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The California Lion



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AN AMATEUR JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Vol. I.—No. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1872.

Price, 5 Cents.

Written for the CALIFORNIA LION.

"The Stars Shine on Forever."

The worlds roll on in ceaseless round,
Touching Creation's utmost bound;
They utter "voice nor speech" nor sound,
But still shine on forever.

The earth goes 'round the beaming sun,
As when its journey first begun,
Upheld by the Almighty One,
And the stars shine on forever.

The changing seasons come and go,
With clouds and sunshine, frost and snow,
The moon beams down on all below,
While the stars shine on forever.

The great ships plough the stormy deep,
The howling winds across them sweep,
And while the poor tired mortals sleep,
The stars shine on forever.

The Nations pass away from view,
The fields with slain, the battle strew,
Old Empires fall before the new,
But the stars shine on forever.

While pomp surrounds the Church and State,
And wealth and fame attend the great,
And "want" stands begging at the gate,
The stars shine on forever.

The aged pass away from Earth,
And welcome joy attends the birth,
Of infant smiles and gleeful mirth,
And the stars shine on forever.

The youths and maidens dance and sing,
And gather roses in the spring,
While to the winds dull care they fling,
And the stars shine on forever.

The Men upon their "stage", the world,
Through Life's exciting scenes are whirled,
And fast unto their doom are hurled,
But the stars shine on forever.

The grass grows on the lowly bed,
Where rests the weary Pilgrim's head,
Within the City of the dead,
While the stars shine on forever.

Oh! may we learn God's Holy will,
And praise His Holy name, until,
Our hearts like broken drums are still,
And sound for marches never,
That when we reach that boundless sea,
The Ocean of Eternity,
Like stars in His bright crown we'll be,
And then shine on forever.

"Pioneer Bohemian."

(CONTRIBUTED)

DIFFERENT KINDS OF READERS.—
Coleridge once said: "There are four classes of readers. The first is like an hour-glass, and their reading resembling the sand; it runs in and runs out, leaving no trace behind. The second is like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse, and dregs. The fourth is like the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retain only Pure Gems."

Reader! to what class do you belong?

The "Siamese Twins"—or The Wild Life of two Boys.

BY "COSMOP."

CHAPTER VII.

Without waiting to rest, I no sooner reached the scene of my adventurous leap, than I fastened my bag firmly on my shoulders and struck across the valley in the direction of the blue mountains which hemmed it in. Four or five hours hard walking brought me to their base, and long before the sun shone down upon my recent home, I was "over the hills and far away," trudging onward with a weary foot, but with a light heart, in what I believed to be the direction of San Francisco.

I did not dare to rest until the rugged peaks of the mountain range were between me and the savages; but when I had descended into a valley between two ranges, I halted to breakfast and repose by the margin of a delightfully cool mountain stream. "I'm safe now!" exclaimed I, as I threw down my bag beneath a spreading tree and commenced to prepare breakfast. "O! my friend Charley, I wish you were here to keep me company." I looked around as if I expected to see my friend's face, and to hear his merry laugh; but no voice replied to mine, and the only living creature I could see was a large wild-cat, which glared savagely at me from among the branches of a neighboring tree. This reminded me that I had left my favorite dog "Grab" in the Indian village, and a feeling of deep self-reproach filled my heart. In the haste and anxiety of my flight, I had totally forgotten my brave friend. But regret was now unavailing. "Grab" was (I thought) lost to me forever.

Having kindled a small fire by the means of a flint and steel, I fried a part of the venison, which was soon spread out on a flat stone, ready for eating. While thus engaged, a large rattle-snake of about six feet long and as thick as a man's wrist glided past me. I started convulsively for I had never seen such a large snake before, and I knew that its bite was deadly. Fortunately my knife was at hand. Grasping it quickly, I killed the reptile with a single blow.

Two or three biscuits, a few wild berries, and a draught of water from the stream, formed my simple breakfast. After it was finished I slung my hammock between two trees, and jumping in, I fell into a deep untroubled slumber, in which I continued all that day and until daybreak the following morning. Guess my surprise on awak-

ing to see my faithful dog "Grab" lying at the foot of one of the trees between which I had slung my hammock! With a cry of joy I leaped from my resting place and began to dance a hornpipe which would have surprised "old Jack" himself.

The mosquitos had bitten me so severely during the night, that my face was swollen to nearly twice its original size. This made me feel the want of my pipe and tobacco which had been lost when I leaped over the cliff to escape from the Indians. This shows how unwise it is to create an unnatural and totally unnecessary appetite which may, and often does, entail hours—aye, sometimes months—of exceeding discomfort.

