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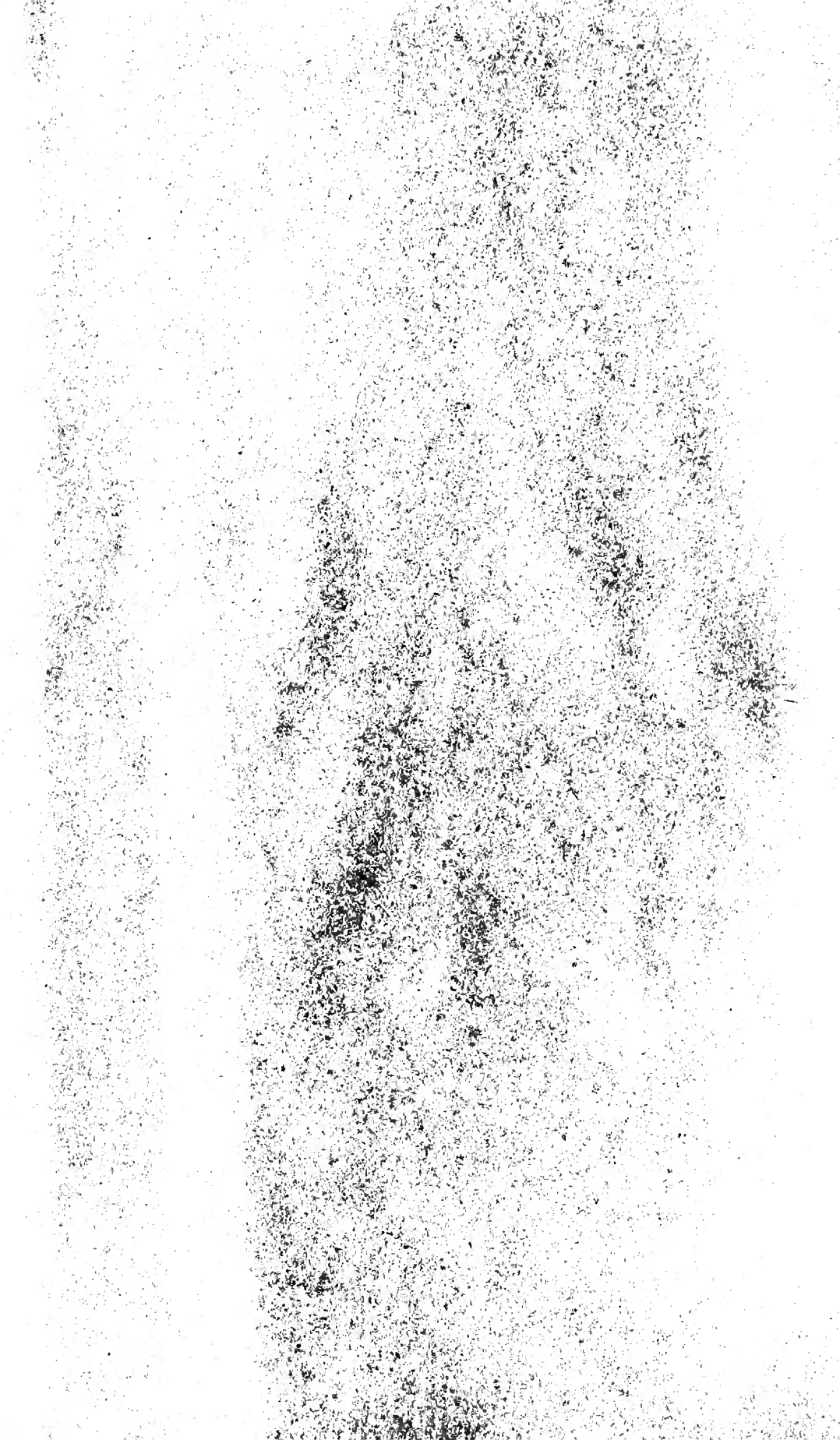

THE

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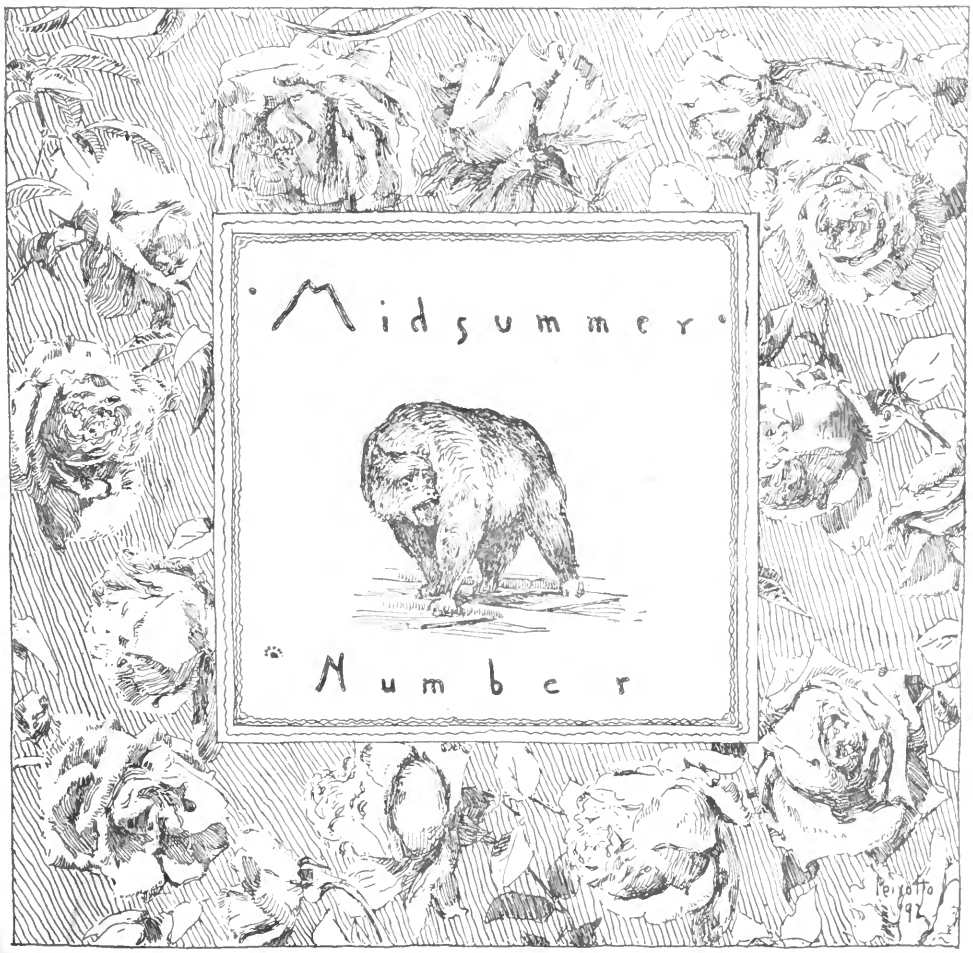

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The Overland Monthly

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REMOVAL—SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Clay Street Bank) HAS REMOVED to N. W. corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Announcements, Vol. XX.

The August Overland.

The August OVERLAND is to be a notable one in illustrations and text. There will be an article on Fishing in Salt Water from the commercial standpoint. Few people realize the extent and variety of this industry, and the number of interesting points that are to be told about it. It affords opportunity for many effective pictures,—Chinese fishing junks and fishing villages, Italian feluccas with their lateen sails, drawing in the seine, crab fishing, and many more from photos by such well known amateurs as Lowden, Gibbs, Carlton, and others.

Mrs. Eames's article on Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods will be illustrated with a series of photographs and drawings that will make it remarkable even in the succession of picturesque descriptive articles that the OVERLAND has been publishing. The giant redwoods, the beautiful Leonard Lake, the stage itself, the log jams, sheep-herder's cabin, logging camps, Point Arena, Mendocino City, and many more, will profusely illustrate a striking article on this fair region. The article, it is expected, will run through two issues, August and September. Mrs. Grace Hudson, an artist who lives in the region described, will make the drawings.

A story, The Legend of Rodeo Cañon, by Mrs. Helen Elliott Bandini, illustrated by Whiteside, will be well told and well illustrated, as readers of recent OVERLANDS do not need to be assured.

Some verses translated from the Japanese by Mrs. Flora B. Harris will be made into an effective decorative page from a wash drawing by Helen J. Smith.

The Overland Illustrations.

The finely illustrated articles will be continued, and will be constantly more numerous and interesting as the resources of art on the Coast come more fully under command. Of those in recent numbers it has been said:—

Beautifully illustrated. Nothing in recent magazine illustration has surpassed 'In the Garden, Santa Barbara,' the picture of the old bells overgrown with the giant grape vine. Equally effective is 'Despoiled.'—*S. F. Chronicle.*

The illustrations of Elisabeth Curtis are perfect art gems.—*Chicago Globe.*

Treasured in many an Eastern home, not only for the superiority and richness of its profuseness of illustrations, but also for its wealth of high-standard literature—*Plainfield, N. J., Press.*

The beautiful pictures are a notable feature.—*Dover Republican, N. H.*

Wonderfully delicate and expressive little washes . . . in the soft, broad French handling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the beauty of the illustrations that accompany this article ["Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado"] no words can do justice.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Remarkable for the number and beauty of its illustrative designs.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A few more titles of illustrated articles to appear in the forthcoming volume, follow:

Mexican Pottery. By *C. Bancroft.*
Quail and Quail Shooting. By *J. A. A. Robinson.*
The University of California. By *Milicent W. Shinn.*
The Farallones. By *Chas. S. Greene.*
The Lick Observatory.

The Overland's Sketches and Stories.

The OVERLAND continues to be notable in a special degree for its local color, its "vigorous, fresh, and interesting" tone, its characteristic sketches and stories of Pacific life and adventure. A few titles from the volume just completed show its scope in this respect:—

Camping with Fox Hounds in Southern California. *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado. *F. A. Nims.*
The Cave in the Higuerita Mine. *John Heard, Jr.*
California Flower Shows. *E. J. Wickson.*
Down a Mountain Flume. *John Brayshaw Kaye.*
A Glimpse of the Desert. *William Wightman Price.*
Happenings in Old Calaveras. *Wm. S. Hutchinson.*
A Night Ride in Apache Land. *W. P. Rowe.*
Kilauea. *May L. Cheney.*
Mission Bells. *Chas. Howard Shinn.*
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Street Characters of San Francisco. *Francis E. Sheldon.*
The Treasure Cave on Oahu. *Mabel H. Closson.*
California's Discovery of Gold in 1841. *John Murray.*

The Overland's Policy.

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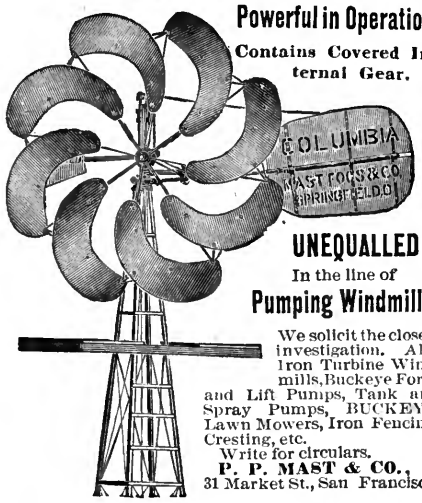

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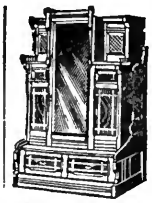

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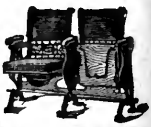

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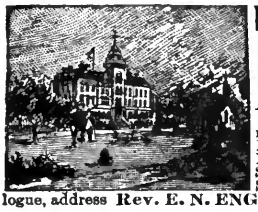

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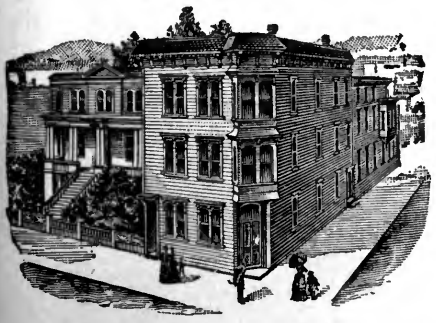

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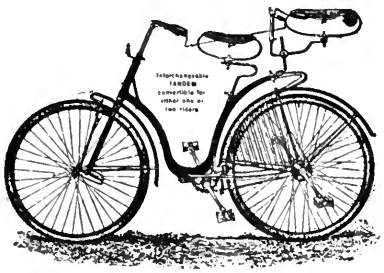
"WORTH"



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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XX. (SECOND SERIES.)—JULY, 1892.—NO. 115.

The "Mosquito Fleet."

CANOEING is a sport so little known that most people have an incorrect idea of what a modern sailing canoe is. The canoe of the red man was either hollowed from the trunk of a tree, or made of skins stretched tightly over a wooden frame; usually very long and narrow, and requiring great skill in handling. The paddle was the means of propulsion. They were light, swift, and very convenient in inland waters. The modern sailing canoe inherits the lightness and speed of its ancestors, but modern mechanical skill has greatly improved its construction, and the sail has taken the place of the paddle. As defined by the rules of the American Canoe Association, the canoe is limited in size; sixteen feet in length by about thirty inches in width being the largest allowed. It must be sharp at both ends, have no keel nor station-

Photo by W. C. Gibbs
"VICTORY!"—W. W. BLOW'S MYSTIC.

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ary ballast, and conform to such other regulations as will keep canoes a class by themselves. The modern sailing canoe has many advantages over other small sailing craft. It has great speed; for its size it is the fastest sailing boat afloat, and often beats boats much larger than itself. Cheapness is an important item. After the first cost, the canoe does not draw heavily upon one's purse. Beside these features are lightness and facility of handling, that enable the canoeist easily to reach home with the aid of his paddle, should the wind fail him.

In California, canoeing was given its first impulse by the formation of the Oakland Canoe Club, in January, 1886, with W. W. Blow as Commodore, and A. D. Harrison, Vice-Commodore. There were fourteen charter members, and a fleet of ten boats. At first a majority of the fleet represented the work of amateur builders, but gradually the old style of boats and old methods of rigging were displaced by the very latest examples of the Eastern builder's art. The club house was located on the estuary of San Antonio, a branch of San Francisco Bay, adjacent to the broad-gauge bridge

Photo by W. C. Gibbs
W. G. MORROW'S CANOE WHISPER.

connecting Oakland and Alameda. Nature has here provided four miles of smooth water, with the open waters of San Francisco Bay within easy reach to invite the more daring. A large tidal canal now in course of construction by the government will connect the estuary with San Leandro Bay, four miles to the southeast. This, when completed according to the slow process of government jobs, will enlarge the area of protected waters, and open up some fairly good ground for short cruises.

Photo by P. S. Carlton
W. LEICHTER'S AMALIA.

The first boats of the fleet could not compare with the boats of today in either speed or beauty. The small leg of mutton sails and old style folding centerboards have gradually given way to the large plate centerboard, and standing rigs which are made fast to the mast and incapable of being lowered. In most cases the old boats were entirely replaced, but in some instances the old boat was improved and re-arranged in conformity with the new ideas,—notably so in the case of the Mystic, owned by Commodore Blow. Originally rigged with stationary keel, small leg of mutton sails and no centerboard, she has been improved, until now she holds her own remarkably well with the very newest boats.

Undoubtedly the most pleasant part of canoeing is cruising, and the most interesting tales of canoe life are brought out when recollections of some cruise are revived. The first cruise of the Oakland Canoe Club was to Clear Lake in the summer of 1887. Clear Lake is situated in Lake County, about one hun-

dred and thirty miles north of San Francisco. To reach it the canoes, consisting of a fleet of ten boats, had to be shipped by train ninety-five miles to Cloverdale. From this point wagons were hired, and the boats stowed in them as comfortably as possible for the rough mountain journey of thirty-five miles. The trip was a long and tedious one in the hot sun, but the enjoyable cruising on the Lake amply repaid the canoeists for their trouble. Clear Lake is a beautiful place for a cruise, twenty to thirty miles in length, ten to fifteen miles wide, surrounded by the typical Coast Range mountains of California, with beautiful forests and game in plenty. Sandy beaches affording ideal camping ground are broken but in few places by rocks, and a line of tules forty or fifty feet from the shores grows all around the Lake. They grow thickly together in a belt ten or fifteen feet wide. Many a tale could these tules tell of disabled or frightened mariners. At times a considerable breeze would mar the otherwise placid lone surface, and at these times those who desired to seek shelter found it by running their boats through the tules to the narrow strip of smooth water between the tules and the shore.

The features of a cruise consist of sailing during the day, after which comes a jolly time about the camp fire, or else a little trip to startle the natives of some country burg. Feather beds are at a discount when the canoe is handy. Drawn up on the beach, with a canoe tent stretched between the two masts and made fast to the outside of the boat, the canoe makes the very finest sleeping apartment. A cruising canoe contains sufficient room for necessary camp equipage with a dry storage compartment for more perishable provisions.

Three weeks were enjoyably spent by the canoeists on Clear Lake, entertainments and a regatta being provided by the people of Lakeport and Soda Bay. The country people looked upon the little boats with open-eyed wonder, astonished that canoeists would come all the way from San Francisco just for a sail. Some of the boats on arriving home were considerably the worse for wear, from the mountain ride and exposure to the hot sun of Lake County.

This year the club received a pressing invitation to come again to the Lake, but probably until a railroad is constructed direct to its shores, and the rough trip in wagons thus done away with, the canoeists will have to be content with a less attractive place.

The next important cruise took place on the Sacramento River, and was enjoyed by Commodore Blow of the Canoe Club, A. H. Blow, and Geo. A. Warder, celebrated in Eastern canoeing circles as the Jabberwock, of Springfield, Ohio. They used light draft canoes specially constructed for the trip. The boats were shipped by rail to Red Bluff, a point on the river one hundred and twenty miles above Sacramento, from which place the cruise commenced down stream. The Sacramento River furnishes the best cruising ground in California, if taken at the right time of the year, in April and May, after the heavy rains, and before the malaria-producing heat and the savage, merciless mosquito begin their ravages. The mosquitoes of the Sacramento have a well-earned reputation, and like all other productions of the great State of California, they are far ahead of any rivals. Backing is always abundant to match them against any other variety in the world, the Jersey preferred. And woe to the poor canoeist who does not use tobacco, for the smoke of this weed from a good old T. D. pipe is the only thing that will keep the mosquito at a distance.

The banks of the river are lined in most places with fine oak trees and sandy beaches, affording the very choicest camping ground; the current is regular, with no bad rapids. Farm houses are

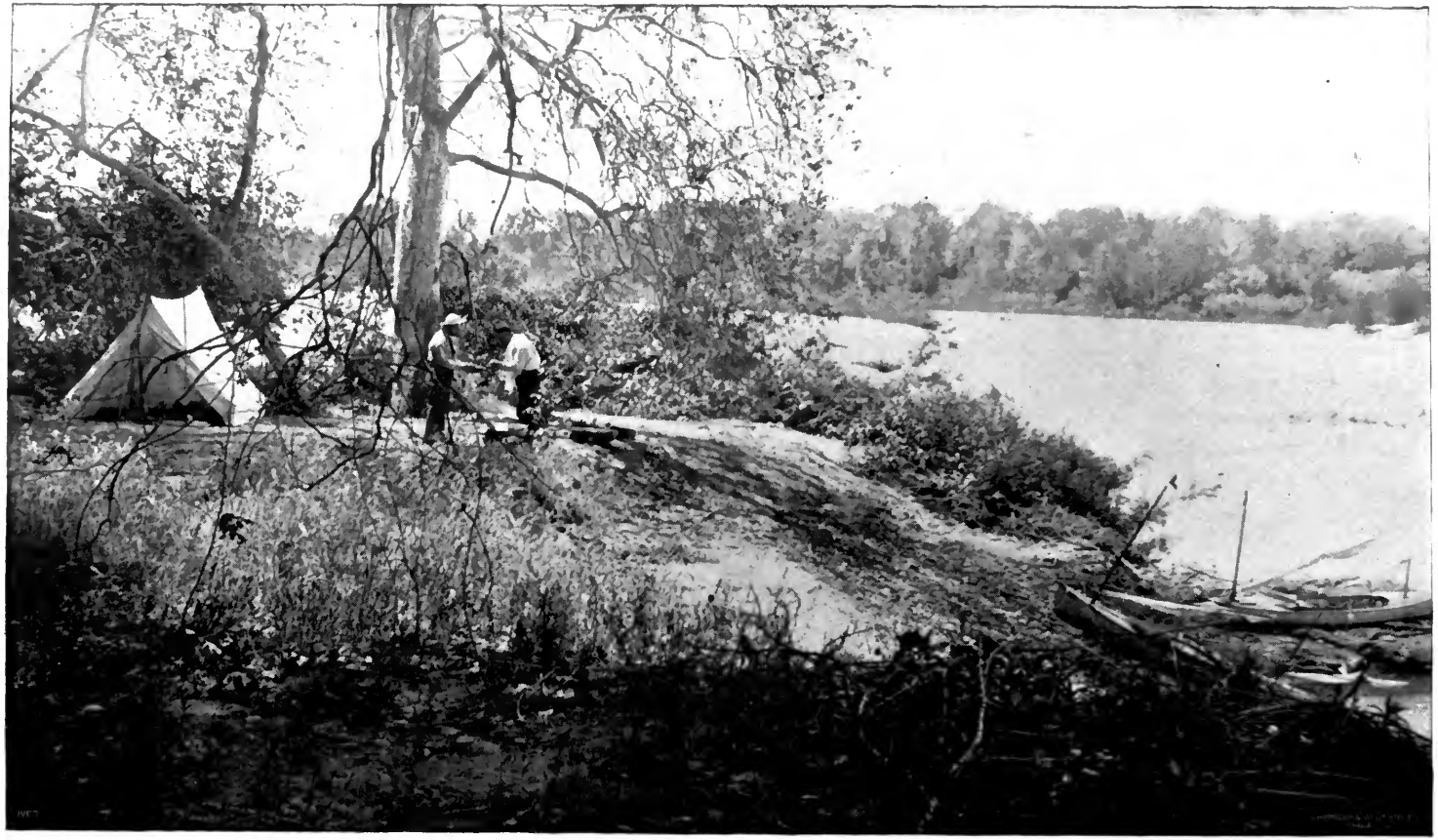


Photo by A. H. Blow

THE SACRAMENTO RIVER CRUISE,—The Canoes Nip and Tuck.

plentiful, and afford abundant means for the poor marksman or unsuccessful angler to replenish his larder. The cruise extended from Red Bluff to Colusa, a distance of seventy miles, and lasted a little over a week.

A cruise of a different nature from either of the two already mentioned was one undertaken, and by dint of great labor and trouble successfully carried out, by Geo. A. Warder and Hervy Darneal. The Eel River takes a northerly course from its source in Mendocino County, and empties into the Pacific Ocean near Eureka. Launching a canoe near the headwaters of this stream, the brave voyageurs began what they thought would be an easy passage down stream, through a beautiful, picturesque country. The country was all there, also the beauty and picturesqueness, but the river in places far too numerous was a raging torrent. The poor canoe was dashed against many a rock, portages were frequent, capsizes of daily occurence, an expensive camera was lost, ammunition all wet, and provisions spoiled. Here are four days from the log of the cruise by Warder:—

June 20th. Ran the Devil's Elbow. Not bad at all. Beautiful scenery. Sanhedrim mountain, 6,000 feet high, on our right. River runs down hill all the time. Lots of bad places. Had to portage only one. "Snark" sprang a leak. Copper tacked it. Bad rapids; kept us bailing and jumping out often. Both of us wet to the waist. At 5 P. M. reached Watson's. 20 or 30 miles. Watson says we can't make the trip (of course). We came through cañons today and dropped some 400 feet.

June 21st. Launched about 9 A. M. Capsized on first rapids. Lost the camera, a rubber blanket, and hunting coat. In the afternoon came to an awful rough place, falls of some 6 or 8 ft. in height; walked down two miles, very broken high mountain, box cañon. This is the roughest country I ever tackled. It is as bad as the French Broad, North Carolina, which is practically impassable.

Snark leaking badly. We worked two or three hours patching her up; will probably have to abandon her, as she cannot stand the racking.

June 22d. Let Snark down first of all by ropes and carried bags. Lost our big coil, seventy-five feet of rope; had to cut tent ropes off; heavy quick water from three to five miles, enormous rocks, swift rapids, big mountains; both wet; canoe leaking like a sieve from continual pounding on the rocks; ran some frightful rapids, waves came clear over our bows, and flooded canoe two or three times. Had lunch at 1 P. M., dog and jelly and boned turkey. Not through cañon yet. Will this gorge never end? Saw no house today, and no man. Caught seven trout for supper, small ones, none are over seven or eight inches long, in the river. One bad mishap—we were lowering Snark down a fall and she went at a terrific rate, and yanked Darneal off the rocks into the swirl, as the rope got fast round his hand He went in over his head, but fortunately grabbed a rock and was not swept over. A coyote stole most of our bacon last night. All the upper river has been virgin forests of hard wood, then pine, then redwood, then mixed, etc.; seems to change constantly. Don't wonder no one ever ran the Eel, he would need a cast iron or aluminum canoe. We will keep patching the Snark and going down, till we are forced to abandon her.

June 23d. Supposed we were to get into more open country, but the river is as rough as ever if not rougher. Ran some frightful rough rapids, and had to land twice and patch up canoe. Once we stove in her side. Cut sail cloth off our tent, and melted our tallow candles and saturated cloth. All our tacks are used up. Snark leaking like a sieve. We bail and wade, and rope over the worst places. Tonight we ran on till nearly dark looking for a camp-site, till we struck a waterfall right in a deep box cañon. It looks as if the cruise was ended here Have seen no such stream as Indian Creek yet. Maps are not correct, for they show river to be pretty straight, whereas it is quite tortuous. We will go into the forest tomorrow for pine pitch, to patch canoe with. The country is absolutely alive with deer. We counted fourteen today and then quit keeping track of them, for we saw them in twos and threes. One of them on the right bank lay quietly on a rock, and watched us pass not more than sixty yards away. We could have killed eight or ten and not left the canoe. Never saw such a country for game. It is a virgin wilderness, and in all probability no man has ever set foot here before. Trout jumping everywhere, but small. Now and then a big fish breaks water, but we have not caught any over seven or eight inches long. Saw several indications of coal today. We saw a great many hooded mergansers (ducks) with young broods every day. Darneal calls them flappers, and we drive them for miles down the river.

And so on for a week, until finally Eureka, the terminus of the cruise, was reached.

This cruising is but one side of the subject. The comparatively quiet waters

Photo by Philip S. Carlton

THE MOSQUITO FLEET ESCORTING THE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB FROM OAKLAND HARBOR.

of the estuary of San Antonio furnish the main stamping ground for the canoe. Here every Sunday and holiday the beautiful little boats may be seen gliding over the waves, often freighted with fair passengers.

The more the racing canoe is developed, however, in California as in the East, the less suited the boat becomes for taking out a passenger. The casing for the large plate centerboard occupies the larger part of the floor of the boat, the canoe is almost entirely decked over, while standing sails, made fast to the mast and incapable of being lowered, complete the outfit. Speed is certainly obtained, but not comfort. The willingness of many to dispense with comfort for the sake of speed has resulted in the division of canoes into two classes, racers and cruisers. A type of the racing canoe is the Gnat, owned by Geo. A. Warder. She was built in the East after a model by the owner, and combines all the latest inventions in the canoe builder's art. With a length of sixteen feet and width of thirty inches, the boat has a long, narrow appearance, and in order to keep such a craft right side up the sliding deck is used, which places the weight of the skipper far out on one side of the boat. The deck is almost entirely covered, and often when a capsize takes place the canoe can be righted and continue her trip with the addition of but a very little water inside. The drawing of this boat illustrates an attempt to improve the speed by the use

Photo by W. C. Gibbs

A. H. BLOW'S GYPSY.

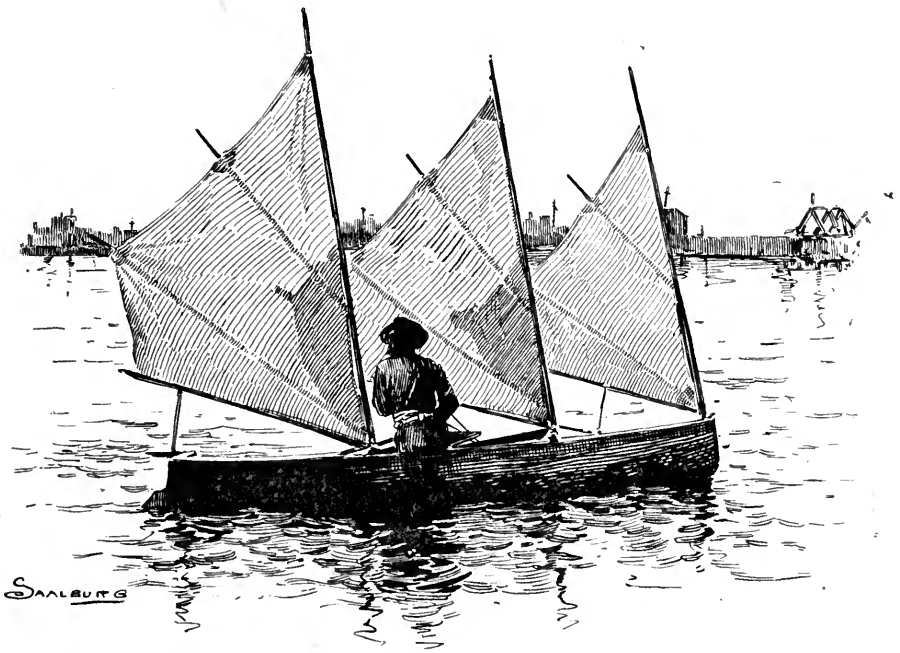


Photo by A. H. Blow

GEORGE A. WARDER'S GNAT.

of three sails. It was unsuccessful, however, one sail taking the wind out of the others.

Another type of boat is the Whisper, a good example of the cruising canoe. She is fifteen feet in length, and has a thirty-seven inch beam. By means of an open cockpit seven feet long, and a center-board folding up in the keel, plenty of room and comfort are secured. The advantages of this boat for cruising and easy sailing are apparent, while for racing purposes the first named has the call. It is impossible to reach a compromise between the two that will give us as a result a canoe adapted equally well for both cruising and racing. These two types occur not only in California canoeing but wherever the sport exists. The strong summer "zephyrs" of San Francisco and vicinity have encouraged the use of larger cruisers than in the East. The Oakland Canoe Club was obliged to limit the size of boats admitted to its house to sixteen feet by thirty-eight inches.

Several prizes are raced for by the boats of the club. The contest for the Mayrisch badge takes place every three months, and it is the property of the winner only until the next race, when it is contested for again. In the races for this trophy all the boats are in one class and the best boat wins. Of a different kind are the races for the Holiday cup, a neat prize presented to the club by three of its members, the contest for which takes place on every holiday. The canoes are here divided into classes, following out the line of division laid down above, and an allowance is made for the more slowly-sailing cruisers.

This corresponds to handicapping, a custom devised to encourage any sport by giving a slight advantage to novices and to recognized inferiority. Applied to canoeing it encourages the slow boats to take part in races, and adds greatly to

the enthusiasm of the day. Although opposed to the idea of having the best man win, it is manifestly best for the development of the club. For the Mayrisch badge, the most exciting contests have been between the Dart, a 16 x 30 boat; the Gnat, already described, and the Jack, 16 x 34, owned by W. W. Blow. These boats are about evenly matched as regards speed, and the skillfulness of the skippers generally decides the race. The Jack, ably sailed by that veteran canoeist, Commodore Blow, has more races to her credit than either of the others. Of boats of the second class, the Gipsy, sailed by A. H. Blow, maintains a supremacy.

The Crescent Boat Club of Oakland was organized by some amateur sailors to whom the canoe represented too small a water area. The large cruiser Amalia is eighteen feet long and four feet wide. Built like a canoe in all respects but size, this boat gives to its owner greater comfort and safety in rough water than could be expected from a regulation canoe.

The Encinal Boat Club has its house on the Alameda shore of San Francisco Bay, and thus affords open water to some canoeists for whom the calmer waters of the estuary of San Antonio are not sufficiently "speedy."

In our Western waters a strong bond of friendship exists between the smallest yachts. The Corinthian Yacht Club of San Francisco, and the Oakland Canoe Club have had many joint meets. The cut shows the Canoe fleet on its way to welcome the Corinthians to Oakland Creek. High jinks in the evening was followed by racing the next day: a canoe race by yachtsmen was a feature of the occasion. Accustomed to more stable craft, the big boat sailors did not finish their race without a few capsizes.

The growth and prospects of canoeing in California suffer from many disadvantages that do not exist in the East. In the imnediate vicinity of San Francisco, where naturally it would have its headquarters, the facilities for the sport are somewhat limited, and the means of enjoying these facilities a little hampered by very strong summer winds. In the East, good cruising is more abundant and within easier access than in California. On the other hand, in the far West outdoor sport is possible the year round. While the Eastern canoeist is keeping warm beside his fire, telling yarns of past adventures, thinking out schemes for improving his boat, and waiting for the thaw, his nautically inclined fellow-citizen on the Pacific Coast is enjoying most delightful sailing. In the year of 1888 there were but two Sundays when the weather forbade a pleasant day's sail.

The rivers and lakes of California are far from San Francisco, and for the canoe, difficult of access. When the railroads are extended to more of the mountain lakes, and the necessity of transporting the canoes in wagons is obivated, cruises will be more frequent. In the large rivers, at points like Stockton and Sacramento, canoeing should prosper, and these are the places where new clubs and new canoe life should start. With these possibilities we do not take too much for granted in looking forward to seeing in the near future a canoe meet such as that of the American Canoe Association, in August of last year, on historic Lake George.

W. G. Morrow,
Commodore of the Oakland Canoe Club

BY RIGHT OF TROVE.

"Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest":—
— *Tennyson.*

"WHAT difference does that make?" he said with a note of irritation in his voice.

He had been talking for hours, and he felt he was as far from gaining his point as when he had first begun.

She raised her eyes until they were on a level with his own.

"All the difference in the world," she said wearily.

There was something in her glance of which she was not aware that gave him courage. He strode toward her and grasped her hands.

"None under heaven," he broke out passionately, "If — if — you loved me."

She drew herself away from him and took a step back. It brought her to the hearth upon which some logs were burning. She laid her hand upon the high mantel-shelf and her forehead upon her hand. She was very tired. He did not know that, but if he had known it, it would not have made any difference to him then. Perhaps it might even have struck him as being a favorable condition to her more immediate surrender. He was bent upon bringing her over to his point of view. If he succeeded he would not regret all this season of harassing suspense, but as yet he had his success to gain, and it was hard. It raised him to a certain unreasoning anger against her. But that was just because he loved her so, and because she would not yield to him.

"None under heaven — if you loved me," he repeated. "But if you don't," he went on, "anything will serve as an excuse, I suppose. It may as well be the paltry one of your being older than I as anything else."

He was growing almost childish in his irritation. He waited a second to see if she would make any response to his declaration, which he hoped she would take as a challenge for denial, but she did not, and he went on:

"But if you don't love me — then — why, then, I say, your course has been one of cursed cruelty, that 's all. If you don't love me, why did you come to me just at the one moment in my life when I was loneliest and forlornest, and most soul-sick and discouraged? Why did you hearten me with praise of my work? Why did you take me out of the devil's life I was leading, and set me here in sight of you, where the world is easy and things go straight? Why did you do everything under heaven for me, from putting food in my mouth and money in my pocket, to ambition in my soul and love in my heart? You did n't use your age as a pretext for not being good to me then. Why should you now? What matter can a few years make? They don't to me; and they would n't to you if — if you loved me. But if you don't —" he broke off suddenly, and swept his hand savagely across his eyes. "The life was hard that you took me from, but if you don't love me, you 've only given me over to one that 's harder still. Why I tell you, a god that created a soul merely to send it down to damnation could n't be more cursedly cruel than this, if — if you — don't love me."

The woman raised her head and looked at him standing there, his young face seamed and drawn with pain.

"Hush!" she said.

"No, I won't hush," he went on with another passionate outburst. "Do you think a man who loves a woman as I do you is going to be satisfied to have his affection flung back at him, and then

tamely 'hush,' like a scolded child? Do you suppose I 'm going to pick and choose my words now? You 've driven me to the point where I don't care what I say. What do you think I care for words now? I 've got past that. Once I thought I cared because you were rich and I was poor. Once I thought my pride would keep me from this, but now — riches! pride! they mean nothing to me now. They 're just words that make no difference. Nothing makes any difference but the hurt you 've given me, and that aches — God! how it aches!"

He broke off suddenly, clinching his hands and setting his jaws hard, one upon the other.

The woman upon the hearth met his tirade with absolute silence. She was treating him with the patient forbearance one uses toward a passionate child who is beating his anger out in a storm of willful words, or so he thought. Her attitude galled him.

"O, I suppose you think I will feel your silence to be a rebuke," he said with a fresh impulse of revolt. "But I don't. Do you think the praise or blame of a woman who has acted as you have done if — you don 't love me — can have any weight? O, I 'm tired of it all; deadly tired. Why did you do it? Why were you good to me if it was only to betray me like this? Is it so much of a gratification to a woman to see a man suffer what I am suffering now, for love of her? Or, perhaps you thought it was worth all the trouble to see the effect heart-break would have on a poor inexperienced fool, who did n't know what was being done to him. Was it such a satisfaction to feel you were giving me my first experience? Is that what a woman will sacrifice honesty for? Well, if it is, and you have been laughing in your sleeve at me all this time, you may rest content. I am fairly launched by this. And you may take this sweet unction to your soul; you 've given me a magnificent initiation. But it shall end here; it shall end now. A man can't bear everything. If I 've got to suffer, I 'll suffer once and for good. I won't drag it out by miserable inches. Good bye!"

He swung about abruptly and strode toward the door, but at the threshold he paused and turned, and held out his hands to her appealingly.

"Mary!" he cried.

In a moment he was back at her side again, clasping her hand and repeating her name over and over between his hoarse sobs. He was little better than a boy, and he had never suffered this way before.

At first she did not stir. Then she raised the hand he was not grasping, and laid it on his head. She stroked his hair in silence for a second before she said, gently:

"Poor Harold, poor boy!"

Her voice was tremulous with tenderness. For the last few hours she had been controlling herself by an almost superhuman effort. She felt herself beginning to give way. She could not bear to see him suffer; it hurt her cruelly.

"When you will let me," she murmured, "I will talk to you. All this time you have not been willing to listen. You are all wrong. You do not understand."

He raised his face to her mutely, and with a sudden impulse she bent forward and kissed him.

"You do then — after all?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said.

And then she found that by her simple admission she had swept away all her former ground for argument. She had made her stand untenable. She had not meant it to be so. She had felt herself urged on to oppose him by a continually growing conviction of right. And now he would not listen. All power of opposition was taken out of her hands. She thought, What if her

first instinct had been a mistaken one, and this were the right? the one to survive? Anyway, she was powerless now to stem the tide of the young man's exuberant satisfaction. He was delirious with happiness.

"You make a boy of me, Mary," said he, joyously.

She smiled wistfully.

"Ah, that 's it. You are a boy. Such a mere boy; only twenty-five, and I — why, I 'm an old woman, Hal. See, I can show you ever so many white hairs."

He looked at her proudly, meeting her admission with superb indifference, and smiled into her eyes until she smiled back again. His face was radiant, and its clean-shaven smoothness gave it the contour of a lad's. He could not keep the happiness out of it, though he tried. It kept stealing about his mouth and rippling into his eyes. He wondered how Mary could be so calm.

"I should be happier if I were sure it was right," she said. "I may be doing you an injury,— I do not know."

"How could you be doing me an injury?" he asked with a fine show of scorn. "Are n't you beautiful, and rich, and respected, and am I not only a poor, unknown beggar, without a penny to my name except what I am able to earn through your influence? Where should I be now if it were not for you? Scribling away yet at my poems that no one would take, way up in that God-forsaken country; or more likely lying across my bed with a bullet through my brains because I had n't money enough to — "

"O, don't," she entreated.

"How can I help it when you talk of injury?" he retorted. "O, Mary, how can I help loving you, when I think of all you 've have done for me."

"If I thought you loved me for that —" she said.

"Why, how could I help it?" he asked. "How can any man help it when a woman comes to him like an angel of mercy, and lifts him clean out of the mire, and puts him into a pure place and makes life possible for him? Were n't you the first who ever saw anything in me worth trying to save? Did n't you discover me? Did n't you recognize the something in my work that had kept me alive till then — the only thing that had kept me alive? I tell you, Mary, if I am a poet, if I am a soul, I 'm your poet and your soul, for you discovered me; you alone. How could I help but love you?"

"Love ought not to be *because of*," said Mary. "It ought to be *in spite of*."

"Well, then, dear heart, have it your own way," the young fellow cried, impetuously. I 'll say I love you in spite of it all, if you like."

"I love you in spite of your sauciness," she said, fondly. "Have you no respect for your elders, you wretched boy? Have you no reverence for white hairs?"

"Ah, of course there 's nothing to say to that," he returned. "If you didn't know you were young, and if you were n't sure you were beautiful, you would n't risk saying those things, Mary. Come now, what else do you love me 'in spite of'?"

"Myself," she said in a low voice, with a sudden soberness.

They were very happy. He with that new, keen sense of bliss that the young take so for granted as their own indubitable right, and she with the tremulous joy of restitution, half of whose sweetness comes from the knowledge of its utter fortuity. He was jubilant in his possession of this beautiful woman, and she looked at him with the wistful eyes of one who has watched other blessings disappear. It was his first experience of love. It was not hers. She told him this frankly, but it made no impression on his confident content. It had all happened long ago; so long ago that, as a matter of fact, at the time of its occurrence Harold Thorndike was nothing but a baby-child; a seven-year-old boy.

Mary DeWolfe was seventeen. But she had never forgotten. In the very nature of things it would have been impossible for her to forget, for the effects of the unhappy experience colored her whole subsequent life. Perhaps it was no severer a trial than that any woman suffers who realizes that she has bestowed her love upon an unworthy object. But Mary had never been able to recover that sustaining sense of personal value that is, and ought to be, inherent in us. She had come in contact with an ignoble nature and she felt contaminated. She had mistaken coarse fibre for fine, and she felt a distrust of her own perception. She felt she had suffered a humiliation that somehow set her apart, and gave her l ess right than other women to expect to be loved. It had shaken her faith in herself. Withal, it had put her upon the cold defensive, and that made her appear unemotional. The truth was, she dared not be herself. She was afraid fate would take advantage of her. So all these years she had wrapped herself in a mantle of reserve and now — well, she could not cast it all aside at once,— it had become too much a part of her nature,— but she permitted Thorndike to see that she loved him. Naturally he could not know what a concession this was, for he had never been caused to make a vow of keeping the world at arm's length. But he knew that Mary was timid in her love, with a timidity that was as sweet as the innocent shyness of a young girl, and he appreciated the effect if he did not comprehend the cause.

They went rather much into society that winter. People looked upon Thorndike as Miss De Wolfe's protégé, and no one suspected the truth. Mary had such an air of unassailable dignity that gossip was dumb before her. Moreover, she never gave the slightest evidence of anything beyond the most impersonal interest in the young man himself. It was his work she permitted herself to grow ardent over. And others beside her allowed themselves the same privilege now. Thus, while she had been the first to discover, she was only one of many to acknowledge him in these more prosperous days. She had managed his *début* with the nicest tact. Now he was fairly launched, with every prospect of a favorable voyage, she had resigned, to all outward appearance, her piloting.

She urged him to go about without her, and she insisted upon his being seen with other women. At first he complained bitterly at their enforced separation, but he knew it was the only alternative, since they did not wish their engagement made public just yet, and later he learned to submit to it with a better grace.

They met almost constantly at the various places of their common attendance, and then Thorndike always bowed to her demurely over the head of the pretty girl upon his arm, and she gravely returned his greeting from her place beside her stately escort, who, more often than not was a man of note. It was a bit of dissimulation that gave them food for much quiet fun in their rather infrequent hours of dual solitude.

He often feigned a jealousy of this one or that, who, he insisted, was too earnest in his attention to be altogether disinterested, and he laughingly warned her not to try him too far. She never alluded in any way to a like possibility of feeling on her part. It was a jest that she felt might too easily become earnest. Her feeling for him was of the intensest kind; it seemed to be the cumulation of the hunger of years, and she felt an awe, almost a fear of it. So she contented herself with rallying him on his success, and the mild form of lionizing of which he was being made a victim.

"It 's all a great bore," he insisted. "I mean to cut it as soon as I can. I

would now, at once, if it did n't mean bread and butter and—you. Just wait, Mary, until I can offer you a decent living, independent of your own money, I mean, and see how quick I 'll retire from all this society rush-and-tumble, and invite you to share my quiet and see me work. One can 't do any thing worth while this way. It 's suicidal. I hate it."

"It need only last a little longer, Harold," said Mary soothingly. "See, what rapid progress you have made already. You must not expect me to urge you to give it up before the time is ripe, when my only justification in letting myself love you at all is the desire I have for your best. It would n't be for your best if I let you snub the public so. And besides, you can't blame me for feeling a bit proud of your independence. Everything I have is yours, dear, but I can't help feeling glad you are not content to settle down comfortably in that belief without more ado. I 'd rather have you anxious for possessions of your own earning. I should love you even if you did n't feel so, but I respect you more this way, and I know it is best."

"O yes. Of course, it is best," the young man replied, beginning to tramp the floor. "But in the mean time it is an uncommon bore to have to talk weather to a parcel of women one does n't care a rush for. Positively out of all the girls I know there 's only one who 's worth wasting breath and minutes on. That 's Agnes Duane."

Mary flushed. Thorndike, happening to be looking directly down at her, saw it, and said:

"What 's the matter, dear?"

Mary laughed a little shamefacedly. "I had thought you were going to say I was the only one," she said.

"O, that goes without saying," returned the young fellow, squaring about. "I was talking outside of you. Besides, I said girls—that is, I meant—I—"

"O, never mind," said Mary quietly.

Thorndike turned toward her, and she saw that his face was deeply flushed. At this hers paled somewhat. She knew he was cursing himself for a clumsy brute, and she knew he would not be doing that if he did not suppose he had hurt her. It did not hurt her, except as it might hurt him,—this reference to her age.

"Yes, Agnes Duane is a nice girl," she made haste to remark. "She has all the charm of youth. She has a flower-like quality, and a naturalness, that make one think of a garden full of fresh, fragrant things. There 's nothing world-worn about her. After one grows older and has lost all that oneself, one appreciates it so much in others. When I am beside her I always feel like something someone might have bought in a florist's shop days ago, and that has been in the room so long that it really must be set aside."

"O, I say, I wish you would n't talk so," broke out Thorndike wrathily. "I hate to hear you speak of yourself like that. I do not think it 's quite—quite dignified."

Mary smiled calmly up at him.

"It 's much more dignified than if I were to pose as an ingénue, don 't you think?" she asked quietly. "Or even if I were to show a sensitiveness about my lack of youth. I 'm not at all sensitive about it."

"Of course not," returned the young man hastily. "But then, you need n't make a point of your age, either. I don't feel the necessity of publishing mine, but you seem to feel it incumbent on you to seize every time and occasion to give yours the honorable mention. It 's a trifle supererogatory. It 's none of the public's business when one was born."

"I have never made the public my confidant," returned Mary flushing faintly. "I was telling you."

"Well, that is n't necessary either," said Thorndike petulantly. "I know."

"Then am I to understand that you prefer me not to allude to it at all,—ever?" asked the woman, leaning forward and looking up at him with a certain anxiety.

"Why, yes. It is n't necessary," he repeated.

"That gives it a great deal of significance," Mary said thoughtfully.

"I don't see how," the young man declared.

"O, it makes one's intercourse just so much more complicated, when there are subjects that are not to be mentioned," she returned.

"For the matter of that, whenever there is any intercourse between two individuals, it is bound to be more or less involved," he said lightly. "The individuals themselves are not uncomplex."

After that Mary carefully avoided all reference to the subject under taboo. Sometimes, on the rare occasions of their going out together, they were made uncomfortably conscious of each other by some perfectly casual turn of conversation or trend of remark. Then, without looking at him, Mary would know that Thorndike was flushing, and he would be aware that, though to all outward appearence she was as conventionally calm as before, inwardly she was far from composed. It never failed to cause a certain restraint between them, which it took some little space to banish completely.

By the end of the year Thorndike's success was fairly established. The acceptance of his poems was pretty much a matter of certainty now and through them he realized quite a substantial profit. Then he had some editorial work to do, and outside of this he was busily engaged on a dramatic poem which one of the most reputable publishing houses in the city had already signified itself ready to produce. The head of the firm was an old friend of Miss DeWolfe's.

Naturally, with his time so occupied Thorndike found little opportunity for pleasuring, and Mary missed even his brief droppings-in of earlier days. There were certain duty calls that for policy's sake he must make, and she willingly sacrificed her personal desire to her consideration of his welfare. But she looked forward to the long summer.

They had talked of going up to the "God-forsaken" country that had been Harold's abiding-place in his days of dolor, before Mary "discovered" him. Thorndike felt he would like to gloat over his former misery; to experience the bitter-sweet of retrospect, to compare his present condition with his past, and feel the exultant thrill of deliverance. And Mary wished to revisit the spot where her "life had begun again."

When they actually stood upon the old ground and saw, even in the midst of the summer plenitude, how bleak and bare it looked, it made them both breathe deep.

"In what strange places we sometimes find our happiness," said Mary, with wet eyes.

Thorndike looked at her wistfully. "Has it really been happiness for you, Mary?" he asked.

Later he grew bitterly impatient of it all and wanted to get away. The thrill had not been as exultant as he had expected, and the memories that kept crowding in upon him at every turn were more than sufficient to counterbalance the satisfaction he felt in his emergence from these conditions. He told Mary he could not endure it.

"I 'll be melancholy mad if I stay here another day," he declared suddenly, as they were standing together in the wan twilight, looking over the rugged hills.

"Why, it does n't affect me so, in the least," she returned. "I rather like the poor old place. Somehow I am in sympathy with it. I 'm so sorry for its

neglectedness and lonesomeness. It seems as though it must feel forsaken, and oh! I pity anything that feels forsaken."

"Well, you 'll be forsaken yourself, dear heart, if you don't consent to leave tomorrow, for I swear I can't drag through another day here. I could write a feeling Ode to Melancholy this moment. I'm clean knocked out, and blue as all indigo."

So they left the next morning, and the summer proved a disappointment to both of them, for what time Harold was not at work in the city he was taking solitary jaunts into the open in search of inspiration, which he failed to find, and Mary's few glimpses of him were brief and unsatisfactory enough.

His moods were very variable, and he seemed restless and oppressed. By fall she really began to feel anxious about him, he looked so fagged and worn. But he only pooh-poohed her fears for his health. He was perfectly well, he declared. He was simply a little out of kilter spirit-wise. He 'd soon be "in shape" again.

But as the season advanced and he failed to fulfill his promise, Mary's heart misgave her. She could not blind herself any longer to the truth that something was actually wrong somewhere, and as she could not hope for any enlightenment on the subject from Thorndike, she set about discovering the cause of his ailment herself.

One wretched February day he came in, looking terribly haggard and ill.

Outside the wind was blowing furiously: with every gust the rain was driven against the window-pane in perfect sheets. Inside the logs were lit upon the hearth, giving out faint chirpings and twitterings as they burned, and making a "fireshine in a shady place," as Thorndike said.

He greeted Mary as usual on his entrance, and then flung himself down heavily upon the floor beside her, leaning his head against her knee and gazing moodily into the flames. She stroked his hair from his forehead with a gentle hand. Neither of them spoke for a considerable space. Then suddenly the young fellow sprang to his feet, and began pacing the floor excitedly.

"It 's no use," he burst out abruptly, "I 'm all wrong and I 've got to give up. Everything is going to the dogs — my work and everything else. Do you know," he demanded savagely, "that I have n't written a line, not a single line, for six months? What 's to become of me? What am I to do? I can 't go on like this for ever: I 'll kill myself first."

It might almost have seemed that he felt her in some way responsible for his condition: he flungs out his sentence as though they had been so many accusations against her. She felt herself begin to tremble.

"You are talking like a child," she said somewhat sternly.

"Child or man, I tell you this can't go on much longer. It 's driving me mad," he cried rebelliously.

Miss De Wolfe leaned forward in her chair, and he paused, arrested in his pacing by the authority in her eyes.

"Stop a moment," she said. "Remember you have not told me what is the cause of all this. It must have its origin in something. It is not simply a mood. When a man talks as you are doing he does not do so from a whim. Tell me frankly, make a clean breast of it, what is the reason of it all, Harold?"

"O, it *is* a mood," he cried, with a certain bravado. "It *is* a whim. But they 've lasted so long now I 'm getting hipped, I suppose. Nothing is the matter,— that is, nothing that won't pass away if — if —. But this sort of thing, this hanging around and not being able to write at all, is driving me wild. I have thought sometimes that if I were to go away — perhaps"—

"You were away all summer," inter-

rupted Mary quietly. "All summer, with the exception of a week or two."

"But I don't mean just away from town," insisted Thorndike, "I mean away from the whole cursed business,— the conditions,— the — the country. I mean, abroad."

Mary sat quite still, looking meditatively at the fire. She seemed imperturbably calm and composed.

At length she looked at him, and there was an odd sort of smile upon her lips as she said:

"Really, Harold, it is scarcely complimentary to give me credit for so little penetration."

Then her lips lost their curve and began to quiver.

"What do you mean," he demanded.

It took a minute or so before she felt she could control her voice to reply:

"Do you suppose I do not know that you are in love?"

He swung himself about with a short laugh. "Of course, I am in love," he said. "No one ought to know that better than you."

Suddenly he felt a hand upon his arm and turned around to find Mary standing beside him white and trembling.

"Don't insult me," she whispered breathlessly. "At least spare me that. I know,— I have seen,— I have watched. Don't try to lie to me any longer. It is not worth while. See, I have found it all out, what you were too cowardly to tell me, that you care for — Agnes Duane."

She let go his arm and stood facing him squarely, with her head raised proudly erect and in her eyes an expression he had never seen there before. It made him quail. He felt himself dumb before it. But she did not wait for him to speak. It seemed as though all her long years of self-repression were giving way now before her bitter sense of injury and loss, and she let her emotions carry her where they would; she did not even seem to care as to the whither.

"And all this time I have been waiting, waiting, waiting to see if you had the manhood to be straightforward, and honest, and open with me. But you have never once had the first impulse of honorable confession. What right had you, in the beginning, to see this girl, when you found that you — that she — How dared you see her when you knew you were bound to me? It was dastardly! It was contemptible! Ah, perhaps you thought that because I was no longer a girl that I could not feel. One does not outgrow one's capacity for suffering. One does n't grow indifferent to pain." She broke down suddenly, and for a moment stood silent, clasping and unclasping her hands with violent energy.

"O Mary," Thorndike began, humbly, defensively, but at the first sound of his voice she interrupted him.

"Hush!" she cried fiercely. "I know all you are going to say. I can anticipate it, every word. A woman knows what a man will say when he has broken her heart: a woman knows. So we 'll take all that for granted. and pass on to the more important issues—"

"Mary, you *must* listen," the young man burst out desperately. "You must let me speak. I am a knave and a brute, I know, but I 'm not a willful knave and brute. I did not tell you because I felt it would all pass away, and I thought it could only hurt you—Heaven knows it hurts me enough—and I felt, I thought, if I could get away for a while, — quite away, amid new surroundings and far from all the old associations,— I could escape from it all. I never thought of it as a deception. I only wanted to spare you. I have never for one moment been voluntarily false. It has all been a horrible working together of evil,—but I have tried to be true. You must believe that I have tried to be true."

Mary's eyes were still fixed on him with that hard coldness of expression that they had held before he commenced

to speak. His appeal had not moved her in the least.

"Yes, yes," she cried hastily. "We 'll take it for granted that you are truth itself, then. But the result is the same as though you were not, you know. The result is deplorable: and we have got to grapple with the result. We can't take anything else into consideration at all. Whether you were an ignorant boy when you thought you loved me, or whether I was a fatuous fool when *I* thought you did, or whether — or whether — If you have n't told this girl you love her—"

"Mary!" cried the young fellow with a bitter reproach in his voice.

"Then you have?" demanded the woman with slow scorn.

At first it seemed as though he would not answer. Then he straightened himself up, and with a visible effort replied briefly:

"No."

"Well, then, what I was going to say is this: If you have n't told this girl you love her," she repeated, with cruel deliberation, "it relieves you of one responsibility: you do not owe her any reparation. Your whole obligation is to me. You must hold to our engagement. I will not release you. You are mine, and I refuse to give you up. All along I have thought only of you, but now I must think of myself. I will not be humiliated so. Do you hear me? I refuse to give you up." She paused, as though she expected him to break into a storm of opposition and reproach. Instead he bowed his head, and said simply, gently:

"Dear Mary, I do not desire to be released. I have not asked it. All I pray is for strength to cleave to you with my whole heart."

She threw back her head with a haughty half-smile of reckless assurance.

"Yes, you ought to pray for that," she made answer. "Because you *are* mine, you know. Mine 'by right of trove,'" she added with a bitter laugh. "You are mine to do what I like with, as the children say. I believe I am doing right for you too when I—when I keep you for myself. I can do more for you than she could. She is nothing but a child, an inexperienced girl. She cannot give you the tithe of what I can. She could not care, could not begin to care — she has not known — O God! what am I saying?" the woman cried with a sudden back-rush of realization.

Thorndike sprang to her, but she held him back with both arms extended straight before her. She had the wild, frightened look of one who has been walking in her sleep, and has suddenly awakened amid strange surroundings to a consciousness of imminent danger.

"Let me go, let me go!" she panted as he tried to hold her. She was trembling violently. Her chest began to heave and her chin to quiver. She broke from him hurriedly, and in a second the door had closed upon her, and he was alone.

He flung himself into a chair, and sat there in a state of helpless misery for an hour without moving. Then he rose and went to the door, and stood upon the threshold and listened. All was still through the house. He went back to his old place, and began a fresh term of waiting, for, of course, he meant to see Mary before he went away.

But hour after hour passed, and she did not appear. A maid came in and lit the lamps, and Torndike took up a book and made a pretense of reading. The girl placed fresh logs upon the andirons, and caused the charred embers to glow anew. She flicked the hearth free of ashes, and then went to the windows and drew the curtains close.

Torndike scarcely knew she was in the room. She was decorously aware of his presence, and went through the list of her duties with more than conscientious attention. At length she withdrew, stooping to straighten a rug as she went.

After she had gone Torndike sat, still holding the open book in his hand, and gazing over it into space.

Presently the book slid noiselessly to the floor, and the young man's head fell back against the cushioned chair. He was worn out with waiting and with worry.

A few moments later Mary appeared in the doorway. Her eyes had changed and were inexpressibly sad and gentle. All her old manner of mild dignity had returned to her; she was once more self-controlled and calm, but she looked deadly weary.

At first she did not know that Thorndike was asleep, but as she drew nearer and saw his closed eyes she stepped more lightly for fear of waking him. She paused some distance from him, but after a moment she dragged a chair noiselessly to his side and looked down at him breathlessly.

On his face were all the traces of his recent suffering. She noticed the dark shadows beneath his eyes and the sharp angle of his cheek-bone. He looked very young and very unhappy. Even in his sleep his sorrow seemed present with him, and in a moment Mary felt her heart go out to him with inexpressible yearning. A great flood of tenderness swept over her; the sort of tenderness a mother feels for a child. She longed to lay her arms about him, and put his head upon her bosom, and soothe him and comfort him; but she did not so much as touch his hair with her trembling hand. She retreated into the shadow and waited his awakening.

When he woke he turned instinctively to where she sat, as though he had known she would be there. As their eyes met he smiled faintly.

"Have I slept very long?" he asked with a pitiable attempt at naturalness.

She shook her head.

"You were gone a long time, dear, and I was tired."

"Harold," she said slowly, "I want you to go to her and tell her you love her; but first I want to say how I regret — how I regret— But regrets are useless things, are n't they? Still, I wish you to know that I am not satisfied with myself, and that if I could undo— But you understand without my explaining. I think I am too tired to explain. What I want is that you should go to her and tell her — I want you to go now. I want you to leave me now. I cannot talk; I cannot argue; but I want you to go — to go now."

The young man took a step toward her, breathing heavily.

"No," he replied, "I will not go. I am yours. I belong to you."

"Yes," she returned in a dull, apathetic way. "Yes, I know; and I give you to her. Please go to her; please leave me."

"Really, Mary? Do you really bid me to go? Will you not *let* me stay?"

She nodded her head first in assent and then in denial.

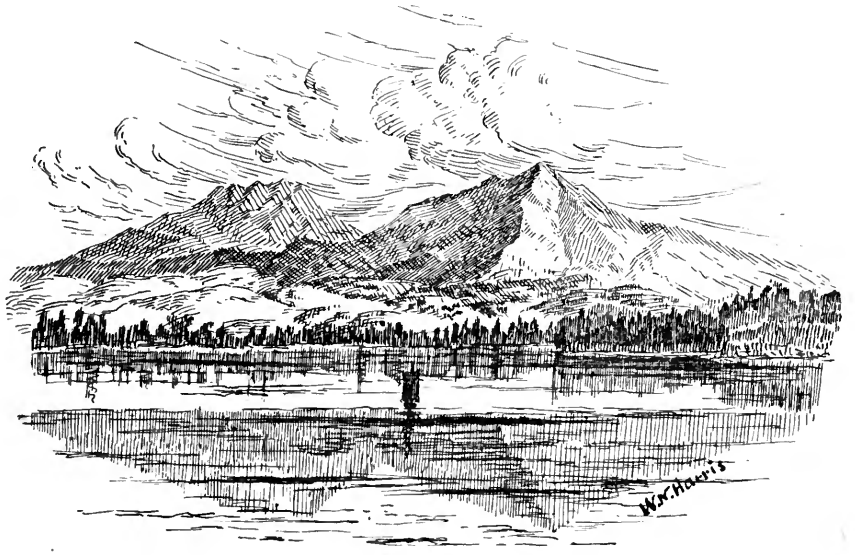
He turned from her despairingly with a dead weight of guilt at his heart, but at the door he stopped and faced her.

"I can't leave you so, Mary," he burst out passionately. "It is too hard! I feel like a contemptible brute. And yet — I *have* struggled — I *have* tried — "

Mary sighed wearily.

Don't," she said.

Julie M. Lippmann.



SLEEP.

O Sleep, — sweet Sleep! Lean downward unto me,
And lay thy cool touch on my fevered cheek.
Lay all thy fair length close to me, and speak
Thy language, soft and drowsy as the sea
That steals up tide-lands slow and lullingly.
O Sleep, — kind Sleep! Lean down and press thy lips
On my tired eyes; let thy cool finger-tips
Still my hot temples' throb, — ay, let me be
Cradled within thy arms. — And bid me think
Of clovered banks where long, still shadows creep;
Of lotus blossoms lolling on a stream;
Of tinkling brooks where thirsty cattle drink;
Of drowsy poppy fields. — And bid me dream
Of her I love, O Sleep, — O gentle Sleep!

Ella Higginson.

A VACATION REVERIE.

With what indifference a thousand eyes
Have passed me by.
Only a stranger, whom none recognize,
Nor love, nor hate, nor envy, nor despise;
Scarce deemed as worthy of a second glance
As yonder waves that in the sunlight dance.
With careful eye
I seek some face that will respond to mine,
Not one is here to give me friendly sign.

Yet here are hundreds, some of whom, no doubt,
Had fate ordained,
Might have been friends whom life were void without,—
Might have transfigured me and all about.
The inspiration of their lives and thought,
Who can determine what it might have wrought?—
What I had gained,
If, by some trifling change of circumstance,
We had been freed from mutual ignorance?

Who knows but yonder stranger's heart contains
Such wealth of love,
As might have eased me of a hundred pains,
And more than doubled all life's lasting gains?
Who knows but that we sometime yet shall meet,
If not on earth, where life is incomplete,
Perhaps above,
When countless ages shall have passed away,
We shall be friends who strangers are today.

Oft, as a stranger passes me, I think
What might have been,
Had fate supplied us friendship's missing link.
One word had bridged the gulf, from brink to brink,
And to a sweet companionship had led,
But somehow that one word was left unsaid;
And we have seen
Each other's faces, but we do not know
How much we lose, to pass each other so.

Robert Whitaker.

LUMBERING IN WASHINGTON.

"Now hold on tight."

The warning came just in time. We were on an empty lumbering train on our way to the wood-choppers' camp, and for nearly half an hour the little engine had been puffing and blowing as we crawled up the steep grade. At times we almost stopped, the wheels slid around on the track, and the engine emitted a series of rapid and energetic puffs. Then we would start ahead with renewed vigor.

Now we had reached the summit of the grade, and all the suppressed energy seemed to be let loose at once. The train bounded ahead, and we became painfully aware of a fact that had not been apparent in our slow progress up the grade. The cars were without springs, and we jolted along in a manner that threatened to dislocate every joint in our bodies.

The track was built solely for the purpose of transporting lumber to the mill, and so little money had been expended for ballasting, that we swayed from side to side as we rounded the curves, and bounced up and down on the straight stretches.

The road was but a few miles in length, however, and we were soon standing beside the track, watching the immense logs being loaded on the flat cars.

The trees were cut at a short distance from the track, and hauled down to the side on skids. Then by means of other skids, and by taking advantage of elevations in the ground, they were loaded on the cars.

Logs of ordinary size were loaded on flat cars, six or eight making a load, according to their diameter. But when logs of extreme length are to be transported, a truck resting on eight wheels is placed at each end, and the load of logs chained to it, the middle part being suspended in the air.

It seemed but a short time when the train was ready to start back for the mill, and then began a journey that was far more exciting and disjointing than our coming had been. The return was for the most part on the down grade, and we fairly whizzed along, holding on with both hands to avoid being snapped off as we rounded the curves.

Arrived at the mill, the logs were dumped into the log pond, beside which the track ran, and there they awaited the manipulation of the mill hands, by whom they were to be transformed into commercial commodities.

This mill depends upon the short railroad for the greater part of its supply of logs, for the forest has been cut back several miles from its present location, and the waterways are not convenient for use. But most of the mills obtain their supply of logs by water, purchasing them delivered at the mill. The woodcutter then floats his logs down the rivers that flow through the forests, and forms them into rough rafts on the sound.

It is difficult to give anything like a clear impression of the extent of this business in this northwest corner of the United States. Mere figures convey but an inadequate idea. To the stranger that visits the State and travels from Portland to Tacoma, or sails in one of the steamers down the Sound to the boundary line, there is a confused impression of a limitless forest of great density, upon which the energy of man may be expended for centuries without any appreciable effect. Yet along this road from Portland, following the first highway that was cut through the western part of the State, there is an advance to be noted during the last few years. The lumberman has already made here a beginning on that work which has denuded other parts of the country of the green shelter. But it is only a beginning, and it will be many years before Washington ceases to be the great lumber producing State of the Union.

It is difficult also to convey any adequate impression as to the amount of timber in Washington. Last year the mills of the State cut one and a quarter billion feet of lumber, or enough to build 500 wooden buildings as large as the new Mills Building in San Francisco. Yet working at the same rate, it would require nearly four centuries to cut all the timber now standing in the State. Were all the timber in Washington converted into lumber of the various kinds, it would suffice to build a city forty miles long and twelve miles wide, all the buildings being four stories high, and no space being allowed for yards, gardens, or public parks. A street leading from San Francisco to New York might be lined with five-story buildings, two hundred feet deep, and there would be enough lumber left to plank the street its entire length and build wooden sidewalks on each side.

The figures are not available for a comparison with the standing timber in the other States at the present time, but the following table is compiled from the census of 1880:

State.	Feet of Standing Timber.
Michigan	45,000,000,000
Wisconsin	45,000,000,000
Minnesota	10,000,000,000
Arkansas	50,000,000,000
Louisiana	50,000,000,000
Texas	70,000,000,000
Mississippi	25,000,000,000
Alabama	25,000,000,000
Georgia	22,000,000,000
South Carolina	8,000,000,000
Tennessee	10,000,000,000
Kentucky	10,000,000,000
West Virginia	10,000,000,000
Pennsylvania	8,000,000,000
	388,000,000,000

Thus we had in fourteen States lying east of the Rocky Mountains, and including all the great lumber States of the Mississippi Valley, an amount of standing timber ten years ago that was just about equal to the timber now standing in the single State of Washington. For in 1890 Clarence M. Barton, acting as special agent of the government, and taking into account the best knowledge on the subject, estimated the timber of Washington at 389,365,000,000 feet, and the cut of 1891 was 1,379,000,000. And while the amount of timber in these fourteen States is about equal to that in Washington, the total area is about twelve times as great.

