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MONTHLY JOURNAL OF ST. JOHN'S SOCIAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1879.

No. 2.

[WRITTEN FOR THE LECTURE ROOM.]

MY JOY.

Is it the happiness of crowned kings
That holds me in caressing arms?
Is it the deep-toned joy that rings
From gladsome bells when grief's alarms
Have ceased their dread monotony?

Out in the summer air I rest
Through dreary hours and gently lean
Here in the shade, upon the breast
Of this great tree and watch the sheen
Of its bright leaves glow silverly.

Are queens so happy in their state,
And with their jeweled signs, as I
Who breathe this air till night so late,
Comes in with its train through all the sky
In strange and starry majesty?

Mine is a joy that thrills the heart,
Not with the wine of dancing mirth;
But with the peace that makes me part—
Yet one—with all of heaven and earth,
One strain of some grand melody.

Have there been griefs and pains for me?
Will darkness come—perhaps to-morrow?
My heart, take now what comes to thee,
And trust for strength in coming sorrow,
Nor break the present harmony.

So full my heart, I cannot tell
The rapture that encircles me;
The quiet joy I love so well
And know so near the moving sea,
Soothes me with its solemnity.

I need not stretch out weary hands
And try to grasp some bliss afar;
My life is loosed from iron bands,
And through the night I watch each star
Steal to its place so silently.

If I should know such joy no more,
Nor dream this peace of earth again,
Until I stand upon the shore
That stretches far from seas of pain,
I still shall have the memory.

And so, though this is flying fast,
I know the influence of the time
Shall thrill me when the years are past,
And come like a remembered chime
And fill my life with ecstasy.

San Francisco, Cal.

—N. T. F.

PEDDLERS.

BY EVE.

That large class of peddlers, or, to put it in more dignified terms, "itinerant merchants" have been known in almost all ages and climes. In olden times, and in remote places where there were few, or no stores at all, the peddlers were hailed with delight, and eagerly welcomed in every home to spend the night, as they brought besides their goods, a stock of news collected both by choice and by a desire to further their business. Bringing sweets for the children, gossip for the women, and accounts of the stirring events of the time for the men, they could hardly be otherwise than welcome. Their business was considered "a creditable calling, and gainful."

History records several instances in which spies assuming the guise of a peddler, have made successful entrances into castles or the enemy's camp. In this character they ascertained the condition, strength or plans of movement of the opposing party, or delivered messages to captives confined within the walls.

It was the custom for the country swains to purchase gifts for their sweethearts, and all gathered round to search the peddler's pack when he was heard crying:

"Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Mask for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel,
Come buy of me, come, come buy of me, come buy;
Buy lads or else your lasses cry,
Come buy."

They were noted for their versatility, shrewdness, and the acute powers of observation and interpretation of the facial changes, whether favorable to their cause, or not.

In these days we find them of all ages, nationalities, sizes and conditions, and of both sexes. Our house was visited recently by a tall, rather fine looking peddler, and from his voice and the peculiar pronunciation of his words, I supposed him to be a Scotchman. With a courtly bow that would not have disgraced a society man, he said "Madam, I believe this is the first time I have called at your house, and I would like very much to have you patronize me." Having need of a few things I proceeded to examine his wares, which consisted mainly of pins, needles, buttons, tapes, and small articles of various kinds. Holding up a stick with some long strips of leather attached to it he said, "Don't you want to buy a regulator, to set the family in order every morning?" Telling him that I did not need the article, he said: "One lady was very indignant with me this morning when I offered her one and said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, an old gray haired man like you, to offer me such a thing as that. Moral suasion is my way of governing.' 'Well,' I said, 'it isn't every woman that posses such a strong mind as you, and if the hoodlums had had one of these used on them when they were younger, there would not be so many at the present day.'"

