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MUCH TOO MUSICAL.

When young, I once went in love
And thought I was in glory;
The pride of my heart was a musical dove
With the musical name of Dove.

"Sweet Miss," I said, as a sigh I drew,
"You are 'a' r'er than others be,
And allow me to say, I'm in love with you!"
And she said, "You can't mean me!"

"Why, certainly, yes, most assuredly so,
I confess that you charm me, and ah,
Won't you permit me to be your beau?"
She turned up her voice and said, "No."

"But believe me, my dear, my soul of late
Looks only to you for its goal,
And longs to crown you queen of its fate."
She said, "Have you got a nut?"

"A soul and heart that are both your own
Till the frozen zones shall thaw,
Or the frost congeals the torrid zone."
She shrieked and said, "Oh, ha!"

"All the girls in the world beside
Are as nothing unto me."
But in a provoking way she replied:
"You're a nuy, don't you see?"

I turned away, saying, "I am done
With you, I'd have you know."
She laughed, and said in a crusty tone,
"Not done, but only do!"

—A. W. B. Hill, in *Detroit Free Press*.

HIDDEN VALUABLES.

The Curious Places in Which Wealth is Concealed.

Treasure Stored Away in Old Stockings,
Bric-a-brac and Wagon Tops—The Peculiar Ways of the Covetous
and "Cranky."

"I've had a good deal of experience in hunting for money that folks have concealed," said a gentleman visiting at Park street in Lewiston the other day, "and I just as lief tell you what I know about it as not."

"Fifty years ago folks, especially the clerical people, took the utmost pains to hide money. Old stockings, brick ovens, old wagon tops, china teapots, the tops of bedsteads, hair-cloth furniture used always to come in for a big share of investigation after the dear departed had turned up his toes and had been laid away. From that moment, as you well know, the hunt began, and folks rummaged the house and pulled open the feather beds in search of the silver shiners, the beautiful yellow boys or the crisp bank notes that it was supposed the lamented deceased had left behind. I suppose that this instinct of concealing wealth and of searching for it was bred out of a well founded suspicion of the safety of the old-time savings banks, and they were rascally things, as I well know. Of course the hiding instinct was transmitted from father to son, and in my way of reasoning the war of the rebellion had more to do with stopping this foolish plan of hoarding money than any other one thing. It opened up more old stocking legs and old colonial gold than a hundred years of peace would have done, and yet I don't doubt, from my own experience, that there are countless stores of gold buried in places in Massachusetts and Maine to-day.

"I could count up any quantity of families who believe that a secret hoard, left by a mysterious deceased ancestor, exists somewhere for them. I believe that Captain Kidd's treasure is awaiting the coming of somebody keen enough to discover it, don't you?" And here the gentleman in the arm-chair winked mysteriously, laughed at his own conceit, and continued:

"A funny scheme, in which I once came pretty near being interested, was a stock company formed in Pennsylvania, where I was then living. It was designed to make a specialty of hunting up concealed treasures. I did some work for them and a partner and I were pretty successful there and in New York State."

"How do you go to work?"

"Well, it is hard to say. You have to be guided by circumstances. Strange mental freaks exist in some families. You perhaps know people who are built the wrong way. I used to know a Lewiston family of misers, extremely narrow and stingy, and yet would take care of the hay in the field or the cattle in the stall. We had to sort of learn human nature. Get first at the habits of the man whose wealth you are seeking to find. It's the best clue you have."

"I once was called by the friends of an insane man to look after his money. He had hidden it while supposedly in his right mind, and when the symptoms of his insanity came the money could not be found, and he could not be induced to divulge. The family began to suffer for want of funds, and they tried to starve him into telling, but that only seemed to please him. When I was called I was puzzled. He wouldn't talk on the subject, but the moment it was mentioned at once flew into a passion. I laid in wait for him, and didn't discover him doing any thing that would lead to a clue. I finally rigged a plan, and one day I showed him suddenly a roll of paper with a bill around it so that it looked like a wad of money, remarking as I did so: 'We stumbled on your hidden pile the other day.'"