The immense amount of timber is nearly all to be found in what is generally called Western Washington. The

Cascades divide the State into two unequal parts, the western comprising about 25,000 square miles, the eastern 45,000. The moist ocean breezes have caused the great growth in the western part, and at one time it was covered by a dense and almost impenetrable forest. There is comparatively little undergrowth, but the trees grow very close together. In Eastern Washington the timber is found along the eastern slopes on the Cascades, in the mountainous northern counties, and in the extreme southeast, where a spur of the Blue Mountains reaches out.

The timbered area of the State covers about twenty-five million acres, and therefore the average per acre is 15,500 feet of timber. This is estimated to be about one half of what was originally there, the rest having been destroyed by fire or converted into lumber. This average includes the thinly covered mountainous regions, however. In the Chehalis district is the "Fire Belt," so called because the humidity of the atmosphere effectually prevents any serious fire. This belt, covering 600 square miles, will average 50,000 to 60,000 feet of merchantable timber to the acre. About the foothills of Mount Tacoma even greater density is found. In the Olympic country, south of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and between the sound and the ocean, the density is so great as to render the country almost impenetrable, and comparatively little is known of its resources.

The timber of Washington is far more limited in its variety than in its amount. Fir and cedar predominate. The wide-branching, deciduous trees are almost unknown. The dark, harsh foliage of the evergreen lends an almost monotonous tone to the landscape. Along the shores of Puget Sound and in the Olympic and Chehalis or Gray's Harbor districts, the Douglas fir sometimes called the Oregon pine predominates, and these trees here reach a diameter of 12 to 18 feet, and trees have been measured that reached 650 feet in height,[1] though Professor Sargent in his report accompany-

From Photo by Taber

AN OX TEAM.

[1] This statement is made in C. M. Barton's account of the lumber interests of the State of Washington, published by the U. S. Government. He quotes Fred. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, as having measured the trees. Mr. Plummer, when spoken to about it, however, declared that 250 was the correct figure, and that he had almost been hurried into a premature grave answering queries about it from all parts of the United States. The statement and its correction are given in order to relieve the pressure on Mr. Plummer, somewhat.

F. I. V.

ing the tenth census places the extreme diameter at 12 feet and the extreme height at 350 feet, and these figures will probably closely approximate the average size of the trees.

South of this region, in the counties to the north of the Columbia River, the cedar is more abundant. The cedar reaches a height of 150 to 200 feet, and a diameter of 12 to 14 feet. The wood is a dull brown tinged with red, very light, soft, coarse-grained, and easily

May, 1889, at their shops in Tacoma. The experiments were made with 2 by 4 inch sticks, 4 feet long, laid edgewise on supports 3 feet 9 inches apart in the clear. A concentrated weight was applied to the center until the sticks broke with the following results:

		POUNDS.
1.	Soft, sappy, fine-grained yellow fir	3,060
2.	Green, coarse-grained butt of fir	3,630
3.	Medium-grained, seasoned fir	4,320
4.	Eastern white pine	1,610
5.	Green Eastern oak	2,430

Photo by C. E. Holmes

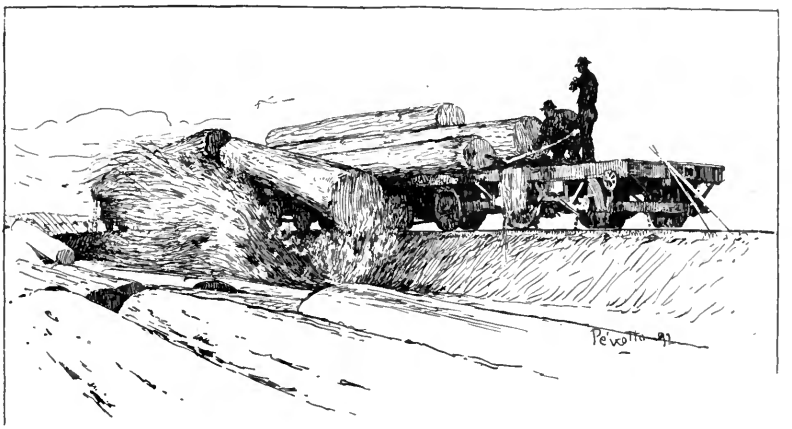
THE JUNCTION OF THE SKID-ROAD AND RAILROAD.

worked. The tide land spruce, a soft wood that takes a good finish, is found particularly near the mouth of the Columbia, where it forms an almost continuous forest for nearly fifty miles. The Pacific Coast hemlock completes the list of the principal trees of Washington. Maple, alder, and cottonwood, are found, but not in large quantities and having little commercial value.

In commercial value as well as in quantity the Douglas fir stands first. The following tests were made by officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad in

The fir is used for all purposes requiring strength and durability, and how well it meets these requirements is shown by the tests given above. The seasoned stick had been exposed to the weather for several years, yet it had gained immensely in strength. The bark of the Douglas fir is also strong in tannin, containing 13.79 per cent, while the Eastern hemlock contains but 13.11 per cent. The demand for tannin has not yet been developed, however, and the bark goes to waste.

The cedar is used principally in the



UNLOADING.

manufacture of shingles, which, owing to the great durability of the wood and the fact that it will neither warp nor shrink, are finding a growing market in the Eastern States. It is also a favorite for interior finish, owing to the beautiful effects that can be obtained by bastard sawing.

The hemlock is particularly rich in tannin, the bark showing a percentage of 15.78, against 13.11 per cent in the Eastern hemlock. When the development of the tanning industry brings it into the market, this tree will prove very valuable, but at present it is used only in the manufacture of a coarse lumber.

For the purpose of comparison and reference the following tables have been compiled from a variety of sources. The State is arbitrarily divided, chiefly with reference to the varieties and amount of timber. In the Olympic and Gray's Harbor country, and in what is classed as the Puget Sound region (including the counties between the Sound and the Cascades), the Douglas fir is the most abundant; in the southern part of Western Washington the cedar takes first place, though the fir is still prominent. In the eastern part of the State the yellow or bull pine, red fir, cedar, and hemlock, predominate.

The estimated amount of standing timber is given in million feet, in order to avoid long numbers, though at first sight this makes the cut of last year appear to exceed the amount of standing timber. The cut of 1891 was in reality rather small, owing to a number of smaller mills being shut down, and the others working only on part time. In the columns presenting the number of mills, the daily capacity, and the cut for 1891, the lumber and shingle mills have been grouped together as handlers of timber, and to the last column should be added 340,000,000 feet of lumber cut in the State, but unclassified as to locality.

OLYMPIA AND GRAY'S HARBOR.

County.	Area.	Timber in Million feet.	Mills.	Capacity Daily.	Cut of 1891.
Chehalis	1,400	30,000	18	735,000	71,200,000
Clallam.	2,400	70,000	6	110,000	60,100,000
Jefferson	2,500	80,000	5	305,000	38,750,000
Kitsap..	400	1,000	6	462,000	129,550,000
Mason ..	900	7,000	7	148,000	.....
Total.	7,600	188,000	42	1,760,000	299,600,000

SOUTHWESTERN WASHINGTON.

Clarke..	500	5,000	14	256,000	20 000,000
Cowlitz.	1,200	12,000	15	460,000	101,000,000
Lewis ..	1,800	17,000	38	1,591,000	168,250,000
Pacific..	800	9,000	5	292,000	15,000,000
Skamania	2,000	13,000	1	8,000	.....
Thurston	600	5,000	13	391,000	21,200,000
Wahkiakum	400	6,000	1	75.000	3,000,000
Total.	7,300	67,000	87	3,071,000	328,450,000

PUGET SOUND.

Island...	250	250	1	60,000	2,570,000
King....	2,040	25,000	60	1,794,000	338,050,000
Pierce..	1,800	25,000	41	2,161,000	286,900,000
Skagit ..	1,800	25,000	22	390,000	56,100,000
Snohomish	1,800	20,000	16	905 000	133,700,000
Whatcom	2,200	20,000	27	976,000	89,750,000
Total.	9,890	115,250	167	6,286,000	907,070,000

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

Asotin ..	500	20	4	50,000	.....
Columbia	800	35	4	25 000	4,250,000
Douglas .	4,400	....	4	35,000	15,000,000
Garfield .	700	10	3	45,000	11,500,000
Kittitas .	3,600	4 000	3	35,000	16,750,000
Klickitat	2,000	1,500	12	180,000	16,750,000
Lincoln	2,440	....	9	96,000	1,250 000
Okanogan	7,200	7,000	3	38,000	14,500,000
Spokane.	1,600	50	30	564,000	131,800,000
Stevens .	5,500	3.500	7	58,000	3,250,000
Whitman	2,000	....	8	195,000	45.350,000
Yakima .	6.700	3 000	2	23,000	3,000,000
Total	37,440	19 115	89	1,344,000	263 400,000

The stranger who visits a steam saw-mill is apt to be impressed with the idea that there is some supernatural power at work. Lumber seems to be moving around from one of the saws to another without any impelling force,—piles of lumber will suddenly move sideways when nobody is near them, and then, when in the line with the proper saw, will move forward toward that saw as if attracted by an irresistible force. Closer inspection will show, however, that all these apparently supernatural effects are produced by a system of endless chains and rollers, perfect in their simplicity and efficiency.

Taking a typical mill in the city of Tacoma, which is said to be the most complete in utilizing steam and minimizing labor in the United States, we may get some idea of how mechanical appliances are applied in handling logs and converting them into lumber. The working part of the mill is two stories in height, and covers an area about three hundred feet long by fifty wide. At the south end is a chute, running from the log pond to the second story. The logs in the pond are floated, one after the other, to the foot of the chute. Here an endless chain, running up the chute, is fitted with teeth, which catch the log and draw it up into the mill. When the log reaches the top, the chain is stopped, and the length and diameter are measured. Just beyond the chute,

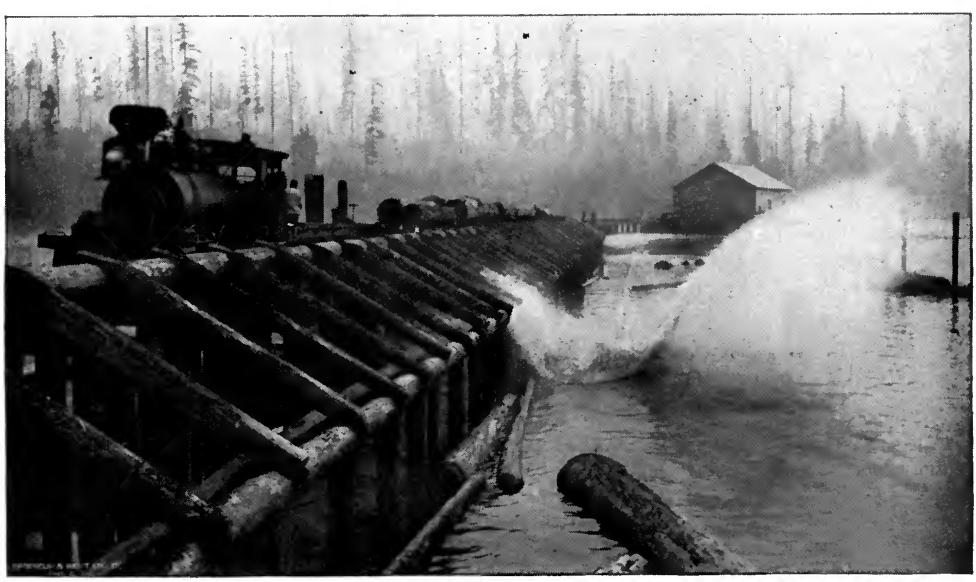


Photo by C. E. Holmes

THE LOGGING TRAIN.

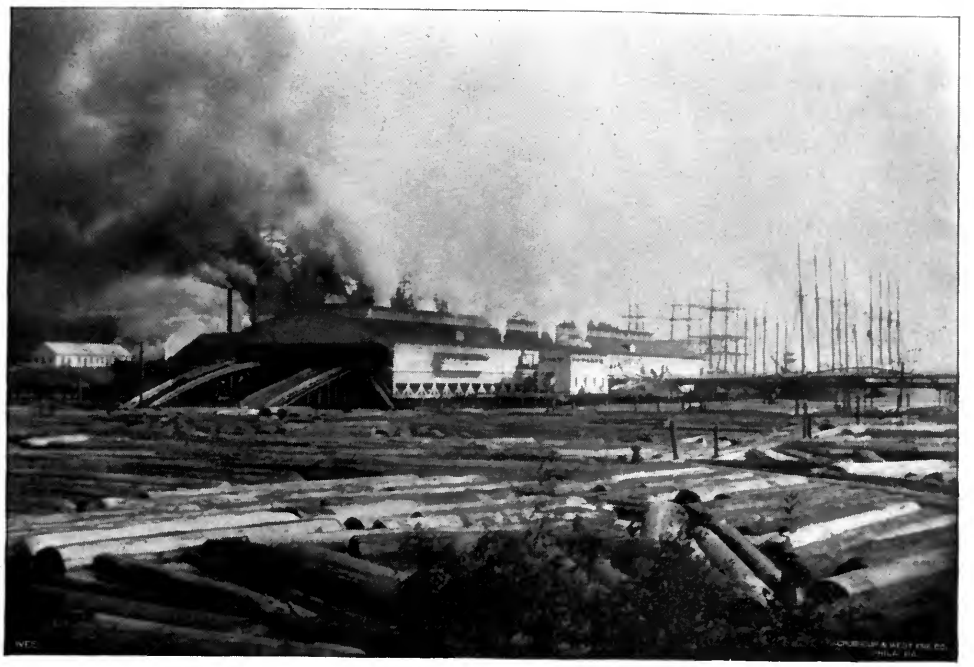


Photo by C. E. Holmes

PORT BLAKELEY MILLS.

inside the mill, is a platform, sloping gently to either side, and with an opening or gutter between, directly opposite the end of the chute. Into this gutter the log is pushed by means of the endless chain, and there it remains until the saw is ready to handle it.

The band saws for handling logs are two in number, one on each side, and just beyond the platform. For convenience in assorting, the long logs are handled by one saw, the short logs by the other. When the saw is ready a lever is turned, and beneath the gutter in which the log rests, a shaft revolves. On this shaft are eccentric wheels that rise with the revolution, pushing the log upon the platform to the right or left, according to which saw is to handle it.

The platform extends to within eight feet of the sides of the building. In this space on either side is a car, or truck, as high as the platform. This truck is fitted on top with three or four L braces on the side nearer to the platform, and opening toward the platform. Into these braces the log is rolled, and when in position is held in place by three hooks fastened by one end to the car, and the other end driven into the log. This whole arrangement for holding the log may be moved toward or away from the platform at will.

When the log is fastened, it is moved to a proper distance from the platform in a line with which is the saw, the steam is applied, and the car carries the log forward to the saw, which cuts off a thin piece from one side. The forward movement has been slow: now the car hurries back to its starting point, as if impatient to begin again; the log is moved forward, one, two, or three inches, according to the thickness of the plank to be cut off.

When three or four planks have been cut, one of the most interesting pieces of machinery in the mill is called into

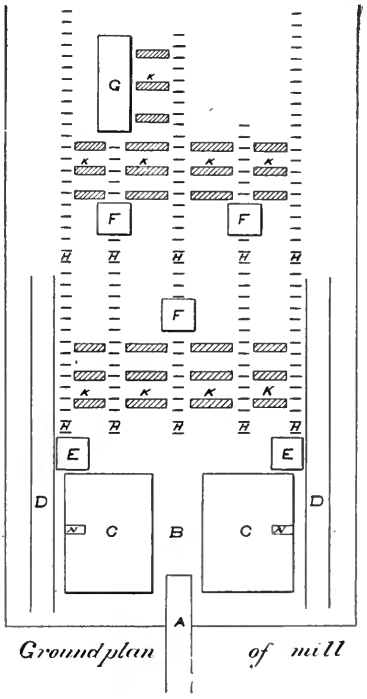
play. The "steam nigger" seems to be almost human in its operations, so intelligent is its work. The hooks are knocked loose from the log, and then rising from a hole in the platform comes the steam nigger. It rises perpendicularly, a shaft of iron ten feet long, and about three by six inches wide and thick. On the side nearest to the log are a series of spikes slanting slightly upward, and about three inches long. As the nigger rises, these spikes catch in the log, rolling it over until the proper face is exposed. Then it suddenly swings away from the log, the spikes drop inside the bar, and with a swift backward swing it hammers the log back close to the L braces. Sometimes two or three blows are needed, but when the log is in position the nigger holds it there until the hooks are adjusted,and then more planks are cut from this face of the log. Thus the different faces of the log are cut from until there is only a beam left 8 or 12 inches square, according to the diameter of the log.

We have now followed the log only about fifty feet from the end where it entered the mill, and it has been cut into a number of pieces of various thick-

THE CHUTE-CHAIN FEEDING THE MILL.

ness and width; but we are by no means through with it. Beyond the saw is a line of rollers about four inches in diameter, and raised on uprights about two feet high. These rollers extend from the saw toward the other end of the mill. Beside them, and running parallel with them, are similar lines of rollers. At the other ends of these lines of rollers are the gang saws.

When the first piece is sawed off the log it is little besides bark, and is of no



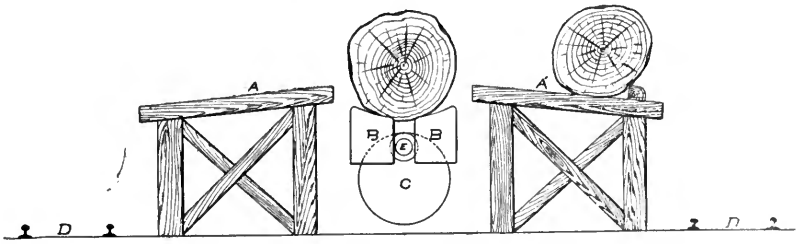
Ground plan of mill

A. Chute up which logs come.
B. Slot or gutter.
C.C. Platforms.
D. Car track
E.E. Band saws.
F.F.F. Gang and finishing saws.
G. Length circular saws.
H.H.H. Lines of rollers.
K.K.K. Endless chains.
N.N. Slot for nigger.

value. It drops on the rollers, the steam is applied to them, and they begin to revolve, and swiftly carry the strip to the other end of the mill. Upon arriving there, a mill hand pulls the handle, a circular saw rises, and cuts off a piece about six feet in length, which drops into a chute below. Then another piece is cut off, until the whole piece is cut into short lengths, and dropped into the chute. At the bottom of this chute is an endless chain fitted with projections which catch the piece as it drops, and carry it along, dropping it finally in a car beneath, in which it is carried away. The time may come when this refuse lumber may be valuable for kindling and other purposes, but at present it has no value, and some mills burn it, while one mill, situated on the tide flats of Puget Sound, uses it to fill in on the water front, and has thus made considerable valuable land.

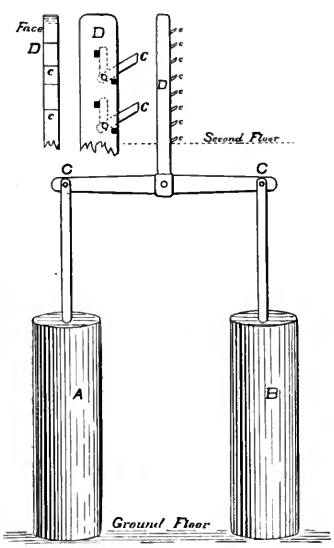
Having followed the refuse lumber we may return to the saw which has just cut off a plank three inches thick. It drops on the rollers, and is allowed to remain there. Another is cut off and drops on top of it. When five planks are thus piled up, the log will yield no more of that size. The rollers are started, and carry the pile along a few feet. There an endless chain running across the building is set in motion, and it carries our planks sideways until they are in the line of the desired gang saw.

Now the endless chain is stopped, and the line of rollers upon which the planks now rest carry them forward to the gang saw. This saw, or series of saws, can be set any distance apart. At present they are one inch apart, and our five



Sectional view of the platforms

A,A.' Platforms.
B.B. Iron supports on which the log rests after coming up the chute.
C. Eccentric wheel, which may be turned to the right or left, lifting the log and rolling it on to platform A or A,'
D.D. Tracks of the car carrying the logs to the saws.



Steam Nigger

A.B. Steam cylinders.
C.C. Car working on pivots at ends.
D. The nigger.
C.C.C.C. The spikes or teeth.
(For rolling the log steam is applied in both cylinders equally; for hammering it steam is withdrawn from A alone and then turned into it.)

planks, being 25 inches wide, come out at the other end as a pile of 125 scantlings one by three inches in size.

They have now been cut to the desired size, but not the desired lengths. A new set of rollers carries them forward, and leaves them beside a platform inclined upward slightly. One by one the scantlings are placed at the edge of this platform, and a series of endless chains catches them, and carries them up the face of the platform. As they come up, circular saws rise through slits in the platform, cut them to the desired lengths and drop again out of sight. Sixteen to twenty of these saws are arranged side by side, two feet apart, and they are all under the control of one man, who by means of a series of levers elevates or lowers them at will.

As the scantlings, now cut to the desired length and size, reach the upper end of the platform they are carried away and piled up, or sent through chutes, where by means of the ubiquitous endless chain they are carried and delivered to the planing machines on the lower floor. We have followed the scantlings through their various processes of manufacture. Lumber of other dimensions is handled in the same manner, being carried to other sets of gang saws.

Beneath each of the various saws is a chute into which the sawdust, of which there is necessarily a great amount, drops. At the bottom of the chute it is taken by scrapers attached together in the form of endless chains, and carried over the fire box in the engine room, into which it is dropped, furnishing sufficient fuel to supply the motive power for all the machinery.

Endless chains and chutes. These are the agents that perform the work in the steam saw mill. The marker who measures the logs, a gang of four men on the car, an engineer in charge of each saw, an engineer in charge of the movement of lumber on rollers, and a few mill hands to handle the finished lumber,—these are the men who, with the assistance of marvelously perfect machinery, turn out in a day thousands of dollars worth of finished lumber.

F. I. Vassault.

A STRUGGLE WITH INSOMNIA.

KILLING time was my employment then, and in that line I was a complete success. How relentlessly I grasped a fresh young day by the throat, and butchered it in cold blood at my leisure! My favorite place of murder was in my bachelor's apartments. They were in a big lodging-house — one of those great shells that, with their elaborate external shams, are so decoying to the lonely home-seeker. In there, among my cheap French novels, and with my hubble-bubble pipe — a genuine hookah — I slew the innocent hours, the guileless days, and the helpless weeks. I was not always alone in my crimes. Sometimes I had confederates who were skillful assassins in this line, and who aided me in the wretched work. Among us we would make away with an afternoon and evening in short order. Our neatest and most effective work of this sort was done at the card-table, around which we would sometimes sit until morning, when my friends would sneak stealthily down the stairs, feeling no little remorse at times over the reflection that they had murdered the very choicest and best of all the hours — those which should have been devoted to sleep.

I do not know what might be urged in palliation for my friends' offenses, but my excuse was, as I thought, a good and sufficient one,— I was waiting for the Great Event. This had solely to do with a silver mine, which is all I feel constrained to tell you about it.

I knew few people in the house. The only man that I became well acquainted with among the lodgers was Silas Keith, and I had not known him long before I wished that I had not known him at all. Eerie is a good word for his style, and gruesome is a good word for his manner. He was white-faced, hollow-eyed, and his hair was the dryest-looking and his whiskers the spiniest that I ever set eyes upon. The first time I met him he was in his night-shirt. He tapped at my door and asked me what time it was.

"I saw by the transom that there was a light in your room," said he, "so you will excuse me for venturing to knock. One A. M., is it? Why I thought it must be three. I forgot to wind my watch, and it is run down. Thank you. Good night, or rather, good morning."

"Have you been ill?" I asked, after I had told him not to be in a hurry about going, and had laid down my "Sappho" with her face to the table cover,— for I had been reading. His face looked very bad.

"O, no; nothing unusual. I have been having another wrestling-bout with my old enemy, Insomnia; that's all. He is very hard to lay on his back sometimes. No matter how early I may retire, it is often broad daylight before I can get to sleep. Are you ever troubled that way?"

I lied a little for the sake of sympathy, saying that I, too, had had a sleepless night now and then. But the fact of the matter is, that as soon as my head touches my pillow and my eyes close I enter the Land of Nod by the limited express.

"Then you know something of what I suffer. You know what it is to have all the prescribed formulas of sleep-producing, except the sedative, fail you. Now, I hate to resort to drugs. They leave me with less and less power against my enemy after each succeeding application. Of course you know that, still you cannot have the slightest conception of the torture I have endured after all; for I believe I have descended into the uttermost depths of the hell of the

sleepless. I fear that drugs must in time become my only hope, and they are, as you know, a frail one. In vain have I tried many influences, the exertion of which I thought might withdraw my mind from the consciousness of its operations, and suspend the directing power of my will. I will not deny the fact that my restlessness is always dependent upon mental agitation and extreme nervousness. It generally is in cases such as mine."

These confidences were not in my line. The next thing I knew he might be confessing some horrible crime to me. So I got rid of him, after asking if he had ever heard of strong cold tea as a cure for sleeplessness. He said he had drank pints of it at a sitting, without the slightest noticeable good. As his long shirt trailed through the door, and he turned his cavernous eyes toward me, and again bade me good night in that thin voice of his, I knew I should have to read three more chapters of "Sappho" to get him and his confounded insomnia off my mind. By the time I had finished reading, it was three o'clock in the morning. I heard slight creaking sounds across the hallway, and knew they emanated from my new acquaintance's bedroom. The sounds seemed like those of a person striding softly up and down the floor. I slept the sleep of the just, and woke not until nearly noon, when I went abroad as usual, and on coming back and making an anxious inquiry for the letter that was to contain the eagerly awaited news of the Great Event, I received the usual reply and went on with my time-killing. It was getting to be slow work now, for I had nearly read myself out, and there was no prospect of a card-party of my chums until Saturday night, which was a long way off.

The evening post brought nothing, but an expressman did manage to break the monotony with a good-sized bundle, which I eyed with curiosity. There was a note accompanying the package, and on opening it I was told in little Cousin May's absurdly large chirography that this was my birthday, and that I had become the owner of a mandolin. Cousin May was always making people foolish gifts, bless her dear heart. The year before she had sent me a lot of little bags, scented with sachet powder. I unwrapped my mandolin and looked at it with a smile.

"I have about as much use for this thing as a blind woman has for a looking glass," said I, for I knew not so much as a single note of music, not even a semi-quaver. So I put the mandolin on the mantle-piece, and turned to a fresh novel that I had brought home with me that day. I found in the first two chapters that the story was too tame for me, and so I lighted a cigar and sauntered out upon the street. At the corner I fell in with my afflicted friend.

"I am taking a good walk tonight," said he. "Perhaps it will aid me in getting to sleep."

"I hope it may," said I, not very interestedly, and at the same time I thought, "This man is getting to be a bore."

But he did not insist on walking with me, as I had thought he would. Still I was very far from being rid of him. He came again to my bedroom at midnight. This time he was more decently arrayed, but he had the same thin voice, the same awful eyes, and the same dry and uncanny beard and hair. He talked a long time, and as a result of his talk the most unlikely thing occurred. I actually became interested in the fellow and his everlasting insomnia. I can hardly account for it now, but he managed to impress me and so to gain my sympathy as to create in me a desire to help him. I knew that I was too selfish and indifferent to the woes of others to have this sort of feeling last long, and I wondered not a little at myself for harboring it at all. I went into his room with him, put him to bed, and selecting the stupidest

book of all the mass of rot on my shelves, I read for an hour in the most monotonous tone at my command. It seemed that his evening walk had done him no earthly good, and he had been tossing about until he had nearly worn out his mattress. Now he lay quite calm. He was not asleep,— that I could tell by his breathing, which was of the waking sort. I droned away in the most unimpressive manner, hoping to smooth down his auditory nerves, and cause his mind to yield itself to the soporific influence. I tired of this at the end of the hour. His eyes were closed, but the lids twitched in a horrible way. I saw on a shelf a well-thumbed volume, Macnish on "The Philosophy of Sleep." I opened it at page 21, and read that the mind while remaining poised, as it were, between sleep and its opposite condition, is "pervaded by a strange confusion which almost amounts to wild delirium; the ideas dissolve their connection with it one by one, and its own essence becomes so vague and diluted that it melts away in the nothingness of slumber." What an awful thing sleep was, after all! It had never struck me in that light before. I read on and found a lot of sleep-producing experiments, which I proceeded to put to the test. Following the instructions, I began a soft tapping on the edge of the table, at the same time droning out a sort of see-saw melody, like unto nothing ever heard on the earth above, the waters beneath, or elsewhere. But the eyelids kept up their infernal twitching and the breath got no deeper. Then I began a buzzing noise, curling my tongue and pressing it to my tightly closed teeth. He turned his face to the wall, and soon I was rewarded by a heavy and regular breathing. I went away, still buzzing as I walked to the door, for fear that if I stopped he would wake and all my trouble would go for naught.

He did not bother me for several days after that. On meeting him then I asked how he had slept that night.

"You worked so faithfully with me that I did not like to discourage you, so I assumed the state that you were trying so hard to force upon me."

"Then you did not go to sleep, after all?"

"No," he replied sadly, vainly trying to smooth down his rebellious whiskers.

I was disgusted. My first insomnia patient was evidently a very bad case, — worse, indeed, than I had imagined. Well, what was he or his sleeplessness to me? People had no right to force their maladies upon their neighbors, particularly in a boarding-house. I had come there to kill time, to be sure, but I wanted to choose my own way of doing it.

For the next few days I was a thing of wild unrest. There was no card party, nor, in fact, any other kind of amusement that I cared for on the calendar, and the Great Event, though seemingly just at the point at times, actually refused to come off.

One day, when particularly angry at the world, my eye fell upon the mandolin. I had been out a few evenings before at an entertainment where a man with gray hair had played the mandolin very sweetly, and he had told me that he had learned in two weeks. I had regarded the statement with proper suspicion, but now that I came to look at the instrument closely I saw that it was a simple affair, after all. "If I can get somebody to teach me to tune it and to twang it," I thought, "I can consume a little time fooling with the strings. I liked those ear-tickling notes very well the other night. Only two weeks' practice. Of course the man lied."

I took the mandolin to a house on Sutter Street, where a modest sign announced that lessons were given on that instrument. A soft-eyed girl, with a lot of fluffy hair hanging over her forehead, gave me a lesson before I left the house. She applied a sort of Ollendorff system to her teaching, beginning

with little runs that corresponded with the linguist's "Have you the bread?" and getting a little more complicated at each lesson. Well, I took a lesson every day, and I assure you that it was very pleasant, sitting there with that soft-eyed girl, while she taught my refractory fingers the way they should go. After a while I got so that I could touch the strings to some purpose, and I used to sit up late at night, twanging away on gay fandangoes or soulful serenades. One warm evening I chanced to leave my door open. For about an hour I played softly, then noticing that the door was ajar, I shut it, not caring to disturb the other lodgers. Next morning the sleepless man across the hallway came to me in an ecstacy of delight.

"I was tossing on my pillow, last night," said he, with radiant face, "and had about despaired of sleep for the night, when, of a sudden, the music of your mandolin stole upon my nervous ear. The effect was magical. In less than ten minutes, as nearly as I can say, I was fast asleep."

This tickled me mightily. My little tricks with the mandolin were about my only accomplishment; and if my music was so soft and sweet, as he had said it was, it was certainly worth while to continue the practice. I told him I was glad if he had at last discovered an effective soporific that had no taste of morphine in it; but that I was anything but a trained musician, and that he would doubtless soon become very tired of my twanging, if he were to hear it long.

"On the contrary," he declared, "I am so convinced of the soothing effect of your mandolin that I came in to ask as a favor that you would leave your door open every evening when you sit down to play upon it."

"Very well," said I, laughing, "but I leave you to settle with the other lodgers, who will surely begin to arm themselves, if I do as you wish."

"Oh, I'll stand all the blame, should there be any," said he; and he strode out with a lighter step than I had ever thought him capable of.

Well, of course it was all very well for a time, and I was surprised and pleased to note the highly beneficial effect of the music on my friend across the way; but how long could I keep it up? Not for long, of course. He had gained several pounds of flesh, his face had regained its color, his step was elastic, and he declared that he was himself again, and that he owed it all to me and to my mandolin. So I thrummed away each night, until at last I became very sick of it all, and vowed, in my inhuman way, that I wished I had never seen a mandolin.

As the music began to drop off, my friend became restive again. My indifference to his woes grew from day to day, and yet I often found myself, much against my will, playing the poor fellow to sleep. He was very grateful, and perhaps I ought to have continued to twang away, and feel glad that I was of some use to somebody in the world. But, somehow, all the good feeling had worn off. Let me assure you right here, that it is one thing to play the mandolin to appreciative listeners in a hall or drawing room, and another thing to sit and thrum away to put a man to sleep.

I had become indispensable to the poor fellow, so he was saddled on me like the Old-Man-of-the-Sea. That was the worst of it all. I hardly had the heart to desert him, and yet I knew not which was the most unendurable, his insomnia or my enforced mandolin-playing. "If I could only get a substitute," thought I, "I would be willing to pay for him out of my own purse."

But a substitute of the right sort was not so easy to find. I hired an Italian fellow from the Barbary Coast, and he stole everything he could easily make off with. Then the honest-looking man from Tehama Street took occasion to

get very much intoxicated in my room, and caused me to be regarded with suspicion by my landlady. It would not do. The thing was becoming an infernal nuisance. I must get rid of nervous Mr. Keith. Ah, happy thought! Why not marry him to some woman who played the mandolin and who would be as willing to make sacrifices as I was unwilling? I owed the man nothing, but still I hated to desert him. Whom could I marry him off to? It was a serious question. In the first place, I doubted if he would be acceptable to any woman, if she knew of his malady. But she need not be told. After she married him she might take her time curing him, and it might not take so very long, after all. He seemed to be getting much better, and in time he might not require the mandolin treatment. If she really loved him she would certainly be willing to exert a little patience. Keith was a man of means, and he was not a bad matrimonial bargain, leaving aside his unnatural tendency toward sleeplessness. I might advertise him in the personal columns, and perhaps some willing widow would snatch him up in short order. "A wide-awake man would like to correspond with a young woman of affectionate disposition, with a view to matrimony." How would that look? But, pshaw! How did I know that he would entertain the notion of marrying? The best way was to take him unaware. Eureka! There was that soft-eyed girl on Sutter Street. I would introduce them, and he might fall in love with her. That was the best plan I could devise.

Full of my great matrimonial project, I grasped the first opportunity to put it into working order. I took Keith with me to the soft-eyed girl, on some pretense or other, and he became interested in her at their first meeting.

"What a lucky stroke," thought I. And yet, somehow, I was not altogether pleased when on my next meeting with the trim little mandolin teacher she remarked that "Mr. Keith was one of the most entertaining men she had ever met."

Why I was not pleased I did not understand. Yet I remember quite distinctly that I ground my heel into the gravel walk and changed the subject. Whatever the feeling was, it seemed to have disappeared next day, for I managed to arrange another meeting of the two. It was not long before they became good friends, and it soon looked as if they might become something more. She entranced him with her sweet strains from the mandolin. "It will not be long," thought I, "before my struggle with insomnia will be over. It has been almost as bad as though I were afflicted with the dread malady myself."

Just at this time the Great Event bobbed up on the horizon as an absolute certainty. I had been at one stroke, as it seemed, lifted above cheap boarding-houses, and all that they implied, and was now ready for a career in the financial arena such as I had long pictured to myself as the ideal life for a moneyed man. By making a few lucky moves among the chessmen on the stock exchange, I could retire in a year or two, if I chose, or I could keep on at the game until I should amass a fortune of which a Vanderbilt might not feel ashamed.

My first few sallies among the bulls and bears did not make me a millionaire. In fact, they threatened to drive me to hard labor or strong drink. One night, after a particularly rough time of it among the animals of the exchange, I went home, feeling more blue than blue. I picked up the mandolin and opened my door. "No matter how down on my luck I may feel," thought I, "I will lull that poor Keith to sleep. He is in, of course. He is always in. So I will give him 'Old Madrid,' and send him off."

When I had finished playing, I went out upon the street. Glancing at a

tower clock near by, I was surprised to find that it was still early. Somehow my steps took me toward Sutter Street. On the way another blue wave swept over me. It had been an infernally rough day. Had those bears burned brimstone under me they could not have made me feel with any keener appreciation the fact that the devil's chosen haunt was not far away from their pit. Well, I had still a snug little fortune left out of the wreck. Perhaps the thing to do now was to let the bears have their old pit all to themselves.

Just as I reached the soft-eyed girl's gate, to which I turned with a feeling of flight from the bad old world that had been giving me such hard knocks, I saw two figures coming down the walk. Revealed by the gaslight, their faces turned out to be the hairy one of Keith, whom I had so religiously put to sleep, as I thought, a half-hour before, and the round, peachy one of the soft-eyed girl. I shrank into the shadow, and as they passed I heard him speak to her in a tone of voice that was so tender that it caused her eyelids to droop and made me feel like knocking him down.

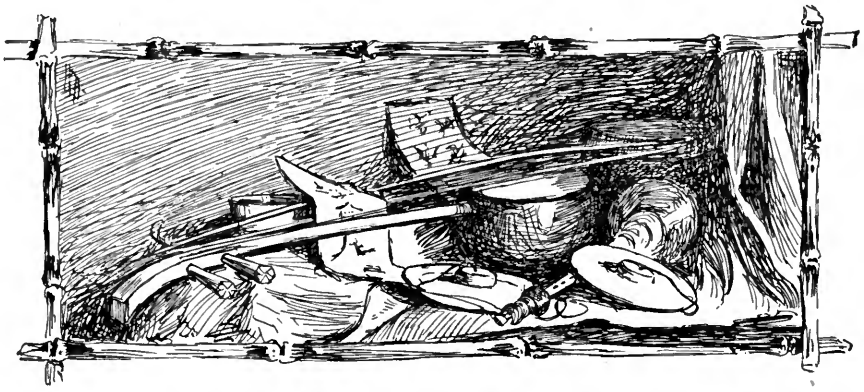
They walked away up the street. I hung around the house until they returned, and it was the worst half-hour of my whole life, that spent waiting for them to come back. I did not let them see me, of course, but I had altogether too good a view of them from across the street. They lingered in the doorway and talked and talked, until I became firmly convinced that something ought to be done. Just when I was almost on the point of doing that something and rendering myself still more ridiculous than I had yet done, he tore himself away.

I did not thrum on the mandolin the next night, you may be sure. I went, instead, to the house on Sutter Street. And the next night, and the next.

It was out of the question — was it not? — that she should marry such a man as he? Why, he cannot sleep a wink unless some one plays the mandolin for him or doses him with morphine. What a husband he would have been for her! I am mean enough to reflect that there are plenty of other mandolin players in the State of California, from which he may choose.

Of course I pity him. I can afford to. For the soft-eyed girl is mine.

Frank Bailey Millard.



CAMPING NEAR THE POINT CONCEPTION LIGHT-HOUSE.

"WHERE shall we go for something new?"

It was in the Santa Ynez Valley, California, and a party of six sat on a hotel veranda. The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered Englishman, registered, "T. Jeff. N. Bronson." His sister was the tall young blonde. The elderly couple were, as published by the register, Mr. and Mrs. Harker, San Francisco. Their dark-eyed daughter, Elsie, sat beside Edward L. James, M.D., New York,— who was, as the register did not state, her cousin, and myself.

As we talked, a man in once blue overalls listened. Presently, stepping forward awkwardly but without hesitation, he drawled: —

"I say, s'posin' yuh let me pilot yuhs to a first-rate place. Ther hain't many people ben thar, but et 's fine, I tell yuh. Y' ever hear o' Pint Conception?"

"Yes, it 's on the maps," said Jeff.

"It is a dangerous rocky point, having on it a light-house, which is all, I think," said Mr. Harker. "I never heard of any one going there." Turning to the man, "Is there a hotel?"

"No, yuhs 'd hev to camp. Like 's not yuh wouldn 't like et, but I som' a' ruther reckon yuh would. Yuh see et 's 'n awful rough place, with har 'ly nothin' but rocks 'n' sand fur miles, an' sometimes win 's 'n' fogs is putty bad, but mos' times th' weather 's fine, an' th' people 't the light-house 'll most eat yuhs up, they 'll be so glad t' see yuh."

"But what can we do," asked Jeff, shrugging himself in his close-fitting jacket. "Any shooting? I have n't tried my three barreled gun yet."

"Any beach?" — "Any bathing?" — "Any flowers, or ferns?" from the women.

"O, lots o' things. I jest tell yuh now, folkses, yuhs 'd better make up y'r minds t' go. It 's a day's trip t' g 'long th' coast, another day t' come back, an' yuh orter stay at least a week. I won't charge yuh nothin' but what yuh think 's right, so we won't split 'bout prices. It 's the fun I 'm arter 's much 's anythin'."

"But what is the fun to be?" persisted Jeff. "You have not told us that yet. I don't want to come all the way from Texas for sport, and be disappointed."

"I reck 'n, boss, yuh come frum furder 'n Texas; leastwise, I jedge so from the cut o' y 'r overhauls."

Such a term applied to that perfect sample of London tailoring! We all laughed, and Jeff took a short turn across the veranda, bringing up again with the question, —

"But, man," with a broad a, "is there anything to shoot?"

"Ever hunt much?" was the evasion, although the manner indicated respectful interest.

Jeff sat down with a smile, and softly ejaculated, "Next," while Miss Georgia's low "Impertinent!" came to my ears.

"I feel sure we should like it," said Elsie, "but won't you please tell us *what* you think we would enjoy, Mr. —."

"Johnson 's my name, Miss. Henry Johnson. Mos' gen 'rally called Hank."

Elsie inclined her head with a most respectful manner, then inquired, "Are there deer, or bears, or other wild animals?"

"Wull, yuh don't hev t' go a-beggin' fur nothin' t' eat, ef yuh 've a gun, 'n' know how t' use et," with a glance at Jeff. "There 's lots o' deer in the hills, an' th' biggest bar I ever seen was killed

thar. An' quail yuh c'n hear a screechin' aroun' anywhar. Wil' cats 'n' coyotes don't turn up a missin' nuther. Then there's fine fishin' off'n the rocks, an' all sorts of sea animals 'n' birds a-floatin' 'n' a-flutterin' roun' fur yuh t' look et when yuh git tired. Ef you like a-pickin' shells 'n' purty stones, 'n' Injun relics, yuh 'll get et all thar."

"Really, now, that is fine," said Jeff. "We had better go. I want to show you Californians that an Englishman can shoot. Besides, those Indian relics, — When can we start?"

"I say, boss," drawled Hank, with an earnest stare, "y're the best natered Englishman I ever seen. Mos' on 'em would 'a' bin hoppin mad afore this."

Thirty-six hours after, at 6 o'clock, A. M., we were ready to start. Mr. and Mrs. Harker, Elsie, and I, occupied an open carriage, while Jeff and Georgia were on horseback.

On the high seat of a farm wagon sat Hank and his wife. The wife we had engaged, "sight-unseen," on Hank's recommedation, for cook. We knew this was hazardous, but our first impression was a relief, as Uncle John exclaimed,—

"She must be a good cook, for God never created any one without some redeeming quality."

"What a figure for my sketch-book," said Georgia. "Cross eyes, crooked mouth, round shoulders, brown skin, and such queer attire. Her name is Marguerite."

"But notice the mass of beautiful curling brown hair," said Jeff.

"And which is more important," added Aunt Minnie, "her dress though queer is clean, and ironed without a wrinkle."

The wagon was loaded with tents, boxes of provisions and cooking utensils, rolls of blankets, bales of hay, sacks of barley, and so forth.

"Wull, I reck'n we hain't forgot nothin',— by jinks, whar's the pups!" Placing two fingers in his mouth, he sent forth a long, shrill whistle, and around the corner bounded two ordinary looking hounds.

"Are those the best dogs you can get?" inquired Jeff, leaning over with a critical look.

"Ef yuh know any better, bring 'em along," complacently drawled Hank, gathering up his reins.

"O, them's good; they'll bay any deer yuh 'll start," volunteered a bystander.

"I guess so," laughed Hank tormentingly.

Clear, fresh, and sweet, was the morning. A cool, perfumed atmosphere penetrated the senses with soft intensity. The noise of our wheels and hoofs seemed profanity, at an hour when nature had stilled even the breezes, as if listening to the glad morning thrills of the meadow-larks, answered from the tree-tops with carols by many voices. The grass in places was still green, and some belated flowers awaited the sun to open the folded petals. The dew spread as a gauzy covering over all, but was crushed into the dust by the unthinking tread of our horses. The fields of ripening grain seemed covered with an airy down, which was in reality the multitude of sharp spikes on the bearded heads.

On we drove, past broad patches of wild mustard in beautiful canary-colored bloom; fields of new-mown hay; wide-spreading orchards; the historic Santa Ynez Mission; and then the Santa Ynez River, which we found to be but a little rippling stream, wandering here and there over a broad, sandy bed, which lay between the high banks. It is a mighty, impassable torrent during the winter rains.

The sun grew warm, and we welcomed the forest's thick shade,— long avenues of oaks with branches closed overhead, made more soft and dreamy by the lace-like hangings of pale moss. In their

shade the banks still glowed with mariposas, larkspurs, roses, and many other wild flowers.

We lunched by the wayside, then continued our journey through vales, over mountain-tops, lingering briefly at the grand Gaviota Pass, cleft by some giant stroke of nature, and carven by the hand of ages. Soon after we came to the seaport, Gaviota, and the rest of our journey lay beside the ocean.

At five o'clock we stopped within a mile of the light-house. Sand-hills, some dry grass, and in places a brushy growth, with low mountains in the far distance on one side, and a vast ocean on the other. The only relief to the bleak solitude was the group of houses on the distant Point, and some bands of cattle grazing here and there. A piercing wind from the ocean met us, and from the horizon rolled a bank of fog. My heart sank as I thought of the discomfort in store for the ladies, but Hank's cheery drawl was blown to us:

"Now, don't yuh be a frettin' 'bout the weather. I'll bet yuh what yuh will, yuh'll like et tomorrow. We'll camp over there in a holler that some Injuns dug out. It 's a facin' th' ocean, 'n' clus to a spring, an' yuh won't feel the win' there at all."

So it proved. We soon had a roaring camp-fire, and while our little brown Marguerite prepared supper, we put up the tents. Supper eaten, and the horses picketed, we left the ladies, for a call at the light-house. The first assistant, who was keeping watch, gave us a cordial greeting, and seemed to take pleasure in showing us his glittering sanctum.

The coast of California is in the Twelfth Light-house District of the United States. The light at Point Conception is one of the most important. It was established in 1855, but was rebuilt with the adjoining cottage in 1882, at an expense of $85,000.00. The tower was formerly on the keeper's house, which stands on the top of the bluff, but it was demonstrated that the light could be seen better from its present elevation.

From the ocean side is seen a high point, on which are the dwellings of the keeper and assistants. 127 feet below the keeper's house, and about sixty feet above the water, is a small plateau, on which is the light-house; a white building, behind which rises the low tower. To the left is the cottage for the assistant keeper, and nearer the ocean are the fog signal buildings. All are painted white except the lantern, which is black. There are nineteen buildings in all.

We entered the hall of the light-house. On each side is a room, neatly finished in pine and redwood. Carefully stored in these are lamp wicks, chimneys, and all necessary appurtenances of the light-house. We climbed the winding stairs in the tower, to the revolver. Enclosing this is a wall of plate-glass panels, one half-inch in thickness. The revolver is of glass prisms, and six tons in weight. It is moved by clockwork, the key of which is like a grind-stone handle, and weighs six pounds. The main combination of weights is 185 pounds; the heaviest used is 272 pounds. Although so large, the machinery is finely adjusted, and a slight thing,—a bit of feather, or even particles of dust,—will disturb its action. At times the surf affects it, by jarring the tower. It is, however, regulated by a governor. It revolves once in eight minutes, and flashes a white light every thirty seconds. Inside the revolver is the lamp, which is one of the first order. It burns five wicks, in coal oil. The height from the base of the structure to the lantern's center is 39 feet.

The fog-signal is a twelve-inch steam whistle, giving a blast of eight seconds, with an interval of fifty-two seconds.

It was ten o'clock before we had learned all this, and it was Hank who

first remembered that the ladies were alone.

"I reck'n them women folks won't be skeered. Mag, she kep' the pups."

We walked rapidly campward; and when nearing the blazing fire, heard a shrill voice call. —

"Hen-r-y, is that yeou?"

"Hullo, Mag! Got anythin' fur 's t' eat?"

"Eat! Yuh 'd orter eat wher' yuh spen' y'r evenin's; an' yeou jest cap the climax when y'u call me Mag. We 've all ben awfully skairt. How 'd yeou know but a bar 'd be arter us?"

Our ladies were advancing to meet us, and the dogs leaped joyously; but Marguerite remained seated on a box, driving skyward streams of brilliant sparks, by quick, impatient strokes with a long stick on the burning logs. Her hair fell loosely from under a red kerchief, which was knotted at the chin. Grotesque she looked, as she turned her odd little face toward us for an instant, then resumed her pyrotechnics.

"Why, Marguerite, ther' hain't a bar 'ithin a hundr'd mile o' yuh."

He strode forward good naturedly, took her stick, and turning over a log, sent out such a blaze and shower of sparks that she hurriedly left her seat.

"See here, Mr. California," said Jeff, "do you mean that?"

In a loud aside Hank answered, —

"Young man, when you git marrit, yuh 'll soon find out thet ther 's times when et 's parfectly necessary to lie to a woman."

Further reproofs were silenced by our profuse apologies and promises.

I awoke early, and whispering to Jeff, quietly slipped out with him, and over to the edge of the bluff. From the dim faraway distance came the waters, beautiful in soft coloring, seductive in their seeming repose. But nearer rose the soft swells, and still nearer gathered the waves. Long lines of sea-birds sped past; others settled on the rocks or hovered around watching for prey. Some sea-lions lay on the rocks, and others floated lazily. To the north was the bold Point Conception, with its white, life-preserving cap. Dimly but distinctly outlined in the lower distance were the islands of Santa Barbara. A dusky vessel was in view, and we wondered by whom peopled.

"Did n't I tole yuh so?" and Hank, appearing, pointed to where the horizon was reddening with the rising sun. Exactly on time he peeped from under the rose-tinted clouds, and the curtains of white and gold that I thought so brilliant a moment before were nowhere.

"Bright! I sh'd say! Must 'a' hed su'thin' bett'r 'n soft soap or brick dust. But them horses 'll git mad if I don't git 'em the'r beefsteak. Ef yuh want to swim, the cove 's down thar b' the whalin' camp. Don't yuh try 't here, 'r yuh 'll go to heaven 'thout sayin' good-by t' y'r frien's,—'count o' the strong undertow."

We had a fine plunge, and returning along the beach, filled our pockets with beautiful shells, to charm away reproaches in case we were late. But Elsie and Georgia met us, saying we were just in time for a hot breakfast of fresh fish caught by Uncle John and Hank. Oh, the joy of living!

We were all to visit the light-house, and waited for low tide that we might go by the beach. Hank led the way to find the trail, which was indeed necessary, for never a footprint remains that the waves, jealous of their solitude, can wash away.

We helped the ladies over the low rocks, drew them to the tops of higher ones, and lifted them down on the other side. "You sweet, helpless creatures," said Uncle John. "I wonder, if you were alone, could you ever get there."

"No, John, I never could," replied Aunt Minnie solemnly. "It would be entirely impossible for me to go over those rocks without help."

We came, however, to a beautiful little cove, where the high rocky bluffs almost met in the foreground, and our way lay very narrow and rough around their perpendicular sides, climbing high above the deep water and lashing waves. It grew more and more impossible to give help, and before we had reached the farther side the ladies were each climbing bravely alone. Once more on the beach, poor, tired Aunt Minnie "hoped the worst was over"; but a little farther on was a ladder, above which were shelving rocks, to the distance of thirty or forty feet, up which we had to climb almost perpendicularly. Seated on the top, her first words were: "Is there any other way to return to camp? I will never, no never, risk my life on that trail again." Yet, — so do great things become insignificant by practice, — I saw her several times after willingly go up and down over the same rocks.

"Stay here for lunch," was our invitation at the cottage," and we will all go for the afternoon to North Beach, which lies between here and Point Arguella. There you will find beautiful pebbles and shells."

So Hank was dispatched to camp, to save his wife anxiety.

While awaiting lunch, we found much that was entertaining. Shells of almost every variety known along the coast had been gathered, freed from epidermis, and sometimes polished, and now decorated the little parlor, — abalones, revealing every hue in their smooth transparent surfaces; the dull white *Chorus Belcheri*, with jagged spiral cone; smooth and wrinkled *purpura;* turban shells, top shells, rice shells, chitons, limpets, and many others; fine sea-mosses, queer bones and teeth from whales, sharks, and other of the sea inhabitants; pelican and sea-gull wings, deer horns, rugs from the wild cat, fox, coyote, and sea-lion.

Below the fog-signal buildings the soil takes the appearance of a hardened clay conglomerate, very rough, as if petrified suddenly during some mighty churning process. In the midst of this is a hole about five feet deep and five feet in diameter. A passage large enough for a man to crawl through leads in a winding course down to the ocean. We wondered how this came there. One suggested an extinct volcano. Hank said it was only a hole with rock thrown around it; while some one else supposed it was originally dug for a cistern.

One wild day I stood by this opening with Georgia. The surf was swollen angrily, and, instead of lapping and washing around the bluff and gently sprinkling its sides, the waves gathered in terrific force and hurled themselves madly at the rocks, showering the Point with spray. The windows of the houses were glazed with salt; nooks into which we had found our way on other days were inaccessible; and the large rocks at the foot of the trail were completely covered by the breaking waves, and seemed drifts of snow. The hole was filled with a fierce cannonading by the surf, mingled with wild, uncanny whistlings, as the wind forced its way in and out; while ever and anon a burst of snowy salt spray would fill it, and daringly shower us.

We went to the farther side of the cliff and found a magnificent scene. Shelving rocks are there piled regularly one above another to the height of about sixty feet, forming a little bight, which is filled with deep waters. At this time the waves seemed at war with each other, sending bits of dry foam flying like missiles in battle. It was daring to remain there in the gale, yet for a long time we sat, thoughtless of all except the scene. Every now and again came rolling from the deeper depths great gathered billows. With a fearful majesty one would sweep toward us, its roar growing louder and more loud, its crest lifting more boldly at every pace. Little shoots of spray would begin to be sent

forth like flashes from sharp-shooters. Increasing as it neared, it would at last roll over all the lesser, rioting waves, and with mighty power break against the rocks, losing itself for a time in an upward flight.

Then from every ledge poured a snowy cascade. Half hiding them, a gauze-like shower of spray fell from above, and whirled from a turn in the rocks. Wreathing this ethereal veil hung a rainbow.

Starting for North Beach, we climbed the hillside stairway of one hundred and eighty-one steps. Rest three times is the rule, and sit down at the top while viewing the scene, — a bird's eye view of the light-house, our camp, and the coast-line. To the north the coast is marked, as below, with precipitous banks sometimes rocky to the water's edge, but here and there bordered with a strip of yellow beach. Clear-cut, sharp outlines, colored in strong browns, yellows, grays, and greens, gradually blending into soft rose, violet, and heliotrope, curved and ending in the sea. This was Point Arguella.

An invitation to dine soon at the keeper's house was accepted, and we passed on, over the sand-dunes of the hill-top, where we could not but loiter.

Trailing over the dry sand were beautiful purple tinted abronias, the round-faced convolvulus, and other bright flowers. Sometimes we crossed high mounds, which were composed less of sand than of shells and bones, bleached and made brittle by the sunshine and storms of years ; oyster, mussel, and the pretty butterfly shells being the most common.

In other places the wind had driven the sand, leaving exposed little stretches of hard earth. Here we would find scattered among the small stones arrow and spear heads in different styles and degrees of perfection. We wandered among these relics like children at play, calling for each other's admiration or envy at some unusual find ; speculating the while on the aborigines, and their manner of life. We could imagine them gathered around the glowing camp fire, their swarthy faces bent over the stones they were shaping for errands of death. Of what did they talk, and what did they think ? Did they ever, after eating the fish, notice the delicacy of the shells or their beautiful sculpturing ? Did they ever examine and wonder at the curious formation of their giant-chitons, and speak of the valves as butterflies ?

On our return from North Beach, in the late afternoon, we carried choice shells, shining pebbles, sea-weed, a brace of curlew, and some fish. Besides which, we were each forced to carry specimens of asphaltum, which adhered lovingly wherever it came in contact. It lies in great black patches on and under the sand. Elsie discovered it unexpectedly : she was resting, her fingers digging carelessly in the sand, when suddenly they touched a soft substance. She sprang with a scream, thinking of sea animals, but joined in our laughter at sight of her badly besmeared fingers.

The fog settled like rain that night, and from the distance came the dull roar of the horn ; but a gay though weary party gathered around Hank's brilliant fire. Stories were told, songs were sung to an accompaniment by the crackling fire, whispering wind, and murmuriug water, while often some full chorus would rise on the night air and drown nature's harmony. The while we cleaned and oiled guns, assorted ammunition, and whetted knives. We were to start early, while the ladies would dream on of our triumphant, heavily-laden return, and venison chops to follow. Georgia was promised her choice of the first day's antlers, and other trophies. Around the next evening's camp-fire, each was to relate the day's experience. Jeff had remained at the light-house for the night, and was to join us on the way.

A little before dark we tramped in,

with only five squirrels and a lynx. Disappointed faces greeted us, and many questions.

"Where is the bear?"

"Did you really get no deer?"

"No questions answered until after supper," declared Uncle John.

"Slap in the vittles, Daisy," said Hank," sweeping his long arm around her, and setting her down by the kettles and pans. "We 're mighty hongry, 'n' por-ful tired, fur 't took hard work 'n' a long tramp t' git them critters."

Supper over, and the party again gathered by the fire, Aunt Minnie reiterated her already worn ejaculation, —

"I am *so* disappointed about the deer."

"What about the new gun, Jeff," inquired Georgia.

"Don't try to be cruel, my sister, but thank the extra barrels for the small game. As we are under such a cloud, suppose we hear the ladies' adventures first. I feel depressed.

"'My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary.'"

And, pillowing his head on a saddle, Jeff closed his eyes with a sigh.

Now the truth was, we had some fine adventures to relate, and I was impatient to make them known; but Aunt Minnie began:—

"If any one had told me last week I could do what I have done in the past days, it would have sounded wild. I intended to remain in camp for rest, but after the girls had started, Mrs. F—— came from the cottage, and proposed a walk toward the whaling camp. So we started across the *mesa* to the beach. Some distance from camp we came near a band of cattle. It did not occur to me to be frightened until she told me how dreadfully wild they were; how the keeper's nephew had orders not to go in their vicinity; and how once she and somebody else had to slide down a bank to escape them; and how at another time, when she and some friends were in the wagon with the mule team, some cattle charged at them, and they would not have escaped had she not shaken sticks at them, while the driver whipped up the mules.

"By this time I thought it best to be frightened, so I drew my dress-skirt up to my neck to hide the red waist, and spread out my other skirts to screen Tige,— that 's her dog. She led him between us, saying if the cattle saw him, they would surely make a break. With my other hand I waved a walking stick, on the end of which we had tied her sunbonnet. This acted like a charm, for after gazing an instant, they ran riotously in another direction. I will never go near cattle again without a green sunbonnet tied to a stick.

"We found no rare shells until we were almost to the whaling camp, but it was a charming walk. A strong wind was at our backs, and almost carried us along. We saw gulls and pelicans by hundreds, some feasting on the beach, some resting on the water, and others diving for fish. We were quite near two long-necked cranes. For once in my life I did want a gun. Here are my shells. This handsome deep one with the flat valve I shall have polished and hinged for a jewel case; and this smaller one will make a dainty souvenir sugar-spoon with an abalone handle."

"How ingenious," said Georgia, "which gives me an idea. Those large, black mussel shells polish beautifully, and would be lovely for salad dishes."

"What are these?" asked Uncle John, as Aunt Minnie untied the corner of a handkerchief.

"Pearls, as I live!" ejaculated Jeff. "Who gave them to you?"

"Gave!" was the retort; "I shot them with my three-barreled gun!" Jeff being silenced, she continued with enthusiasm, "Hunting those pearls is the most fascinating thing I ever did. The tide was low, and we went out on a reef, where, regardless of wind or water, I knelt, breaking open the mussels with

a stone, and searching with my finger for the pearls."

"Why, Mamma," cried Elsie, "where is your tender heart? You, who would not carry a star-fish yesterday!"

"I know it; and I feel now that it was cruel, but I only thought then about the pearls. Here is one almost as fine as an oyster pearl."

"Now," said Georgia, "I dare tell my story. You have thought it strange that I would use a gun. I am not hard-hearted. A wounded bird or animal gives me real sorrow, and I never willingly allow a flower to wither; yet my enjoyment of certain studies gives me courage to kill. After working this morning till we were tired at our pictures of the Point, — no, you cannot see my painting until it is completed, but Elsie must show you her lovely pencil sketch, — we went out on a reef to investigate. The tide was low, and we gathered abalones from the tiny length of a half inch to almost a foot in size. Some of the meat you will have for breakfast. Of the shells we each made a nest, which we will have polished. We were more interested, however, in gazing into the pools of water, where anemones, sea urchins, and other living things congregate in neighborly home life, looking like beautiful flowers in their vivid tintings. Nothing could be more lovely. The little crawling, thieving crabs I do not like. They seem a deceptive, selfish, nomadic set. Some morning at early low tide I want to search for the *olivella;* those delicate olive-shaped shells we saw at the cottage. They live under the sand, and are hard to find.

"I had carried my shot-gun all day, determined to have some seabirds for my collection from America, but had been too much interested in other things to use it. Before our return, however, I left Elsie with the shells, and continued my work of destruction. I had three cartridges; number one killed a shag, which fell into the water, and although I waited for the 'restless sea to give back my dead,' it failed to 'lay him at my feet.' After walking farther, I fired at a beautiful pure white gull, only to see him fly away in a disheartened, fluttering manner. Poor bird, I was so sorry. I was also disappointed and desperate, so I walked to the next reef, where I had my choice from a number; but he, too, when killed, rolled into the sea. Turning to go back, I was surprised to see one wounded, on the rocks a short distance away. He was either wounded by the same shot, or by the one fired above. I waded through water to reach him, then carried him in my arms. He died in a few moments, for which I was glad. I cannot forget his piteous looks. You must help me prepare the skin, Jeff."

"I would not kill a bird," said Elsie, "but I would not mind shooting one of those sea-lions; they look so gracefully hideous and lazily independent. Did anyone notice the sunset? It was peculiar and unusually beautiful. The afterglow spread to the zenith; dark and rich purples, oranges, and reds, scattered by glistening white and gray flecks. Here and there much lower in the atmosphere hung misty clouds, like a veil, so thin that the distant coloring could be seen through them."

"We were exchanging experiences about that time, and under a little excitement perhaps, so I doubt if any of us noticed it," said Uncle John.

"Excited! About a few squirrels and a wildcat!" exclaimed Aunt Minnie, rising. "A squirrel story might affect my nerves, so I will go to bed."

"O, wait a little," said Uncle John, catching her hand and drawing her down beside him. "Although your opinion is already formed, we place you on the jury, and compel you to remain. We tramped until noon, seeing no game except quail and the scorned squirrels, and no shots were fired as we feared to frighten larger game. While lunching we de-

cided to separate; Jeff and Doc going one way, while Hank and I took an opposite direction. At four o'clock we were still unsuccessful, and being far from camp agreed to turn. We were on a cattle trail which wound around a grassy mountain; below trickled a tiny stream, from the opposite side of which rose a high, brushy, rocky steep. I had forgotten our quest for game, when Hank touched me and pointed below. In a small open space, taking their evening drink, stood no less than five deer, perfectly unconscious of our presence. I was so startled that I might have still stood there, if Hank had not whispered,

"'Quick! Fire 't th' big un, 'n' I 'll fetch th' next!'

"It was my first deer, as you know; but it seems ridiculous now to think of the strange excitement that came over me. I was both hot and cold,—trembling as with an ague,—yet fortunately for my reputation had nerve enough to level my rifle, and the next instant two deer lay dead before us."

"Why John! Did you really kill one!" cried Aunt Minnie.

"Did you kill both?" exclaimed Elsie.

"O no, one was Hank's; and throwing in another cartridge he fired on a third, only wounding him however; but, springing down the slope, he soon had him within range, and brought him low. One of the others disappeared, probably hidden in the brush, while the fifth sprang up the mountain, followed by the dog. It was an exciting scene and a fine picture. I think I shall never lose the image of that poor pursued creature, leaping up among the rocks, stopping occasionally to look and listen; then, hearing the ringing youp-youp of the dog, with a wild, frightened shake of the beautiful antlers, he would again spring upward. We tied our meat in a tree, and will go for it with horses, in the morning."

"Now, Jeff," I said, "tell them what *we* did."

"Did *we* kill a bear with our new gun?" asked Georgia.

"We saw neither bear nor deer, but I will tell you first about the fog-horn. It blew all night. I did not think of it while beside the engine, but after the first watch I went to bed, and instead of sleeping spent the night in listening. Not because I liked it, you know, but because its voice had a certain impressiveness, and claims attention. You see it speaks once every minute, beginning with a sudden O-h-h, which was always startling, although I tried to be prepared for it. Then it prolongs and swells in a terrific roar, which dies away at the end of eight seconds in a wild shriek. Fifty-two seconds then for sleep, and truly the silence seemed an anæsthetic, for I would be in a half doze when a sudden recollection would rouse me, and I would listen—expect—anticipate—look forward to—and dread with an intenseness that was pain, until I would again be startled by that terrific Oh-h-h!!! The horn got the best of the fog at last, and it cleared away near daylight. The last exhausted, screeching wails were agonizing to hear, while the engine groaned and moaned with every breath, 'Oh-h de-ar!' Fact!

"Aften lunch Doc and I had a nice walk, but no game for an hour or more, when Doc surprised both me and that lynx by a shot. He is a handsome fellow, as lynx beauty goes. We tied him up in a shady ravine, until our return, and had resumed our tramp. Just above the trail hung some wild roses, which I reached to pluck, when, only a few feet beyond, I caught sight of something with glaring eyes, crouched on a large rock, ready to spring. I truly had not the slightest sensation like fear, but said to myself quite coolly, 'You 'd better be quick now, Jeff!'"

"And he was quick," interrupted I, "for sooner than I can tell it there was a flash,—a report,—a wild spring, and a California lion lay dead before us."

"A lion! O Jeff, what an escape. Don't go again!" and Georgia moved closer to him.

"Nonsense," laughed Jeff, with a little caress, "no danger while I carry my new gun. You may have the skin, and Miss Elsie, I have pressed the roses for you."

Two weeks passed before we broke camp,—and with what regret only those can know who love nature and her solitudes.

Bessie Taylor.

SUMMER.

FIERCE summer throbs along the veins of Spring,
Searing and scorching tender leaf and bud;
The glowing sun seems hastening to bring
The burning days, that sap the youthful blood.

The smothered air too languid seems to stir;
Asphalted streets sweat drops of grimy hue;
The distant objects dimly wink and blur,
And all the sky is mingled brass and blue.

Far eastward, snow-clad mountains rear their heads,
And giant pines stand beckoning in the breeze,
While crimson snow-plants from their chilly beds,
Illuminate the dark and gloomy trees.

Cold streams of purest water flow adown
The deep and shady cañons, clad with ferns;
The sturdy buckthorn wears a dainty crown,
And scarlet honeysuckle gayly burns.

The wily trout within the rapid's glide,
Alert and watchful, heads the rushing stream;
While on his shimmering and dainty side
The colors of the rainbow brightly gleam.

