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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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NEGRO LOVE SONG.

Saw my lady home las' night,
Jump back, honey, jump back,
Hel' huh han' an' squef'z it tight,
Jump back, honey, jump back,
Heard huh sigh a little sigh,
Saw a light gleam f'om huh eye
An' a smile go flittin' by,
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Heard de win' blow thoo de pine,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Mockin'-bird was singin' fine,
Jump back, honey, jump back,
An' my heart was beatin' so
When I retched my lady's do'
Dat I could n't h'a to go,
Jump back, honey, jump back.

Put my ahm aroun' huh wais',
Jump back, honey, jump back,
Raised huh lips an' tuck a tas'e,
Jump back, honey, jump back.
Love me well ez I love me true,
Love me well ez I love you?
An' she answhed, "Co'se I do"—
Jump back, honey, jump back.
—*Paul Laurence Dunbar, in the Century.*

THE JUDGE'S DECISION.

Then you really think you're in love, eh?" said Judge Pelham.

He had a queer brown face, this old man, all plowed with a network of wrinkles, and little black eyes with a scanty allowance of lashes, that looked at you like glistening beads. Not the sort of a man to confide a love tale to, nor to sympathize with the tender outpourings; and how Judge Pelham ever came to be the father of a glorious girl like Kate, with the beauty of Hebe, was a riddle that we leave to those learned in physiology and psychology.

"Yes, sir," said Hugh Kearney, bravely. "I am in love with her, and if I am so fortunate as to gain your permission to pay her my addresses—"

"Stop!" said the old gentleman. "Not so fast. One thing at a time, young sir. What have you got?"

"A strong arm, sir, and a brave heart together with, I hope, at least, an average amount of brains."

"Very good stock in trade," answered the judge, still regarding Mr. Kearney with the little hard glistening beads of eyes. "Aha, Mr. Carleton, is that you? Walk in and sit down. I'll be disengaged presently."

"Then you will give my case a favorable consideration, Judge," said Hugh, rising to depart.

"I will, sir."

And Hugh went out—a tall, handsome fellow, with pleasant dark eyes and a firm, squarely cut chin, which betokens no ordinary amount of resolution and will.

Kent Carleton sat in the office, uneasily glancing over the large russet-bound volumes, when the Judge deliberately turned himself round in his revolving chair.

He, too, was handsome, with straight effeminate features, blue eyes and wavy hair.

"I have called, sir, on very important business," began Kent, hesitatingly.

"Eh! What may it be?" deliberately questioned the Judge. Kent would have given all he was worth if the brown old man would have put on a pair of spectacles. Those beady eyes confused and bewildered him.

"It's about your daughter Kate, sir," said Carleton. "I love her, and if you have no objections—"

"Ah, said Judge, "exactly so. Of course you have means to support a wife?"

"As to means, sir, I am yet only beginning the world; but I have expectations, and, added to that, I am about to commence the practice of the profession in which you have reached so brilliant a position?"

He bowed. The Judge was still transfixing him with the beady eyes.

"You may go. I'll let you know my descision to-morrow.

Carleton's footsteps had hardly died away upon the threshold when the Judge opened a door to the left of him and called:

"Kate!"

Miss Pelham came in—tall, blooming, 18, with eyes of soft liquid blue, damask cheeks and hair of real poet's gold. How strange she look among the dry old law-books and baize-covered desks, and the packets of legal papers splashed with scarlet seals like magnified drops of blood.

"Well, papa?"

"Do you want to get married, pet?"

"Well, papa, I hardly know whether I do or not!" she answered reflectively.

"Because I've had two young men men here asking permission to pay their addresses to you."

"Two young men, papa! Who were they?"

"Both eligible, as far as outward circumstances go; not rich, but sensible and enterprising, I've reason to think; and for my part I don't believe in too much ready-made money."

"But you have not told me yet who they are!"

"Hugh Kearney and Kent Carleton,' answered the Judge. "Which do you like better of the two?"

"Why, Papa, I like them both. Hugh is a good, solid fellow, and Kent has so much style."

"But you can't marry 'em both!"

"Pa," laughed Kate, coming up so that her curls fairly overflowed the brown face with the beady black eyes, "you choose for me. I really haven't any actual preference in the matter. I could like either of them; and, after all, it isn't like selecting a lover, because I can make up my mind any time."

"So you want the old dad to select for you, do you? Well, well, I'll think it over and let you know."