"He gave one quick glance.
"It was directly into the corner of the room near the floor. He then shouted, 'You lie!' and laughed gleefully at me. I had him guarded that night, and while he was asleep we pulled aside the carpet and discovered a panel in the wall and in it his wealth. I was sure that we would find it in the room, for I knew that he would not be

UNCLE SAM'S BOOKS.

Some Curiosities of a Lengthy Document Recently Issued by the Government. The House of Representatives, on July 27, passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for a statement of balances due to and from the Government of the United States. The answer, which was very voluminous, was sent to the Public Printer, and the work of placing it in type was completed a few days ago. The fact that certain sams are charged against individuals as due the United States does not indicate that the persons so charged with indebtedness have profited by the amount involved or that they owe the money. In the great majority of cases the accounts are held up awaiting the settlement of some technical question as to the legality of the expenditure.

Among those who are carried as debtors on the treasury ledgers are: President John Adams, who owes \$12,898 on account of "household expenses;" Major-General Lafayette, who owes \$4,895, on account of an overpayment made to him, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, who owes \$61,353, on account of various expenditures made before 1834. The diplomatic, and particularly the literary, men, who have been sent abroad as Ministers and Consuls, seem to be more generally in debt to the Government than any other class of public servants. James Russell Lowell owes \$93.68 in his account as Minister to Great Britain in 1885; John Lathrop Motley owes \$2,498 as Minister to Great Britain in 1871; Reverdy Johnson owes \$6,388 as Minister to Great Britain in 1869; Bayard Taylor owes \$102 as Minister to Germany in 1879; Washington Irving owes 3 cents as Minister to Spain in 1847; Alexander Everett owes \$893 as Minister to Spain in 1831; Ninian Edwards, Minister to Mexico in 1826, owes \$924; James Gadsden, Minister to Mexico in 1857, owes \$340; Andrew J. Curtin, Minister to Russia in 1872, owes \$944; E. W. Stoughton, Minister to Russia in 1879, owes \$12,160; John Russell Young, Minister to China in 1885, is debited with \$5,145 and credited with \$507; Stephen A. Hurlbut, Minister to the United States of Columbia, is debited with \$13,228 in 1871 and \$7,000 in 1872; James A. Bayard, Envoy to Ghent, is debited with \$400; Adam Badeau is debited with \$10,572 as Consul-General to London in 1882 and with \$9,165 as Consul-General to Havana in 1884; William D. Howells is debited with \$24 as Consul to Venice in 1863 and credited with \$71 in his account for 1865; John S. Mosby is debited with \$2,118 as Consul to Hong Kong in 1885; Thomas J. Brady owes the Government \$3.75 as Consul to St. Thomas in 1874; Titian J. Coffey is debited with \$1,990 as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1876 and 1871; Beverly Tucker is debited with \$21,264 as Consul at Liverpool in 1862, and Simon Wolf with \$293 as Consul General at Cairo in 1882.

On the other hand the statement shows that the Government owes John Quincy Adams \$1,600, as Minister to Russia in 1818; Alphonso Taft, \$1,940, as Minister to Russia in 1885; John M. Francis, as Minister to Austria in 1885, \$3,000; Edward F. Bente, as Minister to Austria in 1877, \$1,111; John A. Bingham, as Minister to Japan in 1885, \$2,550; John Howard Payne, as Consul at Tunis in 1853, \$205.92; Bret Harte, as Consul at Glasgow in 1885, \$185.16, and Henry Bergh, as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in 1865, \$135.44. One of the largest debits in the list is Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, \$389,267.46, on account of billions deposited with A. J. Quirou, treasurer of the mint in New Orleans, in 1865. Dr. George B. Loring's disputed account for \$20,808.89, as Commissioner of Agriculture, is, of course, charged up against him.—*Washington Cor.*, *Chicago Herald*.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