"I suppose you are greatly troubled with peddlers are you not? A great many ladies complain bitterly to me of them, and sometimes I have a great many doors slammed in me countenance. One time a lady came to the door with her hands covered with dough and I saw vengeance in her face. 'Well my man and what do ye want?' she said. I was afraid to tell her my real errand, and as diphtheria was raging at the time, I said, 'Madam, some one told me your children had the diphtheria, and I called to see how they were.' She burst out laughing and told me 'It's no such thing, you made that up, for I haven't a child in the world.' After a while I managed to pacify her, and she bought two pair of hose; but she said, 'I'm very tired with running up stairs seven times this morning to open the door to peddlers, and one man kept me standing at the door half an hour, trying to make me have lightning rods put on me house, and me without a cent in me pocket.'"

He was an honest creature, his goods not being like those of Wolcott's famous "Razor seller," simply to sell and not for use, I purchased a few things, and after profuse thanks and another courtly bow he departed.

A Growl from Home.

In the name of all that is mysterious—"What are we coming to?" The best illustrators of the present time seem bent upon showing us how people and things do not look. Pictures of prominent persons of our own time are traveling all over the world, and what do they represent? The original certainly, but he is "in domino" or under a cloud. Even the most noted, are not distinguishable from a straw-stack.

I show a great want of appreciation? Is that attributable to ignorance?

If so, it is not blissful. We long, long, long for the knowledge which shall make us like and understand these strange, weird, fantastic, chaotic appearances. Why? Because we can have no other. Our leading

periodicals and newspapers send us little else. Take a fond look at the *black* pictures, such as "Edison at Work." They are fast fading into the mazy line-drawings which are so fashionable just now. If you are in doubt, look at the last pictures in "The American on the Stage" in the July—I nearly told you the name then. The same magazine for the merrie, merrie month of May, prints a very enjoyable article about two renowned violinists. Besides reading good things about them, you can see—(patience never forsakes us)—their portraits. These portraits had one merit, they awakened memory. Once upon a time, we saw a cheese, or what had once been one. A vast army of destroyers had abstracted the nourishing principle from it, and left a ruin, having shape, but not substantiality. We thought the little creatures had tried to copy the Colosseum as it is. The picture of Wilhelm recalls this laborious work. Yet, the writer says, he was handsome as a young man, with Beethoven head, and soft eyes and winning smile. "And is this all that's left?" The writer further tells us: "A famous philosopher has said that beauty consists in an exact balance between intellect and imagination." The artist with-holds the former and yet puts imagination in chains.

Poor Remenyi, he, too, is done in a pen-sketch from life, by the same hand, (may be by the same pen, and it was worn out). Ugh! How that old Surgeon's curiosity shop rises up from the days when we prowled into wonder-holes. The jolly doctor liked to shock delicate sensibilities. Picking up a crumbling bit of bone, he held it against my forehead. "There," said he, "that was one of my best cases. I took that out from just there, (adjusting it over my nose). It is as pretty a specimen as you will see anywhere." Every nerve was tingling but I smiled delightedly and the old man grinned and muttered, "grit;" and then to reward me he said the original owner of the specimen had a nice new one now, and not even a scar to mark the wound. Not so Remenyi, the picture does him up in spatter-work. A swarm of gnats seem assailing him. Hide all the picture but the left hand, the hand that "fondles the Stradivarius" and see if beauty and imagination could keep the balance true while you call that a hand. The right hand has a mitten with finger-ends tied down with bits of threads. Queer handling for the magic bow. I always detested mittens. Kind friends, if you love this new or revived style, pray instruct us, for, while so far in the depths, the very ringing of the bell for the arrival of the new books, is a horror and a grief.

DELIVERANCE BARNES.

Pinafore.

A gleeful, playful, barefoot boy,
At sport with marbles, top and toy,
Despite his mother's threatening frown
Turned the house all upside down,
And romped and rolled upon the floor.

A pin that on the carpet lay,
While he jumped and danced at play,
Pierced his toe with sudden pain,
And yell'd he out in loud refrain:
"I never saw that pin-afore?"

[WRITTEN FOR THE LECTURE ROOM.]

