He may have lost more than he has gained. A monkey can well afford to scorn the relatively clumsy evolutions of the most skillful human brother acrobat.

In former days while narrating the events of this voyage, which I have done some thousands of times, I used to say "we whaled." But I never whaled, never went in the boats, never pulled an oar. I had other fish to fry in the galley, and now that I commence to realize what a conscience is, I mention this for truth's sake as well as to give variety to the story. We were boarded occasionally by a few Mexicans. There was one melancholy looking Don Somebody who seemed always in a chronic state of corn husk cigarette. When not smoking he was rolling them; when not rolling or smoking he was lighting them. He and his companions were persons of some importance, for which reason Capt. Reynolds tendered them the hospitalities of the Henry, and would ask them to whatever meal was nearest ready.

These two Mexicans had enormous stowage for grub. They resembled the gulls. They also seemed unfathomable. There was no filling them. What they did at table they did with all their might, and when they finished, especially when eating by themselves, as they frequently did, there was literally nothing left. "Nothing" in this case meant something. It meant in addition to bread, meat and potatoes, every scrap of butter on the butter plate and every grain of sugar in the sugar bowl. I didn't take the hint the first time they ate with us, deeming the entire absence of butter and sugar at the end of the repast to be owing to my placing a small amount on the table.

The second time they came on board I remedied this. But on inspection after they had finished I found left only an empty butter plate and sugar bowl. It was so at the third trial. Butter and sugar seem to be regarded as delicacies by the natives of Lower California. Nor do they seem to comprehend the real mission and import of butter and sugar on the table. They regarded both these articles as regular dishes, and scooped them in. On discovering this, after a consultation with the captain, I put them on allowance. These two men would have eaten up all our butter and sugar in four weeks.

However, it was comparatively a slight toll they levied on us for carrying off their whale oil, seal and abalone. We were miles within their legal boundaries taking away the wealth of their waters. Twelve other American whalers lay in Marguerita bay that season. It was practically an invasion, only the Mexicans didn't seem to know they were invaded, or didn't care if they did know. So long as they had plenty of butter and sugar on coming on board and the blubber stripped carcasses which came on shore they seemed satisfied. These carcasses they cut open when stranded and extracted the fat about the heart, which, on being fried out, would yield from one to four barrels of oil and about three miles of solid stench. They borrowed from us the vessels wherewith to boil this fat. I was ordered to loan them all the pots, pans and kettles which could be spared from my culinary laboratory. They never returned them, and I was very glad they did not. No amount of scouring would ever have rid them of the odor of decomposed leviathan. We left them a dozen or so iron vessels the richest Mexican, at least on that coast, with a kettle is look upon as a man of wealth. Beyond scrapes, cigarette lighters, saddles and bridles, the gang of natives on shore had few other possessions. They seemed brilliant examples of contented poverty. The individual Mexican is a more independent being than the citizen of our own boasted "independent" nation. His wants are ten times less.

Some mercantile hopes may hang on the senoras and senoritas. The few we saw wanted calicoes of gay and diverse patterns. The men will eat butter and sugar, but whether they will buy these articles remains to be proved. Perhaps furniture sets of polished and painted horses' skulls might tempt some of the more æsthetic in the matter of household adornment to purchase, if put at a reasonable rate. Such are the conclusions drawn regarding the probabilities of trade with Mexico, at least the fragment of Mexico I saw from my galley. If we wanted any service of them they talked dollars at a very high figure. But they never abated. They showed no anxiety to tempt a bargain or an engagement. They went on just as ever, full to the brim of genuine sangfroid, eternally rolling, lighting, and smoking their cigarettes, and looking as if they felt themselves a superior race, and knew it all, and didn't want to know any more, until we asked them to eat. Then they seemed in no hurry, but clambered lazily down the cabin stairs and lazily set to work to find the bottom of every dish on the table, including the sugar dish and butter plate. I learned on that voyage the true signification of the term "greaser."

PRENTICE MULFORD.

**Something Like It.**

One of our neighbors, a little boy of 9 years, had learned his verse at Sunday school, "I have planted, Apollos watered." The next Sabbath the verse was called for; no one in the class could remember it. Our little friend, however, had a glimmer of light, and holding up his hand said: "I can't remember exactly what it was, but I know it was something about Apollinaris Water."—Babyhood.