A Heidelberg Professor Makes an Effort to Restrict Their Liberty. The students who have been reveling in the contents of the great tum at Heidelberg of late have been made to suffer again, as well as indignantly, by an effort made by Prof. Schmoller to restrict their liberty. At present the German student is absolutely master of his time. He is indeed obliged to put down his name for a certain number of lecture courses every term or pay for them, but the matter of attendance is left entirely to his own discretion. The consequence is that professors frequently lecture before empty boxes, though they have a large number of students on their lists who prefer to waste their time in beer gardens and defer study till a few weeks before examination. Students are obliged to get the professor's signature in their books both at the beginning and the end of the term, and Prof. Schmoller says it has repeatedly happened to him that application for these final signatures was made to him by students who took him for another professor—a statement which seems to establish the probability of the story of the man who visited his son at the university and took a drive through town. Passing a large building the father asked what that was. The son did not know and appealed to the cabman. "That," was the reply, "is the University."—*N. Y. Post*.

—William M. Singler, of the Philadelphia Record, has sixty-six dwelling houses in course of erection in that city.

BROTHER GARDNER.

The Lincoln Club Sage's Views on Matrimonial Affairs. Brudner Amibal Cantilever, it is reported that you am about to take unto yourself a wife. Do not report am true your recent ackshuns am proof. You has bin seen prin' second-hand stoves, squintin' at fo' dollar bed-room sweats an' rustlin' aroun' arter bric-a-brac. Marriage am nuffin' you need be ashamed of, an' I reckon you kin depend on dis club to warp up de house for you an' leave behind some hard-bottomed cleers an' a few articles of tinware.

Brudner Cantilever, marriage am a lottery of a deal-sure thing—just as you make it. If you git stuck on sight—fall in luv wid a gal fur her small feet, taperin' waist, dimpled chin or warblin' mouf, an' marry her off-hand at about twelve weeks' notice, you needn't be astonished if dar am a dynamite 'splosion afore you hev bin hitched a week. Small feet an' a good temper damn' ails go together. Slim waltks an' kitchen economy may not set off de same harness. De gal who charms you by de way she drums de piano may flirty refuse, as a wife, to run dom same fingers ober de wash-board. Firstly, don't git married until you know what you are being 'jined to. Study de gal. Let de feet go an' watch her temper. Let de bangs go an' watch her economy. Nebber you mind about de way she dimples her chin, but ax yourself if she'll make de bed wid de foot lower dan de head. You has got to do all de studin'. No one gal out of a thousand ober steps to size up a luvver. If his Grecian nose or curly hair or droopin' mustache strikes her fancy, she'll nebber stop to study his nature nor to worry ober his habits. She is marryin' dat nose, or head, or mustache. A month arter marriage, when he beholds her aroun' 'by de hair an' slaps her dimpled jaw she's perfectly astonished to think she made sich a mistake.

Secondly, Brudner Cantilever, arter de knot has bin tied, make up yer mind dat de fucher won't be all plain sailin'. You are gwine to be tried an' tested an' troubled, an' you hev to call up all yer manhood. You will h'ar de sasser scrippin' de bottom ob de four bar'l when you hev'n't got a cent in yer pocket. De woodpile will run out in January, an' de sugar an' de bacon will seem to be carried off by de rats. If yer wif am eber so good-natured she will hev her trials an' tribulations, an' dar may be times when she'll rize up an' claw fur you. In de yars gone by my ole woman has rushed upon me wid de rollin' pin, an' I has retorted in a way to make her ears ache, but all de time I knowed she was sayin' an' good-hearted, an' she knowed I'd empty my pockets of de las' shillin' to buy her a new set of false frizzes. If you am suited to each other an' occasional row in de family will prove a stickin' plaster to hold you de closer together. If you ain't suited—if you dislikver dat you hev struck a patch of Canada thistles an' can't sot still, an' if de odderparty dislikver dat she has taken a tumble off de monument of Romance an' brought up wid a thud in de middle of Reality, you just absolute apart. Go quietly an' decently and get onbited by divorce, and let de wisdom gained by experience stan' at yer right hand when ye make another choice. Brudner Cantilever, my feelin's an' de feelin's of dis club am wid ye, an' our good wishes, together wid at least two dollars' worth of tinware, kin be counted on whenever de fatal occasion arives.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A LAWLESS LIFE.