The tawny deer beneath the chaparral,
With velvet horns, lies sleeping in the shade;
Upon the breeze sweet echoes rise and swell,
From Nature's harp, by fairy fingers played.

Fierce Summer, haste; we fear thy heat no more,
For deep within some mountain's cool retreat,
Soothed by the song of icy torrent's roar,
We'll turn thy burning pains to pleasures sweet.

Alfred I. Townsend.

Photo by Stiffler

RABBIT DRIVING IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

"THE largest rabbit drive of the season is to take place at Traver on the 8th," so said the San Francisco papers early in April, and the Artist and I agreed to see this peculiar institution, praised by some as exciting and interesting sport, and shuddered over by others as barbarous and cruel.

The rabbit drive is, so far as I can learn, confined to the San Joaquin Valley. It requires a combination of conditions:—

First, the rabbits. The jack rabbit of California is properly a hare. His scientific name is *Lepus Californicus*. The difference between a rabbit and a hare for driving purposes is, that the rabbit lives in warrens or burrows, while the hare has no such refuge, but makes a form, a nest of grasses or low bushes. The rabbits that are the pest of Australia are descendants of some brought from England under the impression that thus a valuable addition would be made to Australian larders. They are true rabbits, *Lepus cuniculus*, and a fortune is said to await the man that can destroy them. Our jack rabbit is much more easily taken care of. About four thousand of these by actual count were killed at the single drive here to be described, — more are often claimed,— and Mr. Jenkins, of the Traver *Advocate*, told us that where three or four drives were

held in a season over a given range, a very noticeable thinning out resulted, though he hardly thought that complete extermination would be possible by such means.[1]

[1] The Tulare County ordinance, under which the Traver drive was held, reads thus:

ORDINANCE No. 46.

The board of supervisors of the County of Tulare, State of California, do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. [Provides for a bounty of 2½ cents on ground squirrel scalps.]

SEC. 2. That a bounty of one and one-half ($ .01½) cents be paid by this county on each and every scalp taken from a jack rabbit, containing both ears of said dead animal, killed or destroyed by any person or persons in this county, upon the said person or persons so killing or destroying said animal depositing said scalp or scalps with any notary public, justice of the peace, or any officer authorized by law to take affidavits and certify claim with said affidavit, together with affidavit of such officer, that said scalp or scalps have been destroyed by fire, to this board.

SEC. 3. That said bounty shall be paid by the county until such time when the funds set apart for that purpose shall be exhausted, or until this ordinance be repealed and rescinded by this board.

SEC. 4. That this ordinance take effect and be in force from and after the 31st day of October, 1891.

SEC. 5. [Provides for publication of the ordinance.]

Replying to a note of inquiry, Mr. John G. Knox, County Clerk of Tulare, writes under date May 5, 1892, that the bounty paid in one year has been $831.50; the largest number deposited by one person at one time is 5391; that there is $4,003.21 in the bounty fund; and that in his opinion the system is a good one, but the bounty should be at least $5.00 per hundred to rouse a greater interest. This, he thinks, would result in complete extermination.

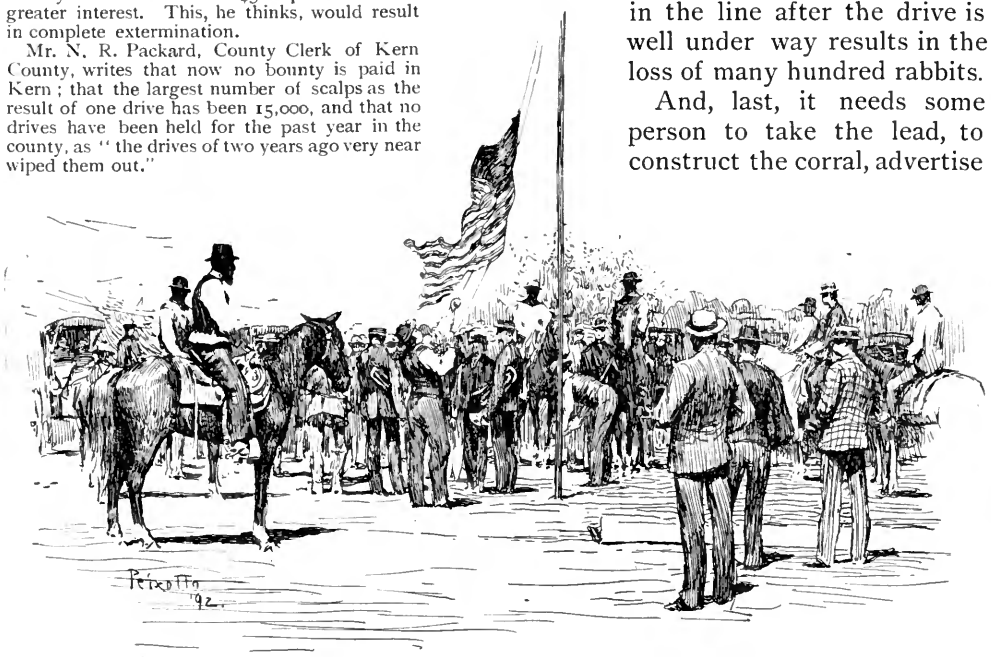
Mr. N. R. Packard, County Clerk of Kern County, writes that now no bounty is paid in Kern; that the largest number of scalps as the result of one drive has been 15,000, and that no drives have been held for the past year in the county, as "the drives of two years ago very near wiped them out."

If it be inquired how it is that the rabbits, dwellers in this plain from time immemorial, have only of late years become a pest from their numbers, the answer is a reference to another interference with nature's careful balances. The coyote is the prime enemy of the jack rabbit. He forms with his fellows carefully organized rabbit hunts, and rarely fails in bagging his game. But the farmers say truly that he steals sheep. So a bounty of five dollars has been placed on coyote scalps and the great slaughter of coyotes has allowed the rabbits to multiply enormously.

Second, there is needed an open plain, nearly free from gullies, hills, or fences of any kind. This the San Joaquin offers abundantly, and in the present case the drive was over country that could be traversed in wagons over its whole extent, though in places with some danger to springs and axles.

In the third place, there is needed an enterprising population, capable of congregating by the thousands, and of co-operating intelligently. One bad break in the line after the drive is well under way results in the loss of many hundred rabbits.

And, last, it needs some person to take the lead, to construct the corral, advertise



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

the drive, and organize and marshal it successfully. In the Traver neighborhood this season, Mr. Henry Lahann has done this. It requires some public spirit, for the bounty on scalps is barely enough to pay for the labor of setting up the portable corral, and large numbers of scalps are often carried off by unauthorized persons. All scalps taken outside of the corral are public property.

There was to be more than a rabbit drive at Traver that day. It was the eighth anniversary of the town, and the drive was only one of many events. As the Artist and I got out of the caboose of the freight train on which we had come from Fresno, we saw a great crowd of vehicles, horsemen, and footmen, assembled around the hotel. The town had been waked early by a cannon salute, and now the formal exercises of the day were just about to begin with a flag raising. The procession was just starting. First came the marshal on horseback. His saddle cloth was an American flag, and he wore a broad sash of red, white, and blue, over his shoulder, and carried a small guidon of white with a knot of the national colors in the middle of it. This guidon was his badge of authority, and was much used later for signaling. He came with slow and stately pomp on his red-roan steed.

THE MARSHAL USES THE SPUR.

After him marched the man that had the honor of bearing the great flag to the staff where it was to be raised. He was in his shirt sleeves, but no chancellor bearing the crown and scepter on a cushion at a royal function ever showed in his mien more dignity and sense of the importance of his office.

Next followed the "Sanger Brass Band," their identity shown by the print on the brilliant yellow ribbons that were on their caps. They marched to the thump of the bass drum,— not until the flag was on its upward way would they show their full force.

The remainder of the procession was made up of what the Order of March is apt to describe as "citizens in carriages and on foot," only in this instance the "carriages" were a most motley array of vehicles. Anything on wheels that a horse or horses could draw was there. Fine spans and carriages that would attract admiration in Golden Gate Park were mingled with two-wheeled carts of ancient build, drawn by spavined Rosinantes, harnessed largely with bale rope. Farm wagons were there in numbers, crowded full of the large families that are the rule in the San Joaquin. Young men and their sweethearts were there in light buggies, and old couples in crazy carts. Horsemen, too, were numerous; many of them farm hands trying to emulate the vaquero in sombrero and spur, and Mexican saddle.

The only thing about this crowd that showed the business of the day was the prominence of sticks, axhelves, bats, shillalies, and clubs of every description.

The band, on reaching the flagstaff, circled round it in an evolution that sug-

gested the spiral formations of a Knight Templar drill corps, and the crowd grouped around it. Soon the flag was adjusted to the halyards, and soared upward, while the band played "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." The three cheers were then given, not very vociferously,—too early in the proceedings for great enthusiasm. The flag was a home-made one, to judge from appearances; the stars were so large that they nearly obscured the blue they were sewed to, and the red stripes of a peculiar shade between a cardinal and a crimson.

But there could be no long tarrying now, for the teams were setting out in long lines in two directions for the drive. This brought the Artist and me to a sense of our improvidence. The corral was four or five miles away, how were we to get there? An application at the stable showed that all its "rigs" had been engaged for a week past, many of them for three weeks. So we separated, and sought a place each for himself.

He was successful first, and found a seat in a cart, bribing the driver by showing his camera, and promising him a set of the photographs he meant to take. The teams had almost all gone before I was equally fortunate, though no false pride about asking favors of strangers was allowed to stand in my way. Finally, two young men in a buggy took me in to ride three on a very narrow seat. The only thing to do was to sit plump on a knee of each. It was not very comfortable, but not to see the drive now was unthinkable, and my companions were kind about it.

"Don't be afraid of sitting too hard on them knees. You ain't riding on San Francisco cobblestones now," one of them said.

Soon the line of battle was strung out,—deployed, a soldier would say,—so that it covered two sides of a hollow square, with the corral at one corner. The other two sides were filled in by lines formed from a rendezvous at the south, where Lemoore and Hanford mustered. The lines stretched farther than the eye could reach, for the sides of this square were about three miles long.

There were no long waits. The marshals, riding back and forth with their flags, kept the lines whole by urging the teams here and checking them there, and then signaled for a general advance. Up to this time I had seen but few rabbits. Indeed, we had ridden a mile from Traver before I had caught sight of a single one.

"Don't you worry, you 'll see rabbits enough before you get through with it," my companions said.

Soon there came along a man alone in a cart, and I was glad to beg him to take me in, though it was a slight two-wheeled affair with no back to the seat. The driver was the son of the chief marshal, so I was able to get from him much information of an official kind, though the knowledge that I meant to put it in print at first shut him up like a clam. He told me among other things that the drives took place every week or so from January to May, and even later where there was not growing grain that could not be ridden over.

The change was fortunate, though, because soon the enclosure was complete, and the course of each team was then right across country without regard to hummocks or ditches, or any roughness of the land.

To one looking from a car window, the San Joaquin plain seems quite flat,—not flat enough for billiards, perhaps, but enough so for croquet. To one riding in a two-wheeled cart it is quite different. The part southwest of Traver, where we were driving, is sandy, and so white in places as to suggest alkali. The surface is broken by bunches of weeds, by hummocks, and by "hog-wallows." Occasionally there is quite a little lakelet. To add to the roughness, squirrel holes, which in this loose soil

are very large, were numerous, and when a wheel went unexpectedly into one of these, the effect was startling. A horseman occasionally came to grief in these holes; for soon the excitement was too great to permit of any care as to where one was going. There were several ditches to cross, and they caused a jolt that seemed like a convulsion of nature.

Rabbits were growing abundant by this time, sure enough. At first single jacks were to be seen, loping away towards the horizon with regular stride, great leaps from hummock to hummock. A rabbit running slowly was sometimes taken with a sudden panic. His ears would go back as though they had been struck flat by a blow, and he would vanish with a sudden burst of speed. Often rabbits would hide behind a little bunch of weeds, and dart out when the horses were right upon them. At other times a rabbit running from one enemy would catch sight of a new danger, and make a swift double right toward the line of wagons. He would be seen by the people, and turned back again by a shrill "*hi!*" These breaks toward the line caused great excitement, and soon a line of active young fellows with clubs was formed, slightly in advance of the teams, to chase and kill such rabbits. Some of these were very skillful in throwing a club, and could knock over a running rabbit at twenty yards.

THE LINE OF BATTLE.

not greatly frightened yet. The dogs, of which there were many, chased them a little way, but not with much hopefulness at first. Some of the rabbits that started away from the corral were killed by the shotgun brigade, which kept closing in behind the teams. Some wily rabbits broke through the lines early. I fancied they must have seen the like before.

"Yes, there have been three drives over this land this season."

There was a great difference in the gait of different jacks. Some loped with a regular swing, others went in

A little pond furnished a fancied refuge for some frightened jacks, but the young men and boys dashed in after them and dragged them to the bank, where, heavy with water, they soon fell victims to the clubmen and dogs. This

part of the drive was full of excitement, and was real sport, for the hunted creatures were not altogether helpless, and by cunning and speed had a chance for life. I estimated that fully one-third of the rabbits in the ground covered escaped. As the hunt closed in it lost this element of fairness, and became bloody and repulsive.

The excitement grew among the crowd. One man had no club, and so picked up a beer-bottle for a missile, and used it with deadly effect a dozen times without breaking it. Another had only his whip to use, and broke it across his knee, so that the butt could be thrown straight. A wire fence or two made a new chance for the jacks. Panels were broken here and there, and the teams passed through and deployed again; but many rabbits were lost. They were growing very thick now, and could be seen in droves, skurrying hither and thither inside the lines, trying to find some open place.

Soon the wings of the corral, marked at the ends by flags, could be seen. The corral is shaped as in the diagram. The wings were made of reticulated wire fencing, only about two feet high. I am sure I saw rabbits leap higher in the early part of the run; but here they were tired out, and so followed along the wings into the lane and the death trap beyond.

So thick was the crowd of them here that they raised a thick cloud of dust. The corral was made of the portable lath fencing, fastened together by wire, and capable of being rolled up. It was held in place by stout posts, and the earth was banked up around it at the bottom.

As the drive approached the corral, the marshals were busy restraining the impatience of the crowd, and keeping the movement of the closing ring regular. The teams were far too close to drive abreast, and the rabbits were everywhere right under the horses' feet. Some broke through even at this stage, for the teams were too thick to allow of effective club work; but many were killed in the attempt, and the ground was increasingly covered with the slain.

"Cruel? If you 'd had a young vineyard eaten up by them, you would n't say it was cruel." That is the farmer's feeling about it. And truly it does not seem so bad as it sounds in the telling. A slight blow on the head puts an instant end to the poor creatures, which are not very tenacious of life. Somebody suggested, "Suppose they were so many cats in the corral, how would you manage to kill them?"

But as the crowd swept up to the corral, there came a characteristic diversion from the business of the drive. Two enterprising photographers had brought stands that raised them where they could get a view of the corral and assembly as a whole. The crowd was quick to understand what was to be done.

"Hold up a stick, and show you 're a man!"

"Turn round there, and show your mug!"

"Mister, reach me one of those rabbits" This from a lad seated on a fence post.

These remarks, and a multitude like them, soon put the gathering into that condition of stiffness that is the artistic photographer's despair.

Then a nearer view must be taken of the heaps of exhausted and panting rabbits in the corral. Even in this the small boy was to have his part. I heard a fond father say to his hesitating five-year-old: "Get in there, sonny, and muzzle onto a rabbit,—a live one,—and have your picture taken with the other boys!"

But there was a disappointment. The band wagon was a lumbering vehicle, and had not been able to get a front rank, and the band had not succeeded in pushing itself, on foot, into that

Photo by Nelson & Bailey

A BAKERSFIELD DRIVE.

prominent position in the view to which its gaudy uniform and general importance entitled it. In this dilemma, they caught sight of the Artist and his camera.

"O, come take us!" was their pathetic plea. And he, whose plates had nearly all been used in getting quiet and unexpected shots at the picturesque things he saw, was able to grant their prayer.

One of the events of the afternoon was to be a rabbit shoot, and so cages had been brought to carry back live rabbits in. The rabbits were all crowded in the corral, so many that they more than covered the ground one rabbit deep, and against the fence there was a thick winrow of them. The old and knowing ones crawled under the others, and so tried to keep out of sight. As they were seized by the leg and pulled out, they gave a very peculiar cry, much as a hen does under similar circumstances. This cry had a startling likeness to the wail of a fretful baby, and was quite as loud.

But the drive was over. Only slaughter remained, and that was not pleasant to see. And here I must fulfill my promise to a friend, who was mistress of a school in this region, and has an earnest concern about the matter. She said: "Do say something about the evil of letting children, young boys, take part in clubbing those poor rabbits to death. It may be that the drives are necessary, and not needlessly cruel, but it is not necessary to have the clubbing done by children; and I have seen many times the bad effects it has upon them to go to these drives. It makes them cruel and rough, and I hated to have drives take place because of the harm they did my boys."

Now that the excitement was gone I

PICTURE TAKEN.

began to realize that it was uncomfortably warm. With quite a crowd of others, I yielded to the seductiveness of the lemonade man. It was hard to resist his "Brrr! but it's cold, — the fine home-made lemonade. It 's cold, but drink it slow, and a barrel of it won't hurt you."

So refreshed, I threw myself on the ground for a moment's rest after the jolting of the ride. But this did not accord with public opinion; for I soon heard an approaching team, then, "Don't drive quite over him." And a breezy hail, "Say, mister, don't you know a rabbit drive ain't any place to go to sleep?"

This was only a sample of the free and easy character of the occasion. There was little of formality all day, and no introduction was required before beginning a conversation.

Now the cry was "All aboard for the barbecue!" and I was fortunate enough to be taken in by a two-seated covered rig for the trip back to Traver. It was a hospitable crowd as well as an unconventional one, and I did not ask a favor all day that was not cheerfully granted, with no expectation of reward.

The ride back was in long procession that made the moving column a pillar of dust-cloud. But it was less vigorous than the cross-country riding. On the way there was a ditch to cross, and here a two-horse wagon driven by a woman came to grief. The axle broke with the strain. Nothing daunted, she promptly unharnessed the horses, and mounted on one of them with her babe in arms, while the other horse was ridden by her two small sons. The empty wagon was left "poste restante." The people were not by any means all men. I saw two very refined-looking girls in a buggy, and every farmer seemed to have brought his whole family. One one-

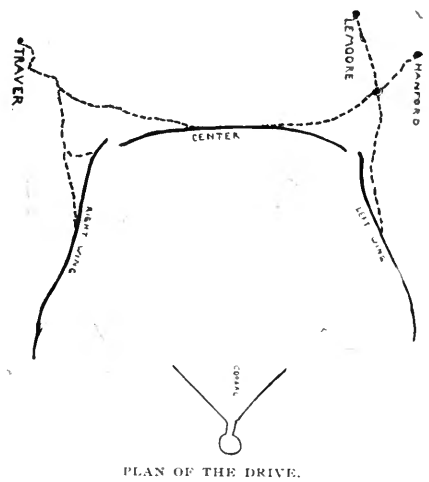
THE BAND WAGON.

seated wagon had a man with a two-year-old in his lap, his wife with a younger babe in her arms, a four-year-old kneeling down by the dashboard, and a six-year-old boy standing on the axle and holding on to the seat behind.

On the way back there was more leisure to notice the beauty of the country round. We were going toward the east now, and before us was the great sweep of the Sierras, snow-clad and majestic. That highest peak north of Traver is Mount Whitney, surrounded by all the great brotherhood of mountains that guards the headwaters of Kings River. And toward the north are the ranges that hold the Yosemite and Hetchhetchy. It takes away the depression caused by the flatness of the immediate surroundings to have such mountain ramparts to which to lift the eyes. On that day in April the Sierras were still deeply clothed in the ermine of their winter garments. But the sun was at work on them, and over the whole line of peaks were piled in yet grander ranges great masses of cumulus made from the melting snow.

And there was an abundance of nearer and humbler things to admire. Meadow larks — fortunately no drive could dispossess them — made the air sweet with liquid melody; and though some of the plain was barren, there were many parts that were covered with the thick-piled carpet of spring. Eschscholtzias flamed in places, and nemophilæ repeated the blue of the skies. Mallows and calendrinias made a more beautiful red on the sod than we had been looking upon; and besides these there were a multitude more of flowers, red and white, and yellow and blue, some of them too small to have any name on the common tongue, yet all adding to the "*anērithmon gelasma*," "the numberless smile," of the California spring.

On reaching Traver the crowd separated, part going to the barbecue, which was to be followed by speaking, and part to the hotel for dinner. The second part was largely made up of young men and maidens that were bent on the dance of the afternoon and evening. A ball game between the home and a visiting nine was among the attractions, besides the rabbit shoot. Traver was prodigal of amusements on this her eighth birthday. It was estimated that six thousand persons were present, and more than four thousand people and one thousand teams were in the drive.



PLAN OF THE DRIVE.

I preferred to dine at the hotel, and found no little entertainment in observing the country beaux and belles that filled the dining-room again and again. These were dressed in their best, the men a bit uncomfortable in the unwonted splendor of their attire, but the girls radiant in their consciousness of attractiveness in their much befrizzled hair, crisp new ribbons, and big hats. One thing I could not help remarking about these San Joaquin maidens,— the clear pink and white of their complexions. How they manage to preserve it in the scorching sun and winds, one day of which caused me a week of blistered cuticle, passes my comprehension.

The dinner was put on in truly lavish style. Eight dozen chickens, the Chinese cook told me, had bled to make a Traver holiday. I don't claim to have remembered his exact words. The table

was entirely covered with dishes heaped with food; and since all courses were spread forth at once, it was possible to see the end from the beginning, and plan the meal accordingly.

Supper was but a repetition of dinner. A little incident at table is worth telling, to show the spirit that prevailed. Tea had been given me by the "tea-er-coffee?" girl, but the sugar was distant some five or six places down the table. I waited patiently, hoping it would gravitate my way. Soon I noticed one of the serving maids standing by unoccupied, and asked her to give me the sugar. Instead of going for it, she stood still by the head of the table, and called in a loud, clear voice: "Say, pass that sugar this way!" Her command was at once obeyed by the guests, in a way that showed they felt the rebuke for their inattention implied in her tone.

And so, in revelry, the day wore on; and each could find something to amuse himself with, if it were only in patronizing the man that had set up a ring-throwing game; the board stuck full of case knives, and garnished with clocks, watches, and other seductive prizes. To these he called attention with his shrill cry, "Come up, now,— here 's your fun, pleasure, and pastime!"

As we departed for the train the host of the hotel was cordial in his invitation to "come again."

"Ah, yes; but you don't have a time like this in Traver every day."

Charles S. Greene.

LED TO GOLD.

Only the last glimmers of daylight lingered about the snowy crests of the Sierras. The huge mountain peaks looked like saintly figures robed in their white night garments, and suggested the attitude of making ready for repose, as the gathering gloom rendered them more and more indistinct.

Two men on foot, each with a bundle strung to his back, stood on the ridge of the mountain divide, eagerly scanning the last discernible features of the country around them. They were poorly, almost raggedly clad; and their drawn brows and pinched faces bespoke mental anxiety, and none too crowded stomachs. They were dark visaged, somewhat swarthy of feature, and from their speech showed they were of Mexican or Spanish origin. Both bore the appearance of being old men, but on close examination one was perceptibly less aged than the other, and under favorable conditions might have passed for a man in the prime of life. This man carried an antiquated rifle loosely slung across his shoulders, in a ready position for use; while the old man leaned wearily on a rough staff.

It was evident they had been standing on the mountain trail for some time, as the intense disappointment and despondency depicted on their hard, dry countenances could but have grown there slowly, and only after every ray of hope had flickered out.

"Do you see anything, señor?" questioned the elder man.

"Nothing, padre."

"Not a mountain, or river, or a species of vegetation that bears resemblance to the picture in your mind?"

"Nothing but the birds that fly overhead. I know the birds, señor, but they may inhabit a wide, wide region," answered the young man dejectedly.

"Can you not associate the idea of a camp or settlement anywhere in the vicinity of the scene? See, lights twinkle down in the dark cañon below."

"Not a single hut, padre. But then the memory is of many years ago. The Americanoes now possess the country, and they have penetrated every range in the Sierras."

"More likely than not it has all been discovered decades back, and worked dry by this time." O what a wild theory has brought us from our sunny land. We shall yet perish amongst these dreary, isolated mountains if we continue this mad search," responded the old man. "Men of science,—bah, we are fools." And he turned away to hide his anger.

"Men of science!" 'T is you alone, señor, who can claim that proud distinction," answered his companion sarcastically." I am here at the promptings of more material desires than the thirst for mystic knowledge."

"Such insolence is born of like chagrin, my friend. But forgive me, Pedose, I am to blame in first complaining."

"Granted before the asking. Come, shall we go on? the light is failing?"

"Not yet, Pedose. Think again. Close your eyes, and run over the scene. Is there nothing in this that might give a clue?"

"I cannot collect my thoughts, Padre. This cold wind sweeping the mountain heights pierces my very bones and freezes my imagination. This is hardly a fit place for scientific experimentation."

"Heed it not. Close your eyes, and bend your head to your breast, and become oblivious. I will cover you with my coat. It may be a long time before we gain another such view. But it would be well to be quick and away. See, snow is falling on yonder peak."

"My God! look! look!"

"What is it, Pedose? Are you raving, or do you recognize something in the landscape? Speak, man."

"Those rocks, I know them. There,—on the slope of the mountain summit, where they are tinted crimson with the after-glow of the sunken sun."

"Is that the place of gold?"

"I cannot tell. But I know the rocks, My God, I know the rocks." And the man fell fainting with excitement and sudden joy.

"Be calm, my son. We will descend to the village below us, and perhaps the vision will grow brighter with a changed view and the light of tomorrow. I feel that fortune is near us. If we are successful, I am famous,—famous amongst the greatest minds of the age."

"Take your fame and welcome," replied his younger companion. "I will be rich. The gold, the bright, heavy gold, will be mine."

"Let us hasten down the mountain. It will soon be too dark to see the trail," suggested the other. And the two men straightened their stiffened limbs, and after adjusting the bundles on their backs, started down the rough, precipitous descent to the valley. In their wild haste they leaped and ran with the agility of buoyant youth. Unheeding the dangers of the path they pushed frantically on; almost tearing their way through besetting obstacles. Their clothing was ripped to shreds as they crashed through straggling trees and brush, and their tired and swollen limbs were cut and bruised by the sharp, jagged rocks, until they spurted blood along their track.

"Are you sure we are not followed, Pedose?" asked the elder man. "Look again—your eyes are younger than mine."

"Quite sure, padre. Twice I have scaled a prominence and looked back over the trail. There is not a human being in sight."

"Good! What think you they thought of us when we entered the camp last night?"

"Our appearance justified any opinion. Our clothing hung in tatters, and our legs and feet were covered with bleeding wounds. What a terrible descent that was in the darkness."

"Yet we never gave it a thought at

the time. How hope will intoxicate a man."

"When I refused that job of work at the camp they thought me a lunatic, for they only made the offer out of charity at our condition," said the young man. "But they treated us hospitably for all that, thinking maybe we would come to our senses by morning."

"And now that they find us gone?"

"They will put us down for stark, raving mad. They scouted the idea of a prospector's striking anything in these parts now-a-days. The short, red-faced man in blue flannel shirt said to me at the bar that there had not been enough gold picked up here for the last ten years to gild the head of a pin; save what had been taken from the Gobble mine, which the company owns. He meant it in good part though."

"Think you, Pedose, it was the safest plan to make known our purpose of pushing on?" ventured the old man.

"There was no choice in the matter, padre. It would have looked suspicious to be suddenly missing. Besides, it was necessary to obtain these few provisions and this pick. Such things tell a silent tale when they act mysteriously; and we would surely have been followed."

"We may be tracked as it is."

"They do not trouble themselves for crazy folks in this region."

For a few moments they walked on in silence. Then the old man asked:

"Do you still recognise the country, Pedose?"

"Every foot of it, señor."

"It seems incredible. The glad doubt almost stifles my faculties. O think what it means if we are successful."

"Every hope will be fulfilled, padre. I know this mountain gorge; the very trees that stud it; yea, the clouds in the heavens almost seem familiar."

"Good."

"Almost as well as if I had seen them all before with my own eyes, and been here in actual life," continued the younger man.

"Marvelous."

"The only doubt is in connection with the road. These trails bewilder and confuse me. There were none in those days, padre."

"Keep your eyes from them, and follow solely the beckonings of your mind as it recognizes objects in the landscape."

"We shall reach the cliff by sundown, padre, if we keep up this pace."

"It is well, Pedose. We can camp tonight at the end of our journey, and begin the search with tomorrow's daybreak. It has been a long, weary journey," he added reflectively.

"Si, señor. Six months and more have passed since we left Mexico, and most of the time has been spent amidst these desolate wilds. How sweet will seem the charms of our native land when we return."

"If we return."

And the two men fell to silent thought, and trudged on up the heavy steep of the mountain side without venturing a renewal of the conversation.

It was laborious climbing, the path being cut up by innumerable small ravines, and broken by massive boulders and impenetrable entanglements of low shrubs and trailing ground vines. The heat was oppressive, for the afternoon sun was in full glare, and not the slightest breeze aroused the dull atmosphere. Perspiration ran in little streams down the bronzed faces of the two men, but they seemed not to heed it, and clambered up as if weariness was the least of their troubles.

The younger man led the way, picking out the path carefully, with his gaze resting intently on the surrounding country. At times he lapsed into deep meditation, as if trying to recall something vague and half-hidden, and his brow frequently furrowed at the sudden appearance of some new uncertainty. But it would clear again as the doubt passed away, and he then would blithely resume the lead, as if mechanically fol

lowing some mysterious beckoning. The old man followed in silence.

Towards evening they gained an extensive level ledge, which nature had cut out of the mountain side. Behind it the rocks towered in precipitous cliffs, until they gradually narrowed into a white, gleaming peak, the top of which was dim in a cloud of mist.

The two men sat down on a loose boulder to regain their breath and reconnoitre their surroundings.

"Padre," exclaimed the younger man sadly, almost pathetically. "It seems that we are at the end of our journey. This is the rock we saw crimsoned by last evening's sunset. Here I lose all further knowledge. The vision is a blank. Yet there appears to be nothing, not even a sign of the work of man."

"Courage, Pedose," answered the elder man consolingly. "See, what is that opening in the side of the cliff? Let us examine it. It may unravel the doubt."

The two men arose and ran hastily towards it.

"A cave, padre, merely a cave wrought out by nature."

"A shaft."

"What?"

"A shaft—a natural shaft—I know it is. It leads to the mine."

"Why, padre, you know this place better than I. Strange,—strange!" And as he gazed curiously into the withered face of the old man, his composure changed into agitation, and the expression on his face grew suddenly startled and fierce.

"My God! padre, who are you?" he cried, wringing his hands as if in agony. "O Heaven, what dark memory unfolds in my brain? Yes,—I know you. You are the black wretch who tried to kill me"

"Kill you! Pedose, you are mad. This sudden fortune has turned your head."

"Yes, kill me," shrieked the younger man. "You tried to murder me for the gold."

"What gold? Pedose, do you not know me. I am your friend and fellow traveler, Carlos Silva."

"It is a lie. You are Señor Guzman. I traveled with you for years,—I know your face,—I see your eyes now as when you threw me from these very rocks. You robbed me of the gold, but I lived, I lived. Now is the time for revenge. *Caramba*, where is my knife? O heaven, give me strength to kill him."

"Mad fool!" exclaimed the old man with relief, as he observed his companion fall in a faint from over-excitement. "We never saw the place before. What thought can have got into his mind?" he added to himself, reflectively.

"Yes, I seem to know the name,—Señor Guzman,—very familiar. Ah, I remember, that was the name assumed by my grandfather when traveling in the States." And he sat down on the boulder to think out the strange coincidence.

"Who drags me over the ground, ... whose hot breath is it I feel on my face? It is you, Juanita, my sweet sister, who bend over me, and so tenderly smooth my hair.'

"It is none other, *amigo*."

"Where am I? Is this my own sunny Mexico? It seems so cold—it is like the evening wind in the Sierras. Do the palm trees wave in the garden, as when I was a boy? I cannot see,—I am blind. Are the flowers still in bloom on our mother's grave?"

"He raves," muttered Carlos Silva to himself. "Hell's dog, he would have killed me! I understand it all now. How I long to hurl him down. If he lives he will remember again, and seek to slay me for the crime of one long dead. No, I will let him do it himself,—I will drag him to the very edge of the rocks, and leave him to wake in——," and Silva paused and cautiously peered through the gathering gloom in every direction. Then turning a fiendish look toward the prostrate form of his friend, he continued: "The gold, all the gold will then be mine. I thought I did not want it

But there comes a strange thirst,—strange as it is devouring; gold is gold."

"Dear Juanita, move me gently,—carefully. I am sore,—and so tired."

"Turn on your side, *hermano Pedose.* It will relieve your pain. No,—the other side,—to the right."

There was a rumbling noise over the cliff, and a pattering, dashing sound as of falling stones and dirt.

"Ha! ha! he has gone. The gold is mine—all mine" the old man chuckled to himself.

III.

Such a town as R —— was only to be found in the Sierras. It was a typical California mining camp; rudely constructed, irregular, and scattered; and with a moulding, musty odor constantly pervading the atmosphere during the wet winter months. One straggling, ungraded street, bordered with dingy saloons and half-stocked stores, and a few ungainly, nondescript dwellings, roughly constructed of shaggy logs or unplaned pine boards, comprised the business portion of the town.

No sign of industry was visible there, but several hundred yards away, across the rapidly flowing creek, stood a plain shed-like building, from the roof of which issued a thin column of yellow, curling smoke, out of a chimney scarcely bigger than a good-sized tin whistle. This was the engine-house of "the Company," and the motive-power there generated was put to use in connection with the Gobble mine, and likewise served to run a diminutive sawmill near by, at the foot of the mountain.

There was one building in the little town, however, that assumed a more pretentious appearance than the rest; in that it stood two stories high, and made heroic efforts to veil its mechanical defects behind a thin coat of dirty greenish paint. It bore the legend "Hotel," inscribed over the door-way, and the execution was such as to suggest that the artist who painted it was deficient in sense of proportion, or else drunk at the time.

In front of this hotel was a long pine-board bench, pleasantly appreciated by the inhabitants of R——, judging from the generous, even clamorous patronage it received all day long. In fact, this was the "stamping ground," for all the idlers of the camp.

"Heard the news, boys?" exclaimed a tall, dark-bearded, coatless man, running up.

"What 's up now, Stack?" asked a short, red-faced nan, with a prematurely incredulous air. "You 've always got some remarkable story to tell."

"It is remarkable, as ye 'll agree when I tell it. That crazy jay that was here bumming grub for himself and the old greaser is back in camp again."

"As I expected," said several voices.

"An' he 's struck it."—

"Fooling agin, Stack," observed the red-faced man.

"Straight goods, fellers. He 's struck it rich. I saw the specimens with my own eyes They be chock full of free gold. He had to sell 'em to Wert s store to raise the money for his claim. Ye can all see 'em yerselves."

"Are ye honest, Stack?"

"As God made me. An' the curious part of it is, they struck it not more 'n a day out from camp,—somewhere near Old Rocky. They must a'know'd of it all the time, boys. You bet they be way-back old-timers round these parts."

"Hurrah!" cried several voices in unison. "If this be true, R—— 'll have a boom, sure. Times 'll liven up again in the old camp."

"Did the two of 'em come back," ventured one of the assembled hearers.

"Ah! that is where the mysterious part comes in. Only one come back,—the youngest, an' his hands an' face be all scratched and cut deep, and his eyes is as black and swollen as if they had made acquaintance with a hard punch. Tell ye what, boys, it looks to me like a fight—an' a hard un, if noth-

ing worse. But he says it 's all right,— that the old man is still out, holding down the claim, though it seems to me he be better fitted for that job himself."

"Strange doings," muttered several men in the crowd.

"An' where is this lucky duck now?" asked the red-faced man. "It 's the custom to set 'em up on such occasions, aint it, boys?"

"Right y' are," assented the body appealed to. "He 's up at the doctor's house attending his ailments. He won't see nobody till he has got the best of two or three days' rest. That is no more than right, fellers — give him a chance," replied the informant of the day, with an air of superiority at the knowledge under his command.

The crowd of men fell to talking amongst themselves, in no little excitement, each venturing an opinion as to the strange discovery, when the red-faced man interrupted their debate by exclaiming:

"Well! blanked if this ain't the old greaser a-coming up the road!" They all rushed forward to look in the direction indicated.

"Yer right, Tom, it 's none other," assented Stack. "Say nothing, boys. Be green. Let 's hear his story. May be we 'll learn something. Why, hang me, if the galoot ain't a started running now that he sees us waiting."

The old man tottered into their midst with eyes dilated and roving, and arms outstretched, and his broad chest heaving convulsively as he painfully struggled for breath. He threw himself to his knees, and assuming an imploring attitude to the crowd of men, cried wildly in a tremulous voice: "*Perdonar! perdonar, hombres.* Kill me, kill me! tear me to pieces! let me die! I cannot live. He follows me everywhere — all night long, and after the sun is over the mountain top. I see him everywhere I go,— he is never from me. I run and hide,—for two days I have fled, crouched behind rocks and crawled in dark holes; but he finds me out. Mercy, God, mercy. O kill me, *hombres. Yo temo, yo temo!*"

"The old greaser 's a-raving," exclaimed one of the bystanders. "Let 's put him in the jug."

"Who is it yer a-speaking of, old man?" brusquely asked the little red-faced man.

"Pedose, Pedose, my comrade of many a day. I rolled him from the cliffs. *I murdered him.* Down, down he went. I heard his bones crack on the rocks below. I peered over — many hours after — and saw his ghost. There in the moonlight was a shadowy form, hurrying up and down the cañon, and trying to reach me. It was Pedose, and his face was sad, and covered with blood. He looked up and saw me, and cried, '*O padre! padre, quita allá! quita allá!*' The reproachful, weird voice drove me wild with remorse, and I ran away in fear. I knew he was dead, and it was all too late for forgiveness. O, *hombres* end my misery,— kill me."

"Simmer down, old man," said Stack, the miner. "Yer partner ain't as much dead as you are. We see him alive yesterday, and I guess he 's still a-kicking. Look 's as if you 'd got the worst of this affair already, dad, but it 'll put yer in a deal worse fix. It means the jug for many a year, and a diet of beans,— with beans for a change off,— if he says this agin yer."

"Pedose alive?" joyously cried the spirit-broken man, springing to his feet, without heeding his informant's latter insinuation. "O thank heaven! Alive! Alive! Bring him to me,— he will forgive me. Be quick, — I shall soon die."

"Go ferret him out, one of you fellers, and some one help me carry the old man inside," directed the tall, black-bearded miner, as the old man fell trembling and exhausted to the ground. "Feared he 's a-going under, boys."

Willing hands were not wanting to carry him within the "hotel," for the rough hearts of the miners were sym-

pathetic. They laid their burden on a rough shake-down in a little corner room on the upper floor of the building, where they applied the few crude remedies that they knew to bring him back to consciousness.

After a while the old man rallied, and opening his eyes gazed into the faces about him with an expression of expectancy, which, however, soon gave place to one of disappointment, as he failed to see the object of his search.

"Pedose not come?" he asked despondently.

"Not yet, dad. Have ye any message? He may be kind o' long," answered Stack.

"My blood is growing cold. I have something to tell him. Give me a pencil and paper. I will write it,— in case — in case he is late."

The pencil and paper were brought, and the old man raised himself on the rude couch in position for writing, muttering almost incoherently, "*Gracias — gracias, señor.*"

As he was about concluding his task, — which had been wrought with much difficulty,— the messenger who had gone in search of Pedose returned, accompanied by the doctor alone.

"Your partner started out for the claim this morning, señor," the doctor said, as the old man turned his eyes inquiringly toward him. "He may not be back for some days. He has gone in search of you. Can we do anything for you?"

The old man was calm and resigned on hearing the doctor's report, and learning that he could not live long. Much of the recent madness had left him, and he seemed to have become reconciled to his fate, being, apparently, sufficiently contented with the revelation that Pedose was alive.

"Seal this letter, and see that he gets it, señor,— I can trust you. Tell him I forgave him, and asked the same from him. He will understand it was all a mistake. Were I to live I could clear myself,— but it does n't matter now,— I shall say nothing. Tell him I never uttered a word about the discovery of the mine. I leave it all to him. Ask him if he ever again reaches our native Mexico to —"

No human ears heard that last request — the old man gasped,— grew pallid,— and sank slowly back.

The doctor laid the body flat on the bed, and after straightening the stiffening limbs, he closed the wide, expressionless eyes, and covered the aged and withered form with a half dirty sheet made of stitched flour-sacks.

IV.

It was many years before Señor Pedose Diaz could be induced to relate the details of the strange affair in which he had figured so prominently.

Two days after Silva's death he returned from the claim, and was immediately made acquainted with the occurences that had taken place during his absence. He affected indifference at the news; but it was plainly visible that inwardly he was much agitated. The sealed paper was handed over to him according to the dying request of the old man, but he remained reticent as to its contents. He turned his attention solely to developing his suddenly acquired treasure, and before many months 'Old Rocky' was one of the richest paying mines in California, and its owner, Señor Pedose Diaz, was classed with the great gold kings of the West. The weird story of its discovery was talked of many a long winter's night at more than one camp fire in the Sierras, but as no one really knew anything about it, it was relegated to the mysterious, and ever after referred to as "that ghost affair."

In the course of time, Señor Pedose Diaz wearied of the solitude and inconveniences of frontier life, and being sufficiently wealthy to relinquish personal supervision of the mine, he concluded to

secure an experienced agent to take charge of his affairs, and thenceforth spend his life in ease and study.

After placing a handsome monument over the grave of his former friend, and inscribing along with the name the significant words, "*Unto the third and fourth generation,*" he left the 'Old Rocky' mine in charge of an adept manager, and repaired to San Francisco. Before leaving for a few months' visit to Mexico he bought a magnificent house in one of the near suburbs of the city, and left directions for expensive furnishings and decorations.

On his return to California in the early fall of the same year he built up a magnificent library in his new dwelling, and thenceforth devoted the greater part of his time to scientific study and research. He was generally considered a crank by those who were sufficiently intimate to form any opinion. One of his peculiar theories was the possibility of the transmission of memory through several successive generations.

It happened one evening while he was present at an informal gathering, that this same subject of memory came under discussion; and Señor Diaz, while attempting to substantiate some of his arguments, so far committed himself on matters relating to the mysterious discovery of the "Old Rocky" mine, that he concluded to make a clean breast of the whole affair.

"Do I believe in the transmission of memory germs? Well, there was a time when I did n't. But the sudden possession of several millions of unexpected dollars very forcibly removed all doubts from my own mind as to the truth of the theory," was the startling prelude with which he began.

"I have never cared to tell the story, for the simple reason that I would not have been believed, and all manner of accusations might have been laid against me in consequence. I had concluded it was safer to say nothing, and let people nurse their own opinions. But as this matter has come up, and as I feel I ought sometime to give it to the world in the interest of science, I now beg your attention.

"It is not necessary to go over the details of my early life. Suffice it that at the age of thirty-eight years, having lost my last parent with the recent death of my mother, and my only sister having concluded to marry, I found myself making preparations to vacate the old homestead of my father, near the Mexican capital, and join an old friend of the family out in the western province of Sinaloa. Señor Carlos Silva was not only an older fellow-student of my early days, but in my estimation occupied the position of guardian towards me, in that he had been the young friend of my father, who, dying when I was but a child, had exacted a promise from him of friendly protectorship over me. He was fully twenty years my senior, and as he was a man of finished education, extensively traveled, and a deep student of the world and its ways, I had naturally become accustomed to look upon him as my counsellor in all important matters. So that when I became alone in the world, and the old place more of a burden than a source of profit, and he advised me to turn my face toward the Pacific shores, and join him in his free and wild sort of life, I had no two thoughts about accepting.

"On arriving in the West, I secured a tract of land near the property of my friend Silva, stocked it with cattle, and placed them in the charge of a poor herdsman living in the vicinity, so that I might have less to do on my own rancho, and thus be able to give more time to the pleasure and benefit of my friend's company.

"Carlos Silva was by no means a poor man, that is, as far as property was concerned; but there had been several droughts of late years, which had resulted in the loss of large sums of money to him, through the death of his cattle. However, as it was he managed to live

easily, devoting more of his time to a continuance of his studies, or scientific experiments, than to hard work on the ranch. Whether this was financially wise or not I never cared to consider, being too much of a like temperament not to fall in readily with his mode of life.

"Amongst the many subjects that we talked over and studied together while reclining under the palm trees on the calm summer evenings, or by our little log-fire when it was wet or chilly, was this same question of memory. Señor Silva was of the opinion that the sense of a preknowledge of scenes, and objects, and even names and faces, which many people experience, is the result of an inherent memory germ transmitted by parents or fore parents, which has remained dormant until a revisitation to the scene or a recurrence of the event developed it into an actual recognition. He accounted for the beliefs of reincarnation, transmigration of souls, and many other occult doctrines, as growing out of the simple manifestation of this truth. He even cited instances where he had recognized houses, old bridges, and country landscapes, in parts of the world where he had never set foot before; and that after subsequently making thorough investigation, he had learned in many instances that they had been visited by one or the other of his parents or grandparents.

"I must confess his theory took hold of me, and now that my attention was directed to the matter, I could recall several similar incidents in my own life.

"It was some months after our first discussion on this subject that Señor Carlos Silva and I were sitting out on the veranda of his house, talking over some recent ill luck to our stock, when, as I was gazing earnestly into his face, and noticing its dejected mien, a picture arose in my mind. I scarcely noticed the matter at first, but as it unaccountably grew in vividness and detail, I set myself to thinking what it could mean.

"There were distinctly shaped a stretch of mountain peaks, slightly varied in form and height, but all white and glittering; and from the point I seemed to see them they looked like huge waves of the ocean, crested with foam. Below I was aware of an extensive valley, which lay between two ranges of mountains. I saw the little river or creek dashing through it, the trees along its banks, the shape of the mountain slopes, and even the peculiar contraction of the valley where it narrowed into a wild, rugged cañon in the distance. A dim consciousness of the presence of two men seemed to connect itself with the picture.

"I said nothing about this strange vision to Señor Carlos Silva for several days, wishing first to try and connect it with some scene with which I was familiar. But every effort failing, I at last confided the matter to him.

"'Strange,' he muttered, when I had finished my singular story. 'And have you no conception of the locality of this scene? There must be some *present cause* for the revivification of this memory. Come, think again.'

"'I have thought it over, padre,' I replied (I had always been accustomed to call him father). 'There has been nothing else in my thoughts for the last week, and still I cannot connect it with any incident of my life or what has been told me. The strangest part of it is that I first got the idea while looking *in your face*, and the details only develop while I am in *your company*. And I know,' I added, 'we have never traveled such a country together.'

"'Stranger still,' my friend remarked, and I noticed he became a trifle paler, but I never gave it a second thought at the time. 'I suppose,' he continued with a smile, my presence figures in your conception because you have become so accustomed to connecting me with your every thought; and he patted me on the back affectionately. I thought so too; we let the matter drop,

and said nothing more about it for two or three days, being busy with other things on our respective ranchos.

"It happened that on the following Sunday morning, before I was yet out of bed, Señor Silva came over to my home, looking rather tired and a trifle excited. 'Pedose,' said he, immediately on entering my room, without even waiting to salute me with the usual *Buenos dias*, 'I have been thinking over that vision for the past two nights, and after much consideration and putting this and that together, I think I have hit upon a very probable interpretation.

"'Let me here it, padre,' I cried, all excitement.

"'In the first place, Pedose, you must know that I was a great deal with your father before he died. I was young then, and took a delight in hearing him recount the many adventures of himself and his own father,— your grand-sire. Now, among other things I distinctly remember being charmed by the relation of the wild life your grandfather once led in Alta California. For many years he was an explorer in that then almost unknown country. I remember the stories of hardship, fatigue from climbing rugged and almost inaccessible portions of the mountainous regions, death from hunger, and dreadful encounters with the savage Indians. All these things stamped themselves indelibly on my mind, as they will on any spirited boy's. But what I particularly want to tell you is, that it was never a too-oft-told story with your father, to relate how his father had unearthed fabulous wealth in that distant country — how he had discovered a rich gold deposit in an isolated spot in the heart of the Sierras —

"Sierras — *Oro* — *Oro* —," I almost yelled, breaking in upon his story. "Why, padre, I recognize those words in connection with my vision. Go on, go on."

"As I expected, Pedose,— I was sure you would. But be calm, until I have finished; though I confess I was equally excited when I connected the incidents — as I was saying, it was always a matter of regret with your father that he had not been able to learn the secret of its locality, as the old man had failed to confide it to the family before he died.

"It happened that at the time of the discovery there was another person in company with your grandfather. This person turned on his comrade, and attempted the robbery of the little gold that had been secured, and also tried to murder your grandfather, in order, probably, to remain sole possessor of the secret, — it being necessary temporarily to abandon the mine, for the purpose of obtaining supplies and necessary tools. As it chanced, however, your grandfather got the best of the affray, and returning to the coast with what loose gold he could procure, decided to pay a short visit to his family in the native land, before engaging permanently in the development of the mine. In those days it was a long and tedious journey to California, and on the return voyage your grandfather was taken sick, and died three days after landing at Monterey. He went out of the world in an unconscious condition, and his secret went with him. It was but a few months after his death that your father was born, and of course he must have learned the story from his mother subsequently, or perhaps through his elder brother, who carried on the rancho in your grandfather's absence. Now my theory is that this memory cell was transmitted to your father, and that it passed through his existence in a dormant state, probably for the want of attending circumstances to excite it into development, or from lack of natural harmony with other mental attributes. Moreover, if my theory is correct, this memory germ, or atom, has been transmitted to you, or its reflex imprinted on your mind. Just what has awakened the memory in you at the present time is apparently not discoverable, but I am convinced that if we could

but find the actual place of which you possess the mental picture, and set foot in this valley, the rest would all crowd in on your mind very plainly, and you would be led to gold.

"'O, padre, what a philosopher you are!' I exclaimed rapturously. 'What if we should start right away for California, and turn our energies to the finding of this scene?'

"Just what I was waiting for you to suggest, Pedose. Nothing would suit me better, for I am deeply convinced we shall be successful. If my theory turns out correct, I am made famous as a scientist the world over. I am an old man, and care nothing for the gold; you can put it to better use with nearly a quarter of a century the best of me; but if you care to have me with you, and it turns out as we anticipate, you can defray my expenses on the journey. For the rest I want fame, Pedose, fame.

"'You shall have all you ask, and more, padre,' I answered gratefully. 'But what plan shall we adopt?'

"'That will require some little consid eration. In the first place we need immediate funds. Once in California, I am of the opinion that a little judicious inquiry around the various mining camps will result in disclosing some such valley as you describe. The country is now well settled and fully known, even to its remotest corners. That knowledge once obtained, we can easily secure conveniences for reaching it, and I think that we can safely leave Nature to do the rest in unfolding the secrets hidden in that germ of memory.'

"'You are right, padre. But there is one great risk of disappointment that no reasoning can remove.'

"'You mean that the gold may have been discovered already?' he suggested.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'We must take that risk, Pedose,' he replied. 'The scientific triumph will be worth the cost of the journey. And besides, I have another matter to attend to while in the United States. My grandfather died somewhere up in that country, and there is some unclaimed property still. There must be records that I can trace.' And he looked at me with a strange expression that I could not then understand.

"It was several weeks before we had made arrangements for the proper care of our property during our absence, and secured even half of the ready money we had agreed on as necessary for the journey. We had counted on the investigation's occupying about three months after our arrival in California; but at the same time we each entertained secret hopes that not half that time would pass before our doubts would be happily settled. So when the full amount of ready cash was not available, we decided to start out and take chances.

"Arriving at San Francisco early one August morning, we procured a chart of the country, and obtained as much information regarding the topography of the Sierra Nevada mountains as was readily accessible. We then took the river steamer to Sacramento, the nearest large city to our field of exploration. From there we outfitted for the final search, securing a pair of burros, and two months' food supply, such as it was, along with the necessary cooking utensils, and a camping outfit consisting of three heavy woolen blankets, and a large sheet of canvas that could be readily rigged into a shelter from rain.

"The story of our wanderings from place to place, the hopes and subsequent disappointments, as we struck every new camp, and came away without the knowledge sought; and the final despair that overcame us, as, having exhausted our supply of provisions twice over, and lost one of our pack animals over the slippery edge of a precipice, we were forcibly reminded of the chilly evening winds and frequent falls of rain and snow that winter had overtaken us,—would fill volumes. In brief, then, Señor Carlos Silva sprained his ankle one morning while struggling over an unusually rugged

piece of ground, and this laid us up at the next camp for nearly three weeks. We were entirely out of funds, and although the miners treated us hospitably, we could not expect them to do everything, so the remaining burro was sold, and the money put to paying debts and purchasing sufficient supplies to carry us back to civilization on foot. We had fully determined to abandon the project as hopeless, and get back to our native country as soon as possible, when an unexpected event brought us fresh hope.

"One evening there chanced to arrive in camp a party of old prospectors, who were of our own nationality, and who better understood our inquiries regarding the mystic valley. We veiled our object as much as possible, not wishing to excite undue curiosity. For the first time during that long, weary journey of nearly five months, we received some crumbs of hope from the assurance that a valley answering the description we gave really did exist.

It lies about four days southeast on the desert trail, if that is the place, and I think it is from your description," remarked our informant in conclusion. "There 's not much gold in that region now-a-days. I believe there is a company that owns about all that is taken out," he added warningly.

Words could not convey our thanks. Even the faint possibility of the truth of the news that such a valley existed was bliss to our imaginations. We started out on that terrible march afoot, with our provisions, and other few necessaries strung to our backs. It was agony after the second day, but we were irrepresible in the fond hope of success, and pushed steadily on. It was almost dark when we reached the dividing ridge that overlooked the valley, and in the semi-gloom I recognized nothing. Suddenly, as I was watching the snow fall on a distant peak, to which Señor Silva had directed my attention, a recognition of a sun-crimsoned pile of rocks some miles along the mountain side darted vividly into my mind, and that told me we had discovered the reality of my vision. Our joy can be imagined when, next morning, after leaving the camp at the mountain base where we had spent the night, I began to know every feature in the landscape.

"But the strangest part of my story is in connection with Señor Silva. As we gained the rocky prominence to which these new recollections in my mind had guided me, all became a blank, and I was at a loss to know which way to proceed. Señor Silva was positive that an opening we had discovered in the cliff was a natural inlet to the mine, and as I was pondering in my mind how he could know better than I, a new light burst upon me. In the man before me I thought I recognized my would-be murderer. It seemed to me as though I was living in the dim past, and this man had attempted my life. I knew him, — I knew every incident of the tragic affair, — and I felt a desire to thrust my knife into him and be revenged. It was evident I was laboring under some mad hallucination, for I really intended to carry the bloody desire into effect. The next thing I knew I was lying bruised and bleeding on a narrow shelf of rocks midway down the cliff.

"With difficulty I clambered down and reached the bottom, and feeling a hot, dry fever burning my flesh, I rushed to Cañon Creek and drank greedily. Looking up I recognized in the moonlight the wild, terrified face of Señor Silva, gazing down at me. I called to him, but he ran away, and the idea crept into my mind that he had thrown me from the heights. Wounded as I was, I made my way back to R——, and after attending to my injuries at the house of a friendly miner, I returned to the cave, to try and find out what had become of my late partner.

"The cave was, as Señor Silva had observed, a natural inlet to a rich deposit of gold ore. As the bundles and pick were still untouched, and as we first

left them, I knew that Señor Silva had not investigated the mine.

"I tried to account for our strange conduct, and the mysterious recognition that so suddenly passed into my mind but my reasoning and surmising gave no satisfactory clue. I concluded to secure some rich specimens and return to the town, file a claim, and then set on foot vigorous searches for my friend. So after obtaining the necessary documentary evidence of ownership, I again set out in search of my friend; having instructed the doctor at R—— to form a party from the camp to scour every direction. I entertained the idea that my friend was in secret hiding in the vicinity, awaiting to hear the result of his vicious deed before daring to make his presence known.

"Imagine my remorse and stricken conscience when, on returning to the camp several days later, I learned that he had appeared in their midst two days before, raving like a madman, and confessing his guilt in my supposed death, —and that he was now dead and beneath the earth. I was grief-stricken in the faint but certain knowledge that I was the cause of all the horrifying incidents of that terrible night, in that I had first threatened to take his life. I could not bring myself to lay any culpability at his door, for under the circumstances he was justified in taking the advantage he did, and I questioned much to myself if I would not have done the same had the case been reversed.

"As I thus brooded over that one dark page in the bright history of a life-long friendship, all the joy and happiness was taken out of my newly-found treasure. It seemed the very irony of fate that he who had really done everything that led to the actual discovery of the gold, should thus miserably perish at the very door of fortune.

"Many months passed away before I really understood the mysterious relationship existing between Señor Carlos Silva and myself, and was at all able to form any logical theory of the strange recognition. I learned it all through a sealed letter which my old friend had left for me a few moments before his death, and which I had not before had courage to open. Here is the letter:—

"*Dear Friend, Pedose Diaz:*

You threatened to kill me, and while you were unconscious I dragged you to the edge of the rocks —and told you to turn over. I thought you dead, and fled in fear. The interpretation of your mysterious recognition of me as a supposed murderer is now very plain. Señor Guzman was my grandfather. He must have been the comrade of your own grandfather at the original discovery. Thus that spark of memory in your mind recognized him in me. I suspected it in Sinaloa, when you first said the vision arose while you were looking *in my face.* I intimated my suspicions several times. But you did not recognize me, and I thought it best to let the matter pass. As for me, I have no mental recognition of anything. I reason it out from your own statements and actions, and the facts behind them. I did not recognize the mine,—the idea suggested itself. It was your own suspicions that aroused the dormant recollections of Señor Guzman, and for the moment you forgot yourself and lived in the past. I will admit that, as you lay powerless, a greedy thirst for all the treasure came upon me. But it was no memory,—an undeveloped trait in my nature, merely,—the gold fever was consuming me. *That is the reason I rolled you to the edge of the rocks.* I am dying from the effects of this excitement. Thus I atone for my crime,—and also wipe out the wrong existing between the blood of my family and your family —*No injustice can go long unrighted.*,— "The sins of the father are visited upon the children." Be happy in your good fortune. They tell me the mine is rich,—whole ledges veined with free gold. I relinquish all claim. I trust this explanation will result in mutual forgiveness. But they have sent for you, dear Pedose; I shall soon clasp you in my arms,—my old, old friend,—and say *adios.* Keep this letter in memory of

CARLOS SILVA."

With this, gentlemen, concludes the remarkable history of the "Old Rocky" mine.

"As you already know, my poor old friend never saw me again. He was dead and already beneath ground when I returned to camp.

"I called the mine 'Old Rocky,' that being the name long held by the cliff near the mine, which was the first physical feature I had recognized in the landscape after our long search, as the material counterpart to the picture in my memory."

C. B. Sedgwick.

AN AMATEUR TAKES THE RIBBONS.

I THINK it was the "Old Mud Turtle," as we had not inappropriately named her, that came into port that day, some forty years ago; at all events it was the regular steamer, and her passengers having been safely beached, refreshed, and billed for Los Angeles, the well filled stages soon thereafter rolled out from San Pedro; the famous team of sorrel mules whose reputation was much more than local taking the lead, of course. Comparative quiet then again settled down upon the embryo city; a quiet that was destined, however, to be of short duration.

For scarcely had the dust stirred up by the outgoing teams found time to settle, ere another steamer was sighted swiftly rounding the point, and one of whose coming we had received no word of advice; she being the pioneer of an opposition line, and had left 'Frisco a day or two later than the old reliable, and very nearly overtaken her too, as had been planned.

The new steamer had but a small showing of passengers, but there was enough of them, and to spare. They had thought out no reason why they should not have a real good time, and were having it after their fashion. It commenced on or before they boarded the steamer, and had since known no intermissions. The merry, boisterous crowd promptly took possession of every thing in sight immediately upon landing and had their own way right along; as viewed from their standpoint, their doings were square and commendable, but they proved just the least bit annoying to some of us.

There seemed no way out of it, however, but that we must bear with them for twenty-four hours or more. No stages on hand, nor not even a driver, though horses in plenty had we and riders galore; only one old, long-discarded mud wagon, and some half broken, fiery mustangs, made up the sum of available means to rid ourselves of the invaders.

I do not to this day understand what possessed me to speak as I did; it is one of those mysterious things that are quite past finding out; some spirit of mischief must surely have been abroad in the land, and had made my brain his headquarters. For I knew nothing whatever about driving. The most I had ever done in that line was to check and chirrup at an old farm horse or two, though even they always did best when I left all to them. And yet here was I saying to my good friend Banning, whose acquaintance I made years before in the city of Brotherly Love:

"If you think the wheels on that old rattletrap yonder can be coaxed to revolve, have some horses hitched to it, load up this noisy crew, and I'll undertake to get them at least part way to the city by midnight."

"I am afraid it would be a kind of an undertaking job, sure enough," answered Banning; then his eye brightening at the bare possibility of such a happy riddance, he continued:

"You don't really mean it, though, do you? You never told me you could handle a stage team."

I was on my mettle in an instant; "an undertaking job," forsooth — that phrase settled it. I would go through with it now, even if it cost a limb or two. So I said to him impressively:

"You must forget, Phineas, that only last year I crossed the plains with a four-in-hand."

He did not wait for particulars. Had he questioned me, he would have known

that my four-in-hand consisted of four yoke of well-broken oxen; that I never but the once attempted to straighten a whip lash; that was at St. Joe's, and in effort to obtain a regulation report from it I took off my left ear, or at least came near enough to so doing for all practical purposes; and that five minutes later I completed arrangements with a farmer's boy to do all my share of driving on the journey.

But I was elected. The vaqueros had received their orders, and were galloping away towards the hills to bring in the horses. What did it matter? A man can die but the once; and would n't the fool killer snap me up in a second anyhow, when he got his eye on me? These were the only comforting thoughts I had while the preparations for my taking off were in progress.

I saw them tinkering at the old wagon, and there was lassooing and blinding of mustangs that they might be harnessed, serving the most fractious as the boy said his shot-gun served him: "kicked him down, then kicked him three or four times after he was down." There was much tying of knots in traces to shorten them, and lengthening out others with ropes,—I looking on supinely all the while.

At last I knew that my to-be companions were tumbling aboard in hilarious mood, their baggage consisting in the main of bottles and demijohns. I heard Banning say to someone, perhaps to myself, as he tallied them off:

"Fourteen at seven is ninety-eight dollars; more than the entire outfit is worth"; and then I heard him whispering:

"When the crash comes, if any of the survivors can walk, keep them headed towards the city, for mercy's sake." This I promised to do, then mounted to the box, or barrel, or whatever it was, and commenced my preparations for death by entangling my hands and wrists in the lines in a strictly original manner.

I heard cries of "Let go of their heads," "Jump out of the way," "Now they 're off," "Stop, stop!" and something about a loose trace. In reply I uttered a scalp-lifting Indian war-whoop, which fairly set the horses frantic; and I had only time to request them to "get out of this" ere fright closed my lips, for I never before or since saw horses in harness go as they were going.

My first grievance came in the knowledge that I had surely been most shamefully imposed upon. After half a mile perhaps had been covered, I realized that there were five horses in the drove, instead of four, the number that I understood was to be detailed to land myself and fellow outcasts in perdition. For a time I half believed the extra was a volunteer, and had in pure equine friskiness crowded in between my leaders. How came it then that their heads were so entangled together in the straps? On the other hand, I felt sure I had nothing at all to do with him. My common sense assured me of that. I was n't so far gone but what I could count. There were but *four* lines. Nor did he have anything at all to do with the outfit but to kick, for his traces were fastened to nothing but himself; it seemed as though he might have had a perpetual motion machine wound up to the point of snapping the spring inside of him somewhere, and connecting firmly with his hind legs; his activity in that quarter (or ought I to write it *half?*) impelled the loose traces to take wild flights of anything but fancy; when they were not in the air they were taking turns at violently lashing his spine; it was a sort of double back action, self-propelling contrivance, as yet unpatented.

It was not so much the thing itself, either, as the effect it had upon my crew, that vexed me. To be informed over and over, in thirteen more or less dead languages, foully murdered all, that those traces were unhitched, was truly exasperating; for was not I the Captain

AN AMATEUR TAKES THE RIBBONS.

and supposed to know what was going on? The worm that would not turn under such provocation deserved to be stepped on some more. I was about to turn, when I received the fourteenth punch in my back, and thus knew that the only man of them all who could speak understandable English was about to relieve his mind.

"Did n't you vas see dot draces mit the left hand front horses loose comes,—don't it?"

A sharp, short rise in the road just there favoring the maneuver, I stopped the team, and in reply to the rear end of his question answered: "It does," then in effort to be cutting and sarcastic, I continued:

"Aint it was did n't it you want to make ten dollars in a minute? If so, get out and hook those traces."

He sprang toward the deadly breach with an alacrity which could not but win my admiration, though I knew I risked nothing in making the offer. The mustang noticed his approach, and with much skill and celerity balanced himself on his ear apparently, and then proceeded to box the compass several times with his heels. I now saw, or thought I did, a good chance to rid myself of the presence of this man. Always impulsive, I instantly issued a second and revised edition of the war whoop, and was quick to find it had not lost its virtue; with a jerk that almost pulled the stage in two, my fiery steeds sped away like the wind, and I was happy.

Several hundred yards had been scored, and I was trying to recall a childhood's song which I thought ran somewhat like this:

> "One got left,
> Then there were thirteen,"

when I heard considerable rustling in the stage, which was quickly followed by a familiar punch between my shoulder blades, and these words were hissed into my ear:

"I did n't some more ride all night, eh, if I was n't dot tail gate snatches?"

I answered that he had sized it up correctly, and inquired as to what he was going to do about it; not understanding a word of this, but probably imagining it was a splendid joke, he laughed right heartily, and in company with the echo of his laugh my ill humor sailed away.

Presently the subject of brakes occurred to me, and I was quite delighted when I found there was really one attached to our equipage; to familiarize myself with its workings I brought the brake-bar forward, and put about half my weight upon it; then came a great surprise; so very large was it that there was considerable more than enough to go around.

Certain am I, that I never heard such an unearthly screech as immediately rent the air; in the words of Mrs. Nickleby, "It came upon me like a flash of fire and almost froze my blood." Passengers and team were alike thrilled with it as no mere sound, I imagine, had ever before thrilled them. It could give any fog syren in existence 90 points in a possible 100, and then win easily. There were no leathers on the brake-blocks, and when the protruding heads of numerous nails came in sudden contact with the swift revolving tires, the resultant din was simply brain-crashing.

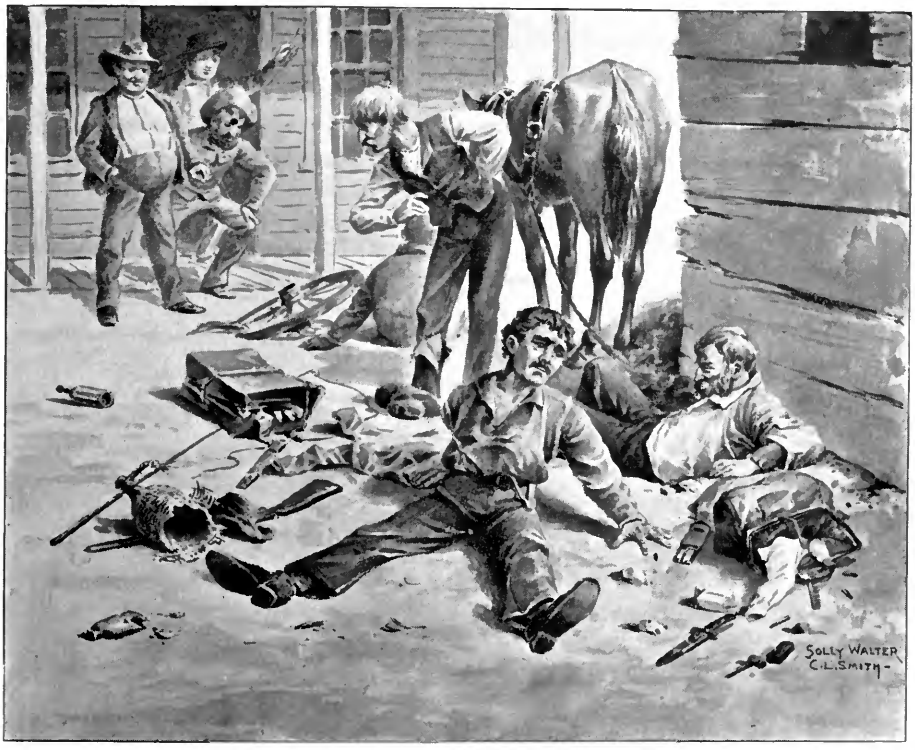
I made no attempt to stop at the half way house which we were now flying by in the dark. It belonged to *our* firm, and was the only building on the road between San Pedro and Los Angeles, and was itself but a mere shanty. The stock in trade of its single occupant consisted, so far as my observation ever went, in a wooden pipe with a far-reaching odor, and a can of axle grease; his business there to render any needed assistance to the passing stages and teams belonging to A. & B.

