

The Albany Register

ALBANY, OREGON, OCTOBER 8, 1880.

NO. 2.

VOLUME XIII.

La Boule Noire.

The 15th of March, 1872, at 9 o'clock in the evening, a cab stopped in front of the entrance of the hall of the Boule Noire. A man stepped out of the vehicle, about 35 years of age, tall, thin, face intelligent and bold, slight blonde moustache curled up and carefully tended, a jacket of black velvet, soft felt hat a little on one side of the head, Swedish gloves. Another man had been walking up and down on the footpath for the last quarter of an hour. Frook-coat buttoned up to the chin, dirty collar, ragged black necktie, large hat, in his hand a heavy cane, heavy moustaches and whiskers cut squarely on his cheeks. The two men accosted each other, and in rapid tone exchanged these words:

"This way, Dubrisart, this way."
"Marcon! Is it you who come for me?"
"Yes; but these fellows are light and too many people on the footpath. Let us cross the boulevard."

"Shall I keep the cab?"
"Yes; the business will not be long, and we will return to the prefecture immediately after it is finished."

They crossed the roadway, and when they were on the other side, leaning against the wall of a whitesmith's shop that turns the corner of the Rue des Martyrs, Marcon, the man with the frook coat, took in his two hands Dubrisart's hand—the man with the velvet jacket—and pressed them with effusion.

"Dubrisart, I am glad to see you again. You never come into our quarters now; you work in high politics; you go on foreign missions—I have been told of that. And when I think you began as a little auxiliary of no account in my brigade. I was your protection."

"And you are still my friend, my dear Marcon. I have had luck and protection."

"And then you have education and distinguished examiners. There is not a man at the prefecture who knows how to dress as you do, not even the Prefect himself. You belong to an honorable family; you speak English, so you were sent in England under the Empire to see what was going on at Tl-Toul-Tlenn—where the Orleans princes were."

"Twickenham."
"Yes, that's it. I, my dear fellow, have gone on vegetating in public service. But to-night I have a rather important affair on hand. In the course of the day a certain Aglae Ripon came to the prefecture. Ah! you don't know her. She is a celebrity of the balls and taverns about here. We were there four or five of us chatting round the stove. The woman came into the bazaar furious, saying that she knew one of the chiefs of the Commune, a man who had pillaged, shot, committed arson, and done the whole thing in fact. Naturally we asked Maitenoleis Ripon to take a chair. She came to give up to us this evening, at the Boule Noire, Stafner, who had been *chef de legion* under the commune."

"Stafner—the man who stabbed me in a little saloon at Belleville in 1849?"
"Yes; and it is because I knew the story of that stabbing that I asked you to come. I don't know Stafner, and I thought that you would not mind helping."

"Gladly, and I shall recognize him, do not fear. He is to come to the ball to-night?"
"At 10 o'clock."
"And Aglae Ripon?"

"Three of my men, Cervolter, Poilat and Clauzet, are going to bring her. They ought to be here already. When she had made her declaration she wanted to go away, but I did not lose the young lady. I know what woman's anger is; it goes up and down in five minutes. She had only to feel her lover—for he is her lover—to feel a woman's remorse, to warn him, and our little plan would have been spoiled. She had a rendezvous with Stafner at 10 o'clock this evening, and that was all that I wanted. I told her that the Government would pay her dinner and a cab to go to the ball; but that she would not be allowed to go home until she had served us up Stafner. Ah! probably they are; the cab is stopping on this side the boulevard."

The door of a cab opened at a few steps from Dubrisart and Marcon. Out of it came, accompanied by three policemen in plain clothes, a tall girl in a wimple dress, a cape of gray cloth, and a black hat with a bunch of red roses hanging from the left side. One of the men came up to Marcon while the two others kept a watch on the woman, who looked around her with an air of alarm.

"Monsieur Marcon," said the man, "you ought to speak to the girl. She alarms me. She would not eat any dinner. She has been crying in the cab. For certain she regrets what she has done, and is afraid of what remains for her to do."
"I'll talk to her," said Marcon; and he went up to the woman.