The One Redeeming Virtue of a Professional Criminal.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the President, scoff at Congress, bully the Legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at de five dollars' fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plicked a leaf, flower or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles; I have "talked to the man at the wheel." I give "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have refused to "keep moving on Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always procure tickets before entering the cars; I have not worked out my road tax this year—why, I can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. No wonder that I sympathize with the Anarchists, nor that good people—people who never do wrong—regard me with suspicion. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessor.—*Burdette*, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

—Book-binder—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? Purchaser—O mercy, no! What's the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York.—*Tim-Hits*.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

John A. Logan, Jr., has become a partner in a real estate firm in Washington.

The first female clerk employed by the Government was Miss Jennie Douglass, appointed to the Treasury Department by Secretary Spinner, in 1862.—*N. Y. Independent*.

Captain David Buskirk, the largest man in Indiana, died at his home near Bloomington recently. He was seven feet tall in his stockings, and weighed four hundred pounds.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

P. T. Barnum is reported to have remarked in a moment of confidence that if he lived much longer and retained his present activity he would exhibit himself in a side tent as "one of the greatest curiosities Barnum ever handled."

A. G. Nye, of Weymouth, Mass., claims to be the first inventor of the Morse telegraphic instrument. It was Bill Nye who made such a claim people would understand it, for Bill is a great inventor, but it is a little late in the day for A. G.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Moody has received from William Mackinnon, a Scotch ship builder, a model of Solomon's Temple, made of cedar overlaid with gold, with many of the smaller articles of solid gold. It is one-fifth the size of the original, having the court, tabernacle, altar, laver, ark, holy of holies, mercy seat, and cherubim in proportion and relation to each other.

Alexander Stewart, of Staunton, Va., aged ninety-one years, recently attended the funeral of S. G. Wayland, aged eighty-one years, who had been his best friend for half a century. The next day while Mr. Stewart was recalling to a party of visitors scenes and incidents in which he and his friend Wayland had participated, he fell over on the ground and died in a few minutes.—*Washington Post*.

Tom Scott, of Waco, Tex., had a rather unusual experience recently. He went to see his mother, who is sixty years old and resides in a neighboring town. On arriving at his home he found that the old lady had eloped with a man half her age. When Mr. Scott returned to his own home he was paralyzed by the information that his wife had gone with a handsomer man. Then there was music in the air.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Rochester Post-Express says: A life insurance agent states that he has just concluded an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. The centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death by an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 126. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 133.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—To-day is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."

—The wonders of art.—
They have made a piano of paper.
What wonders art is achieving;
If they'd make a paper performer,
Life yet might be worth some one's living.

—A. W. Bell, in *Tut-Hits*.
—Customer—But ain't the trousers too long? Merchant—Too long? Dey is made to fit a man ezeky your size. If your legs happen to be a trifle short you must quarrel mit nature—not de tailor.—*Judge*.

—Lately, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled, "Would I Were a Bird," great excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting, "Would I were a gun."
—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—Am I really so bad, mamma? Mamma—Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy. Tommy (red-hot with)—Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad I ain't twins.—*N. Y. Independent*.

—Laura, said Mrs. Parvencu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leaders of them orchestras to play that 'sympathy from Middlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine, and your father's, too!"
—*Pittsburgh Post*.

—An amusing contemporary informs its readers that a man at the East End calls himself, on his card, "Temperance Bootmaker," and suggests that the need of temperance boots is apparent, for though they are not generally drunk, it is a notorious fact that they are often very tight.

—First Omaha banker—I notice that another big lot of American gold was shipped to Europe a few days ago. Second Omaha banker—Yes; must be about "half seas over" by this time. "Half seas over?" "In other words, money is tight, and that's what causes it."
—*Omaha World*.

—Gentleman (looking at flat)—I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it? Landlord—Yes, tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains.—*Boston Bulletin*.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Fresh water sponges have been discovered in the lake at Chautauqua, N. Y.

There is a pear tree in Windsor, N. S., which produces annually two crops of pears.