That heaven-piercing shriek brought him to the door, lantern in hand, but he could make out nothing of what was

transpiring. He knew of no stage to send in that direction, nor of any occasion to send one ; looking back I could see by the gleams from his lantern that he was following as if in pursuit. Later I heard that he made a fairly good night's work of it, for the road along there was a bit jolty, and hence he took back with him to his cabin three hats, a gripsack well filled with soiled linen, and what he called a " Jimmy-John," it nearly half full, which I in self defense had slyly tipped out of the stage with my foot when opportunity served.

Perhaps no one listened for three consecutive hours to such a perfect Niagara of vocal thunder as I did that night, and lived to tell of it The stream rolled and roared continuously, and in volume was perfectly terrific. We hear sometimes that so and so is quite unable to carry a simple air ; none of my merry men were constructed on that plan ; they could and did, over and over, each lug several tunes at once without least apparent effort, and when occasionally they all chanced to be buckling down to their work at the same instant, each grinding out a different so-called melody, the composite produced was what might truly be called a stunner.

A tiny gleam of light showing dimly on our port-bow at last, convinced me tha our uncomfortable cruise was nearing its end. Greatly elated over the fact that I had really brought my unwieldy craft with its explosive cargo safely within sight of its anchorage, my pride over the accomplishment of this feat in the very eyes and teeth as it were of the owner's predictions nearly proved my ruin ; for I was puffed up with boyish pride to the



ARRIVED.

point of determining to give the citizens of this inland village the surprise of their lives. I would make such entry into their midst as should stand unique in their local history for all time; and I imagine I fully succeeded in so doing.

With the assistance of my Amsterdam accomplice, my half crazy companions were brought to understand my plans, which met their unanimous approval. Our voyage should end in a perfect blaze of glory. No avalanche had ever scored such time as we would make when dashing into the town, nor perhaps ever made such deafening tumult, either.

Each man was to sing his own favorite battle song in thunderous tones, while I would accompany them on the brake to the very limit of my somewhat extensive muscle; and it seemed within reason to conclude that the aggregate of noise would evolve from our long-winded steeds a burst of speed which would likely be a great surprise even to themselves.

The plan worked to a charm; most too much so, in fact, and so completely was I carried away by the excitement of the moment that I have never since been able to recall perfectly just how it all happened.

There quickly ensued much opening of doors and emergence therefrom of dark-hued angels, scantily clad in robes of white; and struggling crowds were tumbling out of both doors and windows of gambling-houses and similar resorts, each man it seemed shouting and gesticulating wildly, stimulating my orchestra to renewed exertions, while I pumped vigorously at the brake, filling the heavens with a series of long and short dashes of sound which ought to have been heard at Tehachapi. Then came the inevitable crash, sudden and complete.

My catching a glimpse of both sides of the street at the same instant was responsible for its coming just when it did. On the one side I saw the stage office, at which I sincerely desired to stop but was unable to do so, for I had a genuine runaway on my hands; on the other side there stood a very inviting blank adobe wall. I knew nothing of the road beyond, nor in fact if there was any; at least I cared not to investigate just then; so I drew sharply upon the lines and effectually stopped the team, the wagon-tongue piercing the wall a foot or more, then snapping short off. The horses took care of themselves after a fashion, if rather a poor and damaging one. As for us bipeds we all alighted literally on the jump, and brought up most anywheres, one or two on the roof of the adobe. If any of us escaped bruises and contusions of some sort, I have certainly been misinformed.

Of course they were somewhat indignant at first, but that soon passed off, for when they were told through interpreters that that wall was maintained there expressly to butt mustang teams against, and that I utilized it in this way nearly every trip I made, they realized the wisdom of conforming gracefully to the customs of the country; and when the stage agent invited them all to take a short stroll at his expense, they limped and dragged themselves away in excellent humor.

Anyhow, suits for damages would not have held water in this case. This matter had received proper attention some hours before. In the safe at San Pedro was a certain writing to which fourteen hieroglyphics or crosses were attached; the signers all, each for himself, assuming the whole responsibility for the safety of life and limb on the road that night.

Some of them may have imagined it was only the regular way bill they were signing. I should n't be surprised,—in fact, I rather think that may have been the case.

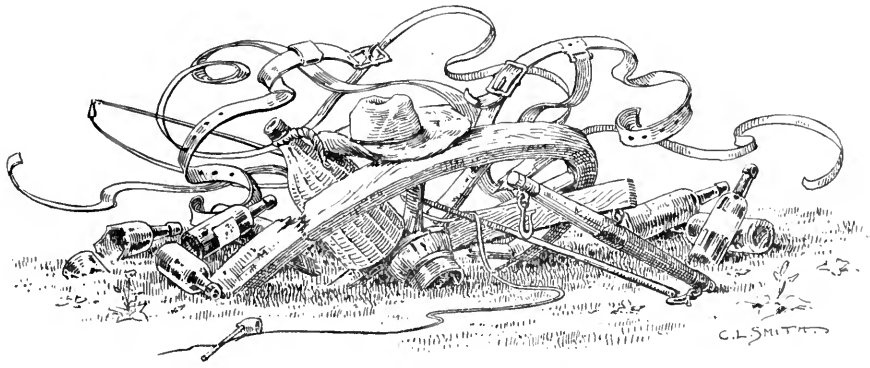
When I came to look that old mud-wagon over leisurely, I was forced to conclude that I knew as much, and as

little, about stages as I did about horses. No regular stage-driver ever lived who would have attempted to do what I had succeeded in doing; for I made the discovery that the off hind wheel only revolved a few inches at a time, and by a series of tuneful jerks; it scarcely made one tenth the number of revolutions in the trip that it should have done. The nut, it seems had been lost off long before, and in battering up the end of the axle to keep the wheel in place, some one had given it a few raps too many. Not but what I heard the lamentations of that wheel right along from start to finish; but not having been brought up on axles, mud-wagons, wheels and things, I did not take the cause of it in, so to speak; it seemed a proper part of the general tumult which prevailed, and harmonized right well with the voices of several of those tipsy croakers; nor was it any more rasping to my nerves than to theirs.

I returned to San Pedro as a passenger, and on my way down I resolved never again under any circumstances to draw rein over more than two horses at a time: my adherence to this resolution undoubtedly accounts for my yet being in circulation.

As for my gang of escapes, they were still having a "good time" when last I saw them. They were very wide awake indeed, although it was nearly daylight, and were all busied in adjusting an assortment of variegated nightcaps to their respective heads, with no prospect that the novelty of the performance was likely to wear off.

William S. Hutchinson.

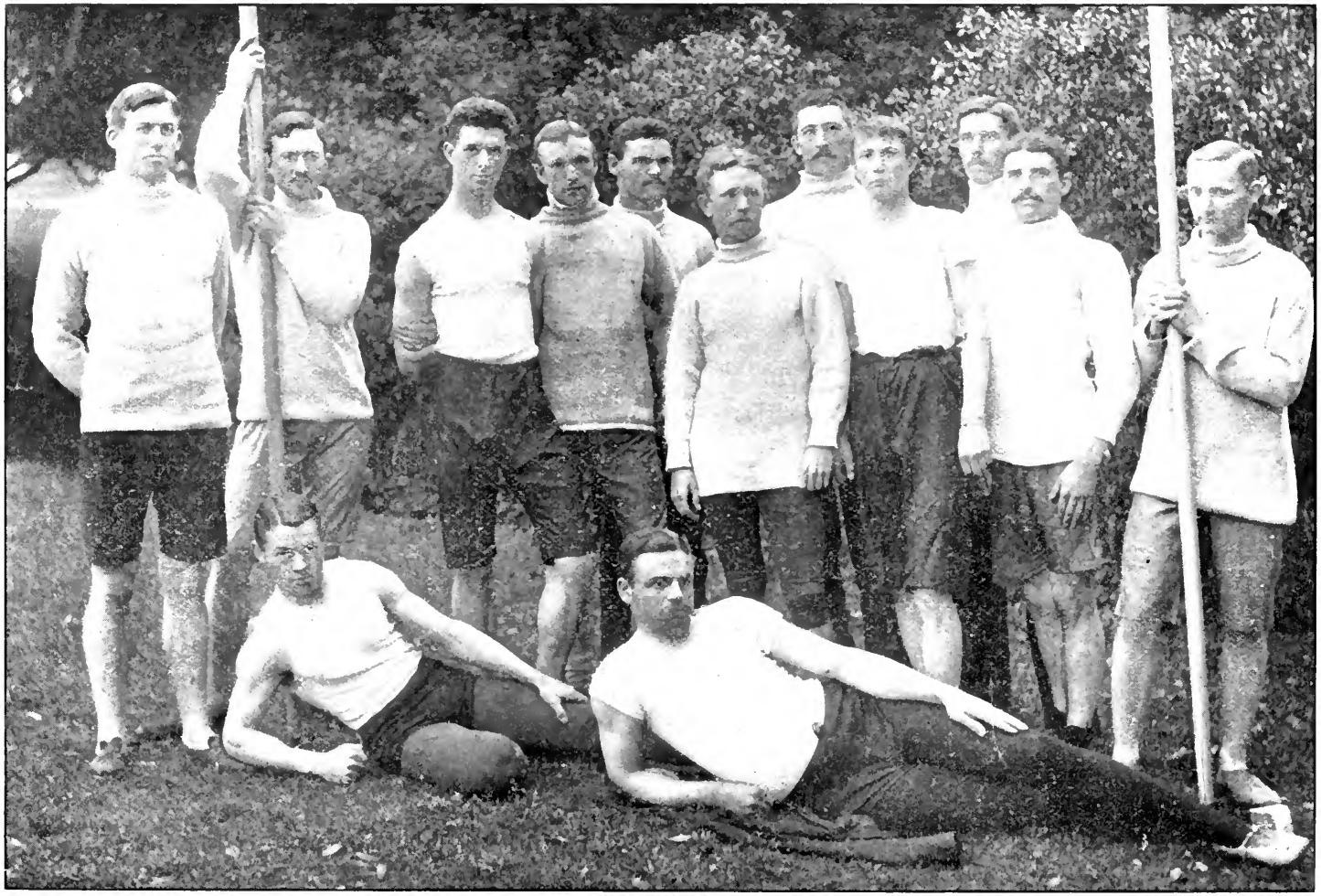


SANTA BARBARA.

SWEET Saint, we know thee as thou art
By Raphael's genius given us;
Thou standest on the clouds apart
While Heaven opens glorious,
And seraph heads with eager gaze,
Break through the sky with songs of praise
Around the Virgin and the Child.
And still thou dost not dare to raise
Thy prayerful eyes, but meek and mild,
Thou holy maiden undefiled,
While Heaven's glories are unfurled
Dost bring the adoration of the world.

Thy shrine is on the western sea
Begirt with rugged mountains round;
Broad-browed it looks far down the lea,
And basks in silent peace profound
Of days of perfect sun and light
Which make the earth and heaven unite
While blossoms garland all the year.
And as each day breaks from the night,
Three times three strokes thy bell rings clear,—
Oh Father, Son, and Spirit, hear!
'T is thine while heaven is unfurled
To bring the adoration of the world.

Caroline Hazard.



By permission of the "Blue and Gold," Class of '93.

HENRY--15 3-4.
WORLD'S RECORD, 120 HURDLE.

WILLIS.

BARKER.

PHEBY--2:02 1-2, 880 YDS.

J. BAKEWELL.

HUNT.

MAYS--23, 220 YDS.

FOULKS.

BROWN.

HINKLEY.

BURKS.

VAN WINKLE.

VAN DYCK--POLE VAULT, 10 FT.

THE COMPROMISER.

"I 've got two apples in my dinner-pail. Are you going home with me, Eva Wortley?"

The girl shook her yellow curls, and glanced toward Jim Parsons.

"I 've got a secret what nobody knows, and nobody sha'n't know, 'cause I won't tell. Do you reckon you 'll go home with Jim Parsons, Eva?"

The diplomatist was soon trudging along the dusty road homeward bound from school, and by his side walked Eva Wortley. What if she thought him the laziest, dirtiest boy in her class; surely his secret was not grimy, too, and Jim would wait for her tomorrow.

"Now cross your heart, and hope to die you won't let on ter living soul!" so the revelation was prefaced.

"Cross my heart, and hope to die."

"You won't breathe a word to Jim Parsons?"

"Hope to die."

"Well, when I 'm a man I am a going to be judge of that thar high court in Washington."

"How do you know?"

"Know? Pooh, 'cause I do. And I 'low, Eva, that 's better 'an being President of these yer United States; dad says so, and he ought to know."

Then he tossed his head and snapped his beak, the brave, peeping fledgling, and dangled a bigger and a fatter propitiatory worm to tempt the reluctant appetite of his coy companion.

"Then, Eva, me and you will get married, and gosh, what a fine house we will have, with galleries, and pillars, and winding stairs; and slathers of horses! Why, I calculate to buy me a racer that 'll take the shine out of old Colonel Whitman's 'Pawnee.' Yes, you bet, when I get to be judge I 'll have the best horse in Missouri, and won't you be glad your husband 's a judge,— Judge Dick, Judge Frederic Dick."

The children parted at the branching of the road, and the youthful aspirant, wandering from the hot and dusty highway, cooled his bare feet in a rippling brook, and dreamed while he waked and dreamed while he slept in the soft woodland grasses.

"You lazy lubber, whar you been loafing all this time?"

Such was the salutation of the worthy Justice of the Peace, his father, when at nightfall the lad reached his home.

"The marster hed right smart to do, and I 'lowed how it war n't a going to hurt me if I gin him a lift."

"Humph," and his honor closed his teeth on his pipe, and shifted his fat legs, and dozed in his great arm chair, while his son sidled into the house to see if his chances for supper were good.

"Like his dad, like his dad," muttered the drowsy magistrate, opening his eyes for a moment. "Clever boy, clever man; he 's got the Dick spirit, by Jove," and he nodded again, this indolent, gray-haired old man.

As the wild pigeons love their young, so did he; as they provide for their brood, so did he. A few sticks on a bare rock, a wisp of straw and a leaf or two, and the nest is ready for occupancy. And because of their humble nesting, the birdlings strut no less proudly and fly no whit feebler than it is their nature to.

Pigeons they are, and pigeons they will ever be, though they covet the emu's bulk, though they sigh for the eagle's flight.

"Too much cuddling though, too much," the sire was thinking still of his boy. "His ma will ruin him quite. I must be firm, I must. Heh, Maria,— Maria, I say, bring me hot water and

sugar, my whisky too from the cupboard. That 's right. Ay, that 's good," and he emptied the glass. "Don't make a fool — of the boy — Ma-ria." Then he slept.

"Drat the man," said his wife.

Meanwhile the future judge ate his supper and tumbled into bed.

Now, if eating and sleeping go to make a man, young Frederic Dick did his part valiantly. In truth, he was as lusty a country bred youth as one could wish to see, when, at the age of four and twenty, he appeared in the streets of St. Louis. A lawyer he would be forthwith.

For three long months he drank from the Pierian spring, and then he stopped, because forsooth his thirst was quenched. Vain were the solicitations of Messrs. Osgood, Peeper, & Powers; a man of clay is not an India-rubber bottle. And Dick, having endured until he felt like a victim of the Chinese water torture, made his escape before the plank was laid across his body.

Whatever may be said of his capacity for legal lore, in worldly ways the son of Justice Dick proved himself no dullard. He was before long so skillfully veneered with city manners and city fashions, that he well nigh forgot the kernel in this polished shell was a country bumpkin.

So pathetic indeed, was his description of his ancestral home in the suburbs of St. Louis, now unfortunately lost to him, that Miss Imogene de Lancy was almost moved to tears.

Miss Imogene was a spirituelle danseuse who smiled when roses were cast at her feet. In days of old, mortals entertained angels unawares; not so with mine host Frederic Dick, who supped with an angel and knew it. Alas, he forgot that even angels are Romans in Rome, and was utterly disconsolate when the heavenly maid plighted her troth to a rival.

Nor was his bitter grief assuaged by the untimely importunities of tailor, florist, and others of that heartless, inconsiderate ilk.

It ill becomes a hapless lover to double his pace round a corner, or sulk in an alley-way, yet to such a pass was this young man unfortunately come. One day, finding it expedient, he hastily stepped into the shop of a barber.

"Seen a bear?" questioned the man of razors.

"It is a laughing hyena," gasped the distraught debtor, "ready to prance in my gore."

And it happened that, being surcharged with woe, he poured forth his pitiful tale to the genial proprietor, a most discreet and sympathetic man. The fruition of this conference surprised none more than Frederic Dick, henceforth Barber Dick.

"Yes, I 'm a barber, sir, and proud of the profession," said the novitiate, carefully pinning a towel round the neck of a patron. "A most ancient and honorable profession, sir; but the fact is, it 's pastime for me. I am a lawyer, you know. Yes, I collapsed just after winning the famous Palmer-Hughes Will Contest,—nervous prostration,—the doctors said rest. I compromised, and began shaving. By the Lord, it is a pleasure to finger such a magnificent head as yours, sir. The old judge, my father, he used to say, 'When a case is dead agin you, compromise'; and thinks I, prime ministers of France have been masters of the craft, and by golly, so will I. Chin a trifle higher, sir, there,—and as of course you know, we enjoy Biblical mention, and are celebrated in the classics, and today every politician will concede we are a power in the land. You see we have the ear of the solid men of the city, and a chance to rub in our convictions. Take my own case: I am on intimate terms with all the blooded swells. Gosh, maybe I won't have a stunning clientage when I resume the practice of law."

So barber Dick shaved all summer, he shaved autumn, and winter, and spring. The years sped merrily on. The barber

grew older, grew portly, grew bald; he loved Nancys, and Lotties, and Geraldines, by the score, yet strange to relate was a bachelor still, with a tri-colored pole at his door.

A time came, however, when the quasi-student's friends deplored his procrastination, for the Journeymen Barbers' Union, of which he was secretary, brought charges of malfeasance.

"Trumpery and spleen, unimportant deviations from red-tape regulations. No profit to mention, either," expostulated the accused to his confidants. "Durned disagreeable, all the same, these investigations. This kind of stamping mill gets the *go* by from me every time, just you bet."

Behold the worthy barber, then, installed in Dibble Row, in the city of Los Angeles. It was his luck to find a shop fresh from the builder's hands, yet smelling of new paint and wet plaster. Hardly was he established in his new quarters when Eddie Reinhart opened a saloon on the corner, and Adam Bentley, the druggist, rented the store next him. A cobbler and plumber secured the two little shops, and a butcher settled himself on the other side, while a carpenter plied his trade in the shop seventh and last in the row.

The barber noted the situation, a diminutive business center in the residence part of the city, and complaisantly remarked, as he lingered over a glass of ale in "Eddie's Resort," "By Jove, this is swell, really jolly, you know; genteel location, no competition, good line of trade."

"I would n't swap with them fat squirrels out in the Chinese burying-ground," nodded his host. "How is the drink?"

"Very fair stuff. Just the thing to brace me up a bit; you see, in Chicago I was — well, a trifle too fly, — champagne suppers, operas, races, and that sort of thing, which you understand are not calculated to steady the nerves; in with the club men, you know. Oh, no thanks, not another drop, really could n't, but I have no objections to a good cigar, if you chance to have one handy. I confess, like all Southern gentlemen, I am somewhat of a connoisseur in tobacco."

"A good, neighborly trait that, on my soul. The medicine chap is so afraid of the snakes, he won't poke his old nose in my door."

"Teetotaler, eh?"

"Rankest kind."

"Bah, canting fools. Grand Army man, I see by his button."

"Ay, and something of a sissy, — still he has redeeming traits."

"Well, if at first his ladyship be a mite squeamish, we 'll put him through a song and dance, and may be he 'll come out all right."

With this benevolent intention, both Eddie and Dick cultivated the old drug man, condescended to read his timidly proffered newspaper, and even to exchange with him the latest gossip. This comradeship endured through the manifold changes which occurred in the row. It was still flourishing when Timothy Lane came there to abide, and the triumvirate held indignant session, deploring the encroachment of the plebian element, as embodied in this simple old harness-maker.

But a greater sensation was caused by the advent of Peter Foltz, a tailor addicted to drink.

"He is, indeed, no acquisition," quoth Barber Dick. "By the Lord, I really am sorry he moved to the row; all the same, that Irish galoot sha'n't sit down on him while I 'm around. Give the devil his dues, so say I; Peter works like a Trojan when sober."

"Well, by gum, it beats me hollow, you being so dead set agin him," ventured Adam Bentley, with more than usual vim. "Now, I don't ask to see a milder, civiler spoken man, than this same Timothy Lane."

"Actions speak louder than words." The barber assumed his magisterial air.

"Oh, go make soup of your razor strop, I 've got the drop on you there, Master Dick," chuckled the round butcher. "One day old Tim come into my shop on a jump. 'A steak,' says he, 'and cut it quick, for they are starving, my man,— our neighbors, right here in the row, starving, and never a thing to eat. The dear little maids,' he says, and the tears were a trickling down his face. 'Poor woman, poor Rosa, and she with a babe in her arms. Faith, it 's enough to make the holy angels weep, and that scalawag Peter off on a jag.' Then away he runs with the meat, and ever since has took it on himself to relieve what he calls their unhealthy vegetable diet, which often as not consists of dry bread and potatoes."

"He loves them children like they was his own, don't he, Pip?" said the druggist, hugging his sleek white cat.

"I am glad he has found his vocation," retorted Dick,—"a nursery maid. a dawdling of babies on his knee."

"Dick's nose is out of joint; the old man worsted him in argument," interposed Eddie Reinhart.

"Worsted me; why, what are you giving us, Eddie? I simply declined to discuss a subject which was manifestly beyond the simpleton's comprehension. It is slightly difficult for a man of my caliber to descend to his level. The fellow 's a fool, and it riles me mightily that intelligent people should be so gullible as to swallow his gabble."

"Just let Dick get started on a stampede," said George Martin, with a wink, as the barber turned on his heel and disappeared in his shop, "and there is nothing will set him 'a milling' so soon as the naming of old Tim's name; likewise, there 's no tune will halt him so quick as his everlasting refrain of blue-blooded pedigree."

So fumed and sputtered the gossips; while Peter, the intemperate tailor, continued riotous and reckless until death mercifully interposed.

Timothy Lane, meanwhile, lived undisturbed through good report and ill. Like a camphor tree, he flourished, sending forth a subtile, aromatic odor from leaf and branch and trunk. Let swarming insects hover, and flutter, and buzz, there was for them, on that green tree, no lodging place. The lonely old heart was fallow, and the rich soil yielded a goodly harvest when the baby fingers of the drunken tailor's little daughters sowed there seeds of love.

"Well, I have just heard some news, whereat I shed no tears. Yonder persimmon," said Frederic Dick, with a nod towards the harness shop, "is about to depart, bag and baggage."

"Ay; but did you know that he is only leader of the band? The widow, the two little twins, and the boy, all follow his bell," answered George Martin, the butcher.

"Follow his bell?"

"That 's what they do. The whole lot of them go out to pasture."

"Go where?"

"Why," said the news monger, licking his lips, as he relished the gossip. "Uncle Tim, it seems, the sly miser, had a well-skewered, prime-rib roast locked up in cold storage, while he has been living on rump. He has always been stuck on those Foltzes you know."

"He never loved Peter."

"No, but the kids and the widow, they have eyes like an old flame of his, so he says; and now to save them from starving he is set on toting them out to a home he bought for the purpose."

"So the old chap is a capitalist. Well, by gosh, I confess this passes my comprehension,— why, these people were nothing to him."

Because of this perplexity Frederic Dick did not long delay a visit of investigation. He found a little kingdom in the valley of San Gabriel, hedged about with pomegranates and fragrant with citrus groves, where Uncle Tim reigned supreme, the beloved of his subjects.

His domain was four acres square, his palace a seven-roomed redwood cottage, his vassals a sturdy countryman with an able-bodied wife. Affairs of state being in no wise burdensome, the happy monarch lived in peace and quiet, thankful to the good God, who had granted him his heart's desire.

"I cannot say the old man is much given to hospitality," commented Dick, as he gathered up the reins several months after his first visit, but they are old friends and neighbors, you know, and it is no more than polite to pay our respects once in a while. You are sure that is straight goods, Bentley, about the thousands willed to the widow?"

Then he clucked to his horse and drove through the valley, and made deep obeisance to Rosa.

"Ah, Mrs. Foltz, what a wonderful transformation, what a charming color! You have grown six years younger in as many months, upon my soul you have."

"It is Uncle Tim who has done it," answered the dimpling widow, as she gazed at the old man in the garden, and the laughing children on his knee. "O, but he is so good and so kind, my heart sings him praises all day."

"All which goes to show what a lovely little heart you have, Mrs. Foltz."

"Uncle Tim is the very best man in the world."

"You can't know how I envy that praise,—well, perhaps he deserves it; but as to his goodness, why, my dear woman, he has done what many a man would be glad of the chance to do. Modesty makes you blind; you would adorn any home in the world."

"Maybe I am much better already," cried Rosa, with kindling eye, and clasping her boy to her breast. "But it is tired and sick I was when I came; then, laughing and singing, they were not for me; it was like crying I felt every moment." And she kissed little Peter and looked up with a smile, though a tear gleamed on the baby face.

Yes, Rosa, the tailor's widow, was happy as Rosa, the child that played in the Swiss herdsman's cottage. But a troubled thought had crept into the mind of the benevolent king, the awful suspicion that his crown was tottering on his brow, that an alien's hand was stretched to grasp it. He would sit brooding in silence for hours at a time; then with energy, partly fierce, partly fond, sieze one of the children and strain it to his heart, or take its little hand and wander through the shady groves and rest beneath the fragrant trees, listening to the childish prattle which stilled the tumult in his breast.

Meanwhile the barber continued his visits. "A glimpse of this cosy home is a rare treat to a lone bachelor like me," he exclaimed with fervor. "It carries me back to the time when my father, the judge, was alive."

"How you can be lonely, I don't see," answered Rosa naïvely, "with them pictures of acting womens all over every inch of your shop."

"Why, bless your unsophisticated heart; those miserable chromos are for the edification of the patrons of the establishment. I hope you know me better than to suppose I care for such tawdry, flaunting females. Ah, no; what is loving and gentle appeals most strongly to me."

Rosa settled her dress, and sent Virgie and Julie out to find Uncle Tim.

"Maybe you have not seen him; it would make you sad already, so worried and thin he looks. Sometimes, when he smiles, the tears comes in my eyes."

"Don't you overdo and fret yourself needlessly about him."

"I will be glad to work the hardest way all my life, if he may be happy."

"I am inclined to think the old fellow is cranky, addicted to whims; for instance, he never liked me, strive as I would to make him."

"How could he help it?" cooed Rosa.

"He fails to understand me, you see,

Rosa, good as the old fellow may be, he is not accustomed to men of my stamp; a line of caste divides us. Even you must acknowledge he is a very ordinary man, while I do not hesitate to say mine is famous blood. Judge Dick was the leading jurist in Missouri, and my mother was a Rutledge, a noted beauty in her day."

"Some time Uncle Tim will like you more better; some day when he knows you as I do."

"Ay, Rosa, you indeed understand me; your womanly sympathy and appreciation are to me the elixir of life,—the elixir of life, Rosa. In fact, my dear friend, the understanding is mutual, for bravely as you try to conceal it, I can see how the groveling atmosphere of this place humiliates your lofty spirit. I can see that while duly thankful for your present shelter, you will rejoice to leave it for the more exalted station to which I believe you destined."

One bright morning, while the barber was musing on this potential destiny, the butcher ambled into his shop.

"I'll take a clean shave," said he, mounting the chair. "This beard is as thin as an old billy-goat's."

"I will fix you in a jiffy. Gosh, but that dimpled chin will loom up in great shape."

"Make me a handsome fellow, eh? Better look out, I am taking with women, you know, and may cut you out with the widow."

Dick puffed out his cheeks, and inflated his waist, and began shaving.

"It is a soft snap for you," continued George Martin, interrupting the operation. "That old duffer's well heeled, and no doubt he will be knocked before long; and you and the charming Rosa, I hear, are sweet as a molasses barrel. Fond of long sweetening, eh?"

Dick's face grew crimson.

"But the mischief of it is, you can't count on a woman; it's dollars to doughnuts you get the G. B. I can fancy you, though, ha, ha, a truckling to old Timothy Lane, and scraping your foot and bending your back. Well, I am with you, my man, the silver will go pretty slick; as for the woman,—ouch, Dick, you infernal, clumsy barber, you took a gouge out of the side of my cheek."

"Shave yourself, if you can do it better," and Dick threw down the razor.

"Did the chaff fly in your eye? Come, old fellow, a joke's a joke the world over; crack a smile, and finish my shave in a hurry."

"Just sit there till I do."

"Quit fooling, Dick; I must get back to my shop."

Dick folded his arms.

"Look alive, man, ar'n't you going to shave the other side of my face?"

"Durned if I do."

"May I die if you don't."

"Clear out of my shop, you chattering ape,—you hideous lop-sided baboon."

"Make your choice," bellowed the butcher, baring his arm, and sputtering lather. "Are you going to shave me, or to fight?"

"Are you going to get?"

"Not till I break every bone in that white hide of yours."

By this time old Adam Bentley had hobbled to the door. "Gee whiz!" he cried in excitement, and snatching Pip in his arms sped breathless down to the corner, and into the saloon of Reinhart, where he sank down exhausted and just able to gasp.

"There's a row."

Eddie's hat was on in a trice.

"Where?" he demanded.

"The butcher and Dick."

"The devil!"

"Fisticuffs,"—panted Adam, but Eddie had reached the scene of the fray. He found the doughty barber backed against the wall, while before him stood the butcher in attitude belligerent.

Said Eddie, "Now, what in thunder,"—then Martin turned his face,—"Oh, ho, ho, Martin, ha, ha, Martin, you 're

enough to frighten the devil, ho, ho, with that jack-o'-lantern jaw."

"This white-livered idiot, this fool of a barber," blustered the brawny butcher, "has trumped the Little Joker and reached out for the trick. Now, he's about to learn, who ever plays the swine with me gets hung up by the heels. Oh, he would throw down his razor, would he? He would shave but one side, oh, would he?" And swift and strong were the vigorous blows which fell from Martin's clenched fists, before they could be pinioned.

"I shave no man who insults me," muttered the black-eyed barber, squinting over his swelled cheek and edging away from his antagonist.

"Come, Dick, you are no match for this bruiser, listen to terms," counseled Reinhart. "I have heard you say a hundred times that your father, the Judge, always advised a compromise, when a case was dead agin you."

"Then compromise it is," blurted the reluctant Dick. "Let the prentice boy finish the job if he will, as for me, I am quit with George Martin."

So the matter was settled; but Dick felt like the wild deer of the forest, who lurk shamefaced in secret places when their tall, stately antlers are shed. Least of all did he show himself to Rosa, who watched three weeks expectantly, and on the fourth exclaimed,

"The cat is washing her face, we are going to get company today;" and she smiled at herself in the mirror, and pinned on an extra bow, and tucked a bunch of flowers in her gown.

"By our lady, I hope that meddling, dough-faced barber is n't going to spoil the flavor of my Sunday soup," said Timothy, shaking his head. "Faith, business must be slack, with him a trapesing over the land. Now, may the good Lord deliver us, but here he comes, bad luck to him, a flourishing of his whip, like as if the earth was his."

"Fine day, Uncle Tim; the children look rosy. Mrs. Foltz, what do you say to a drive, the day is divine?"

Tim clutched the children close, and watched with stolid face until the two were out of sight, then he sighed.

"They can't stay long, that is one comfort, for it gets late early these days, so it does. But what ever does Rosa mean, taking up with the loikes of him, and she a good, sensible soul. Faith, of the two I 'd take Peter, dead or alive, for this sneaking chap is treacherous as a banana peel. Arrah, Rosa, it is losing yer moind ye are sure; there 's the dear little maids and Peter, the boy, and what more would ye be after having? But the holy saints preserve me, the poor crayture is a woman, and can sooner stop breathing than forget gewgaws and lovering."

Recurring recollections of Timothy's face troubled Rosa for a time; then she forgot all else, and was Eve again in the garden with Adam. But her pleasure was alloyed with pain by her reception on home-coming.

"Rosa, woman," said Tim, "is it making up ye are with that barber fellow? Don't ye do it, me child; think how happy we are; look at Virgie and Julie and Peter, the darlints. Why, woman, would ye break an old man's heart, would ye mar the last peace of an old man's life? Rosa, woman, ye can not do it, surely."

"But it is all alone he is in the world, and it is very good, and smart, and clever, he is; and he loves you, Uncle Tim, though you are cross to him, and he says he 'll win it yet, that you will favor him."

"Me poor child, ye are looking at him with your eyes shut, as you women always do. Now, I want to speak ill of no man; but he is a liar, Rosa, a born liar, and that is my opinion; a liar from crown to toe; and that soft, that the poking of a finger in him will lave a hole. And I want to know what kind of a man that is for a woman to look to."

"O, Uncle Tim, Uncle Tim!"

"Has he your promise, me child,—

has it come to that,—has he asked you to marry him, Rosa?"

"He talked some about it, and gave me this beautiful pin, with 'Rosa' written in letters of gold. Now, was n't that generous, Uncle Tim?"

But the old man had quitted the room. He felt that a cunning screw had wound its devious way where a straightforward nail could not be driven. He was well nigh disconsolate at this withering of his gourd, and utterly unprepared for the magnanimity of Frederic Dick, who thus delivered himself:—

"I know, Uncle Tim, how you grieve at parting from Rosa, and how you love her and her children; and, greatly as I desire to do so, I cannot bring myself to deprive you of all at a swoop. No, by gosh, I cannot! So I am ready to compromise, and leave the two twins with you in the valley, while Rosa will take little Peter; for he is too young, she says, to be without his mother."

Notwithstanding this concession, it was a mournful wedding day when Frederic Dick bore his bride away. The old man was full of sorrow, and his dear little comforters, with arms about his neck, exerted all their simple wiles to solace his aching heart.

"We will take care of you now,—me and Julie will,—Uncle Tim," said Virgie, patting the bowed gray head.

"We must all be the goodest we can," (Julie was very serious,) "'cause Mama Rosa said she'd come back again soon, if we was her good little girls, and she's left she's love for Uncle Tim. Why, Uncle Tim, is you crying?"

They must have all been good, for Mama Rosa did come soon, and in the months which followed they often saw her. And the children would clap their little hands, and peck her pink cheeks with dainty kisses, and munch candy from the bag held by the bridegroom, but could not be coaxed to his knee.

"Rosa, love," said the barber, rising, after one of these visits, "it is time we were wending our way, for we have a long drive before dark."

"One sugar kiss, Virgie, there Jule, let me go; and you both be good little girls, and mind Uncle Tim."

"Yes, it is quite a nate bit of a drive, as I have always known, but this blessed week I discovered it over again, having call to go into town on some lawing business of mine." Uncle Tim was addressing Dick. "For thinks I to myself, now Rosa has got a good man, best let her cast lot with him, and I'll divy with the children even."

"O, you good, thoughtful Uncle Tim," cried Rosa, clasping his hand long and fondly in parting, and throwing kisses behind her as she drove off with her husband, contented and happy as the wife of a Russian priest.

The barber flicked the reins impatiently, and left his wife to her pleasant thoughts, while he ruminated in this wise:—

"By golly, he's been fooling me, but," with a sidelong glance at his wife, "the woman is young enough, and pretty enough. Yes, dash it, the bargain is a fair one, even with nothing to boot. No, blamed if I regret it; but who would have thought the old chump was up to such scurvy tricks?"

Rosa wanted to attend vespers, so he left her at the cathedral door, then took his horse to the stable, and found his way to Eddie's Resort.

"Get a wiggle on you, Eddie, a cool lager and a Wiener; I'm dryer than a frosted orange; why — ho —"

He recognized George Martin in the shabby man who brushed his elbow, and passed blear-eyed and downcast into the street.

With his own hands the genial proprietor drew the cooling drink, and watched his neighbor quaff it. Then he filled two bumpers to the brim.

"Here's to our good luck, Dick," he said, "and mending for the fortunes of our friends."

"I don't drink to George Martin," and Dick's glass came down with a click.

Eddie's round eyes grew rounder.

"The fellow is busted up, poor devil, not a-goner, but he 's got his right arm in a sling. Six little children, maybe soon seven, and him out of a job, that is to say this side of the Rockies. Fifty dollars, he says, would set him all straight,—twenty-five for his wife, the other to take him to Denver, where a soft snap is waiting for him. Fifty dollars, and all I could spare was a tener. I suppose, you lucky dog Dick, you are raking in the shekels like a millionaire."

"I 've not got a dime for George Martin." Dick put on his hat and went to his shop, where he found Rosa had stopped on her way home from church. For lack of something better to say, he told her of his fray with the butcher, and of the man's present desperate plight. Rosa blushed, trembled, and laughed, each in turn, for, according to her husband's version, he was hero of the day. Then she grew thoughtful.

"And six little children, you say, poor mother, and him with nothing to do."

"A shiftless bully, Rosa."

"But, Frederic, the babies! Sure, it is no one can know more better than me, how frowning and black it feels to be poor."

"Why, what is the matter, my love?" for her arms were about his neck, and he felt a kiss on his forehead.

"I have been hungry too," whispered she, "but Uncle Tim was good — and so are you."

"There, there, it 's all right now, little woman; don't distress yourself, my dear."

"Then, my husband, you mean, O you mean to let them have moneys?"

"Let them have money? No, never a dime."

"Maybe — then — maybe, you are going to say, 'Rosa, here is some moneys, here is forty dollars already, now do with it just what you like.'"

The barber paused an instant, then strode across the floor, and took the money from the till, and laid it in her lap.

"I told you so, Uncle Tim; I said Frederic was good and generous altogether; now won't you believe me, Uncle Tim?"

Rosa wiped her eyes, and turned them towards the old man, who sat stolidly smoking his pipe, and frowning at the orange groves he loved so well.

"Won't you believe me now?" repeated the wife.

"Whisha, good woman, don 't set me a shouting, 'Summer is come' when there 's one poor lone swallow bird up in the sky."

"Oh, but it 's more good things than you know that he does."

"Me child, look out of the window, see them buzzing bees and bright butterflies. Now, do ye mind what they are doing out in that dirty, black mud? Av course ye do not, so I 'll tell ye. They are gathering honey, ay honey, me darlint; them small dainty craytures are a sucking the sweets from out of that foul, filthy mass. However they come to find it was there, the good God who made them only can know. Yet, thinks I to meself as I watched them: 'sure, it is no more surprising than the ways of the women, them that is tender and loving, I mean.' Faith, there is no man so black and corrupted but what they can find in him good, honest deeds."

"You want to make me feel good, Uncle Tim, but how can I, when you call Frederic mud? You say, womens find good in bad men; to me it seems best said the other way, for there is no man so good but will sometimes do wrong."

Poor Rosa was troubled in spirit. Why was it, O why was it, that these two men she loved so tenderly should be intolerant each of the other?

"Uncle Tim is a good old man," she said to her husband one day. "I am very fond of him, and I must go and see him soon once more, for last time he seemed not pleased with me altogether."

"Timothy Lane is a low-bred fool, with whom my wife shall have little to do," was the unexpected response.

"I think, Frederic, the dinner is ready."

"Listen to me, Rosa; now is as good a time as any. Let that old duffer care for the two little girls, as he has chosen to do so; but he has disinherited you, and it annoys me to see my wife cheated out of her rights, and by the Lord, I will not tamely submit."

"He has done much already, and the money was never mine."

"Do you deny that he promised to care for you all your life?"

"But, Frederic, I married, you see."

"You are begging the question. For seven months have you seen the color of his money?"

"No, but —"

"No butting, if you please. Has he kept his promise; answer me that?"

"Maybe not."

"Assuredly not; he married you off post haste, changed his will after the wedding was over, and continues to pose as the good Samaritan. No, by all that 's holy, he shall not lord it over us. He is not welcome in my house, and it is just as well he knows it."

Slowly the weeks dragged by. The barber's bride strained her eyes to the northward, and thought, "Now the twins are eating their supper, now they are saying their prayers, now kissing Uncle Tim goodnight." But she did not dream that their little pillows were wet with tears, and that they prayed God each night to bless Mama Rosa, and make them very good, so she would come and see them soon.

In a hundred ways the anxious woman was detained, by a hundred pretexts hindered; at last, unable longer to endure the strain she stole stealthily to the station, and boarded the train which passed within two miles of Timothy's home. That two miles on the hot, dusty road, with little Peter in her arms, was nothing to her, for was it not the way to her daughters?

"Frederic could not come," she told them. "But I was weary to see you. He would be glad to come, but so many mens want to be shaved on Sunday. I have coughed before, and he said I must stay home and get well, he is that careful of me, and does not know that I am sick for my children. How could a man? All the peoples say he is clever, very, very clever, and they want to know what he thinks; his father was a judge, you know. It keeps him busy all the time, so busy I see him now very little at all."

It was with reluctance Rosa took the homebound train, pondering the while how she could best conciliate her husband, who would be angry, she knew, at her escapade. The worry proved needless, however, for the barber had not been home all day, and his wife never mustered the courage to confess her secret visit.

Moreover, she had new cause for anxious thought. Little Peter grew ill.

"Do you think he will die, Frederic?" questioned the mother.

"He will kill me first with his bawling."

"Maybe he would get well in the valley."

"The very thing; bundle him out to Uncle Tim's."

"He might be fretful for me."

"Why, you go with him, of course."

Like a homing dove, Rosa flew to the cote in the valley. Instinctively she carried her troubles to that quiet haven. Fortunately the child's illness was of short duration. A delightful fortnight followed his convalescence, then Dick paid them a hasty visit. Rosa sighed when he left.

"One time, I thought there is noth-

ing so bad as to starve; now I have learned many things different. Poor Peter, he had a good heart, and he loved me well, always. He had only one fault, and that was the wine. Oh, poor Peter, he was yet very young to be put in his grave."

Five weeks passed before Frederic Dick again appeared on the scene.

"Why, Rosa, love," he exclaimed, "this change is working wonders. I have n't the heart to take you back to town, unless you really insist upon it."

"I think I will like it more better to stay here yet a whiles."

"Certainly, little woman, certainly, if Uncle Tim has no objections."

"Faith, me objections are all agreements, barin that ye might have left her here entoirely, and so been well rid of the low intentions I see at present in yer eye. Sure, ye are after making another compromise, and no doubt but I 'll consint. Yes, I will, all the same; ye are desarting yer wife, as no dacint man would, so ye are, for ye know it 's never ye 'll want her back."

Timothy paused, but the husband had nothing to say.

"On me soul," the old man resumed, "it is a dirty trick, which I may say becomes you well. Howsomever, this time yer meanness is quite to me moind, so we will have no quarrel about it, though you stand there a saying of things that should make a man blush like red blood, and you blinking no more than the fish that swims in the sea."

But the barber blinked pretty hard, as he drove off alone to enjoy a bachelor life once more.

"Makes a fellow feel sorter queer, devilish queer, as the old judge used to say; still, on my honor, I verily believe it is the most satisfactory arrangement. Sweets are proper enough for desert, but make a meal of them, and they are rather apt to nauseate. I am surfeited with wedded bliss, and don't hanker after more. I don't mind courting all my life, but marriage is a bore. Rosa makes a daisy sweetheart, and really dotes on me, so I 'll leave her with the children, her true place, by the way, and I can see her occasionally, in a charming, devoted fashion, for I want always to keep good friends with her."

And Rosa wanted to "keep good friends" with him, and dimpled and smiled and blushed over the huge bouquets he brought her. Even Timothy, grown assured that he had no further designs on his home, forgave him past offenses, but did not alter his will in favor of Rosa.

"It is not that I grudge her; but the good Lord forbid that I should be bringing ill luck on her head and me own," he piously exclaimed.

Explanations were never troublesome to Frederic Dick, and his present situation was no exception to the rule.

"My wife," said he to his associates, "who is sojourning at our country home, is as fragile as she is beautiful, and finds the air of the valley extremely beneficial. Rather hard on me; and if you will believe it, I really get absurdly jealous of her fondness for the place; but of course, after what her physicians have said, I cannot in conscience ask her to leave it."

E. P. H.

THE FOURTH OF JULY ON MOUNT ADAMS.

It was with eager expectancy that the members of the "Mount Adams Illumination Party" awoke on the morning of July 3, 1891. Our camp had been pitched on the bank of Bird Creek, only a few miles from the foot of old Mount Adams, that monarch of Southern Washington, whose mighty bulk makes a snowy landmark, seen for hundreds of miles around. All day long the day before we had been traveling towards the icy peak, drawing nearer and nearer as each hour sped by.

Although the 2d was a hot day, (the thermometer standing 92° at Glenwood, nine miles from the foot of the mountain), we saw when we awoke on the 3d, that the sky was well sprinkled with clouds. This caused us some anxiety; but, as the weather for the last week or so had been magnificent, we still hoped that fortune would favor us with a clear, warm day for the ascent and illumination.

As soon as breakfast was over our traps were quickly thrown into the hack, the horses harnessed and saddled, and we were off once more for the land of eternal winter.

For the first few miles our route lay through a beautiful forest of pine, fir, hemlock, and other mountain trees, towering above a green carpet of luxuriant grass, with the crystal waters of Bird Creek plunging madly over huge bowlders. As our horses toiled onward and each mile was slowly passed the timber became thinner, the road steeper, and the country we had left behind fell farther and farther beneath us. Upward, still upward, we crept, now and then stopping to take a look through the trees at the lofty mountain monarch, which seemed as far away as it did hours before.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock we reached the point where we must leave our vehicle, and a halt for dinner was made. Here we found several stock men, whose herds were growing fat upon the fine grass that lines the lower slopes of Mount Adams. With curiosity we listened to the different opinions of these men regarding the mountain. One thought the ascent could be made in three hours, and that a man could ride a horse to the top; another thought it a little more difficult to climb; while a third thought it impossible to reach the summit at all. It is a strange fact that, as a rule, those who live nearest to this peak know the least about it.

Dinner over, the hack was unloaded, the outfit packed upon horses, and again the procession moved toward the white-robed mount.

The country over which we passed, for the next hour or so, was similar to that passed in the forenoon, save that the timber was not nearly so large, and the slopes were steeper. Soon, however, the scenery began to attract attention. Far away to the southward spread a miniature empire, with its hills and its valleys, its forests and plains; while over all soared the wooded peaks of the Cascades, with the grand old form of Mount Hood shooting high into the air, wrapped in the snows of a thousand winters. But looking northward, a single object met the eye. It was the ancient, fire-scarred veteran of volcanic war times, Mount Adams, barring the horizon and hiding all other things from view.

Yes, it was fine to stand and look at the scenery, but the sun dropping westward reminded us that we must not tarry. About three o'clock the first snowbanks were reached, and half an hour later we halted on a little grassy

plain, a mile from the snow line. This being the highest spot where the horses could find feed enough, camp was pitched and supper was prepared. After supper the time was spent in rambling around, gazing at various objects through a spy-glass, preparing alpenstocks, and so on. Much time was spent in looking for houses in the Klickitat Valley, and one house, forty or forty-five miles away, could be seen with the naked eye. An abundance of red snow was found a short distance from camp.

Two of the party climbed up the foot of the mountain for a little distance above the snow line, and did not return till almost dark. As soon as the shades of night began to fall, the trees (though they were rather few at this altitude) were lighted up by the glow of camp fires, and all gathered around to discuss the probable events of the morrow. Not a man there that was not sure he would reach the summit of Adams before another sun had set. Not a man there dreamed of the storm that even then was preparing to swoop down upon the little party next day. Scarcely a cloud was in sight, and everything seemed to indicate fair weather for the nation's birthday. To be sure, it was pretty cold, but this was not to be wondered at considering the elevation. We did not go to bed until late. We sat around the blazing fire, talking and discussing the chances for and against the success of our illumination. Would the fire we could make on the summit, with what material we were able to carry up, be visible to the surrounding country? That was the all important question. At last, knowing that rest must be secured to prepare us for the great task, we went to bed.

And now, perhaps, the reader would like to know the names of the party before we climb the mountain. There were six of us, and our names were: J. A. Rusk, Milt. Gilbreath, Harrison Thompson, Frank Thompson, John Keel, and C. E. Rusk.

The glorious Fourth had dawned,—that immortal day when men are inspired anew with love of country; that day of great festivities destined to bring joy to so many throughout our land. It was to bring but toil and hardship to us.

One hundred and fifteen years ago that day, the greatest nation of the earth was born. And sixty-five years ago that day two great signers of the Declaration of Independence had gone to rest. On this morning we stood and gazed upward to the mighty mount that bears the name of one of those immortal heroes. Had ever man a grander monument? Soon we were all astir, getting breakfast, arranging packs, and tending the horses.

Grandly the sun rose over the eastern horizon, waking the world to new life. Brightly his beams sped westward, and the snow-crowned pinnacles flashed back his fire. All nature seemed alive with the prospects of a perfect day. After doing ample justice to the breakfast prepared by Mr. Gilbreath, who had kindly volunteered to act as cook for the expedition, we shouldered our packs, grasped our alpenstocks, and started. It was twenty-five minutes past six, and the thermometer registered 52°.

For the first mile or so we followed the course of a stream that rushed down from the mountain, over a gently sloping country, broken here and there by small bluffs and little gullies which had been worn by the water during the flight of ages. Many of the rocks in this vicinity gave evidence of former glacial action. Whenever they were exposed to view they were worn almost smooth, with little furrows running parallel to each other ground into them by the irregularities of the glacier. As these rocks all sloped in a general direction, namely southward, and the little furrows worn in them all trended the same way,

it is evident that an immense glacier at one time moved down the slopes towards Camas Prairie. At present there are no glaciers on the south side of the mountain, its great glacier region being on the north and east sides.

Now and then we crossed small banks of snow, some of them well streaked with red. As we pressed onward over the glittering white carpet, the steady click, clack, of our alpenstocks broke the stillness of the morning air. It was a scene long to be remembered. It was such a picture as one often sees of Alpine mountaineers far up amid the snows of Switzerland.

A mile or so of such travel brought us to a point where climbing began in earnest. We were now at the snow line. The timber ceased, and there was nothing before us for miles but steep, rugged slopes of big bowlders, glittering ice and snow,—the snow in places hundreds of feet deep.

A few steps more, and the ascent of Mt. Adams was begun. We had climbed several hundred feet, when we were surprised to see a band of ten or fifteen head of horses below us, up as close to the rough mountain side as they could well get. I had noticed, at previous times, horses high up,—even among the glaciers,—where scarcely any vegetation grows, while the lower slopes are covered with luxuriant grass. We saw something else, also. The whole country lying to the southwest was hidden by a layer of low clouds. So low were they that from our camp in the scrubby timber we had not even seen them. And now we were thousands of feet above them. Hardly a cloud floated higher than our level.

As we were angling across a steep snow-covered slope, a screw-driver, which was carried in one of our packs, vigorously objected to being taken any higher. It evidently held the same opinion then that some of the party did farther on: it "did not propose to expose itself on that mountain." At all events, it slipped from the pack, and went sliding down the hill until its career was brought to a sudden halt by some big rocks. Mr. Thompson doffed his load, straddled his alpenstock, slid down after it, and triumphantly brought it back, while the rest of us took in the scenery. When the runaway had been made captive the expedition marched on. After reaching the top of the incline that the screw driver had used for a toboggan slide, our route lay for a considerable distance over a glacis, which seemed to be formed by an old crater filled with snow. Arriving at the opposite side of this, we scrambled on to a bowlder-strewn ridge, and clambered along it for quite a while, until turning slightly to the left we again reached snow.

The ascent for a long way after this was up a big ridge, and comparatively gradual. While we were resting two of the party went on ahead, evidently thinking they would walk right up to the summit in a short time. The others moved along more calmly, and finally arrived at the longest, steepest slope on the route. It was deeply snow-covered, dotted with large patches of volcanic rock. Looking upward, we spied far above, almost half an hour's travel ahead, our two hasty friends. They were not traveling so rapidly as when they left us, and pauses were frequent.

We soon found that we had got ourselves into business. The mountain became steeper, the packs grew heavier, and the wind blew colder. And as a warning of the approaching storm, a cloud whirled along the mountain side, high above.

We toiled slowly onward, every few minutes stopping to rest, only to start on again and go a little farther. But one member of the outfit found it no trouble to climb. This one was a dog, a big, noble-looking fellow named Nero, who frisked along over the snow as though he thought it was the greatest fun in the world.

As we got higher we saw that we had discovered an extensive climate and a "mean temperature," as Bill Nye calls it. The climate stretched away, as far as the eye could reach, in solid lumps of frigidness, and as for the mean temperature, I do not think I ever saw a meaner one. The scenery would have been sublime had it not been so mixed up with smoke, clouds, and the aforesaid climate. In fact, the more we looked the more they got tangled, until it was hard to tell which was climate and which was scenery. Far to the south and east the country spread away like a great map, for miles and miles, until it was lost in the smoky haze from the forest fires. But to the west and southwest rolled a sea of ragged white clouds thousands of square miles in extent, with Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens riding proudly upon it like two lonely islands in the midst of a storm-tossed ocean.

We found at different times during the day quite a lot of birds and of butterflies and other kinds of insects; two of the party found two humming birds and a duck. All of these had perished in the snow far from their native haunts.

But of all things that interested us that day the big rocks took the lead. Now rocks are not a very desirable thing for a man to have on his farm; but on a bleak snow-peak, when the thermometer is fooling around in the vicinity of freezing, they look as inviting as a drug store to a Kentucky colonel in a prohibition town. If you do not believe it, you will if you ever see a lot of half-frozen fellows on the side of some snow-wrapped mount, as they dodge head first under the bowlders to get a few moments' relief from the ice-laden wind. We put on our overcoats, but it was no use. The wind only blew the harder, seemingly making sport of our discomfiture as we scrambled over the friendly stones. And how we did hug those bare, rocky ridges, sprawling along the best we could, until we found our two comrades that had run away and left us in the early part of the climb.

They were nestled down in the rocks looking rather blue. The rest of the expedition nestled with them, and discussed the situation. Old Nero was the only one that did not take kindly to the rocks. He would lie, apart from the rest, curled up on the snow, trying to take some comfort, but the attempt likely resulted in failure. About this time the clouds began to roll around us. One would come sailing along, whirl by us, and be gone almost in the twinkling of an eye. Another would follow it; then another, till they were rushing by almost constantly.

Unable to keep warm sitting down, we again climbed on for a few steps, but the next big bowlder looked so tempting that every man scrambled for it. It was a ridiculous sight to see six men go crawling up, single file, over the jagged rocks, and then every man scramble for the biggest stone, to nestle down by it as though it was the only friend he had in the world. It was during the nestling process that quite a relic — an old rubber overshoe — was found. Some one threw it out on the snow and away it went, sliding and rolling, down the mountain.

There was actually no way to get warm. If we hugged the rocks we obtained temporary relief from the wind, but our inactivity chilled us almost to the bone. If we began to climb, the biting wind struck us, and almost blew invisible little icicles clear through our bodies, until we were only too glad to seek shelter again in the bowlders. Taken altogether we suffered less sitting down than climbing, but sitting down would not carry a fellow to the summit. You can imagine that it must be pretty chilly, when a man wrapped in a heavy overcoat with a pack on his back, climbing a steep mountain, cannot keep warm.

How dismal it was to sit there, vainly

looking for a little streak of warmth to come sailing along with the clouds. It seemed that such a wind would surely blow all of the warm climate between there and the Himalaya Mountains over to us after a while; but it did n't. So dismal did the prospect finally become that two of the party determined not to wait for it to get any more so.

One of them remarked that his health was not good, that he came near dying two or three times last summer, and he guessed he would go back. The other said he would not go to the top of that mountain for ten dollars; he did n't care a continental who laughed at him, so he guessed he would go back, too. The remaining four took charge of their packs, and they started back for camp, a place that seemed almost like paradise to us shivering mountain climbers. Once, when the clouds thinned a little, we saw them far below; and no doubt, some of us envied them as we thought how soon they would be enjoying the heat of a blazing fire.

Only a short distance had been traversed since the two turned back, when a lunch was eaten. It was noon, and the wind seemed to be getting worse all the time. A long discussion followed about the best plan to pursue. Two of the four refused to go on. Another council ensued, and the two leaders decided to push on to the summit alone. The chances were terribly against the life of a man who should attempt to pass that night on the mountain; but great pains had been taken, so far, to make the illumination a success, and they were determined to carry it through at all hazards.

Leaving their companions, and lugging in addition to their own the packs formerly carried by a couple of the others, they struck out through the snow, and the two parties were soon lost to each other in the driving clouds. Finding after a while that the snow was too soft for good traveling, they returned to the rocks. Quite a long rest was taken, in hopes that it would clear up a little. But as the storm grew worse instead of better, the climb was resumed.

A little farther on a ridge of gravel was reached, and the traveling became better. But they were not to receive the benefit of this very long, for suddenly a point was reached where the storm was something terrific. The wind almost swept them from their feet; in a quarter of a minute they were white with frost, and the clouds driven past them at the rate of what seemed a mile a minute were so thick that they could not see fifty steps. It was with difficulty that a man could control his motions, for often when he attempted to walk the wind would carry him several steps sideways before he could stop. What they had gone through at any previous time during the day was nothing to this. If the wind increased in proportion to height, at the summit it would have lifted a man bodily from the ground.

With their backs braced against the storm another council was held, and a decision reached. Not until they were fully satisfied that it would be suicide to attempt to pass the night on the mountain did they determine to give up. And that decision saved their lives. Reluctantly they turned and started back.

It was not nearly so hard to come down as it was to go up. The sliding was not very good because the snow, which had become a little soft in the morning, was now slightly crusted, owing to the increase of the storm. Nevertheless, pretty good headway was made sliding down the steep incline. At places where it was not steep enough to slide, the packs were done up into one bundle and allowed to slip along over the snow, restrained by a rope. One of the hats blew off, went flying away, and in five seconds was swallowed from sight in the clouds. An alpenstock escaped, and sped down the mountain side. It was afterwards found hundreds of feet below.

When the slopes became too gradual for sliding, the traveling grew somewhat toilsome, on account of the double packs. The storm had also found its way to the lower part of the mountain. At places where it was pleasant during the ascent the wind was now blowing a gale, and the clouds were rolling by with fearful speed. Sometimes the wind thundering around the rocky bluffs made such a noise that a person, deceived by the roar, involuntarily looked for some large waterfall.

It was about five o'clock when the two weary adventurers arrived in camp, and found that the rest of the party had returned safely, without meeting with anything of unusual interest.

In the evening it became clear for quite a while, and we regretted that we were not on the top. But a little before dark the clouds began to fly about the summit again. Looking up at them we gained some idea of their frightful velocity. They would come spinning up one side of the mountain, rush over the summit, and plunge down the other side in almost less time than it takes to tell it.

Nor was this hurricane that swept Mount Adams on July Fourth an ordinary, every-day affair. To prove it was not the product of imagination or exaggeration, I quote one item from The Dallas *Times-Mountaineer:* "The wind storm in this city on the Fourth was the severest ever known to have visited this locality. Citizens who have resided here for thirty years say they never saw the equal of it." If the wind storm assumed such proportions in the lowlands, only a few hundred feet above the sea, you can perhaps imagine what it must have been at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

If there remained a regret that we had not attempted to reach the top in spite of the weather, it was dispelled the next morning, when we looked out on the scene that presented itself. It was snowing and clouds hung all around. Ice stood in the vessels where water was left through the night, and the thermometer, hanging less than ten feet from the fire, at seven o'clock registered only two degrees above freezing. On the summit it must have been many degrees below zero. We knew then if not before that had we reached the top, and attempted to pass the night there, death would have been the result. Even if a man had been able to live through the night in the intense cold, it would have been an impossibility to find the way down in the blinding snow-storm that wrapped the mountain until almost noon on the fifth.

Breakfast was hastily eaten, the horses packed, and we started for home. The illumination had been a failure, but we had done everything in our power under the circumstances. Had the weather been favorable it would undoubtedly have been a success.

Not until we had gone four or five miles down the slope did we get out of the snow-storm. When we reached Glenwood the party separated. Frank and Harrison Thompson went to Frank's place on the Columbia, Mr. Keel went to his home on Crofton Prairie, the rest of the party returned to Wetemis Springs on the Klickitat River, and the hardships encountered by the "Mount Adams Illumination Party" were over.

C. E. Rusk.

THE STORY OF MARGARET M. HECOX. II.

To enable the immigrants to enlist, Colonel Frémont had taken possession of the old Mission buildings in Santa Clara, and we were assured that we should find food and shelter there. The building we were to occupy must have been more than one hundred feet long by perhaps twenty wide. It had but one entrance, and that was at the end, and small grated windows on one side of the room only. The tiles were gone from the roof in places, and as it was raining when we moved in, the first evening was spent in digging a ditch clear through from end to end to carry off the dirty water, which stood in small ponds here and there.

Before moving in the men had cleaned the place as well as they could, but as it had been used for a long time to stable horses, and was literally alive with fleas, we had little promise of comfort. Each family added a small private drain to the main stream, and the children watched the work with deep interest. Poor little things, how many times they were punished on account of that dirty water! The place was so dark that we were obliged to burn candles from the time we entered it until we left. I had a candle mould in which I could make three candles, and this mould was never at rest. When I was not using it myself, some less fortunate neighbor borrowed it. We made the candles from tallow, and tore up sheets for wicks.

We had only green wood, and our fires were made on the adobe floor here and there through the vast stable, and the smoke wandered about wherever it pleased. But, worse than everything else, we soon saw starvation staring us in the face. The supplies we had brought with us were gone, and the Spaniards would sell us nothing.

When Colonel Frémont went to the lower country, he left orders with the commanding officer in Yerba Buena that provisions should be sent to the immigrants in Santa Clara, but for some reason they did not come, and I begun to think this whole business would have a fitting end when we all starved to death. At last, in desperation, the men went out and killed one of the cattle wandering about the Mission. From this time we had beef, without salt, but it was hard fare for women and children and sick men.

At this time we women were terribly frightened by stories of the fierceness of the Spaniards and Indians, with whom the Americans were either actually at war, or expecting to be at any moment. We were then in a state of siege; the men were armed, and obliged to take turns in standing guard. Several nights father was too sick to raise his head from his pillow, and I walked about all night with his overcoat on and a gun in my hands. I suppose, being so small, I was not a very formidable looking soldier, but I felt like fighting, and should have done my best if there had been any necessity for it.

We also heard at this time that the priest had granted absolution to all who injured, or even killed us, and that we might therefore expect no mercy at the hands of those who were disposed to ill-treat us. I afterwards felt sure that this was not true, for although the men refused to trade with us, yet the women were always kind. The only unkindness we met with from a woman was from an American, who had been

living in California several years previous to our arrival. She refused to sell the lumber to make a bedstead for a woman dying of consumption. The husband, finding that he could not buy the lumber, stole it, made the bed, and in a day or two used the same lumber for a coffin. After peace was declared, he was punished for his crime by putting him in the calaboose, and selling his team to pay his fine.

One Spanish woman I particularly remember with the deepest gratitude. She came to me secretly with the skirt of her dress gathered up full of loaves of bread. That bread, I verily believe, saved the lives of my sick children. Many of the Spanish women I knew in early days I still love like sisters. To them I sold the treasures I could not throw away on the Plains. The very last things to go were my wedding veil, and the lace from my best underclothes.

We had a great deal of sickness in that dark, damp, bad-smelling prison. Many of our company had had what was called "camp fever" before we moved in, and soon relapsed. We buried fourteen out of that place in nine days. Lack of food, medicines, and medical attention, increased the suffering fearfully. Doctor Isbel, one of our number, did what he could, but he was sick himself. One old woman died just beside us, whose bed had been so rotted by the dampness that it had to be scraped from the floor with a hoe after she was removed.

My poor little children looked so white and wretched, that it made my heart ache; but the worst was when father had the typhoid fever. He would surely have died if I had not had our wagon-bed brought in, on which he was put to keep him from the damp floor. My baby, poor little Adna, used to lie there with his father, and I went about attending to everything, and thinking of my mother.

I wonder sometimes, now, when I think of it, that in spite of all the hardships we were enduring we had the courage to make arrangements for educating our children. In that dark, miserable hole where we were confined, with hunger and sickness within and enemies without, we started a little school, and our children commenced their education. Mrs. Olive Isbel, the wife of Doctor Isbel, taught the school in the best part of the room we could select for the purpose. It was a great relief to us tired mothers to be rid of the care of our older children for several hours a day, and I often gratefully remember the good woman who having no children of her own gave her loving care to ours. I cannot remember that we ever paid her anything for her work, but afterwards when she was sick and Mr. West took her place I think we paid him. Sarah learned to be a nice little reader at that school, and Catherine did very well after having had several little unpleasantnesses with her teacher.

As soon as it was known that Colonel Frémont had gone to Lower California, Colonel Sanchez determined to attack the immigrants in Santa Clara. Our men, hearing of this, made what preparations they could, and held themselves in readiness, but fortunately they were not called upon to fight. It was not until after the closing skirmish of the Mexican War, which was fought about ten miles from Santa Clara, that we found ourselves at liberty to leave our wretched quarters, and then received the long expected supplies.

Our experience in Santa Clara had made us all eager to get away, and we at once made preparations to find some more agreeable resting-place. Some of our company went no farther than San José. Some went to Monterey with several others, and father decided to go to Santa Cruz, though he afterwards concluded to settle in Soquel.

We started from Santa Clara the 20th

day of February, 1847, and sickly and impoverished as we were, hope began to revive as soon as we found ourselves quite clear of that place. We traveled in an ox-team, and were eight days in reaching Soquel. We came around by Gilroy and through the Pajaro Valley. There were no roads, and we splashed through the mud and rain all the way. From the ranches we passed the Spanish women came to us and gave us milk, cheese, and sugar. Some of our company were afraid to eat the things they were given, fearing they had been poisoned, on account of the bad feeling existing in the country; but father and I were not afraid, and we never had reason to regret our confidence. After we left San Juan, the Spaniards told us to kill a beef wherever we might happen to find one. We were to hang the skin on the limb of a tree, that they might know by the brand to whom it belonged. We took them at their word, and killed two on our trip.

After we arrived at Soquel we camped for about a week, and then moved into a shanty we found unoccupied. This was in a lovely place near the Soquel Creek, and from the day we entered the weather was heavenly. It was so warm and clear, the air was so pure and the new grass so fresh and green, that father, though he was not yet well, was perfectly enraptured. He went about rubbing his hands and asking me if I was n't glad *now* that I had come to California. It did seem wonderful, the perfect spring, while according to our reckoning it should still be winter, or at any rate cold and blustering. I went out one beautiful morning, and found Catherine drawing a box about with the remains of her poor doll in it, and I asked her if she was having a good time. She answered, with a dreamy look in her eyes, "Yes; can't we stay here always?" The children improved every moment.

Soquel is not the same place now that it was then. Of course the climate remains, but the beauty of the place has been destroyed by civilization. It makes my heart sick to see it now, and remember what it was. The first spring we were there Edwin Shaw came in one day with a branch of wild honeysuckle. I had not seen it before since I left my home in Pennsylvania. I sat down with that branch in my hand, and — but I can't tell you how I felt.