"Listen, she said to her, 'No nonsense, you know. You have your record at the prefecture. I have been glancing over it to-day. There are some bad things in it, and if we wanted to send you to Saint-Lazare for five or six months, we should not want pretexts. You know the house?'
"I have been there twice and I came out of it again. One doesn't die of it."
"Ah! but take care," said Marcon, raising his voice, "you must not—"
"You are wrong," said Dubrisart to Marcon; "you must never be brusque with women. Let me talk to her." And approaching Aglae Ripon: "Listen to me a minute, my pretty maid. You are right; Saint-Lazare does not kill you; and

a woman in your position is not compromised for six months passed there. On the contrary, sometimes; but you are a woman of honor, and you make a point of your honor. Well, if you are reasonable, we will take care of your reputation, and no one shall know that you gave up Stafner. We will take you into the ball, and you shall sit at a table by the side of the orchestra, near the little door that leads into the garden. You will remain there with these three gentlemen, and drink as much sugared wine, and smoke as many cigarettes as you like. The Government will pay. This gentleman and myself will be in the garden. When Stafner arrives you will go up to him; if you try to lead him towards the street door our men will seize him, but they will not touch you; they will tell everybody that you betrayed your guard for fifty francs. But if you bring him quietly into the garden we will pack off the pair of you. There will be no disgrace for you; you will be taken to the prefecture; you will be set at liberty a quarter of an hour afterwards, and you can go and finish your evening at Vauxhall or at the Elysee Montmartre. Do you understand? Yes—and you will be reasonable? That is right! Now go with these gentlemen; we will wait for you in the garden."

Aglae and the three policemen crossed the boulevard and entered the hall. Marcon and Dubrisart followed them, passed through the room, and went and sat on a bench at the end of the garden. The evening was cool, and the garden was deserted.

"I can offer you a fine cigar," said Dubrisart to Marcon; "I bought three or four excellent boxes at Antwerp."
"Ah! you have been at Antwerp?"
"Yes, three weeks ago for the Comte de Chambord."

"Do you travel much?"
"Ah! Since the 4th of September I am always en route."
"You did not stay in Paris during the siege?"
"No; on September 5th I already saw what the Government of the National Defense was worth. Those gentlemen had the idea of keeping Paris without secret police. Lunatics, pure lunatics. As I was supposed to have a certain merit, I was offered the post of secretary to a commissioner of police who had been newly appointed and who could not perform his duties without assistance. I refused. I did not like sedentary posts. I said to myself, 'Some day or other the secret police will be reorganized, and I shall be wanted.' I left Paris with a company of franc-tireurs. For two months we beat about in the forest of Orleans, and then went to Tours to recruit. It was about the middle of November. The first man that I met at Tours, in the Rue Royale, was that Versac, who before the 4th of September was in the brigade of the Chateau, and the *Serge Gervolter*. He told me, as we were going along, that Monsieur Gambetta was a man who had some ideas of government; that since his arrival they were trying to reorganize a secret police, but that they were in great difficulties. The Government of Tours found it easy enough to appoint prefects, sub-prefects and generals; but you cannot improve a police. That is where our force lies. They are always obliged to come back to us. They make me a very fair offer, and when they knew that I had been to Twickenham, to Baden, to Woodborough, to keep an eye on the Orleans princes, they said to me: 'That is capital. We know that the Prince de Joinville is hiding somewhere in one of the provincial armies. Try to find him.' So I went to seek the Prince de Joinville. It seemed to me odd to be doing the same business for the Republic as I had been doing for the Empire for ten years. Ah! old fellow, one becomes a bit of a philosopher after fifteen years of political police. The Empire sent us to hunt after the Orleans princes—the Republic sent us to run after the Orleans princes. The more it changes, you see, the more is it still the same thing. We caught the Prince de Joinville at last; it was in the Army of the Loire that he was fighting against the Prussians. We kept him prisoner at the prefecture at Le Mans for five days, and then it was I who accompanied him to Saint-Malo, where he took the boat for England. The fact is that our business is not monotonous. When I think, for instance, that I, who am here talking to you in the garden of the Boule Noire, I arrested, January 13, 1871, the Prince de Joinville, at Le Mans, and the 17th of July of the same year, the painter Courbet, at Paris, hidden in a cupboard! When I think that I presented my respects to the Emperor Napoleon, at Chiselhurst, on January 18, 1872, and at the Comte de Chambord, at Antwerp, on the 24th of February following."

