GOLD CRAZY CALIFORNIA!

A Big Discovery to the South of San Diego.

EVERYBODY RUSHING TO THE MINES.

A special despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., dated March 7th, says: The gold discoveries in Lower California have created intense excitement in every town in the southern part of the State. The Santa Clara district, where the crowds are rushing, is 150 miles south of San Diego and 40 miles west of Euznada. All along the line thousands are en route to the fields. At San Diego the streets are filled with strangers outfitting for the mines and with waggons and pack mules loaded with miners' outfits. An average of 600 men a day have left for the mines for the last four days, and yesterday the number was much larger. Waiters at the hotels and restaurants have largely left, and two-thirds of the force on the Cuyamaca Railroad are gone. The best indications regarding the value of the mines are that no one has returned except to replenish "grub stakes." The telegraphers have also joined the prospectors. James Kerrane, of Los Angeles, returned from the camp last night. He said: There are already over 1,000 men on the ground. The stuff brought out is placer gold and light and flakey. The valley in which the mine was discovered has three well defined gold quartz lodes. They descend from the mountains above in separate gulches. The gulch to the north is the one in which the greatest find has been made. Above are to be found croppings of slate and porphyry. A tracing has been made of one lode 1,100 feet from the upper side of the valley into the mountains. At present in the valley four dry washers are located, only one of which is in operation. A great many rockers and ground sluices are being worked. The dirt is easily handled and the richest of returns are had in some instances. I saw one man who had knocked out $200 in four hours. But above all things the prices of provisions are simply outrageous. I paid $5 for a 50 pound sack of flour, $3.50 for a 10 pound sack of oatmeal, and drinks are two bits a piece. San Diego has about gone in a body to the gold country. Four telegrams have been received in this city requesting that hotel waiters be sent at once to San Diego, as none could be had there at any price. The guests were left to get their own meals out of the kitchen for one entire day.

A despatch direct from the camp says: New arrivals poured in in a constant stream to day. A company of Mexican rural guards arrived this morning and the commandant put the camp under martial law and disarmed every one, the arms to be returned when they leave the camp. I have seen to-day over $20,000 in dust and nuggets. Few take the trouble to wash, simply dig hard pan and pick out the grains and nuggets with a horn spoon. I believe many paying quartz leads will be worked. One lode can be traced 1,100 feet up the mountain. In washing, the dirt is easily handled, as the gold is light and flakey. Reports of a large find at Real Del, Castello, just came in this evening. The camp is wild over the find of a Mexican named Jesus Roselle. He came yesterday morning and took a claim. This evening his clean up weighs $1,350. The camp is orderly; there are ruffians, but all work. Teams ply regularly between Ensenada and here; the charge is $50 each. Provisions are scarce; flour sells at $40 a sack and everything in the same proportion. Large stocks of goods are reported on the road. Five women have arrived and are now working neighboring claims and doing well. The nights are cold. There are a few dug outs, but no one is willing to stop work to build shelter. The whole camp sleeps on the ground. There are 1,500 people and more are coming every hour.

A MISERABLE END.

Young Man Poisons Himself to Escape the Consequences of His Crime.

A last (Thursday) night's Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Edward M. Marietta, a Lansing man, decoyed from Canada to Detroit yesterday by means of a letter which the officers induced Mrs. Emma Parker to write, and who was wanted here for criminally assaulting a 9-year-old girl named Kettie Hedges, was brought home dead by Deputy Sheriff Cook last night. Marietta induced his brother-in-law to bail him for the offence against the Hedges girl, and last week fled to Canada on money furnished by Mrs. Parker, who was to join him later. She was shadowed to Detroit on Monday and there arrested. An officer induced her to send a letter to Marietta at Chatham, telling him she was ill in Detroit, and afterward telephoned him to cross the river. He was arrested as he stepped off the ferry boat. The officer started for home with both his prisoners on the train last evening. When half an hour's ride from Detroit Marietta remarked that he did not feel well. A drink of water seemed to revive him, but in a few moments he again complained of illness, which was not so readily relieved. Suddenly his limbs stiffened out, and he then confessed that just before leaving Detroit he swallowed a dose of strychnine, purchased in Windsor for that purpose if arrested. He grew rapidly worse, experiencing convulsions frightful to witness, and died shortly before the train reached Plymouth. Marietta was 26 years old, and leaves a young wife.

