

THE HOME CIRCLE.

VIOLET'S VALENTINE.

[By MARY MOUNTAIN, IN RURAL PRESS.]

In the sad old war times we worked harder for the Sanitary Fund than we had ever done for the poor little church; and our calico-parties, grab-bags and ring cakes were no longer "stale, flat and unprofitable," for the glow of our enthusiasm penetrated hearts and pockets.

All our good seed fell upon good ground, and we gathered with joyful gratitude our magical harvest of gold, and sent it with lightning speed upon its heavenly mission.

More than once at the close of our patriotic festivals there were whole loaves left, and these were sold and resold like Gridley's sack of flour till the weight of jingling coin was heavy as our hearts were light.

What should we have next? A Valentine Party! And there must be an original, Simon Pure Valentine for everybody and his friend, with plenty in reserve of a mildly amorous and confiding character that might, in the seclusion of our P. O., be addressed to strangers, who would join us in honoring St. Val for the sake of fun and in the Sanitary Fund.

Pin-cushions and watch-pockets had tried my patience sorely, but for this business I had a knack, and my brain was in a jingle from morning till night. I tried to get the girls interested, but each pretty damsel had her head full of "something to wear," and no time or appreciation for the nimble muse.

But the Big Ditch had broken out, and until the water should be on again honest Jack Horner was trying to kill time by slicking up around his cabin a neglected little cabbage patch. Why not ask him to help about the Valentines? So when he came down to borrow the wheelbarrow I told him the plan of the party, and what a pity 'twould be if there were not enough Val's for the girls.

Now Jack, here's a chance for that rusty old pen of yours. A dozen Valentines will bring in 3 dollars for the Fund; the girls will be delightfully mystified, and your secret perfectly safe, for I am the P. M.

He listened gravely, but I could see that the light in his eye was reflective rather than responsive, and I was stirring among the half-faded memories of a life I knew nothing about.

"Well, mum, it's many a long year since I writ a Valentine," (here a long sigh and an impatient trundle of the barrow,) "and the last one was not meant for no nonsense but it never got no answer. If V'let Brown had answered back I shouldn't be here 'livin' like an old hermit. You see I told her my mind was made up and it must be yes or nothin'. But 'tain't no manner of use thinkin' about her any more."

Then he folded his arms in a manly way and began to think of her with all his might. No woman could withhold sympathy from such a case, and I began to deal out that friendly tonic.

"Violet is such a pretty name; and she must have been a very sweet girl."

"You bet," was the hearty response of Mr. Horner, as he cast a forlorn glance at his lonely cabin.

"And possibly you were too hasty and should have tried again. The Valentine might have gone wrong in some way; or she might have sent an answer that never reached you. We often hear of such accidents, you know."

"Why, mum, that's so. It must have happened that a-way, and what a darned fool I've been! Here I've pumped round 5 or 6 year feelin' savage as a meat ax every time I'd think of home, and now, sure as blazes, you've hit the nail right on the head. That's so, and by this time his big jack-knife was at work whittling away furiously at the gate post, and his rugged face was a curious study.

"Well, if I were you, Mr. Horner, I would certainly send her another Valentine."

"So I would, mum, but I've lost the trick of writin'. This sliggin' fur and livin' all alone is mighty dull work and spiles a feller's courage. Jest this mornin' it might seem an easy thing to do; but when I set down over yander and git out the mouldy ink-bottle and rusty old pen, my thoughts go rattlin' like boulders down the sluice, and bring up in the mud and slumgullion all the same. Why, I haint writ home but once all these five year."

"O, that's really too bad! Your folks might think you were dead."

"Yes 'um, that's so. But let me tell you what I'll do. You spoke about me makin' up Valentines that would bring in 3 dollars. Couldn't do it for love nor money, and these girls ain't my style no-how. But I'll pay the 3 dollars into the Sanitary all the same if you'll fix up a real nice one for V'let and tell her 'jest what's the matter. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, indeed; it shall be ready for you to-morrow; but you must copy it, or sign your name in some way that she may be sure it's not a sham."

"Not any sham if I know myself. I'll fix it all right; and away he went to his work and I to mine; but though duly elated over the Sanitary value of this special effort, the stern reality of its character and possible consequences got such possession of my fancy that I was hardly in better condition for writing than poor Jack "over yander," with thoughts drifting into the vasty deep of slumgullion. Violet might be a happy wife and mother long before now; but if Jack did not think of that, why should I? So I hammered away at the little love story while getting supper and putting the children to bed; and late at night put myself to sleep with the comforting jingle of the last lines that vowed,—

No lovely blossom in this land of flowers
Can cheer the heart that is so wholly thine,
Until the hope shall brighten all my hours
That you will be my own, true Valentine.
Sweet Violet.