"You have spoken to the Emperor and to the Comte de Chambord?"
"As I am speaking to you, Marcon, at Chiselhurst it was nothing to boast about; you left your name and address with the gatekeeper and the following day you received a letter of audience. I had arranged for myself a nice little Bonapartist story; 'My grandfather, captain in the Imperial Guard, killed at Waterloo, etc.' We were received one Sunday after Mass in a batch of ten or twelve. We all entered together a little blue saloon on the ground floor, and what did I see at the Emperor's side? Our former chief, Monsieur Pietri. Then when my turn came to say a few words I made up a phrase about the state of Paris, where there was neither security nor police. I added that

everybody regretted the Empire and the administration of Monsieur Pietri. The Emperor smiled as I was going out; Monsieur Pietri came and shook me by the hand and said to me that I had spoken like a good Frenchman.

"My campaign at Antwerp was more difficult. They had sent for me at the prefecture and had told me to go to Antwerp and see what was going on there. I asked permission to fix my own day and hour of departure and to be allowed to stay as I thought proper. They gave me the authorization, and it was agreed that there should be no questions asked about my expenses. Five or six persons were sent to Antwerp. I allowed my comrades to start, and I set out only on February 22d. The pilgrimage to Antwerp was then at its height. I arrived in good time at the Northern Railway station. I examined the passengers as they came in. I said to myself: 'The train starts at 7 in the morning and arrives at Antwerp at 3 in the afternoon. I must choose my compartment carefully, get into conversation with my fellow-passengers, and have some sponsors when I arrive at Antwerp. For that I have eight hours. It is more than enough.'"

"When I was, as you may imagine, irreproachably dressed, I had taken with me as my valet Versac—you know Versac whom I found at Tours. We are great friends now and always work together. He is a clever fellow; but he prefers minor roles where there is no responsibility. He was, too, well paid for his journey. He fell in with a charming little Legitimist chambermaid, and she told him a heap of things about one of the greatest houses in the neighborhood of Saint-Germain. Versac is a handsome man; he won the girl's affection, and he found her when she returned to Paris, and so we have a good door open there."

"At the station I saw an old gentleman with a lady of some 30 years of age, not pretty, but very agreeable. I looked at them. I said to myself: 'That is my affair!' and I got into their compartment. I was not mistaken. They were going to visit the King—once in the train, you know, we said not the Comte de Chambord, but the King! At the station of Luchezures we exchanged our names and titles. The old gentleman was named the Marquis de Bon-tasson; I called myself the Baron de Martonne de Lustrac. Besides my Bonapartist story I have a Legitimist story which is connected very intimately and in a very complicated manner with two names of extinct families. At Creil I learnt the name of the young woman. She was the daughter of the old Marquis and widow of the Comte de la Riballiere. Between Creil and Compiègne the old Marquis told me his history. Between Compiègne and Tergier I related to him mine. I was a Frenchman from beyond the seas, who had come over for the war with the volunteers of Montevideo. At Tergier we breakfasted at the same table, the Marquis, the Countess and myself. At Antwerp we put up at the same hotel, and in the evening Versac took our two requests for an audience to Comte de Blancs at the Hotel Saint Antoine. The Marquis in his letter had spoken of me and I in mine had spoken of him. I was no longer alone. I had a sponsor and a sponsor! A Marquis, with long silvery hair and a majestic and venerable air—in short, I assure you, the best that was in the train."

