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THE GOLDEN ERA



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HARR WAGNER.

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711 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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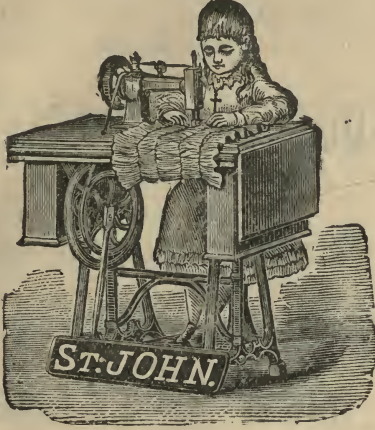
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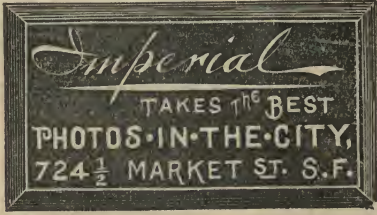
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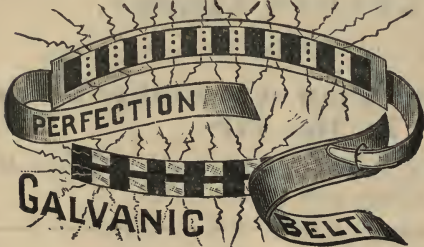
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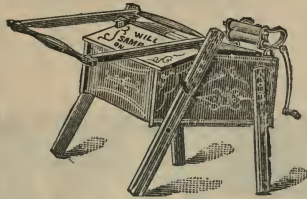
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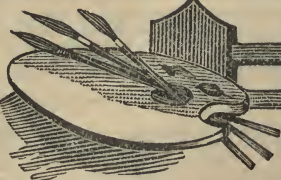
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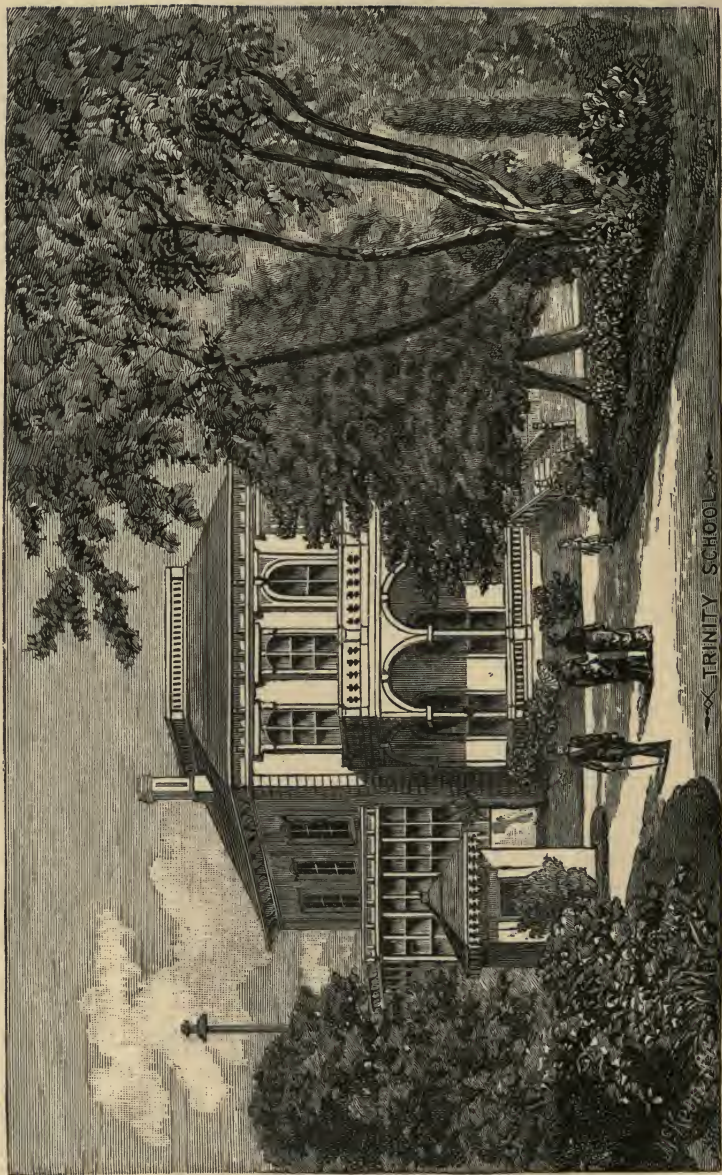
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VIEW FROM MISSION STREET.



The Golden Era.

VOL. XXXIV.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 5.

GENERAL GRANT.

Dead ! Can we utter the word ?
With our hearts crowding out at the lips,
We are pierced by a terrible sword,
And our sun has gone into eclipse.
We watched when his eyes were glazing,
We watched till his pulses were still,
We watched while the sun was still blazing,
And we saw it pass under the hill ;
But we said it would rise with the morning,
And we thought that our Chieftain but slept,
And our hearts would not wake to their warning,
And we hoped and lingered and wept.

The ineffable glory has reached him,
And Eternity claims but her own ;
As he leaps to his last promotion,
And our hearts are a vacant throne.
The hand of the gentle scepter,
Is quiet, and pulseless, and cold ;
And the plain, simple life of our Chieftain,
Is a tale that at last is told.
Burned into our hearts, as a battle,
Beat into our lives, as a part,
He has taken his niche in the temple,
Unaided by sculpture or art.

But when Time, with his tremulous fingers,
Feels the touch of the Infinite Hand,
With the songs of the spheres that lingers,
Shall linger the song of our land ;
And dawn from the highlands of glory,
What a chorus shall break at our ears,
As our dead gone before join the story,
And God links together the years !

Great Washington, Pater Patria,
And Lincoln, Salvator, as great,

And Grant, the great Custos, a tribune
 Unreached, in the annals of fate ;
 And white from the stains of the battle,
 The grandest, grand army of dead,
 Such a vision shall burst with its passing
 As never was sung or said ;
 The angels shall wonder upon it,
 And Heaven shall ring with its tread.

HIRAM HOYT RICHMOND.

TRINITY SCHOOL.

Trinity School was founded in 1876, by Trinity Corporation, and the Rev. Edward B. Spalding, lately Sub-Warden of Racine College, Wisconsin, was called to assume charge.

At the opening, his brother, Rev. Chas. N. Spalding was associated with him, and later, upon his brother's departure for the East, he called the Rev. G. A. Mead, also of Racine College, to the Head Mastership of the young Institution. Mr. Mead was a friend of many years' standing, and was Mr. Spalding's companion when traveling abroad.

Under the very able management the number of pupils increased so rapidly, that Trinity Sunday School parlors in which the school had found birth, proved in a few months too small, and the present place with its fine grounds and trees was accepted as a site for a new hall, being suitable at once on account of its beauty and accessibility. It is situated at the corner of Mission and Eleventh Streets, and is remarked by everyone in passing, for in size and freshness it stands out in bold relief from all its surroundings.

There is great charm in the retirement of the buildings, which are set deep in the square, and revealed only in half glimpses through heavy foliage.

The Rector's residence is handsome, substantial and commodious, furnishing accommodations to a limited number of boarders, who can here enjoy home life and the advantage of social and daily intercourse with the trained intellects of a corps of exceptional teachers, who live with the Rector.

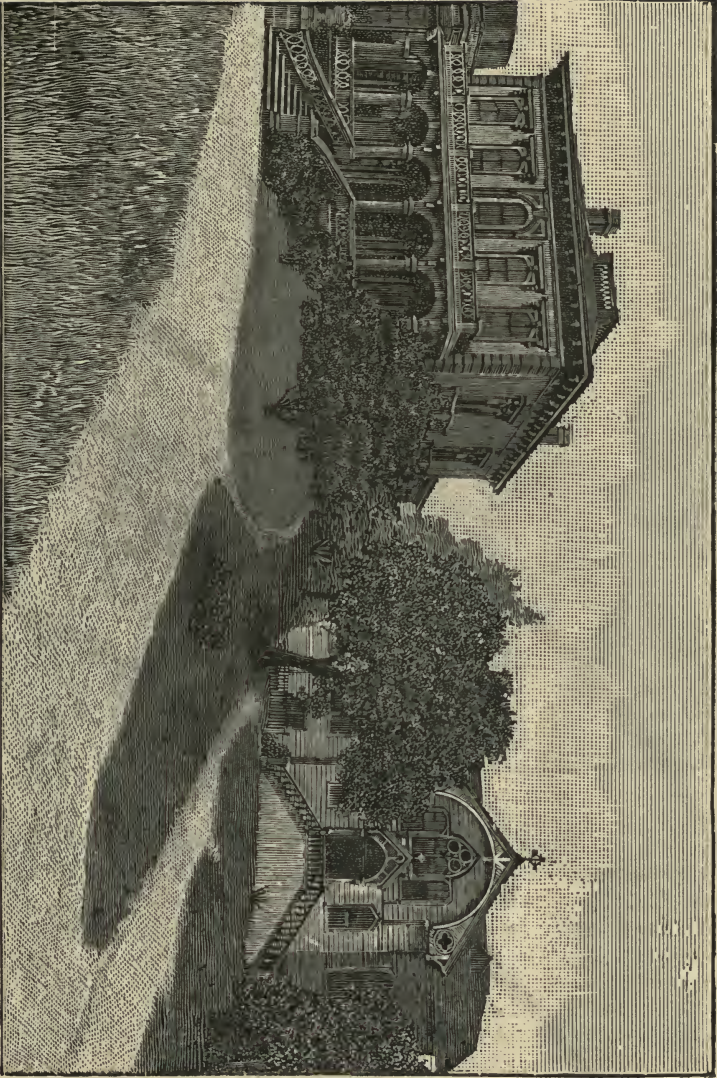
Many benefits accrue from association with men whose sole care in life is the cultivation of mind and heart. They may be considered inestimable, and the small number of students who constitute a part of such a family are to be congratulated.

In the Rector's residence are the drawing rooms, library, study room, dining-room, kitchen and sleeping apartments.

Of the beauty of the dining-room our cut gives but a poor idea. The entire front and sides are of glass so that one is apparently sitting among trees in a wealth of sunshine.

The school hall is of very attractive architecture both outside and within. It is divided into main hall, recitation rooms, and library above. On a lower floor covering the entire building space, is an immense room devoted to the use of students for amusement during cold or inclement weather. Hot air furnaces heating the hall run through this apartment, so that it is always comfortable. A fine billiard table and bowling alley are placed here for the enjoyment of the boys, while a very large play-ground outside furnishes opportunity for any manner of out-door sports. Mr. Spalding has been to much pains and expense to put this latter in good condition for the coming term. A great portion of it has been covered with a soft rock and rolled so that it is of a macadamized nature.

The main hall, or Trinity Hall proper, on festive occasions is opened to guests. Desks and chairs are removed, and a band stationed in the loft just visible in one of our illustrations. Mr. Spalding, with the fac-



FRONT VIEW OF MAIN BUILDINGS TRINITY SCHOOL.

ulty that brings everything to a successful issue, has made the place memorable by many enjoyable gatherings. He is, perhaps, unexcelled in his talent for arranging social entertainments. Those who have had experience can appreciate the difficulty of trying to amuse, to make perfectly content for the time being many people of many tastes. A glance at one of the programmes issued by Mr. Spalding for a *fete champetre* shows him to be of almost exhaustless resources in his devices to meet this end, and the brilliant assemblage of guests openly manifests the appreciation with which his efforts are always met.

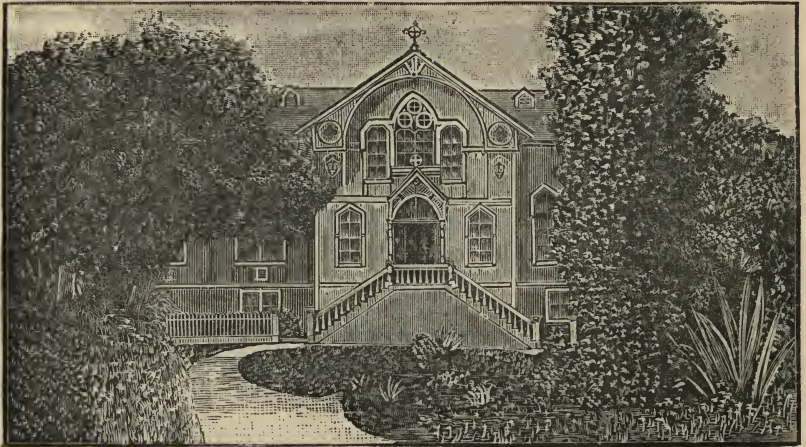
To his admirable choice of teachers is

At the closing exercises of the school, gold medals are awarded for the greatest proficiency in Latin, Mathematics, English, and in declamation; and for the highest standing in class studies and conduct.

The Alumni have presented a scholarship which frees the holder from school fees for one year. This is awarded upon a competitive examination.

The school can be easily reached. Cars run in front and to the rear of the block, connecting with all parts of the city, but the exercise is not greater than is needed by most boys to keep them in full health, were they to walk the distance daily.

The Rev. E. B. Spalding, youngest of



TRINITY HALL.

due the vigorous health and advancement of the school. Nine years of work show most gratifying results. Its graduates are found in the universities of the East, West, South, and of England. No better commentary than this can be offered, to conclusively prove the thoroughness and effectiveness of the work done within its walls, and the number and class of those attending, speak for the esteem in which the institution is held.

The grade of studies will take those who desire it, as far as the Junior year in a college course.

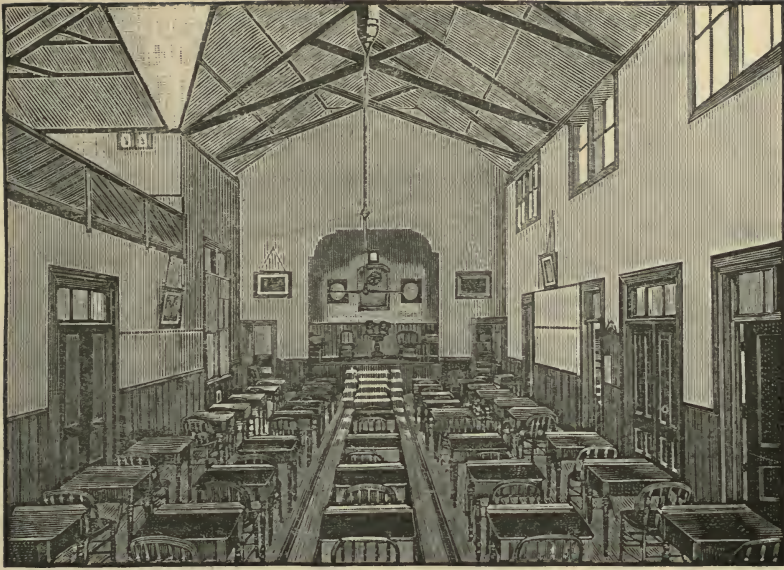
The departments are four: A Preparatory School, Lower and Upper Schools and Post Graduate course.

four brothers, all of whom are clergymen, was born near Geneva, New York, and graduated at Hobart College.

Subsequently he was called to Racine College, where, as before stated, he was for seventeen years intimately associated with the Rev. Dr. De Koven, one of the most eminent educators of his day.

Not long after opening the school on Mission street, he was persuaded to assume charge of St. John's Parish, which is in the immediate vicinity.

The same talents and qualifications that were calculated to build up a school and fill it with zealous students, were exact-



INTERIOR OF TRINITY HALL.

ly those which would draw a large congregation, so that every Sunday he now preaches to crowded houses.

have been subscribed and raised under his influence, towards the advancement of his church and other religious purposes.



DINING-ROOM.

The feeling and sympathy, with which he inspires his parishioners and hearers is evident, and within four years \$27,598.98

The number of families under his care have increased since 1881 from forty-nine to one hundred and ten; communicants

from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty-six. His popularity constantly increases.

In preaching, his diction is smooth and pleasant; he never hesitates for a word, and one great element of his success lies in the fact that he speaks entirely without notes. The ability to "think on one's feet" is quite as important to a minister of the gospel as to a lawyer, and quite as rare—rarer because the chances are fewer, the number of lawyers being in the preponderance, and largely too, from the fact that our best men avoid the church. But it is more effective from the pulpit than at the bar, because people are more impressionable on religious subjects than on questions of dry facts. Aside from that, the province of the minister is supposed by sowing harmony to choke the growth of discord and dispute, and thereby to diminish litigation; so that on the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," the value of high oratorical ability is proportionally greater at the altar than before the judge.

One feels that what is spoken spontaneously comes from the heart, and is not so likely to be the result of calculation. Utterance given to a thought as soon as evolved more surely speaks the man.

But the charm and force of direct appeal is broken when the speaker strains and stumbles after a word; this, however, seemingly never occurs in Mr. Spalding's discourse. By his full and easy swing of words that come without apparent effort, one is led on from beginning to end, imbibing his ideas with the same readiness with which they are given.

Mr. Spalding is still a young man, having only reached his forty-fifth year. He married in New York State a young lady whose father was Professor at Racine College. He has proved a great blessing to our city, and is creating an influence through both school and church that must be widely felt.

ADELE B. CARTER.

THE MOUNTAIN QUAIL.

Oh! mountain quail with crested head,
Oh! pretty quail with white-tinged eyes,
For you a bounteous feast is spread,
By him who jewelled all the skies;
You fit across the road so lone,
To ambush that each brooding knows,
And in a shrill, staccato tone,
Pipe out your call to frighten foes.

Mount Raymond like a Titan looms,
And shoulders morning's gauzy light,
While in his cloister crypt there glooms,
Great miracles of silver bright!
Huge neighboring mountains fold away,
In scalloped curves along the air;
Where in gum woods the grizzlies stray
Or furtive lions build their lair.

Our California skies are blue
As are the violets in her grass,
Where by her seas the gray gulls mew,
Or fawns through her weird forests pass;
There lizards slide across the rocks,
In canyon cups that drink the sun!
Or doves the fairy echo mocks,
Where dripping springs refreshing run.

Sweet quail! Your nerves are aye unstrung,
You start, and poise your turbaned head,
And flutter o'er your reckless young,
As if life was one throe of dread;
You choose the bushes' tented shade,
Whose green pagodas o'er you bend;
You stand half trusting, half afraid,
And make no earthly thing your friend!

The pink azalias scent the air,
The sweet wild lilacs plume the road,
While ferns with tangled maiden's hair
Hang o'er the water-snake's abode!
Bright rainbow insects sail across
The pond's green breast like winged flow'rs;
By boulders dotted o'er with moss,
The horned kine dream out the hours.

His bait the swarthy Indian throws,
Into the stream with conscious pride,
Where the lively trout in glitt'ring rows,
Dart like bright arrows thro' the tide;
He lifts his treasure to the sun,
That wriggling, sparkling, gasps and dies,
Nor heeds this luscious atom won,
Has suffered all death's agonies!

But you, oh pretty, graceful quail,
With mother-love chirp o'er your brood;
And dread imagined foes assail,
With sharp glance peering thro' the wood;
So like a tender parent heart,
That fears the future for her child,
Lest as life's shadows meet and part,
She be from duty's path beguiled.

Oh! graceful quail, your crested head,
May drop all sudden to the dust,
By kingbird, or by hunter's lead,
That ends your all of earthly trust;
But human spirits can look up,
And feel God's aid is ever nigh,
And though we drain affliction's cup,
We look for sweeter draughts on high!

JEAN B. WASHBURN.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco is a monument of patient persistence—of struggling against many odds—crowned, at last, with the perfectness of success.

The visitor that strolls through the library on Post street, and notes its elegant furnishing, its thousands of volumes—many of them rare and costly—and the convenient and systematic arrangement of its every department, will be prone to think it a gift of the Aladdin genii of wealth, rather than attained by years of tireless toil.

In the last of the year of 1854, the projectors of the plan held their first meeting in the office of the city Tax Collector, and the preliminary foundation of the grand scheme was laid. A few months later—in March, 1855—the first business meeting was held, and the first officers elected. With a newly-drafted Constitution and by-laws, an unsalaried Board of Officers, and the not very munificent sum of \$347.50 in its treasury, the work of the object of the Association (The establishment of a library, reading-room, the collection of a cabinet, scientific apparatus, works of art, and other literary and scientific purposes) was begun.

To-day the Association owes but \$15,000, its property is estimated at half a million, and there are 2,300 names on its roll of membership.

The library contains 38,000 volumes, valued at \$81,000. Among the rare and curious of them is a complete set of "Philosophical Transactions," in old English, dating back two hundred years; and it has the honor of possessing the only complete set of "Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society" on this coast. There are forty-six volumes, numbering from 1822 to date. Its set of "Transactions of the Zoological Society of London" are handsomely and expensively illustrated, many of them costing from \$60 to \$70 per volume. The thirty-four volumes of "Palæontographical Society" and "Curtis' Botanical Magazine" from 1790 to date, are also very valuable.

The collection of mechanical and scien-

tific works is good and complete, but not by any means must the searcher after knowledge confine his reading to mechanism and science. While he can unravel the intricacies of ship-building, engineering and architecture; can sound the seas and measure the mysterious stars; he can revel in the classics and the thoughts of the deepest thinkers, and he can sate his soul with the lightest standard literature. If he wants to delve into the dryness of Patent Reports, this is an official depository of them—both British and American. If his taste runs in lighter vein, the Eastern and foreign magazines are kept on file in a room devoted exclusively to them. He can play chess, or study mechanical drawing (a teacher is employed by the Association to instruct classes in the latter); or he can sit in the quietest of places and meditate.

The \$10,000 donated by James Lick to the Institute is being expended for books and furniture for the library as directed. It was a generous donation. Had some one but thought to bestow such a gift on the infant Institute away back in the fifties, many a dark day had been lighted. And thus it ever is; the gods give all their goods at once.

The rules of the Association are liberal. We doubt if there is another institution in America where the members are so well favored. The Librarian, Mr. Horace Wilson, whose judgment in books is conceded by all, is exceedingly popular with members of the Institute. In the purchase of new books, he aims not only to please a particular class of readers, but all classes. He has studied very carefully the wants of the patrons, and has thus contributed greatly to bringing the library to its present degree of popularity. In fact, all those connected with the Institute, who come in contact with the public, have won good opinions by their deference to the wishes of others.

Mr. S. C. Bugbee made the first presentation of books to the library, his gift being a Bible, Constitution of the United States, Encyclopedia of Architecture and Curtis on Conveyancing—a solid begin-

ning. The Bible and Constitution were afterwards stolen, which fact goes far toward refuting the prevailing idea that California, in those days, was the lawless infidel she is represented.

Miss Sarah P. Warren gave the library the first book presented it by a woman. History fails to record the name of that book. This is a great oversight in the history; it makes it the newspaper, with the coveted paragraph cut out.

The immense pavilion of the Association, located on Larkin, Grove, Polk and Hayes streets, has gained a nearly world-wide notoriety for its annual Mechanics' Fair.

The proceeds of these Fairs go into the maintenance fund of the library. Thus is its continued prosperity assured.

The officers of the Institute are: Board of Trustees—P. B. Cornwall, President; David Kerr, Vice-President; J. A. Bauer, Treasurer; S. J. Hendy, Cor. Secretary; W. P. Stout, Rec. Secretary; D. A. MacDonald, James Spiers, C. F. Bassett, Byron Jackson, J. R. Wilcox, George Spaulding, C. Waterhouse, George H. Hopps, John Mallon; Librarian, Horace Wilson; Assistant Secretary, J. H. Culver; J. H. Gilmore, Superintendent; A. M. Jellison, Assistant Librarian.

The library, pavilion and Fairs are under the direct management of the Board of Trustees, and worthily and well have they managed.

