

Most of you know my history since I came here in '49; not one is acquainted with it before that time. I am a native of Maryland, and came to this coast in '42—long before the discovery of gold—being then only twenty-three years old. Five months before leaving home, I became engaged to a lady of Washington city; but the parents, being moderately wealthy, opposed the union. We were young, passionate, and deep in love, and, taking advantage of the absence of the old folks, one evening, we were married in the presence of a few young friends, under the roof of her parents. One of the servants informed them of the unusual proceeding in progress, and shortly after the ceremony, the mother, greatly excited, and the father perfectly calm, presented themselves. He informed me, very quietly and coldly, that he should make no attempt to prevent me from taking my prize away, and providing for it; and, in the same cold, formal manner, requested us to leave.

I had intended to do this, but we thought he would act with some fatherly consideration for his child after the deed was done. I held a small position under government, with a moderate salary—enough to provide for us comfortably. Her father had some influence, and he used it to effect my removal. He succeeded, and not long after we were in the midst of poverty. After struggling for several months, I concluded to seek some new place, and endeavor to build up a new home. I obtained passage as a common sailor, for the outgoing voyage, on board the bark *Mollie Dean*; engaged in the early California coast traffic; and one morning left my dear young wife alone, believing that her father's hostility would cease, and that he would take her home again as soon as I was out of the way. When we cast anchor at Monterey, six months after, my clothes were scarcely sufficient to cheat the name of nakedness; and it was just as well that the pockets had been ripped from my pants for patches, not having a dime to put in them.

"Success came after a time, though never very lavishly. Yet I always had plenty, and forwarded money to my wife whenever the opportunity presented itself. I never heard from her, though, and it was not till after Marshall found gold that a letter came from Washington, signed by a 'Mrs. Combs,' bringing me news from home—such news!"

The prisoner paused a moment, looked out of the open window, his thoughts far away.

"She was dead!" he resumed in a low tone, and stopped again, a gritty sound issuing from between his teeth. The Court-room became still as death.

"Starved! Found dead one morning, at her father's door—a mass of rattling bones. And this occurred eight years before the letter came, and a month before I landed at Monterey! Poor girl; I suppose she thought he would bury her at least; and he did."

"The woman wrote that she had occupied an adjoining room in one of the low tenements of the city; had been with her when our child was born; that she was then in a starving condition, and her father knew it. She had advised Mary to leave the babe at the door of some people whom she knew, where it would be cared for, and that a fortnight after, wild-eyed and hollow-cheeked, she crawled out with her little one in her arms, and never returned. Next morning she was found alone, and dead. My wife had told her I had gone to California; but she never thought of writing until Barker started for the mines, when, believing that circumstance might bring me in contact with my own child, without knowing it, she thought best to venture a letter on the chance of finding me if still alive. It was addressed to San Francisco, and sent to me by a friend of earlier times, who was also a wanderer in the country before the gold days. The letter directed me to come here and find Cyrus Barker, whom I already knew; that he was the head of the family where my child had been left."

Next year, in '50, when the family arrived, I framed an excuse to go below, and then, for the first time, saw my own daughter.

"Ah, boys," drawing a deep breath, "it was hard work to keep from taking the little one in my arms; but you can imagine my delight when she took to me so readily and confidingly."

"During the after years, while she was growing towards womanhood, my resolution to hold the secret of her parentage failed in power with every day. One evening, two years ago, I told her, and since then have been a happier man, until the day when the Johnsons coupled her name with infamy."

The loud and expressive opinions of those who had gathered in from all the surrounding camps, after the prisoner had resumed his seat, were with some difficulty stopped by the efforts of the Sheriff and the oft-repeated "Order! order!" from the Court.

Little other testimony was taken. The Prosecuting Attorney had lost interest in the case, and it was allowed to go to the jury without argument.

The jury was out only long enough to take a vote; but the verdict "Not guilty" had been robbed of its pleasant surprise and consequent excitement. It was, doubtless, the first case on record in California,

where the criminal's testimony was accepted for its full value.

Cap whispered, as we passed into the free air once more, that I should go and tell Dawn how and why the trial terminated; father had listened to the story for himself, and went away with a queer look on his face; an indecision between delight and sorrow.

On the watch for a messenger with news, good or bad Dawn, read the verdict in my face, as she came towards me, for in another moment she was in my arms, and I was wickered enough to stop with my lips the murmured words, "Oh, thank God!"

Then while we walked slowly homeward, I told her the story.—*Oerland Monthly.*

Wine and Social Pressure.

One who makes a careful study of the drinking customs of America, and the phenomena of intemperance in general, will soon discover that the tap-root of the evil tree of drunkenness is the fashion, old but not venerable, of regarding alcohol in some form as the established and proper symbol of hospitality and good social fellowship. Subtract the social element from the drinking usages of our own country, leaving each person to use alcoholic beverages solely for the sake of stimulation, or not at all, and you remove a system of social pressure without which few men or women would contract drinking habits.

