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# The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., APRIL 6, 1871. NO. 4.

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Editorial notices per line 15  
All advertisements for a shorter period  
than one year are payable at the time  
they are ordered, and if not paid the per-  
son ordering them will be held responsible  
for the money.

P. CRONMILLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Middleburg, Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other professional  
business entrusted to his care will receive  
prompt attention.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

C. SIMPSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selingsgrove Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
[Jan. 17, '67]

W. KNIGHT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Frederburg Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
[Jan. 17, '67]

W. M. VAN GEZER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other pro-  
fessional business entrusted to his care will  
receive prompt attention.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

E. F. MILLER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care will  
receive prompt attention.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

M. LINN, A. H. DILL,  
(Successors to J. F. & J. M. Linn),  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lewisburg, Pa.  
Their professional services to the  
public. Collections and all other pro-  
fessional business entrusted to their care  
will receive prompt attention.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

CHARLES HOWER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selingsgrove Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. Collections and all other profes-  
sional business entrusted to his care will  
receive prompt attention. Office two doors  
north of the Keystone Hotel. [Jan. 5, '67]

AMUEL ALLEMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Selingsgrove Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his  
care will be promptly attended to. Col-  
lections made in all parts of the State.  
Can speak the English and German  
languages fluently. Office between Hall's  
& the Post office.  
[Jan. 5, '67]

N. MYERS,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW  
Middleburg Snyder County Penna.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. Consultation in English or  
German language. [Jan. 5, '67]

C. BUCHER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Lewisburg Pa.  
His professional services to the pub-  
lic. All business entrusted to his care  
will be promptly attended to.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

ROVER & BAKER,  
SEWING MACHINE.  
Persons in need of a good and durable  
Sewing Machine can be accommodated at  
reasonable prices by calling on or SAM-  
UEL FAUST, Agent, Selingsgrove.  
[Jan. 24, '68]

D. J. Y. SHINDEL,  
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,  
Middleburg Pa.  
His professional services to the citi-  
zens of Middleburg and vicinity.  
[March 21, '67]

F. VAN BUSKIRK,  
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST  
Selingsgrove Penn  
His professional services to the  
public.  
[G-381f]

JOHN K. HUGHES, Esq.,  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Penn Twp., Snyder Co. Pa.

h. WAGNER, Esq.,  
SOLICITOR OF THE PEACE,  
Jackson Township, Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Attends to all business entrusted to  
him and on the most reasonable  
terms. [March 12, '68]

D. J. F. KANAWEL,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Selingsgrove, Snyder Co., Pa.,  
His professional services to the  
public.  
[G-381f]

W. SCHWAN, M. D.,  
SURGEON & PHYSICIAN,  
Fort Troup, Pa.  
His professional services to the  
citizens of this place and vicinity. He  
speaks German and English.  
[April 16, '68]

A. BOYER, Jr.,  
AUCTIONEER,  
Frederburg Snyder Co. Pa.,  
Solely and exclusively offers his services to  
public as Auctioneer and Auction-  
eer. Having had a large experience,  
I am confident that I can render perfect  
attention to my employes.  
[Jan. 3, '67]

HANSELL & CHEW,  
SUCCESSORS TO CAFFREY & CHEW,  
GROCERY AND  
GLASSWARE,  
No. 21 North Fourth Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Original Packages Constantly on Hand.  
Represented by THEOPH. SWINEFORD.

Office, 720  
**Willcox & Gibbs**  
Chestnut  
Silent  
Street,  
SEWING MACHINES  
Philadelphia.

"I give my hearty preference to the  
Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine."  
FANNY FERRY.