I was now sure that I had lost my way, and was traveling over and among the Rocky Mountains. After wandering until about five o'clock, I lay down on a rocky ledge, and, after fully comprehending my situation, I resolved, instead of retracing my steps as I had first intended, to run on for several miles in a straight line, and then, taking a wide circuit round, endeavor to find some path by which I might extricate myself from among the wild mountains. So off I started, and, after running for about twenty minutes, I was brought to a sudden stand still by a large rock.

On turning this point my heart suddenly bounded into my throat, for there, not thirty yards distant, stood a huge grizzly bear!

Yes! there he was at last! the monster, to meet which I had often longed,—the terrible size and fierceness of which I had heard so often spoken about by the old hunters. There it stood at last, but little did I think that the first time that I would meet with my foe should be when alone in the dark recesses of the Rocky Mountains, and with none to succor in the event of the battle going against me, save one. Yes! there was one. The faithful "Grab" stood by my side, with his hair bristling, all his formidable teeth exposed, and his eyes glaring in their sockets. Alas! for poor "Grab," had he gone into that combat alone, one stroke of that monster's paw would have hurled him dead on the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is no animal in all the land so terrible and dangerous as the grizzly bear. Not only is he the largest of the species in America, but he is the fiercest, the strongest, and the most tenacious of life, facts so well known, that few of the Western hunters like to meet him single-handed, unless they happen to be first-rate shots;

and the Indians deem the encounter so dangerous, that to wear a collar composed of the claws of a grizzly bear of his own killing, is counted one of the highest honors to which a young warrior can attain.

The grizzly bear resembles the brown bear of Europe, but it is much larger, and the hair is long, the points being of a paler shade. About the head there is considerable mixture of gray hair, giving it the "grizzly" appearance, from which it derives its name. The claws are dirty white, curved, and very long, and so strong that when the animal strikes with its paws they cut like a chisel. These claws are not imbedded in the paw, as is the case with the cat, but always project far beyond the hair, thus giving to the foot a very ungainly appearance; they are not sufficiently curved to enable the grizzly bear to climb trees, like the black and brown bears, and this inability on their part is often the only hope of the pursued hunter, who, if he succeeds in ascending a tree, is safe, for the time at least, from the bear's assaults; but "Caleb" is a patient creature, and will often wait at the foot of the tree for hours for his victim.

The average length of his body is about nine feet, but he sometimes attains to a still larger growth. Caleb is more carnivorous in his habits than other bears; but, like them, he does not object to indulge occasionally in vegetable diet, being "partial" to the bird, cherry, the chokeberry, and various shrubs. He has a sweet tooth, too, and revels in honey—when he can get it.

The instant the grizzly bear beheld me standing in the path, he rose on his hind legs, and made a loud hissing noise, like a man breathing quickly, but much harsher. To this "Grab" replied by a deep growl, and I by cocking both barrels of my rifle.

To say that I had no fear would be simply to make me appear as that sort of hero which does not exist in nature, namely a *perfect* hero. I *did* feel a sensation as if my bowels had suddenly melted into water, and a cold shudder ran over me, as I stood looking at that terrible beast! Now boys, *fear* is not cowardice. *Acting in a wrong and contemptible manner because of our fear, is* cowardice.

I stood for a few moments as if petrified, while the bear stood hissing at me. Now I knew full well that to fly from a grizzly bear was a sure and certain way to be torn to pieces, and I also knew that if I stood still the bear would get uncomfortable under my stare, and would retreat from

me. But I neither intended to run myself, nor to allow the bear to do so; I intended to kill it, so I raised my rifle, "drew a bead" on the bear's heart, and fired.

I heard a voice cry out—"Run, Run, if you value your life, to the nearest tree, and I, Nel, and Grab will settle the bear!"

Without waiting to ascertain who was shouting to me, I ran towards a thick tree about two hundred yards from where I was standing. On gaining it, I immediately commenced to climb; but I saw my chances of escape were poor indeed, for bruin was close at my heels. I rushed behind the tree, and as the bear passed, I gave it the contents of the second barrel behind the shoulder, which brought it down; but in another moment it rose and again rushed at me. I had no time to reload, neither had I time to spring up the tree by which I stood, and the rocky nature of the ground out of which it grew rendered it impossible to dodge around it.

In despair I thought for an instant of clubbing my rifle, and meeting the monster in close conflict; but the utter hopelessness of such an effort was too apparent to be entertained for a moment. I glanced at the overhanging cliff, to see if that could afford any means of escape; but before I could distinguish any projecting rock, (as I had before done when escaping from the Indians,) I heard the report of a rifle in close proximity with my head, and turning round beheld my "chum" Edwards! With a cry of joy I sprang into his arms. The first thing to be done was to tell each other our adventures since we last parted. I told mine, first, but as you know them already I need not repeat them.

