

SPRING LIES.

Truthful Stories, Stranger than Fiction, Told by Eastern Journalists Blessed with India Rubber Imaginations.

A newspaper man of the Pacific Coast would scorn to handle the truth in a careless manner, and foist the aerial flights of his imagination on his readers, as *bona fide* events, yet in the staid and prosaic East, ye editors delight each year to produce a crop of spring lies, that propagate as fast as the cereals which take root in Mother Earth and culminate in a bountiful and golden harvest. The first reaping of current events as reported in Eastern papers is gathered in, and will prove edifying to the reliable readers of California and the north-west.

A Massachusetts paper published near the spot where the pilgrim fathers landed is responsible for this:

The manuscript records of Georgetown, under the date of July 5, 1645, note a northwest wind that "lifted up their meeting house at Newbury, the people being in it. It darkened the air with dust, yet, through God's mercy, it did no hurt."

From Wales, and none the less hard to believe:

A centipede caught a lizard and began making a meal of it as it ran, but not relishing dining on the wing it formed its body in the shape of a hook and caught onto a stout weed. The lizard was not strong enough to break loose, and the cannibal reptile ate its fill and then allowed its victim to crawl off and die; so says Prof. Whitell, a reliable Welsh naturalist. A dubious story from Hartford, Conn.:

Mr. C. Dunham has been troubled with rats for some time. Mr. Dunham thought he would see if he could get his cat to kill a rat. He caught one and shut it in a barrel with a cat. The second day after he looked in, and the cat was sitting on one side of the barrel and the rat on the other. The next day, in the afternoon, the cat was sitting very contentedly with the rat perched upon her back, apparently enjoying herself.

Even Boston is not beyond suspicion:

A lady had a pet dog and cat that were very fond of each other and never quarreled. When the dog wished to go into the kitchen, he would stand by the door, and puss would jump up, catch one paw over the latch and press the other on the thumb piece, and, as the door swung open, she would drop down on the dog's back and ride in triumph.

New York will not be forgotten for this. Note the clumsy attempt to play at punning with the words feet and feet:

At noon on Saturday Col. Lawrence Kip's black mare Lady Griswold, attached to a top wagon, dashed down Seventh avenue at full speed, leading a cluster of trotters. Near One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth street the team collided with a furniture truck. Col. Kip turned a complete somersault and landed on his feet, not even losing his hat. It was a feat which might have turned some of the best acrobats green with envy. The mare, although she was trembling and nervous, never offered to move. The only damage was a split shaft, and getting into his wagon again, the colonel drove off.

The following from Gloucester, Mass., is not so bad as some, being of the kind regularly expected in New England with the spring flowers:

Capt. Augustus G. Hall and the crew of the schooner Annie L. Hall vouched for the following: On March 30, while on the Grand bank, in latitude 40 degrees, they discovered an immense live trunk turtle, which was at first thought to be a vessel bottom up. The schooner passed within twenty-five feet of the monster, and those on board had ample opportunity to estimate its dimensions by a comparison with the length of the schooner. The turtle was at least 40 feet long, 30 feet wide and 30 feet from the apex of the back to the bottom of the under shell. The flippers were 20 feet long. It was not deemed advisable to attempt its capture.

The south invariably runs to snake stories, which may be readily accounted for. This is from the vicinity of Americans, Ga.

A gentleman from the country reports a snake fight which he witnessed a few days ago, where a black snake was endeavoring to swallow a snake of the moccasin tribe. The snake was half way down the black snake's throat, and its squirming was ludicrous to witness. The blacksnake was speedily killed, and when the moccasin was liberated it was found to be half of its original dimensions, smooth and sleek as if it had just been taken out of an oil can. After being liberated it became twice the size that it was when taken out of the snake's mouth.

From Rhode Island we have, as might be expected, a small and very modest story:

While men were at work on North Main street, Providence, Thursday they had dug a hole down to the depth of twelve feet when they struck a curious find, namely, two huge mud turtles, both of which were then alive. One of them was accidentally struck with a crowbar, however, and killed. The other was taken alive. The turtle measures sixteen inches in length and fifteen inches in width. The tail is twelve inches long and the legs nine inches. It is a large specimen of this class of turtle, and how it

has been kept alive buried beneath twelve feet of earth is a mystery.

