

California State Analyst.

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On a Late Starting Event.

The late lamented James Yellowplush in his happiest moments never surpassed a tonic, which we find in a recent description of a funeral in New York. Among those present was a gentleman who is not in any sense a prolific man nor a seeker of newspaper notoriety. He is a very rich man, however, and this fact evidently filled the observant James' bosom with awe and reverence.

"The young man," says James, with lated breath, "whose wealth is computed at over fifty millions, stood an attentive, devout and sad participant in the obsequies," his "pale face, fringed just beneath the ears with tufts of black whiskers, wore a melancholy expression. He was attired in a neat fitting suit of black, black gloves and tie. He stood when the congregation rose, knelt when it knelt and sat when it sat. Throughout the long service he remained with set, saddened face, and most of the time with bowed head. Never once did he glance around to see who was there and not once did he exchange words with his few companions."

James was overcome. A gentleman behaved like a gentleman, and yet, strange to say, he is computed to be worth fifty millions of dollars! Evidently the awe-stricken James supposes that a man so rich might be naturally expected to wear a red coat and yellow breeches at a funeral, to rise when the congregation sat down, to sit down when it rose and to dance a jig when it knelt. That a rich man should condescend to be a gentleman evidently amazes James, and with trembling fingers he records the wondrous fact, which is then placed within the possession of every friend of humanity for the insignificant sum of two cents. These are the things that inspire respect and admiration for a free and independent press.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost in an Abandoned Mine.

An old gold mine near Georgetown, Cal., long since deserted by its owners, is still visited by miners who take out an occasional grub stake.

Henry Frazer, an old Georgetown miner, went into the mine ten days ago to work a claim about a mile underground. He lost his candle and matches, and was unable to find his way among the hundreds of passages.

For ten days he was without food, water or light, and suffered untold agonies. His friends grew anxious at his long absence and started out in search of him. They immediately repaired to the mine and found him more dead than alive, about a mile from the mouth of the tunnel.

The mine is under an old river channel, and varies from 25 to 100 feet in width. This has been all worked out, leaving an irregular chamber from 10 to 14 feet in height, filled with rocks and gravel. To reach this chamber Frazer had to pass through a tunnel 700 feet in length. It was only after tireless search that his friends found him.—Cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Given a Royal Sendoff.

At a recent wedding the contracting parties were marked out by several of their intimate friends as the objects of a joke which was prolonged to a most embarrassing degree. After the trunks had been packed they were taken charge of by the frolicsome young people who carefully lifted out the garments, strewing rice in the folds of each. Naturally anxious to avoid a public demonstration, the newly married couple requested that none of the wedding party should attend them to the station. The request was granted, but instead of attending in person the merciless ushers sent down by messenger a huge basket of the most wonderfully fashioned paper flowers, tied to the handle of which was a big signboard bearing the inscription, "For the bride."—Kate Field's Washington.

HE WANTED TO WADE, HE DID.

The Weary Utah President Found a Rocky Yale Graduate to Go Him.

A stout gentleman, well on to 60 years, was in the throng of Saturday afternoon visitors at the Produce Exchange baths yesterday afternoon. He told everybody that he'd had a hard week. He said he was a bank president. All the attendants seemed to know him. He knew all the attendants too. They were Tom and Jim and Pete to him.

He wanted everybody to understand that he'd had a hard week. Every newcomer was corralled and impressed with the fact. Then he said he wanted some one to take his hand and wade through the pool with him. The pool is 30 feet long and 15 feet wide, with five feet of salt water. He wanted to wade in, new summer suit and all. It would rest him and make him forget his hard week, he said, if somebody would take his hand and wade in with him.

"I'll make me feel like a boy again," said the alleged bank president.

"We used to wade in clothes and all when I was a boy," he added when his appeal was not heeded.

While he was waiting for some one to take his hand and wade, in walked a young man also in a new summer suit. The young man wore silver bowed spectacles. He is a graduate of Yale. He peered over his spectacles at the old fellow, who returned the peer and then made his appeal to the young man.

"Well, old man," said he of the silver bowed spectacles, "I was out pretty late myself last night. I'll go you."

Solemnly the old man and the younger man clasped hands and walked to the edge of the pool. They zigzagged a little, but they stood upon the brink of the pool steady enough, and banging their hats down upon their heads, they stepped off. The water was nearly up to their shoulders. But hand in hand they waded the length of the pool, the bank president smiling and contented and the younger man peering over his silver bowed spectacles as if in a contemplative mood. Not a word did they say to each other. The old man's face wore the expansive smile of childish delight. The younger man was solemnly content. They clambered out of the pool hand in hand, soaked from shoulders to heels. The old man shook the hand of his younger comrade and said:

"I thank you, sir. You have afforded me much pleasure."