Dedicated to Mrs. DeLong by an old Californian.

JEANNETTE.

She is going far away, yes,
The good old ship Jeannette,
Brave hearts she carries with her,
O God, do them protect.

Wandering on the open sea,
Or embraced in ice and snow,
Our fervent prayers attend her
Wherever she may go.

Telegraph Hill, July 8, 1879.

—B.

THE LECTURE ROOM.

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W. A. MAXWELL, } EDITORS.
MISS E. D. KEITH, }

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST, 1879.

Dickens once told a friend that he was a haunted man, haunted by the very creatures whom he had called into existence. While he was writing a novel, the characters possessed him. He locked them in his library at Gadshill; but they defied bolts and bars to overtake him on the stairway, to confront him on the stand, to rush at him from under the dark arches of London Bridge, or to assail him with characteristic vituperation, in Billingsgate. In other words, it was impossible for his active brain to cast aside its cares and to enjoy a few moments relaxation.

And now, if never before, are these editors capable of sympathizing with the great novelist, for in their capacity as heads of an amateur paper, they have undergone a similar mental experience. They have been "paper-haunted."

It is unnecessary to recount THE LECTURE ROOM's history according to detail. Suffice it to say that, after the business meeting in July, when all the responsibility of the undertaking was thrown upon the Editors, they hardly knew a moment's peace. What with soliciting contributions, and receiving only polite excuses, what with being commiserated as being too sanguine and visionary, it would have been nothing to marvel at had they abandoned their charge in disgust.

They appreciated the fact that if the paper were a failure, they would be greeted with a triumphant chorus of "I told you so!" and if it were a success, which seemed very doubtful, there would be plenty to ignore the difficulties encountered, to magnify its short comings, and to predict a speedy and disastrous termination of the enterprise. Therefore, it was with some trepidation that in July, the first number of the LECTURE ROOM was issued; one month before the certified time.

Faults, and glaring ones at that, abound, but they are wholly attributable to the haste in which the printers were obliged to work, and the impossibility of getting a proof before the evening of distribution. It was expected that the paper would be assailed by a swarm of critics; would encounter a Kit North on every side. In part, only, have these expectations been justified. THE LECTURE ROOM has been generally received with favor. But in every society there are always to be found individuals whose bump of destructiveness is abnormally developed, but who most decidedly lack the creative faculty. These persons have been very active in fault finding, and in offering suggestions.

It is not so stated in Scripture, but it has often occurred to us, speaking with all reverence, that the confusion of tongues at Babel came to pass through the instrumentality of those who neither carried pitch nor laid bricks, but stood by "offering suggestions."

THE LECTURE ROOM will certainly be the means of creating a lively interest in the proceedings of the St. John's Social and Literary Society, therefore it is incumbent upon every member of that society to do his best to sustain it.

The Editors do not assume that this paper is even approaching the ideal of an amateur publication, but confident that it is a great advance upon its predecessor, they trust that the faults of the latter may be entirely forgotten, or if remembered, be called to mind only by the superiority of this, the August number.

Always at the approach of spring there comes to the people of San Francisco a feeling, which is as natural as the changes of the seasons, to get out for a time, from the hampered and busy limits of streets and brick walls, and to fly away to the mountains and valleys; to share with the beasts of the fields and the birds of the forests the freedom of nature; to exchange dust and noise for green fields and rippling waters; to leave the treadmill of city life, and roam on the grassy hills and rest in the shadows of the pines and the madronas of the wildwood. The steamboats are filled and the railroads are crowded with the outflow of humanity, seeking pleasure, recreation and health. The country hotels and the springs are thronged and the shady nooks, water-courses and lake shores are dotted with the tents of campers; the woods and the canyons ring with merry shouts; the mountains echo the bang, bang, of the rifle and the shot-gun; the birds and the rabbits start at the thwack of the long bow and the whiz of the arrow; the shy trout is inveigled by the deceptive fly and the deer and the grouse and the quail, in pot-pies and broils, regale the appetite of the merchant, the banker, the clerk, the mechanic and the schoolmarm in camp. The busy hum of trade in the great mart is lulled into quiet; the churches and Sunday schools are depleted and the theaters are out of season.