"The weight of reliable evidence being  
overwhelming for that of the Willcox & Gibbs  
Silent Sewing Machine, I decided upon it,  
and secured it, and on more than one  
occasion, I have used it."  
GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I have the Wheeler & Wilson, the Grover  
& Baker, and the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing  
Machines in my family. I use the Willcox  
& Gibbs most frequently, thinking it far  
superior to either of the others."  
MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"My wife would not accept a Sewing  
Machine of any other patent or a gift, if she  
must receive it on condition of giving up the  
Willcox & Gibbs."  
REV. OLIVER CRANE,  
Carnegie, Pa.

"The Willcox & Gibbs is the only Sewing  
Machine whose working is so sure and simple  
that I could venture to introduce it into  
Ireland."  
REV. A. T. PRATT,  
Missionary American Board.

"We have used various Sewing Machines  
within our family, but it is the unanimous  
opinion of the household, that the Willcox  
& Gibbs is the best of them all."  
REV. J. S. HOLME,  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"For simplicity and mechanical accuracy  
of construction, I have seen no Sewing  
Machine equal to the Willcox & Gibbs."  
ENOCH LEWIS,  
Of the Pennsylvania Central R.R.

A correspondence on the subject  
of Sewing Machines is respect-  
fully solicited.  
D. S. EWING,  
720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW FIRM  
—AND—  
NEW GOODS!  
E. G. NETZEL, F. S. McCULLOUGH  
NETZEL & McCULLOUGH,  
(SUCCESSORS TO JOHN NETZEL.)  
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

MERCHANDISE!  
HIGHEST CASH PRICE  
PAID FOR  
FLOUR, GRAIN,  
RAIL ROAD TIES,  
&c., &c.,  
CHAPMAN,  
SNYDER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.  
March 17, 1870-1f.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN  
BANNERVILLE.  
NEW GOODS.  
HELFRICH & BROWER  
Wish to inform the citizens of Bannerville  
and vicinity that they have opened a new  
stock of goods, and will keep constantly on  
hand a full assortment of  
DRESS GOODS:  
Consisting of ALPACA, POPLIN, PLAID,  
LUSTRE, DELAINE,  
CALICOES, &c.

Cloths & Cassimeres  
HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.  
GROCERIES:  
HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE.

SALT AND FISH,  
And in fact everything usually kept in a  
first class country store. All of which we  
offer at greatly reduced prices, for Cash or  
Country Produce.

Large and large experience in the  
business of one variety that we can  
offer to our customers.  
Persons who attend to business  
in this place, to make a liberal  
use of our services. Our motto is  
"Honesty and Good Profits."

And in fact everything usually kept in a  
first class country store. All of which we  
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"Honesty and Good Profits."

## Select Poetry.

Song of Spring Blossoms.  
Over the mountain top,  
Tripping along,  
Little spring blossoms come—  
Little their song!

Here we are! Here we are!  
Dripping with dew,  
Bright little flower bells,  
Radiant in hue.

Down in the valley  
Low is our home,  
On the green hillside  
Joyous we roam.

Softly as you pass along,  
See how we smile,  
Sing our happy song  
So fly the while.

See in the shower  
How meekly we bend,  
Humble in our lot,  
Heaven may send.

And when the shower goes,  
Gently we nod,  
Hearts full of thankfulness  
To our good God.

Ring little flower-bells,  
Gladly little  
We are the spring-blossoms—  
List to our song!

## NORA AND JAMESY.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor, this  
stone was erected by his Fellow Workmen."

These words you may read any day  
Upon a white slab in a cemetery not  
many miles from New York; but you  
might read them a hundred times  
without guessing the little tragedy  
they indelicate, without knowing the  
humble romance which ended with the  
placing of that stone above the dust  
of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mat-  
tressen breeches, he was scarcely an at-  
tractive object as he walked into Mr.  
Bawn's great tin and hardware shop,  
one day, and presented himself at the  
counter with an—

"I've been told you advertised for  
hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said  
Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his  
account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low  
wages till I could do better, and I'd  
learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr.  
Bawn always declared that he never  
would employ an incompetent hand.  
Yet the tones attracted him. He  
turned briskly, and with his pen be-  
hind his ear, addressed the man, who  
was only one of the fifty who had an-  
swered his advertisement for four work-  
men that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn  
faster than other folks—are you any  
smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man,  
"but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make  
it niser."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."  
"Much?"

