

HOUSE BURNED BY INDIANS.—The dwelling house on the stock ranch belonging to Southey & Osgood, south of Bear river, was burned down, in their absence the forepart of the week, and was no doubt set on fire by Indians. Among the ruins they found some axes and things that the Indians could make no use of, but the axes, hatchets, saws and cooking stoves were gone. The rascals do not suppose the house or everything that was in it was then fired. Four head of valuable cattle have been missing since the house was burned, probably carried off by the Indians.

THE HUMBOLDT TIMES.

EUREKA, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

Times.
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APPLEE.
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 . advertisement.
W. M. CODRINGTON & CO.,
 (SUCCESSORS OF MERRILL & COMPANY.)
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN GENERAL MER-
 chandise, and Forwarders, North-east
 corner Plaza, Arcata.
A. JACOBY, & CO.,
AT THEIR WHOLESALE FIRE PROOF
Store Ware House; kept constantly on
 hand the largest assortment North of San Fran-
 cisco, of Provisions, Groceries, Wines, Liquors,
 Cigars, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hardware,
 Crockery, Glassware, Stationery, Palate, Oil,
 Camphene, Medicines, Window Glass and Sash,
 Put H and 6th Streets, Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2
I. R. GILKEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND GENERAL AGENT
FOR THE
 Office in Post Office Building Eastside Public
 Square, Arcata, Humboldt Co., Cal. 47-1/2
A. TORNEY AT LAW, Office, North side
 Plaza, Arcata, Humboldt County. 47-1/2
J. E. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
 Office, North side of 9th street, between H
 and G, Arcata, Humboldt County. 47-1/2
DR. WENCKY CRAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, East
 side Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2
DR. EDWARD C. GRABNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, South
 side the Plaza, Arcata, Humboldt County.
 48-1/2
F. DAMOUR,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, North
 side of the Plaza, Arcata. 47-1/2
ARLITA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
ROOMS OPEN EACH WEDNESDAY
 3 E. Water, Free. C. A. MERRICK, Sec.
CUMMINGS & CRISPAN,
1) EAL, S H O R E S, M I L K S, B E E F, C A T

Do Right Yourself!
 No matter what another does,
 Do right yourself!
 Do not stand and cover and fear;
 The greatest wrong will ruin our peer;
 Scoop up each self!
 Stand with your forehead to the blast,
 Stand with your bosom to the storm;
 Stand with the tempest all in past,
 With proud, crest, unshaken form!
 The loss of Right in vain may try,
 Your course to stay!
 Never, with trembling heart, say "No,"
 But say the nobler word—"I'll try!"
 And win the day!
 "I'll try," scales mountains, conchs the stars,
 Trawns oceans, measure lines,
 And nothing but 't eternal bars
 Can stay a progress so sublime.
 Go on! go on! in manhood's prime,
 Yonself's man!
 Thwart not Jehovah's great design;
 Fulfill the oracles divine.
 The glorious plan!
 Let no temptation lead you astray,
 Or turn your feet from virtue's road;
 Make truth your guide before you start—
 'Twill lead you home to Heaven and God!
 —James K. H. Yoder.
 The Poisoned Almond.

The hoists of England had fled, militiamen
 and shattered, from the fatal rifles of the
 Americans, and the fled tidings had leap-
 ed from the red field of battle to the an-
 nous hearts of the citizens of New Orleans.
 As night came down upon the second
 day, the glare of huge bonfires, the flash-
 ing of dancing torches, and the glitter of
 innumerable lamps, with jubilant shouts,
 cries and exultant laughter, that met eye
 and ear, every turn beheld the celebra-
 tion's triumph. The hoists had been taken