I had taken care to dwell pretty strongly upon the disappointment and lonely longing of the "five year that brought no reply," but had no idea how affecting it was until I read it next morning to the delighted Mr. Horner. The tears came to his eyes and he rubbed his knees rapturously, but the only words he said were, "That's j-a-m up." This expressive phrase he repeated in a respectful, meditative way, and finally marched briskly to the table and wrote upon the folded sheet in a plain, big hand—"This is awl on the skewer from yer old friend Andrew Jackson Horner." The readiness with which this P. S. was added led me to suspect that it had been studied and practiced at home, for every letter went into its place as if it belonged there.

Then the little massive freighted with love and hope drifted Eastward, and amid the distracting fun and fancy of my three-score-and-ten Valentines there was ever a truant anxiety leading far away to the unconscious Violet.

The party was a financial success; and peeped at through the delivery of my post-official den it seemed a jolly affair, but I heard some of the bright girls lamenting that they had not "known beforehand what a chance there would be for fun."

The weeks went by and Valentines were forgotten by everybody but A. J. Horner and myself. Water was on again, and the rattle and splash of sluices noisy as of old, but every day as stage-time came around the Bluestone claim was deserted and its hopeful owner, seated on a big molasses barrel, whistled Old Dog Tray and

watched the mail-bag business. One day P. M. Jones, with a comical twist of his crooked nose, cried out, "Hello Jack! here's that love letter you've been watchin' fur so long!"

Poor Jack—to keep his secret so well and have it found out so easily! But this was nothing now, and the laugh of the crowd was nothing.

Little Violet's letter! Away he marched to the Bluestone claim, and somewhere in the noisy solitudes of Dead Man's Cut he read the words that made him the happiest miner in the camp.

Before night he had sold his claim and cabin—everything as it stood—had packed his carpet bag, rolled up his blankets and was all ready to start for "home," when he called in to say good bye and show me Violet's letter.

The great, tender-hearted man was so full of joy he could hardly speak; and so grateful for the "jolly good life" I had given him, he "didn't reckon as there was any way to git even fur that."

"Why, you did pay the biggest price ever heard of for a plain Valentine; but as you say that was for the Sanitary I will, if you please, take something now for myself, and that is a copy of Violet's letter for a keepsake. Are you willing?" "O, yes mum! willin' indeed; and you should have the letter sure's you're born, only that's all the one I've got. While you're a takin' off the copy I'll go round and say good bye to the boys. You see, I can't happen round any too quick there to home fur that uncle Jim she speaks about is a—well a reg'lar old bugger. That's so, mum. He won't be glad to see me, but Violet will."

And here is the copy of Violet's letter:

"DEAR OLD FATHERS JACK—I did not expect to have another valentine in this World and near is yours to put away from California. Who made it up in Poetry for you? I would not dare to think it is really from you, only there is your writing on it, and your own name just as you always wrote it on your copy book and in mine too, at school, do you remember? And I have got your name in another place, the old valentine you sent me just before you went to California. I did answer it, and wonder what made you go off and never come near me; but what can a woman do? only keep still and feel bad. About 2 years after that we was making rug carpets and cutting up all the old truck we could lay our hands onto, and mother was ripin' an old coat and cried out—sakes alive, what's this! I knew it in a minute, the answer I sent to you slip down in the linings of father's old Sailer jacket. I gave it to him to put in the postoffice because it was too storry for me to go with it. And he forgot it. Father is dead now almost a year, and uncle Jim says the Place belongs to him, but mother and I can't understand it, for it don't seem possible. Perhaps you think I might have let you know about the answer that got lost in the coat, but none of your folks could tell where you was stoppin', and they are all moved away now to Nebraska, and a lot of the neighbors gone there too. So I reckon you will never come back this way, but I should be very glad to see you, and mother would. 5 years makes a great difference in some people, but if you are a good man as I thought you was, I am just the same your true friend, Violet."

Swiftly and safely home went Jack, and by and by came a newspaper from the Erie shore, and broad pencil marked led my eye straight to the marriage notice of "Mr. A. J. Horner (late of Cal.), and Miss Violet Brown."

A String of Pearls.

To do good to men is the great work of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do to them. Every investigation brings us round to this point. Being here, and you are like one who strikes water from a rock on the summits of the mountains; it flows down all the intervening tracts to the very base. If we could make each man love his neighbor, we should make a happy world. The true method is to begin ourselves, and so to extend the circle to all around us. It should be perpetually in our minds.—J. W. Alexander.