But now the midsummer is past and the vacation is ended. The tide has turned homeward and by every train and ferry are seen the returning crowds with faces aglow with renewed health, steps more elastic and youthful, and glad smiles that betray the effects of the country air and exercise. The congregations and social gatherings are filling up to their usual proportions, and business assumes its accustomed energy. Soon the mind will turn to the approaching season of short days and long evenings, when fewer hours are given to business and more are allowed to the social circle and the fireside; when books and music and home pleasures invite to the family hearthstone and the friendly re-union.

Now that these pleasant seasons and scenes are past and we are all at home again, may we not expect that our Society in common with other social and business circles, will take on new life and spirit, and that our future meetings and entertainments will even surpass in brilliance and interest those of the past; and that our LECTURE ROOM, so auspiciously inaugurated will receive tone and vitality from the glad things we have enjoyed during vacation?

"Two Girls" have written to the LECTURE ROOM, that they cannot find the twelve fruits in Ana's letter to Angerona, and express a doubt that they are there. We here give them in the order in which they occur: Mango, apple, fig, lemon, cherry, grape, pear, banana, orange, plum, nectarine, peach. Now if "Two Girls" are fruit hungry they may be more successful in their search.

THE VERDICT.

The first number of the LECTURE ROOM, notwithstanding it was gotten on rather hurriedly contained a few very creditable things, reference being made more particularly to the Salutatory and the articles entitled "Archery" and "Our Society." The breezy little letter from Sancelito, signed Wyckliff, was pleasant reading too; and the "Twelve Fruits" was at least ingenious. In the next issue of the paper there will probably be a much larger amount of original matter, which of itself argues an improvement.

Concerning the Societe's last Literary Entertainment, July 21st, ult., there is really very little to be said, except that it was a decided success, and as enjoyable as any ever given under the same auspices. The rooms were comfortably well filled, but not crowded; the same select and appreciative audience, to which we have become so accustomed, being present. As for the programme, it was excellently well rendered, and several of the members were heartily encored. It is to be regretted, however, that during a portion of the exercises there was considerable talking going on, a thing that is always to be deprecated during a performance of any kind. To face an audience at all is, with most amateurs, no small undertaking and certainly the least they can expect in return is a quiet and respectful hearing. With this exception the evening passed off pleasantly, and the entertainment was all that could have been desired. —CRITICUS.

San Francisco, August 6th, 1879.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Christ of the Apostle's Creed: The voice of the Church against Arianism, Strauss and Renan: with an Appendix. New Edition, by W. A. Scott, D. D. of San Francisco. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. For sale by Billings, Harborne & Co.

It has been well said that such men as Renan, Tubingen and Strauss, while bending all their energies to overthrow the religion of Christ, are in one sense, really its benefactors. For though their attacks startled the world, and even carried consternation into the ranks of believers, there have not been wanting intellectual giants to rise in their inspired strength and do battle for the cause. To-day, the Christian world is rich in the possession of works, models of logic, and true exponents of the Christian faith, which had it not been for these blasphemous attacks would never have been written. And such a masterly book is "The Christ of the Apostle's Creed," which, as its author, Dr. Scott, announces in the preface, is a collection of historical and expository Dissertations. He "specially invites the attention of liberally educated young men, to the 'Aspect of Modern Thought concerning Christ' as seen in our examination of the theories of Strauss and Renan, in the Appendix." The Doctor also briefly reviews the early heresies and philosophical opinions of the early ages concerning Christ, and considers the Arian Controversy. His style is lucid and attractive; his arguments powerful, and his conclusions irresistible.