"The following day we were received, all three of us, at the Hotel Saint Antoine, in a series of twenty to twenty-five persons. You were introduced in batches as at Chiselhurst. When the King entered there was great emotion. The old Marquis, especially, was as if he had been crushed. He fell on his knees, and they had all the trouble in the world to raise him up. He wanted to kiss the King's hand. He began to ramble in his talk, to say that now he could die, etc. We brought him back to the hotel of the Grand Labourer where we had put up. He took to his bed, and I and the Countess passed the evening with



JAMES A. GAREFIELD. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

him. Eight or ten persons who were in our batch came to ask after the health of the old Marquis. The next day we retraced all the visits that we had received. I remained at Antwerp until the departure of the King, and saw a great many people. I returned with a report and notes which did me much honor. And if I had a little faintly I might even add that the Comtesse had a way of leaning on my arm and looking at me sideways when we went to see the pictures in the museum of Antwerp. Ah! I might perhaps have made a very fine marriage!"

"Monsieur Marcon, the man has come and the woman is bringing him into the garden."

At these words uttered by one of the policemen, Dubrisart and Marcon rose, traversed the garden, and, remaining on the door-step, looked into the dancing room. They saw Aglae Ripon, coming along the circular promenade on the arm of a little red-haired man in a gray coat wearing a soft felt hat. The little man was talking much and seemed very animated. The woman did not seem to be listening. Her gait was uncertain, her glance vague; she must have drunk a great deal of sugared wine. By a mechanical gesture of her left hand she almost constantly pushed back the bunch of red roses that beat against her face. The two policemen followed close behind.

"Do you recognize him?" said Marcon to Dubrisart.

"No, he wore all his beard; he had dark hair. I see before me a beardless man with red hair. But we shall soon see; I have a certain means of knowing it is he."

When the woman saw the garden door, and when she recognized Marcon and Dubrisart, who were waiting on each side of the door, she drew herself up, screamed, and tried to rush back. But the policemen seized both the man and the woman and pushed them violently into the garden. Marcon shut the door. At that moment the quadrille finished, and five hundred voices cried furiously, "Encore! encore!"

"Let the woman go," said Dubrisart, "and bring the man here under the gas lamp. There, and now, my friend, show me your left hand; open it. Ah, there are my three teeth. It was I who gave you those three marks in exchange for a cut from your knife. Handcuff him. It is Stafner."

Dubrisart and Marcon arrived at the prefecture at half past 10 that evening. One of the *chefs de service* was there. They gave him an account of their expedition.

"Very good," he said; "Marcon I thank you; but you, Dubrisart, remain. I have a question to ask you. I have had several reports about the reception at Antwerp. In one of my reports a certain Baron de Martonne de Lustrac is mentioned as having been very violent in his language. He spoke most insultingly in public concerning M. Thiers. You did not see this Baron de Martonne de Lustrac?"

"Yes, I saw him."
"Well, you say nothing about him in your report; why?"
"Because it was myself."
"I thought so. And this is what comes of fantastic police without orders or discipline. At every line in your report you speak of a Countess de Riballiere."
"Yes, who was very fervent, and whose father—"
"The Marquis de Bon-tasson—yes, I know. Wait a minute."
"The *chef de service* opened the door. "Madame Robert," he said, "will you come in, if you please."
The Baron de Martonne de Lustrac saw the Countess de la Riballiere enter, dressed in the most modest fashion. Both of them, Baron and the countess, looked at each other astonished.

"Monsieur Dubrisart, Madame Robert, Madame Robert, Monsieur Dubrisart. Look at each other well, I pray you, and be good enough when you meet not to

practice your secret police against each other."

Dubrisart and Madame Robert left the cabinet of the *chef de service*, and while they were going down one of the staircases of the prefecture:

"There is only one thing that puzzles me," said Dubrisart. "It is the old Marquis, he had a positively noble air. Where did you discover him?"