I will give you a short description of his adventures.

CHAPTER IX.

When the stage driver brought the news that I had been carried off by the Indians, Charley determined to follow, and, if possible, to help me escape from my captors. With this resolve on his mind he got his horse ready, and calling his dog "Nel" proceeded to the Half Way house. After inquiring of the proprietor of the inn, as to where and when I had been captured, he rode on to where I killed the Indian chief. From this point he took a large circuit round, intending to find the trail some miles further onward. After ten hours hard and rough riding through the underwood and brush, he again came upon the trail at "Satan's Abode."

When he had rested his horse and eaten a scanty meal consisting of dried venison and a piece of bread, he began to follow our tracks. At first it was very easily done, the soil being soft and grassy; but when he came to the rocky ground near the cliff, they were entirely lost to his view. In vain did he search among the rocks and stones for five successive hours, for some faint marks by which he might follow me to the Indian camp.

Over-exerted nature now called bodily for rest, so Charley prepared a bed of moss and leaves on which to sleep. He awoke with the Sun, and immediately missed his dog "Nel" and his pet horse. Where had they gone to? What had become of them? Had they been killed by wolves? As this question came into his head, he arose quickly, and looked eagerly around to see if there was any marks of a conflict, for Charley remembered hearing a loud noise in the night. No! But there was a sight almost, if not quite as bad. The hoof marks of horses!

Now you will ask—"What harm could horses do?" A Great deal of harm. It was a stampede, and Charley knew that no horse could resist the temptation of joining a band of wild steeds, of which it was once a member.

But where was the dog? This was a question which could not be answered, and Charley said to, himself "Shall I return for another horse and dog, or shall I follow Harry?" He determined to follow me, if possible, so shouldering his rifle he started onward.

Traversing the belt of woodland that marked the course of the river by the side of which he had encamped, Charley soon emerged on the wide prairie beyond, and here he paused in some uncertainty as to how he should proceed.

CHAPTER X.

Charley was too good a backwoodsman, albeit so young, to feel perplexed as to the points of the compass. He knew pretty well what hour it was, so that the sun showed him the general bearings of the country, and he knew that when night came he could correct his course by the pole star. His knowledge of astronomy was limited; he knew only one star by name, but that one was an inestimable treasure of knowledge. His perplexity was owing to his uncertainty as to the direction in which I and my captors had gone, for he had made up his mind to follow our trail if possible, and render me all

the succor his single arm might afford. To desert me and make for the settlement, he held would be a faithless and cowardly act.

While we were together, I had often talked to him of my intention of going to the Rocky Mountains to get a shot at "Caleb," so that, if I had escaped the Indians he thought there might be some show of finding me at last. But, to set against this, there was the probability that I had been taken in a totally different direction to some Indian camp unknown to Charley. Then again he thought if I had escaped, I would be sure to return home by the nearest possible direction, so so that if he left the spot he might misg me.

"Oh if my dear 'Nel' were here!" he exclaimed aloud in this dilemma; but the faithful ear was shut now, and the deep silence that followed his cry was so oppressive that he sprang forward at a run over the plain, as if to fly from solitude. He soon became so absorbed however, in his efforts to find my trail, that he forgot all other considerations, and ran straight forward for hours together with his eyes eagerly fixed on the ground. At last he felt so hungry, having tasted no food since supper time the previous evening, that he halted for the purpose of eating his scanty fare. A line of bushes in the distance indicated water, so he sped on again and was soon beneath a willow, drinking water from the cool stream. No game was to be found here; but there were several kinds of berries, among which wild grapes and plums grew in abundance. With these and a piece of maple sugar he made a meal, though not a good one, for the berries were quit green, and intensely sour.

All that day Charley followed up our trail, which he discovered at a ford in the river. Towards night, however, Charley's heart sank again, for he came upon innumerable buffalo tracks, among which those of the horses soon became mingled, so that he lost them altogether. Hoping to find them again more easily by broad daylight, he went to the nearest clump of willows he could find, and encamped for the night.

Remembering the use formerly made of the tall willows, he set to work to construct a covering to protect him from the dew. As he had no blanket or buffalo skin, he used leaves and grass instead, and found it a better shelter than he expected, especially when the fire was

lighted, and a pan of hot sugar and water smoked at his feet; but as no game was to be found, he was again compelled to sup off unripe berries. Before lying down to rest, he pulled out the little bible, which he always carried in his inside coal pocket, read a portion of it by the fitful blaze of the fire, and felt great comfort in its blessed words. It seemed to him like a friend with whom he could converse in the midst of his loneliness.