The young American usually learns to use wine and spirits, not because of any instinctive appetite for alcohol, not because of its pleasant taste, not because of any need for artificial stimulant, but simply because he finds himself in company where social drinking is fashionable, and he wishes to imitate, or fears to offend, his associates and superiors. An occasional glass, accepted under social pressure or ostentatiously quaffed as an evidence of budding manliness, speedily breaks down all early scruples, and engenders the alcohol appetite. Thenceforward no outside pressure is required to maintain the drinking habit. A fire has been kindled within; our young American has joined the ranks of the steady drinkers, and in his turn helps to perpetuate and extend the social custom which has entrapped himself.

Thus do drinking usages descend from generation to generation. Thus does drunkenness propagate itself.

How he Decided.

A poor Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and brought before the Cadi, where he made the most grave charge, and claimed ample redress.

The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence.

"Dispenser of Justice," answered the accused, in humble mood, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused.

The Cadi meditated a few moments, and finally said: "It shall be so."

Then to the slater he continued.—

"Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this man stood when thou didst fall upon him."

And to the accuser he added,—

"And thou shalt, if it so please thee, go upon the roof, and fall upon the culprit, even as he did fall upon thy father. Allah is great!"

Among the crown jewels of France which are to be sold to help the nation in its difficulties, are some stones which have a curious history. The famous regent or Pitt diamond is one of these. Of course it was stolen at first—all diamonds are—and came in some mysterious way, into possession of Mr. Thomas Pitt, Governor of British India, who sold it to the Prince Regent of France. During the revolution 1789 the Commune of Paris pillaged the royal wardrobe, and this famous jewel was lost for several years, until one day a letter came to the authorities at the Hotel de Ville saying that if they would go to the foot of a certain tree in the Champs Elysee and dig to a considerable depth it would be found. The advice was followed, and the regent was recovered. The Sancy, another famous diamond, has been before the world for four centuries, or ever since it belonged to Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, who lost it and his life at the battle of Nancy. After this the diamond passed through a variety of adventures until it finally found its way into the crown collection of France. Among the crown jewels are many pearls and sapphires. These latter stones are said to bring good luck, but even the great number of them in this collection has failed to render fortunate the different royal families who have from time to time occupied the French throne.

Singular Devotion.

In the latter part of 1863, during the Rebellion, a soldier whose name is unknown died near New Creek, West Va., but papers found on his person proved him to be from Washington county, Pa. At the time of his death he had a dog to whom he was greatly attached. The dog followed his dead master to his grave, and as his comrades were filling up his grave, the devoted friend whined piteously, and tried to get the dirt from out the grave. Every exertion was made to get the dog away from the grave but it remained lying on the grave, only taking time enough each day to go and find a spare morsel to eat. Even the bitterest Rebels fed the dog—honoring such devoted loyalty. It remained guarding the grave until about one month ago when death relieved him of his duty—having stood a devoted watch of nearly nine years. About twenty-five citizens buried him, erecting a board with the following inscription: "Here lies the remains of Poor Dog *Rosebrant*, the Unknown Soldier's Devoted Friend."

Afraid of the Small-pox.

A New Jersey paper says, that a young man employed by one of the Railroad Companies of this State at their terminus on the Hudson, visited a pleasant little village among the hills, not thirty miles from Newark, the home of the family of his wife, and taking with him the seeds of the small-pox, was stricken down with the disease. At once the father, mother, and family fled the house, and but for the devotion of his wife he would have been left alone, as not a soul could be persuaded to go near him save the village doctor. He speedily died, and the doctor was obliged to lay out the corpse himself. No inducements could prevail on people to bury him, however, till at length two men were found, who, in the night, removed the body to the grave-yard and placed it in the grave. Before completely filling it up they divested themselves of their clothes, and shivering threw them in the grave and put a little dirt over them. Then retiring to another part of the church-yard they donned their clothes and returned and finished their task.

One Baby Killed by Another.

The Troy, N. Y., *Times* says: A tragedy occurred in the family of H. P. Clark, a compositor, on Sunday afternoon, at his dwelling on Fourteenth street. Mrs. Clark was busily engaged in attending to her domestic affairs, and called in Mary Russel, a little girl, to take care of her little boy, a baby nine months old. A three year old son of Mr. Clark was playing with his brother and the little girl, and was amusing himself by throwing small blocks and other missiles from the corner of the room in which they were playing to the other. While he was thus engaged he grasped a small piece of slate, and without being precise in his aim hurled it in playful glee. It struck the baby, which the little girl had in her arms, on the right side of the head and inflicted a deep gash. At first it was not apprehended that there was any danger in the wound, but Dr. Hutchinson, who was immediately thereafter called, said that the skull had been fractured and that the child could not live. After passing the night in an unconscious state the little sufferer expired.