**Scotch Copyright Money.**

A sum of no less than £2,232 is paid every year out of the public moneys to the four Scotch universities by way of compensation for the losses they are computed to have suffered when the copyright act was passed depriving them of the right hitherto possessed of claiming copies of every book published in the United Kingdom. It is now proposed to commute this annual payment and to hand over to each university once for all a sum which may be considered equitable under all the circumstances.

**A New Buffalo Athletic Club.**

Buffalo is to have another athletic club, to be known as the Queen City Athletic club. Papers have been forwarded to Albany incorporating the organization. Several well known men are interested in the enterprise. The capital stock is $5,000, divided into $10 shares. The managers of the club intend to devote their efforts to the advancement of sport in local circles, and will spare no pains to accomplish their object. Contests will be arranged between professionals athletes, and it is promised that local talent will be given a fair show.

**Let 'Er Rip.**

"George," she said, as she lay quivering in his tightly clasped arms, "what was the noise I heard?"

"Nothing of importance, Gladys, darling," he answered. "A slight rip in my coat, that was all."

And then as the sound of two beating hearts slowly filled the room and floated through the back door, she murmured softly, "George, dear, you couldn't make that coat rip a little more, could you?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Cologne sets consist of three large cut glass bottles with prismatic stoppers. These are set in brass with enamel incrustations, and so arranged that they can be carried about by a handle.

The Portia club has been formed in Boston. It is composed of women lawyers and those engaged in the study of law. Boston University law school has now eight young women law students. Most of them expect to practice.

# MINING FOR GOLD.

## Occupations Adopted Preparatory Thereto.

### PRENTICE MULFORD'S NOTE BOOK

Beef Peddling—Provision Packing—The Mountain Flight of the Mexican Mustang—The Gold Rocker—"Crevicing" a Rocky Camp—Our Mining Company.

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VII.

HAVING finished my own tribulations and those I fed as a sea cook, I resolved to go to the mines. I went. By boat and stage I got over the 200 miles intervening 'twixt San Francisco and the "diggings." I had friends on Hawkins' Bar, on the Tuolumne river, in Tuolumne county. Thither I went. When I "struck" Hawkins' in 1858 it was on its last legs. Still it boasted a store and a dozen houses. Golden hopes were still anchored in the bed of the river. Expensive river claims were then being worked from Red Mountain down to French Bar. But a premature rain and consequent freshet swept the river that season from end to end with the bosom of destruction, and sent for the winter the miners back to their two dollar per day bank diggings.

It was at Hawkins' that I had first "buckled to the mines." My first "buckling," however, was in the capacity of a meat peddler. I became the agent of a firm of butchers up on the mountain for distributing their tough steaks to the Hawkins' Bar miners. Through the instrumentality of a horse, over whose back was slung a couple of huge panniers, I continued the agency for a week. Then one morning the horse kicked up his heels and ran away. As he ran, at every kick a raw and bloody steak would fly out of the boxes, flash in the brilliant morning sunshine, and then fall in the fine red dust of the mountain trail. I followed hard after, gathering up these steaks as they fell, and when the burden became too heavy I piled them up by the roadside in little heaps of dusty, very dusty meat. At last, dusty, perspiring and distressed beyond measure, I managed to catch that villainous horse. For he, after having ejected nearly the whole load of meat, concluded to stop and be caught. I loaded the panniers again with the dusty, carnivorous deposits, led the horse down the steep trail to the river, then muddy and of a rich coffee color from up country mining sediment. Herein I washed my steaks, rinsed them as well as I could of dust, and, as was then the custom, hung up piece after piece in the gauze curtained meat safes at the miners' cabins. I think Hawkins' got its share of grit that day in its beef. Shortly afterward I went out of the beefsteak distributing bureau.