In the preliminary announcement of the Fair for 1885, the Board of Trustees says:

The Mechanics' Institute of the City of San Francisco, organized in 1855 for the dissemination of information and useful knowledge, which has held under its auspices nineteen Industrial Fairs, again takes pleasure in announcing that the Twentieth Exhibition of art, manufactures, science and natural products, will be open on Tuesday, August 25th, at their immense pavilion, located on Larkin, Grove, Polk and Hayes streets, which will be still further enlarged and improved for this occasion, and supplied with every requirement for the proper display of articles and machinery, including a plentiful supply of steam, water, gas and power, the latter from a large and powerful engine to be manufactured expressly for this exhibition.

It is a conceded fact that a comprehensive exhibition of natural or manufactured products, when given by a Government, State, County or Society, is productive of good to the general community by bringing together at one time the producer and consumer, the manufacturer and dealer, or those engaged in like occupations, whereby an exchange of ideas may be had, and comparison of results arrived at, which have been carried out in various ways for the same end, but under different rules and conditions.

The benefit of these gatherings of people and products has been recognized by all great nations, particularly our own Government, for twice our representatives at Washington have made an appropriation for such purposes, namely: at Philadelphia and New Orleans. Material aid has also been given by nearly all the States in the Union to encourage and foster local fairs within the borders, showing that our wisest legislators believe in such exhibitions, and recognize their benefit to the commonwealth.

It is the desire of the management to have the display of manufactured and natural products as full and perfect as possible, that the varied resources of this Coast may be brought together in such form as may best afford the citizen seeking information, the capitalist seeking investment, the visitor from the Eastern States or immigrants from Europe seeking a business opening or a home, an opportunity to inform themselves of the skill and advancement of our citizens and inventors, and the variety, excellence and superiority of our products, which in the near future must and will be an important factor in the World's consumption.

The Mechanics' Library is not the largest one in San Francisco, but there are none better, and its educational advantages are superior to any. The public are cordially invited to visit the rooms of the Association, No. 31 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

There can not be too many libraries in any land; neither can too much be said in their favor. Literature without libraries, is religion without churches. Who builds a library for the people, strikes a blow at the foundation of the penitentiary.

ZAFEL.

Zafel's head was poised like one of Giotto's models. He was a magnificent man. The muscles of his legs and arms were huge lumps of strength. Women admired him. The painter must have seen such a man when the idea of Atlas flashed across his brain. Yet Zafel stooped to touch the skirts of a woman's dress, and trembled at the faintest caress of an infant's finger.

In the summer of '83 he occupied a small room opposite 512 Minna street. Across the way was the sign:

INFANT SHELTER.
Babies Taken Care of During the Day
at Reasonable Rates.

Every morning he watched the mothers with babies clinging to their breasts, as they hurried to hand them over to the paid keeper. A woman's face is never so lovely, the expression never so pure, the eyes never so tender in their love as when the lips of the infant draw life from the mother.

God had mercifully sundered the bonds that bound Zafel to his wife. She slept, and he was a free man without a home and without children. He was an outlaw upon every moral question, except the social relations of husband and wife. Every night his fertile brain was full of wicked schemes, but in the morning when he saw the women gather in front of the Infant Shelter, and leave their babies, his feelings were as tender as a mother's for her child.

In one of these moods he came to me. I had seen him once before. It was in the court room. He was on trial for selling false mines from specimens of gold ore. His poise and grandiloquent manner impressed the judge. He was acquitted. And then to the judge and his own lawyer he sold a worthless claim in Mono county, by showing specimens that he purchased from the assay office of Thomas Price.

I was, therefore, prepared to discountenance any proposition he might make. I had no time for idle speculations and and schemes that were probably not legitimate. His personal address completely

charmed me. Such a tribute to womanhood I had never heard. He dwelt upon the words "mother" and "baby" with such tenderness that it melted my reserve.

"This morning," he said, "before coming to you, I stood at my window and looked across the way in a room of the Infant Shelter. I saw a mother weeping over the cradle. It was a very touching sight, sir. I am striving to make a fortune so that I may purchase the inestimable treasure of domestic bliss. You may think it strange that a man, whose name has been connected with the most wonderful inventions of the age, should be moved to tears by so ordinary a sight. I was weeping for society, not for myself, sir. The rich mother hires a nurse to free herself from care of the infant. The poor mother who works down town is compelled to do so. The former envies the nurse the money she pays, the latter envies the nurse the possession of the child. The one wants what the other pays to get rid of. But to my story. About noon for the last week I have seen a pale, beautiful woman enter the Infant Shelter. Timidly she rings the bell, then cautiously creeps to the side of the doorway, as if afraid of being noticed. I have seen her from behind my blinds feed the babies. She has won my love. Yes, I love her madly. I have discovered that a man has played her false. She is a mother, but not a wife. I have found that her life has been an atonement for her fault. I want to marry her, and I come to you to negotiate a secret that I may bestow upon her wealth as well as love."

I had now become thoroughly interested in Zafel's recital. I knew that Zafel had invented queer burglar tools, had sold counterfeit money, and had but recently disposed of a chemical compound that would ignite buildings six months after being placed. He really had the audacity to declare in a court of justice that he could place the compound by himself and agents in the various cities of the world so as to burn them simultaneously. I turned to him supposing that his secret

was something of a similar nature, and asked the particulars.

"Not yet. Go slow," he said, in his confident manner. "We have a few preliminaries to arrange beforehand. In the first place I want \$10,000 for the secret, and one-half the profits. The \$10,000 I will donate to the Infant Shelter to spend for securing better facilities. I will depend on the profits for my fortune."

"A very generous offer. I am quite certain that I can get friends to advance the money, if I find that your secret is of value," I answered.

His confident manner disarmed me, and I began counting up how much I could make out of the secret. My mind turned to wealth quickly—not that I enjoyed the possession of wealth, but the spending of it always afforded me great pleasure.

"Ah, sir, your interest is so gratifying! Your fortune, however, is made. I know that you will make \$100,000 the first month—yes, perhaps the first week. All the poor women who leave their babies at the Infant Shelter will bless you, for they will get my first \$10,000. Martha, my Martha, will always be grateful. To you she will owe her happiness. You must see her. The development of her form is luscious; the sparkle of her eyes as brilliant as gems; and her disposition is calm and affectionate. The richness of her love is like a 'mother ledge.' I cannot describe her, but I will sacrifice the secret for her."

"The secret!" I exclaimed. "Tell me the secret."

"Not yet. Go slow," he repeated.

"Explain!" I cried, impatiently. "I am ready to go on as soon as I find out that you have a secret worth money."

"You must first raise me \$10,000," he said.

"Impossible," I replied, "until you give me information that will prove your discovery valuable."

"Will you agree to give me the \$10,000 as soon as I prove my discovery worth thousands of dollars?"

"I will," I answered.

I now became intensely excited. Zafel invited me at once to join him at his house. We went together. On our way out he stopped on Jessie street, corner of 4th, and introduced me to Martha. I

admired her beauty, and was quite surprised at the modesty and refinement visible in her every action. I must, however, admit that the infant in the cradle lessened my esteem for the young mother. Zafel, I presume, loved her, and love is deaf and dumb and blind. Martha rejoiced at the good news, and thanked me with a modest wink of her beautiful lashes, which made me rather nervous. It was about half past five when we reached Zafel's lodgings. We stood at the window. It was the hour that the women returning from their work called at the Infant Shelter for their babies. Some of the women were large and coarse, others were pale and delicate; all seemed changed when the babies rested again in their arms. One poor woman, tired with the day's labor and suffering from mortal disease, dragged herself to the door, seemed, as if by magic, to recover strength when she obtained her child, and walked away, calling it pet names, and caressing it with her toil-colored hands. It was a touching picture of maternal love. God never intended that a woman should labor at anything that would take her one hour from the cradle. Poverty is cruelest when it affects mother and babe. Hard, indeed, is fate, when it casts a shadow over maternity.

Zafel laughed when he thought of the change his \$10,000 donation would make in the Infant Shelter.

"I will have the little cherubs rest on down, and they shall have the choicest playthings, and all the kind nurses necessary. Martha will visit the place, and will suggest changes. But now to the discovery," he said, as he turned quickly and faced me. He walked across the room, and taking up a book came and sat down by my side.

At last, I thought, the discovery would be told. My sanguine temperament had not allowed my hopes to sink. Zafel opened the book. I noticed that it was a zoology. He pointed, with his finger, to a paragraph on the page he had opened. I read, then looked up in dismay. The paragraph was as follows:

The shark belongs to an extensive family of marine cartilaginous fishes, with the rays, or skates and chimera, or sea-cat, forming the order of plagiostomes, or selaciens elevated under the latter name by Agassiz. They are essentially

carniverous, and as in the birds of prey the females are larger and fiercer than the males. They swim with great ease and rapidity, playing around the fastest ships and steamers. They abound in different species in all oceans. About one hundred species are known; some are almost cosmopolite, while others have a limited geographical distribution.

The shark also haunts the wrecks of ships, and swallows everything at the bottom of the sea from the small jewels to very large substances. One was recently killed near Cape Cod that contained \$50,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

Zafel's eye was upon me. I no sooner looked up than with a torrent of words he explained :

"The discovery, you see, is second-hand, but no one has ever developed the industry. We can kill a hundred sharks a week, and they will certainly average one thousand dollars a piece. Of course some will be worthless, but others may have diamonds worth thousands of dollars. Sharks have been feeding on the jewels and diamonds for thousands of years. Of course, you know, the sharks that got the diamonds of a wreck two hundred years ago are now dead, but the young sharks would swallow the jewels from the carcass. So that the sharks of this age have the jewels that have been lost for centuries. In addition to that sharks eat human beings, and we will in many instances find pocket-books, rings, watches and diamonds of a man who has been missing for years.

"In this way we may bring comfort to many families who now mourn the lost. Oh, it is marvelous! marvelous! But for God's sake do not tell any one, or the entire population will be out killing sharks."

For a moment I was dazed. Then I read the notice in the zoology again. If \$50,000 has been found once it may be repeated. I turned to Zafel, his face was full of enthusiasm. I said: "We will make the experiment. If at all successful, you shall at once have \$10,000."

"Thanks, thanks! You see I needed a man like you. I am unfortunate in being unable to transact the practical part of any scheme. You know some men are that way."

"Yes, yes," I answered. "But what is your plan?"

He dropped his tone to a whisper and said: "A certain rich man loaned a lady friend his wife's diamonds. I was with

them on a yachting excursion. The lady became angry and in a fit of jealousy threw the diamonds overboard. I saw the blunted nose of a shark as it opened its mouth and swallowed them. They were valued at \$20,000. We will at once proceed to the place; I will not mention the name. The water is warm and large numbers of sharks are there. I have dynamite torpedoes that will kill dozens at a time. It will take but a few minutes to rip them open and secure the treasure. Ah, Martha, had I always such an incentive as you my life would have been a success years ago."

He was so overcome that it was some minutes before he noticed my readiness to start. In thirty minutes we had large, sharp knives to rip open the sharks, and dynamite torpedoes. The sail on the bay was full of delicious delight. It was almost sunset when we reached a rare spot in nature. The twilight on the bay, mingling with the hills and the water, created a weird haze. Mount Tamalpias was grand and gloomy. The stillness was oppressive. No man or beast was in sight. It was all nature except Zafel and myself. I looked at his massive frame, his confident bearing and was content.

The stillness was sublime. The water seemed to drag itself to the shore, then rested awhile before sweeping back, and entering the ocean in the distance. It was the rest of the ocean, the grave of the tired waters. The white capped waves assumed a darker hue in mourning for the waters at rest. I almost forgot my purpose. Wealth had lost its charm. No man can be alone with nature and rail against his poverty, for he is indeed rich. A moment more. "Zafel has taken the boat. The water is stirred. A torpedo is sent down. Soon the waves burst up. Zafel is down in the water; he will drown. No, he has gained the boat. He shouts hoarsely to me to take in the line. I count three sharks floating upon the water." Then I am free from the spell of the bay. It seemed like a dream. I drew in the line, and quickly ripped open the smallest shark. Zafel stood over me; there was a wild light in the man's eyes. He held the lantern. We searched.

"Here it is!" he cried, and from out of

the slime he held up a large, pearl-like substance. It glistened in the light of the lantern. It was the bill of a water fowl.

"Try this one," he said with bated breath, "That one was too young."

I opened another one. He pushed the light over. The knife fell from my hand. Zafel let the lantern fall.

We were in darkness. Zafel lit a match and grasping my arm nervously, we looked again. By the light of the match, blue and pale, we saw the face of a human child. Behind us we heard a fearful shriek; then we heard footsteps growing fainter and fainter, until all was still and dark again.

"My God, that was Martha!" exclaimed Zafel.

"No, you are wild. It could not have been." I answered. He lit the lantern. There in the slime of the shark's cold entrails, rested the undigested remains of a child. Zafel gave a wild shriek. The massive frame coiled to the ground and lay at my feet. The other shark remained unopened.

I dragged Zafel to the boat and placing him in, sailed across the moonlit bay, to the city. The shriek seemed to echo in every wave that struck our frail craft: "Was it Martha?" "Was it her child?" There was tragedy in the shriek. The child's blood was yet warm in its veins. Zafel rose up in the boat, as we reached the city. He looked back from whence we came; it was utter darkness. In front

the city was beautifully lighted, and from the hill-tops the rays came down to the water's edge. He stood irresolute for a moment. I thought he had lost his reason. Then taking my arm he said, "Come."

We reached the home of Martha. Zafel stood a moment undecided, then entered the back way. He tore open the shutters on the side of the house. The moon shone in through the open window, revealing a small bed-room.

"Look!" exclaimed Zafel. I peered in. A woman's form was visible, as she lay half uncovered in the uneffected negligence of slumber.

"It is she! Martha is innocent!" cried Zafel. Then he turned to me and said, "Go!"

The man was greater in his commands than I. The scheme ended with the night's adventure. I left Zafel gazing in through the window at his beloved Martha.

This story would not have been written had it not been that I saw Zafel recently, standing in front of the Infant Shelter. He was old and haggard. It had been two years since he had interested me in his scheme. I did not approach, for Martha came out holding a baby with its lips to her breast, while two children toddled after her. I do not know why Zafel's life was a failure. He was builded on a good plan, yet lacked something. Was it a settled purpose? HARR WAGNER.

RIVER.

O River! sparkling, restless River!
 Quivering with every change of cloud and breeze,
 Now gliding 'mong cool grasses, whispering rushes,
 Now playing, laughing, 'mong the drooping trees;
 And then, in pensive but sweet melancholy,
 As like a child half-grieved, and yet half-glad,
 Down by the old mill slowly dost thou murmur,
 Making the wanderer's heart grow strangely sad!
 River,—thou symbol of my youth long past,
 Wilt thou not rest at last?

"Through the meadows, decked with sweetest flowers,
 I have wandered in the Spring-tide; and at noon
 I have dreamt beside the willows' graceful branches,—
 That time passed all too soon!
 And my bosom has been stirred by winds in Autumn,
 And dying leaves have floated on my breast,
 The swan has kissed my wavelets, and at midnight

Has breathed a love-song, yet I cannot rest!
 For, oh! somewhere, beyond the meadow flowers,
 Beyond the woodland trees, and fairy homes,
 There is a vast expanse of crystal brightness,
 Glorious and beautiful; there the pale hours
 Shall glow with radiance, and supreme delight
 Shall fill each moment of that rapturous life!
 This is not living; or, at most, 'tis life
 Without the *all* that Love alone can give!
 There,—in that boundless Sea, whose voice I hear
 Calling me ever to its arms,—there, there alone
 My wanderings shall cease, and I shall rest!"

River! glide onward; let the sweet wild-rose
 And trailing honeysuckle lend their bloom
 To beautify thy breast!
 So to the bright Beyond I'd pass with thee,
 And, in the Source of Truth and Love, find rest!

—Vera.

SILK CULTURE.

OUR STATE BOARD—ITS ORIGIN AND WORK.

The California Silk Culture Association was organized November 18th, 1880. It was organized for the purpose of promoting the silk culture interest of California.

A bill, formulated by the Association, was brought before the Legislature of 1883. In the fate of that bill the ladies of the Association displayed deep concern, and

the importance of the bill, and tools shrugged their shoulders and declared there was "nuthin' in it."

Tools and blockheads are surprisingly plentiful in the halls of legislation and usually display the flippant puppyism that always characterizes a beggar on horse-back.

Thanks to the pluck and energy of Mrs. Gordon and her lieutenants the bill was



MRS. OLIVE M. WASHBURN,
President California State Board of Silk Culture.

under the leadership of Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon many of the most energetic repaired to the capitol where they labored well and faithfully to secure its passage.

But few of the assembled Solons could at first be induced to lay serious hold of the project, and the ladies found a more difficult task than they had anticipated. It was a "woman's measure," and the pin-heads and puppies chuckled and smirked. Blockheads were unable to comprehend

passed by a scratch, and became a law on March 15th, 1883. It provided for the appointment of nine persons who should constitute a State Board of Silk Culture, five of whom should be members of the Ladies Silk Culture Association.

The Board was appointed and consisted of the following persons: Dr. C. A. Buckbee, Mrs. J. C. Carr, W. B. Ewer, and R. J. Trumbull for two years; and Mrs. E. B. Barker, Prof. E. W. Hilgard, Mrs. T. H.

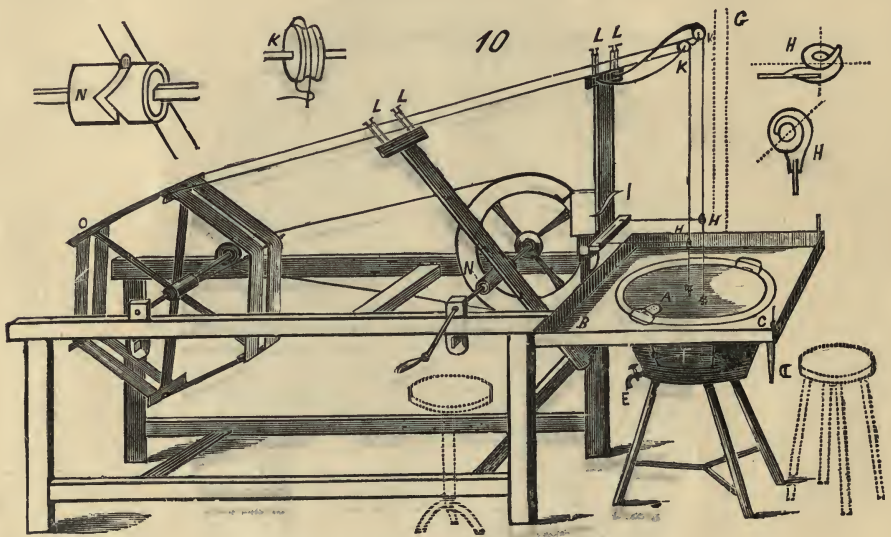
Hittell, Mrs. F. M. Kimball and Mrs. H. B. Williams, for the term of four years.

This Board was legislated out of office by the passage of a supplemental act, March 18th, 1885. This act provided for a board of seven, three of whom should be members of the Ladies Silk Culture Association. The Board now consists of Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, President; G. W. T. Carter, Vice-President; R. H. McDonald, Jr., Treasurer; Mrs. Louise Rienza, A. F. Sanfrignon, Edw. Carlsen and Mrs. M. E. Chase.

As it now stands the Board may be considered an effective one. The President,

advanced and liberal ideas, and one whose mental make-up presents a rare combination of qualities; a combination in which may be seen generosity and discernment, firmness and good nature, affability and will, bound together by a fund of executive and administrative ability seldom found in the same person. Under the management of this estimable lady the California State Board of Silk Culture should become a power for good.

R. H. McDonald Jr., Treasurer of the Board, is a gentleman of means and ability. He is deeply interested in the development of the silk industry. Being a



REELING MACHINE READY FOR WORK.

Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, is a lady of marked individuality. She was born in 1831, the second daughter of Joel Stockwell, the oldest settler of Genessee Valley, New York, and has spent, in California, the better part of a busy and useful life.

Though possessed of ample means, and surrounded by all the allurements of leisure, Mrs. Washburn was never an idler, but has been found in the forefront of every battle waged for humanity. She has taken special interest in the enlargement of woman's sphere of usefulness, and is a firm believer in the political as well as moral value of the softer sex.

Mrs. Washburn is blest with remarkable vigor of body and mind. She is a lady of

business man, cautious and decisive, his good judgment is of special value to the Board and an admirable accompaniment to the ardor of the energetic president.

THE FILATURE.

The Board has comfortable and commodious quarters at No. 21 Montgomery avenue, consisting of a neatly appointed office and a large apartment which serves as a store-room and a Filature school.

The school contains the necessary apparatus for reeling and is furnished with steam power. The reeling is performed by means of an improved Lombard Reeling Machine, of which the above is a very accurate engraving.

The Filature now contains thirteen pupils, all of whom are young ladies of intelligence and culture. Miss Lucy Herman is in charge as teacher. Filature pupils serve a term of eight weeks, at the expiration of which time, those who prove competent and worthy, receive a State diploma issued by the Board. There are many applicants for pupilage, and, as an experimental school, the Filature may now be considered a success. It is constantly thronged with visitors from all parts of the State and from abroad.

MANAGEMENT OF THE MULBERRY.

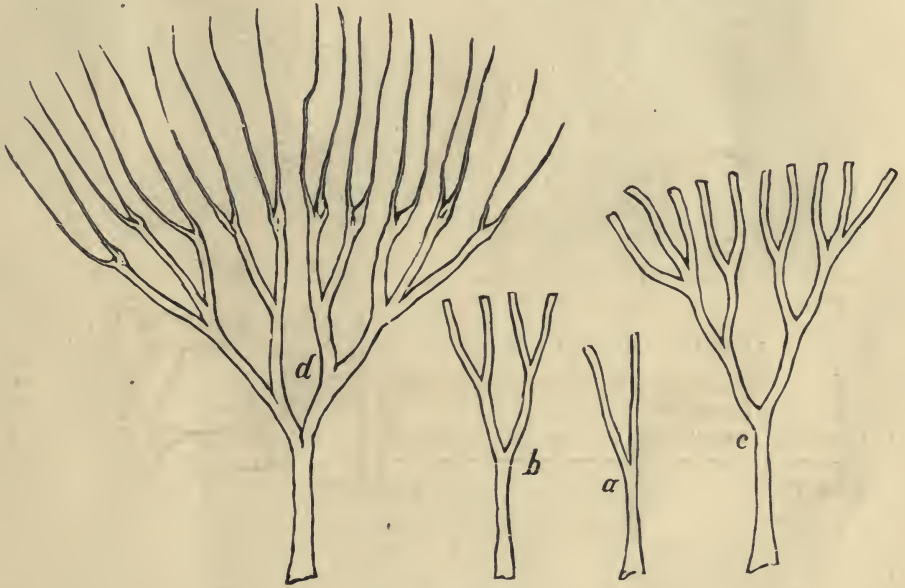
A visit to the cocoonery conducted by Benjamin H. Carter, West Oakland, will

a garden of roses. For the purpose of increasing the size and nutriment of the leaves, as well as facilitating the work of gathering the same, the trees are pruned and dwarfed, a process which the following cut will serve to illustrate:

PRUNING THE MULBERRY.

The time of pruning begins in November. All loose or crooked branches are cleared away. An endeavor is made to train the growth to the form of an umbrella, and during the second, fifth, eighth and twelfth months the trees are richly manured.

At the beginning of January or February the young mulberry tree, a year old,



THE MULBERRY.

repay those who desire to learn something of the growth and management of mulberry trees and silkworms. The leaves of the mulberry tree form the food of the worm. Of this tree there are many varieties, of which Mr. Carter regards the *Morus Japonica* and the *Morus Alba* as the best. The mulberry tree was first introduced into the United States between the years 1826 and 1880. It reached California in 1854, and the Japan variety was first planted here in 1869. Trees cultivated by worm-growers are as carefully and tenderly tended as a bed of lettuce or

is cut down to a height of one foot six inches from the ground. During the early part of Summer, when the tree is about three to four feet high, the upper part is cut off to about one foot four inches above the original stem, fig. *a*. The next Spring, the tree having now four sprouts, of which two are allowed to grow on the middle branch, and three on each side branch, and having attained a height of from five to six feet, fig. *c*, it is again cut down to a distance of one foot three inches from the ground, fig. *b*. The form sought to be attained is shown in fig. *d*.