Another proof that the water of Georgia is very bad may be found in this biggest of all spring snake stories from Sylva, Ga.:

Mr. W. D. Livingston tells the latest and loudest snake story. He says that as he was crossing the Little Ogeechee creek on his way to No. 6 about two weeks since he saw about two dozen snakes all twisted and plaited together, and that the variety was the most wonderful feature in the case, there being rattlesnakes, black snakes, moccasins, garter snakes, rat snakes, coach-whips, adders, gopher snakes, king snakes, pilot snakes and snakes of all colors in the twist, and seemingly in a good humor, affectionately embracing each other, and that when they were disturbed by him the whole lot slid into the water together and disappeared. He says that if you don't believe that this is a fact, just call on Joseph Singleton, as he also witnessed the sight.

Each of the above stories, however, becomes a high moral truth, containing useful lessons for children compared with the following carnivorous dragon romances from California.

Last fall in the month of October, three hunters from Lake City made a pilgrimage to Cook's Lake, north east of this place, in quest of deer. They succeeded in killing and capturing four fine ones, and one of the party succeeded in wounding a fifth which made for the lake. When the pursuing hunter arrived at the shore the wounded deer was about fifty yards from the brink, and while Nimrod was in the act of aiming at the fleeing buck, he was suddenly seized from below by a huge monster. This incident occurred in a twinkling of an eye, and the whole matter so surprised and astonished the baffled hunter that the description given by him to his two companions was necessarily confused, and it was mutually agreed that nothing should be said about the occurrence on their return to Lake City. The incident referred to had nearly passed from the minds of the hunters until one of the three was returning from Camp Bidwell, on Thursday last. Arriving at Goose creek his attention was called to the lake by a fearful roaring, hissing noise, and looking across in the direction of Cook's lake he saw a frightful monster cutting the placid bosom of the upper lake and wending its way like an arrow towards the west shore, its dragon-shaped front ten or twelve feet out of water, dragging its ponderous body at a fearful rate. When within about a hundred yards of land this strange monster turned suddenly and swam rapidly down the lake for a quarter of a mile and suddenly sank from view. The narrator says that when the monster turned he had a fair view of it, and pronounced it to be at least fifty feet in length, the entire body seemingly covered with large glistening scales, each particular one of which was as large as the "dollar of our dads." He thinks that from the front twenty feet back would average six feet in diameter; about six feet from its horse shaped head it was armed with two legs about eight feet in length. Altogether, it looked a monster capable of great destruction to man and beast.

HOW A MONKEY BLUSHES.

Mr. Darwin remarks the fact noticed by Mr. Sutton that the face of the Macacus rhesus, when much enraged, grows red. Mr. Darwin himself saw the face of the monkey reddened when attacked by another monkey, and he also adds that the "seat pads" also seemed to redden under the influence of anger, although he could not "positively assert that this was the case." My monkey, Jenny, when in a rage, blushed most distinctly. A red hue shot over and obscured the normal yellow tint of the skin of the face, and I noticed that the "seat pads" occasionally grew redder. Another curious fact concerning this monkey's behavior when enraged consisted of the variations she exhibited when she was irritated by myself and by another person. If irritated by another person she behaved as already described; she shook the cage and chattered, while her face flushed like that of a human being in anger. If, on the other hand, I had occasion to reprove her, she darted down to the bottom of the cage, lay down on her belly and, as often as not, concealed her face in the straw. The analogy between that ineffective or suppressed rage in a human being, which is shown by the person throwing himself down on the ground—a feature seen familiarly in some children—and the behavior of Jenny, under my reproof, appears to me too exact to escape notice. Paddy, the Chapuchin, on the contrary, when enraged or frightened, used to retire to a corner of the cage and stand on his head, uttering meanwhile the most plaintive cries in the well-known shrill but musical voice of the race. On one occasion, when the servant had allowed Paddy to imbibe nearly half a glassful of champagne, he showed his alcoholic dissipation by standing insanely on his head and vainly endeavoring to emit his familiar cry. Mr. Darwin mentions the case of a young female chimpanzee who, when enraged, "presented a curious example to a child in the same state. She screamed loudly with widely opened mouth, the lips being retracted, so that the teeth were fully exposed. She threw her arms wildly about, sometimes clasping them over her head. She rolled on the ground, sometimes on her back, sometimes on her belly, and bit everything within reach."