A Clergyman Deposed.

At the Ash Wednesday service of Trinity Church Bishop Coxe deposed from the ministry of this Episcopal diocese the Rev. Sidney Wilbur. This action is taken in carrying into effect the verdict of the Ecclesiastical Court, which found Wilbur guilty of not only violations of the canon laws, but gross immorality. Wilbur was called three times by the Bishop, but did not appear. He was formerly rector at Suspension Bridge, but is now supposed to be in Florida. His name was connected with a scandal two years ago.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Happy Couple.

Wife—What a happy looking couple those two are! I wonder how long they've been married.

Husband—Oh, I guess they're only engaged.

HOW HE GOT A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Young Nunan Sought and Found the Long Missing Mother of His Betrothed.

A New Haven despatch says: In the quiet wedding in the little village of Terryville, Litchfield County, this afternoon, of Thomas E. Nunan, a reporter for the New Haven *Morning News*, and Jennie Hart, the adopted daughter of J. T. Hart, a wealthy resident of Kensington, culminates in a love story in which a search for the mother of the bride was an important episode.

In South Coventry, in 1876, a Mr. Hayden died, and his wife, left destitute, had to go to the poor house. Their 6-year-old daughter was adopted by Mr. Hart from an orphans' home in Boston, in which she had been placed by her grandfather. Mother and daughter had not since heard of each other. Mr. Hart subsequently died and left part of his estate to his adopted daughter, who took the name of Jennie Hart. She went to reside, in 1885, with James Woodruff, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hart, at Terryville.

Here she met young Nunan, who then conducted the Terryville *Eagle*. The paper had but a brief existence, and when Nunan deserted the *Eagle's* nest he decided while looking for a position to try and find the mother of Miss Hart, to whom he had become attached. He knew only that the daughter had been taken from Boston and her name had been Hayden.

A visit to most of the institutions was made in vain before Nunan struck the Little Wanderer's Home on Baldwin place. Here it was said the rules forbade giving information, as in a majority of cases it was well that such children should not know who their parents were. It was subsequently found, however, that she had been received from South Coventry in 1876, and thither the reporter went. This village was next visited, and a long search resulted in finding the mother at Rockville. She had married again, and had three children by her second husband, George Eldridge. But she had to continue working in the mill at that place.

The mother was overjoyed to learn of her long lost daughter. She, too had sought fruitlessly for her offspring with a photograph of her taken when very young. It was shown to many, but none had seen the lost one.

Nunan in executive session told his intended bride of having found her mother. They went next day to Rockville and visited the mill where her mother was working. An affecting scene followed when the mother was called out into the office. Soon after the Eldridge children were caressed by a sister whom they had never seen before, and the sister, besides her mother, found relatives of whom she had never heard.

The intimacy has been maintained, and the young man received the mother's blessing when he led to the altar the daughter whose hand he had earned by the long search.

STUCK TILL HE DIED.

The Horrible Death of a Man who Fell from a Charleston Dock.

A Charleston, N.C., despatch says: John D. Wrede, a drummer for a commission house in this city, met a horrible death the other night. He left his home at about 9 o'clock, and was not heard from till the next day, when his body was found in the mud at Hunter's dock, on the eastern water front. The body was buried in the mud up to the arms, which were extended. It is supposed that he fell from the wharf into the dock, and while trying to extricate himself sank so deep in the mud as to be unable to get out. At that hour, 10 p.m., the tide was low, and at high tide there is not over three feet of water over the spot where he perished. He must have been slowly drowned by the rising tide. There are residences within 100 yards of the place where he was found, but his cries were unheeded. He must have been alive for four hours before the tide reached his mouth and drowned him. Wrede is the fourth victim who has perished there in the same way.