Then I went into the service of the man who kept the Bar store, saloon and boarding house. I was errand boy, barkeeper, bookkeeper, woodchopper, assistant cook and general maid of all work, and possibly worthlessness. One day the storekeeper's horse, packed with miners' supplies, was given into my charge to lead three miles up the river to the camp of the Split Rock river claim. The load was strapped to a "cross-jack" saddle. It consisted mostly of flour, potatoes, bacon and a demijohn of whisky. I was advised by the merchant, on setting out, not to let that horse get ahead of me. If he did it was prophesied that he would run away, "sure pop." But I had not gone forty rods from the store when the beast made a rush, got ahead of me, tore the leading halter out of my grasp and set off along the narrow mountain trail at the rate of twenty knots per hour. I followed on a run of about ten knots per hour. Hence the distance between us soon increased.

As he ran, the motion burst the bag of flour, ditto the potatoes, and then the whisky demijohn broke. It was a fine sight. The flour rose in the air like a white cloud above the horse, out of and above which flew potatoes, and the whole was interspersed with jets of whisky. It looked like a snow squall traveling on horseback. When the animal had spilt all the flour, all the potatoes and all the whisky, he slowed up and allowed himself to be caught. His mission was accomplished. I found remaining the saddle and the empty potato sack. The trail was white with flour for a mile, and so it remained for months afterward. I led the animal back to the store. My heart was heavy and his load was light. The storekeeper gave me his blessing. I did not thereafter remain long in the service of that transportation bureau.

After this I borrowed a rocker and started to washing some river bank gravel. It took me several days to become in any degree skilled in the use of the rocker. I had no teacher, and was obliged to become acquainted with all its peculiarities by myself. First I set it on a dead level. As it had no "fall" the sand would not run out. But the hardest work of all was to dip and pour water from the dipper on the gravel in the sieve with one hand and rock the cradle with the other. There was a constant tendency on the part of the hand and arm employed in pouring to go through the motion of rocking, and vice versa. The hand and arm that rocked were more inclined to go through the motion of pouring. I seemed cut up in two individuals, between whom existed a troublesome and perplexing difference of opinion as to their respective duties and functions. Such a conflict, to all intents and purposes, of two different minds inside of and acting on one body, shook it up fearfully and tore it all to pieces. I was as a house divided against itself and could not stand. However, at last the physical and mental elements thus warring with each other inside of me made up their differences, and the left hand rocked the cradle peacefully while the right hand poured harmoniously, and the result was about $1.50 per day. Soon after I found my first mining partner. He wandered to the Bar, a melancholy looking man, with three dogs accompanying, and was always in a chronic state of red bandanna and nose wiping. He and I joined forces and went up the river to "crevice" among the rocks near the Split Rock claim. He had all the skill, all the experience and all the dogs, and I all the general ignorance and incapacity. I deemed it a great advantage to have thus secured a real "old miner" for a partner and felt that such a man must turn up gold.

We built ourselves a rude brush house on a shelf of the rocky ledge in a canyon whose sides sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees. Even this shelf was not level. It pitched toward the river, and there was so little of it that during the night's repose our legs stuck out of the house entrance. We were obliged to "chock" all our supply of provisions in their respective packages to prevent them from rolling out of our wigwams over the brink and into the Tuolumne. If a potato got loose it ran like a "thing possessed" over the rocks and down into the muddy, raging current. We were obliged to peg ourselves at night while sleeping to prevent a like catastrophe. It was a permanent and laborious existence at an angle of forty-five. To stand erect for any length of time was very tiresome. More frequently, like Nebuchadnezzar, we lived on all fours. "Crevicing" did not prove very profitable. By day the bare rocks become heated by the sun to a blistering capacity.

With pick and sledge and crowbar and bent bits of hoop iron we pried and pounded and scraped, and scraped and pounded and pried all the hot day long, or else were doubled up in all sorts of back aching, back breaking, body tiring positions, drawing up at arm's length from some deeper "pothole" or crevice spoonful after spoonful of yellow mold. It did hold considerable gold, and heavy gold too. But it took so long to get the mold. This was in the latter part of September. The termination of the dry season was reached. The first rain came. It came at night. It drizzled through our brush house. It sent tiny streams down the rocky mountains, and some of these streams found their way under us. We had lain and endured the rain from above dripping on our faces and wetting our clothes. In those times one's day suit served for a nightgown. But when the aqueous enemy undermined our position we had to turn out.