Had he dared, St. Blank would have
 fought his rival for the prize; but his
 greater soul instinctively shrank from a com-
 bat with the young Tennessee. St.
 Maur had already enough wealth in con-
 tent any but a mercenary spirit, but
 grasping eagerly for more, and infatigable
 with the beauty of his countenance, he would
 have sold his salvation to call her and her
 father his own.
 When left by his uncle in the parlor,
 as we have related, he hurried from the
 house with a throbbing heart and a burn-
 ing brain. He had not dreamed that the
 marriage was to be so sudden; and all
 that day he had prayed to the erail spirits
 the worthy to guide his head onward to
 the heart of his rival. Now, he saw him
 returned—a victor, and a bridegroom!
 He has said to what his wretched mind had
 long been plotting. Ere many minutes
 had passed he stood in the private office
 of an apothecary and chemist, a withered
 old miser, who looked upon all mankind
 as so many victims, becoming gold to his
 vilest and most unscrupulous ends. He
 pointed, and St. Maur believed it. Who can
 explain the intensity of such aversion?
 For Carlo Berth made no use of his wealth
 save to glut over it in grim soliloquy.
 "It has come, for the almond," said
 Henry, as the chemist raised his black
 eyes to him.
 "Have you brought the price, young
 man?"
 Henry drew a purse from the table.
 Carlo counted out the yellow coin, one
 by one, trying the weight and ring of
 each, until he had numbered a hundred.
 "In his pouch, and now that in his bo-
 som, only now I can count with a mark of
 trouble almonds at that price!"
 Carlo Berth then produced a large al-
 mond, neatly halved, and containing twin
 kernels, one of which was chipped at
 each end.

note as he entered the hall again, and
 read these words:
 "With her last breath Bianca told me
 the name of her destroyer. She knew not
 what she said, for delirium ruled her
 speech. She said the true name of the
 pretended German Count was Henry St.
 Maur, of New Orleans. I sought that vil-
 lain—I found him in your house; few
 so long worn upon the bosom of Bianca,
 guided me in my search. Bianca is
 avenged, for Henry St. Maur shall not
 live to see tomorrow's sun. He had swal-
 lowed the poisoned almond."
 —Bianca's ravens.
 How pale, how ghastly looked Henry St.
 Maur! What sight so pitiable as the
 traitor strangled by his own treache-
 ry? He said not a word. He fled to the
 house of the chemist; the drug was hav-
 ed, he clamored in vain. When the next
 day came, the corpse of Henry St. Maur
 lay cold and stark upon his ground, and
 the letter which the key hand grasped re-
 vealed the mystery.
 Bianca's father was never more seen in
 New Orleans. His task was done.
 —Grafton.
 Colonel Burr, who had been Vice-Pres-
 ident of America, and would probably
 have been the next President but for the
 unfortunate duel with General Hamilton,
 came over to England, and was made
 known to me by Mr. Randolph of Vir-
 ginia, with whom I was very intimate.
 He requested I would introduce him to
 Grafton, whom he was successively an-
 nous to see. Col. Burr was not a man of
 prepossessing appearance; rough featu-
 red, and neither dress nor polished, but
 a well informed, sensible man, and not
 particularly agreeable, yet an in-
 fluential companion. People in general
 form extravagant anticipations regarding
 eminent persons. The idea of a great
 orator and Irish chief carried with it.

Paroxysms of the effort
 at Boston, Mass.
 May flippantly ask of the President-
 ial canvass of 1860, as pathetic because
 it is not noisy. Very few desert their
 fields and work-shops to swell the thou-
 sands that gather at mass conventions, a
 hundred miles from their homes; few
 (yet still too many) neglect their families
 to spend night after night in heated,
 crowded grog-shops where politicians
 most de-energize, saying the country's
 constitution by raising their own; few
 are prompted to quarrel with their neigh-
 bors and defiance their best friends on
 account of political differences. The
 change from such numbers as that of
 1840, or even that of 1856, is sufficient
 and slight, but is not deplorable. The
 people about less, it may be, than they
 were; but they do not read less; they
 think less. They are not less likely to
 render a just and salutary judgment be-
 cause they have not digested first, and in-
 vestigated afterwards. There may be
 more light than usual, even though
 there be less heat; and he who attends
 but one convention or even none may
 have informed himself quite as fully and
 accurately as to the issues and candi-
 dates presented, as one who has been
 maturing and singing and shouting for
 the last six months. There will be more
 legal votes polled this year throughout
 the country than there ever were before;
 and if ever elected once with them, so
 much the better.
 As a matter of fact, though the People
 have been more excited in these former
 contests, we doubt that they were ever
 more widely and generally interested
 than now. In these States, like Indiana,
 Illinois, and Missouri, they are holding
 many and largely attended meetings—
 not of one party only, but of all; in lo-
 calities like Vermont or South Carolina.
 The