A two-legged colt died at Brockville, Va., recently. The owner had refused fifteen hundred dollars for it two days before.

Persons who wish to avoid drowning are advised by an Eastern physician to lock the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth.

Jewelry manufacture in Providence, R. I., which has been practically dead for five years, is enjoying a boom, the greatest since 1881.—*Providence Journal*.

Carp is used by Hartford, Conn., to keep the city reservoirs clean. The fish have completely cleaned one reservoir of vegetable growth, and are now at work upon a second.

Boys destroyed a quantity of water-melons on the farm of William Avery, near Paris, Ky. Avery's hounds followed the trail and chased one of the boys up a tree after a run of several miles.

The time made by the fast trains between Chicago and St. Paul is fourteen hours and thirty-five minutes; the distance is about four hundred and fifty-seven miles, making nearly thirty-two miles an hour, including stops.—*Chicago Journal*.

A cage of lions belonging to a circus at Kingston, Can., fell into a hole and capsized, the lid being knocked completely out. A fire was built around the cage in order to frighten the animals into remaining inside, and the cage was replaced by the exertions of two elephants.

Two young men of Augusta, Me., who were driving out lately thought it a good joke to scare an old soldier who was standing out in his yard. They fired a pistol at him twice, when the veteran dodged into the house, got a revolver and succeeded in wounding one of the young scamps in the hand.—*Boston Journal*.

Mr. Frank Stockton is credited by Arlo Bates with sending a ponderous door key to a friend just sailing for Europe with the message: "He says it is the key to one of the very best boarding-houses in London. He is sorry he has forgotten the address, but if you try the doors until you find the one this fits, you may be sure the place is a capital one."
—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Patent—Then you think my finger will have to be amputated, doctor? Surgeon—Yes, it will have to come off. Patient—How much will the job cost? Surgeon—Fifteen dollars. Patient—Is that the best you can do, doctor? I'm a poor man. Surgeon—Yes, fifteen dollars is the best I can do for one finger, but I'll cut two of 'em off for twenty-five dollars.—*N. Y. Times*.

People on board a steamer at Chatham, N. B., heard a splash and saw a chair floating in the water. Next rose above the waves the head of a man, who remarked: "Don't mind me, I can swim." The spectators, not to be outdone in politeness, fished him out at once. He had placed a chair for himself in such a position that it went overboard with him when he sat down on it.

—A brilliant meteor was observed one night recently at Washington, Me. It first appeared like an electric spark, illuminating the city by a startling manner. Then a blue ball of fire appeared, turned red, flared again, and became extinguished. The phenomenon occupied half a minute. Then the meteor fell, leaving behind it a red track across the sky, which faded out gradually and was visible for several minutes after the fall.

George Phillips, of Binghamton, Solano County, Cal., has just completed an organ containing four hundred pipes, the longest being sixteen feet. All the pipes are made of old newspapers rolled and fastened with a paste made of glue and alum. The wood-work was made entirely of old fence boards, posts, dry-goods boxes and the like. He was two years in building this instrument, which is said to have an excellent tone.—*San Francisco Call*.

A remarkable freak of lightning recently occurred at Plainfield, N. J. Cornelius D. Paul lives in West Fourth street. The shutters of the bay window in the dining-room of his large frame house were open, and in the center of the window stood a small stand on which rested a polished old gold Japanese tray. Upon this tray the lightning imprinted the photograph of Miss Lillian Paul, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had just stepped to the table to remove it. The case is said to be the only one on record, and will be scientifically investigated.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A good joke was played on the riflemen of Brunswick, Ga., while they were on drill recently. Colonel Dart put them through a few evolutions, and then read to them a fictitious letter purporting to come from Washington asking him how many men he could muster to go to the Mexican frontier at once. Surprise not unminged with consternation superseded the jollity that had existed but a moment before. The boys, however, soon rallied, and almost to a unit declared that it would be impossible for them to "go to Mexico just yet," as both their business and inclination counseled their remaining in Brunswick. When the hoax was discovered, however, there was no little chagrin among them that they had not acted differently.—*George Times*.