Next morning Charley rose with the sun and started without breakfast, preferring to take his chance of finding a bird or animal of some kind before long, to feeding again on sour berries.

He was disappointed however, in finding my tracks. The ground here was hard and rocky, so that little or no impression of a distinct kind was made on it; and, as buffaloes had traversed it in all directions, he was soon utterly bewildered. He again ran out for several miles in a straight line, and then, taking a wide circuit round, he expected to find the tracks emerging from the confusion made by the buffaloes. But he was again disappointed, for the buffalo tracks still continued, and the ground became less capable of showing a foot-print.

Soon Charley began to feel so ill and weak from eating such poor fare, that he gave up all hope of discovering the tracks, and was compelled to push forward at his utmost speed in order to reach a less barren district, where he might procure fresh meat; but the further he advanced the worse and more barren did the district become. For several days he pushed on over this arid waste without seeing bird or beast, and to add to his misery, he failed at last to find water. For a day and a night he wandered about in a burning fever, and his throat so parched that he was almost suffocated. Towards the close of the second day he saw a straight line of bushes away down in a hollow on his right. With eager steps he staggered towards them, and on drawing near, beheld—blessed sight!—a stream of water glancing in the beams of the setting sun.

CHAPTER XI.

Charley tried to shout for joy, but his parched throat refused to give utterance to the voice. It mattered not; exerting all his remaining strength, he rushed down the bank, dropped his rifle, and plunged head foremost into the stream.

It was salt as brine!

My poor friend's cup of bitterness was

[Continued on page 14.]

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WALTER D. CATTON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL.

STOCKS.

Reader, walk along Montgomery Street to California; stand for a moment on the south-west or north-east corner of the above named Streets, and listen to the arguing of a crowd of men always collected there. Here you will say, "these people must have lost their senses." But turn down California Street to the "Stock Board," which can easily be found by noticing a much larger crowd around the entrance.

"Here," you will say, "they are all *Crazy!*" Again, if possible, force and squeeze your way through this throng, and enter a large room at the end of the hall, in which are a number of desks. A man is seated at each desk, probably writing notes on his shirt-cuff or handkerchief. Cast your eyes to the back part of this room, and there you will see a stout man, much resembling a Judge, except his coat-sleeves, which are rolled up. This being is the "Caller."

"Oh my ears! What is this?" you will exclaim, as the aforesaid men (whom you now think fiends,) jump to their feet and cry out like young *Cubs* deprived of the mother, or the noble LION fighting for Liberty. Up jumps the "Caller," and, raising a small hammer, strikes with it repeatedly on a brass gong.

Your fingers will be immediately thrust into your ears, you will run with "lightning speed" to the street, and, when composed, will exclaim, "These people must be *perfectly mad.*"

They are *not* mad, but they soon will be, for they are practicing a game, which, in many cases leads to madness, and often to death. In other words, they are buying and selling Stocks—the worst of all employments.

Now, some of our readers may doubt the truth of our last assertion—"the worst of all employments,"—but we intend to convince them that all we say is true.

In the first place, to show the inexperienced that we know what we are talking about, we will define "Stocks."

Stocks are supposed to be shares in different mines. Each mine has its own name, such as "Yellow Jacket," "Crown Point," Belcher," etc. etc.

We also have in Stocks, "Bulls" and "Bears" (and "Cubs," for the "Cub" has a large circulation among the Stock Brokers.) The "Bears" are those who growl down the prices, the "Bulls," those who run them up. Perhaps, to make our subject more clear, we may add, that there are two ways of selling and buying Stocks. The first is called "Short;" that is to say, if a person sells "short," he sells—say four shares, at one hundred dollars per share—without having them in his possession at the time of the supposed sale. If, before the time of delivery, the prices rise, he is obliged to pay the difference; but if, on the contrary, "stocks decline," then he makes so much profit on the transaction.

Whichever way we turn our steps, whether walking the street, or riding in the cars, the cry, sounded and resounded in our ears, is "Stocks." Even on the ferry-boats the same sound is always to be heard.

A few days since we had occasion to go to San Rafael on board the Steamer "Contra Costa." We had not proceeded far, when a group of foreigners collected near us, and, though not intending to do so, we overheard such sentences as the following:

"I tell you I will make twenty thousand tollars before tree weeks, ain't it?"

"Oh!" responded another of the group, "dat is not much; I intend to make fifty thousand tollars before de end of dis mont, don't it?"