The children loved to play on the banks of the creek, and wade in the clear water. One day later in the year a Spaniard in one of the clumsy, groaning carts they drove in those days attempted to cross the creek. The cart was drawn by two oxen. They had been driven into the stream, and had started up the rather steep bank on the other side, when finding some little difficulty in making the ascent, and being as lazy as their master, who sat in the vehicle, they refused to go any farther. The Spaniard swore at them, and prodded them with a long pole, but they still refused to move. Then, without getting up, he began in the most leisurely manner to tumble water-melons into the stream. My children, who were watching him from the bank, waded into the water and captured the melons, and then called to me. They had never seen a water-melon before, and I never saw children so pleased as they were when I cut one open and showed them how to eat it. The Spaniard watched us good-naturedly from his cart, and when he had thrown out more than half his load, drove off.

Almost as soon as we arrived in Soquel father began to build a sawmill on the Soquel Creek for an Irishman named Michael Lodge. Mr. Lodge had married a rich Spanish woman, and owned a great deal of land. During the spring and summer of 1847 father and several other men worked upon this mill, and by the next spring it was in good running order.

As soon as we began to feel a little settled in Soquel, father went to work to build up a church. He had been a

licensed Methodist preacher for a long time before we came to California, and he hoped before we started that he might find some little good work to do in the new country to which we were going. He began with holding services in our house every Sunday, and soon went to Santa Cruz to preach occasionally. It is said that he held the first Protestant services in Santa Cruz County.

Father was also a strong temperance advocate, and finding a necessity for such a move, he wrote a temperance pledge and circulated it among the few people about us. As there was no paper to be had, the pledge was written on a blank leaf of our old family Bible. I still have it, and you may copy it.

"WASHINGTON PLEDGE, JULY, 1847.

"We, the undersigned, anxious to promote the true principles of temperance, do pledge our honours that we will not use any intoxicating liquor as a beverage."

Names.	*Names.*
A. A. HECOX.	MICHAEL LODGE.
MARGARET M. HECOX.	WILLIAM PARKS.
EDWIN SHAW.	CORTES COMSTOCK.
JAS. G. T. DUNLEAVY.	JAMES T. KEARNY.
MARY ANN DUNLEAVY.	HENRY HILL.
	ROBERT DEVEREUX.

In father's young days he had learned from bitter experience the curse of drunkenness, and he wished to bring his children up in a sober community, if possible, as well as to benefit his fellowmen.

My sixth child was born in Soquel. She was a delicate little girl, and I always felt that she had n't a fair chance while a baby. I had to work too hard both before and after her birth. All that year we had several men boarding with us and working for father, but no one had time to help me. I will not say "no one," for Edwin Shaw often stole a half hour to bring a few buckets of water, split some kindling wood, or do some other work for me; and one day I said to him, "You have been very kind and obliging, and you shall name my baby." He looked pleased, and said, "May I? I should like to do that. I will call her Matilda — for my mother." He always spoke of his mother with a tenderness that went to my heart. Poor young man! He has been in his grave this many a day.

The mill was in good running order, and we had begun to get a few comforts about us, when the discovery of gold drove everybody raving crazy. All father's men left him, and as he could do nothing alone, he determined to go to the mines, too. In order to do so, he at once made arrangements to move his family to Santa Cruz. It was a safer and better place for the children and myself, as we were to be left alone. If father and his men had remained in Soquel, and kept the sawmill running, they would have had a bigger gold mine there than they could have found anywhere else, as father knew to his sorrow later on. I have often thought how short-sighted they were, for when the people began to return from the mines lumber went up to an unheard-of price, and two years after, when we built our house, we gave two hundred dollars a thousand for every foot of lumber we used in building it, and that mill stood there idle until an unusual freshet carried it into the ocean, before it had been of the least bit of good to any one.

Father took us up to Santa Cruz, and settled us as comfortably as he could under the circumstances. I hated terribly to have him leave us, but there was no use saying a word; he had the gold-fever as bad as any one, and for awhile forgot everything else. The best men "backslid" in those days, and he could not altogether escape the general contagion.

After he was gone I don't know what I should have done if I had not had such good neighbors. Beside the few American women, old friends most of them, I soon made the acquaintance of the Spanish women. As I said before, I always liked the Spanish women. I liked

to visit them and to have them visit me, and soon learned to speak their language as easily as my own. My children played with theirs, and chatted with them in a way that I thought very pretty to hear.

The houses of the Spaniards in those days were never well furnished, but they were always clean and the yards used to be swept as clean as possible. All about them grew Castilian roses filling the air with fragrance,— the sweetest roses I have ever seen.

After father went away I had more trouble than ever in finding clothes for my children. There were no stores in Santa Cruz, and all our supplies came from Monterey. Even there common goods, suitable for making everyday clothes for children, were very scarce. Silks, satins, velvets, and crape shawls, were comparatively plentiful. At one time my little girls went about barefooted in black satin dresses and embroidered China crape shawls. At another time a bolt of blue drilling was sent to me from Monterey, and they all had dresses of that. They wore them to church the first Sunday after they were finished, wrapped in their crape shawls, and Sarah had on a Quaker bonnet that I had brought to this country with me. Catherine and Ellen were barefooted, but Sarah wore moccasins made by myself, and sewed to blue yarn stockings of my own knitting, to keep them on. Sarah always cried when she had to go barefooted, but Catherine and Ellen hated to have their feet covered, and were large girls before they stopped hiding their shoes and stockings under the fence on their way to school.

Father was gone to the mines about four months, and was among the men who discovered the rich diggings of Hangtown, now Placerville. He and his two partners picked up six pounds of gold in one day. But all the gold he found did not repay us for the long illness he had after his return, neither did the illness teach him the necessity of remaining at home with his family, for he was no sooner well than he started out again. This time I did not bear his departure patiently, I was too tried; and poor little Ellen had fallen into the fire and been dreadfully burned. I thought to myself, the best of men are selfish sometimes.

Father and Captain Aram were together on this trip. They had a load of goods from which they cleared twenty-two hundred dollars in five days. In the fall; father returned with gold enough for every comfort that *money* could buy; but that was not much in those days.

From that time, however, we felt that Santa Cruz was our home, and we became identified with all the growing interests of the place. In time I grew to feel that father had perhaps been wiser than I should have been, in managing everything as he had.

With this ended the wanderings of Mrs. Hecox and her family. Her husband, Adna A. Hecox, was so strongly attracted to beautiful Santa Cruz that he determined to rest there and build a permanent home for his family. Mrs. Hecox found much to reconcile her to her surroundings, and she and her husband devoted themselves energetically to the furtherance of any movement looking to the growth and improvement of the place, and are intimately connected with its early history. Mr. Hecox was the last Alcalde of Santa Cruz, and held this position until the State laws came into force, and a Justice of the Peace was elected.

Marie Valhasky.

A MEMOIR OF BALZAC.[1]

GAUTIER long ago said that no one could pretend to write a *life* of Balzac. Many sketches of his life and of his work have been printed since then (Gautier's own being one of the very best). There is something strange in the fact that to this young country of America we owe the admirable series of Balzac translations already issued by Miss Wormeley, and that now we are indebted to her for the most satisfying memoir of his life that has yet appeared. It is a "memoir," not a life; and it is designed as an introduction for American readers to the series of translations already mentioned.

There are as many different opinions upon Balzac as there are men who read him. Matthew Arnold has said, for example: "The motive of Balzac is curiosity. The result is that the matter on which he operates bounds him, and he delineates not the life of man, but the life of the Frenchman, and of the Frenchman of these our times; the *homme sensuel moyen*. Balzac deals with this life, delineates it with splendid ability, loves it, and is bounded by it." On the other hand, Gautier, one of these very Frenchmen,—*homme sensuel*, if not *moyen*,—has summed up his character in a few words: "Balzac est un moraliste austère, monarchique et catholique; il défend l'autorité, prêche le devoir, exalte la religion, morigène la passion, et n'admet le bonheur que dans le mariage et la famille." And of his life he says: "L'opinion des plus intimes amis de Balzac est qu'il pratiqua la chasteté qu'il recommandait aux autres."

Miss Wormeley in her Introduction says:

"A complete life of Balzac cannot be written at the present time, and possibly never can be. The necessary documents either do not exist or they are not obtainable. Unpublished letters and papers there are, in possession of the compatriot who best understood him, and who ought to write his life, if it ever be written,— the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul; but it is doubtful if even these papers will throw light on that inner self which Balzac's own will, aided by circumstances, withdrew from the knowledge of others. There are periods in his life when he disappears. Nearly the whole of what he was to himself, what his own being was, how that eye which saw the manifold lives of others saw his own life, how that soul which crowned its earthly work with a vision of the Living Word was nurtured, — what that soul was, in short,—has been concealed from sight.

"When he reappears, it is chiefly as he was seen and known by his literary friends and associates in Paris, bearing up against the trials of a hard life with his hearty gaiety, battling for his rights with editors and publishers, and letting the reaction from his heavy toil and from the inward stress of his spirit have full swing in the eccentric joviality which was a phase of his nature. This is almost the sole aspect under which the man, taken apart from his work, has been made known to the world. The men who saw him thus, his literary associates, had the ear of the public; and to this day their books and publications with two or three exceptions, remain, not false perhaps, but misleading,— so misleading that they have concealed the real man, and have forced us to look at the feet of the statue, not suffering us to see its head.

"Of his childhood and early youth his sister Madame Surville has written a charmingly sincere and simple narrative. But she pauses on the threshold of his manhood. She gives certain facts of his struggling life, and relates his conduct under them; but to the man himself, the matured spirit, the great soul who has bequeathed us so rich a legacy, we are left without a guide. His correspondence [only a small part of which we have] throws invaluable light on his ideas and opinions about his books, and also on the closing years of his life; but on the formative years of his youth and early manhood it is silent. Of the records left by his contemporaries, that of Gautier is incomparably the best. Materialist himself, and seeing Balzac chiefly on his material side, which was very strong and real, he nevertheless has left us almost the only true appreciation of Balzac's spirit. It would seem as if the

[1] A Memoir of Honoré de Balzac, by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1892.

sincere affection which united them had given him insight if not intuition."

The arrangement of the book into chapters is most happy. Indeed, it seems to be the necessary one. Chapter I is introductory (and portions of it have just been quoted).

Chapter II is a part of his sister's narrative, covering the years from his birth in 1799 to 1823, and Chapter III is Miss Wormeley's own account of his childhood and youth. His sister's narrative is continued in Chapter IV, and is supplemented and explained by Miss Wormeley in the three following, which treat of his Early Manhood, of his Literary Life, of the Judgments of Contemporary Friends. Chapter VIII concludes his sister's narrative, and it is followed by two brief chapters from Miss Wormeley,— Retrospective, and Last Years. Four most useful Appendixes conclude the book. I gives a list of Balzac's Complete Works arranged in their logical and final order, with the date of each composition and the name of the person to whom it is dedicated. II gives a list of the works written in each year, from 1829 to 1849. And what an immense labor is here exhibited! Appendix III recites the titles of works announced by Balzac but never printed, and IV gives a list of the series of translations made or to be made by Miss Wormeley. An excellent index is also added. The frontispiece to the book is a portrait of Balzac, made an hour after his death, and there is one illustration showing the "prison" of the College Vendôme, in which the dreaming boy spent so many hours of his school-life; where he composed his Treatise on the Will; where he learned with astonishment that "an *idea* could cause physical pain"; where the child asked himself the meaning of this, his first discovery. "What is to be made of that?"

Miss Wormeley explains in her preface that her memoir is meant to be a presentation of the man, and not of his work except as it was a part of himself; and she refers her readers to her translations, which when completed will contain at least three fourths of the *Comédie Humaine;* the Comedy and Tragedy of Human Life. The small French edition of this work is printed in forty volumes.

The *Comédie Humaine* is a world in itself, and in this society all the personages appear and reappear from time to time, from book to book, just as in real life real persons cross our path, vanish, and come again. As M. Bourget has said: "Let any one imagine for himself the quantity of isolated facts which are implied by these two thousand biographies (of different characters in the *Comédie Humaine*) each of which is individual, distinct, and follows the personage from the cradle to the grave, and traces his connection with past and future generations. The relation of each character to his environment and to each other character is accurately appreciated and exhibited. He knows his personages like a master, through and through; the maladies of their bodies and of their souls are familiar to him. He knows when a sentiment is simple, and when it is complex; when the heart is the dupe of the intelligence and when it is merely deceived by the senses."

It is certain that no man since Shakspere has created a world so alive as that of the *Comédie Humaine.* In one sense Balzac may almost be said to have created the intelligent France of today, as he also depicted the France of the past. France today approaches nearer and nearer to the types he has exhibited, along the very paths he prefigured. And who has judged Catherine de Medicis, Napoleon, the Revolution, as he has judged them? In one of the latest numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* I find this paragraph of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, which is almost the fulfilment of Balzac's predictions of half a century ago. M. Beaulieu says:—

"It is a rude backset to the pride of the century and to the new social order that scarcely one hundred years after the Revolution of 1789, which was expected to remodel the face of the whole world, we find this new society calling for new transformations, and for new revolutions. Let us have the candor to recognize and admit that we have expected too much from Liberty. She has not fulfilled all the promises which have been made in her name, and now she has become the victim of the extravagant hopes which we have based on her. Why should we not frankly admit it?" This is like an echo of Balzac's own words of fifty years ago. And as in this single instance, so in scores of others. Balzac has done his full share in opening new ways for life to all those who can see, and it is not impossible that he will one day be quoted among those early benefactors of the race who have pointed out the doors leading to a fuller measure of human life which will then have become the common heritage and possession of all mankind. We may truly say that he

"— Of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce, to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same.
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of Man survey!
And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil.

. . . . . .

He sees the face of Right appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let Deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mock this Smoke of wit.

. . . . . .

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus makes way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.
And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes; he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety."

Balzac is pre-eminently a moralist — the greatest moralist of the century. He does not expound his principles, but he depicts them in action, and shows all their consequences. Take, for example, his attitude towards Woman and his teaching of a new doctrine. Miss Wormeley has exhibited this attitude in one of her clearest pages:

"In his earliest youth, almost in his childhood, he had longed to meet a woman-angel, and the desire kept his spirit and his body pure. When he entered life and saw the condition of womanhood, the pass to which woman had been brought and had brought herself, he set about to better her condition. How has he done it? By presenting facts in their most awful reality; not sparing woman with any false tenderness, but warning her by his realism, teaching her by the eye to see the horror and the distortion of her position. He himself gives this as his deliberate purpose; it is, he says, by showing facts that he must bring men's minds to the emancipation of women and their higher education; and he had in view something far more fundamental than our present surface questions. This is what he sought to do for woman, leading her step by step from her lowest degradation in Cousine Bette, up through Eugénie Grandet, Eve Séchard, Marguerite Claës, and others like them, to Séraphita, where the destiny is presented as a series of lives ascending through love of self, love of others, love of heaven, till the end be won."

It is this latter book which M. Taine tells us is the "consummation of Balzac's work; a book in which his genius attains its complete expression, foreseen, explained, justified, and led up to, by all his other work."

This judgment seems to Miss Wormeley and to those who, like her, have given patient and loyal study to the master, to be eminently and distinctly true. But she goes further in the analysis of the beliefs of Balzac, and explicitly

states what she has found to be the basis of his philosophy. The exposition of Balzac's view of woman and of woman's share and place in the world, is the distinctly original feature of Miss Wormeley's book. She is the first to clearly state this fundamental postulate of all Balzac's work. In what follows Miss Wormeley's own words are given, so far as space will allow, but they are given in the hope that the reader will turn to the book itself for a fuller and more symmetric exposition.

"The keynote of Balzac as a moralist is his belief that woman is the soul of man. Man is, in himself, not man, but male; unable to bring his powers to bear until he recognizes and appropriates woman as his soul; through her alone he attains to manhood and is enabled to act. She is the transmitter of the Divine effluence to him — the inspirer; he is the receiver, the worker, the executor. It is not until her qualities of endurance, love, and intuition are added to his qualities of force and intellect, that he is a man at all, capable of any hope or any ambition beyond the groveling and passing life of his three score years and ten. Receiving this impulse from her, power is born in him, and he ultimates this power, this effluence, in acts. This is no new doctrine. It is the essential truth of things, and the world is out of joint because we have drifted so far away from it. The human soul is man and woman both."

It is constantly said that women are the keystone to Balzac's work. This is perfectly true; they are the keystone to the world's work, to its achievements of excellence and of crime. In the chapter "Retrospective," Miss Wormeley examines the *dicta* of various (male) critics and shows how partial and fleeting most of their judgments have been. Speaking as a woman and for women, she exhibits why women are and always have been friends to Balzac's work. It is because he has perceived and asserted their rightful place in humanity. He has endeavored to inspire them with a sense — through awful and revolting pictures, it is true — of the consequences of falling away from it.

At what particular time of life Balzac's beliefs as to the true nature of woman's influence came to him, and of the particular mode in which his thoughts were led in this direction, it is impossible to say with exactness. He has himself destroyed all written records of certain years of his life, apparently with the full intention of concealing the details of this, to him, momentous period. It is not for those who reverence and love him to pry into such details. It is sufficient to lay down the broad lines of his development, and to see the general nature of the hidden springs which guided his life. These may be derived from his books, and if we can comprehend them we are loyally interpreting his teachings in applying them to the special case of his own inner existence.

Very early in life, probably not later than his twenty-third year, 1822, he met the woman-angel for whom he longed, and who thenceforth inspired his life until some great catastrophe overtook their love. All traces of her name and personality are lost, no doubt destroyed. Gautier, his nearest friend, only once heard him make allusion to this early love, and then, even, he only spoke her first name, which he could not pronounce without tears. *Pauline* in the *Peau de Chagrin* may recall some portrait of her.

Writing in 1828, he says: "I have always been crushed beneath a terrible weight. I am sometimes surprised that I have nothing now to struggle against except outward misfortune. You may question all those about me and you will never obtain any light on the nature of my sorrow. There are those who die, and the physician himself is unable to say of what malady." Gautier points to *Albert Savarus* as the secret history of this love. This tale is the story of a man's first love for a woman, his inspirer, the source from which he derives his power of action. That this unnamed woman's influence was such to Balzac, and that for years he was *l'ambitieux*

par amour cannot be doubted. As Miss Wormeley most justly says: "No man could have made the fight that he did, against such odds from within and from without, from purely personal views of self-development," — or from desire of fame, — or from a self-derived will to live.

He says himself in 1836: "I should care for no crown unless there were feet where I could lay the honors men might put upon my head."

"What the end was of this great love will never be known. That it was disastrous is certain. If it did not follow the lines laid down in the story, the catastrophe was the same. There is much in his life which connects itself with this, — his seclusion, the Trappist robe he constantly wore, the instinctive turning of his soul to Nature as the great consoler."

In the midst of the heavy troubles of mind and circumstance which beset his earlier years, Balzac found true friends among women of distinction of mind and character. One of the earliest and most faithful of these was Madame de Berny, the confidant of his early love and sorrow. We can judge of his affection for her from the character of Madame de Mortsauf in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*. This, he says, "is but a pale expression of her noble qualities. It is but a distant reflection of her, for I have a horror of prostituting my own emotions, and the world will never know the sorrows that overcame me." Madame Carraud, his sister, Madame de Surville, Madame Hanska (whom he afterwards married), were true friends to him. His writings bear the marks of such intimacies. How else could he have written *Mémoires de deux Jeunes Mariées?* What "documents" could have been amassed to write that?

The last eight years of Balzac's life (1843–1850) were years of close intimacy with the Countess Hanska, whose husband had died in the winter of 1842–3. Balzac had been a warm and intimate friend in her household for some years previously, and in the autumn of 1843 he made a journey to St. Petersburg to urge her to consent to a marriage, which she only promised some years later, and which was not accomplished until March, 1850. He was already profoundly stricken with disease, and the few months until his death (in August of the same year) were spent in Paris. He had conquered the two ideals of his life,—"to be loved and to be famous," —but he paid for them with life itself. In the year of his marriage he was buried in *Père la Chaise*, under a broken column inscribed with a single name. As he had said, standing on this very spot in his inspired youth, "The noblest epitaphs are the single names,— La Fontaine, Molière,—names that tell all and make the passer dream."

Victor Hugo pronounced the oration, at the grave. His last words were, "Such burials proclaim immortality. In presence of such illustrious dead we feel the divine destiny of that intellect which has traversed earth to suffer, to be purified. Do we not say to ourselves here, today, that it is impossible that a great genius in this life can be other than a great spirit after death?"

In writing this memoir, Miss Wormeley must have felt the enormous difficulty of her task of displaying the man — the being — who was at the bottom of all this doing. His work was a part of him in the most intimate sense, and yet he was never merely a part of the work. He, himself, was beyond it and above it; a clear-headed, robust, sound, virile, courageous, self-determined man, with fixed and sturdy principles and with generous and tender ideals; with a definite task before him of exhibiting the necessary and inevitable consequences of certain definite springs of action, and with a high purpose in so doing.

The difficulties in the way have been triumphantly overcome by Miss Wormeley. She had fitted herself for a por-

tion of her task by the preparation of her admirable translations of his published work. But this alone was not sufficient. It seemed that such a memoir could only have been written by one of Balzac's nearest friends,— by Madame de Berny; or by one of the women of distinction whom he has created in his work,— by Madame Firmiani, for example. And even here, it seemed as if the generation which has passed since his death was needed in order to allow of a sense of due perspective, and of a comparison of the experiences of that period with the prefigurings to be found in his work. It was almost hopeless then to look for such a memoir. And it is here before us. In every respect and for all reasons Miss Wormeley is to be congratulated on her latest work. It will be satisfying to students of Balzac; and it will be of lasting value as a contribution to the literary history of the nineteenth century.

ETC.

IT is curious, and not a little touching as well, to see Walt Whitman's death still followed by article after article, in journal after journal, from Mr. John Burroughs, urging the claims of Whitman to recognition as a great poet. The quantity of literary labor given to this repeated formulating of the same plea is a severe tax in itself on time and strength, and the loyalty it shows to the friendship between the two men is attractive. One cannot but wonder if Whitman would have done as much for Burroughs, for the history of his life seems to show him more a receiver than a giver in the good offices of friendship. Mr. Burroughs is always most courteous and candid in these articles toward those that differ from him in estimate of his writer, and the reader's good will toward himself is enhanced by them. Yet the emphasis with which he thus commits himself as a critic compels us to remember how ridiculous an attempt at verse, published in Kansas, and owing what little notoriety it had to a satirical article in the *Saturday Review*, was able to obtain praise a few years ago from Mr. Burroughs. So entirely obscure were these "Poems of the Plains" that few of the people who know Mr. Burroughs's own delightful writing ever heard of the book or his praise of it, or would imagine the crudity of taste he evinced in that instance; and it sounds ungracious to bring up so forgotten a thing. Yet it is not fair that a name should carry more than its just weight in criticism, and Mr. Burroughs's is certainly entitled to less than his rank as a writer would lead one to expect.

THERE proves to be a troublesome omission in the new ballot law of this State, in the matter of provision for district school elections. All units of political organization are provided for except the school district, and as the time for the annual elections approaches, (it will be past by the time these words are in print,) much confusion exists. Some districts intend to follow the old method, others will attempt the Australian system, but blindly, as there is in the law no prescription of method for this class of elections. The matter is of the more importance, because there are now many Union High School districts which are dependent for management upon the constituent districts, trustees for the one being elected by the act of electing for the other. In places where these consolidations for high school purposes have been effected, therefore, the school elections determine the expenditure of increased sums of money, the levying of increased taxes to obtain this money, the engagement of teachers of higher grade, and the selection of boards to decide on educational problems of a more advanced nature than heretofore. The consciousness of this stirs the people to more interest in a class of elections that formerly went almost by default; and there is a chance for some serious defeating of the popular will through interpretations of the law. It is a pity that in this first year of the new high schools, while they are still in a forming stage not yet firm in the affections of their communities, and liable to the attacks of the Philistine, they should have to suffer any additional uncertainties from this legal confusion attending the elections.

THIS new high school law is one of the important sociological events about which people know little at the time they take place; and it is probable that outside of pedagogic circles few of our readers have any distinct idea what it is. It provides for the crea-

tion of two classes of country high schools,— or perhaps we should rather say there are two laws, providing for high schools of two classes. The county school, provided for by the one, is to be formed in any county that has not already a high school within its borders; the union school, provided for by the other, is to be maintained by a voluntary aggregation of adjacent school districts, as many as choose. Scarcely any schools have been organized under the first law: where no town of sufficient size or energy to sustain a high school of its own exists in a county, the population is not likely to be dense enough, nor the means of communication sufficient, for such an undertaking. But the union district law has been followed already, within the first year after its enactment, by the founding of some twenty-five schools. These schools are to be supported by a tax added to the regular tax levy of the component districts, and governed by a board made up of the chairmen of their little boards. The curriculum is held up to genuine high school grade by the law, which requires it to prepare for the State University. It is readily to be seen that such a law, taken advantage of as generally as it seems likely to be throughout the well-to-do counties, will carry free secondary education throughout the State as it has never been carried through any State. Some of the best students of education think that the key to all success lies in the secondary schools, for there the most potent bent of character is given, in the period of early adolescence. The University accrediting system had already built up in the State about twenty-five secondary schools, public and private, of guaranteed excellence; and if the effect of this new law is to double at a stroke the number of these, no State in the Union has a fairer prospect for secondary education at present; and where secondary education prospers, it is impossible that either the lower or the higher education should fail to reap results. The lower schools must necessarily come up somewhat to the tests set, and the higher schools are reinforced in number of students, and freed from pressure to lower standards. Indeed, the effect of one of these high schools is almost immediately visible in the schools of the contributing districts. If the children who go up from Marshland district to the union high school prove to be at a disadvantage compared to those who come down from Hilltop, the Marshland trustees are very soon assailed with complaints from the mortified parents, and stir themselves to better their local school.

THE first danger that threatens these high schools, once they have been voted into existence over the heads of the Philistines that oppose the additional tax as a matter of course, is that neighborhood contentions may arise over the location, which is decided by vote of the component districts. Where two districts are nearly balanced in accessibilty and importance, a "county-seat war" on a small scale may threaten. This episode past, they come under the great danger of public schools everywhere that involve any considerable patronage: the danger of political control. The district school is too small a prize to call for much effort on the part of the little local rings of "bosses," and the deputies of county bosses; the high schools are enough to inflame their desire of control. In the present perfection of the party machines, the villages of the country do not escape; each smallest one is held in the system by some knot of local representatives, centering in most cases about some saloon-keeper, and kept in communication with central authorities. But here the requirement of the law, fixing the standard of the schools, subjecting it to test from an unquestionable outside authority, constantly tends to thwart political maneuvers, in something the same way that the civil service reform thwarts the use of offices as bribes

The Latest Athletic Contests.

June 14, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND:— Since my article in your June number on Track Athletics, the University of California Team has so turned the scales on the Olympic champions, and shown such remarkably good records, that a few words additional should be said in regard to the champions of 1892. Score 91 to 53 looks like a decisive victory for the student athletes.

Mr. Walter Magee is to be congratulated on the success of his painstaking labor for the development of all the material in the limited number of available students under his supervision, some 246, as against a membership of nearly two thousand for the Olympic Club to pick from. To Mr. A. K. P. Harmon should be given much credit, for to him the possibility of such achievement is due.

The remarkably good form shown by the University team at their field day was indicative of what was to come, but the championship games on May 30 far surpassed their reasonable hopes.

Edwin Mays, though beaten by A. S. Henderson in the 100-yard dash, ran by him in the 220 and 440-yard races, in the former event making the excellent time of 23 seconds on a curved track, as against the Coast record, 22¾, made on a straight-away track, and in the latter winning the race in 51¼, although this was protested on account of a foul claimed, and not yet decided.

The surprises of the day were the hurdle records and the hammer throwing. Early in the day Walter H. Henry appeared on the track to snatch the laurels from his old rival, the Olympic champion, F. F. Foster. He ran the first heat in the 120-yard hurdle, against an Olympic man, in 16 2-5, better than the record, 16½. Foster won the second heat, and then the battle of the champions took place. At the time they toed the "scratch" for the final heat both men were determined to win; Foster, of the Olympics,

had beaten Henry, of the U. C., in previous championships, but Henry had beaten Foster's time 1-10 of a second only fifteen minutes before. Henry was determined to avenge former defeats, if muscle and nerve could do it. There was a great confusion of voices on the grand stand; hundreds of brightly dressed maidens were talking as fast as their lungs would allow. Suddenly the pistol cracked, there was a quick, rustling sound of hundreds jumping to their feet, and then breathless silence. The two men had started as evenly as possible; Foster reached the first hurdle nearly a foot ahead of Henry, but this was evened up before the third was passed. They ran even, clearing the hurdles with the grace of a deer, till about twenty yards from the finish, when Henry pulled away from his rival, and finished strong. The timers looked at their watches; they rubbed their eyes, looked again, and then compared time. Three of them registered 15¾, and one 15 4-5. Could it be true? Walter H. Henry, of the University of California, had beaten the best time on record, 15 4-5, made by Williams, of Yale. The record was made under the auspices of the American Athletic Union, and there is no reason why Henry should not be given full credit in the East for this performance.

T. V. Bakewell, a new man on the track, surprised all by lowering the Coast record for the 220-yard hurdle by one second, making 26 2 5.

W. G. Morrow made a remarkable showing with his new 16. lb. hammer, constructed under the new rules of the A. A. U., which prescribes a hammer 16 lbs. in weight, and four feet from tip to tip, any material being allowed. He threw a hammer with a lead head and rattan handle 120 ft. 10½ in., but it was found to be one half a pound light; the consequence was that the record was thrown out, and a special trial given him several days later, in which he threw the hammer 114 ft. 11 in., the present Coast record, breaking his own record of 109 ft. 1 in. made with the old regulation hammer, which up to that time was the best on record.

In the pole vault, the University again broke its own Coast record. G. J. Hoffman raised the record to 10 ft. 4⅞ in., and the ex-champion, E. C. Van Dyck, raised his previous record to 10 ft. 1⅜ in.

There appears to be a dispute about the Coast record for a half mile. F. S. Pheby made it in 2:02½, and claimed the record after obtaining the signatures of two unofficial timers, and one official timer, Peter McIntyre, who now claims that he signed carelessly, not knowing that the document signed was a formal claim to a record, and that he himself did not catch Pheby's time. The claim was filed in the Pacific Association, and allowed as a record by that board, although Pheby has not been given credit for it in the racing programmes this spring. He should be given credit for the record until further action is taken by the board, in case the Olympic Club decides to protest that only two men caught the time, and they were not officially appointed. He made the time, and it is a pity that technicalities should rob him of it.

Ten records and three championships, including two world's records, out of a possible twenty-four events, is a good showing for the University team. The students have proved that brain and brawn may go hand in hand.

The Pacific Coast has reason to be proud of its athletes; for added to the above is a new record. June 11, Frank Waller of the Acme Club of Oakland broke the World's bicycle record for 24 hours ride, 363 miles, 1590 yards, on the Alameda Club's track.

Yours respectfully,

Philip L. Weaver, Jr.

Brown Feathers.

YOU 'LL find them in the harvest rows
The sea hath heaped on shale and sand,
'Mid tangle and sea-furbelows,
The garner of the tide-swept strand.

The children gather them in play,
Unheeding treasures far more bright,
Soft plumes of brown or golden-gray,
Fair feathers never used for flight.

Can learned men, whose books declare
The hydroid higher than the weed,
Who know all forms of sea-plants rare,
From root to spores that serve for seed;

Can they explain? Can they tell why
These sea-born waifs such guise assume,
The garb of winged forms on high,
A model for each mimic plume?

Their wisdom hath no answering word,
But once upon a lonely shore,
A whisper faint the poet heard,
A secret that the breakers bore,

Of life beneath the restless sea,
That loved the birds above the blue,
And looked and longed so earnestly
That soon to feathery form it grew.

If fable, it was fair indeed,
Because it shadowed higher things—
The story of an ocean weed,
That saw the birds and longed for wings.

Seddie E. Anderson.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Presumption of Sex.[1]

THIS is the collective title given to several rather pert essays by a young Bostonian, who constitutes himself primarily a critic of the behavior of women. It is a rather ungracious position for a man to assume, and the plea of his preface that he is urged by a sense of public duty is crippled by the fact that every piece of good advice he offers is already — gently, and with tact, — preached daily to young and inexperienced women by their proper advisers, older or more polished women, in a thousand schools and journals. A man who publishes an essay with the heading "The Mannerless Sex," full of such assertions as that the average woman's manners in public are "disgracefully inconsiderate, superlatively selfish, and exasperatingly insolent," — cannot possibly hope to escape the imputation of trying a sensational trick to catch attention. There used to be a device in Congress known as "Stirring up the Brigadiers," by which any half-way clever member could be sure of getting some reputation in Northern buncombe counties. He would set himself to exasperate the members who had been in the Confederacy by references, studiously offensive, to their part in the war. The hot-headed Southerner, inexperienced in sitting still under insult, quivering under a sense of the advantage that was being taken of his position by a member of the dominant side toward the weaker, was invariably baited into intemperate retorts, in which he said much that was better unsaid, for his own sake and that of his constituents. A sensational denunciation of women gives a similar advertisement to any writer who needs it. Many women, nowadays, are in a position to retort through the public press, and inexperienced enough to fall into the trap, and give the foe all the advertising he could ask. The brigadiers learned in time to sit still under the most exasperating remarks; and the baiting soon lost value as a political advertisement. We note, too, that such veteran knights as Mr. Curtis and Colonel Higginson, while they never fail to give their keen and courteous retorts to onslaughts on women, are very wary. The *Cato Minor* who has recently told us thus and so, "the lady who attempts to prove" such and such a statement, — some such anonymous phrase is all the advertisement that is to be had from them.

The author of these essays, however, by re-publishing them in book form, gives himself the claim to serious review, with name and publisher's name in full. It is a pity he wrote the book, — a pity, not because sweeping animadversions upon women are any such new thing that one more or less makes any material difference, — some of the mediæval writers could have set the young Bostonian models that would make his strictures seem timid, — but because there is enough that is true in the essays to win the silly and false things an undue attention. To give one or two illustrations: Woman is the "mannerless sex," and man is the "vulgar sex"; and this distinction is maintained by setting down everything in which women are more apt than men to be discourteous (such as an emphasis of social station by bearing), as ill manners; everything in which men are more apt to be discourteous (such as the whole range of "tobacco selfishness") as vulgarity. In the list of points against women, those defects of behavior due to nervousness and inexperience in public places, such as stopping the crowd with inopportune questions at bank or ticket window, figure largely; but no mention is made of the counter annoyances that men cause in places where they are the inexperienced ones, — such as waking the baby, tramping mud in, and a thousand other things. Indeed, the whole topic of private and domestic manners is omitted. In like manner, woman is the "ruthless sex," and man the "brutal sex," and the distinction is maintained by setting down, for instance, as "ruthlessness," the ignorant ill-use a woman unaccustomed to horses will be guilty of in driving, but as "brutality," the cool craft of the seducer, — in the face of the writer's own definition that masculine "brutality" is impulsive, and feminine "cruelty" deliberate.

Such distinctions are worthless; and in spite of some individual bits of forcible observation, the lack of any real discrimination or penetration, the rough and unwarrantable assertions, place the essays outside the rank of serious criticism. Such cheap slurs as the reference to "the unfeeling, spiteful onslaughts with which *most women* diversify their intercourse with each other" (the italics are ours) fix its character sufficiently.

The differences, resemblances, faults, and virtues, of the sexes constitute a topic in which no grown person can help being interested, but which one winces to see handled by any thoughtless writer who may care to take a try at it. The causes of most of these traits, in truth, even quite trivial ones, lie deep in very serious things; and if they are not spoken of with care, moderation, and even a certain reverence, there will be no real significance in what is said. Take as one of the trivial examples the criticism that women are exacting shoppers. As long as women's standing with men depends as much as it does at present on their dress, they must needs

[1] The Presumption of Sex and Other Poems. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

know thoroughly the shops and their resources; the whole power of evolutionary forces holds them to it. Between the two fires of man's surface criticism, on the one hand, and his real, tenacious exaction, on the other, that a woman shall win him so largely by making the most of her physical attractions, and by conformity to customs of dress, she winces, but her instinct rarely fails her — she obeys the real demand. The present reviewer heard a little wife who yielded to her husband's objection to bangs rebuked by a wiser woman: — "Don't you mind what he *thinks* he likes; you mind what he really likes. He may growl at you for wearing bangs, but he may get over liking you if you don't wear them."

Books Received.

The Standard Guide to Chicago for 1892. By John J. Flinn. Chicago: The Standard Guide Co.

The Flower o' the Vine. By William Sharp. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

Tennyson's Life and Poetry. By Eugene Parsons. Chicago: The Craig Press: 1892.

First Report of the U. S. Board on Geographic Names, 1890–1891. Government Printing Office: Washington, D. C.: 1892.

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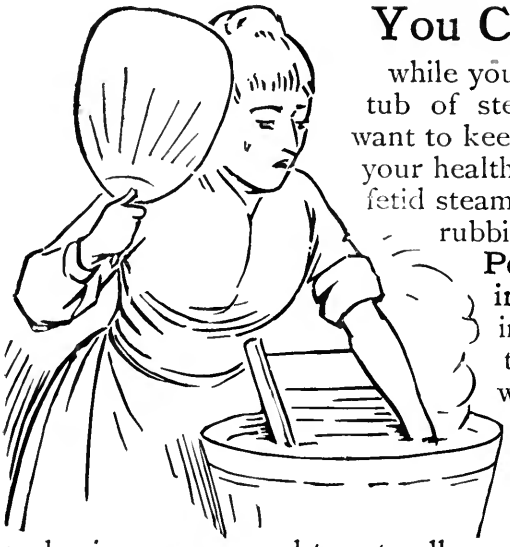

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The New Constitution of Brazil, *James W. Hawes.*
An American Tin Mine, *Enoch Knight.*
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My Lady, *Geraldine Meyrick.*
Coyote Hunting for Scalps, *C. B. Sedgwick.*
A Midnight Tryst, *Carrie Blake Morgan.*
"By Him Who Sleeps in Philæ," *Alice Sidney Morison.*
A Warning, *F. W. Reed.*
The Dryad's Death, *Herman I. Stern.*
Recent Verse, Etc., Book Reviews.

MARCH.

The Indians of North America, I, *William E. Dougherty.*
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Dusk at Point Bonita, *Ella M. Sexton.*
Caldonia of Red Cloud, *Lillian H. Shuey.*
The Nicaragua Canal, *Horace Davis.*
Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado, *A. F. Nims.*
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The Temple Scene in Aïda, *Clarence Urmy.*
Pele's Last Appearance, *Mabel H. Closson.*
Recent Verse, Recent Fiction, Book Reviews, Etc.

APRIL.

The San Francisco Water Front, *Charles S. Greene.*
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Crepusculum, *Frank Norris.*
A Unique Ordeal, *Isaline Lamaison.*
Night in Camp.—Morning in Camp, *Herbert Bashford.*
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California Lion Hunting with Fox Hounds, *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
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Etc. and Book Reviews.

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California Flower Shows, *E. J. Wickson.*
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Morn in the Mountains, *Estelle Thomson.*
Art, and What California Should Do About Her, *Douglas Tilden.*
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Etc. and Book Reviews.

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Kilauea, *May L. Cheney.*
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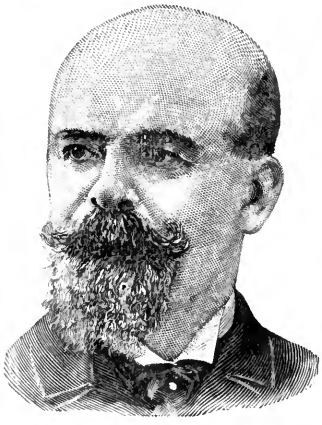

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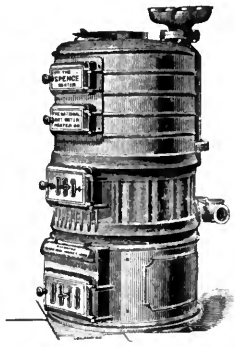

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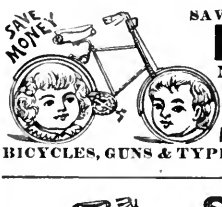

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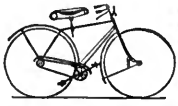

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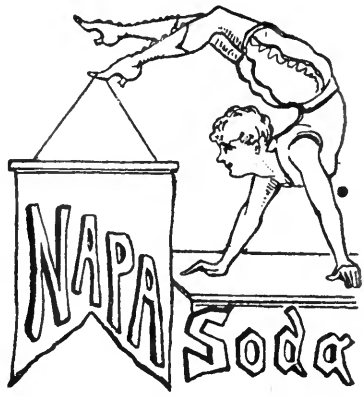

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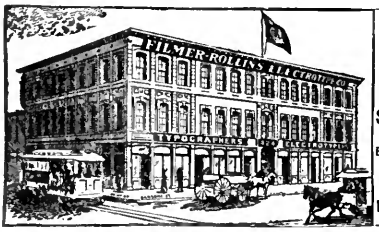

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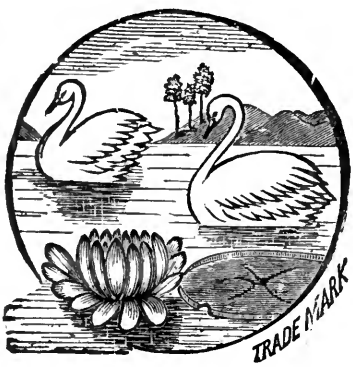

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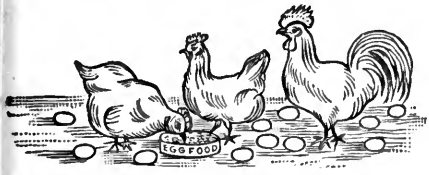

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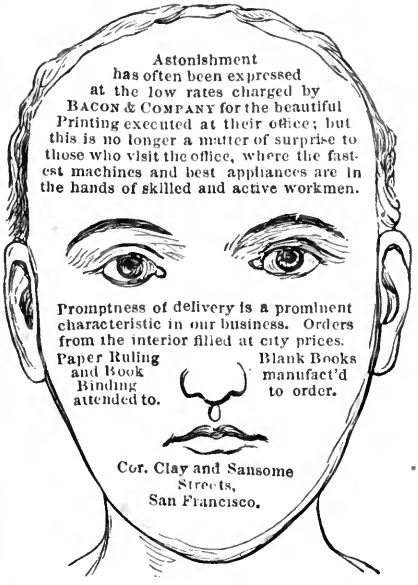

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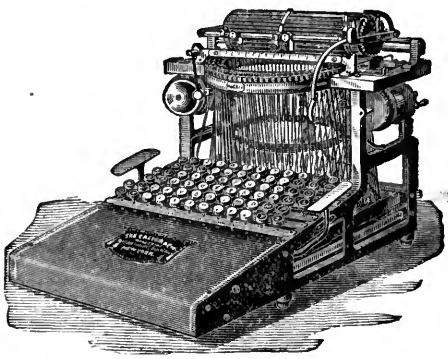

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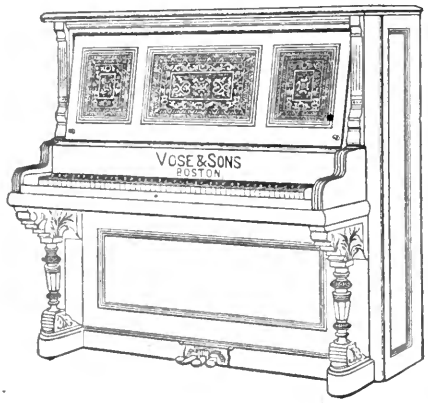

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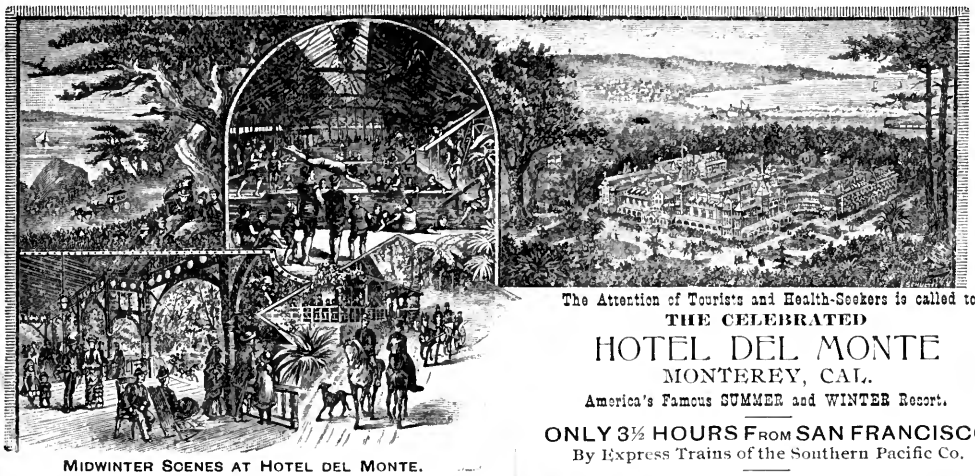

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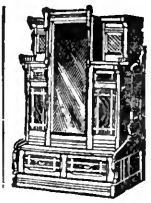

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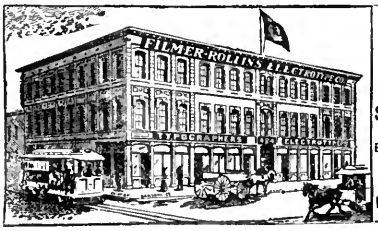

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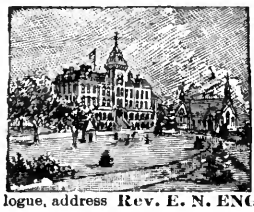

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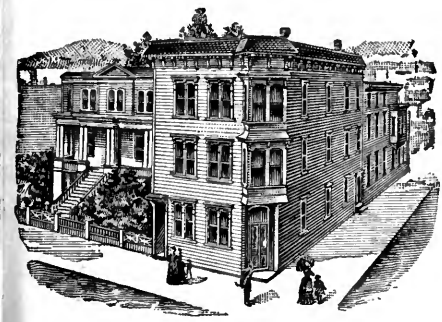

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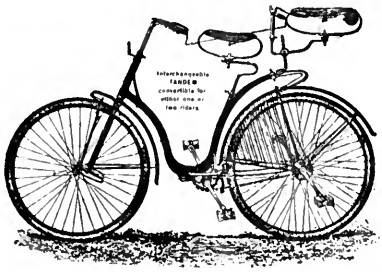

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OVERLAND MONTHLY.

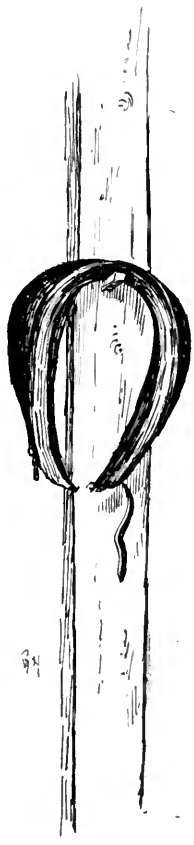
VOL. XX. (SECOND SERIES.)—AUGUST, 1892.—NO. 116.

STAGING IN THE MENDOCINO REDWOODS. I.

IF all the stage routes open to the traveler in California, probably none offer such wild diversity of the picturesque as the various lines intersecting Mendocino. These have their focal point at Ukiah, which is a beautiful wooded town situated on the Russian River at the terminus of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad.

Before noon on week days one sees from the windows of the hotel some half dozen cumbrous, weather-stained coaches, all entering the main thoroughfare from various side streets, and not one more than a few minutes behind the rest. With a fine dash and clatter, and important cracks of the whip, each driver pulls up his steaming four-in-hand before the express and post offices opposite, hands out the regulation iron box and leather mail bags, amid a score of hearty questions and answers, and then, with a word to the champing leaders, the short turn to the hotel is faultlessly executed, and the cramped passengers eagerly alight for dinner.

No other personage in a mountain town has the prestige of the stage driver. Every one greets him with liking and respect, and his trifling foibles are passed over with admirable indulgence. If he takes a glass too much when off duty, or spins a yarn to the utmost limit of credibility, by tacit consent the matter is not emphasized by his patrons. In most instances, they have known him since their childhood, when imagination made a hero of the stalwart, free-hearted young man who handled broncos as if they were rabbits, and who never failed to give a "lift" to dusty little legs measuring the long lane to the country school.



In fact, one cannot journey far with a professional driver, before becoming convinced that he merits all the grateful recognition so unostentatiously bestowed upon him. For years he has been equal to a tele-

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TRAINING HOP VINES.

phone between the remote settlements on his line. To him is due the latest news from the logging camps in the redwoods, and the particulars of the last accident at the mill, all told with graphic homeliness of phrase. From the same source the masters learn how sheep shearing progresses on the high, breezy slopes, the day their fattest beeves may be expected at market, and how the droves of sharp-snouted hogs thrive on the acorn crop. To others interested he imparts the condition of the young fruit trees at Prairie Camp, the number of ties split in a day by the new crew, how the tan-bark hunters are back for the summer, and the exact symptoms of "Mis' Hodges' bilious spell" at Comptche.

Indeed, the memory of the stage driver has infinite capacity. Seldom a station, camp, or shanty, but has its daily message or package for him to deliver to some one on the route. These commissions are rarely forgotten, though meanwhile the most exacting passenger is not conscious of the least neglect of his personal comfort or entertainment.

To ordinary thinking the word "comfort" is hardly to be used in connection with stage riding, even on a picked road. Nevertheless, this is scarcely a fair conclusion. The popular conception of this unfashionable mode of travel includes the dismembering, muscle-wrenching vehicle of primitive periods; whereas, the stage of today is quite another affair,—yielding of spring, delightfully rocking in motion, capacious, cushioned and curtained in a style wholly luxurious by comparison. Then, if the right time of the year be selected for north country riding, one is totally free from that most serious drawback to California travel, the dust. By the middle of May, there is spring time riot on the mountains, the wood-embossed valleys were never so tenderly gay and green, and the frequent streams are like running quicksilver.

Without a day's delay, I spoke for a through seat to the coast beside Jack Crow, the driver, and the same afternoon we made start for the redwoods. My first sense was of disappointment that neither route took in that daintiest of mountain mirrors, Leonard Lake. However, there was little room for regret of any sort, for all the valley lay warm and lovable under the far upreaching of mountains snow-silvered on the outer rim of a cloud-buffeted horizon.

Under this inimitable reflex of sun and shadow we careered up the broad lanes, past poppy-hedged wheat fields, and wide bottom levels of shooting hop-vines. There were plodding Indians at work, training the tendrils up the leafless poles.

YOUNG JIM CROW.

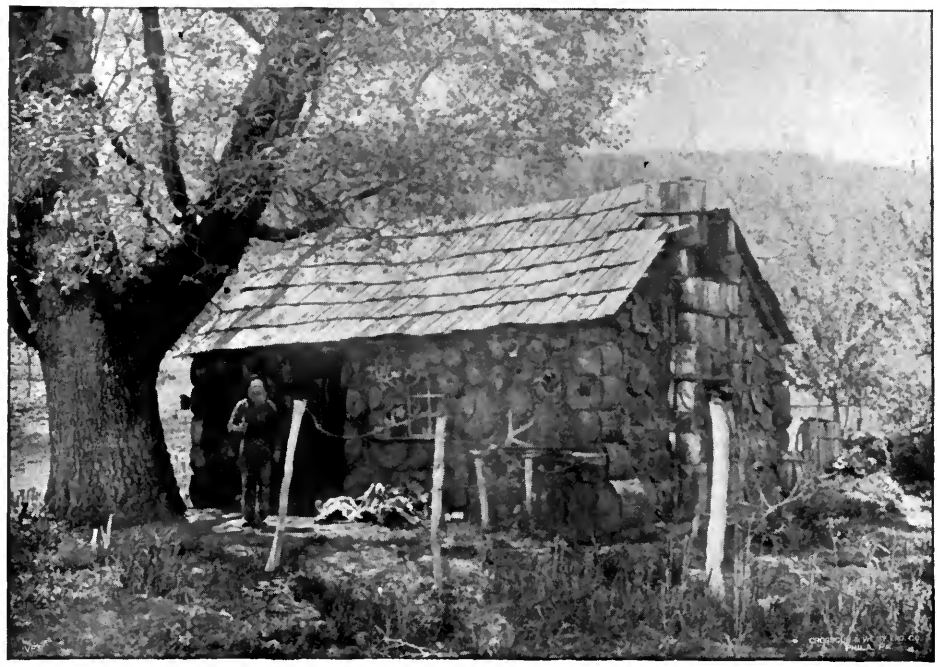


Photo by O. Carpenter

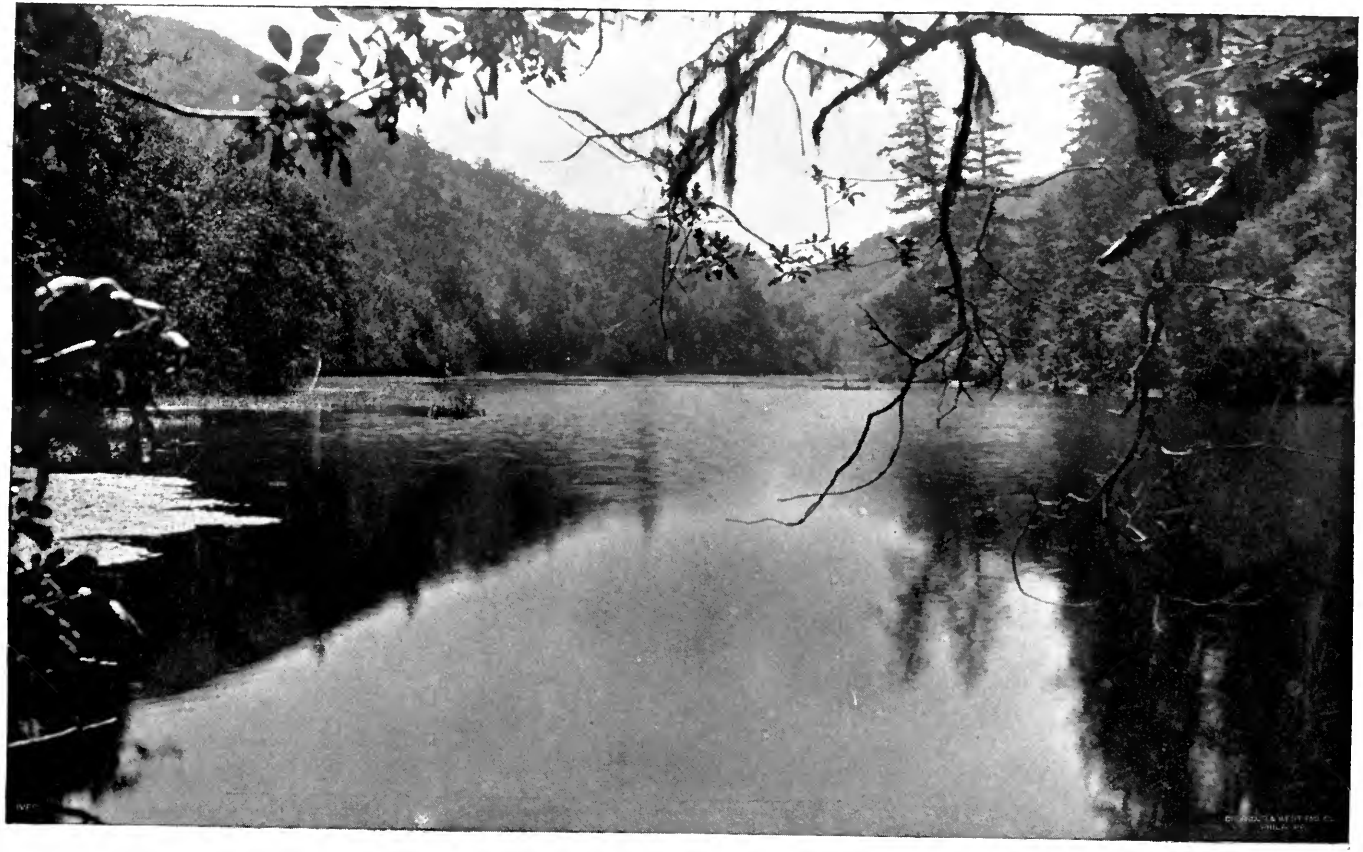
A SHEPHERD'S ARCADY.

"Those poles must be all o' ten feet high," the driver remarked, pointing toward them with his whip. "You'd hardly believe it, but a young smarty from the State University came here a year or two ago an' bought up a lot of old telegraph poles to start his hop patch. He said science taught him that the higher you made the vines climb, the better would be the crop. I hain't heard of his getting anyone fool enough to plant his poles for him yet, an' guess likely he's cut his wisdom teeth since an' give up the notion."

The hop plantations along Russian River are the most romantically situated of any in the State. Everywhere, the white oaks stand singly or in groups about the fields, or spread protecting arms over the home eaves of the farmer. In the orchards, clusters of baby fruit were already visible, sheltered by new leaves so flushed they were all but flowers.

Crossing the river on the long bridge several miles out from Ukiah, we turned hillward up a charming pass, through thickets of blossoming chemisal and wild white lilac. Here that loveliest of forest trees, the madroño, rivals the oak in girth, the graceful, twisted branches shining like lustrous cinnamon satin through the parting folds of its worn winter jacket. At this season it is gradually replacing the old leaves by fluted bunches of new, resembling nothing so much as velvety blooms of a lively shade of crimson.

Aside from its undisputed right of beauty, the madroño has a commercial value hardly estimated by even its most ardent admirers. The wood is of exquisite color, grain, and hardness, and susceptible of a beautiful polish eminently desirable for indoor ornamentation. The Indians hereabout are not ignorant of its virtues. One of their number, who has become shrewd from years of asso-



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LEONARD LAKE.

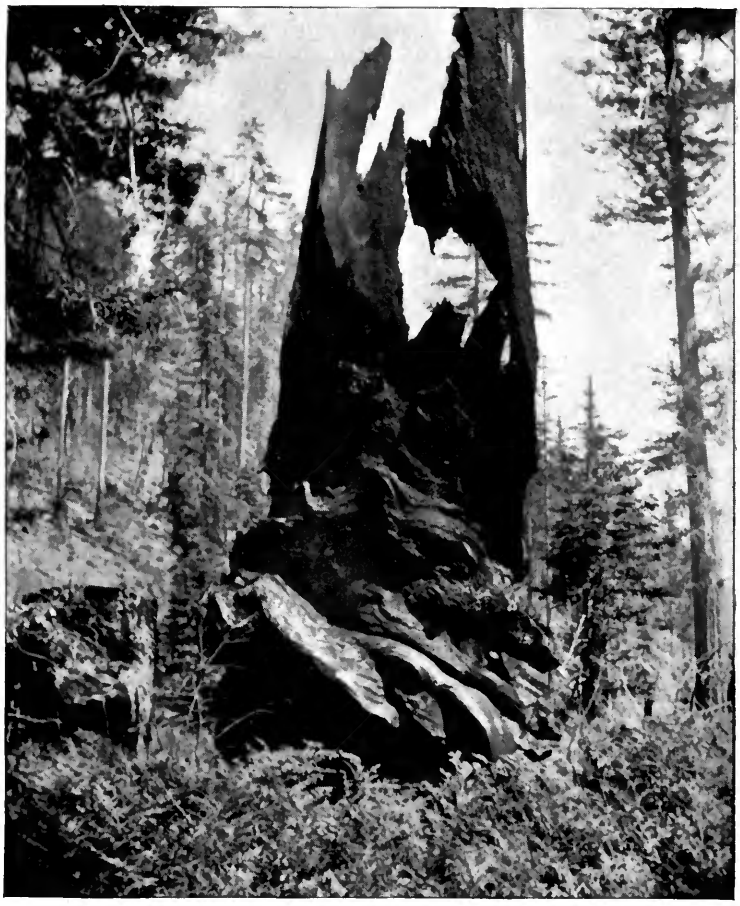


Photo by Meta Hanen

THE KING IS DEAD.

ciation with the whites, is now bringing to a marvelous finish some hundreds of madroño canes, which he declares he will exhibit in person at the World's Fair.

The fences on the pretty farms along Robinson Creek are of rails about which an old superstition is still extant. Jack Crow obligingly explained it, —

"Why, you see, folks will insist that if them rails was set in the dark o' the moon they would jest naturally bury themselves in the ground, so you may depend on it they don't run no risk, but jest carefully pick the time for fence building."

We climbed to cool uplands where sheep love to pasture, far above the farms and cattle ranges. Between the stationed trees the grass grew woolly soft like moss, with ruddy plats of blooming clover. Here the ewes and young lambs nibbled, pausing anon to gaze at us in mild wonder. These innocent outlaws are the true pathmakers of solitary mountain wilds. Their narrow, beaten trails are sure to lead the thirsty wanderer to copious, hidden springs.

Ten years ago there were many thousands of sheep in the Mendocino ranges, but now the number is greatly reduced. Before the general survey of

the country, sheep men had their choice of government lands for pasture, and their wool brought them forty cents a pound. They had no taxes to pay and no improvements to make. Now there is more or less fencing required in order to control a range, and the price of wool has gone down to half its former figure, owing to the immense importation from other countries. Add to these disadvantages the appropriation of the best lands by settlers, and it is easy to see the general interests of the country have advanced at the expense of the sheep owners. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the wool produced in Humboldt and Mendocino has the reputation of being the finest in the State.

There is something indescribably harmonious in all pioneer life, with its obedience to rude necessity and its primitive makeshifts. The means employed are always so aptly fitted to the end, and savor so directly of human needs and affections. A shepherd's cabin on a wind-swept height gave us a bit of artistic effect. This building was made of short sections of unbarked logs piled up like cordwood, a rough stone chimney in the rear, and the knotty boughs of a handsome oak thrown carelessly across the unpainted roof. There was nothing short of art in the unpremeditated picturesqueness of this simple dwelling.

On reaching the summit we gave a farewell glance at the glorious chain of peaks separating Ukiah Valley from Clear Lake, with old Sanhedrim rearing a frosty line above the others. Below us, on either hand, we saw through a sudden mist of rain the great, green bowls of the valleys. A moment, and

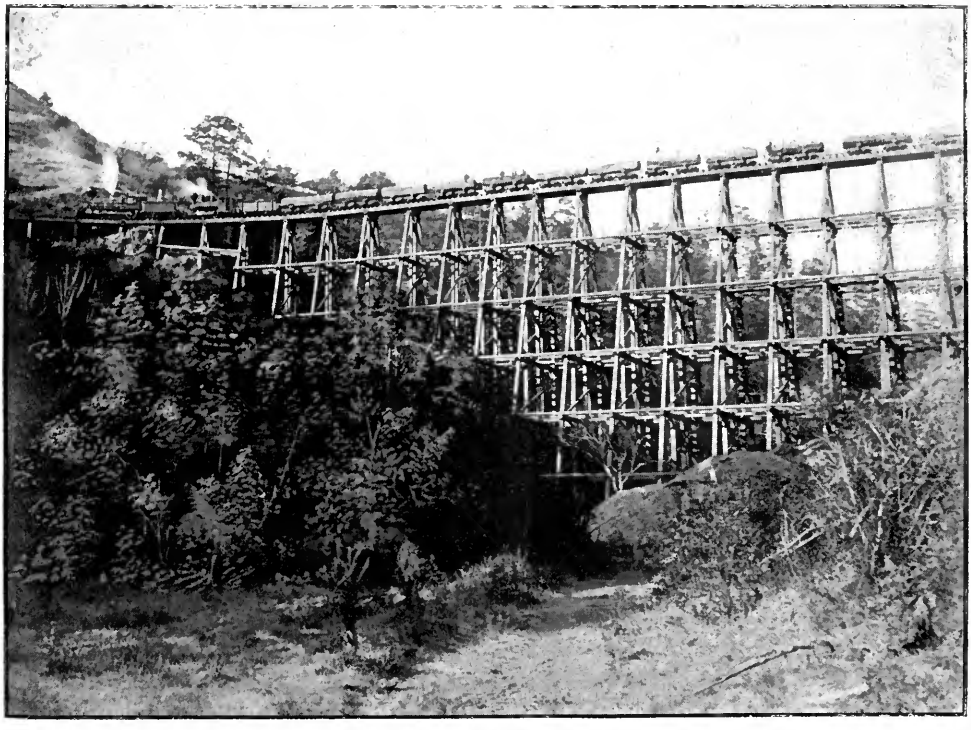


Photo by O. Carpenter

GREENWOOD TRESTLE, ELK CREEK.

Photo by O. Carpenter

LOADING LUMBER AT POINT ARENA.

the sun broke out afresh, dashing a torrent of gold across the dripping wildwood. The air steamed up in fragrance, —a delicious mingling of flower-breaths with the balsam of rosiny bud and leaf, and the faint smell of rankly growing ferns.

Under the fluttering groves of oak and maple saplings, the thimbleberries clambered riotously, their snowy, silklike flowers resting flat on the soft, serrated leaves. The buckeyes thrust up their curving plumes beside straight young firs, looking blither than their wont in a fresh drapery of pea green needles.

These Coast Range oaks present a fantastic venerableness, with their Alpine beards of grizzly moss trailing a yard or more from underneath their huge, gnarly limbs. Many of them carry more moss than leaves, all the branches being thickly wrapped in the coarse gray fiber. An entire landscape of these veiled oaks is a weird picture, especially when beheld through the muffling fog so common to this region. When winds are up, the gray, weblike tresses are loosened and fall to the ground, much to the delectation of sheep and deer, which munch them greedily.

Descending the grade, we passed piles of tan-bark newly peeled from the trunks of numberless chestnut oaks. A week or two later when the roads have dried, this bark is teamed to Cloverdale or Greenwood for shipment.

The tracks of the tan-bark hunter can be traced through all these Mendocino forests, by the reckless felling of the choicest trees which are afterwards left

as useless waste. This variety of the oak makes excellent fuel, if worked up before the fiber becomes spongy. The bark is stripped during the three months of summer when it is easily separated from the body of the tree. Fortunately it is a rapid grower. or with the present unrestricted destruction the species would soon become extinct.

Our first night out was spent in Anderson Valley, a narrow strip following the Navarro River seventeen miles on its seaward way. On the north and south are unbroken ranges of high mountains. The cradled valley between has many opulent orchards and fields. Now and again one sees through luxuriant foliage the funnel-shaped top of a hop kiln, or the similar roof of a fruit-evaporator. Several of the hop-plantations are skirted by redwoods, and these groves make ideal camps for the pickers gathered here in the fall. When the day's work is done, it is said, the young folks dance in some stately sylvan hall, while close at hand, in one of Nature's grandest cathedrals, their elders hold prayer and praise meetings.

The seclusion enjoyed by these Anderson farmers has its disadvantages. They must haul their produce thirty miles, over rough mountain roads, to reach the nearest market. The majority of them have lived here for years, patiently awaiting the day when the ax shall sound in their magnificent forest, and the smoke of mills ascend from the streams. The most feasible outlet for the valley is through the redwood wilderness on the Navarro. In fact, the logging railway from the mouth of this river is steadily heading that way. Twenty or thirty miles more of track, and the road will be open to navigable waters.

The oldest settlers of Anderson Valley are the owners of large bands of sheep. Owing to the nearness of the mountains, their ranges extend almost to the doors of their houses. These sheep masters have adopted certain peculiar methods in the care of their flocks which afford them a deal of recreation. Like other keepers of sheep in the mountains, they have to contend with the serious depredations of wild cats, lions, coyotes, and even grizzlies. Instead of following the usual custom of hiring shepherds, they have trained horses and hounds, and frequently go a-hunting in fine style, killing off the enemy with skilled certainty, and leaving their gentle charges wholly unguarded by day and night.

Of course, this practice incurs considerable expense, probably fully as much as, or more than to hire regular herders, but then, as one of the hunters dryly observed,—

"Think of the fun of it!"