The work is receiving high encomiums from the press of America and of Europe. The New York Journal of Commerce says: "In these days of infidel books and trashy appeals to sentimental religion, it is a luxury to find a strong, clear, and bold writer who points us to the Christ of the Apostles and the Bible. This volume, from the pen of Dr. Scott, has all the vigor and clearness, the uncompromising faith and firmness which characterize that eloquent clergyman. It is refreshing to read it in a time when men are making all sorts of idols out of all sorts of isms. Even the varied pantheist, after wandering up and down the world, seeking in vain for something whereon to rest his faith, weary of frequent flights, might find repose for a little while on the solid, substantial basis here shown. A good, sound, old-fashioned orthodox book like this is a luxury, while its eloquence is like that of the Fathers."

"THOSE STRYKERS."

By ERLE DOUGLAS.

"Talk about people's borrowing things," said Aunt Lyddy, "why those Strykers who lived next door to us at home, beat anything that you girls ever heard of. They would borrow everything that could be taken out of the house and then come back for more. They did nothing but run to our back door from morning till night.

Louise, that is the second daughter, twelve years old, would come after a slice of butter, or an egg, or a cup of sugar, or a spool of cotton, or some pins or needles, at most unseasonable hours. Often my sister Net, when giving her sugar would say, "this makes the fifth cup of sugar you owe us." Louise used to laugh, and perhaps they would send in one cup of sugar, and, as if they thought that paid for the five, they were ready to borrow again.

A more shiftless set I never saw; and they always came to us when they wanted anything; for their other neighbors, I believe, had never been very obliging.

Mrs. Stryker was the greatest one to go to funerals, she was just funeral crazy. There couldn't anybody die in our town but that she'd follow him to his grave, and she never had a decent black suit, so she always sent in for mother's black clothes. It used to make me so mad! 'Why, mother!' I'd say, 'what do you let her take them for?' but mother was so good natured that she didn't like to offend Mrs. Stryker. Every-time, after she returned the clothes, I used to hang them out on the line to air. 'Now don't let her see you do it,' mother would say, 'I don't want to hurt her feelings.' 'I can't help it.' I always said, 'she ought to get things of her own.' I don't know that she ever saw me airing the things, but if she did, it never made any difference. When there was the prospect of another funeral, in she sent for mother's mourning again. Then they used to borrow mother's calico sun-bonnet, that used to make me so indignant! You see mother had the rheumatism, and couldn't go out much, but she liked to sit in the garden when the sun was shining. A straw hat always makes her head ache, and so she now wore calico sun-bonnet instead, when she was in the yard. And those Strykers used to send in for that blessed sun-bonnet on every occasion. That was one thing that mother really didn't like to lend; and so one day, she, with her poor lame fingers, made a sun-bonnet and gave it to them. The whole Stryker family wore it, and in just no time it was entirely used up; and would you believe it? They actually had the meanness to send in for mother's sun-bonnet again. 'She of course refused to lend it,' interrupted one of Aunt's listeners. 'No,' rejoined she, 'mother just let them take it.' 'Well, I declare!' was all we could say.

Then another characteristic of theirs.—Just as soon as they saw a cloud in the horizon, even a little speck of one, all of a sudden, they found it necessary to borrow our umbrella in time for the shower. Once the umbrella that we kept for their especial benefit got broken, and I had to let Louise take mine. I just felt provoked at that, and I said quite sharply, 'Louise, why don't you run your errands in clear weather? You always wait for a shower to come up, and then you want our umbrella. Besides you've actually worn out our door latch, by coming here so much and you'll have to get us a new one?' Louise took the umbrella, but in a few moments she came rushing back, bringing it with her. 'Mother says she guesses she'll do without it,' said she a little stiffly, 'Oh, very well,' said I 'just set it down over there in the corner?' Without saying a word she put it where I said and walked out on her dignity. Mother felt quite concerned over what I had done, but I told her not to be troubled, for nothing in the world could offend those Strykers.