"Yes, Tom! another holiday?" "Why, papa. That's the reason I go to that school."

FAIR'S FOLLY.

His Wife Granted A Decree of Divorce, and the Sum of \$4,250,000 Is Allotted Her as Alimony.

The action for divorce in the family of James G. Fair, the California millionaire, has created much comment all over this coast, and the final action of the court at Virginia city was not much of a surprise to those acquainted with the circumstances.

R. S. Messick appeared for the plaintiff, and M. N. Stone and S. M. Wilson, of San Francisco, for the defendant. Stone submitted a general demurrer to the complaint on the ground that it did not state facts sufficient to constitute cause of action. The demurrer was submitted without argument and was at once conceded by the Court. Stone then said the defense would file no answer to the complaint. Messick asked that the Court appoint a time to hear proof; also, that the examination be conducted privately. The Court appointed 12 o'clock for the purpose specified. At 12 o'clock the Court met, but reporters were excluded. In little less than an hour the attorneys came out and it was soon known that a decree of divorce had been granted as prayed for, and that plaintiff had been allowed \$4,250,000 in money and United States bonds and the family residence at San Francisco; also the custody of the three minor children, Virginia Theresa, Alice and Charles. The custody of the eldest boy, James Fair, Jr., was awarded to the defendant.

COLUMBUS' LOVE STORY.

According to the idea of his time Columbus was a religious man. He diligently frequented a conventual church of the city, but though his first attendance there may have been prompted by disinterested devotion, there were other reasons for the increased assiduity with which he continued them. There was, connected with the convent, a girl's school for the daughters of well-to-do citizens, and the pupils were in the habit of regularly hearing mass in the church. One of them—would that we could recall her features, long moulded into dust—attracted the admiration and love of the weary mariner. There must have been a considerable disproportion in their ages, for he was no longer young, but he was convinced he had met his fate, and the inquiries he made confirmed his ardor. She was the daughter of a distinguished sailor, Bartolomeo Palestrello, who had been Governor of Porto Santo. Her father died without leaving behind any fortune; but her mother still survived, and must have possessed means of her own. Columbus was accepted as a suitor, and, what to young men in these times must seem a very extraordinary course of procedure, after his marriage he and his wife took up their abode with his mother-in-law. We would give a good deal to know more of that love story; how it was, for instance, that the castaway adventurer, reduced to earn his living by drawing charts, managed to ingratiate himself with the mother, whose husband's position might have enabled her to look higher for her daughter. He must surely have been not only a devoted lover but a man of good deal of tact, with great power of adapting himself to circumstances. At any rate, the union proved a happy one. We fancy that the suitor must have won the mother's heart by the interest he showed in her deceased husband's achievements; for after the marriage much of the household conversation turned on this subject, and Columbus heard what fired his soul with emulation. Palestrello had been a man of much enterprise, and he had left behind him papers and maps, which proved to be of more service to his son-in-law than any wealthy inheritance. —Good Words.

HABITS OF CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

The editor of the Anaheim (Cal.) Gazette has been viewing the ostriches on a ranch near Costa Station. He says: "The female lays an egg on alternate days to the number of fifteen, when, if permitted to set, she considers her work done. If, however, her eggs are taken from her, she will lay thirty before she discovers the deception. And such eggs! The one showed us weighed three and a half pounds, and contains food sufficient to furnish a plentiful breakfast for four men. One would suppose that the flavor of such eggs would be unpleasantly pronounced; such is not the case, however, the flavor not being as decided as that of duck eggs. What school boy has not read of the ostrich egg, and of its being hatched in the hot sun of Africa's sunny shore? But this pretty little legend, like many other cherished stories of the past, is all gammon. The chicks are brought forth in the good old way. The female sits on the eggs in the day time, and the male assumes that duty at night, allowing the female to seek rest and recreation while he attends to the household duties. It must be noted here that the male is much more solicitous for his household than is the female. It is not unfrequently happens that the latter prefers to gad about rather than take her turn setting, and on such occasions her lord and master administers to her a deserved chastisement by kicking her heartily around the paddock, until she manifests proper contrition, and signifies her willingness to settle down on the eggs. There is a moral somewhere about this incident which, when found, make a note of."