It blew a gale. How the wind howled and tore up the canyon! We tried to kindle a fire. Match after match was blown out. Finally a blaze was attained. Then the rains descended heavier than ever and put it out. The chief misery was, we could not at night find our way out of the canyon to any place of shelter. Nor could we walk at all to keep warm. There was "standing room only." All about us were the steeply inclined rocks, molded into every irregularity of shape. We were obliged all through the night to "stand and take it" as it came, shivering in our thin summer clothing. With daylight we made our way to the camp of the Split Rockers. They gave us some gin. It was common gin—very common gin—but the comfortable and soothing remembrance of that gin after such a night exists for me even unto this day. I wore a black cloth cap. The rain had washed out the dye, and this dye had coursed over my brow and cheeks in tiny rivulets of jet. I noticed that I seemed to be more than a usual object of interest to those about me, and wondered, until a friend advised me to consult a mirror. I did so, and found my face marked like a railroad route map. Such was my inauguration in mining at Hawkins' Bar. What glorious old times they were! What independence! What freedom from the trammels and conventionalities of fashion! Who cared or commented if we did turn up the bottoms of our pantaloons, or wear, for coolness' sake, our flannel shirts outside the trousers? Who then was so much better than anybody else, when any man might strike it rich to-morrow? Who would beg for work or truckle, and fawn and curry favor of an employer for the mere sake of retaining a situation and help that same man to make money, when he could shoulder pick, shovel and rocker, go down to the river's edge and make his $2 or $3 per day? Though even at that time this reputed $3 was oftener $1.50.

Even then reports of the paying capacities of claims were as apt to be watered as are stocks nowadays.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

## BILLY CRANE'S LATEST.

**His New Play, "The Senator," Which Has Been so Well Received.**

For many years the name of William H. Crane (or "Billy" Crane, as he was generally called) was hardly mentioned unless that of Stuart Robson was used also. When he started out by himself at the beginning of this season theatre goers hardly knew what to make of it. But when his play, "The Senator," made its first appearance it was apparent that Crane knew what to make of it—money by the barrel. "The Senator" is big success.

THE SENATOR IN "THE SENATOR."

The play, as its name indicates, deals with the life and adventures of a member of the upper house of the United States congress. It may or may not have much in it that is true to life, but it made a rousing sensation in Washington and kept the real law makers laughing for a week.

The story is an historical one, being based on that of the privateer Gen. Armstrong, which was burned by the British fleet in the Portuguese neutral port of Fayal, at the close of 1814. The delay thus occasioned prevented re-enforcements reaching Gen. Pakenham, and probably had much to do with the success of Gen. Jackson's famous defense of the city of New Orleans.

The authors have taken the claim for damages of the owners of the privateer before congress and woven about it one of the prettiest stories imaginable of social life and political intrigue in Washington. For the first time the American politician has been depicted on the stage, not as a clown or a boor, but as a gentleman and a patriot.

The "low comedy" of the piece is brought out well by Baron Ling Ching, a Chinese diplomate, who goes about taking notes of what the senator does, and two other good characters, Josie Armstrong and a "glum lieutenant."

The separation between Robson and Crane was not caused (so the principals say) by any quarrel, but was brought about by Robson's desire for rest, and the conviction on the part of both actors that either one could make as much money alone as they both could together. The idea seems to have proved a correct one in Crane's case at least.

There are various degrees of tiredness, but perhaps Georgia Cayvan, of the Lyceum company, reached the furthest point in Boston She came back to the hotel after a matinee and wearily wandered into the dining room The waiter came. She raised a pair of languid eyes. I suppose she had just been sobbing over "The Wife" for the —th time, and said: "I am too tired to eat. Waiter, bring me something soft."—San Francisco Chronicle.