The Judge put on his hat and went out for a walk in the summer twilight to clear his brain of the cobwebs induced by his day's work.

"Hallo!" he cried, as he stumbled over a meditative old Irishman, who was standing staring about him with a rugged old waterproof coat hanging on his arm. "What do you mean by obstructing the highway in that sort of fashion, Hannegan?"

"Faith, it's I that axes your honor's pardon kindly, but sorra a bit I knows where I'm goin'. Perhaps your honor could tell me."

"How the mischief do you suppose I can tell you, if you don't know yourself, you Irish blunder-head?"

"They're lawyers like your honor," went on the persistent Hannegan; "and since Biddy Rourke—that's me sister, your honor, that washes for all the quality—hurt her ankle bone, she says, she—'Terry,' says she, she says, 'get the money they're owin' me, it's I that'll thank you kindly,' says she, 'and I'll do as much for you,' says she, 'for it's Mr. Carleton and Mr. Kearney—'"

"Oh!" ejaculated the Judge; "Carleton and Kearney, eh? Yes; I know where they live, and I'll go along with you and show you, if you'll lend me your overcoat and just change hats with me."

"Sure, your honor, it's too ragged-like for the likes o' you?"

"That's my business," said the Judge alertly transforming himself into an old loafer by the battered hat and rusty overgarment of Terrence Hannegan. "Now, look here, if you call me anything but Larry Rierdon I'll send you to the lockup for twenty-days."

Terrence started and grinned.

"All right, yer—"

"Stop!" roared the Judge.

"I mane Larry! And is this the, sir? I would be after saying, Mister Reirdon?"

"This is the door, Terry."

And without knocking the Judge pushed Terry into the hotel reading room, where he stood with his head drawn in between his shoulders and nearly covered by the Irishman's too-large hat, while Hannegan boldly confronted the young men.

Carleton was writing a letter, Kearney sat tipped back on his chair looking over the paper, and one or two others were lounging about, grumbling at the dismal monotony of the village in which they found themselves becalmed over night.

"Money?" ejactulated Carleton, irritable, as the Irishman made known his errand. "What money? It's but a little while since I settled that bill; there must be a mere trifle owing now?"

"It's five dollars, sir—five dollars and siventy cents; and Biddy's laid up wid a broken ankle and five little ones, sir; an' if you'd plase to let me have the money, I've Biddy's receipt sir—"

"Hang your receipts, man—I've no money to spare! Don't bother me!"

"For shame, Carleton!" spoke up Hugh Kearney. "Pay what you owe the woman. Would you let her and her little ones starve?"

"It don't hurt that class of people to starve," heartlessly answered Carleton. "As for the little ones, the less we have among us to pay taxes for, the better! It isn't convenient for me to settle the account to-day—that's enough."

And he turned away and bent over his writing again, a little uneasy beneath the withering look of scorn darted at him from Hugh Kearney's eyes.

"Come here, my man," said the latter, addressing Terry Hannegan, who stood scratching his head in sore perplexity. "How much do I owe Mrs. Rourke? I ought to have attended to it sooner; but I waited as usual, for her to send in her bill.

"It's only two dollars and a half, sir, for yer honor," answered Terrence, "but—"

"Well, here's a five dollar bill. Biddy can work it out when her ankle gets better. And if she is really in want or suffering, tell her to send to me and I'll come and see her."

"Sure, your honor, and I'll do that same; and it's hopin' the blissed saints may make your honor's bed in heaven, and wishin' there was many like you; and Biddy'll be the thankful woman, that she will, and—"

But at this stage Terry Hannegan's companion, who had stood by the door motionless all the while, shouldered him out, still uttering thanks and blessings as he went.

"Here," said the Judge, as they stepped out once more on the pavement. "take your overcoat. Terry, and let's change hats again; for I begin to feel radical and revolutionary already."

"Feel how, your honor?"

"Never mind. Here give this money to your sister from me, and be about your business."

So the Judge dismissed his ragged companion and returned to the dingy room, back of the law office, where Kate sat by a shaded lamp."

"Well, papa," said Kate, laughingly, "have you decided yet?"

"Yes I have decided."

"Which is it to be?"

"Carleton is a heartless scoundrel, and will treat the woman who is his wife as no woman would wish or deserve to be treated."

"Papa, how do you know?"

"No matter how I know. I've a way of finding out things for myself, child."

"And Mr. Kearney?"

"If you can get him, take him. He is a fine fellow."