One day when mother and I were in the kitchen, I said to her: 'Well I declare for it, if those Stryker's haven't borrowed every thing from us they could take out of the house. There's nothing more for them to have.' Just then the kitchen door opened and Louise came in, grinning, and said: 'Ma wants to know if you won't lend us your stove door; ours got bent, and she can't bake anything in the oven.' 'Yes,' said I, 'taking it off its hinges, 'she can have it, and you tell her that if this one wont answer, she can have our front door.' But I think that of all the funniest things I ever knew, this is the best: One day Net and I was sitting in our bedroom over the parlor, all of a sudden, the queerest smell came out of the fireplace. It was simply overpowering. 'What can that awful smell be?' ex-

claimed Net. 'I cant think,' said I, 'I hear Louise's voice down stairs; let's see what's the matter;' so down we went, into the parlor. There sat Louise all tricked out in her own and borrowed finery; and that same strong odor! It was enough to knock us down. 'Why, Louise,' said I, as soon as I could breathe in the close air of the room. 'Where ha'you been,' what ha you been doing? 'What ha you got on you that smells so dreadfully?' 'O' said she, laughing so that she could hardly speak. 'Just before I came out, I spilt Mary's patchouly bottle over me.' 'Well,' said I, 'you go straight home; tell your mother to bury your clothes, and don't you come back here until that horrid smell is all gone.' She went out in perfect good nature, and I can tell you we soon had all the windows and doors open, airing that house. In less than an hour old Mrs. Allen, who lived opposite to us, came over. After talking a little while she said: "I really believe that those Strykers have been cleaning out their cellar to-day, though I never did know them to do any cleaning before, but Louise was at our house this afternoon, and its a fact, she smells so strong of old mouldy potatoes that really I could not stay in the same room with her." At our shout of laughter, Aunt Lyddy paused, and we all exclaimed, "Is that all? Do tell us some more about the Strykers.

"I dont happen to think of anything else just now," said Aunt. It was not long after that before I came to California. The first that I heard of them was that the oldest girl was married, and exactly like her mother before her, a perfect slattern. Mrs. Stryker was dead, and just to plague Net I wrote to my brother-in-law that I had heard that she was engaged to Harry Stryker, the widower, and that I'd never forgive her if she married him. Of course he told Net and wasn't she mad! She wrote out to me right away saying that it was all a mean story, and that I, her own sister, should believe such a scandal about her! She didn't get over it for a long time either. The next thing that I heard of those Strykers was that they had sold their lot and moved away to a western town. Then I lost sight of them entirely from that day to this. Good night girls; its very late."

Fishing—Aristocratic and Plebeian.

His name was Edward. He pronounced it "Edwawd." He was a native of San Francisco, educated at the Boys' High School, McClure's Military Academy, Yale and Oxford. He spent two years in England; these two years he considered worth all the balance of his life. It was then he became a person of consequence. His father was a wealthy gentleman and was anxious to see his son become a man, and gave him every opportunity. Edward accomplished the broad English-ah pronunciation, aw, you know, and many other Continental customs. While at Oxford one of the studies he pursued was trout fishing, usually in company with the son of a wealthy nobleman, a blawsted cleavaw fellow, you know, and he became a devotee thereto and enjoyed the sport with a zest and enthusiasm compared to which, Isaack Walton's was tame. Having thus finished his colligate course, he came home to San Francisco, so completely transformed that you would know he was an Englishman three blocks away. This Summer he went to one of the famous trout fishing localities in Sonoma county, intent on a few days of his favorite sport. He stopped at the hotel of one of the Hot Springs resorts, where some two hundred guests were rusticating. As soon as he had his two trunks, three valises, hat box and several bundles safely into his room, and had brushed away the dust of travel, hung up his ulster and got out his long-sighted glasses, he equipped himself for an onslaught upon the finny beauties of the brook. He was attired in a pair of light, striped pants, tightly fitting a long pair of legs; gum boots as long as the legs; a jaunty fishing coat of many pockets and gold buttons bearing the English crown, surmounted by a lion; a helmet cap and gauntlets to match. His fishing rod was split bamboo, cost £12 in England; his fly book contained every style of fly, hook and leader known to the art; of silk lines and silver reels he had many; and a pair of gold mounted scales to weigh the fish. His fish basket was as large as a chicken coop.