# PRETTY GIRLS IN FURS.

## OLIVE HARPER WRITES WISELY OF FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

Wraps That Will Look Well When the Heavy Winter Costumes Are Laid Aside. Handsome Evening Dresses for a Trio of Ball Goers.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—I always knew the New York girl was a daring creature and that nothing daunted her when it was something calculated to enhance her already manifold attractions, but for all that I was hardly prepared to see her wearing a fur dress. It was in one of the eminenently respectable Fifth avenue omnibuses that I met her—not in a plebeian horse car—and I spent a quiet ten

THE "CHIC" IN THE WAY OF WRAPS.

minutes in taking in every detail of her costume. The skirt was made of real Astrakhan fur, which is black and glossy, and the broken lines in its surface gave a most beautiful series of lights and shades. Over this was a full and elegantly draped tunic of dark hunter's green ladies' cloth, looped up with black silk cord and crochet balls. The tailor fitting basque had cuffs, collar, lapels and a pointed piece down the center of the back all of the fur, and V shaped pieces were also let in at the top of the sleeves. With this she wore a dainty little toque of the green cloth trimmed with a band of the fur and a single black crow quill. Her gloves were wood color.

While fur cloaks will soon be laid away, fur trimmings on almost every garment will still be permissible. Bands of fur and borders, cuffs, collars and revers will all be seen, and many tea gowns and elegant morning and other house gowns will have fur for a trimming. Alaska sable is to be worn on trained evening dresses, laid on around the train in wide bands, or a band is sometimes placed across the foot of the dress in front.

Very stylish wraps, which will be worn until warm weather is actually upon us, are made of plush, with a high collar and front and back piece of Persian lamb. The shoulder pieces are gathered in in a way to make them stand up nearly to the ears. These wraps are pointed back and front. Another peculiar wrap is of seal plush, and has a high collar which can be turned down if desired. There are sleeve pieces bordered with plush ball fringe. They hang open. These wraps have scarcely more than a yoke in the back, but the front reaches down in quite long tabs.

Now also is the time when girls dance almost every night, and it is not so very easy to find something a little different from the ordinary ball dress.

The mother is superb in a thick, rich, old fashioned "Cheny silk," with soft indistinct shaded green and brownish foliage on a silvery ground, the front of the waist filled in with lace and a flot of silvery satin ribbon at the left side.

The rosebud daughter, pretty, plump, small and dimpled, wears white tulle made very plainly, with a peasant waist of white satin ribbons. The skirt is of one plain, full length of tulle, half covered with very narrow white satin ribbons sewn on perpendicularly, ending at the bottom with little loops.

A FAMILY GROUP.

In this pretty family group is the queenly big sister in a gown of white satin, with ten rows of gold colored satin ribbon sewn flat around the front of the skirt. The front, both waist and skirt, is draped with gold colored tulle and there is a very full straight drapery of the same in the back. Down the front of the corsage, around the neck and down the back, are wreaths and sprays of golden colored chrysanthemums, and a small wreath of the same decorates the hair.

OLIVE HARPER.

## EDITOR FARRER.

**Recapitulation of the Charges Made Against Him by The Toronto Empire.**

Edward Farrer, editor of The Toronto Mail (Independent), is not a dangerously large or aggressive being; but he has either caused, or been the innocent means of causing, the biggest uproar in recent Canadian journalism. The public part of it began with a charge of treason against Mr. Farrer by The Toronto Empire (government organ), and has gone on to a personal suit against The Empire by Mr. Farrer, and criminal proceedings against the editor, David Creighton. Sandwiched between are interviews with many prominent Americans and a right lively discussion among Toronto papers.

The charges are serious. As is known to all reading men there is a committee of United States senators investigating the question of freer trade with Canada, and Erastus Wiman is doing his best to secure reciprocity. He recently said—or the Toronto Empire said he said—that he was thwarted by Mr. Farrer, and soon The Empire came out with the blunt statement that the latter had gone to Washington, had there secured a secret hearing before the Republican members of the committee, and had urged them not to agree to reciprocity, or arrange for any freer trade, for if they would "squeeze Canada" a little harder and longer, she would ask for annexation to the United States.

EDWARD FARRER.

This caused much talk, and directly denials were in order. Senator Dolph, of Oregon, came first with a denial (which was telegraphed to The Toronto Mail) of an alleged interview between him and Editor Farrer, but to another correspondent he is alleged to have admitted that the editor had given them much information.