And the Judge sat down to write two brief notes, one of which Carleton read the next morning with contracted brow and savage eyes.

"What does the pedantic old fool mean? What can he possibly have heard about me which convinces him that I am not the person to render his daughter's life a happy one?"

But that was exactly what Mr. Carleton never learned.

And Kate, the Judge's golden-haired daughter, was married six months from that day to Hugh Kearney.—*New York News.*

Aluminum Drums.

Aluminum has been introduced into the Austrian army, the band of the Third Regiment of Infantry having used it in the manufacture of drums. It is said that the drums are not only neater in appearance than those of brass, but are much lighter and more melodious. It is reported that the entire Austrian army will soon be pounding upon aluminum drums.—*Hardware.*

Teacher (to new boy)—Billy, are you not fond of robins, with their cheerful songs?

Billy—Yes; but I can't never hit th' derned things.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Keeping One Cow.

There are some hundreds of thousands of families in America whose possessions in the dairy line comprise but one cow each. It is of the highest importance to such families that the cow in each case should be not simply "passably good," or even "very good," but the best that is attainable with the money that is at hand for the purchase of such a milk and butter supplier. It is notorious that many of these family cows do not return half in the quality of their milk yield what their owners might receive if the same expenditures of care and feed were bestowed upon a cow with well developed dairy characteristics, which in very many cases their improperly called "family cows" do not now possess. The special needs of individual families differ largely as regards dairy supplies, but in the average family it is richness of milk that would yield the greatest satisfaction, and would prove the greatest assistance in decreasing the cost of living.

In the selection of a cow to best meet the needs of this large class of people, the Jersey presents strong claims to a favorable recognition, for in the richness of her milk she is admittedly unsurpassed while in the quantity of her yield she is, if well bred, not inferior. The Jersey cow is remarkable also for the wonderful economy of her food consumption compared with the richness of her product. The breed is magnificantly endowed by nature with the ability to turn the largest possible proportion of the food eaten into butter solids—a trait that has been intensified by decades of careful and scientific breeding—and this, it should be remembered, is the supreme test of the dairy cow. From a business point of view, the Jersey is unexcelled as a family cow, and her experience in this respect will perhaps appeal most strongly to the average family. The family cow in many families is, in very truth, a member of the household, and has the pride of at least the younger members of the family centered in her. There is no more beautiful object in the animal world than the graceful, mild-eyed Jersey, and there is no dumb friend more worthy to associate on terms of intimacy with the family. She is companionable, affectionate, gentle and supremely beautiful to the sight, and when these aesthetic qualities are added to the rarest excellence in the purely practical line of dairy production, they stamp the Jersey as the unrivaled family cow.

A Rothschild Once a Beggar.

Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix the famous French painter, kept his eyes turned upon his host in so marked a manner that when the company rose to leave the dining room Baron James could not help asking his guest what it was that so attracted his attention. The painter confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar he intended to hold a prominent position in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. With this explanation he ventured to ask the Baron whether he would do him the favor to sit for him as a beggar. Rothschild, being a great admirer of art in all its forms and pleased to be considered one of its chief patrons, readily consented to assume a character never before undertaken by a millionaire. The next day found him at the painter's studio. Delacroix placed a tunic road his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who alone had free access to the studio at all times. Struck by the surpassing excellence of the mode, the newcomer congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Naturally concluding that the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, and never dreaming the character assumed by him was far from his true one, he seized an opportunity when his master's eyes were turned to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries Delacroix told the Baron that this young man possessed talent, but no means; that he had, in fact, to earn his livelihood by giving lessons in painting and drawing. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of 10,000 francs, which was lying at his dispoal at the Rothschild offices.

Experience Teaches.

A young who was ambitious to get an education, but lacked the money to pay his expenses in college consulted the late Judge —— as to what course he had better adopt.

The judge had once been in the same predicament and had undergone many hardships while fitting himself for the eminent position he occupied, consequently he was speaking from experience when replying to his young friend's inquiries.

"Would you advise me to go into debt to get an education the young man asked.

"Well that depends on the line of conduct you are disposed to pursue. Would you honestly pay back every cent of money you borrowed to pay for your education?"

"Certainly I would do that even if I had to work as a hodcarrier to earn the money.

"Then I would advise you to borrow the money.

"What course would you advise me to take in college?"

"Oh, that is a matter of indifference.'

"I beg pardon."

"It really does't matter what course you take in college. If you go into debt to get an education you will get the chief part of it while struggling to get out of it again."

