## Ininhtt's Tandiny flews.

VOL. V.
KNIGHT'S LANDING, YOLO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.
NO. 15.

|  | EtRy |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| ght's Pamoing | ny ${ }^{\text {d }}$ | the expiration of tbat lookout saw her con- |
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|  | Be still, sad heart, and cense repinini, Benind the elous he sun on Thy fate is the vommon fate of all- | $\begin{aligned} & \mathrm{d} \text { down the } \\ & \text { everything } \end{aligned}$ |
|  | Into each life some rain must fallSome days be dark and dreary |  |
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| Cards, the mostres reas |  |  |
| Terms |  |  |
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| and 3rd Monday in December. County Couri-Hon. Is M |  |  |
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| July; 2nd Monda |  |  |
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| Terms of the Courts of Sutter County. |  |  |
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| $\xrightarrow{\text { Monday in }}$ December. |  | the |
|  |  | Which sobered down into a walk when |
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| Sog |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | be. Ah, there she comes, and dressed |  |
| s of the Courts of Colusa |  |  |
|  |  | Mr. Fullerton, adding with a low whis- |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | gle that shone like a dewdrop)-trippled | "Say nothing, indeed! Mr |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| fog |  |  |
| businles Catds. |  |  |
| WTTE P1CKET |  | guests "No, my child," said the clergyman |
| n and surgeon. |  |  |
| Knight's Landing, Yolo County, |  |  |
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| , |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| ght's Landing, March 9, 1861. |  |  |
| DR. W. Horncack, |  |  |
| HT"S |  | only say in explanation of this intrusion, |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| bowne sarife |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| $101 \text { w }$ |  | "Is she mad?" whispered Helen to |
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| er 2nd and |  |  |
| er 2nd and |  | frightened out of doing his duty, I am |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | breakfast. |  |
| Importer and Dealer in | pour | I command you, as your minister, not to speak." |
| ARSAND TOBAC |  | "II take no orders from a man who |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Attorney at Law, |  |  |
| W.il practice in the counties of Colusa, Yolo. |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Collections prompty attended to. |  |  |
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1 Curl Cut off with an Ar "Do you see this lock of hair?" said
an old man to me. "Yes, but what of it? It is, I sup-
pose, the curl from the head of a dear phild long since gone to God
"It is not." It is a lock of my own
hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was ant from my sead" $"$ "But why do you prize a lock of your "It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care
because it speaks to me more of God and because it speaks to me more of God and
His special care than anything else I possess. with long, curly locks, which, in sun or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a $\log$, and I went
with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy ax as it went up and came down upon
the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke in all directions. Some o
the splinters fell at my feet, and I gerly stooped to pick them up. In doing
so I stumbled forward, so I stumbled forward, and in a momen
my curly head lay upon the log. I had
file fallen just at the moment when the ax
was coming down with all its foree. It was too late to stop the blow. Down
came the ax. I screamed, and my fathe came the ax. I screamed, and my father
fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness
which the sudden horror roused, he which the sudden horror roused, he
thought he had killed his boy. We
soon recovered; I from my fright, and soon recovered; I I from my fight, and
he from his terror. He caught me $i$ his arns and looked at me froun head to
foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood or a scar was to be seen.
He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he
took up his ax and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he
had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut
through and laid upon the wood How great the escape: It was as if an angel
had turned aside the edge at the moment When it was descending on my head.
With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.
"That lock $h$.
 Oriental Wit.-A young mangoan old man; when he came back the
old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Kanzee

Where were you, young man, when

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { "Under a tree." } \\
& \text { "Take my seal and summon the tree," } \\
& \text { said the Judge. }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { sald the Juge. } \\
& \text { The young man went in wonder. Af- } \\
& \text { ter he had been gone some time, the }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { ter he had been gone some time, the } \\
& \text { Kanzee said to the old man : }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Kanzee said to the old man: } \\
& \text { "He is long-do you think he has got } \\
& \text { there vet?" }
\end{aligned}
$$

$\qquad$ "How knowest-thou, ofd man,", cried the Kanzee, "where that tree is?",
The young man returned and said the The young man returned and said the
tree would not come. "He has been here
"He has been here, young man, and
given his evidence-the money is thine.
"WHY don't gou go into business ?" sid a prosperous merchant to an ord
schoolmate who was down in the world and could not a situation even as a bookbeeper.
'Hav'nt got the capital,' was the doleful reply. 'I suppose you know what I comsomething of sternness in his tone and

## ' Yes-next to nothing.

Well, why can't you do the same
I oon't know why, but I can't, 'Did you ever try.
'No-I thought it was no use?" That's it ! Just one-half of the un-
cortunate people in this world think © fortunate people in this world think ' it
is of no use ' to try. The whole of one's suacess centers in the act of trying to
succeed. 'Never give up the ship.' shever give up the ship. SLANDERS, issuing from red and beau-
tiful lips, are like foul spiders orawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

An editor says when he was in prison
libeling a Justice of the Peace, he was politely requested by the jailor "t give the prison a puff.'
Wiat is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk and the other the wate
Can a man who is charged with not having a right to a work because he has
copied it, justifiably plead that he has a copyright?
Water-A clear fluid, once used as Wate