FREEDOM is indeed not doing as we like, not everybody following his or her own way (even if that were possible,) but "self-control." Self-control, plus a control or command of our subject, gives "freedom," but a person who has no control over any subject or right use of any faculties, cannot have freedom.—Miss Nightingale.

Every good man is not born with the gift of public speech. There are deep-minded, devout, and earnest Christians who can do everything else better than address a mixed assembly. They are constitutionally timid and slow-tongued; there is pure gold within them, but they cannot coin it readily into current words.

ONE may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and the creator.

THERE is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

IN the Christian warfare, to maintain the conflict is to gain the victory. The promise is made to him that endures to the end. The object of our spiritual adversaries is to prevent this. Every day in which you are preserved from going back, they sustain a defeat.—Payson.

VICIOUS habits are so great a stain on human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person, actuated by right reason, should avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed from both God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

NO MAN is so happy as a real Christian; none so rational, so virtuous, so amiable. How little vanity does he feel, though he believes himself united to God! How far is he from abjectness when he ranks himself with the worms of the earth!—Pascal.

How to Catch a Hat.

The moaning winds of November, carrying sadness to our hearts and high plugging hats under country wagons, are here. It behooves every man to take care of his health, and hang on to his hat. But, as some will be apt to neglect their hats in their anxiety for their health, we have thought fit to give the following advice for their recovery: When you feel your hat lifting, immediately plunge your hands into your hair and give it a twist. This will attract the attention of everybody to you, and make you feel as if you were not quite alone in the world. Then, as soon as the hair lifts from your eyes and enables you to see your hat skimming along the road, start for it. Don't trot after it, but gallop, and while you gallop, smile. A smile goes a good ways on such an occasion. It cuts off other smiles by showing what an excellent joke chasing a hat is, and that you like it. Don't turn out of the way for other people. Some of those you meet may not take that

interest in the affair a neighbor should, and if you can knock them down and step on them they will become thoroughly engrossed in the subject at once. As soon as you see the hat stop, immediately slacken your gait; you can renew it again as soon as it starts up; and when you get right opposite it, immediately prostrate yourself upon it, and then get up and go for it again. Never neglect to fall down upon it when you can, as that gives the beholder better satisfaction, and at the same time relieves the chase of much of its monotony. Don't forget your smile. This is one of the most attractive features of the whole performance, and should not be omitted on any consideration. The moment you stop smiling, people will think it is all an accident, and losing their tempers will commence to jibe you. When you have the hat fairly in your reach, give it a good kick, and then chase it again, and when you are surfeited with the amusement, jam it down on your head without smoothing your hair, and dart into the first store to warm yourself.—Danbury News.

FRANKLIN TIED HIS MONEY UP.—Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in a codicil to his will, left his native town of Boston the sum of one thousand pounds to be lent to the young married artificers upon good security and under certain other conditions. If the plan should be carried out as successfully as he expected, he reckoned that this sum would amount, in one hundred years, to one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds. It was his wish, and so expressed in his will, that one hundred thousand pounds should be spent upon public works, "which then may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants; such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever makes living in the town more convenient to the people, and renders it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health for a temporary residence." It was also his wish that the remaining thirty-one thousand pounds should again be put on interest for another hundred years, at the end of which time the whole amount was to be divided between the city and the State. The bequest at the end of the first hundred years may not attain the exact figure he calculated, but it is sure to be a large sum. At the present time it is more than a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and it has about seventeen years to run. Franklin died in 1790.

How to Tell 'Em.

Eli Perkins says the ear marks of ill-bred people are as follows:

If the lady comes into the parlor with a diamond ring on the outside of her glove, it is safe to ask her how much she gets a week.

If, when that new family enter or leave a room, the gentlemen rush ahead, leaving the ladies to follow, there is something "shoddy" somewhere.

If, when they go in to dinner, they do nothing but loudly order the waiters around, and talk about the wine you can make up your mind that they are the first waiters they ever had, and the only wines they ever drank.

If, when a gentleman sits in a parlor talking to a lady, he don't sit up straight, but sprawls all over the sofa, puts the soles of his boots on the lady's dress, on the furniture, or wipes his shoes on his own pantaloons, you'd better refuse an introduction to him.

If, the ladies in that party whitewash their faces, redden their lips, black their eyebrows or bronze or yellow their hair, just you think this is a sign which Providence put up so you can shun them.