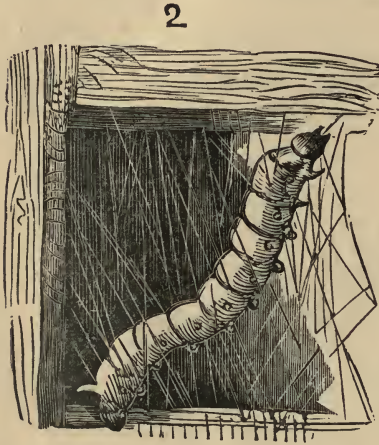
The silkworm might well serve as an illustration, if not a proof, of the immortality of earth life. In providing for the continuity of its own existence—the reproduction of itself—it spends its whole life, or series of lives; and having accomplished its mission it dies. It lives to die, and dies to live.

In prosecuting its life-work the silkworm encloses itself in a fibrous shell, called a

duces the egg. Of this wonderful combination of processes, silk is the incidental product.

Freshly gathered mulberry leaves are fed the new hatched worm. For a period varying from thirty-five to forty days the worm is fed from four to eight times daily, at the close of which period it commences to spin its cocoon—a process shown by the following illustration:

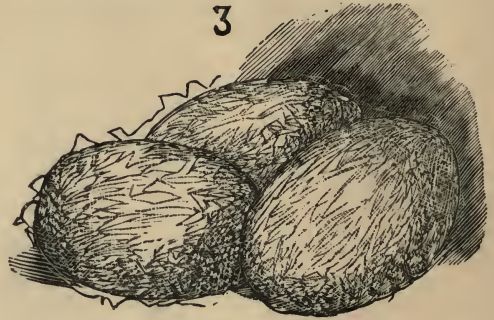
This labor occupies a period of three days, when the cocoon is fully formed and appears as follows:



SILKWORM, LIFE-SIZE, SPINNING A COCOON.

cocoon; and from the material of which the cocoon is composed, the silk fiber of commerce is derived. It requires from five to twelve strands of the thread spun by the worm to form the finest thread of needle-silk, and cocoons contain from 200 to 1,200 yards of the worm-spun thread.

The life of the silkworm commences as an egg, continues as a worm, and ends as a moth. The egg produces the worm, the worm produces the cocoon, the cocoon produces the moth, and the moth repro-



COMPLETED COCOONS—NATURAL SIZE.

Three days after the completion of the cocoon, the worm, ensconced within, passes into the chrysalis state, and fourteen days after this event emerges a full-grown moth.

Soon after emerging, the sexes mate and the female moth commences to lay. She lays from 200 to 400 eggs, and with the deposit of the last egg she surrenders her life. In the moth state the life of the silkworm seems to have no duty or function other than that of completing the process of procreation. The moth does not eat; it absorbs no kind of nourishment, and in all probability contains no digestive organs.

P. S. DORNEY.

A CRESCENT AND A CROSS.

BY BABEK.

CHAPTER X.

(CONTINUED.)

"You are looking better to-day, Miss Carton, said she kindly, as Ethel entered the house. "Cheer up, dear; it'll all be right in the morning."

"Yes, Mrs. Wright, good, generous friend, it will all be right in the morning," and impulsive Ethel threw her arms around the neck of her friend and sobbed outright.

"Poor lamb, do not take it so to heart; while I have a crust you shall share it."

"O Mrs. Wright, you do not understand; I have a place."

Promptly at eight in the morning Ethel entered upon her duties as a servant. Mr. Stevens introduced her to her employer, who, like the younger man, knew intuitively that she was a gentlewoman.

"I am afraid you are not rugged enough for the work, Miss Carton, but I truly hope you may succeed," said the bluff but kind old man.

"I must do my best. Necessity is a stern master."

"Then you do not work for the mere love of being self-reliant and independent," laughed Mr. Mowbray.

"No; neither do I think it necessary that a woman should literally earn a stated salary per diem to be either independent or self-reliant. A wife or a daughter is both if she occupies her true position in her home."

Hastily recollecting herself, she stopped suddenly, as a hot flush passed over her face. She could not use herself at once to the silence of a true servant.

Mr. Mowbray was an austere and haughty man and usually a stern, exact master; but something about the girl won him.

The same irresistible, indefinable charm, that won all true hearts that came within its influence, while it repelled and antagonized the selfish arrogance of the narrow souled.

"Really now, she walks like a queen.

What turn in fortune's wheel has brought her without friends, I wonder."

Ethel had been two months in Mr. Mowbray's employ when he sent for her to come to the office.

She tremblingly obeyed the summons, surprised to find, when she met him, not that she was discharged, but given the position of forewoman of her department.

The year was fast speeding on.

The old man, in his battered hulk, would soon pass over the falls, and the happy boy in his gaily-painted skiff will soon come gliding down the stream. Her position was now secure and after several months passed, Mr. Stevens was taken suddenly ill. Mr. Mowbray was in despair; the city fairly swarmed with bookkeepers, the business colleges were turning them out by the dozen every few months, capable and willing youths many of them: but Mr. Mowbray was an old foggy with an inherent horror of any newsystem, forms or green hands.

Owing to an accident, he could not use his hand, and had to depend almost entirely upon his book-keeper, the junior member of the firm being in New York; therefore, Mr. Mowbray was in no very good humor.

"Really, I don't know what I'll do," said he, as Ethel stopped at the office to inquire for her friend.

"Really, I am in a pretty mess. I'll have the horrors with a green hand in here among Mr. Steven's methodical folios."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Ethel, timidly.

"I hope Mr. Stevens will be better in a few days, and we might get along."

"Really now, do you? Woman like. Don't you see, my child, we can't? We are short of hands, as it is, and I can't write; get along? No, ma'am we can't."

Ethel had grown used to his blunt manner and did not forbear a smile.

"Well, sir, I have a clear head and steady hand, and I can take Mr. Steven's place, for a day or two or longer, if needs be."

"Whew! You can, can you? What can't you do?"

"A great many things, sir. But I can do this. Do you want me, or shall I go to work?"

"Really now, you'll be telling me you can do anything a man can do yet.

"No I won't," and she laughed a low, sweet laugh. "I'll never tell you I can vote, or make stumps speeches, chew, drink, smoke or swear. Those accomplishments I consider the sole prerogatives of man.

"But a woman can keep a set of books as well as a man, you think?"

"Now, I'll tell you, Miss Carlton, they don't do it. Why is it?"

"Chiefly, I think, they do not have a fair opportunity to try.

"They are not depended on; you don't expect any better, and they have not the heart that makes success."

"Well, have your own way, and I'll tell Mr. Sheldon to take your place in the store."

Ethel seated herself at the desk, and for a moment, a mental picture flitted before her. She could see her father and mother, how they would look if they could see their petted darling of ease and fashion on her elevated position on the book-keeper's stool. After she had been in the office two or three days Mr. Mowbray said, as he entered one morning: "Miss Carlton, it seems to me that there is more room in this place than usual. What makes it?"

"I don't know, unless it is that I had the janitor empty two or three of the wastebaskets, and I piled up the books so as to relieve a chair or two."

"Really," ejaculated Mr. Mowbray. He said no more, but proceeded to examine the books. He carefully scrutinized her work and then opened the desk to take out the unanswered letters he supposed had accumulated. He found none; all were answered, and a copy of the answer folded with each.

Everything was correct and in perfect order.

"Miss Carton, your work is accurate and well done. I would gladly recommend you as competent to take charge of any set of books."

"Thank you, but, unless you are anxious

to get rid of me, I would prefer remaining where I am.

"This is one other cause, Mr. Mowbray, for our non success as clerks, etc. Women are restless. They do not stick to one position, or one calling, long enough. They are easily led; take any advice, and have so many strings to their bow one never knows which to pull.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.

"Not ever,
The justice and truth of the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it."

The 21st of December dawned clear and cloudless.

A California Christmas, with its sunshine and flowers.

Troops of happy children thronged the thoroughfares and stopped at the windows resplendent with their Christmas cheer.

Ragged, forlorn urchins, moved more slowly, and gazed, longingly, at the treasures beyond their reach. Along Kearny street, from Market to Pine, the restless, eager crowd moved to and fro, intent upon their holiday gifts and merry making.

Ethel went through the streets with a slower step than usual. She was but a human creature, a fraile, weak woman, after all. Only a year ago she had left her own beautiful home and tender parents.

She did not regret the step she had taken, for she felt she had no right to claim any portion of the love or wealth which belonged to another.

But there were times when she was weary, when the visions of the happy past were almost more than she could bear; moments when one clasp of her mother's arms, one kiss from her lips, and a word of blessing from the fond father, would have made up for years of pain and sorrow."

But she had voluntarily given it up and was prepared to bear the result, let it be what it may.

Late in the afternoon a private carriage stopped, and two ladies entered. They were dressed in the extreme of fashionable elegance. One was a stately blonde, who swept gracefully through the room and entered the department where Ethel had just finished waiting on a customer; fol-

lowed by a lady of medium height, of the type neither blonde nor brunette, but, from what could be seen of the complexion beneath "rouge" and "camelline," she was rather dark than light, with that sallow darkness noticeable in people of a choleric nature. Her lips were thin, and shut together over the large mouth with the cruel snap of a San Joaquin mosquito; the nose angular, to a fault, had a queer look, as if constantly watching for some signal to elevate; steely, gray eyes that glittered like those of a bosilesk as she talked, yet she passed for a pretty woman.

"We wish to see Madame Dressy," said she, of the thin lips, in reply to Ethel's question; asking for the forewoman of the dressmaking department.

"I will take your order, if you please," said Ethel.

"Lois," said Miss Dragonlips, sharply, "You must not trust your order to a mere shop-girl. You are more than usually anxious that this costume should be perfect in every detail."

A slight smile passed over the perfect lips of the "shop-girl," but she neither advised the proud beauty nor argued with the other.

"I will call Madame," she said, with the calm dignity that was part of her nature.

"Ida," said Lois Stanton, "Did you ever see such hair?"

"And such glorious eyes," echoed a young man, who had just entered and whose resemblance to Lois told the relationship between them.

"Such an air," chimed in Ida, contemptuously, "I never saw a more haughty person in the most fashionable salon. The airs of these girls are insufferable—Ida's father had kept a corner grocery in early days and her mother had been table-girl in one of the hotels of unfashionable renown in the dim ages of '49 and '50.

"Good-morning, ladies," said Madame Dressy. "Miss Carton has taken the position of forewoman of all these departments; she has far more taste than myself; she plans, and I execute. Let me advise you to let her choose for you."

"I do not care to receive the order, Madame, you will please attend to it yourself," said Ethel, coldly. The conduct of such people was insufferable to her at times, and to-day, even if she lost her

place, she could not put up with their whims.

She stepped to the other side of the room and began to arrange the cloaks and dresses in their places.

Presently the sound of her own name startled her, not Ethel Carton, but Earle Ellerton.

For a moment the room swam before her, and, trembling violently, she sank into a chair. Hastily recovering herself and finding that her emotion had not been noticed, she determined to get out of hearing. But as she moved away, something she heard glued her to the spot.

"O no, not singular at all; Mr. Ellerton's daughter did not die, but ran away from home in disgrace, and has not been heard of since. In fact," and Ida Monroe had the grace to lower her tone a trifle, "they say, she was not his daughter at all, but a charity-waif.

"Pshaw! Ida, you are jealous," said Guy Stanton.

"I've often heard of Judge Ellerton's daughter, and she was as good as she was lovely."

"I wonder, if you do not expect to win the young heir, Lois, in this fine dress," said he, turning laughingly to his sister.

"Perhaps, who knows," said she, carelessly.

Was it a spirit of propensity?

"What a pity this paragon of a daughter was turned out of the house? You might have had her, Guy, and what a happy family you would have been," said Ida, viciously.

The silent listener clenched her hands so fiercely that the nails cut into the tender flesh, and the lips grew bloodless with their own pressure.

"Ida," said Lois, now speaking for the first time, "you are not sure that Miss Ellerton was turned out of her house; there was some dreadful trouble and sorrow. Her father and mother do not censure her. I pity her deeply and truly."

"Bless your sweet face, Lois, who-ever you are," said Ethel softly. "I could wish for no fairer sister. I hope your fair face will win Will's wayward heart."

So murmuring to herself, she came quietly forward, and said sweetly:

"Lady, pardon my haste; but I will ar-

range your dress if you and the Madame will permit?"

Ethel's taste was almost without equal, and in a few moments her fertile brain had devised a costume unlike any Ida Monroe had ever dreamed of.

"Oh, you darling," said Lois Stanton impulsively, "how could you think of such a dress?"

"I wore almost its fac simile myself," she replied quietly.

"You," said Ida Monroe, incredulously.

"And, when, pray?"

"Come, come, Ida, that is too much. You will pardon her Miss," said Guy, hastily.

"And now, girls, if you are ready we shall go."

"No apology is necessary, sir. I wore the dress in question in Judge Ellerton's drawing-room just one year ago," said Ethel, slowly and deliberately.

"Then you attended the party given to Miss Ellerton the night she left home?" said Lois.

"I did," replied Earle, half regretting she had said so much. But she was too much of a woman to resist giving this thrust to that other woman who had scourged her so unmercifully.

"Did you see her? Was she so very beautiful? Tell me how she looked?" said the impulsive Lois eagerly.

Ethel could not repress a smile. Here was a quandary. How could she describe herself?"

"People said she was—lovely; Her father more often than any one else."

"He loved her dearly, I have heard," said Lois.

"Yes, he loved her to idolatry," said Ethel, slowly and painfully.

"Why did she leave home?" said Lois, did you know?"

Why had she allowed herself to venture so near the revelation she so dreaded? Madness must have urged her on.

"Those the gods love they first make mad."

And sure she was mad; but she longed for one breath, one word for old life. And now she must keep up the farce.

"Yes, I know her. She was an adopted child, and by chance learned that the real child of the Ellerton's was alive and entitled

to her place. She left her home because it was not hers.

"Come, Lois, let us go," said Guy, who had observed the annoyance of Ethel.

Lois Stanton mused for a long time over the circumstances that must have brought the shop-girl down from the guest of Judge Ellerton to her present position. But she never thought, as she reclined on the soft cushions of her carriage and mused over the girl's wondrous brown eyes, dreaming a sweet day-dream, in which her new dress and the coming party at Sacramento were the most prominent features, never dreamed that the quiet girl she had just left was the once brilliant belle.

But the weary girl remembered, and with listless step she finished her daily work and left the store.

When she awoke in the morning her head ached and cold, nervous chills crept over her.

"Come, Ethel, you are lazy this morning," said Mrs. Wright, rapping at her door.

"I do not feel just right this morning, Mrs. Wright, but I will be down presently."

"Her head was dizzy and her lips were parched and feverish. After drinking her cup of coffee she put on her cloak and hat.

"Where are you going?"

"To the store, of course," she replied.

"You are not fit to go to-day."

"But, Mrs. Wright, Mr. Mowbray cannot spare me now. After the busy season is over I will ask for a rest, but not now."

"Let him get some one else; you have no right to kill yourself. Poor dependent though you are, you have some rights, too."

"Yes, but you know how kind Mr. Mowbray has been to me. How much I owe him that I can never repay.

"He, like yourself, took me in when I was friendless and alone. Do you think I can disappoint him now that he needs me most?"

"Bless her bright, bonny face," said Mrs. Wright; "who would not be kind to and trust her?"

Ah! good soul, you were soon to learn that there were those that did not trust her, and who would be cruel as well as unkind.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSING JEWEL.

"The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth."

"Whose own hard dealings teache them to suspect
The thought of others!"

"Mr. Mowbray," said Guy Stanton, as he hastily entered the office, "has any one in your employ found a diamond pin? Miss Monroe lost one yesterday, and she is positive she lost it here."

Mr. Mowbray made inquiries, but no trace was found of the missing jewel.

Guy was about to take his departure when it occurred to Mr. Mowbray that Ethel had not been summoned."

"We'll just step down there, Stanton, if you please. I do not like her to be put to any extra trouble."

"Mowbray, who is she, anyway, and when did you pick her up?"

"I know nothing of her but what you see. She is a perfect lady in manners and education. When Steven swas taken ill she took his place and actually surpassed him. I offered to obtain a book-keeper's position for her, but she seems to shrink from strangers, and preferred to stay.

"Where is Miss Carton, Bryan? Tell her to step here a moment."

"She has not come in yet, sir."

"Pon my word, I'm sorry, Stanton. I never knew her to be late before."

"She looked very bad yesterday. She may be sick," ventured Bryan.

"Perhaps, perhaps; if not, she will be here before long," replied Mr. Mowbray.

"Humph! I'm confounded tired of being continually tied to the desk," mused Guy Stanton as he walked up Kearny street.

"What a deucedly refreshing change it would be to have that face near one, "And have a chance, once in awhile, of looking into those eyes.

"Hello, old fellow, take care, you're falling in love! By Jove, I'll blarney the governor for an assistant.

"But whew! Won't the little Monroe storm! What do I care? Time enough for that when she is Mrs. S. Heigh ho; but don't that blissful state present a most delightful picture?"

"I won't do it. I won't marry that bundle of selfishness and conceit for her

money. But pshaw! what's the use. Yes, I will. We must keep up appearances, and Lois and I must marry for money. Poor Lois; it does not matter for me, but I don't want to see you tied to some old money-bag.

Hello! here we are. What's the row now?" he exclaimed, as the bundle of silk and velvet entered very unceremoniously.

"Guy Stanton, I thought you were going to find my pin," talking as fast as her breath would let her. "And here I see you with your heels higher than your head, smoking as contentedly as if nothing had happened."

"Wait till you can catch breath, Ida, do; you will choke if you don't."

"I went down to Mowbray's and—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that," she snapped.

"You know that girl stole my pin, and I want you to swear out a warrant for her arrest."

"I'll be," excuse me, "hanged if I do. Good Heavens! Ida what do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"Not one whit. She took it, I tell you."

The young man strode impatiently up and down the room, not daring to speak lest he would say too much.

"Well, will you do as I ask?"

"No, I will not."

"You won't! you won't!" she cried excitedly, her high, pitched voice almost a shriek.

"You are the one that's crazy. You are smitten with her."

"Ida, you forget yourself. No, I am not smitten, as you call it.

"But, Ida Monroe, I would stake my life on her innocence. You are angry now and will regret this. Remember how an idle, base suspicion can injure a woman."

"No, I shan't regret it, no fear of that. If you don't do this for me I will do it myself."

"I would do a great deal for you. But that girl is as pure and innocent as my own sister, and I shall not do her this wrong."

"Very well, sir," she snapped, turning to leave the room; but Guy stopped her.

"Don't, don't do this, Ida. Better lose the pin than accuse an innocent

person." He talked long and earnestly with the irate Ida, for, knowing her as he did, with all her many faults, he yet believed she possessed a woman's heart, and felt convinced that she would go home, and, after her anger had cooled down, that she would think better of her rudeness.

Opening his ledger he began to work, but he was in no mood for writing, and pushing his books aside and putting on his overcoat he left the office.

He was restless and uneasy and finally concluded to go down to Mowbray's & Co.'s and if the girl was there to ask if she had found the missing pin. He secretly hoped she had found it and that Mr. Mowbray had it by this time.

Arriving at the store he found that Ida Monroe had fulfilled her threat and was even now in the store with an officer. Miss Carton had not yet appeared and Mr. Mowbray had just sent to ask Mr. Stevens for her address.

"Pon my word, sir, this is too bad. But I don't believe she ever took it."

"Neither do I," said Guy, firmly.

Just at that moment Ethel entered. Passing the group she took off her wraps and then went toward them, supposing they were customers awaiting her.

A look of sympathy passed between Guy and Mr. Mowbray.

The very appearance and manner of the girl was to them proof of her innocence.

Mr. Mowbray would have told her, as gently as possible, and saved her the shock, if he could. But before he could speak the officer rudely laid his hand on her shoulder, saying: "You are my prisoner."

"Sir!" said the girl, turning pale and moving away.

"Not so fast, my pretty bird."

"Don't touch me, sir," said she, in a voice so rich and full of firm command that the man obeyed her.

"I have done nothing to run from. What is it, will no one tell me? Mr. Mowbray, what does he mean?"

"There is an unfortunate mistake," said Mr. Mowbray, "you are charged with theft."

"You are accused of taking this young lady's diamond pin. Pon my word I—I"

he broke down and turned away.

Guy looked at the pale, quivering face of the girl, and his heart melted with pity.

A moment before her calm dignity had won his admiration. But now she seemed so crushed and utterly helpless that, strong man though he was, he could have wept for sympathy.

"Miss Carton," said he, offering his hand, "I have never met you formally, but circumstances must waive etiquette. Believe me, I do not, and have not, doubted your innocence for a moment. God helping me, I will be your friend."

"Thank you, but who, then, is my accuser?"

"I am," said Miss Monroe, stiffly.

"You!" Only a word; but the infinite scorn in the one syllable. The rich, young voice seemed to have put its full power of derision into one effort, and then threw the seething stream full in the face of her enemy. She seemed transformed. No longer the helpless girl, she rose in her proud womanhood and stood calmly indignant above her accusers.

"Have you nothing to say in your defense?" asked Miss Monroe, as Ethel signalled Mr. Mowbray to come to her.

"Don't address me again. I have nothing to say to you. Mr. Mowbray, I wish to tell you why I was late this morning."

She stated the reason briefly, and then said:

"Mr. Mowbray, do you think I could do such a thing as this?"

"I don't. 'Pon my word, I don't."

"Thank you, sir, for this. Mr. Officer I am ready."

"No you're not. Pon my word you're not," blustered the old man. "I say, Dexter, you may go, I'll be responsible for the lady."

"So will I," said Guy heartily.

"Sure, sir, this is not in the regular way. I shall have to take the prisoner."

"I will go, Mr. Mowbray, and save you any further trouble."

Ethel could not have told why she was so calm. Despair and shame were tugging at her heart-strings. But stronger than these was the consciousness that innocence gives and this, with her armor of pride, was her shield. She was anxious to get away from the lynx-eyed woman, watching her so coldly.

"Call a cab, Stanton, I will go with her."

When Guy reappeared Mr. Mowbray offered his arm to Ethel, and, as she was closely veiled, no one saw the white, agonized face.

Ida Monroe forgot her code of politeness in her anxiety to see her coup de main, and stood in the door of the store as Mr. Mowbray and Guy assisted Ethel into the carriage.

This was altogether a different affair from the one she had planned, and her cup of surprise slopped over when Guy, ignoring her entirely, stepped into the carriage and took the seat opposite Ethel. The officer closed the door and mounted to the seat beside the driver. The day wore on, and long before night Ethel had been held for bail, which had been promptly given by Mr. Mowbray and Guy.

"Now, Ethel, I am going to take you home to Mrs. Mowbray. She will know better what to do for you than a rough fellow like myself," said Mr. Mowbray, who had gone home and told the story to his wife. The childless woman was now waiting with open arms to comfort the sorrowing girl.

"Oh, Mr. Mowbray, how good you are," sobbed Ethel, and for the first time since she was arrested she shed tears. She could bear trouble, but true sympathy found full answer in her own generous heart.

"I thank you, indeed I do, from the depths of my heart, but I cannot go."

"Not go! tut! tut! But you must. I shan't feel easy with you out of my sight until you look better."

But Ethel was determined and would have her way. Besides, she told him it would be unjust to Mrs. Wright, who had been such a good friend to her.

Mr. Mowbray, too, felt the wisdom of her judgment for several reasons, and took her home.

When Ethel told her story to Mrs. Wright, that worthy woman took her in her arms and caressed her tenderly, and then buried her face in her apron and cried heartily, after the manner of her sex.

"I would just like to pull that vixen's hair," she said wrathfully.