Have their expectations been fulfilled? No; these very persons who were, at the time spoken of, rich men, and who held up their heads high in society, are now almost beggars.

While walking along Montgomery Street a few weeks ago, we were overtaken by a friend who is highly esteemed by all who know him for his unimpeachable integrity, good sense, and fine business qualities.

This gentleman came to San Francisco in its early days, and has ever since been

immersed in business, until about eighteen months ago, when he took a trip to Europe, whence he had recently returned.

"Well," enquired he, do you or any one in your family speculate in Stocks?"

We replied in the negative.

"Good," said he, "I am glad to find that some of my friends retain their senses; but, as to folks in general, the most charitable thing to be said is, that *they have all gone mad;* and I regret to say it, though too true, I have come back to find San Francisco a City of Gamblers."

"But," replied we, "many have made large fortunes in Stocks."

"Nominally," urged he, "and before long you will see a regular crash, and bitterly will those regret their folly, who now boast of their large gains."

We need not remark on the truth of his prophesy, but will mention one more instance, out of hundreds, that has come under our own notice.

One young man, a friend of ours, aged about nineteen years, was said to have gained forty thousand dollars; he said himself he had made thirty thousand.

Last week he was a defaulter to the sum of fifteen thousand dollars. His father, who fortunately is a wealthy man, had to pay the debts against his son, to save him from ruin and perhaps from prison.

Thus much have we written to warn our young friends against speculating in Stocks. Boys, rest assured it is nothing but gambling, which will unfit you for legitimate business. Let Stocks entirely alone in all cases, and heed not the boasts of others as to how much money has been made out of them. Better enter some honest employment, and practice the "Slow but Sure," rule, than take one step towards gambling, which will make you a ruined man.

"Many a painful and distressing story is told of fortunes lost, and happiness destroyed, by the late excitement over mining Stocks, and the newspapers have already chronicled more than one suicide from this cause.—"*S. F. Call.*"

Reader if you do not wish to lose your fortune, have your happiness destroyed, or end your life by a disgraceful suicide, then avoid speculating in Stocks. Rather, when you have completed your school or college life, choose some honorable trade or profession, "put your shoulder to the wheel," and remember that patience and perseverance will in time overcome all difficulties, and make you an honest and esteemed man.

OUR PUZZLE BOX,

Edited by "Whip-her-well," No. 1006 Leavenworth Street, San Francisco, Cal., to whom all contributions should be addressed; if accepted, will be duly credited to the author. Contributors must send answers, or their productions will be rejected.

1. REBUS.



2. CHARADE.

My first is worn by all mankind,
By pigs and by horses, before and behind.

My second is carried by most every young man;
Can you tell me my whole? you're smart if you can.

"COSMOP."

3. CHARADE.

My first is found near waterfalls;
My second's not square; now what's my all?

"COSMOP."

4. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- (1.) A consonant. (2.) One kind of cake. (3.) A bear. (4.) Linen Goods. (5.) A bird. (6.) A single thing. (7.) A wild spot among mountains. (8.) A card. (9.) A consonant.

"WHIP-HER-WELL."

SQUARE WORDS.

5. Square the word Spin.
6. Square the word Salt.
7. Square the word Grasp.

HONKER.

8. ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 9, is a part of the human body.

My 7, 8, 9, is another word for pale.
My 5, 6, 4, is a color.
My whole was a great chief.

MOSE.

ANAGRAMS.

9. Sin cow sin.
10. Labor, time.
11. Nan grew Ada.

"WHIP-HER-WELL."

12. Say I-live m'rm
13. Sing nigs.
14. List, O Caga.

MOSE.

SANS PIEDS ET TETES.

15. Curtail to compose and leave a legal process.

16. Behead and curtail threads in blossoms and leave a box for bees.

17. Behead to take from and leave repose.

18. Behead and curtail to purify and leave a meadow.

HONKER.

Due allowance of time is made for all answers coming from a distance.

The following prizes will be awarded for the best and most complete set of answers to the above, sent to "WHIP-HER-WELL," before June 25th, 1872:

FIRST PRIZE—a year's subscription to the "Cub," the best Amateur Journal published in California.

SECOND PRIZE—a year's subscription to the CALIFORNIA LION.

None but subscribers will be allowed to compete for prizes.

HOUSEKEEPERS.—Go and visit the wholesale rooms of P. Douglas & Co., 131 Kearny street, if you intend buying China, glass, cutlery, plated ware and kitchen utensils. Their new basement store is immense, and sets are so laid out that you see what you are buying.

The Country School.

BY "COSMOP."

CHAPTER II.

Immediately on reading the challenge, George sat down on the school-house steps and burst into a loud roaring laugh.