FRIVOLOUS FANCIES.

The bandoline girl is apt to appear stuck up. A stare-way—The theater corridor after a matinee.

The donkey never suffers from softening of the brayin'.

The telephone has a great many connections, but no blood relations.

Don't ask the grocer for a pound of sweetened sand. It scares him. Mr. Watterson thinks that the President has gone to Florida for a change of pie.

The little girl, who called the ostrich a bird with a bonnet tail, put it about right.

The first time you see two women kissing each other, just notice how quick they let go.

A Kentucky boy of fourteen has married a girl of thirteen. The bridal tour will be taken in a baby coach.

The coming rage in hair is a soft and tender red, like that of a tomato which has grown old and lost usefulness.

In selecting a wife, choose a girl with a strong will and a hot temper. She will be more apt to walk with the baby at night.

It is hardly probable that there are any telephones in heaven. And yet every angel will be recognized by his halo.

The evil that men do live after them. Even when an amateur cornetist dies, he leaves the fatal instrument behind.

The microscope reveals that the hair is like a coarse round rasp. No wonder, then, that women have to take their hair off to sleep comfortably.

American-born artists can paint and draw equally as well as those of other countries, but, after all, what can draw like an American dog fight?

A Londoner advertises a powder which will prevent cats running around and making a noise at night. It is black and is put into a gun and makes a noise itself.

Printed sashes are said to be fashionable, but, on the cross roads, the weather-beaten pine sash, with an old hat supplying the place of glass, may still be seen.

It's quite early yet to make summer predictions, but it is said that Mr. Beecher's hay-fever will, this year, be cut low in the neck and wear a crepe buffant overskirt.

The widow of the late Alexander Tilton, recently presented the town of Tilton with a church and a steam fire engine. She is bound to have the town protected against fire.

The ice crop is very large this season, but grave fears are entertained of a shortage of sawdust. People cannot expect cheap ice on an advancing sawdust market, and they must not look for it.

When a dishonest cashier runs off with the bank funds, the directors are "surprised and pained." When an honest cashier asks for an increase of \$1.50 a month, the directors are horrified.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sar; when old missis's alive, he took a paddle to her; dunno if he takes a bridle to de new one or not."

Mrs. Minturn Post objects to the route of the proposed Staten Island railway, because of a bias cut on the lawn that skirts her—in fact, her home.

An Augusta shopkeeper, the other day, had an application for a veroloid comb, the lady explaining that she had heard that variety was stronger. The man said he never kept them, as the teeth were liable to break out.

It is said that America is now exporting large quantities of whisky to England. We must get even with England somehow, for sending her cranks and prize fighters to this country; but isn't the whisky retaliation a little too severe?

A Chicago lady once applied to a learned judge for a divorce. "What is the name of the husband?" inquired the judge. "I have no husband yet, but inasmuch as I contemplate matrimony, I feel that I should be prepared for the worst."

The eagle feels best soaring hundreds of feet above the earth, but the minute you get a man on a platform, ten inches high, his knees weaken, his face looks like the shell of a boiled crab, and he can't remember a word beyond "fellow-citizens."

Inquirer: "What is to be 'caught in a blizzard,' which fate we read is befalling folks in the West?" Well, no such thing happens in this part of the country, but you can get some idea of it by letting an elderly but active and athletic lady, of single condition, catch you abusing her cat.

The Lord Mayor of London, it is stated, was only a porter in a wear-house, "but he persevered in the face of all opposition and rose rapidly." Perhaps some practical joker placed a crooked pin on his chair. A man, no matter how low he may be in the social scale, always rises rapidly under such circumstances.

A New York correspondent says, that "for a long time the Vanderbilts were not in what is called fashionable society in New York; but the stringent gates have yielded to the golden touch, and one sees their names now at entertainments in the most exclusive circles." The Vanderbilts have our congratulations. It is so pleasant to be able to associate with editors and—well, we have forgotten who else are included among the New York fashionables.

The funds voted by Parliament to aid Irish emigration are exhausted.

FLORICULTURE.

Spring Openings of the Summer Flower Gardens, and the Beauties of Window Gardening for Climbing Plants.