A Baby Farmer Sentenced.

In the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Monday, Jessie King, or Macpherson, was tried on a charge of murdering, at different times during last year and the previous year, three babies entrusted to her to bring up. King in her declaration admitted suffocating the children, with each of whom she had received a premium, but when placed at the bar she denied the crimes. One charge was withdrawn, and as the jury returned a unanimous verdict of guilty on the other two charges, prisoner was condemned to death on 11th March. On hearing the sentence the prisoner almost fainted, and was carried downstairs by a policeman and was heard moaning by the people in the court. She afterwards exclaimed to the Police Inspector, "Oh, to be hanged! What a death!" adding that she expected only eighteen months' or two years' imprisonment.—*Trowbridge Chronicle, Feb. 8th.*

Heroine or Fool?

Miss Lowe, a pretty 17-year-old girl of Latonia, Pa., eloped from hat place on Monday with Frank Forsyth, a man who had lost both legs above the knees. girl had to push the wheeled chair in her lover navigates. They reached M Keesport on Tuesday, and there success fully eluded the officers who were after them.

A Remarkable Man.

Wife (coming home from church)—Mr. Goodman is certainly a remarkable man.

Husband—Why do you think so?

Wife—Because he only returned from Europe last week and he didn't begin his sermon with the remark, "When I was in so-and-so."

A Ghost Layer.

First Wife—Why did you have your husband cremated?

Second Wife—He swore he would haunt me. Now let him haunt.

An Antelope in a Fix.

An antelope was found frozen to a block of ice at the mouth of Casper Creek the other day. He had evidently slipped and fallen while crossing the stream, and when discovered was sitting upon his haunches waiting for the June thaw.—*Casper, Wyoming, Mail.*

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Extraordinary Double Suicide of Two Young English Girls.

AFRAID OF A SEVERE SCOLDING.

They Tie Themselves Together and Drown in Each Other's Arms.

(London Edition of the N. Y. Herald.)

Two girls tied themselves together and drowned themselves in the Birmingham Canal on Sunday night. The particulars of the tragedy are without parallel in the annals of self-destruction. The pathos of the case and the insignificance of the events which led the unfortunate girls to do away with themselves are circumstances which would be regarded as the wildest flights of fancy if narrated in the pages of some latter-day romance. The two girls were mere children. Their names were Sarah Ann Ward and Elizabeth Wylde, 17 and 16 years of age respectively; and, as far as can be learned, they were both of excellent character. Both were domestic servants, both were employed in the same house, both started out for a holiday on Sunday forenoon without a cloud to shadow their prospects of enjoying themselves. The next morning their dead bodies were dragged out of the sluggish waters of the Birmingham Canal, where they had drowned themselves together but a few hours before. When found the two bodies were tied together with a red woollen wrap, and the arms of each were entwined around the other as though they had

DIED IN A FONDLE EMBRACE,

which never loosened even when the cold waters closed over them and hushed their stifled gasps in death. From the evidence given at the inquest it seems that the girls were driven to their mutual death through fear of being reprimanded by their employer. They got leave only to stay out until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but when it came to 8 o'clock and they had not yet returned to their home, they seemed to have become terrified at the possible consequences and decided not to go back at all. What foolish ideas got into their childish imaginations, and what thoughts terrified them all through the Sabbath evening, no one will ever know. When they were last seen they were trying to put a bold face on the awful intentions they had already conceived, and the girl Wylde laughed as she told a boy friend of hers that she was going to do away with herself in the canal. No one saw them alive after a quarter past 9 o'clock. No one heard of them again until their bodies were taken from the canal next morning.

James Amphlett, a horse driver employed at the East Cannock colliery, stated at the inquest that he had been "keeping company" with Sarah Ward for six months back. On Sunday evening he went to the Salvation Army barracks at Hednesford, with a friend of his named Lloyd, and there saw the two girls. They were outside the barracks then, but later they went in and attended the service, where he afterwards again saw them. At 8 o'clock he saw them again, and they talked together for a while; and then the girls told him how it was that they should have been home at 4, and were now

AFRAID TO RETURN.