"To think," said Ethel, who was restlessly pacing the floor, "to think of that creature accusing me of stealing her paltry pin! I never have spoken of my past, dear Mrs. Wright, but my heart is full, near to breaking. When I came to you, dear, kind friend, I left boxes of jewels near which anything she owns would be a bauble."

"I don't doubt it at all, Miss Ethel. Poor girl, perhaps it's the only one she ever had. That's the way with these people of mushroom aristocracy. They buy fine clothes and jewels to deck their persons, and then they keep every one around them in hot water for fear they should not be noticed; and when they are noticed, they still keep the kettle boiling for fear they will be stolen."

"True," said Ethel; "there is no surer proof of a coarse and common mind than the constant desire to exhibit wealth by our dress and gewgaws."

Mrs. Wright was astonished at the seeming composure of the girl, and when she kissed her good-night and with her motherly hands snugly tucked her in bed, she had no fear but she would sleep soundly in spite of the cloud over her.

But she was mistaken. Ethel allowed herself to be put to bed to humor and comfort Mrs. Wright; but when she was alone, she put on her wrapper and slippers and paced her room. She dreaded the night, for long, weary, sleepless hours were no strangers to her, and she felt that there was no sleep for her that night.

Mrs. Wright coming in, in the gray dawn of the morning, found her white and cold in her chair.

For hours they thought her dead, but the color came back to her lips slowly, and she opened her great dark eyes. But there was no ray of reason in them, and the doctor shook his head and said he would return in an hour. But she was no better in an hour. For days and weeks she lay tossing on her bed of pain, unconscious of all around her.

The missing pin had been found in the cushions of Miss Monroe's carriage; but the girl who lay, now wildly denying its theft, now begging them to save her from the dark prison cell, knew it not.

"Mother, mother, put your hand on my head."

"Mother! papa! papa!" moaned the sufferer; but save this she made no allusion to the past, although she raved incessantly.

Lois Stanton, like the true woman she was, came often to see Ethel, and brought fresh flowers for the sick-room.

Besides her flowers a bouquet of choice blossoms had found its way each day to the door. But Guy Stanton had never called to ask. She was but a working-girl after all, and he would not subject her to one unpleasant thought.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray spared neither time nor means, and spent hours at the bedside of the girl who had woven herself into their hearts.

But at last the reaper was despoiled, and when they had almost given up hope she rallied.

She was terribly changed. The long braids of hair had been shorn close to her head, and the great eyes looked like living coals set in lifeless marble.

As the months passed and spring came with its warmth and health, they hoped that she too would grow strong; but she seemed to grow weaker, and Mr. Mowbray asked the doctor what was to be done.

"I must do something, Doc," said he. "If that girl were to die, I would feel as if I were her joint murderer. 'Pon my word, I would."

"Well, sir, there is but one thing to be done. Take her away from here, and the farther away the better."

"I'll do that," said Mr. Mowbray, as he brushed away a tear, for the helpless girl had grown very dear to the childless old man.

"If you do, she may get better; if not, it is only a matter of time."

"I have it, sir, I have it, 'Pon my word, I have it."

"Well, sir," said Guy, who had been present during the interview, "What is your plan? She is as proud as Lucifer for all her gentleness, and I don't believe she will go."

"My wife has been wanting to visit her people in the South for more than two years. We have been putting it off in hopes that I could go, but now she must go and take Ethel as her companion."

So it was settled. Ethel would have demurred, but when she understood that

she was to receive a salary as a traveling companion she readily consented.

In two short weeks Mrs. Mowbray and Ethel were en route for New York—Mrs. Mowbray to visit her home and her people, and Ethel as her companion, to forge one more link in her destiny and to clear the mystery of her life.

But with the perverse in real life the simplest accidents were to give her many hours of woe and regret, as well as to lead, without an effort, when least expected, the revelation of the secret that hung over her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

"Think'st thou I built on woman's vow,
Ustable as the tide?"

"Earle! My God, can it be possible?" And Rae Carlton grasped the hands of the astonished girl and looked keenly into her face.

They were in —— and he had been wandering aimlessly through, and recognized Earle as she sat examining her guide book.

"My darling, my darling, my poor, pale lily! what have they done to you?"

She raised her sad brown eyes, for they had lost their lustre in the long illness that had blanched her cheeks and robbed her of her beautiful hair; but no word passed her lips.

"Earle, tell me, you are only a shadow of yourself. What have they done to you, my darling, my darling?" said Rae, kissing her thin, white hands passionately.

Forgetting that she had sent him from her; that those white lips had pronounced his doom of banishment as calmly as if bidding a friend good-bye for a day, forgetting all save that she was there, that he saw her once more.

"Mr. Carlton," said she, in a voice she tried in vain to make steady, for she was glad to see him. Her whole being throbed with joy. Joy not unmingled with pain; but nevertheless joy, the first she had known since she had left her old home. Deny it as she might, shut lips and eyes as she might, her spirit bowed to him, her heart proclaiming its king.

"Mr. Carlton," you have no right to use such words to me. You do not know my

present position or you would not have so far forgotten yourself as to refer to the past again."

"Pardon me; but the astonishment of meeting you here, and so changed, must plead my excuse," said Rae, springing to his feet as if stung by an adder. He had entirely misinterpreted her words, and went on bitterly:

"Love makes a fool of the wisest man, and I am no whit better than another."

"No, no, it is I that should ask pardon, not you. I did not mean to be unkind. But I have borne so much and everything is so changed in the last year. Forgive me, and bear with me while I tell you what you must soon know.

"Forgive?" O Earle! Have you yet to learn that you are the one woman of the world to me? that it matters not what you may do, nor what the fates hold in store for you or me—I love you.

Though those little hands held a cup to my lips and a world said that death lurked in the bottom, I would drink, and if betrayed, would die forgiving and loving you still. Love, my child, is not based on the external nor the internal charms; 'tis not the virtues we love, however much we we admire; but with strange inconsistency we love the whole, the weak, faulty tantalizing human creature. I have lived in the cities of the world and mingled with hordes of beautiful women, striving in vain to become drunken with their charms, and in the stupor forget you. I have wandered among the wild and lonely defiles and rugged cliffs of California, and spent hours drinking the beauty of nature in one of its most sparkling goblets. Tired of that, I crossed the broad Pacific and roamed over the world—all, all to forget you. And when, at last, I would grieve the wild scenes of war, or the gay one's mirth, your eyes would look at me through the silence and woo me home; and I have come back. There is no use for a man to run from his fate, she will follow him like a Nemesis, no matter where he turns"

"But, Rae—"

"Hush! don't speak, wait till I have done. You love me, Earle. Strive as you may to deny it, your heart is a traitor and boldly asserts my claim.

"O Earle; Earle, better, far better, that you had forgiven me that one wrong

of my youth, and taken me, old and ugly, though I am, than to have married Will Carew, with all his beauty and youthful grace.

"O Will, my boy. Well as I loved you, you might have spared me this. No, Earle, your young husband has not made you happy as I would have done."

"Rae Carlton, are you mad? I have no husband."

"Thank God! It is not true!" said he, his voice broken and weak in its joy.

"How could you think, that I could"—she buried her face in her hands, and a low cry broke from her lips.

"But, Rae, there is a worse trouble for you to know."

"Nothing could be worse than to find you the wife of another. But you are pale and weak now. I must not ask you."

"But I must tell you now, Rae," and her whole soul went out in the cry. "Take me in your arms once, for, when I tell you, you will put me from you, as you would a leper."

He clasped her closely to his fast beating heart, kissed her lips with hot, passionate kisses, and smiled to think that anything could make him turn from her.

"Put you from me! Never, my darling."

"You don't know of what you speak.

"Listen while I have strength to tell you.

"Do you remember an octoroom-slave, your father once owned, named Julia?"

"Yes, perfectly, though I was but a boy."

"Rae, he had a child by that slave-woman and—I am that child."

He could not speak, his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth, and his limbs shook as if with palsy. Here was indeed trouble, darkest, bitterest, deepest trouble. What matter the slave-blood that ran in her veins; but, oh horror, he was her brother!

"Rae, speak to me. Don't look so. Oh! Rae, don't scorn me."

"Scorn you! Earle, this is some horrible night-mare, some phantasy of a diseased brain. You are not my sister, I love you to well. My heart does not claim you so."

"Rae, it is too true, there is more, but I must go, I have been very ill. I am

still weak, I—I—" her trembling limbs failed her, and she was unconscious.

"Am I ill?" she said, faintly, as she became conscious.

"Yes, dear," he said, gently, "you must not talk now."

He called a carriage, and, placing her in it, told him to drive to the Brevoort House, where she had told him she was stopping. But as she did not wish it, he did not accompany her, little dreaming that this merest accident was only assisting capricious fate to play more pranks upon him.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great,
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treasure,
The poor, lame, blind, halt cry out for thee,
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity."

Rae called at the hotel and examined the register, but the name of Ellerton was not there. Leaving the hotel and sauntering down the street he felt, for the first time, bitterly toward the woman he had loved so hopelessly for years.

Earle had forgotten her changed name, and he did not know that Ethel Carton and Earle Ellerton were one and the same.

The next day Mrs. Mowbray and Ethel started South, and, as the train bore them onward, the girl mused in pained wonder over what she thought was intentional neglect.

Mrs. Mowbray's family was one among the first and wealthiest of Tennessee. With a tact all her own, she had established Ethel's position among them as her friend; and she was a welcome guest in the gay assemblage that gathered for pleasure in spacious halls or 'neath balmy woods. Often, as Ethel moved among the haughty Southern beauties, she could not help smiling whenever she remembered who she was.

What if they knew she was a slave-child? They would have drawn their silken robes closely around them, lest the child of Cain should touch them.

Mrs. Mowbray had been at her brother's, Mr. Renfrew's, for several weeks.

Ethel wandered over the large plantation, now marked by many changes, musing over the years that were gone, when the fields were bright with patches of color, as the bright-hued dress of the slave shone here and there, and the echoes

rang with the songs of the negroes as they toiled in the field.

Mr. Renfrew had grown strangely fond of her and would scarcely let her out of his sight. Strange, indeed, to the girl who went about so calmly, were the scenes in which her life had been so strangely and fatally woven. She had kept her vow and made no effort to unravel the mystery. And now, left to itself, Fate had brought her here, and then as if tempting her to break the promise so sacredly kept, had left no trace of the octoroon, Julia, or her child.

Ethel had gone to the grave of Grace Carlton and wept over the poor, broken life that lay there; but she envied the sleeper her quiet rest.

The drawing-room of the Renfrew Mansion was brilliantly lighted. The family and guests were gathered to plan an excursion for the morrow.

"Come here, Miss Ethel," said Mr. Renfrew, placing a low chair for her at his side.

"Of course," said some of the young men, "that means take whom you will; but I claim her. It's hardly fair, Mr. Renfrew."

"Well, that's so, I'll admit," said the old man, pleasantly; but I have a friend coming to-morrow that I am going to trust her to, and, as I don't want her to make other arrangements, I'll keep her here where I can have an eye on her.

"But, merciful Providence, Ethel!" said he, suddenly, "what does that mark on your arm mean? Tell me quick, child, do you hear?"

He had been gently rubbing her hand and arm as it lay on his knee, and the open sleeve had gradually fallen back exposing the rounded arm.

Across the forearm there was a singular blood-red mark, a tiny cross, clearly and perfectly defined on the delicate flesh.

"I don't know that it means anything; it has always been there," said Ethel, attempting to draw her sleeve over it.

Mr. Renfrew prevented her, saying, excitedly:

"Do you mean that you were born with that cross there?"

"I suppose so. I can't remember that part of it," she replied, a little impatient at what she thought was idle curiosity.

"Emily," called he, addressing Mrs. Mowbray, "come here."

Pushing the sleeve still further back, he held up the arm and pointed to the cross.

"Robert, God be praised, she is your daughter! your own, long-lost child!"

Reader, it would take too long to detail the story as they told it there; and now, that our tale nears its end, we'll be brief for your sake.

Mr. Renfrew had owned one slave, a mulatto woman, who was very eccentric and vindictive. He had her punished one day, and she swore vengeance. They did not heed her threats, but one day the slave and Mr. Renfrew's youngest child were missing. After searching for several weeks they found the body of the woman, but, as no tidings ever came of the child, they had given her up as dead.

Ethel could scarcely believe her great happiness in being their daughter; that shame was not her birthright; but greater than all, she was not Rae's sister.

The excitement among the guests over the new-found daughter of the house was intense. They would have feted and petted her to death if she would have let them. And now she could write to the dear parents in California, and tell them they need not blush for the race of the child they had loved as their own; tell them, too, that even though a father claimed her, there was love enough for both; and since her own mother slept near her poor half-sister Grace, there was but one mother-love for her. And she signed her name Earle Ellerton Renfrew, saying: "At last I have a name justly my own."

The day of the picnic dawned, and Earle Renfrew waited in the library for the friend her father had gone to the station to meet. He had not told her who it was, only that it was his dearest, most valued friend. Though she had told him of all her life and the wedding that never came, she had not told him that it was her own sister's husband to whom she had been so nearly wedded, at home with her own father, whom she must learn to know and love, and now she wished that there was no stranger to come and break the charm.

"My daughter, this is Mr. Carlton, my dearest——"

"Earle! my darling, my darling! Not my sister, but my wife; mine at last."

He clasped her close now, never more to part till death take one to dwell with him.

CHAPTER IV.

A THIRD CHRISTMAS.

"I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy."

The wedding-bells ring out, and again the old church is in gala dress, for Earle would hear to no other way but to return to California and be married at the same altar where nearly eight years ago she was made neither wife, maid nor widow. But now nothing happens to mar the calm joy that pervades every heart in that vast assemblage, as, with her two fathers, Earle goes again to the altar to plight her vows; and, when all is over, she leaves the church amidst a shower of rice and old shoes:

It was not hard to prevail on Mr. Renfrew to sell his property in the South and come to our own golden land. He has not yet settled down, but spends his time at his sister's, in San Francisco, and at his daughter's, in Sacramento. But Dame Rumor says that a widow friend of Earle's, whom we recognize as Mrs. Wright, will keep his home for him as soon as the autumn leaves begin to fall.

Happy Earle Carlton, mistress of a lovely home, and sovereign of the one heart in all the world to her, and living so near mother and father Ellerton that not a day passes without seeing them; Dr. Norton's buggy is at your gate now, and we can hear his cheery laugh as he bids adieu, and, speaking to Dates, drives off on his daily round.

One more scene and we close the book.

It is Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Rae Carlton is giving her first reception. With a perverseness unlike her usual good nature, she determined to give her fete on the anniversary of the day so memorable to her.

Rae Carlton has spared no pains nor expense in the house he has fitted for his bride, and to-night the scene is one to be long remembered, for verily, California had gathered there

"Her beauty and her chivalry,
And bright the lights shone over
Fair women and brave men."

Will Ellerton, now one of our leading young lawyers, moves through the rooms, graceful and handsome as of old, and at his side is sweet Lois Stanton.

Earle has been doubly anxious to throw them together, for she is now the dear friend of the lovely Lois, and has but the one hope of seeing her Will's wife.

But Dame Rumor, as usual, knows it all, and insists that he is going to marry Ida Monroe. But, as usual, she is just as far from the truth as possible, and Lois, in the happy consciousness that she need fear no rival, now that Earle is safely out of the way, heeds not the gossip as she leans proudly on her young lover's arm.

"Earle," said Rae, as they stood apart a moment from the crowd, "have you any wish, not gratified, that I can grant?"

"Not one that you alone can, for the only one I have is to see Lois my brother Will's wife."

"Well, my dear, judging from appearances to-night, you need not fear but that your wish will be fulfilled."

"I am not so sure," she replied, "for human nature is weak, at best, and Will yields readily to influence."

"I don't understand you, Earle. To what influence is he to yield?"

"To Ida Monroe. She will leave no stone unturned, no effort untried, to win him. She is winning in her way, and she is very rich."

"Surely you mistake. Will has plenty of his own, and will not allow money to sway him in his marriage. If I thought that, I would send him away at once."

"Rae, leave it to me, and I promise you he will not marry Ida Monroe without knowing her as she is."

"What! is my little wife growing vindictive?"

"Not that, but just. And I am only a woman, after all, Rae, and it is not our nature to overlook such a slight as she would have given me. But come, let us

go to the library, where I have asked a few of our friends to meet us."

They passed slowly through the rooms, and, being assured that their guests were all enjoying themselves, they went to the library, where many familiar faces greet us.

Guy Stanton is talking to Mrs. Ellerton, and near, Lois is leaning on the arm of Will Ellerton, while Ida Monroe chats volubly with the Judge. Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray and Mr. Renfrew are looking at some etchings, and Ray and Earle enter and form the center of the group.

Will Carew, as Earle had said to her husband, was generous and impulsive to a fault, but not a little inclined to be fickle and fond of show and glitter.

He loved Lois Stanton, and admired as well as loved her, but Ida Monroe's money tempted him.

But none knew him as well as Earle, and she determined to make one bold move for Lois, knowing full well that no cut would be so deep to her loving brother as one given to herself.

Gradually, and with tact, she led them to talk of the past. Old scenes, old memories, other days were discussed, until Ida Monroe said suddenly:

"Your face has always seemed strangely familiar to me, Mrs. Carlton, though I do not remember meeting you until you were married. Did I ever meet you before?"

Earle had gathered them away from the crowd, and had turned the talk into the present channel, for the one purpose of having Ida Monroe ask that question.

"You are right, Miss Monroe, my face is familiar. You have met me before."

"I was sure of it! Where was it, pray?"

"You had me arrested once for stealing some jewelry from you. I was Mr. Mowbray's shop-girl," said Earle slowly.

Then, laughing merrily, as though it had been a joke, she dispersed them, but she had taken her revenge and secured a sister Lois.

THE MONGOL AND THE TRAMP.

NUMBER THREE.

Though reduced to the level of a tramp, Job Skriddles was a true Vermonter, a real live Yankee, persistent, tenacious and plucky; and he assuaged the gnawings of hunger by a philosophic communion with himself on the misadventures thus far encountered. Waking from his musings, he observed on his right a farmhouse of pretentious proportions. A neat fence lined the road front, and a gate, having two whole hinges and a wooden latch, opened upon a flower-lined walk that led through a well-kept orchard to the house beyond. A painted portico, festooned in flowering shrubbery, and a tall windmill, flashing its blades in the sun, told the tale of taste and hinted of affluence.

The tramp compared the pretty picture with the average California ranch-house—a redwood shanty perched upon a barren knoll—and mentally argued, “Now, here is every evidence of taste and refinement; a love of the beautiful indicates a sensitive nature and a heart that can feel.” Thus reflecting, he resolved to strike “the ranch” for work, or, at all events, for employment sufficient to pay for a meal. He opened the gate, and had already entered, when a rush and a howl, fierce and suppressed, brought him to a halt; and to this day it remains a mystery of his life how it was—so like a flash—he managed to place that gate between him and a brace of great, red-eyed, lop-eared dogs who fumed and fretted on the other side. In the midst of the doggon’d affair a Chinaman passed in without eliciting any attention from the furious brutes, and it occurred to the terrified tramp that perhaps dogology, like other “ologies,” was but a mere matter of noise and pretense, and that its votaries—like the terrors of purgatory—simply howled, and nothing more. Emboldened by this reflection, Job Skriddles—dissembling profound obliviousness of danger and dogs and profiting by the Chinaman’s example—started again for the house. But the result confirms for all time his faith in the sincerity of dogs, whatever may be his opinion of the humanity and justice of practical dogology.

He turned reluctantly away and tramped slowly on, brooding over the new thesis; and not far from the dogmatic scene came upon a six-yoke team of oxen hitched to a prairie-schooner laden with a pyramid of wheat. Aping the pyramidal rule, the pyramid was at a standstill, and the oxen, if not still, were stagnant. They were in a state of revolt and baffled all the oxonian art of their worried driver, who, letting out the kinks in his body one by one till he loomed up straight, tall and slim as a bamboo pole, mopped his heated brow with a red bandana and gave vent to the following philosophic reflection: “Goll blarst my skin, I swow the gracious, and ding the smash, the hull consmugged team on ye don’t know es much es one decent Irishman, by crumbs!”

The Vermonter’s knowledge of ox was brought into play, and when the team was “set to rights” the following dialogue ensued:

FARMER—“Take suthin?” A bottle accompanied the query. Both took—“suthin.”

SKRIDDLES—“Do you know where I can get work around here?”

FARMER—“No, plagued if I do. Men er thicker’n hops. Pester the fellers, ye can’t trust ’em.”

SKRIDDLES—“How is that, sir?”

FARMER—“Wal—ther sassy. An’ they drink whisky, tu. I hire Chinamen. Take suthin more?”

SKRIDDLES—“No, thank you. By the by, I saw a Chinaman pass through yonder orchard, but the dogs well nigh eat me up when I attempted to enter.”

FARMER—“Do tell! He, he, hee! ha-ha! ha-a-a-a! Gumdrops an’ scissors! them’s my dorgs; old Fan’s purps; got ’em trained on tramps, blast ’em! burnt my barn last year—smoking; durn the cusses. I hire Chinamen.”

SKRIDDLES—“Would you not prefer, for the sake of your family, to employ white men?”

FARMER—“Why, plague on it, I wouldn’t hev a tramp in my family no how. Whenever a white feller works fur eny on us ’round hyer he eats hisself and

sleeps out'n the straw-stack, or in the sheepshed, ef he don't smoke. He's allus a stranger to the family; fact is he never gits acquainted with anyone on the place 'cept me an the Chinamen. Dog'd ef ever I know the fellers names. Now there's Brick-top, worked fur me five year, off an' on, an' never know'd eny other name fur him, 'cept Brick-top, till long arter he left this yere section. Ye see, he cum round dress'd ter smash an' a ridin' a peart mustang an' run off with our Melinder. I foller'd the cuss tu Eldrado an' bust my breeches! Ef County Clark Busby didn't pan out tu be Brick-top—fact."

SKRIDDLES—"Do you refer to Mr. Busby the Congressman?"

FARMER—"Ya-s, Busby — Brick-top, that's him; smarter'n lightnin'."

SKRIDDLES—"What is it, in particular, that induces you to prefer Chinese help?"

FARMER—"Wal, in the fust place, the Chinaman don't go a sneakin' round my gals. Then, agin, he's tarnal useful. He'll pick fruit and berries and clean hen-coops; he'll haul wood, spey hogs and sowce the gal's and mine and the ole 'oman's linen; he'll chaw noss-radish, wash scabby sheep an' help cook an' bake an' make pies. He don't chaw my terbacker, he packs the baby and eats ole Fan's shemale purps—saves the trouble o' drownin—then, agin, snails an' rats an' gophers an' cockroaches bein' a relish with him, he's a splended exterminator of varmints. An, mind ye, he's handy to cuss at; and, with all that, he's cheaper'n the white feller. Them white fellers's allus a-puttin' on airs, a sneakin' round the gals—cavortin and courtin', a dressin' on 'emselves up fur Sundays an' saloons, singing-bees an' churches. Ther chuck full of newspaper stuff an' politics, an' fust thing ye know ther a running fur the legislatur or a runnin' off with the gal or the ole 'oman. I hire Chinamen, I do. Haw, buck, haw! Git-you-Lize! Gi-e-up, Buckskin, g'long!"

Job and the farmer parted.

The sun had long since passed its meridian; the grapes, secured in the morning, had passed theirs, and the void in Job's stomach was as loud and more grievous than ever. Some three or four miles from the scene of the confab with the tall farmer, Skriddles sighted a mansion, the only one of its kind that had thus far graced his

rural peregrinations. As he approached the stately structure, a thoroughbrace drove away and passed him presently at a spanking pace. The rig contained a gay troupe of ladies, and was driven by a portly gentleman, whose round, ruddy countenance and blooming nose betokened good grub, plenty of it, and a plenary indulgence in corn-juice. Striding on, Skriddles reached the mansion and found a Mongolian boy seated upon the broad veranda, in charge of a lovely baby. An elegantly paneled door bore a silver-mounted knocker, which the Vermonter plied repeatedly; but no one appearing, he abandoned the knocker and proceeded to interview the butter-faced boy, who sat ogling him with a countenance as guiltless of expression as a saddlebag, and who answered, with a clicking sound, resembling the snap of a rat-trap: "No sabee!"