"Well!" he exclaimed (when he had laughed till he could laugh no more,) "this is indeed too good; think of *Barnes* fighting a *duel*, or even fighting at all! Ha! ha! I'd just as soon expect to see Mrs. Kennedy's *dead cat fly*."

"Well," he continued meditatively, "this may be a serious matter, and I wonder what's to be done about it. I guess"—and off he ran into the house. When he reached his room he sat down, put his elbows on the table, settled his head in his hands, and soliloquized thus:

"Fight a duel, eh? I have a great mind to give the rascal a good drubbing though. Father has often said 'he is the coward who is afraid to refuse to fight a duel, and everybody says Father is a brave and honorable man; however, I will send him an answer, so here goes.'"

Seizing a pen he wrote as follows:—

"I, George Grimes, being sane of mind

and sound of body, but being grossly insulted by your insolent note, do hereby promise you a sound thrashing the next time I meet you in Brown's pasture, unless you retract all you have said.

Having folded and sealed this epistle, he came out into the school ground, and found a messenger with whom he sent the note to Barnes, who was found in the pasture firing his pistol at a mark on a tree. Near him sat, or rather lay on the ground, the two boys he called his seconds, viz: Harris and Baker.

After reading Grimes' answer and throwing it to the other boys, Barnes began stamping about in a rage and calling him a coward, and many other despicable names, which are better not repeated, and vowing he would shoot him if he came into the pasture.

"Ye better be afther takin' care what ye are sayin'," said Pete, "for here he comes wid Brown, and I never knowed Grimes to break his promise; so look out for yersel', Mister Barnes."

But Barnes was in too great a passion to listen to his friend's advice, and kept on growling like a sick bear, until the two other boys came up.

"Well, Barnes," said Grimes, "I am here at the appointed hour; now will you recall your message, or receive mine?"

Barnes now assumed a dogged, sullen manner and did not answer for some time. The question having been repeated several times, he stormed out, "No; neither."

"Very well," replied George, "then take the consequences."

Bidding the other boys keep off, he rushed at his opponent, and after a pretty severe struggle, (for Barnes, too, had practiced the "noble art of self-defence"), made him acknowledge he had done wrong and promise he would not repeat the insult. This was a great victory for George, for Barnes, though ever ready to boast about himself, had not candor enough in his nature to own willingly when he had done wrong. Grimes now offered his hand to Barnes, who took it reluctantly and then walked off alone.

As the other boys were walking along leisurely, they were attracted by the shouts of a boy named John Thomas, who was seen coming across the pasture.

"Look here, boys," he exclaimed, when he had caught up with the boys, "haven't I got a fine addition to my museum? See, here's a rattlesnake and a scorpion, both terrible biters. The rattlesnake was first discovered by—"

"Never mind who *first* discovered him as long as you discovered him *this* time," said Brown. "What else have you got?"

"Why, here's a blue-tailed lizard—a 'razer' they call him; and here's a mammoth toad. Again, here's the biggest tree-caterpillar I ever saw; and here's a young linnæus I found by the wayside; and"—

"What is he, Jack?; a she?" enquired Tom, which set all the boys (excepting Pete, who was not very well educated,) into a fit of laughter.

A few words in relation to Thomas. His Christian name I have before remarked was John, but he was commonly called Jack. He was a member of the school, and a more truthful or honest boy never trod the play-ground. When he first joined the school the boys christened him "milk and water;" but that name soon died out, for rather than be disliked by his school-fellows, he would play a part in any practical joke or trick the boys could design. He was now called "Nat," as short word for Naturalist.

After exhibiting a few more of his curiosities, the boys all proceeded homewards.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[Continued from page 11.]

now full to overflowing. Crawling out of the stream, he sank down on the bank in a species of torpor, from which he awakened next morning in a raging fever. Delirium soon rendered him insensible to his sufferings. The sun rose like a ball of fire, and shone down with scorching power on the arid plain. What mattered it to Charley? He was far away in the shady valley of "Locust Grove," chasing the deer at times, but more frequently sporting with me in the bright blue lake near our home. Now he was in our cheery little cottage telling all the dear ones how he had thought of them when far away on the prairie, and what a bright sweet word his "Emma" had whispered in his ear,—so unexpectedly, too. Anon he was scouring over the plains on foot, searching for the lost trail; and at such times Charley would spring with almost supernatural strength, from the ground, and run madly over the plains; but, as if by a species of fascination, he always returned to the salt river, and sank exhausted by its side, or plunged helplessly into its waters.

All that day and the next night he lay on the banks of the salt stream, or rushed

wildly over the plain.