The Empire's agent gathered a deal of such evidence, and several Democratic editors in the United States took up the matter. The accused Canadian came back with vigor and a mass of evidence. The Globe, the Liberal paper, took a hand, and The Empire gave more evidence, finally formally charging Editor Farrer with "Treason!" The suit and criminal proceedings followed, and, says The Mail, the matter will be tried at the February assizes.

## CHESS AND CHECKERS.

Chess problem No. 47—By V. Schiffel, Vienna.

Black.

White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Checker problem No. 47—By W McDermaid:

Black—2, 3, 5, 18*.

White—11, 13, 14, 23*.

White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS.

Chess problem No. 46:

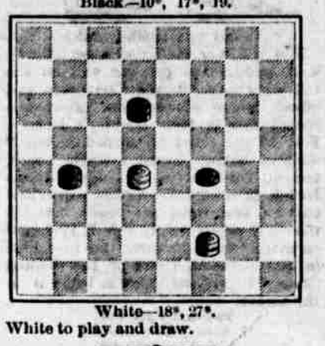
| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1..Kt to Kt 6 | 1..K moves. |
| 2..Kt to Q 7 x | 2..K moves. |
| 3..R mates. | |

Checker problem No. 46:

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1.. 2 to 6 | 1..10 to 14 |
| 2.. 6 to 9 | 2..14 to 18 |
| 3..11 to 15 | Drawn. |

The following is a problem by Geo. Mugridge, sent by a Lancaster player:

Black—10*, 17*, 19.



White—18*, 27*.

White to play and draw.

**Hateful Blood Relations.**

Hatefu' kindred are those sprung from the parent stem—malaria. They are chills and fever, bilious remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake. These foes to bodily peace are all blood relations, as there is no doubt that these endemic complaints are produced by contamination of the blood by the *miasmata* existent in both air and water in malarious regions. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters expels from the blood the virus with which miasma infects, but it does more than this, it neutralizes the atmospheric and aqueous poison and its germs before they have permanently fructified in the system, and thus effectually protects against it the fierce inroads of this diabolic brotherhood of diseases. Thus it is not only a remedy, but also a preventive, prompt in relieving, lasting in effect, perfectly efficient. Nervousness, biliousness, dyspepsia and kidney trouble also succumb to it. j29-to f5

For the cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

## Special Notices.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!**

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. june25lydaw

**Eupepsy.**

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia, and all diseases of Liver Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (4)

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. june27-lyd

**A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.**

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle: it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful Discovery Free at H. B. Cochran's drugstore, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (4

## Photographs.

ROTE.

I JUST RECEIVED

— FROM —

Kænigsburg, Prussia,

Two Backgrounds made especially for Bust and Three-quarter Length Photographs.

ROTE,

50 1-2 NORTH QUEEN ST.,

Next Door to the Postoffice.

jan7-4md

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND GUNNERS.—All persons are hereby forbidden to trespass on any of the lands of the Cornwall and Speedwell estates in Lebanon or Lancaster counties, whether inclosed or uninclosed, either for the purpose of shooting or fishing, as the law will be rigidly enforced against all trespassing on said lands of the undersigned after this notice.

WM. COLEMAN FREEMAN
R. PERCY ALDEN,
EDW. C. FREEMAN,
Attorneys for R. W. Coleman's Heirs.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

THE GENUINE DR. C.

McLANE'S

—CELEBRATED—

LIVER PILLS!

—FOR—

SICK HEADACHE!

READ THIS!

*Fleming Bros.:*

DEAR SIRS,—For a long time I suffered from the effects of indigestion and sick headache, and on trying your Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills I found quick and satisfactory relief. A very few doses did the work and I would not be without them. GEO. H. HARRIS.

Sioux Falls, Dakota.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, pimples on the face and body, impure blood, etc., by using regularly Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared only by Fleming Brothers, Pittsburg, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently but of the same pronunciation. Always look for the signature of Fleming Bros. and C. McLane, Pittsburg, Pa., on the wrapper. All others are worthless when compared with the genuine McLane's.

nov20-lyeodTu,Th,Sdw

HUMPHREYS'

VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES | Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation,
A.A. | Spinal Meningitis, Milk Fever.
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion.

STABLE CASE, with Specifics, Manual, Witch Hazel Oil and Medicator.....$7.00
PRICE, Single Bottle (over 50 doses)..... .60

Sold by Druggists; or Sent Prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on Receipt of Price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC NO. 28.