"Who lives here?" inquired the tramp, and again the new-spawned mummy croaked: "No sabee!"

The Mongol had dropped the child on the veranda, and, scrambling in the geraniums, it had soiled its pretty face. With kindly interest, the Vermonter had watched the pranks of the little angel, and was horrified when he saw that concentrated fungus of scrofula—the distillation of forty thousand centuries—seize the little beauty, spread it out upon his knees, and, with the air and manner of a carrier about to scrape a green hide, deliberately spit in the child's face, while, with a corner of his dirty blouse, he scrubbed the mould from the little darling's brow.

The rudeness of the fellow, and, perhaps, the poisonous slime of the Mongol burning in its eyes, caused the babe—a little girl—to cry bitterly, and Job, himself a father, for once blessed the poverty that kept his child in the arms of its mother. Filled with resentment, mingled with disgust, he sharply reproved the Celestial, but was met with the same blinkless stare, and again from behind the young tartar's teeth came the sepulchral echo, "No sabee!"

Passing to the rear of the house, a full-grown Chinaman was found installed in the kitchen. A table covered with freshly-baked pies indicated one line of the Mongolian's usefulness, while his present occupation (washing some linen of the female

persuasion) would seem to indicate that his capacity and duties were of a varied or general character. Job was a "Down Easter," one to whom pie was at all times a promise and a lure; and now, what with his many rebuffs, and what with his long fast, the pie-table thrilled his being till he felt as though appetite and stomach were Alpha and Omega, and that life was centered solely in pie!

Just then the Chinese artist in cookery drew from the oven of a magnificent range a huge pan of partially browned biscuit, and, plunging his beardless mug into a bowl of tepid water, sucked up the liquid with a gurgling sound, such as horses sometimes make in straining through their teeth the contents of a trough, and, with body erect, lips strangely twisted, and head thrown slightly back, the acrobatic baker took deliberate aim at the bread-pan and let fly, showering down upon the biscuit a feathery cloud of spray that moistened the soft and forming crust until each oval surface glistened like a toadstool on a dewy morn. It was the most artistic piece of mouthing that Job had ever witnessed, and though he viewed the operation with interest, yet the wholesale success of the trick destroyed forever his inbred predilection for biscuit. Not having witnessed the Mongol *modus operandi* of pie-polishing, however, he still yearned for the brown and glossy product of apple-sass and dough, spread out in flaky profusion before him, and guarded by the Mongolian master of culinary mysteries.

In a patronizing key Job chirruped: "How—de—do!" and received in answer a blank Mongolian stare. He ventured the salutation, "Good-day!" But the culinary creature was dumb as a bootjack, and seemingly oblivious of the Vermonter's presence; untying the while, with his teeth, the hip strings that were knotted in the cleft of a pair of dumpy pantalettes.

Patience is a virtue peculiar to the well-fed. It is rarely, if ever, found harnessed with hunger. Hunger is a wild beast and is never at rest—never patient. Hence, while the Vermonter's native good nature might dally with the Chinaman's reticence, his hunger longed for the pie-table and led him unconsciously over the threshold in that direction. He was slowly but surely pursuing the even tenor of his way, when,

hearing the Chinaman (whom he thought to be deaf, dumb and blind) snap out the sentence, "What you want?" he came to a halt, and yelled in answer: "Pie!" "No sabee," rejoined the son of heaven.

"I want pie, durn ye!" roared the startled Yankee, glaring at the divine abortion, who stood barring his march on the pie-table, with a pair of striped stockings in one hand and the left leg of a lady's lace-edged "what-is-it" in the other, while in stentorian tones he shouted, "No sabee!"

"Give me something to eat!" screamed the eagle.

"No sabee!" barked the dragon.

"I have fasted for thirty-six hours!" shouted the bird.

"No sabee!" sullenly growled the beast.

"I'll work for what I eat!"

"No sabee!"

"I'll cut wood, I'll draw water!"

"No sabee-e-e!"

"I'll chaw horseradish! I'll wring out those drawers! I'll spit on the biscuit!"

"No sa-ab-e-e-e!!!"

"Durn you, I sabee!" roared the famished and enraged Skriddles, and like an avalanche he bolted for the pie-table. But the Celestial sturdily confronted him, flaunting the before-mentioned "what-is-it," and shouting: "No sabee!"

With a yell and a wrench, the Green Mountain boy split the Chinaman's ensign, and a leg served each as a banner of war. The blood that sprung from the loins of those who followed Stark to Bennington was up and on fire; hell broke loose in Vermont and the devil was to pay. At least, so that Chinaman thought when he came to and crawled from beneath the ruins of pie-crust, apple-pulp and plates, wash-tubs, stove-covers and tables, soap-suds and biscuit and dirty linen, and painfully and slowly drew forth from his throat his left-legged ensign of battle. I say that Chinaman thought so, and I predicate that assertion upon the following speech, uttered in an abstract and mechanical manner, indicative of reflection, and peculiarly Chinese: "Ki yi yee-e! He-ap sabee! Melica man allee same dleble, tunemuchahilo hoo ya way! Ki yi he-ap sabee!!!"

P. S. DORNEY.

THE LITTLE LAND.

When at home alone I sit
 I am very tired of it,
 I have just to shut my eyes
 To go sailing through the skies.
 To go sailing far away
 To the pleasant land of Play!
 To the fairy land afar,
 Where the little people are,
 Where the clover tops are trees,
 And the rain-pools are the seas,
 And the leaves, like little ships,
 Sail about on tiny trips;
 And above the daisy tree,
 Through the grasses,
 High o'erhead the bumble bee
 Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
 I can wonder, I can go;
 See the spider and the fly,
 And the ants go marching by,
 Carrying parcels with their feet
 Down the green and grassy street.
 I can in the sorrel sit
 Where the ladybird alit.
 I can climb the jointed grass;
 And on high
 See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky.
 And the round sun rolling by
 Heeding no such things as I.

Through the forest I can pass
 Till, as in a looking glass.
 Humming fly and daisy tree
 And my tiny self I see,
 Painted very clear and neat
 On the rain-pool at my feet.
 Should a leaflet come to hand
 Drifting near to where I stand.
 Straight I'll board that tiny boat
 Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creature sit
 On the grassy coasts of it;
 Little things with lovely eyes
 See me sailing with surprise.
 Some are clad in armor green—
 (These have sure to battle been)—
 Some are pied with every hue,
 Black and crimson, gold and blue;
 Some have wings and swift are gone,
 But they all look kindly on.
 When my eyes I once again
 Open and see all things plain:
 High, bare walls, a great bare floor;
 Great big knobs on drawer and door;
 Great big people perched on chairs,
 Sticking tucks and mending tears,
 Each a hill that I could climb
 And talking nonsense all the time—
 O, dear me,
 That I could be
 A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
 A climber in the clover tree,
 And just come back a sleepy head,
 Late at night to go to bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson (*Reprint*).

CIVILIZATION IN CHILI.

Including the newly acquired territory of Tarrapaca, Chili has an extreme length of more than 2,000 miles, while its average width is only about 220 miles. Its boundaries mark the whole of the western slope of the Andes mountains, from summit to sea, and from the Straits of Magellan on the south to its farther limit on the north. This great length of coast line is separated into nineteen provinces, including Araucania; and the most of them reach from the top of the mountains of the sea, and are separated from each other either by mountain spurs or by rivers. The provinces are themselves separated into departments, some having two, others three, four, and even six. Coquimbo has six; Valdivia and Lanquihue only two; Santiago, the most densely populated province, has five, and Valparaiso four. The departments are again divided into townships which are very numerous, being as many as four hundred. These townships, or sub-delegations, are also divided into districts, which are the smallest political divisions in the country.

The political constitution of Chili resembles that of the United States. There are four distinct powers of government: the Executive, invested in the President; the Legislative, invested in the two houses of Congress; the Judicial, invested in the various judges of the Court; and the Municipal, whose influence is confined to the provinces. The President, however, exerts a controlling influence over all of these, so that the great tendency is centralization and unification of power.

The chief executor is elected every five years, and since 1871 is not eligible to re-election except after an interval of one term. He has five secretaries in his cabinet, and is otherwise assisted by a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom he names himself, the other six being named and elected by Congress.

The President receives a salary of \$18,000 a year in Chili currency, equivalent to about \$12,000 in gold, and also has the privilege of residing in the treasury building. The cabinet officers each receive six

thousand dollars in the currency of the country. The members of Congress serve for nothing and furnish themselves.

The different provinces are governed by Intendentes, who are appointed by the President, and who are the heads of the municipal governments and also mayors of the cities. Their powers are limited almost exclusively to the will of the President. Their salaries are \$4,000 a year each, with residence.

The different departments are presided over by Governors, named also by the President. Some of them receive a salary of \$2,500 a year, others receiving as low as \$1,000—owing to the wealth and power of the department. The townships are presided over by sub-delegates appointed by the Governors, and the districts by inspectors appointed by the sub-delegates—all serving without pay.

The members of Congress are elected every three years. In the Senate there are thirty-seven members, elected by the people of the provinces, who can read and write, and who either have property or an income of \$200 per annum—no other person being allowed to vote. In the House of Deputies there are 108 members elected from the departments.

The six judges composing the Supreme Court reside in Santiago, and are occupied in most parts with cases of real estate, war claims, and criminal offenses of great magnitude.

The municipal authority, composed of the city councils and Intendency, is so limited that they have not the power to expend more than \$100 without the consent of the President.

Each department has a Justice of the Peace, dignified with the title of Judge—and some have as many as five or six—owing to the population.

In all the land there are four Courts of Appeal, two of which are in Santiago, one in Concepcion, and one in Serena.

The Government is expending large sums of money to encourage European laborers to colonize in its frontier, and become citizens. Each head of a family

is given 200 acres of land, lumber to build a house, a yoke of cattle, a cart, a plow, a quantity of seed, and \$15 per month for the first year—the latter as a loan for eight years without interest. Large numbers of energetic, industrious German peasants are taking advantage of this great liberality. In twenty years' time it will effect great changes in the statistics of this country; and it is destined to revolutionize the labor question and make it honorable.

The total income of the nation in 1883 was \$44,007,752; the outlay was \$40,037,073—a saving of nearly \$4,000,000. On the first of January there was in the

and dogmas of Rome, and the country was in a deplorable condition of ignorance and vice. Very happily, however, a few rich men penetrated the overshadowing gloom, and sought and found the light of liberty; and it was but natural that they should become the rulers of the land. Happily, also, they were all men of great honor, who held the welfare of the nation far above their individual interests; and the wonderful improvements throughout the land, with "a schoolhouse on every hill," bear witness to their loyalty and devotion. So that it can well be said that, if Chili is an oligarchy, then the oligarchy



CHILIAN RANCHMAN,

treasury the sum of \$13,820,616. The national debt is being reduced.

It has been charged by foreigners residing there, that Chili, instead of being a republic, is an oligarchy, which, to a certain extent, is true. There is no doubt but what the Government has been for a number of years in the hands of a comparatively few rich and influential men. But, on the other hand, one cannot shut his eyes to the fact that they are the only men capable of holding the reins of government.

For a great many years—over three hundred—education was confined almost exclusively to a knowledge of the doctrines

has been a vast improvement on wider principles of Democracy, in the present instance.

CLIMATE.

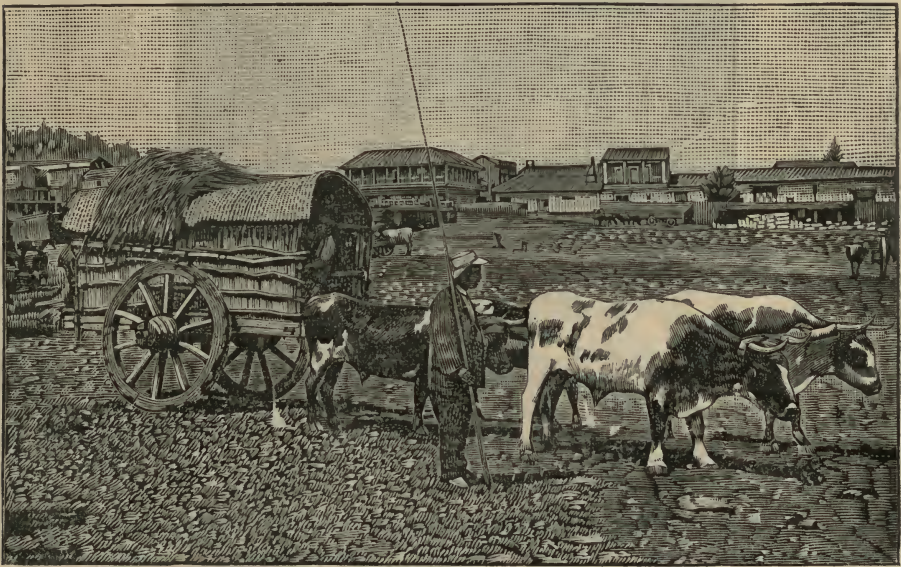
In point of temperature, a surface so rugged, and having such extreme length—about 29 deg. of latitude—and an altitude of four miles within 2 deg. 30 min. longitude, must present a great variety. The combined action of the trade winds and the Andes mountains graduates the rainfall from the parching skies of the north to the drenching clouds of the south. North of Valparaiso it rarely ever rains—in fact, one good rainfall, continuing for twenty-four hours, would destroy untold wealth of salt-

petre and other minerals. At Valparaiso showers of rain fall frequently during the winter months; while about one hundred miles further south there is an abundance of rain for agricultural purposes. From the beginning of this agricultural district, extending southward for a distance of four hundred miles, the climate and the productions are similar to those of California. At Concepcion, less than four hundred miles south of Valparaiso, the rainfall is so great and the climate so cool that corn does not mature well. Still, in the same district, figs, lemons, oranges and pomegranates mature every year, and

inches; at Valdivia it is 100 inches, which is the greatest on the whole Pacific coast of South America.

PRODUCTIONS.

Agriculture in Chili is in its infancy. There are more miles of railway than of good wagon roads. The country, however, is rapidly being developed, and a few years since thousands of broad acres that are now lying idle will be in cultivation. In 1883 there were 20,000,000 bushels of wheat grown. In the same year the country produced 40,000 tons of copper and 15,000,000 quintals of salt-



A COUNTRY CARRIAGE.

make good crops, and wheat is sure and very profitable. Southward the rainfall, as well as the cold, gradually increases to the almost constant storms of sleet and rain on the Straits of Magellan. All this, of course, applies only to the level ground; almost any variety of climate can be had as we gradually ascend the mountains. The extreme heat in the agricultural district is 92 deg. Fahrenheit, while the extreme cold is only 24 deg., giving a mean temperature of 58 deg.

The annual rainfall north of Valparaiso is nothing; at Valparaiso, about 19 inches; at Santiago, 22 inches; at Talca, 40 inches; at Concepcion, from 48 to 68

petre. The exports that year were \$79,000,000 in currency value, and the imports were \$54,000,000, gold value. Only one-seventh of all the exports are agricultural productions; five-sevenths are the product of the mines—gold, silver, copper, saltpetre, guano and iodine—the remaining one-seventh being made up of hides, lace (made by hand) and woolen fabrics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chili has 1,800 miles of railway, and two other lines in process of construction. There are 5,000 miles of telegraph, and a cablegraph from Valparaiso connecting



ARAUCANIAN'S HOME.

with the United States and Europe by tiago. The population of Chili is 2,250,000, of whom only 47,000 are allowed to vote. There are twelve daily papers, 250 postoffices, and telephones and electric lights in Valparaiso and San-

J. M. SPANGLER.

UNANSWERED.

O dear, dark eyes, now shut to sight and sense,
 White folded hands, at rest for evermore;
 Can you not give me back one look from thence?
 Can you not ope, just once, that silent door?

If I could have one glimpse beyond it given,
 To know you live, and love, and blame me not;
 My mad, mad soul would give its hopes of heaven,
 And die, and be forgot.

You do not come; God does not heed my grief.
 No voice will ever answer back from there.
 My longings die in their own unbelief—
 I perish in my prayer.

MADGE MORRIS.

RAMBLES IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY.

Travelers passing through this country on steamboats and stopping only a day or two in the towns and ports, get a very poor idea of the rich resources other than timber. They see the large saw mills and are told of their capacities for turning out lumber. They see the towns and are surprised to see how large they are, and wonder how such a country can support them. Nearly all of the shore line, both sides of the Sound, is heavily timbered with fir and cedar, and at times gives one the impression that this country is a wild and uninhabited forest.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of these waters all the way from Port Angelas to Olympia. There is not a shoal in them and a 74-gun ship can take its way uninterruptedly. The most delightful trip I ever made on water, was on June 8, 1885, from Seattle to Tacoma, a distance of forty miles. It was in the morning. The sun was shining cheerfully and the day was fair. White, fleecy clouds hung about the sides of Mt. Rainier like the locks of the three-score years and ten, while his crown was seen above them in colors of old gold and blue. (Mt. Rainier is 14,444 feet high.) Our steamer, the "Zephyr," moved along gracefully and silently, save the dash of the wheel at the stern. Far behind us we could trace our path, on either side of which waves by tens and fifties could be counted chasing each other to the shore. In the spray of water we could see the colors of the rainbow. Now and then we passed a lone cabin or post where the steamer exchanged little freight and light mail bags. The hardy lumberman and the jolly landlord were also there to exchange a smile and a good word with the captain and the pilot. Then as we sailed away, it was interesting to see everybody follow the man that carried the mail excepting him who toddled off with a few groceries on his arm.

The Sound is not merely a narrow passage of water, having regular and parallel banks all the way from this Strait of San Juan to headwater, but here and there a small bay extends out to where a pure, deep flowing river empties its steady streams noiselessly into it. These rivers abound with red and silver speckled trout, some of them weighing three pounds. Oysters are also plentiful on the shores of several of the bays. On this Sound are situated thriving towns and cities already bidding for the commerce of the world, of which Seattle occupies the most important portion at the present time. It is the largest, having a population of 12000, and is the commercial center for many of the surrounding and northern towns. Tacoma is the next town in size and is situated on Commencement Bay. It has been made the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad. The railroad company's shops are located here, besides other interests, and is the point from which coal is shipped for the south and Colorado. The town has now a population of 7000, and has the appearance of a steady, prosperous growth. It is beginning to assume, in a crude way, the air of a city. That it is intended for a great city can easily be seen by its broad avenues and substantial business blocks. The public school, the Annie Wright seminary, the Tacoma hotel the Frye Opera House, the Sisters' Academy, the Central and Western Hotels are among the most important buildings. Tacoma has had several disastrous fires, burning down whole blocks. But this seemed only to add more interest to the building enterprise, and new structures have taken their places and still others are in the course of erection.

The town is most beautifully located. There is a gradual ascent from the shore of the bay, back, giving a clear view of the bay from every point. There are good chances here at the present time to buy a

home. Property is at a stand now, neither falling nor rising, but the prospects are brightening. The indications are that both city and country property will soon rapidly advance in price; so those who wish to invest should call on Geo. W. Traver whom we can cheerfully and heartily recommend. He is well posted and will show, free of charge, any property you want to see.

The trades and professions are crowded but there are good openings for manufactories. The country around is waiting for the farmers and the dairyman. A new flouring mill began manufacturing flour about the first of June. Tacoma has the promise of becoming the largest city in the Territory. Whether this promise will be realized or not, the future will tell.

As we continued our way towards headwater, we pass Stilacoom city or village, and finally arrived at

OLYMPIA.

We stopped at the long wharf about twelve miles from town, where we were handed with our goods and chattels down into a skiff. The steamers are obliged to stay here when the tide is out. But when the tide is in they can go in to the city wharves. The people of Olympia expect the Government to make an appropriation for the cutting of a canal so that vessels can land at the city wharves irrespective of tides. A bill for this purpose was introduced at the last Legislature but too late to pass.

It is quite natural for a stranger to look for the capitol when he arrives, and even before, as the city comes in sight some time before reaching it. Usually, citizens of these law centers ask: "Have you seen our capitol yet?" But here this important question is overlooked. However, before I left, I succeeded, with the assistance of Dr. B., in capturing the object of my search. It was a hot chase, and one that lasted three days. I never saw such a wild capitol. I guess we would not have run it in yet if it had not been for the bay, which stopped it at the edge of the woods.

Olympia is a town of many happy homes. It never experienced the mushroom growth, and, therefore, is built on solid foundations. It has grown slow and sure. What it was ten years ago, it is now; and what it is now, it will be ten years hence. But then it will be a capitol city of larger proportions. Nearly every home has its fruit and vegetable garden. There are two weekly papers here, which, in the most fitting terms, set forth the advantages of their town and country. Business and professional men are fully represented. Olympia is the healthiest town on the Sound, and I may say, on the Pacific Coast. Here man lives beyond his allotted time, unless he meets an untimely death.

There is a railroad connecting Olympia with the south at Tenino, a station on the Northern Pacific.

Parties desiring to buy homes or land, should address or call on Anderson & Oppenheimer. These gentlemen will answer all inquiries pertaining to real estate. There is considerable land about this city under cultivation; but most of the land is yet in timber, which requires a great deal of hard work to prepare it for the plow. But when cleared, no finer land can be found for either fruit or grain; and it has the purest, sweetest, clearest water to be found.

One and a half miles from Olympia is a small town named Turnwater, situated on a river that has a fall of eighty feet from half tide to headwater. An old miller said that he considered it the finest water-power in the United States. There are now two grist mills, two sash and door factories and several sawmills, located here. One of the dams, put in fourteen years ago, has never been repaired. Part of this property is for sale at a bargain, as the party owning it wants to retire from business. Here is a splendid opening for some man who wants to go into the milling business. Although Turnwater is now dreaming and sleeping, it will wake up some day to find itself in the hands of

some capitalist, who will make it redeem its long years of slumber.

CHEHALIS

Is located 102 miles northwest of Portland, and 33 miles southwest of Olympia, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It has the finest wheat I saw, not excepting the Willamette Valley. Its prairie land was settled as early as 1847. Chehalis is the county seat of Lewis county. It supports two weekly newspapers. There are three hotels here, besides a number of stores, several mills, etc.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

This section of the State is unsurpassed for three things—healthful climate, good weather and shiftless farmers. It is a country where, on account of its hearty people, the undertakers are few, and those that are here have turned their attention to repairing old furniture for a livelihood. It is considered dangerous to enter an undertaker's establishment, but this I did not know until after making a narrow escape from one of them. Men and women live to a good old age. The country is a healthy one.

Good weather always prevails. There is good weather for all the crops, which have never failed; good weather there is for harvest and seed-time; good weather for Sundays and legal holidays; good weather, enough of good weather for everything and everybody.

Fruit, more beautiful—apples, plums, pears and cherries—can not be found on the coast. It is entirely free from insects, and no trouble to grow it.

Most of this section is rolling and mountainous land, principally adapted to cattle and sheep raising, excepting the small valleys. These are very fertile, and produce large yields of hay and grain. The mountains are generally covered with a fine growth of timber, consisting of sugar pine, yellow pine, white and yellow fir and cedar. The mineral wealth is almost undeveloped. Gold has been mined for thirty years. Copper, cinnabar, iron,

marble and coal are waiting for capital to develop them.

There is a variety of soils in this section. Along the foothills it is a decomposed granite. The valleys are part sandy loam, and part adobe. The latter must be worked at the right time, for it is decidedly sticky in the rainy season.

The products are stock, wheat, wool, fruit, chiefly. Corn, oats, barley, hay, hops, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables do well. Wheat, this year, stands thin on the ground, but what there is will be of excellent quality. Hay is short. Stock is looking fine.

ASHLAND.