His guide was a boy eleven years old, Thad, by name. Thad presented a marked contrast to this gentleman, by whose side he stood. Thad wore a shirt that was once white, and doubtless, was once new; his pants ended in tatters at his knees; shoes he had none. His little suspenders were crossed behind, and both fastened to the same waistband button in front; his hat, well,

his hat was not all a hat, part of the crown was gone. It sat upon his head like a great inverted funnel, all battered and torn, turned up in front to allow the use of his eyes. "Thad," said Edwawd, "where is your tackle?" Thad looked at the elegant paraphernalia of the gentleman, hung his head and mutely drew from his pocket a small stick with a twine wound around it and a small box filled with angle worms. After a walk of two miles up the creek they decided to fish back to the hotel. They were on the brink of a beautiful pool in which a dozen large trout were disporting themselves. Edward rigged his rod, adjusted a brilliant fly, set his feet about a yard apart and with a flourish, after the most approved style of "casting," caught—the branches of a tree that hung over the brook. The hook was fast; he pulled it gently; it would not let go. He jerked it this way and that; it held fast. He gave a heavy lurch upwards; it came away and flew over and caught in the back of his coat. He got it free and made another effort; as he swung the rod the hook caught in Thad's hat by the top of the crown and carried it into the stream, where it sat upon its broad base on the water like Cheops on the Valley of the Nile. Thad's hat was recovered, but the fish were frightened away. Edward started along whipping the stream. Thad cut a willow pole, tied his line to it, baited his hook, and followed near enough to watch the skill of the great angler. They arrived at the hotel about six o'clock, where the assembled guests were waiting anxiously to know the result. Edward's coat was torn; he was wet and muddy all over; he walked lame; his rod was broken and his leader gone; in his mammoth basket were three small fish!

Thad had his "tackle," wound on the same stick, safely down in his pocket, and on his shoulder a string of fine trout, more than half a yard long. Edward was crest fallen, mortified, but that boy was incorruptible.

S. F., July 29th, 1879.

A. FACT.

Twelve Vegetables in a Letter.

DEAR ANA: Yesterday some friends were going to the Cliff House for a ride, and they came to mate know if I could go with them. She gave her consent and off we started. But the trip was not destined to be a very pleasant one. When we stopped at Geary street to take in Jenny Caspar, a gust of wind blew some paper under the feet of the horses and they took fright and started to run away. Oh, my! it was awful. I was away back in one corner of the carriage and expected every minute to be dashed to the ground. After a little while the driver brought them to the curbstone with a short turn. I perceived they were getting appeased and I soon got over my fright. We got off with no further damage than the breaking of a flower pot, a total expense of a dollar and a quarter fell on Mr. J. C. for that. Well, we arrived at the Cliff; but another and more serious adventure was in store for us. While we were on the veranda enjoying a view of the surf and the seals, another carriage ran into ours and broke one of the wheels so that we could not come home in it. Then we were in a fix. J. C., Abba, Gertrude and Jennie all declared they would walk home; of course they could not. There were three carriages at the Cliff, we were strangers to the people in them, but they took us in, seeing our dilemma. When we got to where we could take a street car, we thanked them and got out; we got into the street car, reticent and crest fallen enough, and my desire for Cliff House rides, I may further add, is heartily satisfied. I have a notion, I only know I have it, I don't know why, that I shall always be an unhappy element in pleasure rides, for misfortune always besets the party of which I am one.

Don't fail to write and come soon, and I will ever be, etc.

ANGERONA.