"He is my father," replied Madame Robert. "He used to be an actor. He was perfection in the roles of noble fathers."—*Ludovic Halévy.*

Another Continuation.

When the case of the People vs. I. M. Kallouch was called in the Superior Court, Department II, yesterday morning, H. E. Highton, attorney for defendant, stated to the Court that he was compelled to leave the city immediately on imperative professional business, and could not possibly return before the 5th of October, and he therefore asked a continuance of the case until the 20th of October. He also stated that Judge Campbell, for the prosecution, would be called out of the city about the 5th prox. He further stated that there would probably be a decision from the Court in the interim of the matter of his plea of "once in jeopardy," and that in the case decision was adverse he would then interpose a plea of not guilty on behalf of his client.

Judge Freelon said that when the case was called for trial the jury impeached by the Sheriff would probably be challenged as ineligible; but he saw no reason why the jury should not proceed with cases in which there was no question raised as to their eligibility to serve as jurors.

Mr. Marshall said he was ready to try the case at once, or wait the convenience of both counsel, but that it was unfortunate that their professional engagements should conflict in such a manner.

Judge Freelon said that under the circumstances it was impossible to fix a date that would suit both counsel, and he would, therefore, set the case for October 11th.

Mr. Highton thought that would not give him sufficient time for preparation after his return on the 5th, and he desired it understood that he did not pledge himself to be ready at that time, and might be obliged to ask a further continuance of a few days. The case was then set for Monday, October 11th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The Yakima Shooting Scrape.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., Oct. 1.—A dispatch from Sheriff Schuebel of Yakima county, states that the town of Yakima is in a state of intense excitement, caused by a shooting affair at Church's saloon at that place on Saturday last—J. Dink Spawen was killed instantly, and his brother badly wounded. The ball went through his thigh, smashing the bone, and went through the other leg. David Carrol was shot through the shoulderblade. The affray originated about a horse race. Three men—under arrest and warrants are issued for three more. The men arrested are Carrol, Lamson and Church.

Mob talk runs high, but the sheriff has his forces ready to revive an attack. Carrol is dangerously wounded and is lying at the hotel. Preparations were being made for examination of the case when the dispatch left.

Continued, multiplied and extended our industries, so that we are now among the first of the great commercial nations of the world.

It is wise or safe to entrust the administration of the Government to the party which has opposed and obstructed these measures by every means in its power? It is the only party which has taken any practical steps for the improvement of the Civil Service, and from which further reforms can reasonably be expected.

Reasons for Supporting the Republican Party and Opposing the Democrats.

All departments of the Government are now administered with ability and integrity.

The Republican party brought the war to a successful issue; emancipated the blacks; placed the credit of the nation upon a higher basis than ever before.

Continued, multiplied and extended our industries, so that we are now among the first of the great commercial nations of the world.

It is wise or safe to entrust the administration of the Government to the party which has opposed and obstructed these measures by every means in its power? It is the only party which has taken any practical steps for the improvement of the Civil Service, and from which further reforms can reasonably be expected.

Reasons for Supporting the Republican Party and Opposing the Democrats.

All departments of the Government are now administered with ability and integrity.

The Republican party brought the war to a successful issue; emancipated the blacks; placed the credit of the nation upon a higher basis than ever before.

Continued, multiplied and extended our industries, so that we are now among the first of the great commercial nations of the world.

It is wise or safe to entrust the administration of the Government to the party which has opposed and obstructed these measures by every means in its power? It is the only party which has taken any practical steps for the improvement of the Civil Service, and from which further reforms can reasonably be expected.

The Well's Secret.

I knew it all my boyhood; in a lonesome valley meadow, I like a dymal's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near; Its eye flashed back the sunshine, and grew dark and sad with shadow; And I loved its fruitful depths where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the senseless quiver Of the rippling rings of silver as the drops of crystal fell; I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river; Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, un-expected, When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow now hid the place; And I looked in the dark water—saw my pallid cheek reflected; And beside it, looking upward, met an evil reptile face.