This town is located at the terminus of the Oregon & California Railroad, 345 miles south of Portland. It was founded some thirty years ago, but, owing to its isolation, it made slow progress until the railroad was built. It has now some 1500 inhabitants. Among the natural gifts bestowed on Ashland, are the creek, with its strong water power, and two white sulphur springs. The springs are beginning to attract considerable attention for the wonderful cures effected. The waters cure rheumatism, of the most aggravating sort, salt rheum, scald head, chronic liver ailments, asthma and internal and external sores of the skin. Mr. J. H. Mayfield has fitted up a number of bathrooms, which are both convenient and comfortable, for all invalids. No one should go there without testing them. Hotel accommodations and bathrooms are in the same establishment.

While the mountain creek comes dashing through the center of the town, it brings health in a different way from that of the springs; and, as it passes along, it does its customers a good turn. First, it turns the wheel of a sawmill; next, it turns the wheel to grind the wheat for Ashland; then, it turns the wheel to spin the wool, to weave the thread that makes the clothes of Ashland; and then it turns the wheel of the mill that saws the log that makes the doors that builds the house of Ashland. It is a good little creek, and

'tis quite happy in its song Mr. W. H. R. Atkinson joins in its praise, for if it were not for the creek, his woolen mill would soon stop its present active manufacturing. Here the farmer receives the cash for his wool at home, which saves the trouble and expense of shipping, although these mills do not begin to use all the wool raised in the county. Mr. Atkinson is also President of the Bank of Ashland.

Messrs. Youle & Gilroy have, also, kind feelings toward the creek, as it keeps their sash and door factory in delightful tune. These gentlemen are both young and enterprising, and are doing good work with their well-equipped mill. Besides manufacturing lumber, moulding, brackets, sash, doors and blinds, they keep in stock builders' materials, such as glass, paints and oils, nails, putty, etc. They are prepared to do all kinds of mill work.

The Ashland Tidings, edited by Mr. W. H. Leeds, is a fine little paper published weekly. And he has also praised the creek for it turns a wheel for him too. I think Mr. Leeds has dedicated a volume of poems to it. That good little creek is truly a model of industry for those who live on its banks.

ROSEBURG.

Roseburg is over a hundred miles north of Ashland, on the line of the O. & C. R.

R. Between these two towns there are quite a number of small places struggling for existence, and as my time was limited I did not stop at any of them. Roseburg is the county seat of Douglas county. It supports two weekly papers, the Review and Plaindealer. The United States Land Office is located here, and is under the superintendance of Mr. W. F. Benjamin, who has filled the official chair most honorably and creditably. This town has two flouring mills, a number of stores, engine round house, etc.

OAKLAND.

This small town is where the south-bound train stops "20 minutes for supper!" Mr. Thomas has the reputation of giving the best meals on the road, and he can rest assured that as long as he insists on serving chicken pot-pie, he will be praised by tourists and envied by hotel proprietors. In 1872 Oakland was simply a farm owned by Mr. A. F. Brown. This was when the railroad was first put through. Mr. Brown donated five acres to the company for a depot and side tracks. He then laid out his farm in town lots and invited the business men of the old town, a mile distant, to come out and help develop the new. They came willingly, and many of them are here yet.

J. D. WAGNER.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

Thy yearning soul for knowledge sought in vain
To quench its thirst from font of ancient lore,
And in despair resolved to search no more
Among the dull old books, with aching brain;
But in the forest's solemn, deep domain,
In quiet solitude didst thou adore
Thy God. Thy soul to higher flights would soar
But still not reach the height. "Shall I remain
In darkness ever here on earth?" — Behold!

A vision angelic appeared and spake:
"Hast thou so little faith' to doubt forsooth,
God may not grant thy prayer a hundred fold!
Go forth, the fetters of thy mind, I break!"
Thus knowledge came, and wisdom to the youth.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

Woman may be appropriately termed "The Peaceful Invader," for without war, or even a flag of truce, she has silently crept into all the places from which, formerly, by common consent, she was excluded. Even Masonry, her sworn enemy, has widened its circle and taken her in, as well as other secret societies; while but lately the order known as Patriotic Sons of America, in California, missing her presence, has of its own accord provided a new ritual and organized auxiliary lodges to be known as the Patriotic Daughters of America.

It is a curious state of affairs by contrast to the olden days, but whether it will result to her ultimate advantage or not, will be known only to the philosopher of the future.

As to the origin of this peaceful invasion, we may trace its first impetus when, a hundred years ago, Frances Burney invaded the realm of literature with the first novel written by a woman. All London was taken by storm, and "Evelina" was the entering wedge of woman's invasion. Preceding that event, the novel had laid up for itself condemnation and reproach enough to last a century, the very word, to some people to-day, being a synonym for coarseness and vulgarity. "Evelina" was a revelation to the sated dwellers in "Vanity Fair." It was a bright, humorous picture of London life, which, though tinged with caricature rather than character painting, yet was free from any taint or touch of coarseness whatever. And though the author never equalled her first effort, through falling into imitations of the learned Dr. Johnson and others of that didactic coterie, yet in that one production she taught the world of literature a lesson, and made a path for her sisterhood to follow. Shortly after, Mrs. Radcliff followed and became the true founder of the English School of Romance with her "Mysteries of Udolpho," that forbidden delight of our grandmothers. Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austin and Jane Porter came in turn; then the poetic school of Cook, Landon and Hemans, culminating

in Elizabeth Barrett Browning; then the Bronte sisters and George Eliot, both poet and novelist, and the later school of to-day.

Prior to this epoch introduced by Miss Burney, Elizabeth Elstob had written an Anglo-Saxon grammar, but it was not a natural field for woman's occupation, and with Frances Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, rests the first honor of leading the way.

In all the womanly list of novelists and poets, it seems strange that there should not be one successful dramatist. Mrs. Inchbald was the writer of two or three comedies, but they are not of the kind that live, and though the name of Maria Lovell is given as the author of that most charming play of "Ingomar and Parthenia," yet investigation shows that it was written by a German dramatist, and that she is merely the translator.

Our own Frances, Mrs. Hodgeson Burnett, has been more successful than others of her sisterhood in this line, with her charming "Esmeralda" and "That Lass o' Lawrie's," but they have been dramatized novels rather than pure dramatizations, and had to be passed through the playwright's hands to be thus prepared.

So that much remains to be done by woman in the field of literature before she can lay claim to actual rivalry with man.

But it is not of the past, nor of great writers and achievements that I wish to speak,—rather of the small, well-beaten paths that lie within our reach to-day. Where there is one woman who achieves success in a single well-written book, there are thousands who earn a modest income by hard, dogged work in literature as a profession, and this is the point which I bring to your notice. Frances Burney opened the way for her sisterhood, who were not long to take the hint, and to-day, a hundred years after, they have invaded the fields by the thousands, gleaning right and left for all the stray sheaves that may have been overlooked, but by whom there will be no individual impress made upon present literature, and of whom posterity

will never hear. And this will be because their life-work is absorbed in the daily press, in long columns of ephemeral writing suited to the hour, but without name or even initial to identify the writer.

To understand this we must remember that there are many kinds of writing, and to-day, the old-fashioned idea that a mortal must be inspired in order to make the pen fly, is relegated to the shelf with the antiquities of the past. Most of the writing to-day is done to order—what is rudely known as “hack work”—although it sometimes requires a great amount of education and a fine brain to produce what is desired.

This is a hard age.

It has reduced the science of supply and demand to a fine point. An editor of a journal or a magazine may despise the provender upon which he feeds his subscribers, but he has made a study of the desires of the greatest number, and merely supplies the stuff suited to this demand in order that he may continue in business.

A new assistant editor was taken on the staff of a certain Western magazine, and immediately started in to begin a complete reformation. Said she: “I want this publication to be a credit to all concerned, and the first thing is to bounce all this silly trash and poetry, and bring it up to a high standard.”

The editor, who had made a number of experiments, and knew all about such a course of procedure, simply smiled, and said: “Yes, it would be very nice. If I should let you have your way, in six months I wouldn't have a subscriber left.” And in a short time the would-be reformer discovered that a certain trashy story (at least from her point of view) brought in ten subscribers of their own accord, while a silly little poem, utterly weak and watery, according to her idea, brought out letters from people in every direction, who were inexpressibly touched by its refrain.

And so the fault lies not with the editor or manager of a publication in what he publishes, but in the defective taste of the public. Sometimes it happens that the most valuable and critical article passes unnoticed, save by a very few, while a simple little tale awakens the interest of

the many. It is the greatest and most wonderful study—this of keeping the finger upon the popular pulse—and the most successful editor is he who is master of the art. To accomplish his purpose, he introduces special departments, each attractive to a certain class—a theatrical department, a fashion department, sporting, secret societies, and even a gossip department. These kinds of writing have afforded many opportunities for the invasion of women, who have shown special aptitude for certain of these positions, notably the theatrical, the artistic, the fashion and gossip departments. A quick, bright humor and readable style are the chief requisites to these writers, and render them valuable in their special lines.

Thus we must make a distinction right here between this writing to order, which is to fill this demand of the popular press, and the creative writing, which is born of a human soul who feels she has a tale to tell—a tale she must tell whether the world will hear or not. She may give to the world a masterpiece—a mono-poem—one which brings the tears to the eye, a throb to the heart, one which will still live long after she is resting upon the breast of Mother Earth, but which will not bring to her the bread to keep her alive. Literature as a profession is a very different thing from this. For a well-conducted theatrical department, a woman may earn sufficient to keep herself, and, in some cases, her fatherless children, nicely fed and clothed, varying in peculiar cases from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. For the supervision of a periodical, editing and contributing, some women receive from two to three and four thousand dollars a year. This highest sum is received by Miss Mary L. Booth of Harpers' Bazar, and a similar sum by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge of St. Nicholas, while Mrs. Ella Farran receives three thousand as part owner of Wide-Awake. These are exceptional cases, however, and in each one the position has been created by the incumbent.

In the same way, those who obtain large sums for novel-writing, or the producing of books of travel or essays, or even Sunday School literature, each one has had to create her own demand before she has obtained her place among the ranks.

Publishers do not publish books, or carry on their business for the fun of it, any more than any other business man. A thorough, earnest student, once prepared himself for a professorship, and wrote to a prominent professor to ask how it would be possible to secure such a position, finally. The professor was a man of brains, rather than heart. He was perfectly safe in his reply, "Get a reputation and personal influence." And this is a life-work in itself.

So in literature, a reputation stands as the first requisite for those who wish to write books, or gain large sums of money.

Lesser positions, however, are to be found in every city of a similar, though smaller, nature, every journal of any importance having two or more women employed in these special lines of literary work, already mentioned. In San Francisco, there are some eight or ten ladies specially engaged in department work, notably, Mrs. Joseph Austin, the "Betsey B.," of the Argonaut, Mrs. Unger, of the Chronicle and San Franciscan, Mrs. Flora Haines Apponyi of the Chronicle and Alta, as well as San Franciscan, Miss Millicent Shinn, editor of the Overland Monthly, Mrs. Annie Lake Townsend, the Misses Lake of the Call and Argonaut, Mrs. Avery of the Rural Press, Mrs. Chretien of the Examiner, and Mrs. Fronia Waite of the San Franciscan, most of whom have no special identity, but the greater portion of whose work is daily and weekly swallowed up in the personality of the paper, upon which they are engaged.

Some very remarkable writing has been done in these special lines. It has been said of Mrs. Unger, "She has lifted a fashion department up to a dignity it never possessed before, while as an art critic she is not surpassed."

It is conceded by those who know, that Mrs. Austin's department of theatrical criticism is handled in a masterly manner. Mrs. Apponyi is particularly happy in a descriptive articles of libraries, art-collections and in local sketches, besides possessing a gift in story-writing. The Lake sisters are all gifted, and bring to the finish of their work, whatever it may be, either art or musical criticism, or the realm of story-writing, the results of the highest

cultivation. One of the latest additions to the number, is Mrs. Fronia Waite, who in her department, "Woman's Realm," in the San Franciscan, has shown that the peaceful invader believes that women should be fed on something beside husks. And an Eastern magazine, called "Good Housekeeping," published at Mount Holyoke has reprinted a column containing the pearls culled from this particular department as worthy of special notice, besides addressing her personally to become a contributor to their publication.

This is the bright side to the picture, but there is another as well. A woman with a clever gift in character-writing, with humorous and refined flashes of wit, is pressed into service, writing up a fashion department or theatrical gossip, in one of our daily journals, where for a good salary, she grinds out the stuff required, so much per week, without regard to the after-effects or even dangerous consequences. The result is a tired brain—forced work—and a hatred for the realm of literature. A most charming little woman thus engaged, said to me the other day, "I wish I could see my way out of the writing business. The first luxury I should treat myself to, would be to buy a gallon of ink, for the pleasure of pouring it into the Bay."

And in no profession is there such nervous prostration, and breaking down of the system, as that which makes ceaseless demand upon hand and brain. Sometimes the hand weakens with pen-paralysis, and with loss of situation staring her in the face, she must learn a new method of using the pen, perhaps become left-handed. Sometimes the brain refuses to be coaxed into considering the frivolities and caprices of the world of fashion or of the drama or of gossip, and it must be forced and goaded by such means as make dish-washing appear to be a species of fancy work, and by comparison, a positive pleasure and delight.

These modern cases where it becomes a burden—where the writer is denied the opportunity of expansion and compelled to remain in restricted limits—show a certain similarity to the fate of the original invader into the realm of literature.

Macaulay inveighs against the short-sighted policy which led Miss Burney to

accept the position of waiting maid to the queen as a great honor—to spend years of her life in tying the bows and caring for the laces of her majesty, and standing by the hour in her presence—a course which not only ruined her health, but dwarfed and ruined her natural powers. And so with these of her talented sisters in journalism.

They are doomed to the tying of the bows and caring for the laces of fashion, than whom exists no more imperious queen. They are condemned to a constant bowing and curtesying to the public, to keep in her good graces, and they come out from it, broken and jaded in spirit and health, receiving nothing more than did poor Miss Burney in exchange for all this fine work of brain and hand; merely food, clothing and lodging and an ungracious dismissal.

These are some of the defects of the department system. It reduces a human being to a mere machine, through which the required thoughts are ground out. Not long ago I met such an individual, and he did not seem a human being, to such perfection had he come under this system. He had no knowledge of anything not relating to his special line. He had ceased to think upon anything except the subjects for which he was paid to think. His hand trembled, his eyes were weak; he repeated my words with an aimless repetition. I referred to some writing he had done in his youth, a story I had seen in the old files of the GOLDEN ERA away back in 1860. An inane smile lighted up his indistinct countenance for an instant. Then a look of fear followed.

“Sh!—” he whispered, looking around him, “I—I don’t do that kind of work any more. I have charge of such and such a department. It is too late—too late. The dreams of my youth—what I once hoped—” He seemed dazed. Then recovering himself, said, “Have you seen my last criticism on the ‘History of Dictionaries?’”

It was pitiful. It seemed to me that there was a railroad track through his brain on just one subject, and that all else was either desert or brambles. But there is something in a woman’s nature that would make her either die or go insane before reaching such a condition as this, and in-

stead of an end, I believe that many of them can make these department positions merely stepping stones to something higher.

Another galling point in literature as a profession for woman is the limitation with which all attempts to do enthusiastic work is surrounded. At first a woman writes with her whole soul, and throws in many beautifying touches. She views her work as a labor of love. Now, space is the criterion of modern literary prowess, and she soon finds that her article is chopped off in the middle without regard to reason. An ordinary descriptive sketch will stand this sort of treatment, and no one will be the wiser; but a story-writer has to become philosophical, and measure out her paper before she begins, if she does not want to be astonished when it appears in print.

Another point still more serious is the absolute power of editor or publisher in the changing of a writer’s plot to suit his particular ideal. It is said that authors of prominence, even those who have scored a success in literature, cannot give free utterance to their artistic conceptions in the books they write, without fear of their publishers.

In her novel, entitled, “Through One Administration,” it is said that Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett was compelled to re-write the conclusion three times in order to please the editor of the Century, and when her readers reached the end, they felt, one and all, that some jugglery had been done, it was so inartistic and unworthy of the opening chapters. The same thing was done in the otherwise noble book, entitled “Anne,” by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Fresh and bright as it originally stood, it was a charming story of a young girl, but the powers-that-were thought the pages required a sensation, so returned it to her, with the result of having a murder introduced which jarred upon every one, it seemed so terribly forced, and ruined the artistic quality of the book as a pleasant study.

In this we see the same spirit at work that ruined Frances Burney’s later works. She was surrounded by a learned coterie who were unpleasantly wise, and set a fashion of their own of using a Latinized-English dialect, which they considered the acme of elegant diction, but which, in his day, Macauley pronounced to be “simply

detestable." She became infected with the mannerism of the day, and lost the delightful simplicity of language which was her chief charm, and took on this "detestable dialect" which so obscured the sense that her subsequent books were almost unreadable.

While there is much to be gained from contact with intellectual giants, their methods are not always the best adapted to mortals under their size, who may be much swifter and quicker in smaller circles, and the compiler of a dictionary who may be successful enough in his field is scarcely fitted to advise a woman who is writing a novel, nor is the editor of a successful periodical, merely because he is a successful editor, any better adapted to know what is the real artistic finish to the plot and characters conceived by the busy brain of a woman who loves her work.

Imagine Dr. Johnson advising our Louisa Alcott how to write her delightful stories—I am afraid we should have had no delicious "Jo" with all her crudities and naive expressions, while "the little women" would have strutted around in their grandfather's coats and wigs and spectacles.

Each writer should have a tale of her own to tell, fresh and uncontaminated by any other spring. The imitating of books and characters already in existence, is an unnecessary task. Originality is the ring that tells the counterfeit from the real gold or silver in literature.

At the same time the woman who is endowed with the artistic quality, with brightness of style and analysis of character may find many opportunities for the development of her powers in common, ordinary newspaper work, and in the learning of her art, provided it is not made a burden.

The short story writer occupies a charming field—one which is the most attractive in all the literature of the present. There is a certain demand for short stories which makes them seem all the more attractive, and leading many to take up the pen who vainly imagine that it must be the easiest thing in the world, and this accounts for much of the stuff we see in print. But on the contrary, short story writing is as surely a gift as verse writing or any other species of literature. A certain man said

in comment upon the three-volume novel he had just written, "If I had had the time I should have made it a short story."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has stood at the head of short story writers for twenty years, and it is doubtful if any one has arisen to compete with her. Upon our own coast we have a school of short story writers coming to the front, among whom are the Lake Sisters, Flora Haines Apponyi, Mrs. Emma Frances Dawson, and others, who all write Yda Addis and with great strength and clearness.

There needs to be a certain brightness, compactness and crystallization of purpose in a short story which cannot be achieved by an amateur at the trade.

Good short stories find a market at Christmas time on our coast at from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to desirability and the fame of the writer. And this is one of the reasons that the new fashion is to write under one's own name, retaining one's individuality, for, in course of time, a name comes to have a commercial value.

With a limited amount of experience in journalism, a coming in contact with type and printer's ink, a woman gains more thorough education in practical methods of writing, in terseness, and the realities of life than in a whole lifetime studying books. And this is one of the reasons why MSS. sent in by fairly intelligent people are so often unavailable, they are unconscionably long, didactic, and without one touch of human nature.

The amateur who longs for the bitters and sweets of a literary life, had best make friends with an editor or the friend of an editor, and obtain permission to practice on his paper. If no other way opens, it might be a good idea to save the editor's life in order to obtain the coveted permission. Nothing less will open the columns of some of our papers and magazines to a new-comer.

An extraordinary woman may be able to write well without this process, but the average, ordinary woman of promise, with some little talent, and a great desire to achieve fame, will find that there is no other road to the charmed circle. She will even find that personal influence is more powerful than positive genius, and will be enabled by means of it to snatch many a

little crumb away from the more gifted.

George Eliot passed through a long and arduous experience of magazine editing and writing, and did not produce her first novel till she was thirty-seven years of age. The roses of fulfillment were long in coming, but they were far more finished, perfected roses than those that bloom on the early developed tree.

There are many things a woman discovers in a newspaper life. The greatest is that two things are necessary to becoming a writer—the first: to have something to say, next: to know how to say it, and sometimes she discovers that the latter is considered the more important of the two.

And it is true, also, of oratory. How often we have been charmed by the man who speaks with a silver tongue, and afterwards have wondered what it was all about, while often the man who has something great to say, obscures and dims it all by not knowing how to say it. But the joining of the two makes the finished orator as well as the finished writer.

Another great lesson is that which women do not easily learn—the lesson of brevity, the lesson of silence even. This is one of the chief obstacles to woman's success in invading the territory of man. Whatever her instincts, her artistic qualities, her intuitions, she does love to talk! and sometimes selects the busiest hour, when each sixty seconds represent a diamond moment.

Woman is naturally undisciplined, and cannot see why she should not take precedence of business matters, merely because she is a woman. It is not her fault; she has been trained to expect it; but the fact is, that while the literary work of many of our women is desirable and greeted with pleasure by the expectant editor, their presence is not always so.

Consequently, for a woman to be received with real pleasure by an editor, she ought to have saved his life, or have done him some tremendous favor in order that he may not be wishing to Heaven that she would take an early departure. However, as a rule, editors and newspaper men are the most courteous, the kindest, most obliging of all classes of men, especially when we take into consideration the awful trials they are compelled to endure. An editor's office is the natural rendez-

vous for all the wild cranks and partially insane creatures in the community.

Think of a wild-eyed poet bringing in a thousand lines of poetry, entitled, "To the Universe," and insisting on reading it to the unfortunate editor in his den, and assuring him that he has still two thousand more to read when he has finished the first installment. It is not much wonder that an editor gets to viewing each newcomer with a doubtful expression of countenance, not knowing what sort of new human being is about to spring upon him.

In this personal contact with type and printer's ink, women also learn that they cannot take precedence of all things else, that the printing press waits for no woman, and only the other day, a bright young woman, who has worked her way, step by step, from the type-font to the editing of a department, said to me: "Oh, yes! I find that the more obscure I make myself, the better it is for me. Men don't like to feel that a woman is around when they are busy at their work, and so I dress plainly and keep all the rustle out of my skirts that I possibly can."

A woman soon learns that her natural exactions in regard to drawing-room etiquette in a printing office are very decidedly in the way of acquiring business methods, and without business sagacity in this day and generation, women might as well realize that their invasion will not be a success.

Common sense is at the root of all the success of to-day, and without it we are left behind in the race.

The need of woman preparing herself for the profession of literature cannot be doubted, but there is another form that presents itself as a goddess that has touched the earth lightly. It is that of the extraordinary woman, who shall develop in the darkened silence of her own four walls, who shall feel in her own soul throes of mental agony in the tale she has to tell, the offspring born of her soul and brain, and arrayed in classical garments—why should we not look forward to producing one such woman in all our glorious fruitage of this fair land of ours—why should we yield to this hard age and refuse her even an ideal existence?

Inspiration still lives, far and above all this machinery and study of supply and de-

mand; the creative instinct still exists, lofty and pure of heart, not caring for food or drink; and some day, Inspiration and Creative Instinct will arise and from some woman's tongue speak forth.

She will need no other aids or helps than her own heaven-born genius, and literature will be to her, not a profession, but merely a voice!

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

THE SILK WORM DISEASE.

Louis Pasteur made many investigations, during his life into the various forms of the disease of the silk worm. In a book upon his life and labors, occurs this experiment :

One of the first cares of Pasteur was to settle the question as to the contagion of the disease. Many hypothesis had been formed regarding this contagion, but few experiments had been made, and none of them were decisive. Opinions were also very much divided. Some considered that contagion was certain; the majority, however, either doubted or denied its existence; some considered that accidental. It was said, for example, that the evil was not contagious by itself, but that it became so through the presence and complications of other diseases which were themselves contagious. This hypothesis was convenient, and it enabled contradictory facts to be explained. If some persons had seen healthy worms, which had been mixed up either by mistake or intention with sickly ones, perish, and if they insisted on contagion, others forthwith replied by diametrically opposite observations.