Preserved His Americanism.

When the conductor had looked at the ticket and punched it he stooped over and stuck it in the hatband of the dignified fat man, at which the fat man became enraged.

"How dare you take such liberties with me?" he shouted. "Who told you to stick that ticket in my hat? Don't you see that I'm a man of importance and very sensitive? It's all very well to be fresh with the Jays, but you haven't any right to insult me."

He took off his hat, removed the ticket and continued: "You think because you're a conductor on this road that you can get as gay as you like, but I'll teach you that you've got me to deal with, and I'm a taxpayer, at that. You can't stick tickets in my hatband, even if we are strangers and you aren't aware of my social position."

He fumed for about an hour. Then the train passed Albany, and the conductor came around again. He took the ticket from the hand of the dignified fat man, punched it again and once more put it in his hatband, absent mindedly.

"See here!" the fat man roared, "Didn't I tell you before not to stick that ticket there? That's a piece of gayness I wouldn't stand from my own father, and he's been dead five years. I'll report you to the boss of the whole road, and if he doesn't help me I'll gamble in the stock of the company and hammer it down so that they'll beg for mercy."

After they passed Utica the conductor repeated the performance with the ticket and the hatband. This was more than the dignified fat man could put up with. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the conductor by the collar and said he'd be blamed if he'd stand it any longer.

"That's all right," replied the conductor, "but it's a rule of the company. You've either got to keep it in your hatband or in your mouth. There is no alternative. If you prefer it you can put it in your mouth, leaving the end in full view, so that I can see it as I pass by."

"Well," said the fat man, stoutly—there is nothing strange in a fat man speaking stoutly, is there?" Well, then, I prefer to keep the ticket in my mouth. Being a free American citizen, I am determined to do as I blamed please!" and he kept it in his mouth and preserved his Americanism.—*New York Herald.*

Whittier as a Tempter.

In 1877 a great fair was held in Boston under the direction of prominent philanthropists. One evening Whittier made his appearance, and was escorted from booth to booth by Mrs. C., one of the committee. As the two reached the Portuguese table, which was under the special supervisions of Mrs. C., Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop espied the poet.

"Mr. Whittier," said she, "I have already spent $100 at this table, but if you will write me an autograph couplet I will contribute $10 more.

Taking a block which lay on the table, Whittier wrote:

Rejoicing that the humblest frame
May change at charity's sweet chime
To gold of God, I give my name
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrop," said Mrs. C., "May I copy it?"

"No," answered Mrs. Winthrop, laughingly, "I've bought and paid for this, and I'm not going to give it to anybody."

Mrs. C. and Mr. Whittier passed on. Said the kind hearted poet: "Does thee want the little line?"

"Oh, Mr. Whittier, I do want it so much."

"I will write it for thee, if thee wishes it."

"Oh, but I'm afraid that would not be honorable would it?"

The good Quaker replied: 'Thee is right about it. I was testing thee.'

"But you tempted me awfully, Mr. Whittier," said Mrs. C.

On reaching home, however, she found the "little line," which Mrs. Winthrop had read aloud, safely treasured in her memory.

The Most Wicked of Kings.

The figure of Philip II. may truly be said during the whole of his long reign to have hung like a dark shadow over Europe, says "Temple Bar." He crushed out the life of Spain, where the deadly terror of the inquisition barred all free thought of speech, and reduced the Spanish mind to such a level that it is even now far behind that of any other country in the west. No sovereign had such splendid opportunities, and no sovereign ever so wantonly and so wickedly threw them aside. The wisest minds that have come to the consideration of his life and times have all concurred in estimating Philip II. at what must now be held to be his true value. They have had ample opportunities of late years to enable them to pass true judgments, and the more fully the old archives are inspected the more thoroughly do these bear out the opinions that have been formed of this despot's character.

Suspicious of every one, gloomy, stern, and bigoted, he was false to his closest allies and was bound by no oaths or treaties, and seemed to actually delight in deeds of unrelenting cruelty. Motley, summing up his character, says of him: "There have been few men known in history who have been able to accomplish by their own exertion so vast an amount of the evil. * * * The only plausible explanation—for palliation there is none—of his infamous career is that the man really believing himself not a king, but a god."

Sismondi in judging of his career speaks in a similiar strain in words which may fitly close this paper: "No scrupple stopped him, his conscience recoiled from no cruelty, no perfidy; he went straight toward his object through more blood and more crimes than were ever lavished by any other monarch * * * His pestilential breath dispeopled the kingdoms that were subject to him.