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion; Then it darted toward the grasses, and I But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished there was dead.

Oh, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth that hid the wisest ideal; My soul was seared like sin to see the falsehood of the place; And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim, unseen recesses There were lurking lower secrets than the furthest reptile face.

And since then—oh, why the burden?—when the joyous fancies greet me, With eyes of timid innocence, and words devoid of art, I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart!

Longing.

Of all the myriad moods of mind That through the soul come thronging Which one was ever so good, so kind, So beautiful, as Longing? The thing we long for, that we are For one transcendent moment, Before the present, poor and bare, Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry strife and strife, Glimpses down the wisest ideal, And Longing mingles in clay, what life Carves in the marble real. To let the new life in, we know, Desire must die the mortal— Perhaps the longing to be so Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh Heavenward will With our poor earthy reckonings; We quench it, that we may be still Content with merely living; But would we learn that heart's full scope Which we are hourly wronging, Our eyes must turn from hope to hope And realize our longing.

Oh, let us hope that to our praise But when the stars beckon, Beyond self-satisfaction, When we are simply good in thought, However we fall in action.

—JAMES HUSKEL LOWELL.

A Scandalous Dog.

Once upon a time there lived in the city of New York, a wealthy old gentleman who had a wayward son. The young man liked to run with the boys, and managed to use up considerable of the old gentleman's substance for wine suppers, fast teams and other unwholy dissipations. Consequently, this young man was always in debt, constantly in need of ready cash, and continually making requisitions on his governor's exchequer.

At last the old gentleman took a fumble, whatever that may mean; but the young man, in describing the course his father had coached to pursue, remarked to a friend that the old man had taken a tumble. The said tumble consisted in his notifying his son and heir that from that on and henceforth no more cash for any fancy business, and the old fellow was as good as his word. Down in his heart of hearts the young man was grievous sore, but he assumed a smile though he felt it not, and made earnest protestations of reform. Meanwhile he kept on running with the boys on tick. Tick is one of those things that has a limit, and one day the wayward son found himself at the end of his rope, so to speak, and at his wits' end for funds to keep up his end with the other boys, and after canvassing the matter in his mind and assuring himself that the old gentleman was inexorable and no coin could be squeezed out of him on a square proposition, he hit upon a happy expedient. Entering the paternal presence and assuming a look of business, he said:

"Father, have you read about that man over in Brooklyn that can teach dogs to talk?"

If the old man had been in his halcyon days of his youth, he would probably have said, "Whatsergivingus?" but being the father of a family, he said, "What sort of a nonsense are you talking about now?"

"Fact, sure, you live," said the young hopeful. "I've seen the thing myself, and I didn't know but it might be a good idea to take old Tige and have him taught. A talking dog would be a cheerful thing to have about the house and would make lot of amusement for the children."

"My son," returned the father solemnly, "I'm an old man, and have seen a powerful sight of the world, and I tell you this is an age of humbug."

"That's all right, father, but isn't it likewise an age of progress? Look at the locomotive, and the telephone and the Atlantic cable, and the patent whatdoyoucall em, and all those other things they didn't know about in the days of the revolutionary fathers."

Certainly, certainly my son; glad to see you showing such knowledge of the world's progress. And do you really think the man can teach dogs to talk?"

"Sure pop! But it don't cost a cent if it's failure. The Professor says he don't want any money if the dog can't be taught in one week to carry if the dog can't be taught with anybody. The terms are just these: 'You take the dog over and pay the \$30 in advance. If at the end of a week the dog can't talk, you get your \$30 back again; but if he can talk you pay \$50 more, making an even hundred for the lessons.'"

"Well, it would be odd to have old Tige talking around the house, and I guess we'll try the thing, anyhow. You can take the

dog over this afternoon if you like."

And the old man went down in his "klick" as the boys call it, and handed the boy a \$50 note.

Tige left the house that day. The gentleman inquired of his son as to the progress Tige was making in his studies. The invariable reply of the son was: "The Professor says he's just getting on fine, and is going to make a talker from base."