If, enamel and dyed hair are social beacon lights to enable you to keep off the rocks of Cyprus. Just you keep away from such people, for they are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Voice from a lady—"But we want to look beautiful."

But this will not make you beautiful, my children. Any sweetheart who is so shallow as to take whitewash for the human skin, or rouge for the rose cheeks of nature, is too much of a saphead to make a good husband.

VARIOUS TALENTS NEEDED.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds, says Sidney Smith, to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of a subject is for pushing out, by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the lightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no converse with him who tastes exquisitely the feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else, whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away to the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.

THE ROPE OF OCNUS.—Ocnus was a poor but industrious Greek laborer who had a lazy wife who was a very poor housekeeper and wasted all he earned. The trials of poor Ocnus inspired the great Grecian painter Polygnots with the idea for a celebrated picture. He represented a man making a rope out of straw, whilst an ass beside him eat up the rope as fast as it is woven, thus rendering the work of the rope-maker useless. This painting gave rise to a favorite proverb among the Greeks; for to say, "It is labor lost," they repeated enigmatically, "It is the rope of Ocnus." Metaphors often condense truths.

A GREEN-GROCEB—one who trusts.

THE PROVINCE OF THE LEGITIMATE.—The annals of journalism prove that a public journal, to be successful and gain the confidence of the people at large, must guard with a jealous watchfulness what-ever tends to the general good, and be ready at all times to defend its interests when assailed. This is the province of legitimate journalism, and when it falls short of this standard, it is unworthy the name of journalism, and entitled to no respect or support from the public. The masses rely almost exclusively upon the newspapers of the day for every species of information allied with their welfare. They are the guardians of the public weal; in fact, they are servants of the people, upon whom they are dependent for support, and hence their existence, and nothing should induce them to swerve from their plain line of duty; but it is a fact to be deeply regretted that many of our journals, if not openly allied with some scheme gotten up for the ostensible purpose of a public benefit, but really for individual enrichment at the public expense, allow them to pass unnoticed, either for want of enterprise in ferreting them out, or for other considerations best known to themselves.—Progression.

A HUMMING-BIRD FEIGNING DEATH.—A gentleman caught a humming-bird, and, wishing to feed it, says:

"It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of refined loaf-sugar with one of fine honey, in 10 of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister went to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw to my amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually playing 'possum'—feigning to be dead, most skillfully. It lay on my open palm, motionless, for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it; but when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a spoon."

WASTE NO TIME.—After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they had picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressed upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

TROUBLES.—Now, you are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A person is not worth anything that has not had troubles. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your suffering will be only here and there, little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

THE wisest man—in his own estimation—is the man who knows something dreadful about the condition of the business he is engaged in, and the state of his neighbors' affairs; this he pours into the ear of those who listen to him. The true motto of business should be "speak no ill of your competitor in business," in endeavoring to drive a business or bargain yourself.

A CLERGYMAN removing from one city to another, marked a large box containing his sermons, "Keep dry," they did.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

Letters to Boys—No 4.

[FROM THE PACIFIC RURAL PRESS.]

DEAR LITTLE MEN:—Willie Spencer, the little man of whom I told you in my last, is polite. Behaving well in the presence of strangers, is not all there is to politeness, but it is something to be able even to acknowledge an introduction. Willie's mother taught him years ago to be a little gentleman in the presence of strangers. When introduced to a person, he bows politely, and if spoken to, responds. Very little acts, to be sure, but if Willie, or any child learns them, it will be easier for them to mingle with strangers, when they go away from home. When Willie wishes to remain in the room with his mother's friends, he is very quiet, seldom speaks unless spoken to, but is always ready to do a kind act, if there is an opportunity. If there are any restless three or four-year-olds in the company, it is safe to trust them with him; and they soon forget their nervousness, while looking at the chickens and rabbits, or Willie's play-house. The relieved papas and mamas say, "What a little man he is! I wish our little boys were as polite and gentlemanly." So Willie has his reward for that kindness. Then he knows that his parents and friends love and trust him. They can give him a nice book without a fear that they will find it soiled and "dog-eared" in a short time. He has a trunk for his books, papers, letters, etc., and they are kept nicely in their places. One of his friends has promised him a nice gold watch when he is twelve. But if he were a rough, careless boy I do not think they would trust him with it. Now I do not know "for certain" but that every boy who will read this letter, is very care-

ful, but it seems just as though I could hear some little fellow, who does so like to bang his hat up on the floor, and whose boots and playthings persist in scudding away out of sight just before they are wanted, and whose hair is determined to look as though it had not been combed for a week, and to whom the nails seem to fly just on purpose to tear his jacket—I seem to hear him say, "O'my! Guess I'd be careful, if I could have a real running gold watch; just try me and see!" But, my dear little fellow, did you ever know a bent, crooked tree to straighten up all in a moment? Remember, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and if you have got into the habit of being careless, you will have to try hard before you get out of it. I fear your watch would get into a sad habit of running down.