Before sunrise we were again under way, striking straight for the barricade of western summits climbed by rank on rank of redwoods. These early rides in a spring dawn have a charm all their own. The world is at its best and freshest, and nothing could be more exquisite than the soft outpouring of cool, scented air. Then the loveliest colors ever granted to human eyes are those of morning clouds after rain! The light showers of the night had passed, and the crests of the peaks wore the glory of the risen sun.

We crossed a mountain stream called Indian Creek, where there were cosy nests of homes with luxuriant gardens and orchards. Along its flashing current our road made a winding passage through the rich brown of tree trunks and outcropping rocks mottled with moss, with borders of white trilliums, ferns, and lilied flags. The gray squirrel flashed electrically from limb to limb, prospecting for future forage; a bevy of quail made delightful noises in the underbrush; and blue jays darted and scolded in and out the redwoods which towered in unscathed majesty back of a roadside church.

Never do I behold these matchless

trees without an instinctive outstretching of my arms in greeting! We had now entered their peculiar domain, for the redwood is exclusive, always keeping near the sea, and not being found outside the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevadas. A mountain covered with these kingly trees is inconceivably sublime; and no words can depict the solemn impressiveness of a deep gorge filled with the gigantic upright shafts. There is something, too, almost supernatural in their profound silence. Birds and all manner of small furry creatures shun the perpetual twilight found here. Only monster slugs make viscous trails over the mottled leaf needles underfoot in the vast soundless aisles.

THE REGULAR PASSENGER.

These Coast Range redwoods, *Sequoia sempervirens*, are only second in size to their renowned brothers of the Sierra. The finest specimens are in Mendocino and Humboldt, and are all the way from ten to twenty-four feet in diameter, with clean, columnar trunks running up to a height of three hundred and even four hundred feet.

Of all the trees in the rich forests of California, not one has the industrial value of her coast redwood. Its popularity is steadily on the increase, in spite of the expense and the ingenious means required to render it marketable. There are today all of 900,000 acres of redwoods still in Mendocino, though the timber next the ocean is cut off to the average depth of eight miles.

Here and there we passed the camps where Portuguese or Russian Finns were at work splitting the beaded boles. The mountains resounded with the echoing blows of their axes. The hands of these burly woodsmen were mahogany stained from the juices of the wood. A man gets twelve to fifteen cents for making a tie, according to its size, and boards himself. The ties are hauled to Greenwood, six or eight horses being used for a load, which usually consists of two wagons coupled together, each piled with seventy-five or a hundred of these split timbers.

Before the redwoods crowded us there were dashes of color everywhere — the scarlet of columbine and larkspur, the pale indigo of lilacs and hardy iris, roses innumerable, and the hair-fringed bells of lemon-hued calochortus. The eye reveled in the unspeakable beauty of this flowering wildness.

Now the gloomy underworld of the sequoias showed no brighter shades than the faded pink of oxalis, and the green and purple foliage of endless huckleberry bushes.

"Here 's my regular passenger!" and the driver slowed down his mud-spattered horses.

For the moment we did not see the drift of his remark. Then two tiny figures took shape in the shadows, standing motionless beside a hydra-headed stump. The girl wore a prim hat and carried a tin pail and a book. Though it was barely seven o'clock, she was evidently on her way to school. She and the boy looked ghostly in the obscure light, and neither smiled nor responded to the driver's kindly salutation.

When we stopped, the sister spoke a few words in Russian to the bareheaded boy, and then hastily climbed into the vacant back seat. There was something so unchildlike in her pinched, solemn little visage, that one could not help fancying that the burden of the dumb, sunless forest oppressed her young life. Indeed, the chill of the place was so invincible that the cheer of an occasional patch of sunlight can hardly be imagined.

An hour or so later we came to a diminutive school-house where the "regular passenger" got down, and soberly joined a half dozen other children,—the total number of her schoolmates. Close by was a low-roofed, untidy building, where we stopped ten minutes to change horses. The long morning's ride had so sharpened my appetite that I begged a morsel of food of the pretty schoolma'am who boarded here. She led me back to the fire in a rude kitchen, and hospitably served bread, butter, and dried peaches, on my lap. Nothing ever tasted so good. When the familiar "all aboard" brought me hurriedly to the front steps, it was with the last thick slice in my hand.

At Soda Creek we paused for a drink of the cold, effervescent water. A young girl came running out of a modest dwelling, and asked the driver to take a bonnet she had just trimmed to a lady in Greenwood. After much good-natured raillery, she pinned the paper parcel on his back to insure it from getting jammed, and the amiable fellow carried it thus to the end of the journey.

As we approached Greenwood the

THE SCHOOL MA'AM'S TREAT.

grandeur of the forest disappeared, for we had reached the "chopped out" district. The presence of innumerable blackened stumps, and the tall, charred spires of pines and the Douglas spruce, contrasted vividly with the fresh green of new growths clustering about the parent roots. In some localities once covered with redwoods the ceanothus, locally termed the "blue blossom," has literally possessed the soil. For miles we drove through a continuous cloud of these delicate honey-sweet blooms.

The cañons nearest the coast are curtained from crown to base with a wonderful profusion of wild berry vines. These western slopes furnish the most prodigal berry patches in the world. In June and July many families from the interior cross the redwoods to camp and pick blackberries and raspberries. They bring with them wagon loads of coal oil cans, in which to pack the fruit after they have preserved it on the grounds.

A gap in the hills revealed the blue plain of the ocean, not a white-cap in sight, and scarcely a wrinkle on its bur nished surface. Farther still a dim sail was discernible, and just off a rocky point a vessel in the cove was taking on lumber. In the bottom of a willow-trimmed gorge, Greenwood Creek poured its crystal fountains. Just before it reaches the sea its waters are confined by a dam, in which was an enormous jam of logs. Before the rains the river-beds far up their source are rolled full of logs, to be brought down to the mill in high water. In this manner all these coast streams are made of incalculable service to the lumberman. When the river supply is disposed of, steam is called into requisition, and the logging train is now an indispensable adjunct of California lumbering. The Greenwood railway extends six miles back to the timber, a branch line crossing Elk Creek on a splendid iron truss bridge.

The mill at Greenwood is a new plant, and shows an immense expenditure of capital. It is equipped with the latest improvements in machinery, and when both sides are in operation turns out daily ninety-thousand feet of lumber.

Below in the boom a man was leaping from log to log, steering three or four at a time on to the carriage, which is drawn up the logway to the platform by wire cables run by steam power. A donkey engine was hard at work lifting the "sinkers." These heavy butts of redwood can only be kept to the surface by making them secure to lighter logs. The most valuable lumber in redwood comes from the "sinkers," as the grain is finer and harder next the roots of the tree, and takes a smoother finish.

A village is sure to grow up around a large mill, with the saloons usually outnumbering the dwelling houses. The array of empty bottles stacked alongside a Greenwood street is appallingly suggestive. The company's store is a comprehensive affair, including all manner of necessaries which are purchased by the employees. By this means a fair percentage of the wages paid out finds its way back to the original pocket. This is not at all a bad arrangement, but when the same source provides the whisky and beer, the contemplative mind is troubled with doubts.

The coast shore of Mendocino is extremely rugged, the sandstone cliffs having an elevation of one hundred to five hundred feet, with jagged caverns, arches, and detached rocks burrowed out by the waves. For a hundred miles the road is along this sea-wall, and here one experiences the very poetry of staging. No heat or dust even in summer,—only a great salt freshness blowing in from the shining highway of the ships; and on the other hand, the eternal mountains. We counted two steamers and four schooners in sight, besides the spreading canvas of a vessel far away to the north.

Shortly after noon we made an abrupt curve round the Greenwood bluffs above

pale green floating beds of kelp. The dense forests traversed in the morning were visible only between wide openings in round, grassy foothills. We saw a puffing engine dragging a long train of loaded flat cars around the poppy-tipped cliffs. A few days before twenty of these cars, piled with logs, went over the embankment into the surf.

Following us south were fields with grazing cattle, and emerald stretches of uncut hay. The larger portion of this Point Arena country is given up to dairying, and delicious and wholesome is the butter made from these blossoming pastures. All the downs and meadows are sown to flowers. There were acres of purple violets, asters of blue and gold, daisies, cream cups, nemophilæ, pale-edged poppies, clover-blooms and dandelions, all heading so evenly they made a smooth mosaic of incomparable hue and pattern.

Then there were knolls and sweeping hollows, where one sees the effectiveness of grass, pure and simple. And such grass as it is, sweet and juicy, and full of the virtues of dairy products! It is delightful to watch the Jerseys eat it. They wrap their tongues about the succulent bunches with a sound that is truly appetizing.

This feed is kept green three fourths of the year by constant cool winds and fogs; afterwards, corn fodder is fed to the cows, and great mangel-wurzel beets and Belgian carrots, pulled from the plowed fields next the comfortable homes.

The butter from this section finds its principal market in San Francisco, though hundreds of pounds are also disposed of at the lumber settlements. The business is mainly in the hands of Americans, the most of the dairies being owned by old residents who came here in the fifties. Many of them make use of all the new appliances of machinery for separating the cream and working the butter, and the utmost care is taken as to cleanliness and the proper packing of the rolls.

There are thousands of acres of available agricultural and pasture lands around Point Arena, though much of this is still unoccupied, unless one excepts the desultory sojourning of half a hundred Diggers. The lumber interests of the place are now confined to the making and shipping of posts, staves, shakes, and railroad ties, which are brought down a seven-mile flume, and loaded on vessels by means of wire cables. As many as thirty-five hundred ties are thus transferred in a single day. The same ingenious method is employed in the shipment of cordwood, hides, tanbark, and potatoes, the other leading products of the country.

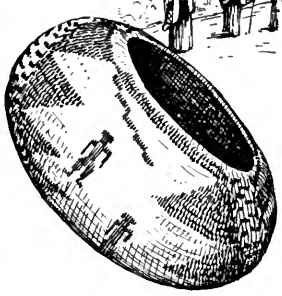
One comes upon the town quite unexpectedly. A turn in the road, and you are bowling down the incline of the main street, the pleasant dwellings tilted back against windy hills putting up their shoulders to the sea.

The drives hereabout are delightful, that to the light-house being usually the first proposed to visitors. This handsome building stands on the northwest extremity of a flower-enameled promontory jutting three miles beyond the mainland. From the dizzy tower one has a memorable view of the ocean, with its curving margin of white, broken cliffs, the numerous islets off shore, and fronting this fair sea picture the green dairy farms rolling back to a dark ridge of mountains.

Some of the nearest rocks are clambered over by writhing sea-lions. These animals are semi-annually killed off for their oil, and are a profitable investment to the man that owns the rocks.

The road to the Indian rancheria is a particularly romantic one, and a more picturesque site for a primitive village could not have been chosen. On a grassy swell just out from the woods hiding the beautiful Garcia River are built the rude huts of the natives, with their cir-

RANCHERIA AT POINT ARENA.



cular sweat house in the midst. A few squatty figures were packing homeward heavy burdens in baskets strapped to their backs.

This remnant of a decaying tribe lives by hunting and fishing, and doing odd jobs about the farms and dairies. In the fall of each year they join the hop pickers on the Russian River, and are considered better hands than either the whites or the Chinese. In spite of poverty and excess of vermin and filth, these Diggers are as care-free and happy as children.

Through this fine landscape the Garcia makes a joyous descent to the ocean, its translucent current bearing many a lusty trout and salmon. While going through the redwoods these western streams take on a solemn chant, in keeping with the reverent forest. But as soon as they emerge into oak and laurel openings, or when cascading past the curving summits of berry hills, their glad exuberance knows no bounds. It is only when they broaden to meet the sea that the shouting, swirling waters drop into a measured flow, and advance with serene majesty.

Fording the Garcia, our north-bound stage was driven up the gravelly lanes at a rollicking pace, sometimes plunging down grades quite frightful to contemplate. Of these the Mal Paso is the largest and steepest, and its legendary history the most exciting. The pioneer settlers came into the country through this almost impassable gulch.

"It was off that split," said the driver, "that my grandmother lost her life. She was overturned, an' her neck broken. The rest of the wagons was took to pieces an' let down by ropes. My folks was the first to begin stock raising here. That was before they commenced taking out lumber. The Morse family came in by sea on a chartered schooner. They landed in the sand at Fish Rock, an' Gran'ma Morse an' the three children had to foot it ten miles across a rough country before they reached camp. The old lady is still living at Point Arena, an' is hale an' hearty."

For some distance on ahead a white church showed starkly on the treeless brink of the high gray cliffs. On coming nearer we found it was not so isolated as it had first appeared. There were, in fact, several dozen dilapidated, tenantless buildings scattered over the same bench, their windows broken and roofs fallen in. Stacked about were rotting shakes and ties, and the remains of chutes and tramways, with all the other belongings of a once flourishing lumber port.

The church, standing with its back to the sea, was the only modern feature of the place, unless one excepts a neatly fenced graveyard alongside, with its

freshly painted crosses and headboards. Nothing more forlorn and desolate than this deserted village can be pictured. The driver volunteered the following scraps of its history :—

"Th's is Cuffey's Cove. There was once millions of feet of lumber shipped from off them rocks, an' such loads of potatoes! You must have heard of the Cuffey Cove potatoes, for in them days they had a big name all over the State. The first man that come here was Nigger Nat, an' after that the men called the place 'Cuffey' as a sort of joke. That was nigh on to forty years ago. Oh, yes, Nat 's living still, an' pretty near as young as ever! Likely 'nough you 'll run across him fishing up on Big River. He 's mostly there this time o' year."

Ten miles beyond Cuffey's Cove, and Navarro is reached. At the mouth of the river two vessels were being loaded with lumber directly from the wharf. This is done by means of two chutes, each sixty feet long and on opposite sides of the wharf, so both vessels can take on loads at the same time. By this double arrangement two hundred thousand feet of lumber is transferred from flat-cars to the schooners in a day.

The main town of Navarro is huddled on a sand flat which is nearly on a level with the tide. After some days of country fare our accommodations at the superintendent's home seemed the acme of luxury. Indeed, it was an occasion when one is tempted to believe that soft living has its spiritual advantage, so inexpressibly restful was the Sabbath spent here.

All the previous night it rained ; not in persuasive showers, but a sheeted downpour that set the river to boiling, and sent all hands up stream at sunrise. Such a heavy freshet so late in the season had not been known in twenty-five years.

And how the logs came tumbling and crunching down the turbid flood, here and there thrusting up a defiant butt with the water streaming off like a mane! The men worked like beavers, some in boats, others along shore, and those more venturesome on the heaving logs. With their long pike poles they steered the renegade logs into course, and broke up jams in the sharp bends of the stream. It was desperate work at times, with a spice of real danger, but withal wildly exhilarating.

After nightfall the men straggled to camp, exhausted, wet to their waists,

CHASING LOGGING TRAIN.

but exultant ; they had brought down to the boom more than four thousand logs.

There are from seventy to a hundred families at Navarro, including those on the "Navarro Ridge." For the most part their houses are small box-shaped buildings, with streets between scarcely wider than footpaths. In the diminutive square stand the church and a new hall. The expense of keeping up the former is defrayed in part by the company, and the remainder is subscribed by the men. The services are well attended, not a few of the congregation

walking two and even four miles from the wood camps.

The public hall at Navarro is the latest pride of the neighborhood. It was built for the purpose of encouraging more innocent amusements among them than gambling and drinking. The drapery of the stage represents a faded view of Naples, and struck me as oddly familiar. It was in fact a portion of the drop curtain of the old California theater in San Francisco.

Navarro is one of the most active lumber districts on the Coast. When its great sawmill is in full blast, the pay roll of the company numbers eight hundred men. The majority of these are Russians, Finns, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, their overseers being Americans. These foreigners have a monopoly of the lumber business in California, and as a class are steady workers. They are robust, powerfully muscled fellows, who stand a tremendous amount of hardship and bad whisky. There is but little variety in their life, their hours being long and the work largely of the treadmill sort.

Common hands in the mills and logging camps are paid thirty dollars a month, the married men, who board with their families, receiving the additional sum of ten dollars. The company has a flourishing store and eating-houses, which the employees are expected to patronize. The cooks are usually Chinamen, who also fill the places of water carriers. They have not the physical strength to make good wood hands, nor the mechanical skill to serve in the mills.

Unlike the generality of lumber towns, Navarro refuses to sell intoxicating liquor to the men. They get it in some way, of course, but necessarily in limited quantities. On a first occasion of drunkenness, a man is reprimanded by the superintendent. On a repetition of the offense the delinquent gets a peremptory discharge. This strict discipline is not without a salutary effect. Navarro can boast of a better class of inhabitants than is customarily found in a lumber settlement.

Altogether, there are more than a thousand laborers in and around Navarro, who get their livelihood out of the various branches of the lumber trade. From two hundred to three hundred of these are engaged in taking out split timber, the bulk of which consists of railroad ties. The rest of these men come under the head of mill hands, wood hands, and railroad hands.

There are thirty-five miles of unbroken wilderness running back from the Navarro landing, with an average width of two to fifteen miles. This noble forest is already penetrated by twelve miles of railroad built by the company.

"We shall be in time to get the noon train," the superintendent hurriedly remarked, with a glance at his watch.

As we hastened across the street we heard the spiteful shriek of a locomotive, and caught a glimpse of a long tail of empty flat-cars whisking around an angle of the glen.

The superintendent was not without resources.

"Jim," he shouted, "take us aboard your engine, and chase the logging train!"

A moment more, and we were perched on a queer little dummy which included boiler, tender, and a seat for passengers, all on four wheels. With an avenging whistle we darted forward, past the smoking mill and wide boom choked with logs; on, where the narrow track glinted like a silver-edged ribbon in the wet grass, and the laurels clasped boughs overhead.

Through a whirlwind of cinders there were fleeting visions of gaping woodsmen, girls in red calicoes, and a bewildering chaos of mountains, rivers, and trees. Every second we quickened speed

till the landscape rushed by in dizzy circles, and the wind tore at our breath and clothes. It was magnificent riding!

On we flew, over bridges, rocking, bumping, and zigzagging around curves and chasms, all the while keeping our seat with difficulty. A minute later we sighted the rear car of the logging train, and the black plume of smoke from the engine. Our locomotive sent up deafening whistles, while the superintendent frantically waved his handkerchief, and I took a firmer hold of the iron railing.

After what seemed a hopeless amount of signaling, we saw the train slow down; at last we had been seen or heard.

"What time did we make?" we asked when breathlessly alighting.

The engineer gave a satisfied grin,—"All of forty miles an hour."

Boarding the train we proceeded more leisurely up the cañon, the entire way being full of interest. A deserted logging camp on our left made a melancholy picture. The shanties and ox stalls were empty, and the skid roads and landings almost obliterated by vegetation. Sections of old chutes clung dejectedly to the mountain side, and the whole place was eloquent of disuse and decay. We were now in the midst of a worked-out tract, the face of the country appearing as though a hurricane had passed over it. The mountains, scorched by fire, retained but a thinned-out array of spindling pines, their ragged branches blown stiffly one way. Everywhere in the heaped-up debris of bark and branch were the black, massive stumps of redwoods. Some of these giants had vainly perished, for their prostrate columns were split the full length in falling.

Later in the day while walking up the new track, we came to one of these splintered trunks.

"There's four thousand feet o' lumber gone to waste,"—and the rheumatic old time-keeper at my side gazed at it gloomily.

"There ain't no 'scuse for it neither, but 'nfernal ca'lessness," he went on emphatically. "It 's jes' this way. A chopper ought 'er know where a tree 's to fall, and make a lay out. It don't

Photo by O. Carpenter

NAVARRO MILL.

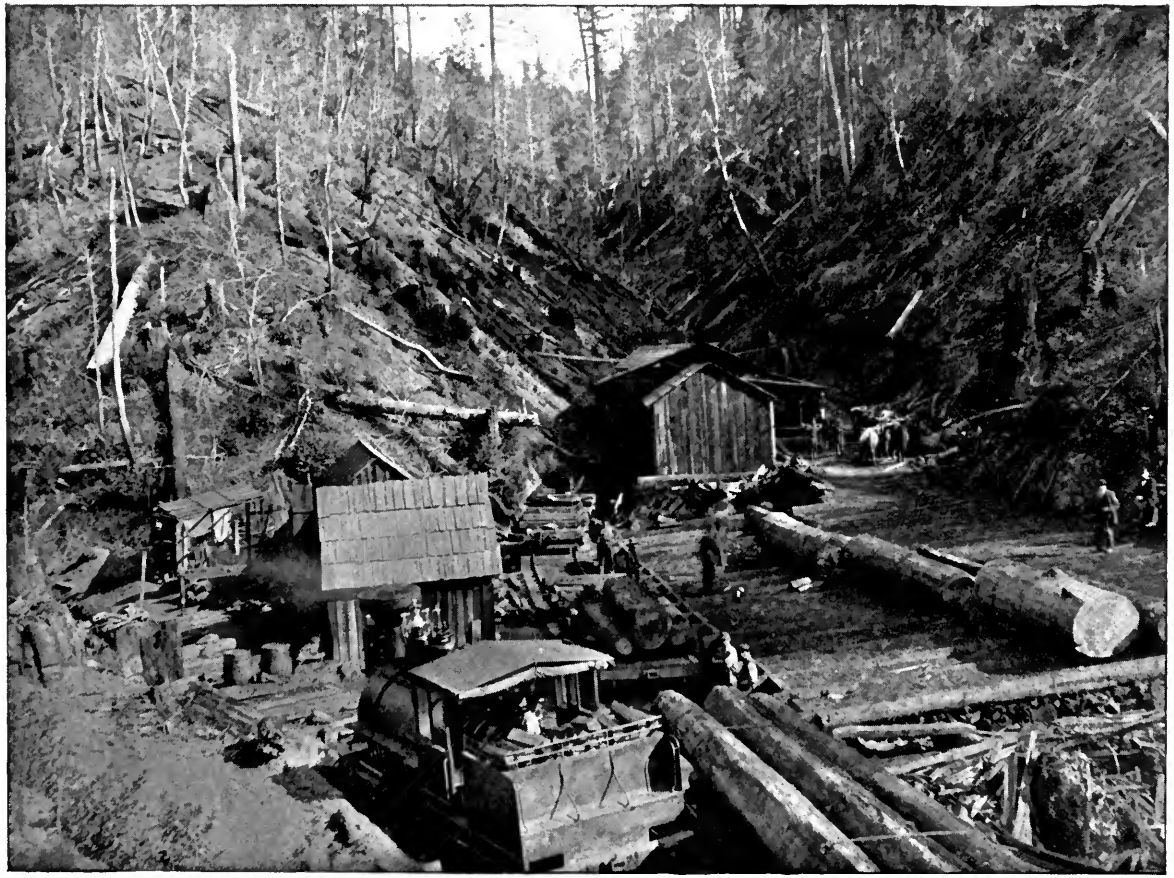


Photo by O. Carpenter

THE LOGGING CAMP.

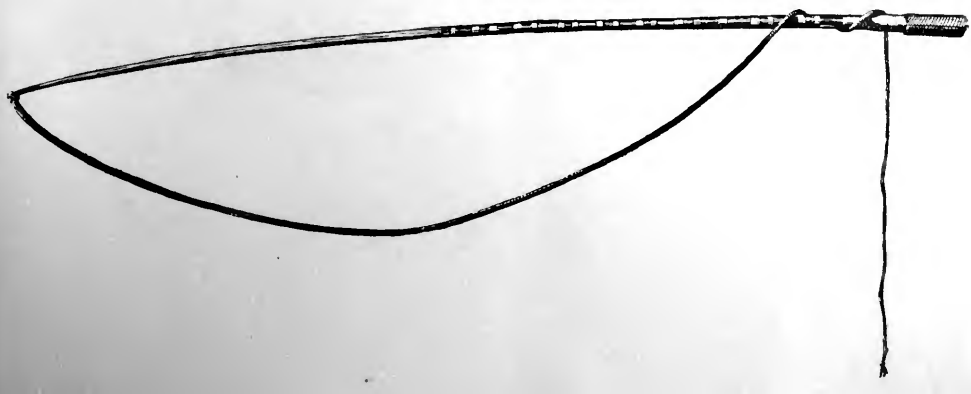
Photo by Meta Hanen

NEW GROWTH ON THE RIVER.

take half an eye to see that it 'ud smash if that holler wa'n't filled in with brush an' stumps. A redwood is diff'rent from most other trees; it carries its bigness good. A tree like that 'ud turn out nine or ten sixteen-foot logs. How ole be they? Well, Noah's flood was little less 'n six thousand years ago, an' it 's the sup'sition them redwoods hez ben growin' ever since. 'Cordin' to that, it' ll take the same time for the likes o' this to be stan'in here again."

The logic of the old foreman was unanswerable, and we gravely returned his salute as he hobbled off to inspect the gang at work in a side cañon.

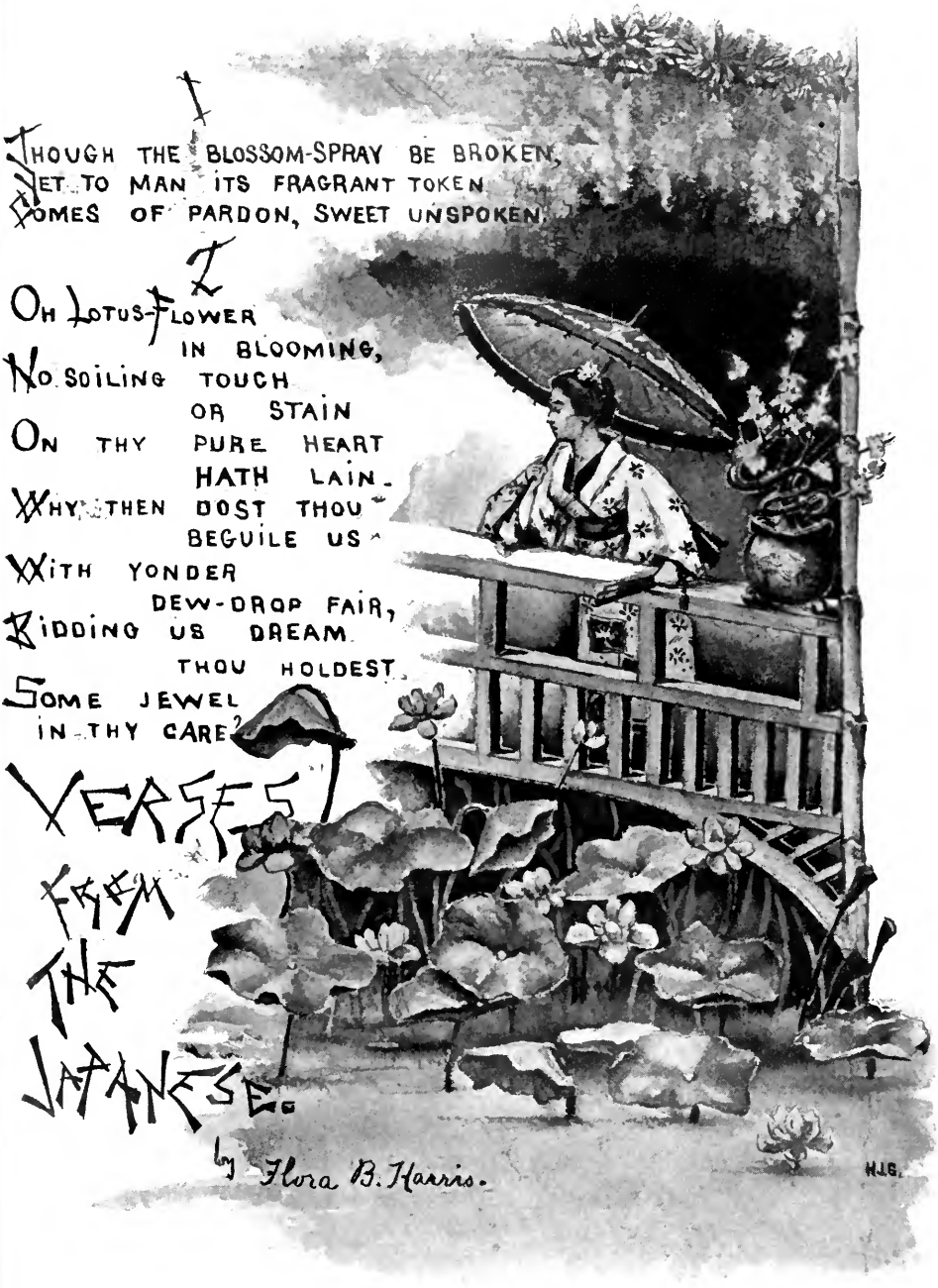
Ninetta Eames.



A VOICELESS SOUL.

God makes no thing in vain. And yet — Ah me!
If man should shape, from precious woods and fine,
With skillful touch and art almost divine,
A violin attuned to melody
Of earth, and sky, and restless, whispering sea,
And then no bow create,—his work resign,
And give the almost sentient thing no sign
Nor sound to voice its inborn minstrelsy,—
We quick should cry, "That man hath wrought in vain!"
O Soul of mine, thou must that viol be,
Without a bow! Thou canst not voice the strain
That rends thy chords in effort to be free,
And turns what should be joy to keenest pain.
God makes no thing in vain. And yet — Ah me!

Carrie Blake Morgan.



Verses from the Japanese.

by Flora B. Harris.

I

Though the blossom-spray be broken,
Yet to man its fragrant token
Comes of pardon, sweet unspoken.

I

Oh Lotus-Flower
In blooming,
No soiling touch
Or stain
On thy pure heart
Hath lain.
Why then dost thou
Beguile us
With yonder
Dew-drop fair,
Bidding us dream
Thou holdest
Some jewel
In thy care?

THE PRESIDENT'S SUBSTITUTE.

"But Manuela is the very soul of discretion and fidelity; and even if she were not, dost thou not see, Estevan, that she is sleeping?" A fleeting smile showed faintly in the white moonlight, as the Doña Zoyla turned her great, luminous eyes in the direction of the maid, who was indeed lightly slumbering, her head thrown back on the arm of the garden seat, at whose farther end her mistress and Stephen Brent were seated. "*Ay de mi*, she always sleeps when an opportunity occurs for a little nap, poor girl! But she is just as ready to wake at a minute's notice, like the truest watch dog going. She was my foster sister, and was never away from me, even in those years I was in the convent. Ah! those happy years, when I had not yet learned any but the sweet lessons the sisters taught me,—when I was in happy ignorance of the horrible lessons of life!" Her eyes softened, and two great drops, which the oblique moonbeams changed to diamonds, quivered and fell upon the ungloved hand raised to brush them away.

"*Querida*," said Estevan in tenderest tones, "if I could but do away with thy grief as easily as thou dost remove these evidences of it!"

Zoyla made no reply, except to draw her *manta* more closely about her telltale face, as ringing steps on one of the paths converging in the *jardincito* told that they were not alone in the great Plaza. The passer-by disappeared, and still the man and woman remained for a while silent.

Surely the time and place were fitted to arouse sweet memories, to awaken half-forgotten regrets, if such there were to be evoked! Behind them rose the ponderous mass of the cathedral: its heavy doors now closed, its clanging belfry silent, under the spell of the night and moonlight. On either side of the plaza the arcades, the heart of Lima's traffic ever since the time of Pizarro, were also silent, except when an occasional pedestrian awoke their faint echoes. Beyond, the Palace and the Municipality showed some signs of life and artificial illumination; all else was given up to the sweet stillness of the moonlit night. Even the fountain —Pizarro's Fount — seemed to drip into the basin under the orange and oleander trees with less of plash and gurgle than when the sunshine fell upon it and the hum of day throbbed around it.

Stephen at last said softly, "Is he then unkind to thee?"

"Not as the world understands unkindness, I suppose. If the word were once suggested to him he would no doubt be surprised at such a possibility. He neglects me, as what Peruvian husband does not neglect his wife? He never loved me, but none of them do love their wives. To be tender and true to us would in their view be neither desirable nor good form. They regard us only as the necessary adjuncts of a well-ordered establishment. We form no part of their lives. We are something to be dressed, to hang jewels upon, to preside at their dinners, to accompany them to public entertainments,—that is all! They take us fresh from our convents, little better than babies, and never perceive that we become anything different as the years go by; least of all that we develop *hearts* along with our other developments."

Again she lowered her *manta*, and her voice, too, as some one passed near them, while her companion courted the deep shelter of the oleander branches above his head.

"Alas, alas, why did I ever meet thee, Estevan, to learn how empty my life had been, which I thought so full? *Ay de mi!* shall I ever forget that ball at the British Embassy, when thou wast presented to me? With the first touch of thy hand I felt a new life; and when we moved out together in the waltz, it seemed paradise itself could hold no more of joy. And was I wrong, *Estevan mio?* Did I wrong him whose name I bear in not trying to drive away this strange new delight, this dawning love, that before I knew it had tinged all my life with rosy light? Did I sin, in not at once banishing thee from thought and sight? And am I, even now, bad, wicked, depraved,— O, tell me not that I am,— in thus meeting thee here, to be beside whom is Heaven itself?"

Her rapid, choked utterance, her clasped hands, working themselves spasmodically back and forth as she spoke, her glistening eyes, even her whole posture, while, leaning forward, she tried to catch the expression of her companion's face, all told of at east her sincerity.

"Poor child! and I have brought thee such suffering, as well as pleasure!" quickly responded Estevan, unlacing her tense hands, and clasping them lovingly in his own. "And I, too, Zoyla, canst thou not see that my whole existence is bound up in thine,— that I rebel with all a man's strength against the fate that separates us? Wrong? *Cielo!* the wrong that has been done was away back of any action of thine, flower of truth and purity! The wrong was in mating thee to one old enough to be thy father, and that before they had given thee time to see the world for thyself. I wonder, do parents forget they have ever been young themselves? Wrong? How can we help the force that draws us together? Why, our affection is as true and innocent as if no cruel barrier loomed up between us. And even if it were not, it would only be the natural outcome of a state of society that countenances — encourages — marriages of convenience; yes, and almost *expects* their vows not to be respected. Even that garment thou hast on,[1] though vastly becoming and graceful, tells but too plainly its old tale of deception, disguise, and distrust, (three very bad *d's*, eh, *chiquita?*)"

Zoyla's errant smile again appeared at this sudden relapse from earnestness to jest, and Stephen thought that thus, in the transfiguring moonlight, nothing could well be more lovely.

"Thy smiles replace thy tears just as the moon sails by the clouds. Could I but be always near thee, to drive them back before they appear! *Queridisima!*"

As he uttered that tenderest of Spanish words, he felt her nestle closer to him. The small head, from which the *manta* had now quite fallen, drooped and rested on his shoulder, and from her lips issued a sigh of utter content. Then all the love in him rose up, and expressed itself in one brief but ecstatic kiss.

The Doña was the first to break the spell. She drew herself quietly from his detaining grasp, and sighing anew, rose to her feet. "I must go," she breathed through almost closed lips. "It is growing late, and I and Manuela may be missed."

"Why will you be missed? He whom thou fearest so to wrong —"

"Be not so sarcastic, *Estevan mio!* or I shall begin to doubt even thy affection," she breathlessly interrupted; "and I could develop a jealousy thou dost not dream of."

"I was only about to say, suspicious one, that he towards whom thou hast so keen a sense of obligation certainly has no present need of thee. His soul is yonder,— where his body is,— over his cards." He glanced in the direction of the club house, beyond the lights of the

[1] The *manta* is a variation of the garment once worn by Lima ladies,— *it is said*, to further flirtations by means of its almost complete disguise.

Municipality. "*Rocambor* and the club are more to him than even his wife's honor."

Zoyla started, but he continued impetuously, "But if that honor were never more assailed than now, Zoylita, thou wert indeed unsullied!"

The maid still slept, while Stephen and Zoyla stood and gazed into each other's loving eyes.

"No, he will not miss me, but the household may remark our absence. *Estevan mio*, I must leave thee and the glorious moonlight, that surely shines more clearly on a love like thine and mine than on the dull work-a-day world! See how it lights up the bronze figure of the fountain! Could that figure but speak, would it not tell us of many, many who had lived, and loved, and enjoyed, and suffered,—and all been forgotten, —almost under its shadow? Ah! the priests in yonder presbytery! I wonder, do they ever miss the love of woman, the delights of a home, —not a home like mine, but an ideal one, where affection is the beginning and end of all! Or are their lives and hearts so devoted to God and the Church that earthly hopes are not dreamed of? *Estevan querido*," with a sudden access of excitement in her manner, "in thy country do they wed as here? Or does young heart speak to heart, and do young lives rush together as birds mate in the *primavera?*" Then, without a further word, she threw her white arms about Estevan's neck, stifled a rising sob, and moved on towards Manuela, who waked quickly, and followed her mistress away towards the Palacio, and so out of sight.

Soon the Plaza was quite deserted, and while the birds and bees slept, lulled by the heavy night perfumes of the lovely garden, the hour of midnight tolled from the great tower.

And still the men played on, in the club yonder, their impassive Spanish faces showing no emotion as the gains fell first to one and then to another of the assembly.

One, — two, — nearly three, before they separated. They were all prominent Limanians, several of them prominent politicians. Among these latter ranked the husband of the Doña Zoyla, who was in the Cabinet, and a close friend of the President.

As Don Miguel gazed upon his wife in her first sleep, while he prepared for rest, he said to himself: "She is a good little soul, after all, though she does not interest or move me in the very least. And she did very well for herself when she married me; very well indeed! Take it for all in all, it was a very fair arrangement for us both. She had youth and beauty, with precious little money or position. I had much money, more position, no youth, and a small — yes, a decidedly small — amount of beauty." He laughed softly at his own pleasantry, and then looked at her again, lowering the candle in his hand the better to examine her countenance. "She has marks of tears on her face. I had no notion that she ever wept,—that she was deep enough to feel anything so much as that. I've surely never seen her cry. But come to think, I have seen her *do* very little!" His frequent grim smile flickered an instant on the strong face, and then went out. "But it is a most comfortable arrangement when a man sees so little of his wife. There is no chance for complaints of abuse, such as so many fool-wives make. They do expect so much of a man, some of these silly women. Pah! Matrimony is a good deal of a humbug, after all,— a civilized, legalized humbug!—That last game was capital, just the right sort of a nightcap for a man!—Must see Don Tomas Arrosamena tomorrow, about that legal point the President was so positive on today. I am sure he was mistaken." So, murmuring to himself, the worthy Minister of Finance sought sleep.

II.

Days and weeks passed away. All the political world of Lima was seething, bubbling, ready at any moment to boil over in an attempt at the Government's overthrow. Don Miguel came and went with an ever deepening frown on his broad brow, and paid even less heed than before to the comings and goings of his young wife. If this administration should be a failure, a temporary exile, at least, lay before him. In the exciting game of politics he had staked much, as he was wont to do in the scarcely less exciting one of *rocambor*. His whole life was now a fevered play of chance,—men by day, the cards by night. Even in "society" the public situation was constantly discussed, foreigners and women often taking up the engrossing theme.

And through it all Zoyla also lived on her feverish life, filled with a perforce hidden infatuation,—an infatuation that would seem infinitely more reprehensible in the eyes of her compeers for having for its object an *estranjero* and a heretic; and she was gay or silent, happy or depressed, by turns, as she perceived Stephen's presence or absence wherever she might be.

Not a few observed a new color in her glowing face, a new animation in her talk and manner. The more charitably disposed regarded it as merely a phase of her natural womanly development. "She was such a child when she married," they would say pleasantly. But the knowing ones (what would society do without them?) did not hesitate to hint at some deeper, darker reason; though who the "reason" was they had not as yet succeeded in divining.

One day Zoyla drove on the Carretera, and as her carriage passed through the city gate, which Columbus's statue overlooks, and rolled on over the smooth boulevard, she became vaguely conscious of a new and strange exaltation. She exchanged salutations with the passing throng, nearly every one of whom she knew more or less familiarly, with an odd sense of seeing and yet not seeing them as they passed. She seemed to look beyond them, beyond the fields and gardens stretching away on either side, and to perceive an unbounded spiritual realm commingling and blending with the physical world around. She seemed to sit on air; and the light motion of the carriage appeared, in her singular condition, like the calm flight of a large bird, much more than the mechanical rolling of wheels. Thus she remained for she knew not how long a time, till she perceived of a sudden that the horses had turned their heads homeward.

Meanwhile Don Miguel, harrassed even more than usually, sat engaged in earnest converse with the President, as the latter's coach rolled through streets that at any moment might be filled with savage, eager crowds, thirsting for his blood. The ominous stillness that in those turbulent countries as surely precedes a political as a physical storm, was plainly felt, even by the mounted bodyguard riding around the equipage.

"If we can only hold out a short time longer, we shall surely weather the storm," Don Miguel was saying in conclusion. The President nodded gravely, but his pale face told the story of anxious hours, as he replied slowly, a very specter of a smile hovering over his weary lips, "If, *amigo mio*, is a tiny word, but how much weight can it not carry? We will hope for the best, however, and will do our best, at all events. I sometimes feel, though, that '*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,' with my children just coming up, and my wife too delicate to bear much care, what would happen if——"

"Pst! say it not, señor! your life cannot be in danger!"

But, in spite of these reassuring words, both felt only too distinctly the insecurity of a president's hold on life in such an unstable country.

"Ah! there is the Chamber of Deputies. Let us go in for a little!" And as his companion seemed to hesitate. "There can be no danger now, señor, when you are not expected here."

The President made no reply, only giving the necessary order to the *cochero*.

But just as the carriage was stopping, he turned and said gravely, "Remember this, *amigo mio*. At every turn I prepare myself to meet lurking assassination. I hope I am not *afraid*, but I tell you this that you may recall it when — when my time shall have come." He concluded his sentence solemnly, after a slight hesitation, and without further word started cross the *patio* of the House of Congress.

The large court was lined on either side by a file of soldiers, standing mute and immobile, the apparent embodiment of stoical devotion to duty.

It so happened that Stephen Brent was crossing the *Plaza de la Constitucion* just before them, and was quickening his steps at sight of a well known pair of bays trotting up the street. With the accelerated pulse now always caused by a perception of Don Miguel's neighborhood, he advanced, quietly saluting the President. Then he turned to speak to the Minister, also, when his attention was attracted by a sudden movement among the guard. Before he had time fully to take in the situation, to his unspeakable horror he saw a soldier step quickly and boldly forward, and aim his rifle at the President.

No one else, it seemed, had seen the action. His privilege it was to save so valuable a life, if indeed it might be now saved at all. He dashed forward and grasped the assailant's arm, in order to give the missile an upward direction. By some mischance — the by-standers never could exactly explain how — in being thus diverted, the ball pierced his own breast;—the breast of a foreigner, quite innocent of political scheming, or even of political interest!

He fell, bleeding profusely, and surrounded by an eager throng, some shouting for joy at the President's deliverance, and others lamenting in hushed tones the untimely end of the brave young *estranjero*. And in the midst of this excitement a woman, who had leaped at the sound of the shot from a passing carriage, tore her way through the throng and fell beside the prostrate, dying man.

She raised his drooping head upon her knees, and covered his already chilling forehead with frantic kisses and tears. His fading eyes looked into hers steadfastly, as she murmured fond words into the dulling ears.

"She loves him!" muttered someone behind her.

"Ay, I do!" she groaned in reply, raising her agonized face for a moment. Then she bent again over him, whose blood was dripping down, down upon her gay attire. "Speak, Estevan! speak to Zoyla once more! Tell me thou wilt not die, even though thou hast given thy life for another! Speak, speak, Estevan! Tell me at least that thou dost still love me! That thou knowest my heart breaks! Ah, though thou mayst not speak, thy tender eyes tell me thou dost,—that I am thine in death even as I should have been in life, had the good God pleased! Ah, how cold is thy brow,—how cold thy hands! Do not leave me so, Estevan! Mother of Heaven! He hears me no more! He is gone!"

And the walls that had once received the agonized shrieks of those whom an ancient religious fanaticism had tortured and murdered, now gave back the pitiful cries of her whom a modern political fanaticism had bereaved.[1]

And while friends thronged around the President, full of congratulations on his marvelous escape, the stiffening corpse of him who had averted the catas-

[1]The House of Congress in Lima is the old Chamber of the Inquisition.

trophe was borne away, the Doña Zoyla clinging to it with the strong grasp of sudden madness.

III.

In the Protestant Cemetery of Bella Vista, midway between the cities of Lima and Callao, lie many nearly forgotten graves. If the tenants ever had loving friends in this far-off country, they have, mostly, long ago returned to their own lands, leaving mother earth, in drawing her own back into her bosom, to perform all tender offices for them. She it is who clothes their last home with ivy, clematis, and the wild rose; and who will ere long mingle all mounds together in one level wilderness of bloom. And among such graves we might, perhaps, today find that of Stephen Brent, who, although he gave his life for that of a President, is already rarely spoken of, even by those who knew him best.

As for her who through him so woefully discovered the possibilities of love in life,—ay, and in death also,—she is really as dead as he, although she seems to live. The sometime tenement of her sweet soul is with the Sisters of Santa Rosa, who by their pitiful care make her mild yet hopeless madness as little apparent as may be.

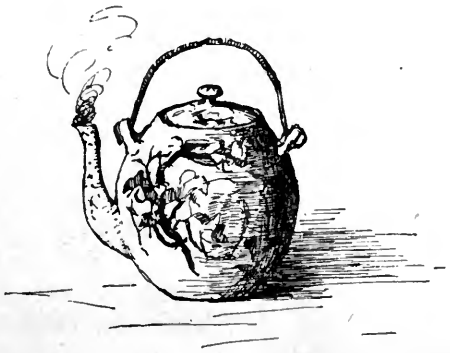
She is lovely still, but only with an animal beauty. When she speaks, which is seldom, it is always of him; of his blood, which she sees still dripping, dripping, over her gown; of his eyes, which she still sees glazing, even under her gaze. And the nuns listen until they can endure it no longer, when they lead her passively away to some fresh scene, in which she relapses into her habitual silence.

And Don Miguel? He is still busy and powerful. A papal bull freed him from his mad wife, and he has another now to preside over his establishment; one much better fitted for him, both in age and temperament.

At rare intervals he speaks to the President of the tragedy that overshadowed his life, but with little of emotion, unless we may dignify by that name a vague feeling of admiration for the brave unselfishness of one who, nevertheless, in the eyes of the world, was his natural enemy.

And he says in conclusion: "I swear I should never have suspected the condition of things if the attempt to assassinate you had not brought matters to a climax. I did not think she had it in her. I should never have dreamed that little Zoyla could be so intense. It was a mighty poor compliment to me, to be sure; but she has paid dearly enough for it. I have no grudge against the girl. I made a mistake, that is all, in marrying as I did, when I supposed I had done a wise thing. The best of us make such mistakes sometimes. Do you not know it, *amigo mio?*"

Sybil Russell Bogue.



TAHOE.

A LAKE of sapphire rimmed with jade,
That shimmers from the eye
To pale blue peaks that melt and fade
Against a paler sky.

Around, on guard, in hollow square
Snow-decked Sierras rise;
Grim veterans of war that wear
The scars of centuries.

The listening pines pause on the brink
To waves soft whispering;
Beneath the brim their needles sink
In silent answering.

A lake of indigo and oil,
The boat, a silver wedge;
Two trains of brilliants flash and coil
Back from the cleaving edge.

A plain of polished glass that gleams
With brilliant, dancing light;
And softened, round the margin dreams
In pictured malachite.

Sunk like a cup between the steeps
An emerald bay appears;
From out the bosom of its deeps
An island tomb uprears.

Far at the head Mount Tallac lifts
His crest: brought strangely near,
His jealous crags hold fast the drifts
Through all the coaxing year.

He sees the lake in drowsy trance,
Or, roused to sudden fray,
But once the crystal waters glance
Above their fated prey,

And unknown currents whirl and grasp
Unsounded depths to tell:
The secrets kept within their clasp
Are kept forever well.

Elizabeth S. Bates.

THE REPEATING RIFLE IN HUNTING AND WARFARE.

In the days of the muzzle loader, rifles were commonly met with having very long barrels, these old fashioned weapons being frequently quite six feet in length. To balance these long and cumbrous pieces, and to secure a true aim while in the act of shooting, the rifleman extended his arm its full length along the barrel, and grasped the piece usually about midway towards the muzzle, or quite as far forward as the length of his arm would permit, in other words, as near the center of gravity as possible; or, when practicable, secured a rest. In building these old-fashioned rifles, the butt of the stock was cut out, and a metallic butt-plate, in shape almost semicircular, fixed thereon. In the aiming position this plate rested upon and around the biceps muscle of the arm below where it is attached to the scapula, and this crescent shaped plate, by partially encircling and binding upon the arm both above and below it, served to prevent any up-and-down play of the stock, and mainly in this way helped towards preserving a steady aim. To ensure a proper equilibrium of the body while sighting one of these long and heavy pieces, (for these rifles weighed seldom less than twelve pounds, and often fourteen and sixteen pounds, and even more) the rifleman stood with his legs spread wide apart, one foot much in advance of the other, his chest thrown out, and head carried well back. In going through the various preliminaries of getting ready, in taking his position, in settling this long rifle into place, as well as in aiming, he was deliberation itself; in fact, deliberation was almost unavoidable in the proper manipulation of this heavy piece, and the above was the position usually taken and manner of shooting of nearly all the old time crack marksmen and hunters.

In the building of these rifles the barrels were made long, partly for the reason that continued aim can more easily be kept on an object with such a barrel than with a short one, and partly to give time for the full effect of the expansive force of the powder to act on the projectile. They were made heavy to help in securing the continued aim mentioned in the first clause of the preceding sentence, and also to take up the recoil; for hair-triggers were used entirely in those days, and many riflemen in the act of firing held their piece but loosely, merely balancing it as it were, relying upon the weight of the barrel to take up the recoil. Our old time gunsmiths, perhaps on this account as much as any other, built their rifles with a view to lessening this recoil as much as possible, though as between muzzle and breech loader, owing to radical differences in the two systems, the recoil of a muzzle loader is probably much less, other things being equal, than that of a breech loader, even when the rifles are of the same weight.

The caliber of most of these old rifles was not large, owing to the dislike of the frontiersman to pack any great weight of ammunition; and in hunting wild animals he depended more upon the accuracy of his weapon than upon the size of the ball. The head or neck shot was generally taken, for a vital spot had to be struck by the small bullet used in such rifles, in order to secure large game. When they were properly loaded, aimed, and fired, the most extreme accuracy was obtained with these old-fashioned rifles at all ranges, and even when the method of loading was faulty, or carelessly executed, surprisingly good shooting was often done with the muzzle loader at short range. All of this accuracy, the length, shape, and weight, of the piece,

and the style of shooting habitually practised, had but the one object in view, which was, of course, to make the single shot delivered by the muzzle loader as effective as possible, or to make the first shot *count*, for it took time to reload this ancient piece, and in former days breakfast, if not life itself, quite often depended upon the success of the single shot.

When the breech loader made its appearance, no great deviation at first seems to have been made in sporting rifles from the model of the old muzzle loader; it was, however, made shorter, and in consequence lighter, and the shape of the butt-plate was altered to make its curvature less; but it still retained its crescent-shaped form. Manufacturers were perforce compelled to make no greater change, for everyone seems to have been wedded to this old model, and frontiersmen, hunters, and sportsmen generally, would use none but such rifles as had heavy barrels and hair-triggers, nor listen to any advocacy of a lighter barrel or a trigger pull of three or four pounds. As time wore on, and the breech loader came into quite general use, as its effectiveness became demonstrated and its accuracy improved, as it became apparent that extremely long and heavy barrels and hair-triggers were not essential to good shooting, but rather interfered with or impaired the full effectiveness of the breech loader, changes in the above particulars were made, and accepted generally by riflemen; and at this time very few rifles indeed are made over ten pounds in weight, or with a less trigger pull than three pounds.

The invention of the repeating rifle was virtually the creation of a new arm. No longer is the hunter dependent upon the success of the first shot, nor even of the second; for with this arm a third bullet may be on its way, almost as the second has reached its mark. Still the repeater, like its predecessor the single loader, had to undergo the same gradual alteration and trial; for, accustomed as they were to the muzzle loader, riflemen were loath to take up the breech loader, and again as they became wedded to the single loader, they were loath, in turn, to discard it in favor of the repeater. As a class, perhaps there is no set of men more firm in their convictions than riflemen, at least in all particulars relating to the use and choice of a rifle, or any in which it is harder to remove preconceived notions. Especially is this true of the hunters of the backwoods and prairies; brought up to the use of that exquisite old piece, the accurate muzzle loader, most of these people had a feeling akin to affection for their weapons, which, perhaps, had been their friends, and through long years of trial had served them well. Their old rifles had answered every purpose, or were believed to have done so, which amounted to the same thing; and the necessity for a change had to be very manifest, and this most pardonable sentiment partially subdued, before the change that took place in firearms could be welcomed or appreciated by this very large class, and the old and loved rifles laid aside, or hung up on the wall, to make room for the novel, but still more useful weapons whose merits they were at last compelled to recognize, and whose superiority in most respects became "allowed."

In hunting in the hilly and mountainous counties of middle and northern California, the repeating rifle is most in favor, and probably men can be found there who are as expert in handling it as any. But there, as elsewhere, the full value or effectiveness of the repeater has not been reached, owing to the fact that repeaters having a stock with the crescent-shaped butt are almost universally used. This last remaining characteristic of the model of the old muzzle loader seems to be one from which riflemen in their selections of a rifle have been unable to depart. We have

seen how important to successful shooting deliberation was in the handling of the old style of rifles, but it bears an inconsiderable part in the proper manipulation of the repeater. Quickness and ease in sighting, aiming, and firing are the essentials most required, and these are best attained by the use of a shot gun butt stock. In using a rifle with a crescent-shaped plate, the butt in aiming cannot be placed against the shoulder, where it properly should be brought, but must rest on the arm and against the biceps muscle. The rifleman's head must, therefore, be inclined to the right and lowered, in order to bring his eye on a line with the sights. Again, in the awkward and cramped position that the attitude involves, the lever cannot be moved with either the ease or quickness that is the case where the rifle has a shot gun butt stock. Moreover, the aim is more easily disarranged, for the muzzle is often thrown far out of the true line of fire by the movement of the rifleman's arm in working the lever; and all this, no matter what make or style of repeater may be used. With the shot gun butt, which rests against the shoulder, the piece comes higher up and closer to the head, the sights are brought at once directly on a line with the eye, the muzzle is thrown less out of line with the object aimed at when working the lever, the recoil is felt less, and if it is great can be endured longer, than when the stock rests against and the recoil is received directly upon the muscles of the arm.

It is hard work breaking away from old methods and acquiring new, and it was as hard for the writer to get accustomed to the shot gun butt, as it may be for any who read these lines; but if any rifleman, and more especially a hunter, who may read the above, will adopt the shot gun butt, and will have the patience and perseverance to practice, he will certainly acquire additional skill, experience more comfort in shooting, and have those of his companions who do not use such a stock at a decided disadvantage. Some one has dubbed the repeater a "scatter gun," which it virtually is, perhaps, in this sense, that one can with it, owing to its rapidity of fire, make a sieve of a target or an animal's hide almost as quickly as would be the case were the whole charge from a shot gun fired into either. Well, votaries of the repeater, keep in the right path and use the "scatter gun;" some one of your shots will be likely to take effect, and the first quite as likely as any that follows; accustom yourselves to throwing the repeater to the shoulder, taking sight, and pulling the trigger in nearly the same manner as you would with the shot gun. Do not be afraid of throwing away your ammunition,—it is cheap, and you will never learn unless you practice.

In order to prove the special advantages of the repeater when having this kind of stock, I will mention that in times past, when I was in good form, and taking more interest in rifle shooting than at present, I have in practice with a small caliber repeater, at a target having a bull's eye four inches in diameter and distant one hundred yards, frequently placed four out of ten successive shots in the bull's eye, the remainder being grouped around it so that a ten-inch circle would take in the whole ten shots, and this in *from twelve to fifteen seconds.* This may seem almost incredible to many, but it seems to show what can be done by practice when one has the right kind of a test. When it is added that ducks and quail and stooping honks have been killed on the wing, by throwing the rifle to the shoulder and firing almost instantaneously, as would be done with a shotgun, it may be judged how great an assistance to quick shooting this form of stock can sometimes be. It is not claimed that in such shooting there is no deliberation, for deliberation there is, but it is of that kind known

as deliberate quickness. It is always optional with the buyer of a rifle whether to take one with a crescent-shaped or a shot gun butt; either is furnished without difference in price, and it is a matter of indifference to the manufacturers which is selected.

In hunting deer with hounds in brushy country the repeater has this advantage over the single loader, that during the time the deer is in sight a greater number of shots can be fired at the animal. The rifles used in the hills, as said before, are almost invariably repeaters,—a single loader being hardly ever seen. The reason for this is that mentioned above, that a given number of shots can be fired with a repeater in less time than with a single loader. And as it is not often the case that a deer will remain within reasonable distance, or in sight, long enough for many shots to be fired at it, hunters have found it best to provide themselves with a gun that will do its work in the quickest time. It is a saying amongst them that to get your deer you must not be afraid of throwing away your ammunition.

I may lay claim to a somewhat extensive experience with the 32 caliber repeater, (the Mannlicher repeating rifle adopted by the Austrian Government for its army is of this caliber,) for it has been a favorite with me for hunting purposes, owing to its slight recoil, extreme accuracy, and to the fact that a number of rounds of cartridges could be taken along without adding very much to the weight carried. During this experience I have killed with this rifle almost all kinds of game and animals found in the hills of California, except bear and lions, —and I would have had no hesitation in shooting at either of these with this weapon, had I come across them, provided always that extremely large cinnamon bear, or the grizzly bear, be excepted.

A number of deer were shot and killed from time to time with the repeater. The factory cartridge adapted to it contained a soft lead bullet weighing 115 grains, and a powder charge of 20 grains. Some deer were shot when using these cartridges, others when the shells were reloaded. In reloading these shells a trifle heavier and very much harder bullet was used than that furnished in the factory cartridges, there being 20 per cent of tin in its composition. The powder used in the reloaded shells was the best and strongest manufactured anywhere at the time, and these cartridges gave greater penetration and a flatter trajectory than the other. Deer were killed equally as well with the one cartridge as the other, but all killed with the rifle were almost invariably shot through the heart or lungs. Those that were hit and got away were such as had not been struck in them, or other vital parts, and as it happens, were animals that had been hit when using the cartridges containing the hard bullet. The hard bullet was never found in any of the deer killed, it having passed clean through the animal from side to side. The diameter of the hole made by the bullet at its place of entrance and exit was the same, or nearly the same, in all instances. Of the deer that were wounded and succeeded in getting away one only was ever seen again.

The circumstances attending the shooting of this one, from the singularity of the wound it received, may be described. This deer, being chased by the dog, dashed down one of the sides of the head of a small cañon and up the other; one shot was fired at the buck as it jumped down into the cañon and another just as it was jumping out on the other side. The deer was seen to stumble when the last shot was fired, and when its trail was taken, blood was found on the ground where it had stopped under a tree, for a moment, until again chased away by the dog. The trail was followed for some sixty

yards farther and then all signs of blood ceased, and the dog came back almost directly. Mistrusting the power of the gun I heaved a sigh, and concluded I had seen the last of that buck, which, perhaps, would suffer and slowly die from its wound. On the next day, however, when within a quarter of a mile or so of where I had last seen the deer, my dog began baying some animal in a damp spot under a large buckeye bush. Going to the place, and when within twenty yards of the buckeye, I saw a forked-horn buck standing up near its trunk, engaged in fighting off the dog. After it was killed and an examination made, it was found to be the buck shot at on the day before. The shot that caused it to stumble had passed through the thigh just above the hock, without disabling the deer at all, causing it only to bleed a little, but had then ranged forward and cut off the entire horny part of the hoof of the foreleg on the same side, and the buck's standing under the buckeye so long, and permitting so close an approach, was doubtless owing to the soreness of the hoof, and to the pain it experienced when moving.

What might be the effect upon large bear or grizzly bear of a shot fired from a 32 caliber repeating rifle of different construction from that used by the writer,—from such a rifle, for instance, as the latest improved modern military repeater, adopted by European governments, or such a repeater as is about to be adopted by our own; the bullet from either of which has such immense penetrative power,—can only be inferred. In considering what might be the value of such a weapon as a hunting arm I am embarrassed, and hesitate to express an opinion, for the reason that in the use of this rifle, or of a sporting rifle of somewhat similar construction, for such a purpose, there appears to be a quantity as yet undetermined, viz.:—what the tearing effect of a projectile will be having tremendous *spin* and velocity, as the one from this rifle is known to possess. The inference, however, from what experience I have had of the effect of my own rifle of similar caliber upon deer, that the effectiveness of such a weapon in an encounter with bear would, outside of its increased range, depend largely upon circumstances, and the nerve and skill of the marksman. A shot from such a rifle, striking the head of a grizzly at almost any conceivable range, would, owing to its tremendous penetrative power, go directly through the skull, and if it struck the brain, kill the animal at once. Doctor J. N. Hall, has this to say in a highly interesting and instructive magazine article on "The Actions of Wounded Animals": "In hunting dangerous game at close quarters, then, the brain should ordinarily be the objective point, unless the bullet be *very heavy in proportion to the size of the animal.* It is generally accessible, and if struck renders the game harmless. A missile passing through a portion of the brain substance almost invariably causes instant death." The italics are mine. Whether or not the velocity, spin, and penetration, of a bullet from this rifle would cause sufficient laceration along its track to compensate for its lack of weight and striking surface, may be a question; but this advantage it would certainly possess over all others less modern, but of similar weight,—that up to any distance at which an animal would be likely to be seen in the woods, fired at, and struck, it would impart to its projectile sufficient penetration to reach a vital spot.

As an infantry arm, however, this small-bore, repeating rifle would seem to possess several advantages over large bores, such as the 45 caliber Sringfield breech loader. To begin with, one advantage would, of course, be in its greater rapidity of fire. Fancy, for instance, an assaulting body of troops dashing up to a line of entrenchments,

and then compelled to halt and clear away obstructions, meanwhile receiving the fire from defending forces armed with this rifle, and discharging their repeaters into the ranks every three or four seconds. It makes one feel good to know that his fighting days are over to think of it. The next advantage, perhaps, in using this rifle, consists in the greater number of rounds of ammunition that can be carried per man. Formerly the soldier carried from 60 to 100 rounds; now the lightness of these small-bore cartridges permits of 175 rounds being carried. The efficacy of this small-bore, as a military weapon, would consist principally in the flatness of the trajectory of its projectile. This flatness of the trajectory will allow of a fire being opened upon troops forming for attack much sooner than would be the case with the 45 caliber. Theoretically, as the range of these rifles is so great, about four thousand yards, it might be supposed that the distance at which firing would be begun would be limited only by the range of the rifle; but practically, and in actual warfare, the fire of the troops of the line is governed greatly by the distance up to which the weapon used is effective without its becoming necessary to raise the back sight in order to secure greater range. Range-finders may do very well in drill for sharpshooters, and perhaps for selected troops in siege of fortified places, but in actual field fighting there can neither be thought of, nor is there time to fool with such affairs, and they cut but a small figure in actual battle.

Doctor Hall, in the article quoted above, in alluding to the importance in hunting game of being able to estimate distance, touches upon the question of trajectory, and I will take the liberty of quoting from him once more. "In the use of the rifle, the difficulty lies not in attaining the direction, but the necessary elevation varying with the distance, the act of gravitation upon the projectile being constant,—whatever motion we may impart to it, its trajectory is a curved line, a parabola, modified by the resistance which the air offers to the moving body. We must thus elevate the rifle sufficiently to overcome the downward tendency of the moving body from the influence of gravitation. In the Springfield rifle used by the regular army, the projectile falls eight inches in the first two hundred yards. As the ratio of fall increases as the square of the distance, the necessity of accurate estimation of the interval becomes greater as the target is farther removed." Taking then the fall of the Springfield rifle bullet at two hundred yards to be correctly given above, its drop at five hundred yards should be fifty inches, sufficient to cause it to strike the ground long before it reached an infantry soldier standing erect, supposing that the rifle was aimed at his breast. In such a case, then, as where one body of troops were forming to attack another that was armed with this rifle, they could do so at five hundred yards, or even at a less distance, without danger of suffering much themselves, should the troops attacked have failed to estimate correctly the interval, and to elevate their rifles, that is, raise the sights, accordingly. This rapid drop of the bullet of military rifles, with which armies have heretofore been equipped, and the difficulty in correctly estimating distance, accounts in some measure, perhaps, for the great disproportion between the number of bullets fired in battle, and the number of killed and wounded. The trajectory of the bullet of the latest modern military repeating rifle being so much flatter than that of either the Springfield or other army rifles, the drop of this bullet up to certain ranges must be correspondingly less, and it follows that troops when not under cover, or when wide intervals do not separate the files, will no longer be able to form line of battle at five hun-

dred yards without suffering severely from a well directed infantry fire. With the new arm at five hundred yards it is probable it will not be necessary to raise the back sight, or in other words elevate the rifle, in order to make its fire effective.

The importance of this flatness in trajectory may perhaps be better understood from the following: — During the Civil War, at the siege of Petersburg and Richmond, where I was present as an officer of the staff, I witnessed an assault made upon troops armed with repeating rifles. An outlying fort of the chain of defenses around the city of Richmond had been captured and held by the Northern troops. On the next day, during the afternoon, an attempt was made to recapture this work. Before this, however, and directly after its capture, a continuous line of intrenchments had been thrown up on either side of the fort by the Federal troops, and occupied by them. If I remember correctly, the regiment immediately supporting the battery was armed with the Spencer repeating rifle. But a few hundred Confederates formed for the attack, and to this day I wonder at the madness of the Confederate officer who gave the order for the assault, for besides being behind intrenchments, the Union troops supporting the battery could easily have been reinforced had it been necessary, so as to have outnumbered the Confederates more than three or four to one, for close at hand and quite within supporting distance were other regiments that could plainly be seen from the Confederate lines. Nevertheless this small body of Confederate soldiers advanced to the charge three several times; but the gallant fellows, after reaching the intrenchments and the line of abattis, were driven back each time easily enough by the fire of the Spencer repeaters. After being driven back they would retire about three hundred yards, reform their lines, and then come on again. While they were thus reforming their lines, the firing upon them from the intrenchments ceased almost entirely, the battery and sharpshooters alone keeping at work. This cessation of the fire of the battery's supporters was not on account of the Spencer's lack of range, for these rifles could throw a bullet three fourths of a mile or more, but because the officer commanding was aware that the result of keeping up a fire would not be commensurate with the amount of ammunition expended, and chose rather to save it for closer quarters and for another charge, which he saw would likely come; for comparatively few rounds of Spencer repeating ammunition were carried by the soldiers. The caliber of this arm was 56, its bullet weighed 550 grains, and its powder charge was 50 grains, — a proportion of 11 of lead to 1 of powder. So small a charge of powder in proportion to the weight of the bullet gave anything but a flat trajectory, and the bullet's drop was great. On this occasion, in order to have delivered an effective fire with the Spencer repeating rifles while the Confederates were reforming their lines, it would have been necessary that the Federal troops should have estimated correctly the interval separating them from the attacking force, and then to have raised the back-sights on their rifles to the proper notch. After doing this, and while the Confederates were advancing to the charge at the double-quick, it would have been as necessary to lower the sights again. Theoretically this is easy enough, and perhaps it would be in practice to trained, skillful, first-class riflemen, — and they would have to be strictly first-class at that, — but to expect it of the average soldier is quite another thing. The more simple the rifle and its appurtenances, other things being equal, the more effective it becomes in the hands of troops on the battle-field.

The Springfield rifle is of 45 caliber,

its bullet weighs 407 grains, and its powder charge is 70 grains,—a proportion nearly of 6 of lead to 1 of powder. The cartridges to be used in the 30 caliber repeating rifle about to be adopted by our government will contain a bullet of hardened lead incased in a jacket of copper, and will weigh 230 grains; its powder charge will be 36 grains of smokeless powder, equivalent perhaps to 85 grains of such powder as is now used in Springfield cartridges, or a proportion of about 2½ of lead to 1 of powder.

Singularly enough the flatness of the trajectory attained by using such a cartridge in the modern military repeater, as well as smokeless powder itself, have been results of incidental rather than direct experiments, that were conducted with the object of finding a powder that would leave no residue in the barrel. And in endeavoring to make such a powder, one was produced that gave off upon igniting but little smoke, was of great power, and imparted a high degree of velocity to a projectile.