"All right, old man," said the Yale graduate. "Any time you want to wade send for me."

He gave the old man his card, and as the old man jabbed the limp pasteboard into the puddle in his waistcoat pocket he remembered his watch. He pulled out a massive gold timepiece. The salt water had stopped it and probably ruined it. As he came to this conclusion the old man said:

"Well, never mind, we had fun, didn't we?"

Then the two men were tacked off to the steamroom and stripped, and for two hours they nodded sleepily at each other while their clothes and shoes were drying.—New York Sun.

Interesting Scenes in Tangier.

Tangier's beauty lies in so many different things—in the monklike garb of the men and in the white muffled figures of the women; in the brilliancy of its sky and of the sea dashing upon the rocks and tossing the feluccas with their three cornered sails from side to side, and in the green towers of the mosques and the listless leaves of the royal palms rising from the center of a mass of white roofs, and above all in the color and movement in the bazaars and streets. The streets represent absolute equality. They are at the widest but 3 yards across, and every one pushes, and apparently every one has something to sell, or at least something to say, for they all talk and shout at once and cry at their donkeys or abuse whoever touches them. A water carrier, with his goatskin bag on his back and his finger on the tube through which the water comes, jostles you on one side, and a slave as black and shiny as a patent leather boot shoves you on the other as he makes way for his master on a fine white Arabian horse with brilliant trappings and a huge contempt for the donkeys in his way.—Richard H. Davis in Harper's Weekly.

Buzzing Aviator.

Sneezing is averted by pressing the upper lip, because by doing so we deaen the impression made on a certain branch of the fifth nerve, sneezing being a reflex action excited by some slight impression on that nerve. Sneezing does not take place when the fifth nerve is paralyzed, even though the sense of smell is retained.—London Tit-Bits.

Thirteen During Young Men.

If thirteen young men—lawyers and physicians—who have just organized a Thirteen club in this city, can find a haunted house to meet in they will be most happy. The organization is nearly complete, the bylaws and rule have been drawn up and adopted, and the only thing lacking is the haunted house. If this cannot be found it is proposed to use the dead house owned by the town. Among the rules are almost everything superstitious people avoid. The president is to sit under an open umbrella during all meetings and at the quarterly dinners. A ladder will be raised in the room, and every member entering will pass under it. A cross-eyed janitor will be secured, and one of the members whose hair is fiery red will be obliged to enter the meeting room first every time it is opened.

A skeleton will be seated opposite the president at every feast, and two black cats will be purchased and kept in the clubroom. Each member takes a solemn obligation to look at the new moon over his left shoulder, pass on each side of a post when two are walking together, walk between any couples who may be seen talking together on the street, and do everything contrary to the accepted custom. The meetings will be held on Friday evenings, and if any member has to make a journey he will start on Friday or the 13th of the month.—New Haven Cor. New York Sun.

Curious Tomb of a Kentuckian.

Several weeks ago Mr. James Golden, a well known lumber dealer of Hickman, Ky., died there and was buried with a strict conformity with the provisions of a remarkable will. He had while in health a strong fear of being buried alive, fostered probably by reading accounts of the few cases of this kind that are known to have occurred, and he determined to take no chances in that line that could possibly be avoided. He caused a tomb to be erected, and in that tomb had an opening left on the east side large enough for a man to pass through. This was covered with glass.

In his will he stipulated that a strong hammer should be placed in the casket with him, and that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down, so that if by chance he should be consigned to the tomb before his life was extinct he might, if he gained power to move, push off the lid and with the hammer break out the glass in the opening left for the purpose and thus escape a lingering, horrible death. His instructions were faithfully obeyed. Friends took it upon themselves to watch the tomb and be near in case the gentleman's fears should prove well founded and render him assistance. But death came with an unerring shot, and he still slumbers peacefully in his casket.

Husbands of Famous Women.

From an article on "Unknown Husbands of Famous Women" we learn that Mr. Humphry Ward is an art critic of The London Times and is author of quite as many books as his wife; that the husband of Mrs. Leese of Kansas lives in Topeka and says, "It's all right for my wife to make speeches, but it's the drug store, just the same, that keeps things a-running;" that the husband of Margaret Deland is a hustling advertising agent and won fame by devising the "flying wedge" in football; that the husband of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger (Julien Gordon) is Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, manager of the vast Trinity church corporation in New York city, and that Mr. Burton N. Harrison is a New York attorney, and that "when his wife's literary work is mentioned he is dumb."

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