"No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie,  
Tim O'Toole had'n't the like of this  
place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice,  
and you'd be in the way, I calculate,"  
said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny  
arms and bright eyes that promised  
strength and intelligence. Besides I  
know your countrymen—laxy, good-  
for-nothing fellows, who never do  
their best. No, I've been taken in by  
Irish hands before, and I wouldn't  
have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after  
bringing them over in her two arms,  
thin," said the man despondingly, "for  
I've tramped all day for the last forty-  
nine, and siver a job can I get, and  
that's the last penny I have, yer honor,  
and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm  
open with an English half penny upon  
it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr.  
Bawn, arrested by the odd speech as  
he turned upon his heel, and turned  
back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."  
"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other's me  
child," said the man. "Oh, master,  
jist thry me. How'll I bring 'em over  
to me if no one will give me a job? I  
want to be stringing, and the whole city  
seems against it, and me with armo-  
like him."

He bared his arms to the shoulders  
as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at  
them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for the week," he said,  
"and now as the moon, so down into  
the kitchen and tell the girl to get you  
your dinner—a hungry man can't work."  
And with an Irish blessing the man  
had obeyed while Mr. Bawn went  
to his own meal.

Tim O'Toole was of the boy  
and night

hard, and actually learned fast. At  
the end of the week he was the best  
workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond  
of drink or wasting money. As his  
wages grew he hoarded every penny  
and wore the same shabby clothes in  
which he had made his first appearance.  
"Beer costs money," he said one day  
"and every cint I spind puts off the  
bringing of Nora and Jamesy over;  
and as for clothes, them I have must-  
do me—better no coat to me back, than  
no wit and boy by me freeside; any-  
how, its slow work sating."

It was slow work, but he kept at  
work all the same. Other men, thought-  
less and full of fun, tried to make him  
drink—made a jest of his saving habits,  
coaxed him to accompany them to  
places of amusement, or share their  
Sunnay frolics. All in vain. Connor  
liked beer, liked fun, liked compani-  
on-ship; but he would not delay the long  
looked for bringing of Nora over, and  
was not "maud enough" to accept fa-  
vors of others. He kept his way, a  
merry to his one great wish—living  
on little, working at night on an extra  
job by which he could earn a few shil-  
lings, by running errands in his noon  
hours of rest, and talking to any one  
who would listen, of his one great  
hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided them-  
selves on being all Americans, and on  
turning out the best work in the city,  
bade a sort of butt of Connor, whose  
"wild Irish" ways and verbiage were  
often laughable. But when their hearts  
at last, and when, one day, mounting  
a work-bench, he shook his little  
bunble wrapped in a red kerchief, before  
their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys,  
I've got the whole at last! I'm going  
to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last!  
Whoor! I've got it!" all felt a syn-  
pathy in his joy, and each grasped his  
great hand in correal congratulations.

They parted in a merry mood, most  
of the men going to comfortable homes.  
But poor Connor's resting place was a  
poor long-house, where he shared a  
crazy garret with four other men, and  
in the joy of his heart the poor fellow  
exhibited his handkerchief, with his  
hard earned savings tied up in a  
hard wad in the middle, before he put  
it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning he  
found his treasure gone. Some villain,  
more contemptible than most bad men  
are, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even be-  
lieve it lost. He searched every cor-  
ner of the room, shook his quilt and  
blankets, and begged those about him  
to "quit joking and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.  
"Is any man that had it's thaved  
from me?" he asked in a breathless  
way. "Boys is any man that had it?"

And some one answered: "No doubt  
of it, Connor. It's stole."