With the advent of spring, the flowers of this coast begin to attract attention, and the culturists herald their approach with delight at the prospect of a variegated garden teaming with the great luxurious roses of California. Housewives have fairly begun window gardening, and are looking for creeping annuals and climbing plants. At present the best for planting are the hyacinth bean, scarlet runners of various kinds, nasturtiums, Madeira vines and hop vines. All of these, with sufficient sunshine and careful watering, will appear above ground within two weeks and grow quickly. All are good for porches, walls and balconies.

In gardens with southern exposure it is safe to plant all kinds of annuals—geraniums of every variety, roses of all kinds, without exception, begonias of the flowering order, verbenas, lantanas, Madagascar periwinkles, which blossom in two colors, white and purplish pink, and, in general, all plants which can bear considerable heat.

Very often plants purchased in pots are unsatisfactory and soon fade away; so, too, the gardener finds himself face to face with similar experience in the garden plot. Often this arises from the prevalence of worms, and it is well to know that lime water will often exterminate such destructive parasites. Ordinary lime should be placed in a pail of water and allowed to settle, and if the water is freely passed over the mold tenanted by worms, it will destroy them effectually.

Pansies, in this country, are universally grown from seed, which is sown or transplanted at various periods—in autumn for the next spring, and late in the winter for summer; some persons keep up continuous cultivation, sowing and transplanting frequently. To guard young plants against damping or decaying at the roots, transplant into shallow boxes, about an inch apart, and keep them rather cool, warm enough, however, to assure good growth. All plants raised in the house, or in a hot bed, should be hardened by partial exposure before planting in the ground. When we do not produce large, fine pansies it may be owing to the want of a sheltered nook for them—a cool, moist place—or the seed may not be good, and we may not understand how much food they require.

Gillyflowers will be found very satisfactory for planting at present. They will bloom throughout the summer, provided care is taken. An eastern exposure is favorable, while the western exposure should be avoided.

A pretty way to grow running vines in a sitting or bed-room, such as smilax, was recently noticed. The center gas fixture, which had two burners, was converted into a rest for two small hanging baskets. These baskets were lined with moss and filled with delicate green vines, which hung in graceful festoons, and twined about the fixture, making a really beautiful ornament for the room.

At a recent dinner party the table was decorated with flowers in a novel and wholly pleasing manner. About eighteen inches from each edge of the table, which was square, was placed a row of smilax, which was crossed at each corner. At each guest's plate was arranged a pretty device in flowers. It was heart-shaped, and composed of beautiful purple pansies, with the monogram of the person for whom it was intended in the center, in yellow pansies. The effect was very pleasing.

One of the mistakes that amateur gardeners make in buying roses is that they generally ask for hardy monthly roses, forgetting that the hardy rose is the one that braves the winter storm, and not by any means the monthly one, which is the one that blooms the most prolifically. The hardy rose, on the contrary, buds only once in the year, late in May or early in June, and in the fall, whereas the sweet monthly rose keeps up a succession of flowers throughout the season.

An interesting and successful experiment in propagating Begonia Rex from leaves has been reported. "Make several cuts," says the experimenter, "through the thick veins on the under part of a large leaf, lay it upon a surface of water in an open-mouthed dish—an old glass fruit can will do. Add more water from time to time as it evaporates, and should it become tainted, add a few bits of charcoal, which will correct the offensive odor. Keep in a moderately warm place, but never in the hot sun. In a few weeks tiny leaves appear above the cuts in the veins, and roots make their way into the water below. When the leaves are as large as five-cent pieces, the plant is ready for potting. All water-rooted plants are extremely delicate, the roots having so little substance that even the most careful handling will sometimes destroy them. To obviate the danger from removal, the can containing the young plant may be gradually filled with earth, pouring off a little water and adding a little soil, taking a week or more for the process. Finally, the can, if of glass, may be broken, and the young plant, with its adhering ball of earth transferred to a larger receptacle."

At Little Rock, the U. S. Grand Jury indicted ex-U. S. Marshall J. T. Brown for forgery, perjury and presentation of false accounts while chief clerk under the late Marshall Tarran.

BETRAYED BY A BICYCLIST.