It was about noon of the second day after his attack that he crept slowly out of the water, into which he had plunged a few seconds before. His mind was restored, but he felt an indelible sensation of weakness, that seemed to him to be the approach of death. Creeping towards the place where his rifle lay, he fell exhausted beside it, and laid his cheek on his little bible, which had fell out of his pocket there.

While his eyes were closed in a dreamy sort of half-waking slumber, he felt the rough, hairy coat of an animal brush against his forehead. The idea of being torn to pieces by wolves, flashed instantly across his mind, and with a shriek of terror he sprang up—

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Reminiscences of a happy Childhood.

EDITOR OF THE "CALIFORNIA LION"
DEAR SIR:—On looking over your first issue, I noticed that you said your Publication is devoted to the interests of boys and girls, and being myself a general lover of youth, I should have much pleasure in contributing an article occasionally—at the same time not wishing to crowd out more valuable matter. I am a member of a large and affectionate family, blessed with kind and good parents, and as when little we all had what I consider the best earthly endowment, viz, good health, you may imagine how happy we were and what rare fun we boys and girls had together, when, my father, tired of Business, and city life, removed to a country place, built a large and commodious house, and settled down for the rest of his days. How we used to rise with the sun, and go frolicking up hill, and down dale, sometimes on horseback, at others on foot, whistling, singing and laughing by turns, only thinking of enjoying the present moment. Occasionally stopping to pick some new flower as we called those we had not noticed before, or to catch some tiny insect whose beauty caught our attention, and take such treasures home to our mother, who had always something interesting and instructive to tell us about them. Our father too loved to talk to us on such subjects, but, being a scientific man and a great reader, and he was sometimes so engrossed with other topics, as to find our eager questionings troublesome, when of course we were desired to quit his sanctum, as he called his room, which we always did

immediately, and scampered off to our mother, who so unselfishly would lay down her book, or work, willingly, to assist in developing our intellect, which as she said, was like the unfolding of a beautiful flower.

How much I wish all boys and girls had such a mother; and regarded her with such loving devotion as we do ours.

Soon after our removal to the country, I well remember one pleasant sunny morning, immediately after breakfast, our parents walked with us about the garden for some time and noticed the growth of the young trees and opening flowers, when becoming tired they sat down in the little arbor, which was placed on a slight elevation from which we could obtain on one side a delightful view of a large sheet of water at the foot of the garden, and on the other an equally beautiful prospect of the grounds shubbery and valley beyond, closed in finally, by some high and finely wooded hills, which we children dignified with the name of mountains! We however could not think of sitting tamely down, in such glorious weather, so off we ran to play hide and seek and other such gambols, until Rob cried out, "Heigh ho! here's an ugly old toad, now boys for some fun! We'll teach the lazy fellow how to hop, like his more respectable neighbor, the frog; won't we. There he goes! right over on his back! That will do for a beginning Mr. Toad. Now I'll show you how to finish your somerset!" again he tossed the poor defenseless toad high into the air, with his long stick. We all soon followed his example, that is to say, every one that could obtain a stick in time, and thus continued the cruel sport, without ever considering that as Æsop in his fable says, though it was fun for us it was death to the poor toad! until we were interrupted by our father coming towards us, and asking in tones of grief and surprise, "What are you doing boys?" "Only teaching an ugly old toad to hop like a frog, father," replied Will.

"For shame, children! to torture a poor harmless creature because it is ugly. Does its want of beauty prevent its having feeling, or preclude it from possessing many good and useful qualities?"

"Good and useful qualities!" we all exclaimed in astonishment. "Oh!" said I, "I've heard of frogs destroying insects, but I've never heard of any good that spiteful, poisonous toads ever did."

"Oh! I see," said our father, "that

you have all been misled by the popular dislike to toads; so, if you will come with me into the arbor, and sit down quietly, I will tell you something about this little animal which you think so ugly, that it is only fit to be tortured by naughty unfeeling boys, and see if you cannot have a better opinion of it."

"The toad," continued he (as soon as we were comfortably seated on the benches in the cool shade of the arbor, and had subsided into a quiescent state,) "has been treated with much injustice. It has undergone every reproach; we have been told of its possessing a poison, capable of killing at a distance; of ejecting its venom which burns wherever it touches; of its infecting those vegetables near which it lives; of its excessive fondness for sage, which it renders poisonous by simply passing near it; until, at last, mankind has come to look down upon it as an enemy, when in reality it is a friend, ridding us of many worms and insects, which, if allowed to live, might injure, or even destroy vegetation."

"Yes, indeed, father," said I, "the gardener told me only yesterday that we must be careful not to let the toads spit at us, for if they did so, some of us would be sure to die."