They then turned away and began whispering to each other. Amphlett listened, and overheard the girl Ward saying, "We will tie ourselves together;" but at the time he could not understand what they meant. The girls then went down the street towards Hednesford station, and Amphlett went off in an opposite direction altogether. About an hour later Amphlett and Lloyd were returning to their home when they again met the two girls. Lloyd went home and Amphlett remained with the girls for a while, endeavoring to persuade them to go home, but his attempts were fruitless.

"Why won't you go?" he asked.

"Because they will begin reprimanding us," explained the girls.

"Well, what do you mean to do?"

"Make away with ourselves in the canal," answered Elizabeth Wylde, with a laugh, and Amphlett went away thinking the girls were only jesting.

He went and asked his friend Lloyd what he thought of the matter, however; but Lloyd took his view of the case, and said the girls were too sensible for anything wrong to happen them.

And so Amphlett went home and forgot about the girl he had been "keeping company with" for the last six months, and apparently forgot all about her child companion too. And the next morning, when the canal boatmen were dragging their slow boats up the sluggish waterway, they found the two girls slimy and cold and dead, tied together with a red woollen wrapper, and embracing each other as though embraces were felt by the dead.

Another Martyr of the "Christian Science" Humbug.

Mrs. Mary C. Edwards, who has just died in Syracuse, N. Y., was a believer in the Christian Science doctrine, and herself professed to effect cures through the agency of faith. About six weeks ago she went to Utica to treat a patient. While on her way to the cars to return home she fell and broke her hip. She was immediately brought here, and two physicians were called in and reduced the fracture. Then the Christian Scientists took charge of the case, the patient being attended by Mrs. Ellen E. Cross, principal of the Academy of Christian Science in this city, and another disciple of the school. Mrs. Edwards grew worse, and regular physicians were again called, but they could not save her life. They say that their failure was due to the interference of the Christian Science people. The "Scientists" say they could not save the woman's life for the reason that she did not have sufficient faith herself when the crisis came.—*Syracuse Cor. New Sun.*

—Strawberries are selling in Boston at 40 cents a box.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. This is unfailing.

Empire and Directoire costumes are in a measure responsible for Fashion's decree in favor of a return this spring to artificial flowers as dress ornaments.

MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

Tremendous Increase Proposed to the British Navy—Fighting Charlie Wants More—The Radicals to Oppose the Increase.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons yesterday Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated that the Government proposed to build eight first-class men of war, of 14,000 tons each, and two of 9,000 tons, nine first-class cruisers, twenty-nine smaller cruisers, four of the Pandora type of cruisers, and eighteen of the sharpshooter type of torpedo vessels. The total tonnage of all these vessels will be 318,000, and the total cost £21,500,000. Lord George asked that £10,000,000 be appropriated from the consolidated fund for the proposed increase of the navy, and that the remainder of the sum required be provided for in the ordinary estimates. He promised that the Admiralty's programme would be executed within four and a-half years. Lord George did not think the proposed increase would induce other nations to attempt to rival England in naval strength, because England had refrained from military rivalry. He did not believe that any other power was capable of executing such an extensive programme in so short a time.

Lord Charles Beresford complained that the Government gave no real reason why just so many ships, no more and no less, should be built. He gave notice of an amendment, declaring that England's naval strength ought to be equal to the navies of France and any other great power combined.

The Radicals will oppose every stage of the legislation connected with Lord George Hamilton's scheme. It is expected Mr. Gladstone will lead the Opposition attack on the Government.

Professor Blackie on the Covenanters.