Then Connor put his head down on  
his hands and wept. It was one of  
those nights which men never forget.  
It seemed more than he could bear,  
to have Nora and his child "at," as he  
expressed it, "months away from him  
again."

"But when he went to work that day  
it seemed to all who saw him that he  
had picked up a new determination.  
His hand, were never idle. His face  
seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with  
me yet." At noon he scratched out a  
letter, blotting and very strangely  
scratched, telling Nora what had hap-  
pened, and those who observed him,  
noticed that he had no meat for his  
dinner. Indeed, from that moment,  
he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold  
water, and worked as few men worked  
before. It grew to be the talk of the  
shop, and now that sympathy was ex-  
cited, every one wanted to help Con-  
nor. Jobs were thrown in his way;  
but no power could make him share  
the food or drink of any of the other  
workmen.

That seemed a sort of charity to him.  
Still he was helped alone. A Present  
from Mr. Bawn at pay-day set Nora,  
as he said, "a week nearer," and this  
and that, and the other added to the  
little hoard. It grew faster than the  
first, and Connor's burden was not so  
heavy. At last, before he hoped it,  
he was once more able to say, "I am  
going to bring them over," and to show  
his handkerchief, in which, as before,  
he tied up his earnings; this time,  
however, only to his friends. Cautious  
among strangers he hid the treasure,  
and kept his vest buttoned over it  
night and day until the tickets were  
bought and sent. Then he told every  
one that Nora and her child were  
coming.

The days flew by and brought a  
letter at last from his wife. "She  
would part as he desired, and she was  
ready to go with the boy, and night

the Lord bring them safely to each  
other's arms, and bids them who had  
been so kind to him."

This was the substance of the epistle  
which Connor proudly assured his  
fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself.  
She had lived at service as a girl, with  
a certain good old lady, who had given  
her an education, the items of which  
Connor told upon his fingers. "Th-  
radin," that's one and "the writin,"  
that's two, and moreover she know-  
all a woman can." Then he looked  
up at his fellow-workmen with the  
tears in his eyes, and asked:

"Do you wonder the time seems  
long between her and me—boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day  
—Nora at noon—Nora at night—and  
the glad news that the "Stormy  
Petrel" had come to Port, and Connor  
breathless and pale with excitement,  
flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon,  
and half a dozen men were ready to  
go with Connor to the steamer and  
give his wife a greeting. Her little  
home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own  
servant had put it in order, and Con-  
nor took one peep at it, before he  
started.

"She had'n't the like o' that in the  
old country, he said. "But she'll  
know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way towards the  
dock where the steamer lay, at a pace  
which made it hard for the rest to  
follow him. A troop of emigrants came  
thronging up, the cabin passengers  
were stepping into cabs, and drivers,  
porters, and all manner of employes  
were yelling and shouting in the usual  
manner. Nora would wait on board  
for her husband—he knew that.

The little group waited their way in-  
to the vessel at last, and there amidst  
those who sat watching for coming  
friends, Connor searched for the two  
so dear to him; patiently a first, ea-  
gerly, but patiently; and by and by  
growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go along," he  
said, "she'd be lost entirely; I baid  
her wait, but I don't see her, boys, I  
think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain,"  
asked one, and Connor jumped at the  
suggestion, in a moment he stood be-  
fore a portly, rubicund man, who nod-  
ded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer  
honor," said Connor "and I can't find  
her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said  
the captain.

"I baid her wait," said Connor.  
"Women don't always do as they  
are bid, you know," said the captain.  
"Nora would," said Connor, "but  
maybe she was left behind. Maybe  
she didn't come; I somehow think  
she didn't."

"Keep up if you can, my man,"  
said the captain. "I wish any one  
else had it to tell rather than I. That  
night Nora was taken suddenly ill al-  
so, very suddenly. She grew worse  
fast. In the morning she called me  
to her: 'Tell Connor I died thinking of  
him, she said, 'and tell him to meet  
me—and, my man, God help you, she  
never said anything more—in an hour  
she was gone.' Connor had risen. He  
stood up trying to steady himself,  
looking at the captain with his eyes  
as dry as two stones. Then he turned  
to his friends:

"I've got my death boys," he said,  
and then dropped to the floor like a  
log.