Owing to the rapidity with which this latest military rifle can be fired to its increased range, and to the use of smokeless powder, now more than ever perhaps will skill in marksmanship, and a knowledge of all that pertains to the proper use and handling of his weapon, be not only desirable but necessary for the infantry soldier. And upon the individual skill of the men belonging to this branch in all services may depend very largely the fate of battles.

J. A. A. Robinson.

GREETING.

O WINDS of morn, that o'er the lea
Come lightly in from off the sea,
Bending the night-benumbed grass
That heavy-headed, lowly yields,
Rippling the dewy, silvered sheen
Of all the bearded barley fields;
Go dancing on 'mid scented bloom
Until you reach my lady's room,
Through open window swiftly sweep,
With sunshine, dew, and fragrance, fraught,
And bear into her last light sleep
The message of my morning thought.
For me her white lids kiss, and say,
"God bless you, love, through this sweet day."

Aurilla Furber.

SALT WATER FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

In a paper on salt water fisheries, the immense salmon fisheries should not be included, partly because the bulk of the catch is made in the fresh water of the numerous rivers of the Coast, and partly because the industry has grown to such enormous proportions as to demand separate consideration. The fisheries north of Puget Sound might better be treated with the Alaskan fisheries. Thus the subject is narrowed to a consideration of the San Francisco fisheries and southward, with the exception of Puget Sound and Shoalwater Bay in Washington.

Oregon possesses no salt water fisheries, but does an enormous business in the Columbia River region and its tributaries. On the Sound, attempts have been made by New England capitalists to establish a fresh and salt halibut fishery but without success, on account of lack of cheap facilities for preservation and transportation. As a rule, the fisheries are carried on only sufficiently to supply the coast cities with fresh fish.

Halibut, flounders, and salmon, constitute the greater part of the catch in this region. At Shoalwater Bay quite an industry in oysters is growing up.

San Francisco is the only great fishing center of the Pacific Coast, and may be taken as a type of them all.

If a San Franciscan wishes to take a short trip to foreign parts, there is no more economical route than an early visit to Fisherman's Wharf, on the water front, under the shelter of Telegraph Hill, crowned with the ruins of a battlemented beer castle. There, before the sun appears above the Oakland hills, all is bustle and business, especially on Friday morning, from midnight until after dawn. A chatter of husky, guttural voices speaking a foreign tongue is heard, for English has no place on Fisherman's Wharf. The curious visitor can easily fancy himself transported on Sinbad's wonderful carpet to some Italian fishing port.

The dock consists of two L-shaped wharves, the overlapping wings of which inclose a protected basin 400 feet long by 350 feet wide, where the feluccas are moored side by side; those on the right are painted white with blue gunwales, and blue or pink decks; the boats on the left are mostly white with green trimmings. On the approaches to the dock there are numerous wagons, receiving boxes of fish of great variety.

The feluccas are boarded by the customers, the fare, or catch, looked over, and the bargains made. Of these purchasers many are Chinamen, with their baskets on the wharf; many are fish dealers bargaining for a particular part of the fare.

Standing on the wharf and looking over the dock, you will notice the numerous boxes of fish stacked up against the fisherman's market, or piled up inside that large shed-like structure. There may be a hundred boxes of fish, or more, the result of the steam fishing-tugs' trawl-seine or paranzella catch.

While you are looking over these boxes, your attention is attracted by the rattling of the anchor rope on the gunwale of a felucca, as a new arrival casts anchor in the basin near you, makes all snug on board, and prepares to clean up the nets and pick out the numerous king-fish from the two gill-nets piled on the aft deck. Just beyond the end of the wharf another boat is swiftly approaching under full sail, lateen and jib, borne by the fresh ocean breeze as gracefully and lightly as a sea gull.

The boat does not shorten sail. You conclude that she is going to pass. Suddenly the foggy-voiced command of the Italian skipper is heard; two men scramble over the deck, the jib collapses in an instant, the large lateen sail folds itself like the wings of a sea-bird, and the skipper with a dexterous turn of the helm steers around the outer side of the closed rectangle, through an opening forty feet wide, bringing the bow of his boat around to face the direction whence he came; one more turn and the boat is rowed with long oars to its moorings beside her thirty or forty mates. The "Morning Star" has arrived. This name on her bow is the only bit of English in sight or hearing.

The sun has got well up now, and the crowd of purchasers on the wharf has scattered; even the huckster with his hand-baskets, or the more pretentious owner of a bay-horse-frame tied with bale rope to the broken shafts of a rickety old cart, has bought the remnant of half-spoiled tom-cod and crawled away.

Turning to examine the large shed of somewhat pretentious external appearance, one is disappointed in the barn-like, dirty, white-washed interior. All around the structure are sale counters with marble tops, but no fish are in sight save two or three boxes of boiled crayfish in the middle of the room, and a patch of fish about a yard square at the entrance, for sale by a sleepy old man, lazily leaning his folded arms on the counter while puffing a broken pipe.

All about the counters are piled high with dry nets. Up among the rafters like pigeon lofts are many more lockers filled with nets, boxes, and various articles of the trade.

Without, sitting or standing about some large boxes, is a group of five or six Italians and Greeks, earnestly conversing in their own tongues. Now and then one becomes more emphatic, and with gesticulation lays down the law to his interested listeners in a voice that seems to have embodied an echo of the roar of the surf. Some are wearing high rubber boots folded down to the knee, some wear blue, some wear red, sashes, in all stages of decomposition, separating woolen shirts of no particular color at all from anything that might pass for trousers.

A slouch felt hat, sufficiently faded to suit an artist, or a still more faded Tam o' Shanter, covers a swarthy, weather-beaten countenance, behind a heavy, black, piratical moustache.

Many of the boats present quite a busy appearance. The crew of the "Morning Star" are washing their net, one man switching it about in the water, and another coiling it in the stern, and picking out any small fish not already washed from its meshes.

On other boats they are washing down the decks, and scrubbing them with long round swabs like stiff sink-brushes. One man has just taken out of the hold a queer utensil, apparently a cross between a round cast-iron slop-hopper and a plumber's furnace. He swings it about in the water, and then fills the upper part, above the grating, with charcoal, and sets it on deck, in the wind. After starting the fire, it is put down in the hold next to the mast, and breakfast is prepared.

On the deck of another felucca four men are eating from a white china bowl filled with a sort of stew mixed with lumps of water-bread. A half-consumed semi-circular loaf of water-bread is resting on an oar one side of the boat. The men are grouped about this dish on the after hatch; two of them have forks, and two case knives. Each man dips in at will, and fishes out a morsel between his thumb and knife or fork, which he holds in his fist. There are two bottles of claret beside them, with peculiar whistle-shaped mouth pieces, which they frequently raise above their heads, and put into the side of their mouths. One

young man raises the bottle on high, and drinks half its contents without a breath, releasing his hold only after the violent protest of his partners, uttered in an angry, guttural tone.

About the wharf are stretched nets, which the fishermen are busy repairing. Among them very few words are spoken; each man attends strictly to his business.

On the raised rail about the wharf many nets are drying; the small smelt gill-net, the flounder-net, and the salmon-net, varying in the size of their meshes, may be found here. Stretched out on the wharf is a trawling-seine, which is operated by two fishing boats, dragging this large bag-net between them.

Out on the end of the wharf is a shed with five or six large cauldrons for tanning the nets and the sails.

Moored near this shed is a boat that presents an odd appearance. From a distance it looks as if it had eight crab nets arranged equally on two sides, with the lines coiled on top. On more careful investigation they are seen to be the coils of the trawl line fishermen, who drop their lines among the rocks off the rocky headlands north of Golden Gate, or about the Farallone Islands. A circular flat basket is used to hold the coil, into the rim of which the 150 or 180 hooks are pressed, making a complete circle of steel hooks, which are 3½ feet apart on the line when it is stretched. When the chosen grounds are reached, a stone weighing about five pounds is fastened to one end, and a red or blue buoy, resembling a painted milk can, made fast to the other, and the 100 fathoms of line allowed to drift, after it has been baited with sardines, for rock-cod and codfish. From thirty to forty baskets of trawl lines are carried by each boat when trawling.

A great variety of apparatus is carried by each boat, on account of the frequent changes in the fishing caused by the appearance and departure of certain species. It is common for a boat to be fitted with seines, hand and trawl lines, salmon gill-nets, herring, or smelt, and flounder nets. These are stored on shore, for only those which are required for immediate use are taken on board.

The larger boats generally fish for the salmon, shad, smelt, herring, flounder, rock-cod, and sturgeon, in their respective seasons. All the boats carry eight or ten hand lines, to occupy the idle hours and help out the daily catch, of which the hand line may sometimes constitute two thirds.

The size of the craft and the fishery it pursues governs the number of the crew, which varies from two to six men. At present, according to George H. Koppitz, Deputy Fish Commissioner, there are about 175 fishing boats in the bay, exclusive of 42 Chinese junks, although all of them are not fishing all the year around. Speaking in this regard, the same authority says: "Of these about 120 use net and seine, and are subject to pay an annual license. About 30 use nets for the purpose of catching crabs, and the remainder (25) are boats that use trawl lines and fish beyond the Heads, and are not subject to pay a license."

In January, February, and March, also in September, this number is increased by a number of boats that come down in the bay to fish on account of the scarcity of salmon in the rivers, which is growing greater every year.

The crab fishermen have separate wharves at Harbor View, near the government Presidio, carrying on an independent trade along their favorite fisheries between Black Point and the Golden Gate. The boats used in this industry are the smallest used in fishing, and carry about twelve nets apiece. Their nets are made of two concentric iron hoops, one about twice the size of the other, so woven together that when drawn up they form a basket. When resting on the bottom with a piece of bait, meat or offal from neighboring

packing houses, they are flat, and are quite accessible to the greedy crab. These nets are lowered along near the shore and attached to log floats. They are also set outside the Golden Gate, where the best crabs are captured. So abundant are these common crabs, *Cancer magister*, and so simple the apparatus required for their capture, that many a penniless old drunkard or tramp may be seen on a pleasant day sunning himself on a pile on the northern shore of the city, while he waits for crabs to crawl into his nets. After boiling his morning's catch in a rusty can on the sea shore, over a fire of drift-wood, the whisky-soaked old human driftwood peddles his wares around the neighborhood for ten cents or two beers apiece.

The regular crab fishermen use submerged cages run on ways like an elevator, in which they preserve their catch alive until marketed; retailing at the rate of three for twenty-five cents. In 1887, according to the Fish Commissioners' Report, by actual count, the sale in the San Francisco market alone amounted to 300,000, averaging one pound each, and netting $15,000.

Only the ordinary fisheries have thus far been spoken of.

The most important development of the industry is the introduction of steam fisheries over the sandy bottom of the banks which stretch from Point Reyes to the Golden Gate, the most extensive fishing ground on the Pacific Coast so far developed.

Outside the kelp, in other parts of the coast, the paranzella, a mode of fishing similar to the trawl-net fishing might be used, but the markets are too small and undeveloped to be profitable. There are no definite off-shore fisheries south of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, says Professor Jordan, in his report to the Fish Commissioners in 1887. Off those straits, eight miles north of Cape Flattery, there is an extensive halibut bank, but the market is undeveloped,and recent investigations made by the Albatross have shown these to be less valuable than reported.

The proximity of a large market led Peter Koster & Co., an association of five Spanish, Greek, and Italian dealers, to introduce the paranzella from the Mediterranean waters. So far as I have heard, this method is unknown elsewhere in the United States. Its introduction greatly increased the supply of fish in the San Francisco market, and consequently the price was greatly lowered. Before it was in use tom-cod sold wholesale at from 25 to 40 cents, and never reached a lower price than 8 cents per pound in the summer. In 1876 fishermen with seines sometimes made as high as twenty-five dollars per night for each seine. Three steamers are now engaged in this fishery. Until recently two small steam tugs operated a paranzella between them, but the latest innovation is the introduction by an opposition company of a system of booms projecting from the stern of the boat twenty-five feet on each side, from the extremities of which powerful hawsers 400 feet long extend to the wings of the large bag-net sunk in forty fathoms of water. These ropes are weighted with one-hundred-pound sinkers of lead, ten, twelve, or even twenty on each side. The bottom of the strongly made net is heavily loaded with lead, and the top floated by large pieces of cork.

The net has a conical bag in the middle about eighteen feet deep, forty feet long, and five feet wide at the mouth, from which extend wings about one hundred and fifty feet long, though some have wings of only forty feet. The size of the meshes decreases from the extremities to the center of the bag, which has a half-inch mesh.

With this apparatus the tug moves along slowly over the sandy bottom where flounders abound, scooping in a great variety of sea life. When the operators think they have a full net, they

bring in the booms, take a turn on the drum of the donkey-engine, and bring in the net with care. When the net is alongside, the bag is carefully hoisted on davits to the surface. Immense

There are cod fish of different kinds, shad, sturgeon, sharks, silver skate, star fish, sting-ray, jelly fish, crabs, devil fish, and sometimes an electric ray, which seems to be a kind of marine drop-a-

Photo by C. A. Adams

FISHERMAN'S WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.

scoops are used to transfer the marketable fish to a large fish box in the stern of the vessel. Only sufficient fish are scooped up to supply the immediate demands of the market at profitable prices. The two wings of the net are then released, the apex of the bag secured, and the net dragged along inside out. Tons of fish are thus thrown into the water, including great numbers of tiny flounders and other small fish, crushed or asphyxiated by the jam in the bag of the net.

A great variety of sea life is brought to the surface, flounders being the principal part of the catch.

nickel-in-the-slot-and-test-your-nerves apparatus, without the nickel.

All the tugs belong to one company now, but a smaller paranzella is operated by sail boats. One of the larger boats brings in about seventy boxes a day with ordinary luck.

The variety of marketable fish is very great. The flounders and soles are abundant throughout the year. In general the name flounder is applied to most of the flat fish brought in except the best of the flounders, which is called a sole. This confusion in names indicates how impossible it is to give an accurate account of the fish product without the

scientific names. Mr. John Kessing, an American who has been in the business many years, told me that, owing to the lack of general intelligence among fish dealers, there was no accuracy in naming the fish, a hap-hazard nomenclature having sprung up.

Striped bass were introduced from Eastern waters in 1885, and now constitute the choicest of California's market fish. Shad is caught in San Pablo Bay and outside the Heads. A supply also comes from the northern part of Monterey Bay. It is captured in gill-nets from

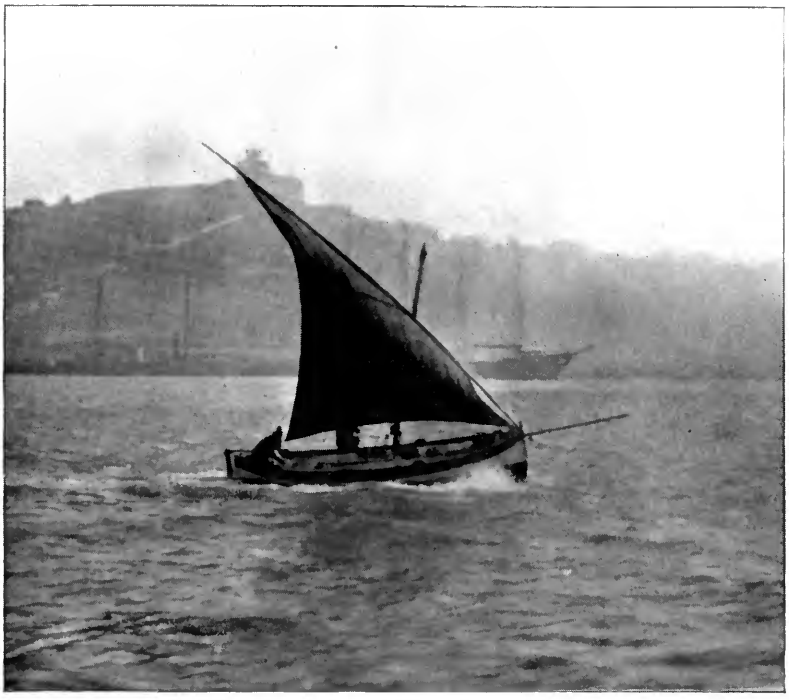


Photo by G. W. Reed

FELUCCA, OUTWARD BOUND.

Smelt are plentiful, codfish of all kinds, including rock-cod, black and red, which latter is more marketable in spite of its learned soubriquet, *Sebastichthys ruber*. Perches of different kinds abound, which Professor David S. Jordan thinks a misnomer applied to surf-fish. The "sea-bass," or "white sea bass," like many of the neighbors of Fisherman's Wharf goes under an *alias*, *Cynoscion nobilis*. The white sturgeon is abundant, being sold in restaurants under the title of sea bass; and a particular delicate cut is christened "tenderloin of sole." It is also known as "bass" and "white salmon." April to December, but a few are found throughout the year, a thing unknown in the East, whence the fish was introduced by the United States Fish Commission. Barracuda, herring, sardines, and anchovies, are abundant in season. The sardine is almost exactly the same as the sardine of Europe, and might be made a great canning industry if developed. The German carp and fresh water cat-fish are thriving imported species.

The Chinese consume skates, shark's fins, dogfish, squid, abalones, clams, and shrimps, the last two being also in general demand.

The supply of oysters is limited to the local production of two companies, who have established beds in San Francisco Bay, near Milbrae, where transplanted Eastern oysters are raised for the local market and shipment to the interior towns.

The marketing of fish in San Francisco, though the most highly developed on the Coast, is still in a primitive condition. The fishermen are not organized as formerly, and much needless expense is incurred by their rivalry.

Very recently steps have been taken by the Caucasian fishermen to organize politically, for the purpose of securing laws which will be sufficient to stop the wholesale destruction of young fish by the Chinese and the paranzella, when operated close in shore. It is said that in Italy this method is prohibited within five miles of shore.

The fishing grounds are far from the city, out around the Farallones or northward to Bolinas Bay, Drake's Bay, and Tomales Bay, and southward about forty miles along the coast. In cases of calm and in hot weather the fish is often spoiled before the fare is landed, for the fishermen stay out sometimes two and three days. A system of steam transports might be employed to advantage, if the foreigners who monopolize the trade could be persuaded to suppress their mutual distrust and jealousy, and combine to organize the industry. There are about fifteen wholesale dealers, twenty-five retail dealers, and many hucksters. The methods of doing business are crude, only a few of the larger companies keeping any records.

The business is carried on almost exclusively by foreigners from southern Europe, the Greeks, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, and Slavs, many of whom are naturalized. Rarely is an American to be found among them, and few Germans, French, or Scandinavians.

Photo by Reed

IN RICHARDSON'S BAY.

From Photo by Lowden

THE CRAB FISHER'S RETURN.

On account of the dense ignorance of this class, who live for the day, and their suspicious nature, it is difficult to extract much accurate information from them. As a class they are industrious, and law-abiding citizens as far as the fisheries are concerned. Some of the large dealers are intelligent men, but they cannot compensate for the general ignorance.

From one or two of these large dealers I was surprised to learn the extent of territory receiving fresh iced fish from the San Francisco market. A supply is sent all over California, and choice varieties, striped bass, pompano, or shad, when out of season north, are shipped to Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma One dealer alone sends yearly ten tons of fresh fish to Butte City, Montana, and one ton to Laramie, Wyoming.

Another dealer ships to Tombstone and Tucson in boxes with pounded ice, which are placed in the ordinary closed freight car, and re-iced at Los Angeles and Yuma. Recently, fresh fish have been sent to the City of Mexico, at a rate amounting to about five tons a year for a single dealer.

Recent statistics of the U. S. Fish Commissioners' report are surprising, placing San Francisco the leading whaling station of America. This is but in small part a Pacific Coast fishery, but it is largely operated with San Francisco capital. The value of the products landed from the San Francisco fleet in 1889 was $540,927, as against $346,255 for the New Bedford fleet rendezvousing in San Francisco. This was an extremely poor year, but it serves to illustrate the relative standing of the two whaling centers.

San Francisco is the only port on the Pacific Coast of the United States to prosecute the cod fishery, which has declined materially of late years on account of lack of demand, the keen competition of Eastern producers in Western markets, and the attraction of capital to the more profitable salmon canning industry of the north. The two companies engaged in this trade have curing and outfitting stations in Marin County,

one at California City, and one on Richardson's Bay.

These fisheries, prosecuted in Alaskan waters mostly, are not properly within the scope of this article.

The exact amount of the fresh fish products sold in San Francisco by peddlers, marketmen, and wholesale dealers who ship to interior ports, can not be determined, for no records are kept. Mr. W. A. Wilcox and Mr. A. B. Alexander, of the Fish Commission, after a "careful estimate, however, based upon the experience of the most observant and conservative dealers, and upon the records of transportation agencies," give the following figures:—

In 1889, the fish product of all kinds amounted to 4863 tons, of the retail value of $696,300; the mollusks, crustaceans, etc., were consumed to the value of $741,228, making a total of $1,437,528 for the year. To obtain an adequate idea of the amount of fish caught, one third should be added for loss of weight in cleaning, and then the great amount of fish destroyed and returned to the waters should be taken into consideration. The paranzella fishery necessarily crushes to death or asphyxiates great quantities of small flounders and other fish in their big nets, beside destroying many skates, halibut, and other unmarketable fish. This is the case when the immense drag-net is operated close in shore, as it is at Drake's Bay.

The value of apparatus and capital invested in the market fishery is $1,989,030, consisting of vessels, boats, apparatus of capture, (such as gill-nets, trammel-nets, seines, bag-nets, pots, handlines, and trawl-lines,) shore property and cash capital.

With this amount of capital invested,

Photo by Lowden

IN SUISUN BAY.

Photo by Chester Deering

BREAKFAST FOR THE GULLS.

it is natural that the Caucasian fishermen should look with apprehension upon the illegal and destructive fisheries of the Chinese, who have established camps about the Bay and along the coast as far as San Diego.

There are at present, according to Deputy Koppitz, 42 junks of differing sizes from the two to the five-man junk, employing about 205 men to fish, and about 75 more to pack and dry.

Not only the Chinese but some among the other fishermen are fishing carelessly with very small-meshed bag-nets, and destroying large quantities of small fish. Mr. Alfred V. La Motte is authority for the statement that he has seen a seine hauled up on Richardson's Bay, with sufficient small fish to cover an area 12 feet square, 18 inches deep. Through this pile the fisherman waded, kicking the fish about, and picking out one of sufficient size here and there. When returned to the water they were almost all dead, and fell a prey to the gulls.

The sea-lion is another great enemy of the development of the salmon supply. Thousands of these animals frequent the coast about the Cliff House of San Francisco and the Farallone Islands, where they are practically safe from molestation. Both the fishermen and the Fish Commissioners' deputies agree that a wise law would be to set a bounty on their scalps. When salmon are scarce they enter the Bay, and pursue their prey far up the great rivers. They are so intelligent that they follow a fisherman's boat, and wait to rob his gill-net, when set. Two of them will sometimes devour or bite pieces out of a dozen or more ensnared salmon out of a catch of fourteen. A favorite meal is to bite the heads off from their victims, and leave the body to float free from the net. If one or two can produce such destruction, it can only be imagined what amount of marketable fish is consumed by the thousands on our fishing grounds.

However great this may be, it cannot reach the magnitude of the injury done our fisheries by the wholesale capture of shrimps and little fish carried on by the Chinese. The shrimps are taken legally in enormous quantities, even in spawning time, and dried for export to China; but with them, whenever they think they are not watched, large quantities of small fish are taken illegally, which should be returned to the water immediately, under penalty of indictment for misdemeanor. Seven or eight camps are established at various points on the Bay, such as Belmont, San Bruno, Point Richmond, and San Pedro, the latter being the most important, where at one time in 1880 there were 1500 men at work.

At present in this camp, there are 8 junks of 5 men each, 5 boats of 4 men each, beside 10 or 12 smaller ones; in all there are about 100 men, some of whom are engaged in preparing and packing the product.

Fish camps of a similar nature at Pescadero, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, are mostly engaged in drying abalones and squid for the Chinese export trade.

The camps about San Francisco are given up to shrimp drying, which assumes considerable proportions in spite of the growing scarcity of their prey.

A Chinese fish camp is unlike other camps, from the fact that it is easily found in the dark by the sense of smell. The fishermen do not mind it, for their olfactory nerves are paralyzed by over work. The camp is always located on the edge of the water, near the fishing grounds, often protected from an invading tax collector at low tide by a wide stretch of mud. A confused jumble of rickety shanties are crowding to get a foothold on the shore, and the smaller ones have been elbowed off into the mud. Strewn about are old Chinese baskets, ducks, filthy boxes, pieces of dirty matting, piles of garbage and decaying fish,

Photo by E. L. Wood

A CHINESE FISH CAMP.

Photo by Lowden

A CHINESE JUNK.

old sacks, and rotten sails; here and there a mangy, half-fed dog, or a black cat stretched in the sun, on the sill of a smoke-blackened hovel. A charitable squash vine has taken root among some old rusty cans, and tries its best to cover some of the abominations of the camp. A short distance from the camp a number of small junks are pulled up on the shore, not far from the queer oblong shrimp boiler. On a slope close by are several barren patches of considerable extent, an acre or so, where the cooked shrimps, and perhaps some small fish, are drying, if illegal work has been going on, which is frequent.

The boy who has been reading Captain Kidd would be much frightened to meet a Chinese junk of the large size, manned by five men. The craft is extremely dirty, unpainted, and weather-stained. Approaching nearer, the countenances of the men are anything but reassuring. An old pirate squatting on

the after deck, with a piece of red flannel tied around his head, and a very dirty shirt, glowers at the intruder; another man has no shirt at all, but wears the regular Chinese straw hat, shaped like an inverted basket.

The junk sails up to the line of bag-nets so anchored in a current as to catch most of the small fish that come in or go out with the tide. The bag-net, or strap is a huge cone-shaped bag, forty-two feet long and twenty-four feet wide at the mouth, which is held open by stakes driven into the water at low tide. The apex of the bag is four feet wide, which, when set, is tied up with a puckering string. This end of the bag is taken up when the net is hauled, the string loosened, and the contents dropped into the boat; the meshes of this net are decreased in size toward the apex, where they measure only half an inch. Such a net, set for shrimps, should not be more than two feet high, but when not watched they are set three or four feet high to catch all the small fish possible.

These nets are set according to the currents in the tide, forming a complete blockade. It matters not to these aliens whether the shrimps caught are filled with spawn or not; they are here to catch all they can, regardless of the future. "All is fish that comes to their nets." As there is no law protecting shrimps, the Fish Commissioners are powerless to stop this evil. As it is, they are so exerting themselves to prevent the illegal capture of small fish that, at the present writing, the shrimp fisheries have stopped, and none are to be had in the markets. The fact that shrimp fishing has stopped when illegal fishing is stopped would seem to indicate that the profit in the business comes from the illegal taking of young fish.

The law is peculiar on this point. While there is no law to prevent the taking of young fish, it is a misdemeanor to neglect returning them to the water immediately, alive. When a Chinaman gets anything of value in his possession, it is almost impossible for him to let it go. Hence the constant struggle to maintain the law.

The wholesale catching of shrimps (which ceases only when the rains stop the drying) has so depleted the supply that whereas, in 1880, fifteen hundred men were engaged in this camp at Point San Pedro, at present only one hundred are employed. This depletion is bitterly lamented by the Caucasian fishermen, who claim that it is ruining the Bay fishing by destroying the food supply of the larger fish.

At the turn of the tide the nets are brought close to the boat by an awkward windlass rigged amidships, and the contents of the bag emptied; the nets are then reset to suit the change of tide. With a favorable catch of two tons of shrimp, the junk is headed for the drying ground. The shrimp are loaded into large Chinese baskets, suspended on a pole in the usual manner, and carried to the boiler. A portion of the catch, however, is preserved for the local market.

The vat is ten or twelve feet long and three or four feet wide, with wooden sides; the bottom and ends of boiler iron. On one end is a rude mass of brick and mud, from which an old stove pipe protrudes. The water which is prepared with sea-salt is already simmering. Into this the shrimps are dumped, and covered over with a wooden cover, to be cooked with a gentle heat for twenty minutes. From the boiler they are spread out to dry on the bare ground, after it has been wet down, dried, and swept. From time to time the shrimps are turned with a curious wooden rake. By this time they have become shriveled, hard, and tough, and about the color of the yolk of an egg. A corrugated wooden roller is then run over them, pushed by two men, after which they are swept up and put through a primitive fanning machine, to separate

the meat from the shell. With the shrimp are sometimes quantities of small flounders, soles, kingfish, and smelt. The gravel mixed with the fish is removed, and the fish sorted by means of graduated seives, after which they are sacked and ready for shipment to China. In 1888, the export was 769,660 pounds of meat, worth $76,966, and 3,842,200 pounds of shells, valued at $38,482.

The only other fishery the Chinese pursue to any extent is that of the sturgeon, from which they make caviar, and extract the white spinal cord, which they consider a delicacy. As with the other fishery, their methods are cruel and wasteful. The sturgeon trawl has been introduced from China, though it is illegal. Of this Mr. Alexander says :—

> Each trawl has an average of eighty barbless hooks, which are as sharp as needles. They are fastened to the gagings in clusters of eight and ten, and when in the water are swung about by the action of the tide like the tentacles of an octopus reaching out for prey. A fish which approaches within a length of itself is pretty sure of being hooked by one or more of these treacherous devices. When a fish of any considerable size gets fastened to a hook it is sure in its struggle for freedom to become entangled with other hooks, and finally, in its flouncing about, will become completely incased in a network of gagings and hooks, like a shark which has rolled itself up in a net. . . . The trawl is always set off bottom, and from three to five fathoms below the surface, according to the depth of the water, and the way in which the fish caught are thought or known to be moving.

The lines are anchored and buoyed in the same manner as cod lines.

The Chinese fishermen are fertile in resource. Mr. A. V. La Motte has observed a novel mode of entrapping sturgeon in great quantities. At low tide a long, single-wire, barbed-wire fence is constructed for several hundred yards. The wire is 6 or 8 inches above the mud flats where they are built. At high tide the sturgeon pass safely over the obstruction, to feed on the crustaceans near shore. As the tide slackens they recede, with their heads shoreward, until their tails strike on the barbed-wire fence. They endeavor to go shoreward, but the receding tide backs them down against the fence, which they cannot pass over or under. The fisherman then passes along on the outside of the fence with his scow, and clubs his victims to death, pulls in those he wants with his gaff, and leaves the others to float away on the next tide.

Great pains are taken by these Oriental fishermen. At the Chinese camp at Pescadero a strange method of frightening fish into the gill-nets, set near the rocks close to shore, was seen. A small scow is sculled around them, while a man stands in the bow, and throws a pole into the water in such a manner that it will return to his hands, and another man squats on the bottom of the boat, and drums on the middle seat with two sticks.

At all the principal fisheries, such as San Diego, San Pedro, Port Harford, Monterey, and the Channel Islands, the Chinese pursue their trade of gathering abalones and squid for export to China, selling the shells of the abalones to Americans, for ornamental shell work. At San Diego there are fifty-two men engaged in gathering abalones.

Monterey is the principal squid and octopus fishery, of which the export value was $13,620 in 1888.

At that time there were 934 Chinese employed in the fisheries of California, exporting abalone shells and meat to the value of $78,576, and shrimps and prawns worth $141,688.

As the development of the fishing industry in the great center is quite incomplete, the same is even more true of the lesser salt water fishing centers, such as Puget Sound, Monterey Bay, Port Harford, Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Monterey Bay is well known for the abundance and variety of its fish, and is especially noted as the dividing line of navigation of many species found in

the north and south. Salmon are rare south of this line, and species found in great abundance further south, such as the barracuda, bonito, mackerel, horse mackerel, sea-bass, and pompano, are seldom found in great numbers north of Monterey Bay.

The methods of fishing in the south are the same as those north, with the exception of trolling for barracuda and bonito, which is unknown north of Monterey Bay.

A troll line consists of a line about sixty feet long, with a drail of bone or iron three or four inches long, with a barbless hook fastened to it, that the hook may be extracted easily. When trolling, the vessel moves along under easy sail, with six or eight lines out. No bait is used, for the fish bite readily at the drails. To prevent fouling of lines, they are sometimes attached to short booms rigged on each side of the boat.

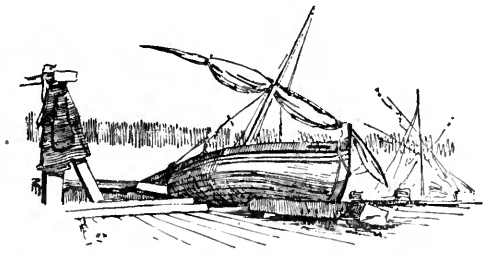
Both north and south of San Francisco, as a rule, only sufficient salt water fish are caught to supply the local market. In the south, the hot weather and frequent calms often deprive the fisherman of the fruit of his labor, for he has no facilities, such as ice or welled boats, for preserving his catch until marketed. Around the rocky islands off the coast there is an abundance of yellow-tail, barracuda, and mackerel, in season, which are dried and exported to Honolulu and Hong Kong. The mackerel is too poor to satisfy domestic consumers. Crayfish grounds are numerous along the coast of the mainland and off the islands, whence comes a supply to the San Francisco market, where the local catch is not abundant.

The man that delights to pore over statistics finds a feast in the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for 1891, on the Fisheries of the Pacific Coast of the United States, from which reliable source the following figures are taken.

In 1888, there were 3,988 Caucasian fishermen employed on boats and vessels, exclusive of those engaged in Arctic whaling and fresh water fisheries, with a working capital of $2,348,200, producing a yearly product of $1,144,547 of fish, and $769,299 worth of mollusks, crustaceans, etc., at retail valuation.

Of this capital, San Francisco furnishes $1,989,030, occupying 2,512 fishermen, including 807 Chinese. San Francisco thus furnishes two thirds of the capital and more than half of the men engaged in the salt water fisheries of the Pacific Coast.

Philip L. Weaver, Jr.



THE ECONOMIC INTRODUCTION OF THE KANGAROO IN AMERICA.

I.

INASMUCH as there have been serious proposals made for the introduction of the kangaroo into this country, in some measure to take the place of the defunct bison of the plains, I made the subject one of careful investigation. I started out with decided skepticism; but now that I have all the material I have been able to collect at disposal, I feel bound to look at the undertaking in a totally different light, and have come to regard the idea as a feasible one.

With the object of giving the American reader all the information necessary to judge on this matter for himself, I shall first present a few notes, common to the text-books, on the natural history of the family of animals, marsupials, to which this strange creature belongs. Then I shall furnish evidence of the practicability of the undertaking, at the same time showing the purposes for which the animal is valuable. It may be permitted me to remark, if it might be thought at the outset necessary to offer an apology for introducing such a subject before American readers, that the animal that produces the "kangaroo" for our "uppers" is worthy of the attention of the curious.

The kangaroo belongs to one of the most peculiarly constructed orders of the animal kingdom. The family is "characterized by the existence, on the anterior portion of the pelvis, of two long, narrow, articulated, and movable bones, which serve in the females, at least in the majority of species, to support a pouch, situated below the abdomen, and called the marsupial pouch or purse. This pouch is connected with the function of the development and nourishment of the young. The word is derived from the Latin *marsupium*, a purse. The bones forming and supporting the purse are hence called marsupial bones, and the order to which the animals so characterized belong is called marsupiata, or order of marsupials.

The marsupials constitute, thus, a very great anomaly among the mammals, and the modification in the skeleton that effects this anomaly is co-ordinated with a very peculiar mode of generation, which it would be highly interesting partly to describe. The main points of peculiarity need only be alluded to.

It appears that there are what must be regarded as two phases to the gestatory process; one is uterine, and the other is the marsupial period. The first is short, extending to about thirty-eight days after fecundation; the second is the long period, about eight months. Professor Sir Richard Owen, F.R.S., the distinguished comparative anatomist and palæontologist, who has lately retired from the position he held so long in the British Museum, determined from study that it is the female herself who forcibly extracts the immature fœtus from the uterus. He has recently discovered that the paws are not used in doing this, but in keeping the pouch open. She extracts the young with her muzzle, while lying on the ground in a favorable position. She then places the young animal inside her pouch, over one of her mammæ, which it would be powerless of itself to reach, and holds it there till it has seized its teat. After this the youngster cannot be detached without force, but it has not yet strength to enable it to suckle. To provide against this con-

tingency, the mother is furnished with a muscle, which, by contracting on the teat, causes an injection of the milk into the mouth of the young.[1] Thus the kangaroo family is provided with a natural cradle for its young. In this cradle the organization of the immature animal is completed. In the larger species the hair appears during the sixth month. The young begins to put its nose outside about the eighth month, and to nibble at any blade of grass it may reach. At last in a fit of frolicsome mischief, and perhaps as showing its realization of the bondage that has, as it were, tied it so long and ignominiously to its "mother's apron strings," it makes its plunge from its peculiar perch, and ventures a few timid jumps; but, scared likely by the unusual excitement, suddenly screams back to its shelter. This is a welcome haven for it during periods of danger or hunger, until it is fully emancipated from maternal care. One may see, it is said, young in all stages, just born or just about to be weaned, at the teat at one time. Hence the female kangaroo has more mammæ than the number of young produced at each litter.

All the marsupials with the exception of the true opossum, which inhabits America, and a dwarf kangaroo, which has been discovered in the staked plains of Texas, belong exclusively to Australia, where very few mammalia of other kinds are found. There are two other facts of great interest yet to be noted; we find in the order a series of groups, apparently analogous to those of ordinary Mammalia—Insectivora, Rodentia, Carnivora, Ruminantia, and Quadrumana. This opinion has been confirmed by the discovery of fossil remains belonging to some species of great size. Sir Richard Owen has made out some fossilized species of this order, which must have been considerably larger than a horse. These remains have been found near Paris, in Auvergne, and in England. In geological times, therefore, Europe possessed marsupial animals; perhaps they composed an entire class, and parallel to the mammalian orders, as suggested in 1829 by Cuvier when he wrote: "One should say that the marsupials form a class apart, parallel to that of the ordinary quadrupeds, and divisible into like orders."

In dentition generally — the kangaroo having no canine teeth — and in their digestive system, this species of marsupials approaches the ruminants; in fact, they are said sometimes to ruminate. The length of the great kangaroo is seven and one half feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, — the tail being a little more than three feet in length and fully six feet in circumference at the base. The height of the animal is rather more than fifty inches in erect sitting posture. When it raises itself on its toes, its height is greater than that of a man. It sometimes attains the weight of one hundred and sixty pounds. The most prominent characteristic of the kangaroo is the relative disproportion of the anterior and posterior feet. The former are short and weak. The radius allows a complete rotation of the forearm. The hind feet are long, thick, and strong. The tail is also long and powerful. It "constitutes a sort of fifth member, destined to facilitate the peculiar mode of progression" seen in the animal. The muzzle of the giant kangaroo is long and slender. The ears are large and straight. The aspect of the countenance is very mild. The animal's disposition is timid. The body is thin in front; very massive behind. The posterior extremities possess only four toes, and one of these has a most mur-

[1] Mr. W. B. Tegetmeir, who has recently studied some individuals in the London Zoölogical Gardens, says: "The top of the wind-pipe (larynx) is elongated upwards into the back of the mouth, and it is surrounded and closely embraced by the soft palate, so that the air passes through the nostrils directly into the lungs without going into the back of the mouth or throat, through which the milk reaches the gullet."

derous nail. Its coat is composed of silky hair on the head, the members, and the tail ; and woolly hair on the rest of the body. Its diet is strictly herbiverous. They live in groups, under the direction of old males, and they prefer woody places. The females have one, at the most two, young at a litter.

"According to circumstances," says Figuier, from whom we quote, "these animals walk or leap, and their tail plays an important part in either case. In walking they first place their four feet on the ground ; then leaning on those which are in front, and on their tail stretched out like a rigid bar, they raise their hind parts, bringing up at the same time their two posterior close to their two anterior legs, and moving the latter forward, to begin again the same manœuvre, and so on repeatedly. One can understand that they cannot move very quickly in this way ; and so they have recourse to another expedient when pursued, or when they want to hop over any obstacle in their way. The fore-legs then remain unemployed, and hang idly along the body. Squatting on its hind legs, the tail stiff and leaning on the ground like a prop, as it does when the animal is walking, the kangaroo bounds, as if it were propelled forward by a spring, and alights a little farther on, where it begins the same exercise over again indefinitely till it wishes to stop. The larger species of kangaroo can clear as much as ten metres in length [about thirty-three feet] at a single bound ; and can jump from two to three metres in height [seven to ten feet]. Nothing is more curious than to see them traversing space with the rapidity of arrows, and like the giants we read of in mythology receiving fresh impetus every time they touch the earth."

The tail of these animals is not only an apparatus of propulsion, but it also serves as a defensive weapon. They have been seen many times, when pursued by dogs, to strike them heavy blows with their tails. But the greatest offensive weapon they possess is the nail of the fourth toe of their hind legs, already noted. To make use of it, says Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the kangaroo stands erect against a tree ; leaning on this with its four paws, it supports itself with its tail. This tree or any other obstacle high enough for the purpose is absolutely necessary to it, since, as it always moves its two hind limbs at the same time, it cannot lean upon one and employ the other in fighting. When a combat takes place between two kangaroos, the adversaries stand up face to face against each other, "and tear each other's bellies out, as a couple of Japanese might do." This mode of warfare among themselves is confined to the males.

About fifty species of kangaroo are known, varying greatly in size, from that of a rat up. They were first discovered in Australia by Cook in 1770. Fossil specimens of gigantic size have been discovered. Some of these "stupendous," "huge," or "great fossil beasts" have become extinct within comparatively recent times.

The flesh of the kangaroo is highly esteemed and much sought after. The animal is accordingly an object of sport with the squatters of Australia, who use dogs specially trained for the purpose of hunting them. The animal is remarkable for the great development of those parts of which the meat is most esteemed, such as the loins, buttocks, and thighs. The tail is also said to make excellent soup. The tails are indeed being imported now into this country for that purpose. Certain species, moreover, have excellent and very choice fur. The leather is a well known article of commerce now in this country.

II.

NEXT I shall present the very full report furnished to me by and through the courtesy of my friend, Mr. P. R.

Gordon, H.M.S., Brisbane, Queensland. It appears that in Queensland the government has been compelled to enforce stringent measures for the suppression of marsupials, where they threatened to overrun the country, and ruin the sheep industry by destroying the grazings. Mr. Gordon says: "My last official report on the working of the Marsupials Destruction Act will give you an idea how they have taken possession of the public estate. The immediate cause of the phenomenal increase of marsupials in these colonies is attributable to the fencing in of sheep runs, and grazing the sheep at large within paddocks. Before this could be done a raid had to be made on the native dogs, or dingo, of Australia. These were natural enemies of the marsupials. I enclose a letter from Mr. Brabazon H. Purcell, a stock and station agent in this city, who has had much experience with the marsupials, and who is a large buyer of marsupial skins for America. You will see that he is of the opinion that marsupials would breed well in America. On the other hand, Professor Shelton, Instructor in Agriculture here, an American, is of the opinion that the temperature of Colorado is much too severe for them, but he thinks that they might do well in more southern latitudes."

The following is Mr. Brabazon's report:—

I HAVE had considerable experience with kangaroos all over Australia, both rearing, killing, and selling the skins. I really think that a good kangaroo breeding station would pay well, and have argued so with several of my clients. As you are doubtless aware, the kangaroo generally inhabits rangy or hilly country of a sour description; that is to say, that produces the most valuable skin.

First let me describe the most prominent species. Macropus[1] major, or great gray kangaroo:—This species thrives best in Tasmania and Gippsland, Victoria, where the cold is very severe, and snow lies on the mountains about four months out of the twelve. The fur is very long, and the skins tough and large. Of course, during the winter it comes down on to the plains, where there is no snow, but very heavy frost. As the spring approaches and the snow melts, it works back to the mountains. Skins of three pounds of this class at present are worth, according to quality from $5 to $7 per dozen. The same species is found all over the ranges of New South Wales and Queensland, also on the plains of the Murray River, Murrumbidgee and Darling rivers, and in fact thinly dispersed through intermediate plains five hundred or six hundred miles back from the coast. This is the best species to breed, as the skins are valuable, from three quarters of a pound upwards, and more valuable than any other kind.

Then there is the Osphranter rufus, or great red kangaroo. This species lives on the plains solely; it is rare to see them in the mountains or ranges. Their fur is red, (female, blue,) and skin very thin and easily torn. It grows quite as large as the Macropus major. It is not nearly so hardy, and dies quickly during severe drought. One peculiarity about these two species is that the gray when forced to fight hugs and rips, or strikes with the hind toes, whilst the red hugs and bites. Osphranter robustus, or black wallaroo,— more a species of the gray,— lives solely in the mountains; fur long and skin thick; worth about same as the reds.

There are altogether about forty-seven species of kangaroo and wallaby, even to the Dendrolagus ursinius and inustus, the black and brown tree kangaroos found in New Guinea and the northeastern coast of Queensland. The species I should advise to breed is the great gray kangaroo, and the Halmatus

[1] From the large size of the hind feet, caused by the extraordinary elongation of the metatarsal bones.

allabatus, or swamp wallaby, whose skin is highly prized in America. Although it is called swamp wallaby, it lives chiefly on the grassy slopes of Queensland, where there is plenty of green grass all the year round, and moisture. Its fur is brown and very long. Of course, you will know, the colder the climate the longer the fur.

I have found the kangaroo, when tame, docile, lazy, and quiet, fond of sugar and bread, and easy to handle. The bucks when fed by hand get very fat and will lie in the sun for hours. A flock of twenty head were a perfect nuisance on one estate; they got so quiet, and were continually about the house.

For breeding I would suggest the fencing in of some plains or slightly timbered country, with ranges at the back, and in a fairly cold, well-grassed country. Both the species I mentioned could be bred together. All species breed alike, about one every ten or twelve months, and at twelve to eighteen months the skins are worth taking, but if left for a longer period would be more valuable in proportion. Sometimes they have two young ones at a birth, but very rarely.

Of course, the only expense would be the first cost of fencing. I would suggest the usual wire netting, six feet high, as the best style of fencing. They want no management, no one to look after them. The fence would occasionally require looking to. If some unoccupied land could be got, or land not suitable for other stock, that would be the very thing, as there would be no expense but fencing incurred.

I have never tried rearing the kangaroo on artificial food, but in the Royal Park, Melbourne, my friend, Mr. Lee Sonef, the Director, had several I forwarded him living on maize, grass, and bread. They have grown wonderfully. That they will breed freely in captivity is also noticed, as they have been breeding white ones for years at the Royal Park, Melbourne. It may take some time to breed up a sufficient quantity, but once they get, say, five hundred, they would then multiply in a surprising manner.

There is, at present, a law enforced at Tasmania, prohibiting the kangaroo from being killed under a certain age and during certain periods, and South Australia has brought in, or is about to bring in, a similar law. They have been killed at so surprisingly rapid a rate, that they are beginning to get scarce, and have been cleared off in some districts.

But can they be easily acclimated in this country? I think there is no doubt as to that. "Kangaroos easily accommodate themselves to captivity," says Louis Figuier; "they bear the climate of Europe perfectly, and breed freely in our menageries. It would be very desirable, therefore, to encourage by all means in our power their multiplication in our country (France), as they have begun to do in England." It is mentioned in the "New Statistical Account," published in 1838, that Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, introduced some kangaroo into that severe part of Scotland. It is said of them: "They seemed to experience no inconvenience from the rigor of the climate, and fed readily on grass and vegetables in summer, and on hay with occasional green food in winter. Unfortunately they were both of the same sex. It would have been interesting to have ascertained whether they had been so far naturalized as to have bred in the head of Aberdeenshire." In the same county, but in the lowland portion, several frisky specimens of Macropus used to be objects of great interest to travelers on the railway that passed close to the ground of Pitmeddan House, the seat of the Thompsons, ship-owners in the Austra-

lian trade. These showed no inconvenience from the weather.

These instances show their hardy character, and we have seen how prolific they are, even in captivity. So we have sufficient practical testimony to dispose of Professor Shelton's opinion as to the possible inability of the species to withstand the American climate. I should say that a climate and environment could be provided in this country equal to that of its native habitation.

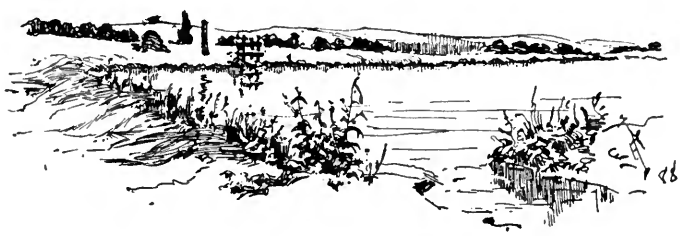
From the foregoing we find that this peculiar Australian representative of the ruminant order: —

(1) Is easily domesticated;
(2) Breeds readily in captivity;
(3) Is easily maintained;
(4) Has excellent and abundant flesh, of a very edible kind;
(5) Is extremely valuable as a fur-producer;
(6) Makes excellent sport when at large;
(7) Can be bred and reared on an extensive, inexpensive scale, by simply fencing in a tract of land "not suitable for other stock";
(8) Becomes easily and throughly acclimated, and is quite hardy;
(9) Can be procured very easily and cheaply.

These facts are worth knowing. And seeing that the native ruminant of the American plains is defunct, it would seem as if we have, ready to hand, another, and at the same time peculiar, representative of the ruminant order, when we so desire, to populate our useless Western areas. Besides their undoubted economic value in flesh, fur, and "foot-wear," (the last commonly appreciated throughout America,) the greatest accommodation they have is their adaptability for the utilization of tracts of country useless for other stock. In our Western States have we not boundless areas of such land, the stocking of which by any remunerative process would benefit the country at large? There may come a time when it may be found more profitable to raise kangaroo than even cattle on the "arid" ranches.

Look, too, at the success of ostrich farming in California,— such a tender, expensive subject as that bird is. The kangaroo is a hardy animal. Its products are all valuable and find a ready market. The introduction of the ostrich was a novelty and a success in this country. The introduction of the kangaroo would be no less novel, and I believe no less successful. Let this new industry therefore be recommended to those interested in the development of regions useless for other kinds of stock, but which could be made thus easily to earn a most welcome increment by this means; at the same time providing a species of sport of a most novel kind for the legitimate American sportsman.

Robert C. Auld.



THE LEGEND OF RODEO CAÑON.

When I was a child, a deep impression was made upon me by the return from California of my mother's only brother, Jack Lane; who, early in the fifties had gone out, a handsome, light-hearted lad, to that golden land. Well, I remember how different he seemed from the idea I had formed of him; how amazed and saddened were my mother and all at the change in him.

His face, deeply bronzed, with wrinkles on cheek and brow; his low, sad voice, absent mindedness, and lack of interest in all things, even his favorite books, seemed almost impossible in one who had been accustomed to occupy himself in the slightest matters, enjoying everything to the full. In financial affairs he had been more than fairly successful, and should have been in the prime of healthy, happy manhood. When questioned about the change he gave no satisfactory answer; only saying that life in California was hard, and men grew old early.

Shortly he married a neighboring country girl, who made him a busy, devoted wife, and after a few years he died quite suddenly of heart disease.

I hoped that among his papers would be some explanation of the change, over which I had brooded with all a young girl's romantic interest, and as Aunt Jenny went methodically through trunk, shelves, and desk, I hung around, rendering all assistance possible, watching everything with anxious eyes. Not a word of the kind had she found, and the search was almost over when one afternoon she drew out a bundle of manuscript, yellow and worn, that caught my attention at once.

"What is it, Aunty"? I cried, as I edged up to her, eager to examine it with her.

The parcel was flat, and wrapped with a black silk cord. All I could make out of the writing was the title, in faded letters,—"A Story of California Life."

While I quivered with anticipation, my aunt read slowly down the page, turned it over, glanced carelessly inside, then without troubling to untie the cord flung it into the waste basket.

"Oh Aunty!" I cried reproachfully.

"Why, my dear," she answered in surprise. "It is nothing of any value, only some Western tale."

"Please, Aunty, give it to me?" I pleaded eagerly.

"Certainly, my dear, if you like," she replied, with some astonishment.

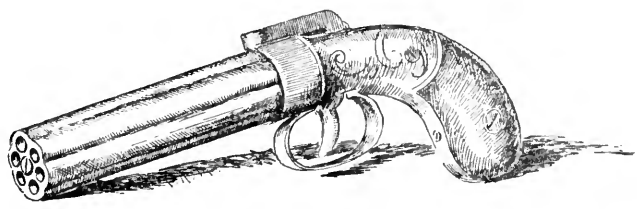
Seizing the treasure, I flew to my room and made fast the door, fearful lest some one might interfere with my reading the manuscript. With nervous fingers I undid the wrapping, and as I flattened out the papers there fell to the floor a small package wound in tissue paper. Opening this gently, I found a curl of silky black hair, and a small silver ornament in the shape of a lyre, the latter marred by a reddish stain that tarnished its brightness. I laid them reverentially aside, and turned to the time-worn writing. The following is the story that dwelt in my mind for many a day, and then the pleasures, cares, and changes, of life drove it from my memory altogether.

It had been an unusually lively day in Los Angeles, that sixteenth of September, 185–, the day sacred to the memory of Mexican Independence. The sons of Mexico had outdone all previous celebrations in the fervor of their patriotism. They had pronounced anathemas against Spain, and glorified her rebellious daughter with bombast and

rhodomontade, all in the most musical Spanish.

Among the crowd of merry-makers, were many Americans, who adopted eagerly the customs of the stranger race,—wearing the gayest native costumes,—toasting Mexico in unlimited bumpers of aguardiente and mescal; even attempting to ride against the native Californian, in which they were apt to fail lamentably.

In making love to the beautiful señoritas they were far more successful. The Americans to a man were armed with pistols, or, in rare cases, with the lately-invented pepper-box revolver, while the Californians added to these excellent weapons *el cuchillo* (the knife), for which they had a fondness not at all understood by the men from the States, who could not conquer their aversion to cold steel.



AN ALLEN PEPPER-BOX.

The day had begun with hubbub; shouts, firing of pistols, and trampling of horses, as gayly dressed caballeros came in from the neighboring ranches, riding their finely caprisoned little animals with grace and agility unequaled. There had been a bull and bear fight, the bear a savage one lassoed only the day before on the San Pasqual rancho, just north of the town, a place famous for its ferocious bears. After the fight came feats of horsemanship, followed by feasting and dancing in a brush-roofed house near the plaza. The gayety was kept always going by new arrivals, as the weary ones retired to rest for a short time,—when they would return to the *fiesta* with unabated vigor.

The sheriff of Los Angeles County, a bluff, kind-hearted American from one of the Southern States, had that morning received information unfavorable to a certain young Californian *del Norte* (of the North), who had been in town some three months, spending money freely, making his way into the best society the place afforded. Sheriff Johns had liked this Martin Flores, and was loth to admit that there was anything crooked about him; besides, the rumor did not come from a particularly reliable source, though if true it was of gravest moment, being no less than a charge of murder.

In the gay crowd that day Flores was prominent. A lithe, handsome man, with thin, cameo features, soft dark eyes, and waving black hair. His hat was loaded with bullion and gems, and his dress, which was of richest quality, fitted his fine figure to a nicety. With the young Americans he was a prime favorite, and shared with them the tenderest glances of the señoritas.

The scene was the gayer for the costumes of the times. The women with full embroidered skirts and gay bodice, the head and shoulders wrapped in shawl or *reboso* (scarf) of brightest hue, —or, where the fair one boasted no meaner blood than the "*sangre azul*" of old Spain, the graceful mantilla occasionally took the place of the gaudier wrap. The dress of the men was even more fanciful. It consisted of the tall

vecuña hat, its broad brim ornamented with gold or silver cords and gems; the handsomely trimmed jacket and waistcoat; gay sash of silk or crepe; dark breeches close-fitting to the knee, below which showed the snowy *calzoncillo* (drawers), while boots of undressed kid completed the attire.

The day sped on in uproarious enjoyment, until the sun was slowly settling behind the Cahuenga hills. Already the dull gray tints of early twilight rested on the little town as it nestled low among the surrounding heights,—on the low, one-story, flat-topped adobe houses, so alike in plan and color; on the unpaved streets, devoid of all vehicles, save an occasional ox cart filled with señoras and señoritas of all complexions, from the rich, smooth skin of the Spanish brunette, to the duskier and yet darker tints of the Indian serving maid. Along the crest of Fort Hill there was still a gleam of yellow light, and the sun lingered lovingly about the forlorn crosses and head-stones in the old graveyard, as though loath to withdraw its cheery rays from that dismal city of the dead. As the last gleam faded there came a peal of bells from the church on the plaza, ringing the Angelus. Instantly all the various sounds of merrymaking ceased as if by magic. Every caballero doffed his tall hat, every woman bent her head in silent adoration, at the call to prayer.

In a darkened room of a house near the plaza sat an old woman, bent, and wrinkled, and brown. The room showed signs of poverty, but the glory of a Mexican woman's home, *la cama* (the bed), was here as dainty as in an abode of the higher classes. Its snowy counterpane and pillows were trimmed profusely with the delicate drawn lace for which the women of Mexico are famous. No wrinkle or spot marred its beauty, and sad indeed would have been the fate of the unfortunate who had dared to make of *la cama* a seat.

La vieja (the old woman) Manuela sat fumbling at a rosary and muttering to herself, but watching the while, with beady black eyes in which there was more of witch than saint, the movements of a young girl, who was silently clearing away the remains of a frugal meal.

Young she was, and slender, with small hands and feet. Her large brown eyes were heavy and even dull looking, but could sparkle and dance when animated. Full red lips closed over the smallest white teeth imaginable, and the dark hair was arranged in braids that seemed to draw the little head backward with their weight.

There rested a sullen expression on the girl's pretty countenance, and she took no notice of the old crone, whose mumblings finally swelled into a torrent of denunciations. "Lazy one, get thee to thy work; make haste! Shame on thee, that I have had to run the *pueblo* over to find thee! Good for nothing! And my feet so bad and the evil in my back, while thou wast dancing and pluming it with the bravest. *Madre de Dios*, ungrateful one! Get thee to thy needle!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders, which rose, smooth and creamy, from the snowy *camisa*, below which the red bodice clasped closely the shapely waist, and deigning no other answer took from a stool a gay reboso, wrapping it gracefully about her head and shoulders, half veiling the charming face.

The old woman sprang from her seat and hobbled across the room, her eyes gleaming angrily. "Shameless one! Well wast thou named Florinda like her of old! Heardst thou not my command?" she cried, clutching the round shoulder with her talon-like fingers.

"*Si señora*," answered the girl in a low voice, as she slipped from the detaining grasp. "I but go to vespers, as Padre Tomas desired all who would be confirmed next saint's day."

La Vieja paused, baffled, shaking her head angrily. "*Si, si, siempre el Padre Tomas.* Go then, but return promptly."

With a mocking smile on her lips, the girl opened the door and sped away. In the church the padre was intoning the service to a few shawl-draped devotees. Florinda did not push forward into the circle of light cast by the flickering candles, but quietly slipped into place behind her fellow worshipers,and kneeling, whispered the responses mechanically, as she watched with furtive eyes the entrance door. Soon a masculine form appeared, the sombrero held reverently at the side, as with cat-like tread the new comer, unnoticed by all save Florinda, took his place by her side.

"Florinda, *mi vida* (my life)!" he whispered softly.

"Why art thou not at the *baile* (ball)?" questioned the girl, with a coquettish glance from under the reboso.

"What is the fiesta without thee, *mi corazon* (heart)?" he asked reproachfully. "I await the dance with thee to break the *cascarones* (egg shells filled with bits of gay paper) on thy dear head."

"La Vieja Manuela will not hear of my return thither," whispered the girl peevishly; "but, silence, the padre observes," and she bent her head devoutly.

The services were soon over, and the moment the benediction was given Florinda hurried away, followed closely by her caballero. Outside in the friendly darkness he drew nearer to her. As all travel, even of the late worshipers, took the direction of the house of feasting, the lovers had their path to themselves.

Querida mia (my darling), he whispered tenderly, slipping his arm about her dainty waist. "Is it not better to be the wife of Martin Flores, than the slave of La Vieja Manuela? Leave her, and come with me, who love thee truly. Speak but the word, *luz de mi alma* (light of my soul), and I will carry thee away to happiness and love." Florinda listened in silence, with down-bent head: so furiously was her heart beating she could scarcely hear his words, and she wondered if he did not feel its heavy strokes against the hand that clasped her waist.

When he paused for an answer she lifted her head and faltered, "But the Doña Maria, and the Doña Isidora"—belles of the place with whom society gossip had connected his name.

"What care I for them?" he cried hotly. "Thou art the only one, *niña mia.* Give me thy promise to meet me under the sycamore tree by the Aliso crossing tomorrow night, and I will carry thee away to happiness."

"What will el Padre Tomas say?" questioned the girl doubtfully.

"There are other padres, *querida;* say naught to him or anyone else, and by noon next day shalt thou be my wife. Let thy heart choose, *chiquita* (little one). I go tomorrow. Wilt thou let me go alone? I have always been alone, must it be so all my life long," he added sadly. "See, I let thee go." He released her and drew a little apart. "Come with thy whole heart, *mi vida,* or come not at all."

For a moment she stood with clasped hands and down bent eyes, then with a soft cry turned and cast herself into his arms, that opened so willingly to receive her.

As he held her closely, whispering words of tenderest endearment, La Vieja Manuela's shrill voice sounded from her doorway near by. "Florinda! Florinda!"

The lovers sprang apart,—then remembering that the darkness effectually hid them, again drew near each other.

"I must go," whispered Florinda.

"Thou hast promised, and wilt surely come?" he asked anxiously.

"*Si, señor,*" she breathed softly.

"*Un besito, mi corazon,* (one kiss, my heart,)" he pleaded eagerly.

There was the faint sound of a kiss, then the patter, patter, of the girl's little slippers as she fled away to the irate dame.

The next day Sheriff Johns was closeted with a brother officer from the North, who had arrived in Los Angeles in the early morning. "Of course, Scott, you shall have every assistance in my power," Johns was saying, as he paced the floor, hands in pockets, his heavy brows knitted, "but I 'd give a heap if it were some one else than Martin Flores."

"It appears to me, Johns, your sympathies are always with the worst cases," returned his companion impatiently. "Why, this Flores is down for murder, larceny, and *horse-thieving*," speaking as though the latter were the crime of crimes.

"Surely! surely!" assented Johns, "It seems to be my fate to like the hardest cases best, but Flores is not a cruel fellow all round. I 've known of his doing more than one kind action. All the children in the town run after him, from Don Ignacio's pretty Lola, to the blackest little Indian in Soñoratown. Sure there were no extenuating circumstances?"

"Perhaps you might call it so," said Scott thoughtfully. "He lived with his guardian, a relation a long way off, who swindled him, until he had all the property in his own grasp before the boy was of age. Flores was his foreman, stood a heap from him, did n't *sabe* it was his own diggings until a few months ago. Of course, then he got his Spanish up, and when he tried to make the old man hand over was received with the heaviest cuss words of the Castilian tongue. Then Flores tried the law, but t was no go. Meantime the old swindler had sold off most everything, getting ready to go to Mexico, — afraid of Flores, people thought. Well, one night he disappeared. Everyone supposed he 'd gone off on the sly, until a couple of weeks ago they found his body in a tule pond. The case fell to me. Of course, I suspected Flores, and now I 've proof enough to convict him. *Sabe?*"

Scott drew a long breath, spat out of the window, and leaned back n his chair with the air of one that has had his say. Johns slowly rolled a cigarete, handed it over to Scott, made another for himself, lighted it, and took a couple of whiffs before he spoke.

"Poor fellow!" he said gravely, "it 's hard lines, but I reckon it 's got to be. Will four men be enough for you?"

"That depends upon the men," answered Scott promptly. "Yourself, myself, Chato Lopez, as good a deputy as he is ill looking. Then there is Jack Lane for fourth. I don't want him, but he 's worried a promise from me that he should join the next posse. He 's a good shot, but it won't do to let him know that we are after Flores. All the boys are fond of the man," and Johns sighed.

"Don't show yourself today, Scott, or your bird will be flown. I 'll have him trailed, and tonight we will take him."

That night the fog came up early, enveloping and disguising the most familiar objects. Scarcely could Florinda find the trysting place. Only the jingle of the chains as Flores' horse restlessly champed the bit, guided her aright. She found her lover awaiting her impatiently.

"*Querida, mi vida,* thou art late," he whispered, as he took her in his arms. "Listen, dear one. Thou art mine, and all I have is thine. In these *mochilas* (saddle bags) is gold; enough of the yellow dust to make thee rich for life, and in my belt are slugs of the same precious stuff. Should aught happen to me, all this is thine: understandest thou, *mi corazon?*"

"*Si, señor,* but I care for naught save thy love," she answered earnestly.

"That always shall be thine, dear one," he replied tenderly, as he lifted her to

the saddle of the horse brought for her. "Hold thou the reins, sweetheart, but fear nothing, for I shall lead thee."

Keeping hold of her bridle rope he vaulted on to his own gallant roan, and turned at once down the bank to the river. "Thus, we begin life's journey, *niña mia;* may it be to thee a happy one," he whispered, drawing her horse beside his in the sandy road. Frogs croaked aggressively from the waterside. An owl hooted in the tree above them, while from the hills opposite came a chorus of wandering coyotes. The horses' feet passed from the soft sand to the crisp water cresses, crushing them ruthlessly; then came the splash, splash, of the water, a swish of willow boughs in their faces, a sharp climb, and they were on the heights above. Here they drew rein, and turned with one accord to look down on the lights of the little pueblo.

"Art saying *adios* to the old life, Florinda *mia*? Tell me, art thou happier with me, dear one?" questioned her lover, his arm about her, his face bent to hers.

Before she could answer, his quick ear caught some sound from the other side the stream that startled him. Instantly he sat upright in the saddle, keen, alert, listening intently. He had not relinquished his hold of Florinda's arm, and in his intense anxiety unwittingly crushed the soft flesh until the girl could have cried aloud with pain; but she felt that something was wrong and set her white teeth together, determined to make no sound to add to her lover's cares. She too, could hear the thud, thud, thud, of the feet of horses ridden rapidly. Then there was a pause; they had halted, and above the ripple of the water over the bowlders, and drip of the fog beneath the willows, came the sound of jingling spurs, the musical champing of bits by restless, impatient steeds, the indistinct murmur of voices, and — was it? — the click a of pistol.

Florinda drew her breath hard, and clenched her little hands. So Martin found them as his hand sought hers, and unbending them, pressed them passionately to his lips.

"*Querida mia,*" he whispered "thou seest there is danger ahead. Wilt thou be silent and fear not?"

"*Si, señor,*" she answered softly, her rosy lips touching his ear.

Again he pressed her hand to his lips, then wheeling about retraced their steps down the grade to the river, but instead of crossing the stream, turned sharply aside into the soft sand, and riding a few yards down stream, halted in the shelter of a willow thicket. No word was spoken, but Florinda felt her hand taken and held firmly in her lover's clasp as they awaited anxiously the approach of the other party.

On they came, speaking in subdued tones, yet so quiet was the night, the listeners under the willows could hear all that was said. Scott was speaking. "Strange, we don't hear anything of them. Sure you have not made a mistake?"

"I reckon there's no mistake," answered Johns confidently. "That imp of Moreno's said they were to meet under the sycamore by the Aliso crossing. With the girl and the dust he can't travel as fast as we," continued Johns, "and we're sure to overtake them."

"I say, Johns," said a clear young voice, at which Flores started, exclaiming softly, "What, you, *amigo mio,*" "It's not fair that you won't tell me whom we're trailing. I'll bet my horse I am the only one in the party that does n't know,—*eh, Chato?*"

"*No, señor—yo no se* (I don't know,)" denied the Mexican promptly.

"Come, come, Lane, if you like to go back you may," said Johns gruffly. "I only wish you would. This is n't fit work for you to take a hand in."

"No siree," returned the boyish voice, "I had hard enough work to get

you to promise to take me. No going back for me."

They had crossed the river and mounted the bank, where at Johns' command they paused to listen. In a few minutes Johns spoke again. "There is no doubt they are making for San Diego," he said decidedly. "*Vamos*," and they pushed on at a sharp gallop.