But every boy can be a gentleman if he tries in the right way, for all can have a spirit of gentleness and kindness which will make them truly polite. But in trying to be a true gentleman, do not take Willie for a pattern; for although he is usually very good, he sometimes gets out of patience, and scolds his little sister, and is quite cross.

There is but one perfect pattern. He says of children, "Forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A LESSON FROM THE GARDEN.—A story is told of a king who went into his garden one morning, and found everything withered and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found it was sick of life, and determined to die because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was all out of heart because it could not bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect, and have as fine fruit as the pomegranate; and so on, throughout the garden. Coming to a heart's-ease, he found its' bright little face lifted, as full of cheeriness as ever. "Well, heart's-ease, I'm glad to find one brave little flower in this general discouragement and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened."

"No, your Majesty. I know I'm of small account, but I conclude you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a vine, or a pomegranate, you would have set one out. So I'm bound to be the best little heart's-ease that ever I can." We may have a lowly place, but let us fill it with cheerfulness and courage.

The Age of the Earth.

A new mode of finding the age of the earth, attempts to determine approximately the time at which the fiery liquid earth-ball for the first time covered itself with a crust. This is done by means of the differences at the longest and shortest diameter of the earth. According to the calculations of Newton and Huygens this would be 1-578, if the rotation of the earth had always been completed in twenty-four hours, while in fact it amounts to 1-298, which is equivalent to a rotation time of seventeen hours and sixteen minutes, which must once have been the earth's time of rotation. It is, however, probable, for reasons which need not be gone into here, that at the time the earth was covering itself with a firm crust, the time of rotation was also a mean between the original and the present time. That a retardation of the rotation time has taken and is still taking place is now as good as proved, although formerly it was strongly doubted. Of all heavenly bodies it is the moon which astronomers know best, and have most exactly calculated from her movements. Now, the co-efficients of the secular acceleration of the moon's course, as found on the one hand from the oldest observations of eclipses, on the other from the theory, are at variance, and there are differences which ought not to exist in the calculations of so well observed a body. Agreement can only be obtained when it is supposed that during the two thousand years which have passed since the Greeks first calculated the eclipses, the rotation of the earth has been retarded 0.01197 seconds. This retardation, which is perfectly well explained by the tides, is easily calculated how much time will be required to cause a retardation of nearly four hours, and the result is that since the firm crust of the earth formed itself, more than two thousand millions of years must have elapsed!—Exchange.

WORK ON THE FARM.—Our correspondent, "G. R.," of Sacramento, writes: "At present, February 5th, work on the farm hereabouts is pretty much at a standstill, and if our rains keep on late, spring work will increase four-fold, leaving but little time in which to do it. But few have as yet started to prune their grape vines. I expect many will leave it later, as last year's experience proved so unfavorable by the late frost. The surplus wood can be cut now, leaving the bearing branches till later in the spring.

With regard to pruning shears, persons have various tools for trimming. The Germans use the hand scissors and saw. This work is tedious and hard for the hands. Others use the Eastern shears, such as were on exhibition at the last State fair, but find they are unsuitable for the work. What appears to be a very good instrument has been found of California manufacture, made by Geo. E. Duden, on the Upper Stockton road. He has made this matter a specialty for some time; has improved on the old pattern, and is ready and now filling orders from home and abroad. They are made of the best cast-steel, strong and durable. They are suitable for trimming trees as well as the vine."

MCGARRAHAN AGAIN.—Wm. McGarrahan is considering the proposition of introducing a bill to instruct the Secretary of the Interior to restore to the records pertaining to the grant covering the New Idria quicksilver mine, giving it to the right owners. The patent was signed by President Lincoln, and afterward defaced with the certificate that it had not been legally issued. McGarrahan is here ready to take any action that may be necessary. His case is now pending in the Supreme Court of California.

FANCY STOCK.—A. E. Burbank, of 43 and 44 California Market, has just received per C. P. R. R. another invoice of Golden Pencilled Hamburgs, which took first premiums at Buffalo in 1873. Also, silver gray Dominians which took first premiums at Buffalo in January, 1874. We would call the attention of fanciers to this new importation, and to the advertisement of same in another column.