They raised him and bore him away.  
In an hour he was at home on the  
little bed which had been made ready  
for Nora, weary with her long voyage.  
There, at last he opened his eyes. Oh,  
Bawn bent over him; he had been  
summoned by the news, and the room  
was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old  
man.

"A dale?" said Connor. "It's aisy  
now, I'll be with her soon. And look  
ye, meather, I've learnt one thing—  
God is good. He would not bring  
Nora over to me, but He's taking me  
over to her and Jamesy—over the  
river; don't you see it, and her stand-  
ing on the other side to welcome  
me?"

And with these words Connor  
stretched out his arms. Perhaps he  
did see Nora—Heaven only knows—  
and so he died.

## A New Chapter of History.

How California was kept from being  
driven into the vortex of Rebellion.

A writer in a Chicago paper gives  
what he claims has never before been  
given to the reading public, relative to  
the political situation of California in  
the dark days of 1861. The writer  
proceeds to say:—

Then, in 1861, State after State  
was throwing off allegiance to the U-  
nion and joining the unholy alliance  
which was to perpetuate human bon-  
dage. Fortress after fortress on the  
Southern coast, was being taken by  
or surrendered by treason.

Priceless military stores in navy  
yards and arsenals were being destroy-  
ed, lest they should fall into the hands  
of the enemy. Every department of  
government contained Rebel spies, and  
the very air in our National capital  
seemed loaded with treason, when  
there came, one day, to our good  
President, a message that caused his  
check to pale, and his great heart to  
beat quick with apprehension. This  
was the message, which as it was im-  
portant; "There is treason on Alcatraz."  
Alcatraz is the name of the island  
fort that guards the Golden Gate, and  
commands the harbor and city of San  
Francisco.

It is a rock of a few acres in extent,  
rising, perhaps, fifty feet above the  
surface of the water. The fort is the  
Gibraltar of America, and as much  
stronger than Sumpter or Pickens as  
solid rock is stronger than brick and  
mortar. Its commander at this time  
was Albert Sidney Johnston. The  
force under his command consisted of  
but a few companies. The Pacific  
coast was strongly Democratic. Its  
population consisted largely of emi-  
grants from the slave States, who re-  
tained an intensely Southern feeling  
and sympathy, embittered by the fact  
that the great State of California had  
been lost to slavery upon its admis-  
sion into the Union ten years before.

A few leading spirits had long been  
in correspondence with the leaders in  
the Rebellion. At their suggestion,  
more than a year before, Floyd, then  
Secretary of War, had, unknown to  
any loyal person living, transferred  
eighty thousand stand of arms from  
the arsenal at Troy to that of Benicia  
to be used by the secessionists in Cal-  
ifornia when the plot should be ripe;  
and the Rebel flag unfurled. The  
programme of the traitors was this:  
To obtain possession of Fort Alcatraz,  
which would give them control of the  
city of San Francisco. Then with  
the arms that were stored at Benicia,  
they could at once arm and organize a  
force that would be irresistible through-  
out the State.

It was a brilliant conception to gain  
for slavery the whole Pacific coast,  
with its boundless resources, as well  
as all the vast region to the eastward,  
extending the Confederacy unbroken  
from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas.  
To insure the success of this scheme  
Albert Sidney Johnston was placed in  
command of Fort Alcatraz. It was  
arranged that the leaders in San Fran-  
cisco, with a force of picked men, should  
first for the purpose, should

prime and capture the fort. The de-  
tails were all arranged. They were  
waiting only for orders from the Re-  
bel Government to strike the fatal  
blow. The birds of the air carried  
a whispering of this treason to loyal  
ears.