Emeritus Professor Blackie lectured, the other evening, on the Scottish Covenanters in Dean Free Church, Edinburgh. At the outset he remarked that he did not think the Covenanters got fair play in public estimation; perhaps they got this in Free Church estimation, but he was not a Free Churchman; he was only a lover of all good men. He gave his right hand to the Established Church, his left to the Free, and his heart to both. He did not see much difference between the two denominations, or he should not have been there on that occasion. Proceeding with his address—the period covered dating from 1560 to 1688—he laid down three propositions: (1) The Scottish nation, as a nation, was essentially Presbyterian; (2) Every distinct people had a right to a national conscience. That was indisputable; let them deny it if they dared. (3) The Church was an ethical association or a spiritual brotherhood, over which the State or secular power had no authority—none at all; and any interference of the State in the administration or regulation of the Church was an act of usurpation and wrong, which justified resistance and repulsion on the part of the offended conscience of the spiritual brotherhood. He afterwards touched briefly on the leading events of the period indicated, eliciting a good deal of laughter by his reference to the famous incident witnessed in St. Giles' on the introduction of the liturgy. He suggested that they should kiss the memorial brass which marked the spot from which the stool was thrown at the Dean, and asked "three cheers" for Jenny Geddes, whom he characterised as the first Covenanter. (Applause).

A Highlander's Adventure.

A person arrayed in full Highland costume caused terrible commotion in a railway carriage in the Perrache station, near Lyons, yesterday. Two ladies who were in the carriage shrieked as they saw the awful spectacle presented by the entry into their compartment of a man without pantaloons. The Highlander, who was on his way to Nice, nevertheless took his seat with Caledonian coolness, whereupon the ladies screamed the louder. It was in vain that the apparition in the garb of old Gaul apologized and explained the situation in bad French, and equally futile were the efforts of the station-master, who assured the ladies that the gentleman with the dirk, the sporran, and the tartan accessories or properties was perfectly harmless. "You don't run the shadow of a risk, Mesdames," insisted the station-master in his blandest tones. "The gentleman comes from a country where the men wear petticoats and do not wear trousers." Despite everything, however, which was said in order to calm their apprehensions, the over-timid lady travellers had to be placed in a carriage at a safe distance from that in which the Caledonian, stern and wild, had taken up his position.—*Paris Despatch to the London Daily Telegraph.*

Derivation of Familiar Words.

The dollar was the German thaler.

The guinea was first made in Guinea.

The florin was first made in Florence.

The mark was stamped with the lion of St. Mark.

Sandwiches were first made by Lord Sandwich.

Electricity, from "electron," amber, from which it was discovered.

Superstition, that which lingers after an opinion has been exploded.

Blue is of uncertain origin, probably from the German for "lead."

Yellow comes from the trees with reference to their autumn foliage.

Green is from the same root as "greno," referring to the trees and vegetation.

Influenza, so named because the epidemic was supposed to have been caused by the planets.

Magenta, a red or crimson dye derived from aniline, first brought into use near Magenta, Italy.

Rose, pink, velvet, copper, bronze, orange, lemon, hazel, chestnut, ochre, ash, from objects in nature.

Concurrent Facts.

Teacher—In what part of the human frame is the liver?

Boy—Right in the middle—the bacon is on the other side.

Visiting foreigner—My man, why is all this dirt heaped up semi-periodically on the streets? Laborer—It's clanin' the streets we are, sor. Foreigner—But why don't they haul it off instead of leaving it to be scattered and scraped up again? Laborer—Git out wid yez! Ye'd be afther takin' the bread out of a poor laborin' man's mouth.

Somebody, Long Ago.

"Here lyeth" somebody—name unknown,
For the creeping moss half covers the stone.
"She died"—bend down, you can read the date—
"In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight."
That was a hundred years ago,
And of "Somebody" what do we know?

"Somebody" once had a place in life,
Played her part in its peace and strife,
Had her share in its hopes and fears,
And tasted love with its smiles and tears,
But she careth little, methinks, to-day,
If the long-past hours were of gold or gray.

Somebody died—we know not how;
It matters little to Somebody now
If dear ones bent over her dying bed,
Or lone and friendless her spirit fled.
Somebody's sleep is calm and still
In the little kirkyard below the hill.