One of The Meanest Men

This story illustrates a degree of contemptible meanness fortunately seldom seen. It was just before the rule was made prohibiting newsboys from entering street cars to sell papers.

A Broadway cable car, bound north, was comfortably filled with passengers, and among them was a well-dressed man about 60 years old, who kept his face buried in a newspaper, which he held with both hands close to his spectacled eyes. Just above Fourteenth street a newsboy came in and walked up and down the whole length of the car. As he passed the man he stumbled and fell, violently striking his forehead on the floor.

He got up crying, and turned around with a boyish oath, just as the conductor came in and led him out of the car. Several ladies made pitying exclamations, for it was evident that the boy was badly hurt. At fifteenth street another newsboy entered, and as he left the car he stumbled in precisely the same way at precisely the same place. He, too, picked himself up sobbing. He turned to the man, but found him immersed in his paper, apparently not having noticed the incident. A block further another newsboy swung into the car and met an exactly similar fate.

No sooner had the third unfortunate left than a tall young man with a red beard, who sat near, turned squarely upon the old man, pointed his finger aggressively at him and exclaimed in a loud, peremptory voice that instantly attracted the attention of every one in the car:

"You brute! You beast! It is a wretched shame that such a contemptible creature as you should masquerade in human shape. I wish I were the conductor of this car for just one minute, that I might pick you up bodily and throw you out of the window.

The man did not move. He merely buried his face deeper in the paper.

"You thought no one saw you, you hog. But I saw you. The first time I could not believe my eyes, but even the second time you stuck your foot out and tripped up a poor defenseless little newsboy and hurt him, I waited, hoping it was an accident.

"But there is no doubt about this third time. I saw you watch your poor little victim out of the corner of your eye till just the right moment came, and then slyly stick out your foot and upset him. Oh, you can't deny it. Deny it if you dare!"

There was a pause, while every passenger watched attentively. But he only seemed to read the more intently. The passengers were convinced now, and began to applaud. A lady sitting next the man moved across the aisle, as though she feared contamination. One or two ladies clapped their gloved hands. The old man stood it as far as Eighteenth street, and then slowly got up and left the car, followed by contemptuous exclamations. He stood on the corner and boarded the next following car.—*N. Herald.*

Nine Lives of the Cat.

It is a popular saying that puss has nine lives, and it is a fact, says the New York "*World*," the treatment that would kill many other animals does not kill a cat. A recent English authority gives some illustrations of this. There used to be a farmer's cat named Joy, who was very fond of horses, and used nearly always to sleep in the stable—often on the back of one of her friends. Once she was severely kicked, and one of the stablemen found her stretched on the ground stiff and cold. He threw the body out on a dunghill, where it lay all day in the sun. In the evening a milkmaid thought she saw signs of life in it, and took pussy into the kitchen. In three days puss had entirely recovered.

Another cat, found in a trap, was brutally beaten about the head by a keeper, who when he had killed it, as he thought, cut off its tail as a trophy. Her mistress carried home what she regarded as the corpse; but in three weeks the cat was running about as well as ever, though minus her tail.

On another occasion a boy going to school threw a stone at a cat. It struck her head, and she fell dead, as he thought. He threw her body in a cornfield, where he saw it lying for three days as he passed. On the fourth day, however, it was gone, and shortly afterward the indentical cat was washing its face on its master's doorstep as usual. Another boy, seeing an old woman bury three kittens alive, dug them up, and although they had been for an hour under ground, saved the lives of two of them.

A still more remarkable case of resuscitation is that in which a farm hand, getting angry with a cat, attacked her with a whip, but when he had nearly killed her she escaped. Being unable to catch her again he chased her into a hole in a wall, and then stopped it up with stone and lime. Here the animal remained half dead for a week, when her master, suspecting what had been done, released her. In a few weeks she was well again.

Burial alive seems to agree particularly well with cats. A Scotchman, wishing to get rid of a cat, determined to dispose of her in this way, thinking she would be soon suffocated. He tied her in a bag, dug a hole in the garden and covered her with earth. The next day he went to view the body, and was surprised to see the cat jump out of the bag alive, and strong enough to escape by running.