No time was to be lost. The mails  
were then carried semi-monthly by  
steamer between New York and San  
Francisco. The time was then three  
to four weeks. There was then a  
telegraph, no railroad over, west of  
the Missouri river. There was, how-  
ever, a pony express running from  
San Francisco to St. Joseph, Mo., mak-  
ing the distance in sixteen days. By  
this express a message was instantly  
dispatched, warning President Lin-  
coln of the danger. The message was  
duly received, and a hurried consulta-  
tion was held with two or three mem-  
bers of his cabinet. It was decided  
that Johnston must be superseded by  
a loyal officer. There was such an one  
at hand, one whose loyalty and integ-  
rity were perfect and unquestionable,  
a knight without fear and without re-  
proach. It was General Sumner.

But how should he secure the com-  
mand? The fortress was six thou-  
sand miles away from the traveled route.  
If the least movement in that direc-  
tion was openly made, fleet couriers  
would carry the warning over the  
plains, and it would be too late. The  
utmost secrecy was imperative. There  
chanced to be a government war  
steamer in New York harbor. General  
Sumner was at once ordered on board  
this vessel, and its commander direct-  
ed to put to sea instantly, with speed  
orders, which were to be opened when  
one day out of port. These orders  
directed him to lay open the track of  
the outgoing California mail steamers  
look out for the one that was to sail  
the next day, put General Sumner  
on board of her, and then cruise  
southward for a week before returning  
to port.

These orders were obeyed. The  
rebel spies were baffled, and the gal-  
lant Sumner, unsuspected, was on his  
way to assume command of Alcatraz.  
Meanwhile its traitorous commander  
and his confederates were impatiently  
awaiting their orders from the rebel  
government by this very steamer. In  
due time the signal on Telegraph  
Hill announced the mail steamer at  
the Golden Gate. Within the city all  
was expectation and excitement. The  
eager thousands who thronged the  
streets, expectant of thrilling news  
from their former homes so far away,  
suddenly noticed the momentary pause  
of the steamer when passing Fort Alca-  
traz, nor did they note the tiny boat  
that shot off from her side toward the  
island, yet that tiny boat bore more,  
to them, than "Caesar and his for-  
tunes."

It bore General Sumner, who in a  
few minutes stood before the traitor  
commander, and, as his superior in  
rank, and under special orders from  
the President, assumed command of  
Fort Alcatraz. California was saved  
to the Union. Its people, viewing  
afar the carnage and desolation of  
war, soon came to gaze with horror  
upon the dark abyss into which wicked  
and unscrupulous treason would have  
plunged them. And, with patriotism  
awakened by the inspired eloquence  
of Starr King, whose lips seemed  
tongued with hallowed fire, they re-  
newed their allegiance to the Union  
of their fathers.

Thenceforth there was no more loy-  
al States than California. Its great  
distance from the scene of conflict for-  
bade its full representation in the ar-  
mies of the Union, but the Pacific  
streams of gold replenished the ex-  
hausted treasury of the nation, and its  
unparalleled contributions to the man-  
ufacturing states attested that the hearts  
of its people were loyal and true. Of the  
plots of treason, many made their  
way at once in the Rebel armies. Al-  
bert Sidney Johnston was rewarded  
with a high command and died on  
the battle-field at Pittsburg Landing.

Mark Twain thus prescribes for an  
aspirant for literary fame:  
"You've a notion."—Yes, Agassiz  
dog recommend authors to eat Rab,  
because the phosphorus in it makes  
brains. So far you are correct. But  
I cannot help you to a decision about  
the amount you need to eat—no, least,  
not with certainty. If the specimen  
composition you send is about your  
true usual average, I should judge that  
perhaps a couple of Rabes would be  
all you would want for the present.  
Not the highest kind, but simply good  
mildling sized Rabes."

How to raise Rabes—take hold of  
the Rabes and pull.

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