The sun has shone, and the winds have wailed,
The roses above her glowed and paled,
And the dewdrops glittered like angels' tears,
Night and morn for a hundred years;
And she heeds not question or praise or blame,
And God remembers Somebody's name.

Alack-a-Day.

SHE.

I'll pass him by with a distant bow,
Though it break my heart to do it.
I never loved him then, but now
I would I had never answered no.
But pride will not let me tell him so,
And modesty would rue it.
No tell-tale blush shall mount my cheek,
No glance escape my eye;
But with throbbing heart that burns to speak
I'll coldly pass him by.

HE.

I'll pass her by with a careless bow;
She'll surely misconstrue it
And think that I have forgotten how
I loved her once a year ago;
She jilted me when I told her so,
Nor sighed that she must do it;
And again my fate at her feet I'd seek,
But her glance is cold and shy;
I love her still, but I dare not speak;
I'll coldly pass her by.

Is Marriage a Failure?

All speaking—

"We take this opportunity to mention,
That marriage is a glorious success,
And beg to call your serious attention
Unto the proofs before you in full dress.

Papa—

"I'd not be single—even for a minute;
Before we form a matrimonial trust
You'd better seek a loving heart and win it."
The children (earnestly)—"You must!"

Mamma—

"We wouldn't part with any of our treasures
For all the wealth that Monte Christo knew.
They halve our pains and double all our pleasures."
The treasures (vociferously)—"We do!"

Papa—

"Though all I earn goes for their food and dressing,
Without a penny left on me to lay,
We hail each little stranger as a blessing."
The blessings (excitedly)—"Hoo-ray!"

Mamma—

"It's only when the blood in anger bubbles,
Producing what they call a 'family jar,'
That we regard our tots as being troubles."
The troubles (demurely)—"We are!"

Papa—

"We're casting now our bread upon the waters,
Which is a good investment. When we're gray
We'll live in clover on our married daughters."
The daughters (vigorously)—"You may!"

Mamma—

"In spite of spankings when they are unruly,
And ipecac and castor oil they get,
We know our darlings love us very truly."
The darlings (lovingly)—"You bet!"

Papa—

"We've built a home made sacred by a mother;
We've got more joys than single people know
We love and cherish tenderly each other."
Grand chorus (emphatically)—"That's so."

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

When the spring is nearing,
And skies are clearing,
And love in the heart of youth and maid
A nest is making,
And flowers are waking,
And the birds return to the grove and gla

When the brooks are flowing,
And the grass is growing,
And the warm winds blowing over greening leas
And the woods canorous
With the bluebirds' chorus,
And the buds appear on the cherry trees;

Then the housewife musters
Her mops and dusters,
And ties a towel round her head and chin
And the husband humble,
Who dare not grumble,
Well knows spring cleaning will soon begin.

At night returning,
For quiet yearning,
He finds his wife in a tattered gown,
No supper waiting
And how aggravating—
His home, poor man, turned upside down

Longfellow's Maiden,

who is

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

is a type of thousands of young girls who are emerging from the chrysalis stage of their existence, as they enter upon their "teens." Nervous, excitable, irritable, stirred by strange, unknowable forces within them, each a mystery unto herself, our girls need the tenderest care, the most loving, patient oversight, and the aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, to safely carry them through this period, during which too many lives, alas, are sown the seeds of distressing forms of diseases peculiar to the female sex. But this boon to womankind will prevent all such diseases, or cure them if they have already seized a victim. Woman owes it to herself, to her family, and to her social station, to be well and strong. Let her then not neglect the sure means of cure. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

A Point in Western Etiquette.

He—Will you marry me? She—Wait a minute. (Exit). (Reappearing with a shotgun)—Hold up your hands! Higher yet. I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Maggie Watson, of Cincinnati, who died there a short time since, left a clause in her will which read as follows: "It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be each separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed on my dear husband's grave, at Spring Grove, and the other on my grave, and all to be paid for out of the money I leave."