Miss Annie McCabe, of St. Louis, Victimized by a Fancy Rider—His Record.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—A case of betrayed confidence and loss by a young St. Louis woman of a lover and \$2,000 in greenbacks and her diamonds, leaked out to-day. About noon yesterday, a well-dressed middle-aged man, who gave the name of Joseph Gardiner, of St. Louis, and his business as a cattle dealer in Missouri, came to police headquarters. He said he arrived in the city last week, in company with his niece, Miss Annie McCabe, and C. A. Booth, a young man to whom Miss McCabe was betrothed. The trio stopped at the Occidental Hotel, and spent the time in sight-seeing, intending to leave for Washington Territory in a few days. Miss McCabe, he stated, was really not a blood relative of his. His brother had adopted her and educated her in St. Louis, and at her home she met Booth, who was young and apparently an educated and honorable man. After wooing the couple became engaged, and a speedy wedding was expected. He represented himself to be the champion bicyclist of the United States, and displayed on his breast on state occasions several medals, indicative of high standing in the ranks of wheelmen. While his betrothed admired him for his proficiency in his special branch of athletics, she evidenced a distaste in having her husband follow bicycling as a business, and so it was agreed upon that the couple accompanied by Gardiner, should come to this city, thence go to Washington Territory and there engage in Gardiner's business of stock raising. Booth continued as attentive as ever, and before starting he presented his bride, beside other gifts, with an elegant diamond ring valued at \$200. Gardiner before leaving gave his niece \$2,000 in greenbacks. They arrived here at the time stated. The love of the pair continued constant. Sunday evening it seems that Booth was even more affectionate than usual, and borrowed, in a playful and loving mood, her engagement ring, and also decided after a conference that the \$2,000 given to Miss McCabe by her uncle would be much safer in his trunk. It was so transferred. Monday morning, when Gardiner returned from breakfast he surprised Booth packing his trunk. The latter made some excuse. Gardiner's suspicions were aroused, and he mentioned the circumstance to his niece. They waited all morning for Booth to come back. Then they examined his trunk, and found the money and jewelry missing. Detectives who were put on the case found the fugitive at Lathrop. On his person was found the money, ring and two watches. He claims that the money was intrusted to him, and he had no intention of stealing. Some prominent bicyclists of this city who were interviewed on the subject, state that Booth is a fraud, is not a champion of the United States, and backed out of a race arranged between himself and a noted wheelman.

THEY DON'T AFFILIATE.

A colored man was busily engaged in sawing wood for Col. Bowis, when the latter observed that the bosom of the man and the brother, so to speak, was adorned by an Odd-Fellow's breast pin.

"Do the White Odd-Fellows and the colored Odd-Fellows affiliate?" asked Col. Powis.

"Don't affiliate was a cus, but they helps each other out."

"Well, that's the same thing, ain't it?"

"No, sir; hit's not de same ding."

"What's the difference?"

The colored man stopped sawing wood and made the following explanation:

"Las' week, when dat norther was a freezin de marrer in yer bones, I went inter de saloon of a white man what totes distress very same emblem. I was in distress—rale distress—as I hadn't had a dram dat mornin', so I gib him de signal of distress."

"Did he respond?"

"He didn't give de proper response. De proper response would had been to hab rubbed his left ear with his right hand, and to hab sot out de bottle."

"Then he did not respond correctly?"

"No, sir; he made a motion at de doah wid one hand and reached under de bar wid de other. I made Odd-Fellow's signal of distress once moah, and den som'tin hard hit me on de head and knocked me clean out inter de street. Hit was de bung-starter what de white brother Odd-Fellow had frew at me in response to de distress signal."

"Then the colored Odd-Fellows and the white Odd-Fellows do not affiliate?"

"Just what I toled yer. Dey don't affiliate, but dey help each other out. I was helped out inter de street wid de bung-starter; but dillyate means to set out de whiskey."

A writer in an Eastern exchange tells in poetry what he will do "when the flower time comes." That's all right, but unless he stops writing such poetry and gets down to solid business, he will be walking toward the wide West, looking for a job, before the flower time comes. There are too many "flower time" poets from the East who are now spending their latter days "jacking" logs in a Western sawmill to be any encouragement to this new poet.

The New York Board of Aldermen voted the Western Union Telegraph Company permission to use the streets of the city to lay their wires underground at a cost of one cent per lineal foot for each street opened and giving two wires for the city's use.