The well-knewn power that cats have of alighting on their feet when they fall or are dropped from a height, even back downward, combined with their wonderful capacity for taking hard blows, has sometimes resulted curiously. For instance, a cat in Dundee, Scotland, sprang for a canary that hung in a cage by a fourth story window. She missed the bird and went out of the window, but struck on her feet and walked off as if nothing had happened.

Then there was a case in which a man, finding a cat killing his pigeons, which were kept in the attic of a eight-story house, kicked the animal through an open window. On going downstairs he was surprised to see her get up and walk off.

CAREER OF WARREN.

Father of Josie Mansfield a Pioneer in California.

Josie Mansfield, whose gay career in Gotham a generation ago is well remembered, had a father whose career was also remarkable—a mixture of the heroic and tragic. Said a California forty-niner the other day in a reminiscent mood: "Mansfield Warren came from New Orleans to San Francisco in the early forties. He came after gold, like the rest of us, but, as he was a small, sickly consumptive looking fellow, he did not pan out well as a digger in the mines. So he went to editing a weekly newspaper at Stockton. No sooner had he started up than the other editor went for him—in his paper.

"In those days personal journalism was the thing, and in California the editors spoke right out, calling each other all kinds of names not used in society. Warren replied, but in a gentlemanly way. While this newspaper war was going on one of the merchants attacked Warren for some alleged slight and Warren being small and physically weak got the worst of the one sided fight. He was so badly used up that he stated, as soon as he got out of bed, that he would kill the next man who attacked him. Accordingly, he purchased a long bowie knife. It so happened that the editor of the rival sheet again abused him, and before Warren's paper came out he was attacked on the streets by his opponent. He knocked Warren down jumped on him and was beating him unmercifully. Warren succeeded in unsheathing his bowie knife, when he stabbed the aggressor to the heart.

"On the trial it was proved that Warren had threatened to kill the next man whom he might fight; also that he had bought the bowie knife immediately after making the threat. The defense argued that Warren did not have the rival editor in mind at these times, and furthermore that he acted in self defense, which was the truth. However, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, and in a year or two Warren was pardoned.

"The family removed to San Francisco, and here Josie began to assist in the elevation of the stage.

"As soon as she became prosperops she left the family in their old age and poverty and flitted eastward to become notorious as the cause of the murder of Jim Fisk.

"I lost track of Warren until 1860. I met him in New Orleans. He showed me the first issue of the *True Jeffersonian*, a redhot Democratic paper that he had just started at Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans. He spoke very little of California and Californians, and what he did say was rather uncomplimentary, and I do not centure him for it. He died a few years afterward about the time of the tragedy of which his daughter was the central figure. He visited his daughter in New York during the height of her career and was very coldly received, I am told. At any rate, he lived poor and died as poor as she had lived.

"I may mention an instance in his career which will show that he was not a coward. It was the custom of the miners to ship their gold dust by steamer from Sacramento to San Francisco. About $1,000,000 was made in one shipment, guarded by Warren and a half dozen assistants. About 50 roughs embarked on the steamer under the guise of cattlemen and ranchmen en route to Frisco on business. The treasure room was amidships on the lower deck. The steamers in those days carried a small cannon at the bow, which was discharged on landing, so as to notify the settlers. It also frightened the savage Indians, who soon came to regard the "floating houses" with fear and superstition. Warren suspected a move on the part of the roughs and fixed the gun on a pivot, so that it would command the stern of the boat and the approach to the treasure room. He heavily loaded the gun and then threw in a handful of nails for scattering shot The attack, he was informed was to be made at sun-down, just as soon as the boat was rounding the Pirate's cove, about 30 miles above San Francisco. Warren and his men assembled in the bow and soon noticed a number of men forming on the stern of the boat and others joining them from the cabin above by coming down the back stairway. The cannon was immediately reversed, and Warren and his men drew their revolvers. "Go up stairs, or I'll turn her loose and mow you down like wheat!" shouted Warren as he stood ready to 'let er go.'

"The roughs, seeing that they were outflanked, recoiled in disorder, and some ran up stairs. Just at that moment the boat ran on a sand bar and was keeled over, nearly upsetting her. The roughs were panic-stricken, doubtless thinking this was part of the program, and some of them jumped overboard. In a few hours, fortunately, another boat came along and hauled us off the bar, and we arrived safely at San Francisco with our $1,000,000 in gold dust. No; those who jumped overboard did not get back. We would not let anybody board us at that stage of the proceedings, especially as we knew who they were. They may have swum ashore, though," concluded the forty-niner is a rather doubting tone as to the ultimate safety of the roughs.