"That is all nonsense," replied our father, "I assure you the toad is a harmless, defenseless creature; torpid, not venomous; can easily be tamed and induced to leave the dark recesses, which it chooses for its home, not for the malignity of its nature, but on account of the number of its enemies. It can also boast of a number of domestic virtues which ought to raise it in our estimation."

"What! father, can a toad exercise domestic virtues?" asked Annie.

"I should think in that case he must be an intelligent being," said Jane.

"That does not follow," replied our Father. "He is gifted with instinct which teaches him, when he has chosen a mate, not only to attach himself to her with exemplary fidelity, but also to protect her from every danger; sometimes even at the risk of his own life. When she is attacked, he meets the foe, draws him to the combat, inflates his body in token of defiance, and tries to irritate him, in order to give her time to escape. He brings her food, and allows her to eat the largest and most dainty portions, watching her all the time with the utmost tenderness. Now, tell me Rob, in what respects does the toad differ from the frog?"

"The frog," replied Rob, "has a glossy appearance—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jane, "last week I found one sitting on an old moss-covered log, who was as green as the grass."

"That is quite probable, my child; but now, Will, tell us all you know about these two little creatures."

"I have noticed, Father, that the frog is much smaller than the toad; moves by hopping; uses its long legs and short arms to swim with. It is very active, while the toad is slow and crawls along the ground, swelling out its rough, dusky skin—"

"They can both live on land or water," said Annie, "but I cannot pronounce that long word which Mamma uses for such animals."

"Amphibious," exclaimed the older ones all together. "But please tell us why such creatures are so."

So our Father explained that it was owing to the peculiar formation of the heart, which has only one ventricle, or cavity, so that the blood can circulate without the assistance of the lungs, while the animal keeps under the water. The spongy lungs resemble a number of small bladders joined together, like the cells of a honey comb; these are connected to the back by muscles, and can be filled, or exhausted at will.

"How do tadpoles turn into frogs?" asked I.

"Well my dears, I must go to my study now; some other time we will continue this subject, said our father, as he walked off, while we ran down the garden walks to our mother, who was just coming towards us, with a large book in her hand. She had been to the house to fetch a book on animated nature; so we all crowded round her with eager questions about tadpoles, and on relieving her of the book the others holding her hands or dress, we thus escorted her in "triumph" (as we used to say) into the arbor. But I fear I am trespassing by my lengthy epistle, so will conclude for the present, and remain Mr. Editor,

Your faithful,

"AMIGO."

As Pat, an old joker, and a Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows passed by,
Said the Yankee to Pat: "If I don't make too
free,

Give that gallows its due, pray where would
you be?"

"Why, honey," said Pat, "faith that's aizily
known,

I'd be riding to town by meself, all alone!

Stray Sketches.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CALIFORNIA LION.]

Our "big John"—than whom a better fellow never lived—is very fond of sundry little delicacies. Nevertheless he is perfectly sober. In size a giant. by nature as gentle as a fair girl. A hard worker, and one who never shirks his duty, nor flinches under difficulties. Yet he is fond of "Sorghum"—alias Sugar House Molasses. Raised in the West—the Buckeye State, Ohio, which is to be more famous yet since the Cincinnati Convention, it is but natural that he should have shown an early predilection for the unique dish, "Hog gravy and molasses."

Horse-radish is his delight. In one of the camps, when we were nearing the Railroad, and communication from it to the surveying encampments became more feasible, that is to say, when packing was easier, the Sacramento Commissary Department would send out as often as possible fresh vegetables, and even fruits, for we always lived well. On one of these occasions, there came a sack of horse radish. Friend John's delight now knew no bounds. He partook freely of it, and of white sugar added extra to his coffee; in fact he indulged for breakfast in a compound which might well be termed: syrop coffee, flavored, and horse-radish; or as we would say in French, "*Sirap au cafe avec.*" Shortly after this our "Big John" walked one afternoon to the Station. We were then very near Cisco—say about three and a half miles. The first thing he heard at the station from the Telegraph Operator was, that the packer had reported his extensive onslaught upon the sack of horse-radish, and the box of white sugar, and poor John saw visions of sundry official telegrams from Cisco to Sacramento, and from Sacramento to Cisco. His appetite for that evening and next morning was greatly diminished. But such is camp life on Railroad Exploring Service.

Last month (April) he spent seven days on snow-shoes, walking over the whole surveyed ground of last fall's work, on and around Bald Mountain. The C. P. R. Company of Engineers, has not better, and few as good men as John H.

EXPLORER.

NEW MARKET RULE.—A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."



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