But whatever the divergence of opinion might be, every one at all events believed in the existence of a poisonous medium rendered epidemic by some occult influence. Pasteur soon succeeded, by accurate experiments, in proving absolutely that the evil was contagious.

One of the first experiments was as follows. After their first moulting, he took some very sound worms free from corpuscles, and feed them with corpusculous matter, which he prepared in the following simple manner. He pounded up a silkworm in a little water, and passed a paint-brush dipped in this liquid over the whole surface of the leaves. During several days there was not the least appearance of dis-

ease in the worms fed on those leaves; they reached their second moulting at the same time as the standard worms which had not been infected. The second moulting was accomplished without any drawback. This was a proof that all the worms, those infected as well as the standard lot, had taken the same amount of nourishment. The parasite was apparently not present. Matters remained in this state for some days longer. Even the third moulting was got through without any marked difference between the two groups of worms. But soon important changes set in. The corpuscles, which had hitherto only showed themselves in the integuments of the intestines, began to appear in the other organs. From the second day following the third moulting—that is to say, the twelfth after the infection—a visible inequality distinguished the infected from the non-infected worms. Those of the standard lot were clearly in much the best health. On examining the infected worms through a magnifying glass, a multitude of little spots were discovered on their heads, and on the rings of their bodies, which had not before shown themselves. These spots appeared on the exterior skin when the interior skin of the intestinal canal contained a considerable number of corpuscles. It was these corpuscles that impeded the digestive functions, and interfered with the assimilations of the food. Hence arose the inequality of size of the worms. After the fourth moulting, the same type of disease was noticed as that which was breaking out everywhere in the silkworm nurseries, especially the symptoms of spots on the skin, which had led to the disease being called *pebrine*. The peasants said that the worms were peppered. The majority of the worms were full of corpuscles. Those which spun their cocoons produced chry-

salides which were nothing but corpuscular pulp, if such a term be allowed.

It was thus proved that the corpuscules, introduced into the intestinal canal at the same time as the food of the worms, convey the infection into the intestinal canal, and progressively into all the tissues. The malady had in certain cases a long period of incubation, since it was only the twelfth day that it became perceptible. Finally, the spots of *pebrine* on the skin, far from

being the disease itself, were but the effect of the corpuscules developed in the interior; they were but a sign, already removed from the true seat of the evil. "If these spots of *pebrine*," thought Pastuer, "were considered in conjunction with certain human maladies in which spots and irruptions appear on the body, what interesting inductions might present themselves to minds prepared to receive them!"

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate

The city stands;

Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait

The walls of land,

Guarding its door, as a treasure fond;

And none may pass to the sea beyond,

But they who trust to the king of fate,

And pass through the Golden Gate.

The ships go out through its narrow door,

White-sailed, and laden with precious store—

White-sailed, and laden with precious freight,

The ships come back through the Golden Gate.

The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,

The sun goes down in the golden West,

And the East is West, and the West is East,

And the sun from his toil of day released,

Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate—

The door of life,—

Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,

White-walled, and templed, and marble-towered—

The end of strife.

The ships have sailed from the silent walls,

And over their sailing the darkness falls.

O, the sea is so dark, and so deep, and wide!

Will the ships come back from the further side?

"Nay; but there is no further side,"

A voice is whispering across the tide,—

"Time, itself, is a circle vast,

Building the future out of the past;

For the new is old, and the old is new,

And the true is false, and the false is true,

And the West is East, and the East is West,

And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,

Gone down in the West of his circling track,

Forever, and ever, is shining back

Through the Golden Gate of life."

O soul! thy city is standing down

By its Golden Gate;

Over it hangs the menacing frown

Of the king of fate.

The sea of knowledge so near its door,

Is rolling away to the further shore—

The orient side,—

And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide!

But thy harbor, O, Soul! is filled with sails,

Freighted with messages, wonder tales,

From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,

Where the gardens of God in the ether lie.

If only thy blinded eyes could see,

If only thy deaf-mute heart could hear,

The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,

And its Golden Gate is near!

For the dead are the living—the living the dead,

And out of the darkness the light is shed;

And the East is West, and the West is East,

And the sun from his toil of day released,

Shines back through the Golden Gate.

MADGE MORRIS.

[Reprint from Golden Gate.]

THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA.

To ask a lawyer to write something on a legal subject is to request him to do what is presumably very easy, namely "to talk shop," but it is not always agreeable to the talker or entertaining to the audience. It seems, however, in this instance, that something of the kind is required as a correlative to the essay on the rights of married women in last month's issue of this magazine: hence this article.

Law is a dry subject, but the facts, to which it is applied, are ever new, ever varying and the most interesting thing in the practice of the profession is the adaptation of the various remedies afforded by the laws of a highly civilized and complex state of society to the wrongs complained of, and nothing is more essential than that there should be, so nearly as may be possible, uniformity of application, and of decision. Hence the necessity for the consultation of a line of decisions or authorities, in order to apply to the case in hand the garnered wisdom of the ages.

It was a beautiful conceit of the ancient Norsemen that the god of justice, who was the son of the deity of light, used to hear causes by the fountain of Urda, which signifies the Past.

He is very naturally the offspring of Light, because justice proceeds from illumination and from the fountain of Urda—that is, by consulting the records of the past—he acquires experience.

In reference to the matter which gives title to this essay, however, the Golden State has found or considered that there was much less of wisdom and justice than there was of oppression and wrong in the legal ethics of our ancestors.

By the common law the husband acquired, by virtue of the matrimony, the absolute ownership and control of all the wife's personal property, when once reduced to possession. He was entitled to the use of her real property during the existence of the marriage, whether acquired by her before or after wedlock. She had merely a naked ownership of it, but the husband, if he survived her, had a life estate therein, provided that there were living issue born of the marriage.

A married woman's contracts were utterly void; she could not even make a valid will.

As Mr. Platt says in his work on "The Property Rights of Married Women," "As the cold blasts of winter stripped the trees of their fruit and the branches of their foliage, leaving naught but a naked tree, its life dormant, its growth arrested, so did the marriage ceremony with its cold, common-law doctrines, take away from woman her goods and chattels, her jewels, her clothes, her earnings and the rents and profits of her lands, paralyze her power to dispose of her own, by will or by deed, and convert her from a being that could reason into a legal imbecile."

This was done, if not with *malice*, at least with *intention prepense*.

Lay it not all to the rudeness and harshness of our ancestors; do not objurgate them for their injustice. It was intended to be for the best. Different epochs regard governmental and even moral problems from different points of view.

It was entirely an outgrowth of the Christian religion, and if blame is due to anything, it is due to a religion which had only the most conscientious ends in view; it considered marriage as a sacrament, and in order to render it indissoluble struggled earnestly to merge the individuality of the wife in that of the husband, and to constitute of them the social unit; it was its intention to make the wife completely dependent on the husband and to put him on his honor and tenderness toward the gentle being whose life, love, and destiny were committed to his hands. Where there was not equality there could not be competition or contest, and let the records of the ages tell if it did not conduce to marital felicity!

But we have new lights now. Under the laws of California, Texas and Nevada, marriage is merely a legal partnership, virtually dissoluble at will.

It is a new experiment; we are trying it; the result is one divorce to every three or four weddings. This may be for the best; at all events we shall see if we live long enough.

For the introduction of this we are indebted to the Spanish-Mexican system of law. Like the Northern conquerors of the dismantled Roman Empire the pioneers of our State in this respect adopted the laws of the conquered, because they accorded so thoroughly with that spirit of chivalry which characterized our Argonauts, causing them to consider woman as very, very little lower than the angels, and prompted them to fall in with a system which seemed so thoroughly imbued with a high spirit of courtesy towards that gentle and amiable sex. These laws would certainly commend themselves to anyone for their equitable and humane features, so far, apparently, in advance of the provisions of the common law. The people from whom we borrowed them, however, escape all evil consequences by favoring in every way the formation of the legal partnership and then entirely forbidding its dissolution.

The common law frowned upon the idea of a partnership, effected a complete merger and also forbade disunion.

We have rejected the merger, accepted the partnership, and allowed dissolution.

It will take time to ascertain which plan embraces the greatest good for the greatest number.

It has been the singular fortune of the Civil Law of Pagan (Roman) origin to introduce into the rigid system of our forefathers—like homœopathy into the science of medicine—almost everything that has rendered it merciful and humane. From it the “better half” of the science, our system of Equity Jurisprudence, was transplanted. It breathed the soul of life into it, and then, and then alone, did it attain to the statue and dignity of a complete system, one that was worthy of a race which is hereafter to control the destiny of mankind.

Let us try briefly to sum up without going too extensively into details, some of the ramifications of the California marital partnership.

The Constitution provides that “all property, real and personal, owned by either husband or wife before marriage, and that acquired by either of them afterwards by gift, devise or descent, shall be their separate property,” and the Code adds, “with the rents, issues, and profits

thereof. The wife may, without the consent of her husband, convey her separate property.” (Civ. Code, sec. 162.)

“All other property acquired after marriage is community property.” (Civ. Code, sec. 164.)

All property acquired or held by the husband under similar circumstances is his separate property.

Of this the husband has the management and control except that he can only dispose of half of it by will, the other half descending regularly to the wife. •

The presumption is, with respect to all property acquired by either spouse after marriage that it is community property, so that if the wife has acquired after marriage anything in such a way as to constitute it hers alone, she should take immediate means in one of the ways allowed by law, (which it would occupy too much space to detail here) to have it put on record as such, otherwise it can be seized for the debts of the husband.

As such facts and means as these are peculiarly within the power of the property owners, the law throws upon them the burden of rebutting the presumption of common ownership.

The world cannot know what the individual and separate rights of the spouses are unless notified thereof by the record means which the laws provide.

“Either husband or wife may enter into any engagement or transaction with the other, or with any other person, respecting property which either might if unmarried, subject in transactions between themselves, to the general rules which control the actions of persons occupying confidential relations with each other as defined by the Title on Trusts.” (Civil Code, sec. 158).

The following provisions of our law, so unlike those of the Common Law, are of interest:

“The earnings of the wife are not liable for the debts of the husband.

The earnings and accumulations of the wife and of her minor children living with her or in her custody, while she is living separate from her husband, are the separate property of the wife.” (Civil Code, secs. 168 and 169).

The following is a provision conceived in the highest spirit of humanity and equity, and should be generally known. (sec. 174.)

"If the husband neglect to make adequate provision for the support of his wife, except in those cases mentioned in the next section (which includes cases of her being in fault for leaving him) any other person may, in good faith, supply her with the articles necessary for her support, and recover the reasonable value thereof from the husband."

A married woman may sue alone when the action concerns her separate property, or her right or claim to the homestead property; when the action is between herself and her husband she may sue or be sued alone, so also when she is living separate and apart from her husband by reason of his desertion of her, or by agreement in writing entered into between them.

A married woman can become a sole trader by making proper application to the Superior Court, but it must be only in case of insufficient support from her husband, and in her petition she must explain why she does not demand a divorce from him. She can say, if she wishes, that she is too fond of him for that, or anything of the kind, but she must set up business upon her own separate means, except that she may have \$500 from the community property, or from her husband. These provisions are for the protection of the creditors of the family.

A married woman cannot be an administratrix or executrix. That would be practically to appoint her husband.

Marriage divests her of those functions, if she exercises them before: it also revokes her will; if she desire to have it valid she must execute it anew.

The wife retains perfect control over

the incumbering or conveyance of the homestead, when once set apart, because the husband cannot control it in these respects without the co-operation of the wife, executing and acknowledging with him the proper instrument.

These, then, are the principle legal rights of married women in California.

They constitute an attempt to effect perfect equality between husband and wife, in the matter of property rights.

They put woman upon her mettle and upon her honor. With enlarged rights and perfect equality come additional duties—the duty of not attempting to set herself up as a competitor to, and a rival of man; the duty of forbearance and self-control, so that the marriage state in which the whole community is deeply interested, may not go to ruin. Our Constitution and laws will need and receive reconstruction if it prove that the parties individually interested are not alive to their duties and grave responsibilities, as well as to their legal rights.

Our system is on trial and if the outcome shall be that it is ruinous to that relation upon which the home is founded and society is constituted, then with that practical intelligence which has never yet allowed a civilization founded by it to go to decay, our race—even as it exists here on the Golden Coast, will take the problem in hand, and its solution will involve the destruction of whatever is injurious to society and the substitution in its place of some system which will be conducive to the purity and integrity of the social state.

ADLEY H. CUMMINS.

MY NASTURTIUM.

In thy little dress of red,
 Thou'rt a fairy princess bred.
 Every movement of the wind,
 Sends thee dancing, swaying,—
 Like the princes of the Ind,
 Bending lowly, praying.
 I could watch thee all the day,
 While you softly swing and sway;
 Merry, little dancing fay.

A. A. DEVINE.

ART IN CALIFORNIA.

Realizing by this time that Art in California is rather a serious subject for consideration, I resolved to get ideas from another point of view—that of an *art-dealer*, of undoubted taste and judgment.

Mr. Morris, of the firm of Morris & Kennedy, has for fifteen years acted as a sort of art-missionary in our city, having had a free art gallery for that length of time, which is the favorite resort of picture lovers. Here have been exhibited the works of some of the finest artists, M. F. H. De Haas, the celebrated marine painter, Eastman Johnson, the leading genre painter of America, Bongoureau, Adolph Schryer, Jacobedes and others, beside those belonging to our best local talent. The standard has been up to Eastern galleries, no picture having been admitted for exhibition that was meretricious or amateurish, but there has been no charge in the whole fifteen years. Whether this has been appreciated or not, remains to be seen; but it must have had its influence upon the public taste, which grows so slowly. As the popular round of shopping or a visit down town always includes a look in at Morris & Kennedy's to see what they have new, it continues to keep up a lively interest all the year round in the realm of art, whether the public purchase or not.

Having handled many fine paintings, and living in the very atmosphere of art, it seemed that Mr. Morris could give a practical view of art matters as they now exist in our midst.

The ideas gleaned in reply to the question, "What do you think of art in California?" were as follows:

"Art in California is crude. We commend ourselves too highly when we say that the art patronage is very generous. It is not true. Real art is not encouraged. The class of art that sells in this community, is made by inferior artists for \$18 a dozen, copied from other paintings in vile style, framed and sold by auctioneers at ten times their value. They are dear at any price, however cheap. It is such stuff as no one with intelligence would sell another. It is the lowest class of pot-boilers,

and bears the same relation to real art that sham jewelry does to real gold and silver. It is just as bad to decoy people into the purchase of the one as the other. The trouble is that the general tendency of the town is to cheapness, even with people who can afford to buy good pictures. San Franciscans are a bargain-loving people, and carry the training of their trades into matters of art and sentiment.

"It has sometimes happened here, that the very best pictures have been the least appreciated, remaining on my hands long after the sale of many inferior works. We have a limited number of people here who have a real appreciation of art, but the trouble is that there is too much presumption of art-knowledge. And then, too, there are the oracles on art—everybody knows them—they pose before the pictures and run over a number of glib sayings and actually have no knowledge after all. As for true art-critics, they are scarce on this coast. We might almost say we have none. If Mrs. Unger would always write from her convictions, and not allow her sympathies to become enlisted, she would make a first-class art critic. About the finest critic and judge of real art is the Rev. Joseph Wooster, the Swedenborgian minister. He is as modest as he is talented, and sees with an exquisitely artistic eye. Dan O'Connell writes a nice little thing occasionally and is very nearly correct in his ideas generally. The famous art critic of New York, Willie Winter, is of course, magnificent.

"Our art collections are, comparatively, very inferior—can be counted on one hand. The School of Design is very good, but suffers a little from over-praise.

"As for our artists, I consider that there is more real talent among the women than the men. Miss Strong, who is now in Europe, has done some very fine work—she has the artistic spirit in the true sense of the word. I consider her superior to Miss Lotz, though the latter is remarkable in her special style. Mrs. Evans is also very talented.

"Among the younger members of the profession, there are many who have no con-

ception of the dignity of art whatever, and never rise above the imitative, and what is worse never seem to be likely to. It would seem as if they had a receipt made up from the palettes of our different artists—a little of Tavernier, Rix, Brooks and others, and so go to work, without any original tendency of their own. This younger school ought to be severely rebuked, for after a man has worked a lifetime to form his style and has made his reputation on it, he ought to be rewarded by having the benefit of his work without having a host of crude workers placing imitations of his work on sale. It is all wrong. Such a course of art-education amounts to nothing more or less than a mill, from which they are ground out, so many at a time, and is deserving of the most severe condemnation.

“There are some, however, who are earnest students working in the right way, carefully and conscientiously, and from them alone is something to be expected.

But the whole summing up of the matter is that San Francisco is provincial in art matters.

“I commend this department in the GOLDEN ERA, for, whatever else it is deficient in, it seems to be honest and trying to get at the truth, and as long as this principle is strictly maintained, it will accomplish a good work, and will have my best wishes. But I hope there will be no inordinate flattery or praise where it is not deserved, or its purpose will be worse than useless.”

The advice given above is exactly in accordance with the profound desire of the editor of this department—to give each artist his due—pleasant praise for his excellencies, and gentle criticism for his deficiencies—knowing that it is the only way to approach truth in art.

But being decidedly human, and apt to be influenced by personal prejudice and personal sympathy, the editor feels that the only safe way is that heretofore pursued—merely to give sketches of artists and their ideas on art, their struggles and accomplishments, and let the moral point itself.

THE MUSEUM.

A Casket of Jewels.

It is about time that I had something rare and precious in the Museum among its other curios and oddities, and so, for this purpose I present a casket of jewels, gathered at Shreve's famous jewelry store cor. Montgomery and Sutter streets.

What though they are ours only in a spiritual sense? Still we may delight in their sparkle and exquisite workmanship, even more so, perhaps, than the fair wearer of these gems in the future; for she will see less of the brilliancy of the diamonds she wears, than the poorest far-away beholder. Indeed it may be considered as an unselfish act to place these rainbow gems upon the lobe of the ear, for there they glitter and flash for the pleasure of any one but the wearer.

You may say that she so rejoices in the added charm to her own personal appearance that she does not regret the loss of its intrinsic beauty, being thereby more than

recompensed. This is not always true. I have often had my eye attracted from the play, or from the pulpit by one of these fitful flashes of rainbow light, as if coquetting with me, and yet have seldom seen, and never remembered, the face it was fondly thought to adorn. Although in my soul I have felt kindly to the wearer for sharing her treasure with the world so unselfishly, and have some way pitied her that she could not enjoy that dainty sort of a flirtation, or indeed, even know anything about it.

Thus we may enjoy the treasures in this casket, the prismatic colors mysteriously blent in the heart of the diamond, the rich, dark lustre of the emerald, the various mingled gems of quaint and curious workmanship, the odd devices in silver and gold, bronze and brass, and set apart in our spiritual Museum the living image of every one of these for our own special ownership.

“It is a credit to our city,” said an

æsthetic young lady, the other day, "that we have such a royal display as this in our midst." And surely the secret treasure-house of the Rajah of the Bombay Provinces, could scarcely reveal more wonders to the bewildered eyes of beholders.

Upon one side is a separate apartment, richly carpeted and adorned, set about with mirrors, and sweet with the sound of musical clocks chiming in harmonious unison. This is the Art Department, and full of a thousand things, each more interesting than the other. Here are curiously wrought plates of finest China, painted and gilded, representing a value of \$135 a dozen. Here is a solid silver book of prayer for some delicious young creature to carry to church, and, when she loses it, may console herself that it cost \$50. Beside it is another, just as lovely, but it is plated, costing less than a third as much, so that she may replace the treasure at less cost, and no one be the wiser. An oxidized-silver set of carvers in most beautiful chased work, fit for the use of a king, is in reality merely of plate, and may be secured for the comparatively low sum of \$19.

Remarkably beautiful is some work in brass and bronze, graceful vases and urns, the production of a Philadelphia firm. Nothing is lovelier than the many ornamentations made of hammered brass, many of which are also made in Philadelphia, and therefore within the reach of many who gaze upon them vaguely, longing for, yet not daring to wish to possess. A plate mirror handsomely framed in this unique manner may be had for \$8. Others for the wall have a candelabrum attachment, most graceful in effect. Choice brass candlesticks, suitable for gift purposes and mantel decoration, may be had for \$2.50.

A wonderful dressing case for my lady, has many sliding drawers and secret panels, filled with dozens of articles of every imaginable kind and purpose, mounted in ivory, pearl and solid silver.

Some Russian bronze ware is exceedingly realistic in design, showing a faithful copy of the customs and animals of the country. A deer made of this material, lies in that peculiarly helpless plight so observable in dead animals, thus serving as a paper weight; a wolf caught in a net,

crouches down in his terror; while a Russian scene of pastoral life shows remarkable fidelity to the rudest wagon and harness, while the horse is a tired-out looking animal, and the peasant by his side is a match for him.

Odd bowls and dishes of hammered and frosted silver attract the eye by turn, and yet \$10 and \$12 represent their value, for they are not solid, though they seem so. The silver-workers have showed themselves to be gnomish creatures in skill, for there seems to be nothing that they can not do. For those of more royal blood who are willing to undertake the responsibility, there are solid sets of silver, ornamented with silver berries and garlands wreathed in relief around the circumferences, representing \$1,000. Like the world outside, this emporium represents all classes, all values, down to the smallest or up to the highest.

Very delicate is some Royal Worcester ware made at On-The-Trent, England, a sort of ivory ware with fine tracery, \$7 for a tiny vase. Beside it stands a fac simile (to the untutored eye, at least) and just as fine and delicate as the other, but with the difference that this latter is made in Trenton-New Jersey; and may be had for \$3.

More gorgeous are the Cloissonnee and Royal Satsuma ware, both of which are exhibited in the Chinese, French and English makes. The difference between nations is singularly shown in the handling of the decorative designs of these beautiful wares, a subject for an essay all by itself.

Passing down the stairway through a stained-glass atmosphere, a noble old English clock fully six feet high, attracts both the eye and ear. Its intonation is sweet, and the quarter chimes fall like charming music upon the senses. If everything else fades away in our Museum, this beautiful voice of time shall still remain.

Below are shelves and tables covered with exquisite china of various grades. Here are gifts of mouchoir cases, writing tablets, traveling cases, all made of alligator skin and fancy leathers; satchels also of the rough yet beautiful skin of the hideous beast, discovered at last for the purpose he was created, and if there are those who cannot afford the real thing, the imitation stands by its side, made of the most dur-

able leather, and to be distinguished only by close scrutiny. One scarcely knows which to admire the most, the cunning of Nature in originating such a peculiar skin, or the cunning of man in making such a faithful imitation.

Upstairs in the emporium, with its long glass cases and polite attendants, but a dearth of resting places, are to be found the jewels proper. A new chain bracelet that links so loosely that it may be clasped in the closed hand, is set in every link with rubies, emeralds, diamonds and other precious settings. Enamelled jewelry in flowers has here reached its highest perfection, forget-me-nots and marguerites being represented in daintest delicacy. Here are velvet neckbands with a savage scimitar sparkling with jewels, to clasp at some fair throat. Brought forth from its long retirement, here gleams the string of gold beads worn so long ago by our grandmothers,—now the latest freak of fashion.

And here are diamonds—diamonds in all their translucent splendor and magnificence. First appear single stones in the

new blade setting similar to the sharp edge of a knife, showing it off to its finest advantage; then rows of diamonds, groups of diamonds and at last a perfect incrustation of diamonds. These are brilliant owls' heads, shells, stars, and crescents, large beetles and butterflies, one solid blaze of light, fascinating the eye. Of all the gems, beautiful and varied though they may be, rubies, emeralds, topazes, opals, amethysts, pearls and garnets, there is none so dazzling as the diamond—that rainbow crystallized in a stone, that fire flashing from ice.

For the time being all these precious things are ours, and we may gloat over them, delighting in their intrinsic beauty and gorgeousness, and then without a sigh, relinquish them to the care of the jewel-keepers, glad that their responsibility is not ours, and rejoicing that their responsibility is not ours, and rejoicing that their counterparts are laid away in the casket of memory, safe from fear of loss or theft. And this is the casket I place on the shelves of Time.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE.