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for NERVOUS DEBILITY, VITAL WEAKNESS, and Prostration, from Over-Work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder for $5.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 1 Fulton St., N. Y. june27-Th,Sdw

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

CATARRH, HAY FEVER.

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied to each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS,
sep11-lydaw No. 56 Warren St., New York.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS

Of the Human Body Enlarged, Developed, Strengthened, etc., is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by writing to the ERIE MEDICAL CO., 5 Swan St., Buffalo, N. Y.—*Daily Toledo Bee.* f11-lydaw

## Groceries.

CUT PRICES

—IN—

Groceries, at Clarke's.

Large Size Bottles Worcestershire Sauce, 25c.
Small Size Bottles Worcestershire Sauce, 20c.
Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, per can, 15c.
Fresh Salmon 10 & 12c per can. French Peas, few spots of rust on can, 12c. Imported Spaghetti Macaroni, 11c per pack. Dark California Apricots, 6c ℔ lb. Bright as a Dollar Apricots, 15c ℔ lb. New Prunellas, 8c and 12c ℔ lb. Whole Apples, with cores out, only 10c ℔ lb. Pared Evaporated Peaches, 20c ℔ lb. Unpared Evaporated Peaches, 5c ℔ lb. The best French or California Prunes, 10c ℔ lb. The best 50c Mixed Tea, 35c ℔ lb. The best Rio Coffees, 24c ℔ lb. Three lbs Regular Dried Beef for 25c. Extra Dried Beef Knuckles, 13c ℔ lb. California Hams, 7c ℔ lb. Shoulder Hams, 6c ℔ lb. Finest Sugar Cured Hams, 10½c ℔ lb. The Great XXXX Flour for 75c ℔ qr.

P. S.—The above prices are good for to-morrow only—February 1. So make no mistake, but come to-morrow and secure bargains.

SAMUEL CLARKE'S

TEA, COFFEE & GROCERY STORE, NOS. 12 & 14 SOUTH QUEEN ST.

AT BURSK'S.

RELIABLE GOODS.

We aim to furnish Good Goods at Reasonable Prices.

BUCKWHEAT! BUCKWHEAT!

We have Choice, Pure, Plain, Buckwheat, that with Fleishman's Yeast makes the finest Buckwheat Cakes. We also have Hecker's and Stevens' Self-Raising

CORNMEAL.

Granulated, Brinser's Kiln-Dried and White Cornmeal.

OATMEAL AND AVENA,

Cracked and Rolled Wheat, always fresh. Imported Macaroni and Vermicelli.

CHEESE—Dutchhead or Edom, Pine Apple, Sapsago, Roquefort, and York State Full Cream.

A CARLOAD OF SALT.—Just received, a car of Coarse and Fine Salt, of superior quality.

HONEY! HONEY! Fine Comb Honey; also, Orange Blossom Honey in bottles, and Rendered Honey by the pound.

BURSK'S,

NO. 17 EAST KING STREET.

Telephone Connection.

AT REIST'S.

Stop! This is Reist's Advertisement! Don't read it unless you want to save money.
Canned Corn, 5c.
Canned Strawberries, four cans for 25c.
Canned Blackberries, 5c.
Canned Blackberries, four cans for 25c.
Fine Whole Canned Tomatoes, 8c.
Finest Pie Peaches in cans, 10c.
Finest French Peas, two cans for 25c.
Fine French Peas, 11c a can.
Evaporated Apricots, three pounds for 25c.
Evaporated Apricots, Bright Color, 15c a pound.
Golden Egg Plums, 10, 12½ and 15c a pound.
Fine Large Golden California Prunes, 20c a pound.
Fine Country Dried Apples, 6c a quart.
Fine Evaporated Apples, three and two pounds for 25c.
Peaches, Bright New Goods, five pounds 25c.
Peaches, Evaporated, three and two pounds for 25c.
Prunellas, Fine Fruit, two pounds for 25c.
Fine Large Muscatell Raisins, 12c.
Fine Large French Prunes, three pounds, 25c.
California Prunes, require no sugar, 