

FROM FORT BAKER.—Mr. Bartlett, who has been employed as guide to the troops at Fort Baker since its establishment, informed us on Thursday that about one hundred and fifty Indians are at Fort Baker, having been induced to give themselves up. Lieut. Staples, commanding detachment, has also about thirty. Bartlett thinks—and he is well prepared to give an opinion—that there is no trouble in inducing all the Indians of that region to surrender themselves if they are fairly dealt by. The savages are close observers, and watch narrowly the treatment of those who come in from time to time; if the promises made are carried out in their case, the balance will also place themselves in the hands of the troops.

HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

<p>Don't Scold.</p> <p>I was making a dress for my little two year-old Fanny, and would have finished it last evening—but for the lack of just one yard and a half of trimming.</p> <p>"Too bad," said I, in a tone of impatience, letting my hands fall upon my lap.</p> <p>"What is too bad?" asked my husband in his quiet way, glancing up from the book he was reading.</p>	<p>The Criminal Witness.</p> <p>In the spring of 1841, I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to tend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning, and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mail-bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. Those letters were given me for examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney.</p>	<p>they have entered the room if she wished."</p> <p>"Certainly, sir; I meant that no one else had any right there."</p> <p>"I saw that Mrs. Natchy, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery."</p> <p>"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"</p> <p>"Yes, sir; for she has often come to my room while I was there, and I have</p>	<p>"Now your honor," I said, as I gave him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcas Luther, Sumner, Montgomery county. And you will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipt, and the jury will also observe. And now I will only add it is plain to see how the one hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were snuck off for safe-keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the</p>	<p>"Early Linn in Nashville Union of Jeff Davis as follows: A striking little tucky professor's statements respect Davis. What hundreds of the man and Todd Davis' father lived in a log cabin with</p>
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