BUSINESS CAPACITY OF WOMEN.

It is difficult to write upon a question that we know so much about. The question of the capacity of women to transact business has been settled adversely for the opposite sex.

It must, however, be conceded that a woman can conduct successfully a boarding house, a millinery shop, a lodging house, a small select school, a coffee saloon, a candy store, a bakery, a flower stand, and two kinds of nurseries. As practical, enterprising commercial tradeswomen they are—but why mention it—failures. They have been successful in a few instances, but it has been at the expense of their womanhood. A writer in the *Ladies Home Journal* says: "Where is the woman who has been an embezzler?" The history of banks record but one banking institution founded by women, and the cashier and president, both women, stole the funds of the depositors and hid themselves. A woman does not understand the word honor, as connected with a promise to pay. Yet she is doubly gifted with that keener sense of uprightness—the honor of a virtuous name.

Women do not have the immoral courage necessary to make them noticeable as thieves and embezzlers. Women are not rascals in business. They are worse, being troublesome flies on the face of trade.

"It may sound ill-natured," said a prominent merchant, one whose business brought him constantly in contact with women, "but I consider that there are very few women who can appreciate the etiquette of a business transaction."

God built them on a different plan from man, and we do not propose to dispute the wisdom of omnipotence. We know of one weak, sickly man who supported a wife and six children by his daily schemes and labor. We also know a strong, healthy woman, who cannot support herself. The man has business capacity, the woman has not. The same is true in general. Our wits have been sharpened lately by being on the grindstone of practical experience, and we have noticed, and called to recollection, all the praise a chivalrous constituency would demand, and, alas! it is the same old story, women prove failures in business.

Fish are well adapted to water, but the toad gets along better on dry land. Women are delightful in the parlor, pleasant in the kitchen, and oftentimes coquettish and entertaining over a wash-tub; but in business they lack poise, assurance, reliance and experience, and when they get the experience they lack the subtle gift that made them women. There is no establishment of any importance controlled by women in our country that is successful unless the business relates especially to women. That women are equal to men we do not dispute, but we cannot admit that they are identical. There are some things a woman can do well,—yes, perfectly, but not business. A housewife is the noblest of all women. The recent tendency is to place woman at the head of the household and make man her servant. In America the woman of the better classes has come to regard her husband as a useful, but rather inferior being, whose place in life is to work hard all day, and devote himself to her entertainment during his leisure hours. Fate (for which we are thankful) has written a decree against women entering commercial and professional life. She is built on a plan to bear children; many have ruined the structure, but woman it is thy destiny, be content!

THE VIRILITY OF WRITERS.

A man who is effeminate by nature cannot write a successful book on political economy. There can be no passionate sweep or whirl in the writings of a man who is tied to the apron strings of effeminacy. The virility of writers belong to the virility of men and of women. By virility we mean strength, charming strength, the strength of pent up passion, sinews and grace, juice and muscle. Victor Hugo had virility, N. P. Willis had grace. The one drew the drapery for his writings from the couch of God, the other from the lace of a woman's dress. The one was thunderous in the torrent of his masterful thoughts, the other pleasing in his coquettish conceits. Victor Hugo is great, N. P. Willis is quaint; the former is for all time, the latter for yesterday.

Women have the necessary virility for successful writing if they consider the limitations of their sex. A woman has the power to define the subtle sentiments of half of the race, and to describe the refined and gentler actions of the other half. She ought to create a marvelous woman, and make such delineations that the world would wonder; she feels, she knows, she understands, she has visions of womanhood from the inner spring of creation that men do not have. A woman will yet give us the greatest creation of a heroine; but

it remains unexplainable that to this day men surpass women in the delineations of female characters. Men exhaust their vitality in the creation of heroines and heroes. Women are not yet so introspective in their productions. The world would read a woman's biography if it drained the nectar from the lips of life to write it. Strength and grace must adorn a book. No woman has the virility to write Hugo's description of Waterloo, though the circle of her mind is complete it does take in its sweep: "The perspective of the human race is changed, and Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century"; or, "Napoleon, the immense somnambulist of a shattered dream."

But a woman is superior to Victor Hugo in this. He can describe a woman's impulse, but she, and she alone, can describe what created the impulse. Hugo himself said that the virility of a man's mind is equal to a woman's, but not identical. Aaron Burr could have written a wonderful novel, full of passion and dilapidated pulsations of feminine hearts, while men like James and Howells do not approach nearer a woman's heart in the delineations of heroines than a chest protector.

The virility of a writer of fiction depends largely upon the vigor of his constitution. Very young men write trash in fiction, very old men write from the memory of the past; but the great American novel will be written by a man in the prime of life, full of passion, vigorous, gentle!

GRANT.

Since 1860 Grant's public life has belonged to the extraordinary in human events. The kind hand of destiny lead him to the heights in war, politics and literature. He was more than a soldier—a true husband. He was more than a politician—a loving father. He was more than an author—a faithful friend; soldier, statesman and writer, father, husband and friend—a dual trio of excellencies which call forth justly eloquent eulogies. He was an American full of ardor, yet one who will never be accused of fanaticism. Today his weaknesses and mistakes are changed obstacles and embarrassments. Grant's failures in time of peace awakens a feeling of remorse in the nation. Certain it is that if danger should again threaten the country there will be a regret that there is no Grant to meet it.

Grant's personal character has always been above reproach. Napoleon, Wellington and Washington had greater personal weakness than the dead hero of Appomatox. It is pleasant to record a stainless, private life of a great man. Herein Grant will ever be an illustrious example to American youths.

He was a clean-mouthed, pure-minded man, full of gentleness and strength. Let others applaud his military genius, and civic honors To us his moral character will ever shine resplendent. The silent man of destiny is mirrored on the face of the nation in the hour of his death as a moral as well as a military hero. Let us write upon his monument: "A faithful friend; a military hero; an honest man; a patriot."

REALISM IN LITERATURE.

✓ WRONG ONCE MORE.

The latest number of the GOLDEN ERA contained the following from the pen of its editor :

"The opinion prevails to a great extent, that realism in literature is growing more popular. We dissent. It is merely a trade to write things as they are; it is an art to imagine them as they might be. A reporter can write a vivid romance of scenes he witnesses, but it requires a genius to create a panorama of life. It is only the novices in literature who write under the title of the story — 'a true tale.' Those who write of scenes and incidents of their own experience prove the poverty of their ideas by so doing."

This style of reasoning is wholly fallacious, but emanating as it does from such an ethereal, lofty and star-gazing brain as that of Mr. Wagner, it does not surprise us much. Mr. Wagner is one of those gentlemen who would fall in love with a beautiful girl but would give little heed to a plain, sensible one. He is a poet, who has an eye for the beautiful, but is blind to all else but symmetry and fair outline.

Realism in literature is its life blood, and without a sufficiency of this life blood, a literary creation will soon die. The creations of the best novel writers are based on facts and these facts are embellished in an artistic manner. The best writers of fiction blend fact and fancy so, that they are not distinguishable from each other. A true artist will simply employ art to dress-up or embellish nature, but he will not ignore nature and employ art altogether. Creations that are wholly evolved from the imagination may please a shallow reader but they will have no interest for a reader of sense. Some authors write to amuse and some to instruct; and some readers read to be amused and some to be instructed. An author who writes to amuse simply, does not need to employ realism or solid fact, but a writer who likes to convey something to his reader, will tell him of things that are, and not of things that exist in his mind only. If Mr. Wagner will try to write things that will amuse and instruct his readers, he will come much nearer being an artist than he is now. Be true to life in the first place and true to art afterward. Realism first, art afterward.

—*Williams Review.*

Mr. Ben. Goodkind is the writer of the above considerate criticism.

"Realism in Literature is its life blood." Then Homer's Iliad and Odyssey will soon die; Virgil's Ænied will soon be forgotten, and Dante's Inferno is already entombed.

"The best writers of fiction blend fact and fancy so that they are not distinguishable from each other." Then Hawthorne's creation in Marble Faun places him among second grade writers. Then Utopia did really exist, or Sir Thomas More has written only to please shallow readers.

"Creations that are wholly evolved from the imagination may please a shallow reader, but they will have no interest for a reader of sense." So Mr. Goodkind, you are not an admirer of Bacon's Atlantis, Don Quixote, Atala, A Trip to the Moon, Lallah Rookh, and a large number of imaginative and romantic works that have been popular and standard for years.

We regret that you are not influenced by "symmetry and fair outline." Suppose you try your own advice. There is really more imagination than realism in your charge, that the editor of this journal is given up to the "love of the beautiful."

It is the extreme ugliness of the world that attracts. The picturesque is beautiful, because it is art broken up. Admiration is challenged when ever we approach the uncommon, the unreal. Realism is simply eating, drinking, sleeping, night and day, seed-time and harvest, birth, marriage, death. Realism is the eternal commonplace-cycle of the ages and the world going round, and round, and round. What is the use? Let us have something new. We are tired of reading the same thing over and over again. We pray thee give us an awful imagination—even like unto Poe's.

OPEN LETTERS.

EDITOR GOLDEN ERA.—*Dear Sir*: The editor of the Overland has referred to me Mr. Steell's criticism of my criticism of his poems. I gather from it that possibly, upon a hasty reading, Mr. Steell misunderstood my comment on the Garfield Ode. I had supposed I guarded entirely against any such misunderstanding as that I accused the gentleman of plagiarism from Tennyson, or any one else in that I referred expressly to his own acknowledgement of indebtedness for an occasional phrase throughout his verses. It is true that he has not, in every instance, detected his own use of another poet's words; but that these have been perfectly honest oversights no one can possibly question.

In the Garfield Ode for instance:

"And voice the universal woe,
Our noble ruler lieth low."

And elsewhere:

"And to the sound of martial music breathing low,
Let the long, long procession go."

could not have had inspiration other than:

"Lead out the pageant, sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe.
Let the long, long procession go.
And let the mournful, martial music blow,
The last great Englishman is low."

I did not, however, refer to any such special passages as this in my review, for no reader of

verse is ignorant of the way in which a mind becomes filled with bits and echoes that float unrecognized. To say that the ode was "modeled after" Tennyson's is, of course, saying no such thing as that individual passages are taken therefrom, and that the Laureate's ode was his model, I understand Mr. Steell himself to admit. One poem, however, is frequently used as a model for another entirely unconsciously.

Very Respectfully,

THE REVIEWER.

The above very courteous reply to my criticism of the Overland's review of my little volume of verse has been referred to me by the editor of the ERA. While readily acknowledging the evident lack of malice on the part of the writer, I cannot think myself mistaken in the supposition that the comparison between my Garfield Ode and Tennyson's "Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington," was made without a careful reading of the two compositions an almost inexcusable piece of carelessness on the part of a reviewer.

I cannot see any room for misunderstanding on my part, the error seems to me to be all on the

otherside. I expressly disclaimed in my preface the necessity of giving credit to any writer for mere combinations of words, having no distinctive character. I have as good a right to use such expressions as "universal woe," or "let the long procession go," as has Tennyson; but even had these been considered plagiarisms it could scarcely be said, on that account, that my ode was modeled with amusing fidelity on that of the Laureate.

A work cannot be said to be modeled on another unless there be some resemblance in form as well as a reproduction of the spirit. Had the critic really sought a model for my ode, a much closer likeness both in versification and mode of expression would have been noticeable to some of Schiller's poems than to anything Tennyson has written.

As my ode was written on so very similar a subject to that of Tennyson's, it is only natural that there should have been some slight resemblance between the two, but my poem certainly could in no sense be said to have been modeled on the Laureate's.

J. D. STEELL.

THE THEATERS.

"LED ASTRAY" is drawing good houses at the California. Miss Wilton plays Atmande well. The character is in her line to the fullest extent. McKee Rankin, who took part in the original production at the Union Square and used to be a notable De Lesparre, now changes the key and plays Rudolph. "The Power of Money" follows "Led Astray." The scenery for this piece has long been in preparation and will equal that of any production yet given at the California.

THE BALDWIN is undergoing many extensive alterations which will be very effective. The entrance will be as handsome as any theatre in the country. Mr. Hayman is doing all in his power to give his theatre a very elegant appearance. Everything will be completed and ready for the opening of Haverly's Minstrels on Monday the 10th. Mr. J. H. Haverly will personally superintend this company, which is said to be the strongest he has ever had.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE under the management of Mr. Stevens, is drawing good houses. Mr. Stevens is entitled to the respect of theatre-goers for the pluck and enterprise he is displaying in the management of his theatre. "A Celebrated Case" has been doing a good business. On Monday, Aug. 3rd, Henry J. Byron's successful melodrama, entitled "Tried and True," will be pro-

duced. The re-appearance of Mr. Theo Hamilton in the company will take place on Monday, Aug. 10th, when, after weeks of careful preparation, with all the effects and scenery, "Monte Cristo" will be produced with John A. Stevens supported by the Grand Opera House stock company.

THE PANORAMA of the Battle of Waterloo still continues to draw good houses, and is one of the leading attractions in the city.

THE TIVOLI's latest piece is "Nell Gwynne." It has several very pretty numbers, and they were well rendered by Helen Dingen and the Tivoli company. Linda Brambilla Sordells late of Milan, will appear as Violetta in "La Traviata." She has an excellent reputation and is expected to make quite a hit.

THE CIRCUS is unanimously voted the best show seen here in a long time. Barrett has gathered together an unusually large number of good performers, and everything is in first-class style.

Dr. J. D. McLellan, who has been so long and favorably known, has fitted up new offices at 1410 Octavia Street, and is now receiving his patients. He has spent the last six months in study, and with his wealth of experience he is prepared to accomplish better results than any other physician by the magnetic treatment.

Poor man's soap is a great success. Try it. If you send for a box direct to Smith's Cash store and mention this paper you will get the "Ranch, Field and Fireside" for one year free.

THE LIBRARY TABLE.

THE NEW YORK NATION printed in its issue of June 25th a retrospect of the twenty years of its existence which were completed with that number. The NATION was founded in July, 1865, in recognition of the new order of things which was sure to follow the end of the war and the abolition of slavery. It at once espoused the cause of pure, unpartisan administration of the National Government; and the present condition of civil-service reform is owing to it more than to any other instrumentality. It has been conducted, in its two leading departments, Politics and Literature, by the same editors from the first number, and holds to-day, as for the past twenty years, the first rank in each. It is the medium of the most thoughtful and cultivated discussion in the country—is, in fact, the only national journalistic forum. Its foreign correspondence is unrivalled. Its book reviews (by the leading scholars of the country) possess the highest authority. Each number contains a careful news summary, and the bound volumes are prized as the best obtainable chronicle of current history. [24 pp., quarto. 10 cents a number; \$3 a year. 210 Broadway, New York.]

A RED LETTER DAY, and other Poems, by Lucius Harwood Foote. Boston; A. Williams & Co.

The verse of Gen'l Foote touches the high-water mark of poetry written upon the Pacific Coast. Graceful, fanciful and thoughtful, it combines the beauties of the West with those of the far East. Side by side with local sonnets we find Provencal tensons and Oriental verse. The volume will well repay perusal, rife as it is with graceful fancy and cultured thought.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, Midsummer number, has come to hand.

It is ever a welcome visitor in every house where it is taken, being replete with beauty, and again with valuable hints and suggestions upon themes suggested by its title.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, August, 1885, has the following noteworthy features: A delicately illustrated poem by Austin Dobson, entitled, "A New Song of Spring Gardens;" a pitiful picture of a young mother, who has come out in the twilight to beg, the picture being entitled, "On the Appian Way;" a reproduction of Hogborg's vigorous picture, "A Cry from the Deep," and a startlingly vivid representation of the Martyred St. Eulalia.

OUR LITTLE ONES, for August, an excellent periodical for very little folks, is very charmingly illustrated, and full of entertainment for its juvenile "constituency."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for August, is very heavy, five papers being upon the topic, "Can Cholera be Averted?" The other numbers include "The Animal Soul," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald;" "A Profane View of the Sanctum," M. J.

Savage; "Temperance Reform Statistics," Prof. Willis J. Beecher;" "The Price of Gas," C. H. Botsford;" "The Spoliation of the Public Lands," Geo. W. Julian, and Comments.

ST. NICHOLAS for August, does not fall below its high standard. A noteworthy illustration appears on page 760, entitled, "The King Drinks," representing a lion, in the moonlight, lapping up water from a brook. The figure is so admirably drawn, and everything is so justly represented, even down to the ripple on the water caused by the lapping of his hot and thirsty tongue, that one almost fancies himself an actual and fascinated spectator of the scene.

"Among the Law-makers" is interesting to adults, as well as children, while Lieut. Schwatka's, "Children of the Cold," is very entertaining.

The remainder of the number is mostly taken up by continued stories.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August, is anxiously awaited each month by many who are desirous of reading, "On This Side," a story or rather a chronicle of events, which possesses marked merits and glaring defects. It is, in many particulars a very acute story of character, but there are so many characters upon the stage, and such a lack of sequence in events, that everything and everybody will not "stay put" in one's mind. To be concluded next month.

"The Primitive Couple," a short story of dramatic power and idyllic beauty, by M. H. Catherwood, is an additional proof of the assertion that America is the land where the short story flourishes in all its glory. It is alone, worth the price of the magazine. The other articles do not call for special mention.

THE QUIVER, Cassel & Co., (Limited), for August is an illustrated magazine for Sunday and general reading, which is principally concerned with religious subjects. A good serial entitled, "Mollie's Maidens," is running in its columns.

THE NATION still lives. Its most distinctive characteristic is its Book Review column.

The critiques are by able writers—mainly specialists—and whatever can run their gauntlet ought to live. In politics the journal is obnoxious to the charge of being what is inelegantly termed "Mugwump." It is an education to take and read this paper. Terms \$3 per annum.

STUDENTS SONGS edited and compiled by Wm. H. Hills, a young Harvard graduate, has been received. It is handsomely printed and contains 60 songs with their music. They have a peculiar breeziness and mirth making-capacity that will make them enjoyable on all occasions. Price 50 cents. Moses King, publisher, Cambridge, Mass.

LUCK OF A WANDERING DANE, by Hans Lykkejager, is a true history of the early portion of

his life. It is filled with adventures, mishaps, incidents and details which are actual experiences and are very amusing and interesting. Price 25 cents. Address, box 754, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE following songs have been received from the publishers, Oliver, Ditson & Co., Boston:

Our Gallant Fireman, (30 cts.) Song by J. P. Skelly.

Ay de mi, my Bird, (30 cts.) Song by Sullivan.
Near the old Garden Gate, (35 cts.) Song by F. C. Turner.

Sweet Hope, (35 cts.) Reverie for Piano by Graziani.

Ben Bolt March, (30 cts.) by Louis Meyer.

Merry Life Polka, (35 cts.) by Lesseps.

Nocturne, (35 cts.) by Biehl.

Under the Flowers our Soldiers Sleep, (30 cts.) Song by J. W. Wheeler.

SAM DAVIS, the man who can write a better sketch than Brete Harte, is arranging to publish a book of his poems and stories.

MADGE MORRIS has a thrilling novel in preparation. It will be the sensation of the day.

HENRY CURTAZ, well known in musical circles, has composed music for the words of Clarence Umy's poem, "Twilight." The song will undoubtedly be very popular. It will be on sale at the book stores.

H. H. RICHMOND, the author of "Montezuma," has been in the city completing arrangements for the publication of a volume of poetry.

COL. PETER SAXE of this city, correspondent of the New York World, and the most noted dealer in fine stock in the West, is a brother of John G. Saxe, the poet.

MISS ALICE DENISON has recently written some very excellent poetry. Whatever she does is well done.

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS has completed her novel, the "Child and the City." It will be published by the GOLDEN ERA CO.

B. P. MOORE's novel will be ready for sale about Sept. 1st. It has awakened great interest in literary and social circles.

NATURE'S BY-WAYS in California, by Harr Wagner, will not be issued until November.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, for August, as usual contains a full installment of De Menil's bright paragraphs.

THE OVERLAND, for August, shows considerable improvement. It has an excellent table of contents, with the exception of editorial departments.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE MELBOURNE RANCH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feby 17, '85.

C. MULLER, No. 135 Montgomery St.,

Dear Sir—Actuated by the debt of gratitude I owe you for services rendered—which, I am compelled to confess, you did not only scientifically, but moreover, conscientiously as well—the undersigned has penned these lines as a token of recognition. Having naturally a defective vision, which is mainly due to incorrect refraction or extreme near-sightedness. I was first noticeably annoyed when I attended school, and although permitted to occupy front seats it availed but little. My eyes were periodically irritated and at times inflamed; and the fact that one is weaker than the other made me look cross-eyed when reading. Having had no one to advise me I indifferently let matters go from bad to worse, under the impression that nature would ultimately remedy the defect, until about six months ago when I was irresistibly impelled to act for myself or suffer the consequences of my negligence; and, as fate would have it, I fortunately sought your advice and assistance. I rejoice to inform you that since I am wearing glasses my eyes are greatly relieved and the feeling of melancholy has vanished, for I now behold the world in a different light than formerly. I am enabled to distinguish objects infinitely better than before, while colors come out with wonderful brilliancy. Now I realize how much has escaped my observation, and what a blessing perfect vision is. In conclusion I wish to say that I shall do all in my power to induce others, who may be similarly affected by defective vision, to seek your aid, and in so doing I am not only helping to pay off the debt of gratitude I owe you, but at the same time assisting others—who may be too skeptical or timid to try—to have science do for them what nature failed to provide. You are therefore at liberty to use my address for reference, and I shall assuredly answer all inquiries in person and respond to letters with cheerful alacrity.

Yours Gratefully, JNO. A. KRETSCHMAR.
No. 421½ Filbert St.

EDITOR RANCH FIELD AND FIRESIDE:

A short time ago I received an invitation to visit the elegant ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne, in Solano county. I was so agreeably surprised with the beauty and improvements of the place, that I thought it might be well to let your readers know what can be done by pluck and energy, in making a home in the county. I took the four o'clock train for Sacramento, and after a delightful ride of two hours and a half, I alighted at Cannon's Station, fifty-five miles from San Francisco. Mr. Melbourne was at the train to meet me, and drove me to his residence behind a beautiful span of horses. We were received by Mrs. Unger and Mrs. Halsey, both of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne have displayed exquisite taste in the building and furnishing of their handsome country home. Everything is of the latest design and pattern, and rivals our city mansions in elegance and comforts. Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne entertained me royally. I cannot give an idea of the delightful manner with which they entertain their friends. After resting awhile, I was shown the fine selections of stock on the ranch—handsome blooded horses, Devonshire, Jersey and Durham cows, and other improved stock. Mr. Melbourne never allows an animal to be beaten, and the animals seem to know and appreciate his kindness. I have never seen a cleaner, neater and better arranged place anywhere. This is all the more remarkable when it is known that all the improvements have been made within a few years. The ranch is now worth \$100,000, is one mile square, well fenced, and in a high state of cultivation. The place is a real California paradise, and to visit Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne is a rare treat that will always be kindly remembered by me.

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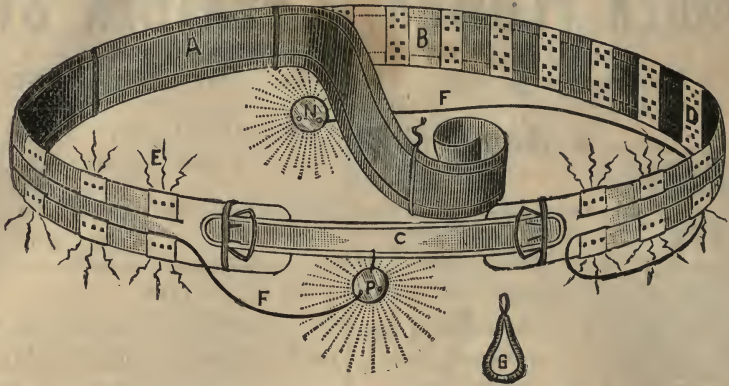
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