An elderly gentleman was recently "confided" on a train running into Keokuk, by sharpers who induced him to buy a draft (worthless) on Buffalo for \$157, 40, he paying them two \$100 bills, and they paying him \$42 00 as change. The conductor of the train took the first opportunity to quietly suggest to the innocent old man that he was afraid the draft was a fraud. "Well," was the bland response of the imperturbable greeny, "if it is any bigger fraud than my two one hundred dollar notes were, then I am not forty-three dollars ahead—which I think I am. I am not in the habit of dealing in counterfeit currency, but I always keep a little of that sort of stuff about me for the benefit of that sort of customers."

A Leap Year Story.

Judge Chambers of the Belmont county, Penna., common pleas, is an 'old bachelor.' At a party in St. Clairville, the other evening, a young lady was standing in a draught when the judge stepped up and remarked, "Miss —, I will protect you from the draught with my person." She replied, "Do you promise thus to guard and protect me?" Through his proverbial gallantry he replied, "I do." Extending her hand she remarked, "Judge, you will recollect this is leap-year." The judge was for a moment nonplused, but finally succeeded in saying, "You must ask my mother."

The *New Rural Home* says that a Mr. Root has acqueducts made of bass wood saplings which have been laid nine years, which are now just as sound as when put down, and it suggests that bass wood may be the best timber for this purpose, as it soaks full of water, and timber constantly saturated, it is well known, is very durable.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name to distinguish himself from his landless brother, —von Beethoven, land-owner. The other signed his name 'Beethoven, brain-owner,' to be equal with him.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

Peculiar Properties of Water.

HEATED water evaporates or rises in vapor, the particles of which are so minute, when upborne by the air; as to be invisible. Though unperceived by us the atmosphere is filled with this mist, whose nature is in no way changed from the water upon the earth, except in the extreme subdivision of its particles. But once it occurred to a man, who was making experiments with gases, to compel the vapor to pass through a heated tube filled with loose iron filings or fine wire. The result was as he anticipated. The nature of both the iron within the tube, and vapor issuing from the end was changed. It required a great deal of subsequent experiment to ascertain the precise nature of these changes, and the manner in which they were effected; yet they were simple, and, when learned, could be explained in a word. One of the constituents of the water, oxygen, has a much stronger affinity for the heated iron than for the material with which it was united in the water; it therefore forsook its old friend for a new alliance, and the old was thenceforth compelled to pursue its way alone. This in the experiment referred to, was collected at the end of the tube and subjected to protracted and rigid examination. One of the first things learned about it was that it would burn freely; a fact which most would hardly have expected, considering it was a product of water. Cavendish the experimenter, observing this fact, called it, *inflammable air*; a name by which the gas continued for some time to be known. In burning it gave only a faint blue light, but the heat was most intense. Indeed no substance has yet been found which will produce so intense a heat, and hence it continues to be used in the compound blow-pipe, an instrument for melting the hardest and most refractory substances. The reason of this great heat is obvious when we come to understand, as chemist now do, the way in which burning always produces heat. This is the result of the union of oxygen with some other substances, the degree of heat depending on the amount of oxygen absorbed; but no substance absorbs so large amount of oxygen in proportion to itself as this *inflammable air*, as Cavendish called it. A jet of this, united with the proper proportion of oxygen, and turned by the compound blow-pipe upon a piece of platinum will melt this metal like wax; and yet, as is well known platinum is one of the hardest of substances, and cannot be melted by the most intense furnace known in the arts. Efforts have been made to reduce hydrogen from a gaseous to a solid state by pressure or cold, but no amount of either has been able to accomplish it. The difficulty of applying pressure has been great on account of the extreme subdivision of the particles. It has been found to leak freely from vessels which were perfectly tight for nitrogen with double the pressure applied to it. Without pressure it passes freely through paper, and gold or silver leaf; a stream of gas directed against one side may be ignited on the other.

An Ingenious Instrument.

Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in ingenuity. On it was seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This wonderful machine was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it.

"The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit. If your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity."

The King took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand barking so loud that the King's dog, which was in the room, began to bark also. At this the courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves as they departed. Having desired the Minister of Marine (the only one who ventured to remain) to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the Minister did so, but obtained no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned Spanish, upon which the question was repeated in French, when the black immediately answered him. At this prodigy the firmness of the Minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being.

A Hindoo priest called in all the members of a large family, one of whom was known to have committed a theft, and thus addressed them: "Take each of you one of these sticks, which are of an equal length, and put them under your pillows to-night. I do not at present know the offender, but you must return the sticks to me to-morrow morning; and the one belonging to the thief will have grown an inch during the night." The family retired to rest; but before he went to sleep, the man who had committed the theft, cunningly cut off an inch from his stick, firmly believing, by this means, to attain the length of the others by next morning. The sticks were returned, and, by comparing them, the priest was instantly able to pitch upon the offender, to his great surprise and dismay.

New Advertisements.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION!

THE primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation, I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lastals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of good digestion, and, ultimately make good, healthy, living blood—After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs—a cavity or abscess there—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person will regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the system of all the diseases she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution monetary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring or Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the First of October I expect to take possession of my new building, at the North-east Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

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