To ALL lovers of a beautiful, invigorating and fascinating out door exercise, we most heartily recommend the practice of Archery. The use of the bow and arrow is easily acquired by ladies or gentlemen. Pacific Archery Club invite all who take an interest in bow shooting to visit their grounds, at the corner of Clay and Gough streets, on any Saturday afternoon, and witness their exercises. Members of the Club will cheerfully instruct beginners in the use of the bow. An outfit for practice is not expensive and may be had, of the best quality, of F. M. L. Peters & Co., 207, Montgomery street, under the Russ House.

My Neighbor's Shanghai.

BY SERRAIL.

In one of the daily papers, not long ago, was the following notice: "Twelve dozen full-blooded Shanghai for sale. Apply at number —, (Charleston street.)"

My neighbor, Mr. B., had quite a menagerie, having a peculiar fancy for animals, especially for fowls. I became a little troubled lest he might purchase one of those thorough-bred crows, which would disturb my religious meditation, or rather, my Sunday morning sleep. Everything was said to prove how unprofitable such an investment would be, but to no avail; Mr. B. bought the finest looking rooster in the lot, and invited all the neighbors to look at his pet. I soon joined the throng that had gathered round Mr. B's chicken-coop. The Shanghai greeted us with one of his customary crows which raised my hair, collectively and individually. Just then the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," seemed to swell upon my ear, and I soon made the inspiration a reality.

About four o'clock Sunday morning, I was sleeping so peacefully, and delightful fancies were filling my dreams, when I was rudely awakened by a tremendous cry which seemed to say "Get up, Get up." After listening very intently, I was satisfied that Mr. B's Shanghai was rapidly making himself at home. Full of disgust at being awakened by a rooster, and a Shanghai at that, I beat up my pillow, and tried to compose myself for renewal of my pleasant slumber. But in vain, no more sleep that morning. Very unwillingly I arose, and as I dressed, I tried several names for Mr. B's rooster, but not one seemed appropriate. I wended my way to church, at the usual hour, and took my place; the rest of the congregation seemed delighted with the singing, but the harmony was not appreciated by me; as it seemed but the echo of Mr. B's Shanghai.

The minister, reputed to be very eloquent, failed to impress me by his sermon, as my rest had been disturbed that morning. Without doubt, some compromise had to be made, and as the seats were exceedingly comfortable, I took a nap, from which I awakened just as the sermon closed.

On Monday morning, at the table, I heard a gentleman ask, "Did you hear that man snore in church yesterday? It sounded just like a rooster crowing."

I said nothing, but it seemed to me that I was becoming the subject of conversation, so being naturally modest, I left. Feeling convinced that my neighbor's pet was affecting me in more ways than one, I planned an end to the nuisance. The fowl met his death next day, don't ask how, and we had him for our dinner. I enjoyed the roast very much indeed, it was the first time I ever enjoyed that rooster, and now that the "still, small voice" of Mr. B's Shanghai is heard no more; my Sunday morning's sleep is undisturbed.

Moral: Neighbors should not annoy each other by keeping menageries.

Beware what kind of a book you read.

You are young, your hearts are yet open and your understanding not yet hardened, and your feelings are not yet exhausted nor enervated by the world, then I beg of you to consider that *Southey* an author of great reputation and a great reader of books, says; I will give you a better rule than any professional criticism will teach you. Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil? Examine in what state of mind you lay it down, has it induced you to suspect what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may, after all be harmless or innocent and not so bad or dangerous as you have been taught to consider it? Has it made you restless under the control of those who have a right to guide you, and disposed you to relax in self-government and in regard to the laws of God and man, without which there can be no virtue and consequently no happiness. Does the book abate your reverence for what is great and good, and diminish your love for your fellow men and for your country? Has it defiled your imagination with what is loathsome and shocking to the pure in mind? Is it addressed to your pride, vanity, selfishness or any other evil propensity? Has it disturbed your sense of right and wrong which your Creator has implanted in your soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects, it was intended to produce—throw the book in the fire whatever may be its title page, throw it in the fire young man, though it should be the gift of a friend. Away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase. It has the leprosy in it, far worse for the soul than any disease of the body.

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