At last the eventful day came when Tige was to be brought home, and the young man took the other fifty from his trusting parent. That evening he came home without the dog.

"Where's Tige?" asked the Governor.

"See here, father," said the young man, "I've got something to say and it won't do to speak it out before all the family. I'd like to have about five minutes' conversation with you in another room."

Father and son retired to another room, locked the door, stuffed paper in the key-hole, and the young man spoke as follows:

"Well, I went over to Brooklyn and got Tige, and he was dreadful glad to see me, you bet. When we got on the boat I just thought I'd have a little talk with the old dog to kinder get him broke in, and astonish the folks when we got home. We sat down at the bow of the boat, and I said, 'How do, Tige?'"

"Poopy well," said he, "how's the folks?"

"Bang up," says I.

"Gals all well?" said he.

"Fine as a fiddle," says I.

"Has Miranda and that big bean of hers bursted and more of the parlor chairs, sitting on 'em double?" says he.

"I don't pay much attention to the gal's love affairs," said I, "and Tige, you mustn't talk about such things; they're sacred."

"Look a here, Jim," said Tige, kinder solemn like, and winking out the corner of his eye. "Look a here, does the old man keep it up kissing that chambermaid with the red cheeks and png nose every time he catches her on the basement staircase?"

"Father, just imagine how I felt to have the dog talk that way about the author of my being! Now, what was I going to do under the circumstances? Could I bring that dog home and have him scandalize the family around the neighborhood and before company? Not much! I just coaxed old Tige to the edge of the boat, and pushed him overboard. Dead dogs tell no tales."

"The judgment of the court is that the murderer is justifiable and strictly in self-defense," said the old man; and he gave the protector of the family honor another fifty, and suggested that it might be just as well to tell the folks that Tige died in a fit, and not to mention anything about his conversational powers.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

The Challenge of John Phoenix.

1. I will suspend two dollars by a ring from a second person's nose, so as to bring the coins within three-fourths of an inch from his face, and with a double-barrelled shotgun, at a distance of thirty feet, will blow dollars, nose and man at least thirty feet further, four times out of five. I will add, in explanation, that San Diego, containing a rather intelligent community, I can find, at present, no one here willing or ready to have his nose blown in this manner; but I have no manner of doubt I could obtain such a person from St. Louis, by Adams & Co's express, in due season.

2. I will hit a dollar or anything else that has been tossed in the air (of the same size), on a wheel, on a pole or axle-tree or the ground, every time out of five.

3. At the word, I will place five balls on the end of a penknife and split them all.

4. I will hit three men out of five sprung from obscure parentage, and stand within ten feet of a steel trap (properly set while shooting).

5. I will break, at the word, a whole box of common clay pipes, with a single brick, at a distance of thirty feet.

6. I will engage to prove by a fair trial that no pistol shot (or any other person) can be produced who will throw more apples at a man's head than I can. Moreover, I can produce in this town more than sixty persons willing and ready to hold an apple on their heads for me, provided they are allowed to eat the apple subsequently.

7. I will wager, lastly, that no one in the United States can be produced who, with a double-barrelled shotgun, while throwing a back-hand somersault, can hit oftener a dollar and a half on the perimeter of a revolving wheel in rapid motion than I can.

Any one desiring to take up any of my propositions will address me through the columns of the *Pioneer Magazine*. Propositions will be received on the 1st of April next.

JOHN PHOENIX.

1384 Seventeenth street, Vallecitos. So compro oro agni, up stairs.

P. S.—Satisfactory references given and required. A bet from a steady, industrious person, who will be apt to pay if he loses, will meet with prompt attention. J. P.

Said General Grant, in his Warren, O., speech: "There is not a precedent in our vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot and have it counted as cast, no matter what the predominance of the opposite party. He can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among thousands, without fear and without persecution on account of his opinion. There are fourteen states where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one I am a Republican."

The Touchet coal mine is a fraud.