As their hoof-beats died away, Flores, dropping the reins over the saddle pommel, and quieting his well trained horse with a word, leaned over his sweetheart and drawing her to him laid his cheek against her own. For a moment he said nothing, softly stroking the dark hair then,—"Life of my life! *pobrecita mia* (my poor little one)! I must take thee back to La Vieja Manuela, to the old life which I hoped was of the past; but if thou wilt have patience, *querida*, and keep faith with me, I will return."

"Ah, señor, may I not go with thee now?" she pleaded earnestly.

"*Luz de mi ojos* (light of my eyes)!" he answered, his voice shaking with emotion. "It grieves me to deny thee, but there would be no safety thus, for thee or me. When these men of blood are baffled, then surely will I come for thee. Wilt wait for me, *querida?*"

"Si, si," she answered, clinging to him, the hot tears blinding her eyes. "Whom have I but thee? Ah, Holy Mother defend thee!" she cried suddenly in terror. "They will do thee harm, these evil men."

"No, no, *chiquita*, they will not find me. They have gone to San Diego and I will follow in safety until I reach the foothills, when I may elude them."

"Then go, go quickly before they return!" she cried, pushing him from her. "Haste, *amigo*, ere I die of fear for thee," she urged, never dreaming of questioning him as to the charge against him. Too used to the troubles and brawls of the times, little cared she whether he were guilty or innocent. Love was above all.

Silently he obeyed her, nor uttered a word until they drew rein in the dark beside the old church, for there she begged him to set her down.

As he lifted her from the saddle he held her closely, and laid his face to hers. "How can I let thee go, heart of my heart?" he moaned.

Timidly she stroked back the hair from his forehead. "I will pray to our Lady of Guadalupe, and make to her a vow, that thou mayst return quickly, and in safety, *querido*," she whispered.

At her words and caress he tightened his clasp, till the hardy young flesh was bruised with the agony of his embrace. "Fail me not, dear one, thou art my all," he murmured. Again he pressed his lips to hers, then with a groan set her from him, leaped into the saddle, and turned away with never another look or word.

Sadly she watched him out of sight, and listened to the hoof-beats of the two horses on the hard road. Then she made her way to the church door, and kneeling on the stone step whispered a prayer for her lover's safety. Finally, with downcast heart and lagging steps, she returned to the abode of La Vieja Manuela, which she had left so hopefully a few hours before.

Half an hour later Flores stood again on the farther river bank. This time he was alone. Before, he was the lover, tender, impassioned. Now he was the warrior,—stern, alert; with rifle laid across the saddle; a pistol in his holster hanging close to his right hand, while *el cuchillo* held its place in his belt to the left. After listening a moment he dismounted, and carefully cinched his horse; then, regaining the saddle, pushed on at a steady pace.

He had traveled perhaps a dozen miles, meeting no one, listening on the rises, fording streams with caution, when, all at once, from out the fog ahead of him, came the sound of galloping horses. The hoof-beats had been deadened by a strip of sand, until they were almost upon him.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD

There were but two things to be done, either to turn and ride away at full speed, in which case they would certainly hear, and if they were his pursuers give chase, when the odds would be against him ; or to trust to the shelter of the friendly fog, and drawing to one side the road muffle his horse, and wait in silence for them to pass by.

Instantly he chose the latter course. Riding off one hundred yards or so, he dismounted, and taking off his serape, quickly wrapped with it his horse's head, holding tightly the bridle rein in his left hand, while in his right he carried his rifle. He, himself, crouched closely to his horse's head, both of them facing the road, thus offering less surface for bullets.

Johns and his party, for they it was, came on rapidly, were beside him, were almost past, when—O cruel north wind! O treacherous moon!—a current of wind swept down from the hills, lifting the fog and revealing horse and man in the light of a moon at its full.

Chato Lopez, who was riding—as the natives say—with chin on shoulder, saw and without a word lifted his rifle and fired.

Johns called out a demand to surrender, and as no response came, he and Scott fired also, but it was at a flying foe whom the shifting fog already half obscured.

Flores, being forewarned, saw his enemies before they sighted him, and was in saddle, his horse plunging under stiff rein and raking spurs as his master disentangled the serape, before Lopez's bullet sped on its way. It hit, as did all bullets sent by that hand, but the movements of the horse disconcerted the aim, and instead of the heart of the rider the shot struck the belt in which the heavy Mexican slugs repelled the leaden invader. Flores gave no answering shot, but dashed away, plying spurs and *ramal* (leather end of reins), the roan responding gallantly to his master's needs.

The pursuers, too, were well mounted, and though in the first dash Flores gained a start of several hundred yards, afterward he only held his own, and the race bid fair to be a test of the endurance of the horses,—unless indeed the fugitive might find shelter in which to elude them ; but the moon, now that the fog was breaking up, was against him.

The road, hard and white, lay a broad band across the brown grasses. Sleepy cattle roused by the chase looked up with startled eyes, and a wandering coyote fled away at his best speed, thinking himself the hunted one. On swept the beautiful horses, straining every nerve; the silver and gold mountings of saddle and bridle glistening in the moonlight; rifle and pistol gleaming. Each rider with his broad hat set well down on his brow plied *ramal* or spur, giving an occasional cry of encouragement to his noble animal.

Miles were covered in this manner, until the horses began to show signs of distress. Johns' bay was pounding heavily, while Scott's horse was so used up he was forced to draw rein, shouting as he did so: "Don't let him escape, boys. One thousand dollars to the man who brings him in dead or alive!"

"We 'll get him alive, if our horses hold out," answered Lane.

A mile farther Johns' horse fell, and Lane and Lopez surged ahead. Almost at the same moment the latter hissed a Spanish oath: "He is in the cañon! Ride, ride, boy! Faster, faster! or he will slip us!"

The form of Flores was indeed no longer visible on the white road; the foothills had swallowed him up. The outline of the hilly wall was broken just ahead, showing an opening of some size, and here at command of Lopez they paused to listen.

The whippoorwil gave the sad cry beside them, the ground-owl bobbed and chirped to them, and from the plain behind came the faint low of far away cattle.

"Here are two cañons,—it is ill to tell whether he is in La Brea or El Rodeo," said the Mexican, and still they waited until Lane could scarcely control his impatience.

"*Pacencia, hijo* (patience, son)," whispered his companion.

Just then a coyote howled in the hills opposite. "Ah, my man, thou art there," cried Lopez, and dashed ahead, closely followed by Lane.

"When you see him, shoot at sight," said Lopez fiercely.

"Poor devil, that does not seem fair," said Lane. "Who is he, Lopez?"

"A northern thief, a murderer!" was the emphatic answer.

"*Carajo, el Diablo* is in it!" he cried a moment later, as his horse, slipping on a rolling stone, went down and lay still. "On, on, boy!" he shouted, "Don't lose him. All rests on thee!"

Lane, half crazy with excitement, dug spurs deeper and whirled the leather thong faster. Side cañons opened from the main, in any one of which the fugitive might have taken refuge; but the lad rode blindly on, trusting to luck, —fate,— he knew not what.

Suddenly, from one of the pockets sounded the neigh of a horse. Wheeling his animal Lane rode straight in the direction of the sound. A few paces, and he saw through the bushes a horseman approaching. The shadow rested on the face of the rider, but Lane could see the gleaming rifle held as though ready to fire, and bringing his own gun to position, called loudly in fair Spanish a demand for surrender.

The jingling of the spurs, the blowing of his breathless horse, kept him from hearing the soft, musical. "*Eres tu, amigo mio* (is it thou, my friend)?" and with the fatal moonlight in his own face, the shadow on the stranger, he did not see the lowered rifle, the friendly gesture, but filled with a nervousness wilder than any buck fever, hardly knowing what he did, he fired.

Mingled with the report of the gun, there sounded in his ears his own name uttered in a cry of agony, "Lane! *amigo!*"

Filled with horror unutterable, he flung himself from his horse and ran to the side of the fallen man, who was stretched at length on the smooth, yel-

low grass. One hand was flung with unconscious grace above his head, the other pressed closely a hole in his breast from which the red blood was oozing. His hat had fallen off, and the moon now shone full on the beautiful face.

As Lane bent over and met the gaze of the dark eyes, he staggered back. "Not you, Flores? Not you?" he moaned.

"Thou didst not know?" Flores questioned eagerly.

"No, no, Flores, my friend, to whom I owe my life! They said it was a murderer and thief."

"*Si?* Said they all that, *amigo?* I took only my own. What matters now? I would I had a priest! Mary, Mother, intercede for me! Lane, *amigo*, do not grieve. Florinda! *Luz de mi alma!* Lane, tell Florinda, *la muchacha de la vieja* Manuela, that all my love is hers, and all I own. Tell her I——"

THE CHURCH.

His voice failed him; he strove with agony to speak. With a great effort he raised himself upon his elbow.

"What is it, *amigo?*" asked Lane, with a sob, supporting the swaying figure in his arms.

The dying man pointed up the cañon, turning questioning, imploring eyes upon his companion, made one more effort

to speak,—a vain one,—there was a gurgle of blood in his throat, then with a gasp and shudder he fell back—dead.

When the rest of the party came up they found Lane unconscious, his head on the breast of his dead friend. For weeks he lay very ill of brain fever, tenderly nursed by the kind-hearted Johns; but though health came back, peace of mind had vanished forever. He lived, a remorseful, wretched man, ever haunted by that death scene in the wild Rodeo Cañon.

But one hope now remains to him, that death, coming soon, may wipe away the sin and the grief, and he may meet again in friendship the man he so loved and unconsciously wronged.

For years this story lay among my papers, utterly forgotten. Strange, too, I did not remember, when fate finally led me to California, where I married a Native Son of that Golden West. In truth the present was so full, I had no thoughts for the past.

One summer, as we were planning our vacation, said my husband: "We will go this year neither to the seashore nor the mountains, but to the foothills, for our hunting."

I laughed joyously at the very thought of life in the wild woods. A few days found us settled in a lovely camping place in El Rodeo Cañon, a pretty wooded pass in the foothills, some twenty miles from Los Angeles.

As soon as they saw we were fairly in order, came the Mexican wood-choppers from their work in the hills around us, — O, woful work! — to have a cigarrito and chat with my husband. Soon I, too, joined the group, for I loved to listen to their quaint tales, told in the musical Spanish tongue. An old man was speaking, "*Si, señor, yo, Pedro, y Lugo, vimos* (saw) *al caballero del Lanterno.*"

Both Pedro and Lugo nodded assent as their names were mentioned, and the eyes of all were wide with excitement.

"Who is the 'Cavalier of the Lantern'?" I asked softly of my husband.

"They say," he replied, "that since they have been at work in this cañon they have seen on three different nights a man on horseback carrying a lantern, his accouterments of the early days."

"Who was he? What did he want?" I asked, unwittingly shocking our visitors.

"Hush!" said my husband in a solemn voice, though his eyes belied his gravity. "They spoke to it! It vanished! — They say it was Flores hunting his gold, which is hidden in El Rodeo Cañon."

"Flores hunting his gold in El Rodeo Cañon?" I repeated stupidly, that strange feeling upon me that I had heard those words before.

"Yes," explained my husband. "He was an outlaw, who hid his plunder in this cañon; and riding out was shot dead by the sheriff, and no one has been able to find his gold."

"No, no!" I gasped. "It was my uncle, Jack Lane, who shot him!"

"Are you crazy?" asked my husband in amazement.

"No, señor," cried the old man, who had risen and was watching me in great excitement, evidently understanding what I was saying; "*La señora tiene razon! Juanito Lane mato á Flores!* (The lady is right, Jack Lane killed Flores)"!

"What do you know about it, Chato?" asked my husband, speaking in Spanish as is his invariable custom when addressing a Spanish American.

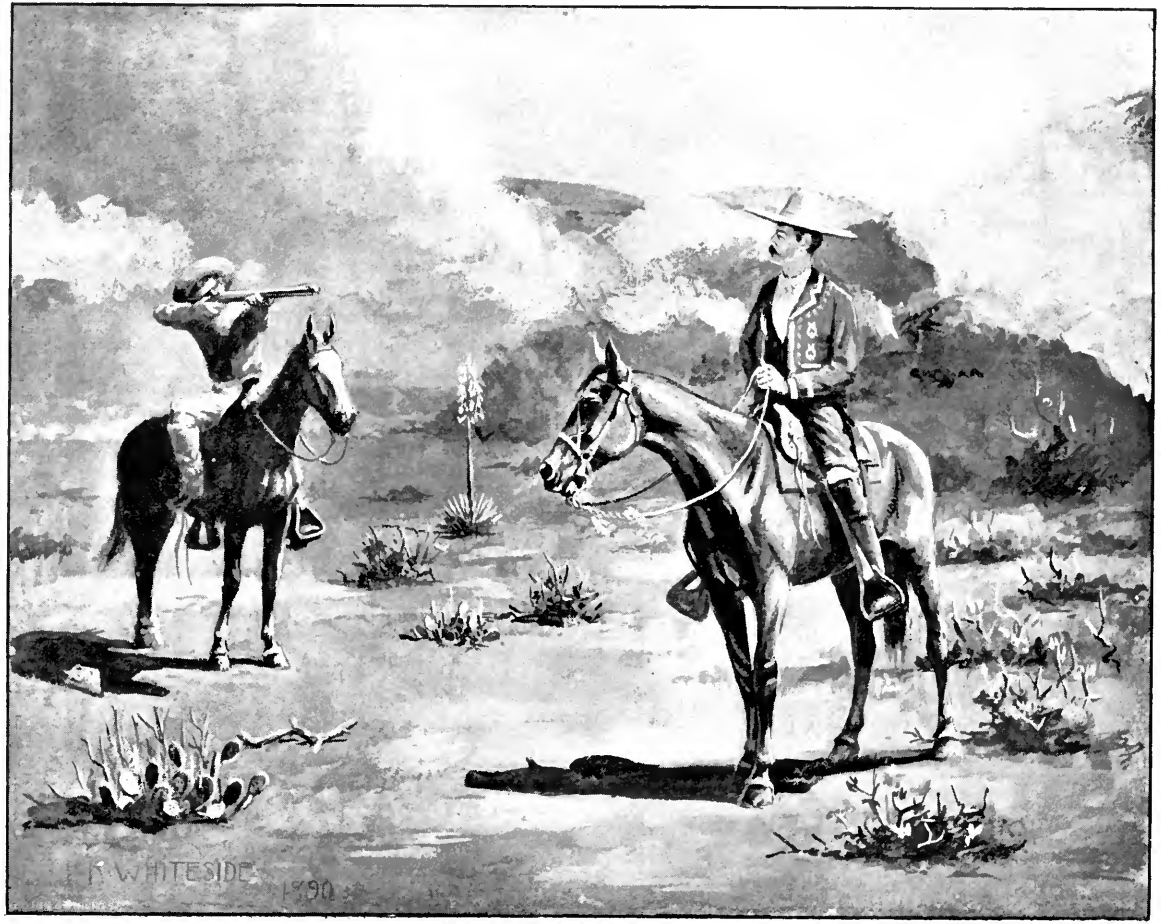
"I too was there," was the reply, also in Spanish.

"Are you Lopez?" I asked, seeing he understood English.

He answered affirmatively. I looked at him keenly. "Evil looking" he was called in the story, and age had not improved his appearance.

"You knew my uncle?" I asked.

"*Si señora, eras mas joven* (yes, lady, he was very young)."



LOS AMIGOS.

THE HOLLOW ROCK.

"And Florinda?" I questioned.

"Florinda?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes," I replied, "the girl of La Vieja Manuela."

"*Ah, si,*" he answered, "*pero no sé que fui tuvo* (I do not know her fate)."

By further questioning I learned that the tragedy took place very near our camping spot. On the hillside just above us was an odd stone formation, a hollow rock some ten feet high, shaped like a gigantic coffee pot, and by this unusual landmark Lopez claimed to remember the spot. The treasure, he said, could not be far away, but where, only El Diablo knew. I urged my husband to search for it, which he did, but in such a half-hearted way that I soon gave up all hopes of success. And indeed, I was hardly sorry: I felt as though the place was sacred ground, all unfit for a summer's merry-making.

The days passed rather pleasantly, but as the twilight hour drew near, and the stars came out one by one, or the beautiful moon rose, flooding bush and tree with brilliant light, almost I could fancy I saw the handsome Flores on his gallant roan flashing past, now in the light, now in the shadow; or my blithe young uncle riding blindly down to the fate that enwrapped them both.

Helen Elliott Bandini.

SERENADE.

The Night spreads out her arms
And gathers thee in to rest.
She holds thee safe from harm
Close to her tender breast.
Her curtains of dusk are drawn,
Her starry lamps lit for thee;
Soft winds shall rock thee till the dawn,—
O sweet shall thy sleeping be!

The Night spreads out her arms
And gathers thee in to rest,
Shut in from all alarms,
By beautiful visions blest.
Astray in the land of dreams,
Thou hearest her low voice croon,—
She weaves her web of white moonbeams
To an old-world fairy-tale tune.

The Night spreads out her arms
And gathers thee in to rest.
She binds thee in her charms;
Her kiss on thy lips is prest.
Cling closer and closer yet,
As the child to the mother may;
There at the heart of Night, forget
Thy fears and the hopes of Day.

M. C. Gillington.

THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAD been in town all the morning, shopping, making the last preparations for the prune harvest; shopping meant new trays for the dryer and a contract for Chinese fruit-pickers; but you see I still clung to the old feminine word. I had just started for home when I remembered it was the third Tuesday of the month, and I had solemnly promised to go to the next meeting of the Tuesday Club. The last time I had been there was in the height of the ribbon period, and there were more bows to the square foot of that parlor than I put trees to the acre. Now the rooms were all white and gold, and drapes floated triumphantly over the scene.

The girls were all there,—the old girls I mean,—and they talked of Emily Dickinson in the way we used to go on over Browning. You see I had belonged years ago when the Browning wave first struck California. They had been up to the times so long, it was getting hard to find fresh subjects, and so they fell on Miss Dickinson with all the joy of a new sensation.

I had to own I did not know who she was, and I felt they were thinking, "Poor Louise! What a case of arrested development! She's nothing but a farmer!" As I tried to follow the discussion, I found I was no longer in touch with the group of dainty women. I could not help thinking they had a few more views, and a more patient, waiting look than when I used to know them. It was horrid of me, but the old nursery rhyme, —

> Little Sally Waters sitting in the sun
> Waiting and sighing for a young man,—

kept running in my head. I always thought Sally must have lived near us.

They were so bright, though, and wore such dainty gowns, and talked with such authority upon the latest opinions of the Nicene Creed, that I felt more and more of a Philistine, and was glad when it was over and I was in the fresh air again.

The drive out to the Orchards is always a delight, and in the summer evenings I would not have one of the eight miles taken away. Bacchus and I go over it so often that I don't have to drive, but can just lean back and rest. It 's my time for thinking and airing what few daydreams my busy life has room for. But that night I could not slip into the mood, when the broad stretches of field, the vinelands, and back of all the foothills, spoke to me, and the sunset glowed like "the light that never was on land or sea."

The Club had amused me, and yet it brought up all I had hoped to do when I had first belonged, the travels and studies long ago crowded out in the unforseen struggle to keep a roof over Aunt Katherine's head, and give Ben the education he so much coveted. I had succeeded, but in spite of success the old hopes had died hard, though I seldom indulged in the luxury of airing them. It is too hard on the eyes. I soon turned to business and prunes again, in the shape of a letter from my New York agent. There was one also from Ben, and best of all, one from Cora,—she used to belong to the Tuesday Club, too, but while she was in Chicago she had met and married Doctor Vail. I ran through the description of her last new suit, and the new carved screen in the church, looking for the bit of fun or tenderness I had learned to depend on.

What I found very effectually turned the channel of my thoughts: —

"The Doctor says he wants my old letters to you, that I wrote when I had broken our engagement. He says he knows that I was perfectly wretched, but don't you send them,—he 'd be just too conceited. I 've half a mind, though, to read him those you wrote when in New York. We 're both so fond of you, dear, I know you would n't care. Baby Louise has learned——"

I dropped that letter with scant ceremony. Cora had been the soul of honor before she married, and so had the Doctor, but here they were funding their varied confidences for mutual benefit in the reprehensible way I had suspected most married people of doing. I had written those letters when I was some ten years younger, and they were not such as the members of the Tuesday Club wrote. I had long ago disposed of most of Cora's; and mine,—well, I had asked her, commanded her, to burn them, and now she and the Doctor were reading them, or at least thinking of reading them, and in my vexation I gave a jerk at the reins which so disturbed Bacchus' meditations that he stopped short in amazement. I planned a good many replies, and even began one stinging little note with "Dear Madam," but when I thought of Cora's surprise and pain, I had n't the heart to send it.

The next few weeks were so full of work I had no time to think of anything else, but flew about directing, testing the dips, watching with the satisfaction only a farmer knows the low orchard wagons with their load after load of purple prunes. Then the long trays of drying fruit, glossy black from its dip, lying out on the sloping hillside, represented the completion of long care and forethought. By the time I saw the last car-load shipped, all rancor was buried deep under ninety tons of prunes, and I was too proud of my year's work, too happy and tired, to write any but a gentle note, even to such a perfidious person as the friend of one's girlhood who marries.

I wrote, and in a casual way said:—

By the way, about those letters,— I know, of course, you were fooling, for you are too honorable to show them; but I want them back. You are too romantic for the mother of three children, but they would fit in so perfectly with this old vine-covered farmhouse, and a woman who 's getting as moss-grown as her house. Just think how the eternal fitness of things would be preserved. Tie them with blue ribbon and put in a few rose leaves, and I 'll provide a hidden drawer in some desk, or may have a panel closet fixed in the library. Then imagine what a stock in trade they would be to little Louise when she becomes the famous novelist; for if I remember they had a good kind of real joy and sorrow in them.

I should be ashamed to tell you how anxiously I waited for the answer. "Fides Achates," as Ben named the young Hoosier I imported to be general factotum, thought I was losing my head when I insisted on having the mail daily. But I did so want to look into the old life a little. At last they came, a good bundle of them. Cora had taken me at my word, and tied them in yards of baby ribbon. Achates touched the bundle gingerly, and I was thankful Aunt Katherine was n't around when it arrived.

That night I slipped into a real dinner dress and pinned a rose into my hair, and tried to feel some kinship to the girl who had written the notes. I was so gay Aunt Katherine became festive too, and it was late before I had the library to myself. The curtains were drawn close, and as I looked about the room filled with survivals of the wreck, as Ben called the few remains of household gods, I felt quite like the Louise Hunter of old. But I undid the mocking blue ribbons with trembling fingers. Inside was a note from Cora:—

Dear:—

I really did want to read a little from those letters to Jack, for I wanted him to see deeper into your life than you now let us. But when I came to look them o'er, I felt that you would rather perhaps even I should not see them now. I read a little, and cried, and took up baby Louise to comfort me. You never seemed nearer than tonight. I wish I

could send Cora with them, for she would climb up into your lap and comfort you.

Cora.

I turned to the first. It was dated "New York, Jan. 1, 1881." How well I remember writing it! We had just come home from a New Year's Eve dance, and after all the rest were asleep I sat before the fire and in the flickering light scribbled off the rollicking little note to Cora. I could see the whole picture,—my old room with its pretty litter of girlish belongings, the warm dressing gown mother had laid out, and the bunch of blush roses father had insisted on pinning on to my gown with his own dear old hands. It was some time before I read any further. I felt the difference too keenly. But as I went on I found a sense of strangeness, almost alienation, coming over me. I saw a friendship deepening until all life seemed rooted in one life. But when I came to the letters of the quarrel, and read the passionate oratory of that young soul who felt all slipping with the severance from one dearer than life, I had only a sense of profound pity. I wanted to take the girl in my arms, and tell her how life meant more than she could then grasp, and give to her of the mingled bitter-sweet that had come to me with years of daily toil. Through the night I read, and before me stood my old self, and across the bridge of years I spoke to her of possible conquest and peace. It was early dawn before I stole off to sleep, but the tears that fell like rain were not for the girl and her lover, but for the old room with Ben's toys on the floor, and mother's care and father's roses.

For some days the loneliness was almost more than I could bear. Poor old Aunt Katherine with her constant comparisons but accentuated it. If only Ben were here! But he was busy and happy, and I could not let him know how I missed him, and almost hated to see him grow beyond need of my constant care.

I plunged deeper than ever into a series of experiments I had been making with insect pests that infested our valley, and had long talks with Achates on the comparative value of Silver and French prunes, under the new method of grafting. Through the winter I worked on my "pestiferous papers," as Aunt Kate insisted on calling them, and the next spring they were accepted by the publishers, Wells & Co.

I was very proud of the little pamphlet. It looked so scientific in its plain green cloth. I dedicated it to the Tuesday Club, who tried to be mildly interested. Cora and the Doctor were delighted, and baby Louise should learn her letters out of it, Cora said.

Through the summer Wells & Co. found my work a good investment, "and hoped to undertake a similar work in the future. Sincerely," etc., etc. My success gave me a feeling of power, and I began to think of a plan I had cherished ever since I first read the letters.

I would answer them from my present point of view, rearrange the few tell-tale facts, and publish all in the form of a story. The more I thought of it the more it grew on me. Now, when Bacchus and I went to town, we jogged along slower than ever, and I wrote long, loving letters, full of counsel and cheer for the Louise Hunter of the past. I told her all about my daily life, and drew little pen pictures of the Orchards and its neighbors. For, you see, I wanted to rouse the girl. At last I really believe she did feel better. Only, the telling was not all on one side, for sometimes I would have to do an immense amount of reasoning, or go dig in the rose garden, to prove to myself that the old Louise was not right, after all.

It was a good country book, and breathed of a whole, full country year. I had much trouble over christening it. I wrote at last to Ben about it, but so lightly that he never imagined I was in earnest, and suggested "A Brace of

Geese" as a good, suggestive title. I was more cast down than ever, but after long meditation at last settled down on "A Sheaf of Letters."

I had the most delightful time after it was accepted. Every time I got a letter from Wells & Co. I used to go to the Tuesday Club. They had boxed the compass in regard to subjects, and were on Chaldee architects then. I sat up in front and spoke as one having authority. The girls were surprised, but I used to smile when I thought what awaited them, and wondered if they would "interpret" my story.

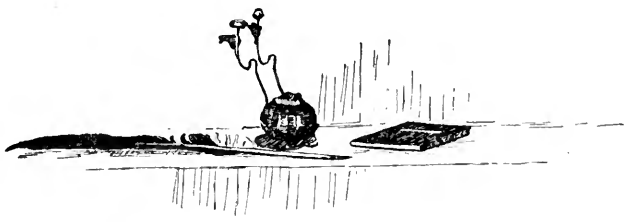
It came out just at Christmas time, and had quite a run, it was so beautifully gotten up. The Tuesday Club gave me a five o'clock tea, and wanted me to tell how far I had used the synthetic imagination, and if it had a spiritual purport. One of them said it was an allegory between youth and old age, which rather nettled me; but after all their appreciation was sweet, for I felt one or two of them really began to love me. I had a beautiful letter from Ben; he was so proud of me. He had come near having serious trouble with an English professor, who said the story did n't have a satisfactory *denouement.* I blessed Ben for his zeal, but I did n't tell him that some way in my secret heart I agreed with the English professor. But on the whole, Louise Hunter the elder kept the upper hand very well.

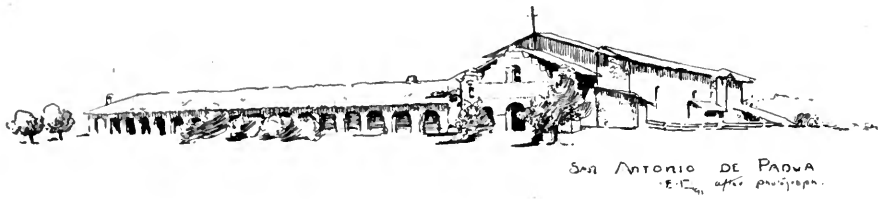
I could hardly wait for June to come. I was going East to see Ben graduate. I was also going to pay off the few debts that remained after the old home had been sold. Even Aunt Katherine's discovery of a few gray hairs could not damp my spirits, for I felt positively giddy, and raced about the ranch like a child of ten. One day Achates brought me a whole handful of mail, with "Here 's your Crop o' Letters." You see, he had heard of my book too. Among them was one from Wells & Co., — and one whose foreign stamp, and old-time but never to be forgotten hand, sent the blood flushing up into my face.

I opened it last, and after I read it sat for some time, looking with eyes that saw not on the green lawn and rose hedge, and there came to me then a sense of peace and fulfillment that still glows in my heart; but when Aunt Katherine came up with the question, "What ails you, child?" I kissed her, and showing her the letter from my publisher said,

"Auntie, my story has just reached its second edition."

Agnes Crary.





MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

Groves, gardens, vineyards, Mission fathers holy,
Have gone the way of earth,—alone it stands,
The time worn church, with aspect quaint aud lowly,
The work of mouldered hands!

Hark! 't is the chime of that melodious ringing,
From the high niches in the crumbling tower;—
From the old gallery hark to that sweet singing,
In this hushed worship hour.

And, did they sigh for lands across the billows,
While mountain looked on sea, and girt them round?
While crept the flashing streams through drooping willows,
Where was fleet Fancy bound?

Back to fair, sunny Spain. Above them bending
A sky unequaled,—liquid depths of blue,—
Still backward, recreant Thought, swift footsteps wending,
Turned from the strange and new!

Still sentinels they stand, the solemn mountains,
And to the Edens in the vale below,
Send down the rills from those enchanted fountains,
To bid the landscape glow.

Still flashes Ocean past the lovely valley,
With that one gem upon her heaving breast;
Still rolling up, the mists of morning rally
To storm the rocky crest.

Still seems to brood above that structure olden,
The spirit of a past long laid in dust:—
Blow winds of balm,—shine sunrays warm aud golden,
Keep these quaint walls in trust!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO SAN FRANCISCO IN '49.

I HAVE heard and read the accounts of many journeys to California in the eventful years between 1840 and 1850; but the accounts were all given by those who were of mature years at the time of making those journeys. I made the journey to California in 1849. I was only a little girl in my tenth year at that time; but the journey was so fraught with trouble, hardships, and suffering, that it made an impression on my mind that forty-one years have not erased or dimmed.

At the time of the discovery of gold in California our family, which consisted of father, mother, and six children (two boys and four girls), was living on a large cotton plantation in Louisiana. My father was an invalid, having suffered greatly from inflammatory rheumatism for many years. His sickness had made him very whimsical, and when he became possessed of a notion he could be influenced by no one. He read all the marvelous reports of the discovery of gold, and though many of our friends doubted their truth, or thought the reports greatly exaggerated, he believed them all. In the early part of February of '49 he received a letter from a friend by the name of Bartlett, who had accompanied Frémont on his last expedition. Mr. Bartlett gave a glowing account of the great gold fields. He told of great fortunes that had been made in an incredibly short time, and confirmed all the wonderful accounts which the papers had given. Father read the letter aloud to us, then turned to mother and said that we were all going to California.

Mother thought that he was joking. But when she became convinced that he was in earnest, she used every argument that she was mistress of to induce him to give up the wild idea. It was of no use. Before he went to bed that night all his plans were laid for the trip. Friends came and told him of the absurdity of thinking of such a journey in his feeble state of health, especially with a family of helpless little children. All that they could say was of no avail. He would go in spite of all opposition.

He immediately had an auction and sold off all his personal property, put the plantation into the hands of an agent, and started for New Orleans. He expected to take passage in the first ship that was to sail around the Horn, as his physicians had told him that he could not possibly live to make the journey by any other route. But when we arrived at New Orleans he found that although there were several ships fitting out to go to San Francisco via Cape Horn, none of them would be ready to sail in less than two weeks. His impatience to start was so great that he determined to take passage in a steamer that was to leave for the Isthmus of Panama in six days.

He then at once began to lay in a two years' supply of provisions and clothing for the family, together with a complete camping and mining outfit. He also bought a set of carpenter's tools and nails, locks, hinges, paints, oils, doors, and windows, sufficient for a good-sized house. These purchases necessitated the outlay of considerable money, which, had we gone via Cape Horn, would have been money well invested, as all the articles were worth at that time from twenty to a hundred per cent more in San Francisco than in New Orleans. But my father, like thousands of others in those days, did not for a moment consider how those things were to be carried across the Isthmus.

The steamer was ready to start in due time. Our goods were all on the levee, and looked like a fair-sized cargo. The excitement of the previous month had been such a strain on my father's nerves that he was nearly as helpless as a baby. Therefore he was obliged to hire a nurse to come along with us to help mother take care of him. The man he hired was an old bald-headed Irishman, Duncan Calhoun by name, who professed to be proof against sea-sickness, and used to traveling. The hour for starting came; eleven o'clock of the morning of the 16th of March. The last bell was rung. The last kiss was given, the last sad farewell spoken, and our friends and relatives hurried from the steamer to the levee. The gang plank was drawn in, and the old steamer, "Colonel Stanton," swung around, and started on her way to Chagres.

We sat on deck and watched our friends, who stood on the levee waving their handkerchiefs at us. We watched them until their outlines grew dim and faded in the distance. I remember that I then turned for the first time to look at those on board. I was surprised to see that although the steamer was crowded, all seemed to be men. I thought that the women and children had gone into the cabin. So we children went down into the cabin. There sat poor mother crying, and an old Frenchwoman sat by her and seemed to be trying to comfort her. At a table in another part of the cabin sat two gayly dressed young women, playing cards with several men. I asked mother where all the ladies and children were that I had seen on the steamer before we left the city. She told me that they had all gone ashore before the steamer left the levee; that they were only the relatives and friends of the men, and had come on board to bid them goodby. She said that we were the only children on the steamer, and that the Frenchwoman, the two women who were playing cards, and herself, were the only women.

I then for the first time felt sorry that we had left home. Before that I was glad to go; for I was only a child, and children are always glad to be going somewhere. Father had said that we should all return home in three years. I should have been very sad indeed had I known that I was never again to see that dear old home and my little playmates; but though forty-one years have passed since I reached this fair, golden State that I now love so much, I have never once visited that old plantation home, nor seen even one of the friends of my childhood.

The oldest child in our family was a boy in his nineteenth year. I came next, then a sister of seven, one of five, a brother of three, and a sister of eighteen months. Mother told my brother to take us all on deck and keep us there as much as possible, until we reached the Gulf. She thought we would be less likely to be seasick in the open air than in the close cabin. Outside I watched the deck hands stowing away the freight and baggage that lay in piles on the deck. The officers were ordering and directing the men, and seemed anxious that everything should be stowed away before we reached salt water, as they feared that we should have rough weather.

The passengers seemed already to have become acquainted with one another. They were mostly Americans, though there were a number of foreigners among them. They stood or sat around in groups; talking most of California, the land of gold. If they spoke of the homes they had left, it was merely to tell of the great things that they would do when they returned with the fortunes they were sure to make. They had very severe attacks of the gold fever, as it was called in those days; and as it was contagious, we children soon caught it, and began to talk of the

gold that we should dig, and of the nice things that we should buy.

As we steamed down the river, we met steamboats and other vessels bound for New Orleans. We also passed some large sailing vessels outward bound and loaded with cotton. Whenever we passed one of these the passengers cheered, and acted like a party of boys on a pleasure excursion. As we neared the mouth of the Mississippi we met fleets of oyster boats, or yawls as they are called in New Orleans, laden with oysters for the city. Several of them came alongside, ropes were thrown them, and many of the passengers availed themselves of this last opportunity to buy oysters. Some bought, expecting to have the oysters prepared for their next meal, but others immediately began to eat them raw.

There was one man, a jolly sort of a fellow, who seemed to be known by a large number of the passengers. They called him Mack; whether that was the whole or only a part of his surname I do not know. He made a bet that he could eat one hundred raw oysters at one meal. He began eating at once, while laughing and joking, but he had not eaten forty when he was seized with the cholera, and died in a few minutes.

Then the appalling fact became known that cholera was on board. It seems strange that no one had thought of the possibility of such a thing before, for we had just left a plague-stricken city,—a city in which hundreds were weekly falling victims to the ravages of the terrible disease.

The discovery that cholera had taken passage with us had the effect of lowering the temperature of the gold-fever patients very much. The first victim was hastily buried, just at the mouth of the Mississippi, and everybody at once began using some kind of cholera preventive. Disinfectants were freely used by order of the captain. The ship's doctor furnished medicines, such as he had, to any who wished them. There was an old German doctor on board, who seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of cholera medicines, both preventives and cures. These he readily disposed of to those who had money. But he was a heartless old wretch, and not a drop of his medicine would he let go unless he received an exorbitant price for it. There were many that thought he had something to do with the appearance of cholera on board.

In spite of the medicines used, and all the precautions taken, the plague had come in its very worst form; and one after another succumbed, until twenty-eight of the passengers and crew had died, and with one exception, were hastily buried in the sea. The last to die was one of the two young women I had seen on first entering the cabin. We were near the Isthmus when she died, and her body was put into a cask of alcohol and carried to Chagres for burial. Others of the passengers and crew had the cholera and recovered. In fact, nearly all had some symptoms of it.

The officers' prediction in regard to encountering rough weather on entering the Gulf proved true. Though the deck hands had worked faithfully in stowing away baggage and freight, there still remained a considerable amount on deck, which began rolling back and forth with the motion of the ship. The passengers now began to be sea-sick, and many thought their sickness the first stage of the cholera.

All of our family, with the exception of my mother and the sister next to me, were sick. I do not know what we should have done had mother been sick, for our poor father was now very low, and growing more feeble every day, and all the rest of us were sick and helpless. Old Duncan, the nurse, proved to be utterly worthless, and was more of an annoyance than a help to mother, he was so stupid. Indeed, his head seemed to be as bald on the inside as it was on

the outside. Mother could not teach him to do anything right, so had to do everything herself, and was compelled to be on her feet almost continually, both day and night, for three days. Then my elder brother recovered from his sickness sufficiently to relieve her of some of the care of father. But at this time our baby sister was taken very ill, so that it kept both my mother and brother busy all the time to care for the two sick ones. The rest of us were too young to be of any help to them.

The passengers were either all sick or all very selfish; for not one of them ever offered to relieve or help mother in any way. The ship's doctor seemed willing to do what he could, but the cholera patients took most of his time. The steward was also kind, and would prepare any little nourishment that mother wanted for father or the baby. But with these exceptions, no one ever offered to do any kindness for us. Father continued to grow worse; so mother called the German doctor to see him. He prescribed for him three times, but did not furnish any medicine, and charged $30 for his services. Mother bought several bottles of his cholera medicine, for which he charged $2.50 per bottle.

The second night after we entered the Gulf the wind rose to a perfect gale. The waves were mountain high, and the old ship rolled, tossed, and pitched frightfully. Towards morning it was discovered that she had sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be used. The next day buckets had to be used also. But the storm abated that night, and the next day was calm and pleasant, though the water seemed strongly agitated. The ocean to my childish eyes resembled hills and vales. The ship seemed to be continually climbing hills, and sliding down into deep valleys. But the water gradually grew calm, and the leak was stopped.

That day a large number of flying fish were taken on board. My brother caught some of them; the steward cooked them for us, and as we had recovered from our sickness we ate them, and thought them delicious.

One incident of the storm is very vivid in my mind. There were on board a number of sheep to be killed for mutton. A wave came over the deck, and broke the pen in which they were confined, and seven of the sheep jumped overboard. The poor things started in a drove to swim in an opposite direction to that in which the ship was going. They did not part from one another, but kept close together as long as we could see them. I felt very sorry for them, and thought that something ought to be done to save them.

I think that it was on the morning of the eighth day out that the ship ran on a coral reef. It was about four o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by a big bump. I did not know what was the matter, but I saw everyone running out of the staterooms without stopping to dress. Mother soon came to us, and told us to get up and dress ourselves as quickly as possible, for the ship had struck on a reef. We were dressed in a very short time, but did not understand the danger we were in. The captain, however, soon came into the cabin, and told the passengers to be cool, for although the steamer had struck a sunken reef, she had backed off; and as it was so calm there was very little danger. This quieted the fears of the passengers, but they all dressed, and waited anxiously for daylight. The crew were hurrying hither and thither, and the officers were giving orders, and directing. The old pump was set at work once more.

Daylight at length came and revealed a beautiful sight. Not a ripple disturbed the surface of the water, and a short distance off was a lovely little island covered with palms. The ship was standing still, and the carpenters were busy repairing the damage that had been done. The officers said it was a danger-

ous place if a storm should come up, and they were encouraging the men to hurry as much as possible. This was my first view of a sunrise at sea, and it was indeed a glorious one. The water was so extremely clear that many beautiful fish could be seen swimming around the vessel. Some of the men said that they could see the reef on which we had struck; but I could not. The little island on which we saw the palms did not seem to be more than a foot above the surface of the ocean, and was perfectly level.

Late in the afternoon the carpenters finished patching the hole in the bow of the ship, and again we steamed on our way. This incident happened in the Carribean Sea, when everyone supposed that we were near Chagres; but it was three days more before we reached that place.

Nothing more of importance happened before we arrived at the Isthmus, except that the cholera each day claimed its victims. Mother said that she thought my father would not live to see land; he was so low that nothing seemed to help him. My little sister, too, was very feeble. But their time had not yet come, and they both lived to reach land.

We arrived at Chagres on the night of the 27th of March, having been eleven days in coming from New Orleans. This trip was a much longer one than it should have been; but the old ship was somewhat disabled by the storm and by striking on the reef, and had made but slow progress. I do not know at what hour of the night we arrived, but when I awoke in the morning the old Colonel Stanton lay at anchor, and there seemed to be a great deal of hurry and bustle on board.

It was a strange sight that met our gaze. From the deck of the steamer we had a good view of the town of Chagres. I could not at first believe that it was a town; it looked more like a collection of hay or fodder stacks. The houses, or cabins, or whatever they called them, were small conical structures, consisting of only a rude frame thatched with palm leaves, which answered the purpose of both walls and roof. A small opening was left for a doorway, and there was no floor but the beaten earth. The native inhabitants were negroes of various shades, ranging from coal-black to nearly white; but the majority were very black. They spoke the Spanish language.

The prevailing fashions there in the spring of '49 were very simple, cool, and airy. The dress suit for a native gentleman consisted of a piece of cotton cloth about a yard square, fastened about his loins. This, with a straw hat, completed the costume. Some few, however, having found a dirty shirt which had been discarded by some traveler, had adorned their manly forms with that superfluous garment. The fashion for ladies was also very picturesque, and consisted of a calico or muslin skirt of some light or gay color; which, with a scarf or long narrow shawl, thrown coquettishly over the head and concealing a large portion of the face, one end being thrown gracefully over the shoulder, made the toilet of the most fastidious native belles. The fashions for children under fourteen years of age were even more simple and followed the style in vogue in Eden before our first parents adopted the garments of fig leaves.

The confusion and noise that I had heard on awakening was caused principally by the natives, who literally swarmed about the vessel. They all seemed to have something to sell,—mainly tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, bananas, plantains, cocoanuts and pineapples, besides other fruits that were unfamiliar to us. They did not find ready sale for their stock in trade among the passengers, although it looked so tempting, for everyone was too much afraid of cholera to indulge in eating fruit.

If the natives looked strange to us, we children seemed to be perfect curiosities to them. They appeared to have great compassion for us, offering some of their fruit, and calling us "pouria los picaninies Americanos." An American who was in business in the town told my mother that we were the first American children that had ever landed there.

We all ate breakfast on board the steamer, which was our last meal there, as well as the last good meal that we were to have for many a long day. The crew were already busy unloading the freight; and the passengers who were anxious to get their baggage were helping. One of the first articles to be unloaded was the cask that contained the body of the woman who had died of the cholera. So many of the crew had died that some of the officers were obliged to help in removing the cask to the shore. The second engineer who was helping was seized with the cholera, and fell dead just as he had put his foot on shore. As the cholera was still with us, everyone was anxious to get away from the steamer, hoping to leave that dreadful disease behind.

Poor father was carried ashore in a cot, and put down in the burning hot sun. Mother made me stand by him and hold an umbrella over him, while she and my brother were looking after our freight and baggage. She wanted to return with the steamer to New Orleans but father would not consent. Mother had never attended to any business before, but now she was obliged to leave father, who was so near death's door, take her little sick baby in her arms, and look after everything, with no one to help her but my brother.

She found that most of the freight we had brought with us could go no farther, so she sold what she could. Those to whom she sold, knowing that she would be compelled to leave it, would give only their own price, a very small one, for it. Mother spoke both French and Spanish as well as English, and I do not know how she could have managed if such had not been the case. But her knowledge of Spanish enabled her to get along without hiring an interpreter, who charged a high fee for his services.

It was the rainy season on the Isthmus, and though it was clear when we landed it soon began to rain in torrents. As our tent had not yet been taken out of the ship, we did not know what to do. But mother having found that the old Frenchwoman and her husband were going to remain at Chagres and open a restaurant, where they had already pitched their tent, made arrangements with them to shelter father and us little ones until our own tent could be put up.

The route across the Isthmus from Chagres was by canoe up the Chagres River as far as Gorgona, then by trail either on mule-back or on foot to Panama. Mother decided to start for Gorgona the next morning. So having selected what articles she thought she could get across the Isthmus, she hired three canoes, with enough native boatmen to row them up the river. She left my brother and old Duncan to load the canoes, while she prepared some provisions for our use while on the journey up the river. The articles that she had decided to take were bedding for the family, our clothing, two tents, our camping outfit, mining tools, the chest of carpenter tools, all the provisions that we could carry, and a small medicine chest.

She decided not to pitch our tent that night, but to stay with the Frenchwoman, so she gave us our supper and sent us early to bed. Our beds were some quilts spread on the ground. She said that she wanted to get a good night's sleep, for while going up the river we should have to sleep the best we could on top of the baggage in the canoes. But,

owing to the heat and mosquitoes, we did not succeed in getting much sleep.

We did not get away from Chagres until afternoon of the next day. There were two negro boatmen to each of the canoes. The canoes were long but rather narrow. They were covered for about two thirds of their length with palm leaves, fastened in some manner to bows, like the bows of a wagon cover. This covering was to shelter from both the rain and the sun. The canoe in which father, mother, and the baby, were to travel was loaded principally with bedding, and arranged as comfortably as possible for father's sake. My brother and the rest of us children were in the canoe that was loaded with trunks and boxes of clothing; and old Duncan, with the provisions and tools, occupied the third. On top of the trunks in our canoe was a feather-bed, and on this we had to sit or lie, whichever we chose, until we reached Gorgona. The bed was so near the covering of the canoe that, although we were very small children, we could not sit upright; and it was so terribly hot that when we lay down the bed seemed fairly to scorch us. We were glad when a shower of rain came up, as it cooled the atmosphere for the time being; but as soon as the shower had passed, the sun shone with even more than his accustomed fervency. None of us were well, so we complained and fretted, while brother tried to comfort us. He diverted our attention from ourselves by pointing out different objects on the banks of the river.

And indeed, there was enough to look at; for both sides of the river were lined with strange trees, underneath which was a perfect jungle of plants. Lovely flowering vines hung in festoons from one tree to another. Gorgeously plumed birds flitted from bough to bough. Many of the trees were laden with troops of noisy, chattering monkeys. Occasionally we would see an alligator sunning himself on some half-submerged log; and whenever we passed an open place on the bank of the river it was sure to be occupied by huge lizards and snakes, basking in the tropical sunshine. Although these sights were new and strange to us, they could not long divert our minds from our discomforts.

We had not seen the canoe with our parents since leaving Chagres; and now, as nightfall was approaching, we began to fear that some misfortune had befallen them. We could not understand a word of what the boatmen were saying, but from their movements and gestures we knew that they were on the lookout for some place to moor the canoe. We had been told before leaving Chagres that we could not go ashore for the night, as the jungle on both sides of the river was full of tigers and reptiles, so we knew that we should have to pass the night on the boat. The boatmen at length found a place to suit them, and one of them jumped out, fastened the line that he had to a tree, and waded back to the canoe.

With the night came myriads of mosquitoes. We had taken off our shoes and stockings during the day to cool our feet; and now, though it seemed scarcely cooler, we were glad to put them on again to protect our feet from the venomous insects. Our shoes seemed to be the only protection that we had, for the ravenous creatures did not seem to experience the slightest difficulty in biting through our clothing. The negroes must have been related to the pachyderms, for though they were destitute of clothing, with the exception of their breech-cloths, they lay down in the bow of the canoe and in a few minutes were sleeping soundly. The night was very dark, and strange sounds were heard in every direction. Shrieks, growls, and murmurs, filled the air, and we were very much afraid. Our chief anxiety was for our parents, whose canoe did not come up with us that night. We could

not sleep, but tossed about as much as we could in our cramped position.

The longest night has its end. Morn came, and the boatmen jumped out and unmoored the boat so as to go on. My brother tried to make them understand that we did not want to go farther till our parents' canoe came up. But they either did not understand or did not want to stop. So they went on until nine o'clock, when they came to quite an open place, which was somewhat higher than the country through which we had been traveling. Here the canoe was hauled up to the river's bank, and we all got out and waited for the missing canoe, which made its appearance at ten o'clock. Mother had passed an anxious night on our account, but she said that we must not stop, for father was suffering so that we must hasten to Gorgona.

So we ate a hasty lunch and started on our way. It rained more on this our second day on the river, and consequently was not quite so hot. The scenery was like that we had passed through the day before, except that in the afternoon we passed several habitations. At one of these places mother bought some milk from an old negro woman who could speak English. This woman said that she had come to the Isthmus from Cuba, and that at one time she had been a slave in the State of Mississippi. She brought us a gourd full of cooked rice to eat with our milk; and said that although she had been living there six years, we were the first American children that she had seen on the Isthmus.

We were anxious to gather some of the many lovely flowers that we had seen growing on the banks of the river, and now, as we stopped to eat our lunch, we thought that we should have an opportunity. But the old negress told mother that there were many poisonous flowers growing on the Isthmus, and as we would not know which they were, we had better not pick any kind of flowers. This was a great disappointment to us, the flowers were so plentiful and so lovely.

That night we came to a little village and we wanted to camp ashore; but the inhabitants, saying that a party of Americans camping there the night before had shot a young native boy, forbade us to land. By the description given of the men we knew that they were not Americans, but a company of Englishmen that had come with us from New Orleans. I do not know why they had shot the boy, for the natives seemed to be very kind and inoffensive.

The third day the water in the river seemed to be very shallow, and the canoes would stick in the mud or sand. The boatmen, one on each side of the canoe, would then stick long poles into the bottom of the river, and by pushing on them force the canoe ahead as far as possible; then they would repeat this operation until the canoe was free from the mud. When this method failed, the men would jump out and drag the canoe off. I was always afraid to see them jump out in this manner, lest they be taken by some of the many alligators to be seen; having heard people say at home that alligators were very fond of negroes.

On the fourth day we arrived at Gorgona. Three nights and four days in our cramped positions, in that hot climate, with none of us well, and father and baby so very sick, was something dreadful to endure, and made the canoes seem like instruments of torture. Though father's bed had been made as comfortable as possible in the narrow space in which it had to be placed, having clean linen sheets slipped under him each day, he was so emaciated and his sufferings were so intense that the hot bed was a veritable place of torment to him. We still had his cot with us, and when he was taken out of the canoe and placed on this, he said that he felt so

much better, that he thought that he was going to get well. But he was really no better and it was impossible for him to go farther in that helpless condition.

My brother and old Duncan cut some poles, pitched our tent, and built a brush shed to cook under. They put father's cot in the tent, and built some scaffolds to put our beds on, for it was too wet to sleep on the ground. My brother cooked supper that night, for mother was so nearly worn out that she could do nothing. We did relish that supper, having had nothing but cold victuals since leaving the steamer at Chagres.

Our camp was in a clump of palm trees, about two hundred yards from the town of Gorgona, and about eighty yards from the river. The Chagres was wider and much more shallow here than it was below Gorgona. The banks were low; in fact, there were scarcely any banks at all. The bed of the river was rocky and the water very clear. The country here was more open than any we had seen coming up the river, though for the greater part it was still a perfect wilderness. There were some cultivated fields of bananas and plantains, but they were small. The building material here was the same as that at Chagres, but the houses were square, with gable roofs covered with palm leaves. Some had bamboo walls, and all were very small.

The dress of the inhabitants was of the same style as that prevailing at Chagres, except that many of the women wore in addition to a skirt, one undergarment. Many of these garments were very finely worked around the low necks and short sleeves with what is known as drawn work.

Their food consisted of various kinds of fruit, rice, and a tuberous root which they called a yam. The yams, I believe, grew wild, but were also cultivated to some extent. When properly cooked and eaten with meat or gravy they made a very good substitute for potatoes. Rice was cooked in two ways. One way was to boil it in little round-bottomed earthen pots with small pieces of jerked beef, and season with salt and some kind of oil. Jerked beef is beef cut in long, thin strips and dried in the sun. The other mode of preparation was to boil in water and then mix with grated cocoanut, and sweeten with some of their native sugar. This sugar was of a dark brown color, made into little round cakes and wrapped in pieces of palm leaves. It was used chiefly as a confection. The natives also ate the flesh of the iguana. This is a hideous looking reptile, which we at first thought was a young alligator.

Although they wore but little clothing, that little was kept clean. The washing was done in the river. The women, carrying the soiled clothes on the head in a basket or tray, waded out into the stream until they found a suitable place for the performance of their labor — a smooth, flat rock over which the water was not very deep, and upon which they might sit. Having weighted down her basket to keep it from floating off, a woman would take out one garment at a time, rub it with soap, put it on a rock, and pound it with another rock until it was clean. She would then secure it in the water by placing a rock on top of it, and leave it in the running water until the day's washing was finished.

Many Americans passed through Gorgona on their way to Panama, but they stopped only long enough to hire mules to carry themselves and baggage. The country lying along the Chagres River was considered the most unhealthy part of the Isthmus, and no one wished to tarry there. But there, in that unhealthy place, in the most unhealthy season of the year, we must stay with our poor father, who now realized that he was nearing his journey's end. He was slowly but surely passing away, and it grieved him to know that he was going to leave

us strangers in a strange land. Still he told mother not to go back to New Orleans, but to take his children to California. It seemed that every day must be his last; but there, with nothing to shelter him but a tent, though it rained every day, he lingered one month. On the 30th of April he spoke his last words; and though he lived until midnight of the 1st of May, he was in a state of unconsciousness. We little ones had gone to bed, but at ten o'clock our brother called us up. And there, near the midnight hour, in that lonely tent, by the side of that pestilential river, our dear father passed away. We were alone with our dead: with no friend, nor even a stranger by to offer a word of consolation, or perform an act of kindness. Mother and brother dressed him for his burial, and sat by him until the dawn of day. Then my brother went into the town, and hired some negroes to dig a grave. He also tried to get some lumber for making a coffin, but there was none to be had. He returned to the camp, knocked some of our largest packing boxes to pieces, and attempted to make a coffin of the material thus obtained.

He finished it about ten o'clock, when the negroes, having finished their digging, came to carry the coffin to the grave. Mother had not slept for three nights, neither had she lain down to rest. She was therefore so exhausted that she did not go to the grave, but remained at the camp with her sick baby, who, she thought, could not live long. We children and old Duncan followed the negroes to the grave, which was in a lonely place about a quarter of a mile from the camp. It was a little clearing, only a few yards square, and was called the American burying-ground. It contained only two graves, which were under a large mahogany tree; and father's was dug next to them. The ground was so full of water that it had seeped into the grave, and had to be dipped out before the coffin was lowered. The grave was filled, and my brother placed over it a small board, on which he had carved father's name. He also carved his name in the bark of the mahogany tree. And there in that tropical wilderness, without any funeral ceremony, and no monument but that noble green tree, we left him to his last long sleep. It was hard to leave him, yet it was his dying wish that we should go on.

It was indeed necessary for the health of the remainder of the family that we hasten from that place. Our funds, too, were getting low. Though we had left home with, as we thought, a sufficient sum, only about $700 remained. It would cost a good deal to transport our baggage to Panama, and we did not know how long we should have to stay there. Mother asked the negroes who had helped at our father's burial, if they knew of any one that she could hire to carry the baggage to Panama. As they did, she and my brother went with them and hired two men and eight mules. Their charges were so high that mother knew she would not be able to hire mules for us to ride. So she hired a native to carry my little three-year-old brother, and also to act as guide, and it was decided that the rest of us should walk to Panama. The native came early on the morning of the 3d of May, and after a great deal of fussing and chattering the mules were all loaded and started on their way. Very many of our things had been left at Chagres, and now another lot had to be left here.

Mother divided the money, giving half to my brother and carrying the rest herself. The two lots were placed in belts and fastened around the waists of the bearers. Brother carried the baby in his arms, and his rifle on his shoulder. Mother carried father's shotgun on her shoulder, and an umbrella to hold over baby when it rained. The native guide was to carry my lit-

tle brother most of the way, but was to let him walk where the trail was in good condition. All being ready, we began our weary march over the regular trail traveled by mule-teams from Gorgona to Panama.

Although this trail had been used by the Indians for generations in making their journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it was still so rough that it could be traversed only on mule-back or on foot, and in the wet season it was not an easy matter to go over it in any way. Though this was the most expensive route by which to reach the Golden West, as it was the shortest it was the most traveled, and was necessarily, during the rainy season, in an execrable condition.

Along this narrow, rough, and muddy trail we picked our way as best we could. The guide took the lead and the rest followed, generally in Indian file. It rained a great deal of the time, and we were soon soaking wet. Our wet skirts impeded our progress so much that whenever it stopped raining mother would wring the water out of them and out of our sunbonnets. Our shoes were thin and rather low, and got so full of mud and water that they chafed and hurt our feet. We soon passed the mules that were laden with our baggage.

Although we made but slow progress, we got along faster than the baggage trains, several of which we passed. Often one or more of the poor, over-laden mules would be stuck fast in the mire, and the drivers would be cruelly beating them or prodding them with iron prods. The mules that carried passengers traveled faster, as they were not so heavily burdened; still, many of these would also get mired. We passed a number of carcasses of mules that had fallen in their tracks while being hurried on by cruel travelers. The trail was so narrow that when we met empty trains returning to Gorgona it was with difficulty that we could pass them.

About noon we arrived at a native hut, where our guide said that we should have to get our dinner. It had been impossible to bring food with us while making this trip, so mother ordered dinner. While it was being prepared I inspected the habitation and its surroundings. The hut was built of poles, covered with palm leaves, and enclosed with the same on three sides, and left open on the fourth. There was a ground floor and a loft. The loft was the common sleeping-room for the entire household, and for any native travelers that happened along. The ascent to it was made by means of a log with notches cut in it for steps. I did not see the furniture of the loft, but supposed it consisted chiefly of cowhides, as they seemed to be used for so many purposes. The furniture of the ground floor consisted of one or two earthen pots, numerous calabashes, a cowhide, a few horn spoons, a knife, and some small blocks for stools. The pots were small, and made with round bottoms. They were of unglazed ware, and looked like our common terra cotta flower pots.

Dinner was announced. It was served in the little earthen pot, which was placed in the center of the cowhide, and each of us was given a horn spoon with which to eat. It consisted of two quarts of rice cooked with jerked beef, which was supposed to be sufficient for mother, six children, and the guide. As we were all expected to eat from the same pot, we were in a quandary as to how to manage it. But mother solved the problem. She called for a calabash, and dishing out a liberal portion, gave it to the guide. We then sat around and ate the remainder. We were still hungry, but as it had taken an hour to prepare this potfull we could not wait for them to cook any more. So mother paid our hostess two dollars for our entertainment, and we started on our way.

Towards nightfall we came to another hut like the one we had visited at noon.

Mother ordered supper immediately, for we were all very tired and hungry. The usual contents were put in the pot, and a little fire kindled on the earthen floor, which was the usual place for cooking. As soon as this was cooked we ate it, and the pot was put on the fire again with the second course, which consisted of rice and grated cocoanut sweetened with native sugar.

After supper the mistress of the hut climbed up to the loft and threw down a cowhide. This hide and the one that had served as our supper table were to be our beds for the night. The hides were placed side by side on the ground, and seven blocks of wood to be used as pillows were placed at the end. These blocks, which were cut from the trunk of a tree, were about fourteen inches long, six inches thick, and hollowed out in the center to fit the head. The woman then told mother that we could go to bed as soon as we chose. The natives, including our guide, climbed to the loft, and drew the ladder up after them. This was done as a precaution against tigers, of which the natives stood in great fear both night and day. As these animals were very numerous, all the surrounding country a wilderness, and the habitations a great distance apart, the precaution was not unwisely taken. This particular family probably felt unusually safe that night, for if any of the hungry marauders should chance to pay a visit, the seven members of our family lying on the ground would doubtless serve to satisfy their demands. Knowing that fear would avail us nothing, we lay down on that strange bed, in our wet clothing, and managed to sleep some in spite of all discomfort.

Next morning, after our breakfast of rice and beef, we were given some bananas, pineapples, and cakes of sugar to serve as our lunch, as we should not reach another hut until late in the day. Mother paid five dollars for meals, lodging, and lunch, and we again started.

How the rain did pour down that day! We could travel but slowly, and the streams were so swollen that they were dangerous to cross. Still we braved everything, as it was useless to do otherwise.

About four o'clock we came to where an American was standing under a tree by the trail. He said that he was one of a company of American surveyors, who were surveying a road from Chagres to Panama, and that their camp was about a quarter of a mile to one side of the trail. Some of the company had been out on the trail that morning, and had met a party of mounted travelers, who had told of our helpless condition. Accordingly he had been sent to watch for us, to take us to the camp for the night.

We were both surprised and grateful, for this was the first kindness that had been shown us by a white man on the Isthmus. Mother consented to go with him, and he took my youngest sister in his arms, and led the way to the camp. The other surveyors met us, and gave us a cordial greeting and a hearty welcome. The camp consisted of one large circular canvas tent, several smaller tents, and a brush cook-house. The large tent was comfortably furnished with good American camp furniture, and was placed at our service for the night. The cook, who was an American negro, set on the table a well cooked American supper, which was relished, indeed, by us. After supper, it was a luxury to be able to take off our wet clothes, and get in between clean sheets on the inflated rubber beds, where we had a night's refreshing sleep. In the morning, after a good substantial breakfast, we were sent on our way, our hearts filled with gratitude for the kindness of those noble men.

That day a party of travelers on mule-back passed us. Among them were two American women, the first that we had seen on the Isthmus. They were riding

astride, for it was impossible to ride in any other manner over that rough path. That night we spent at another hut. In addition to the rice and beef we were given some hominy and a whitish kind of syrup. After supper, the owner of the hut cut down some kind of a palm tree, which yielded a quantity of sap that looked like milk and water. This he gave us to drink. It tasted very much like some of the milk sold by milkmen in cities. We had stewed yams, with roasted bread-fruit for our breakfast the next morning, and started on our way early, as we hoped to get through to Panama that day.

Our feet were very sore from walking in our wet shoes, and kept us awake a good deal during the night. They itched and burned so badly that mother thought they were poisoned. But the native woman at the hut told us that we had gotten jiggers in our feet. These are small insects of a parasitical nature, and the woman said that the soil was full of them. She said that they would eat or burrow in the flesh of a person's foot, and would lay their eggs under the skin and hatch there. In a few days small blisters would form on our feet. These blisters were the cells containing the jiggers and their eggs, and mother must open them, scrape them well. and wash with strong salt and water to rid us of the pests. They had got into our feet from the mud that was continually getting into our low shoes, and as the wet shoes kept our feet soft it was an easy matter for the insects to work through the skin. We were frightened at what the woman said, for we had seen many natives with crippled feet, and she said that the jiggers were the cause.

The path was now better than any we had passed over, and continued to improve as we neared Panama. We children were much amused by the huge armies of ants that we saw on our way. They would be seen crossing the trail in trains a foot in width, and each one would be carrying a green leaf, which he held over him as if to shield him from the sun or rain. When we disturbed them they would scatter without dropping their leaves, and would immediately fall into ranks and go marching along like a great army of soldiers.

This was the fourth day of our journey, and in the afternoon we came to quite a large stream of water. Mother made each of us little girls wade into it, one at a time, and stand there until she could wash some of the mud off our dresses. We then waded out, had some of the water wrung out of our skirts, and our toilet was made for entering the city of Panama.

As we went on we came to a wide road, which was being paved with cobble-stones by a chain-gang of natives, while officers stood guard over them. This paved road led to the gate of the city, so we did not have any more mud to travel through, though it was not very easy walking over those round cobbles with our wet shoes.

We entered the city a short time before sundown, and mother immediately began to inquire for a room to rent while we had to remain there. As we walked the streets we saw many Americans, who stared at us so that we were much ashamed of our woe-begone appearance. But having crossed the Isthmus as we had done was sufficient excuse for it.

After many inquiries, mother succeeded in renting a room about twenty feet square, on the second floor of a large house. The only articles in the room were a hammock, a water-jar, and a filter. The owner of the house was a pompous old Castilian widower, who with his daughter, a lovely girl, and their numerous servants, occupied the greater portion of the building. Brother went out and bought us some supper, and as the baggage was not due until the next day, mother put the two little ones in the hammock, one at either end, and the rest of us lay down on the floor to sleep.

The baggage-train arrived about noon the next day, and having changed all our clothes, mother and brother started out to see what chance there was of securing a passage to San Francisco. They learned that there were two vessels preparing to start in a few days, but that they were already overcrowded, and that hundreds of Americans were waiting, unable to get a berth, though they offered enormous prices.

We were all very much disheartened at the unfavorable prospect, but the following day met with better success, as mother saw the captains of the two vessels. One of the vessels was the old ship Humboldt, and the other an old Peruvian whaling bark, named the Callao. Captain Stevens was the owner of the bark, and Captain Pardee was master. Captain Stevens said that although his vessel was not a floating palace, and was already engaged to carry more than she ought, yet on account of our helpless condition he would agree to take us.

The time intervening between our arrival at Panama and our departure on the Callao was spent in observing the curious manners and customs of the inhabitants of this tropical city. There was much sickness in the city at this time, the measles having broken out among the native children in a very malignant form. There was much sickness and suffering among the emigrants who were detained in this unsanitary place, while waiting for an opportunity to leave for San Francisco. The hardships connected with our trip across the Isthmus had so reduced our strength that we were now unable to resist the attacks of disease. My elder brother, who up to this time had been of so much service to mother, was now barely able to walk to the landing.

The vessels were anchored a long distance out in the bay, and all freight and passengers had to be carried out to them in small boats. When on the 10th of May, the day for the sailing of the Callao, we walked to the landing, we found that we should have to wait two hours for a boat to carry us to the bark. I shall never forget what a long two hours that was. We were too exhausted to go back to the town, so we stayed on the beach. I stood as long as I could, and then lay down on the ground. I did not know when I was carried aboard the vessel; nor, indeed, was I conscious of anything for a week, with the exception that at intervals I experienced a sensation as of burning, and a dreadful thirst. I then got better, and was able to see where I was, and found that my brothers and sisters were very sick.

As the Callao was a whaler, there was only cabin-room for the officers and four or five passengers; and the space between decks that had been used for storing oil-casks was now fitted out to carry passengers. There were two rows of rough berths all around the sides, and another row in the middle. There were also some hammocks hung in different places. There was no place for the entrance of light or air except through the hatchway. I do not know how many passengers there were on board, but I do know that every berth and hammock was filled, and that some had beds on the floor. It was a filthy-looking place, and the atmosphere was almost stifling. Everthing was swarming with cockcroaches; they were in our beds and in our food. There was no dining table, and the passengers were divided into companies, or messes, as they were called. At meal time the steward would call the roll, and one person from each mess would receive the rations for his company. They would then form into groups anywhere they chose, and eat the food if they could. But the food was not of the best quality, and those in poor health suffered for want of proper nourishment. The water was bad also.

There were four American women, one Mexican woman, and one negro woman on board, and two little American children, besides the children of our family. These two children were both little girls under two years of age. There was also one negro child, and a large number of male passengers. The children were all sick, and suffering for proper food.

One of the babies was the child of Doctor Hurslener and wife, of Tennessee; the other was the child of Mr. and Mrs. Angar, of the same State. The other American woman was Mrs. Steinbach; she and her husband were young people from Florida. The negroes were the property of a Mr. Cassidy, who was taking them from Mississippi to California, in order that they might be free. The Mexican woman and her husband were to stop at Mazatlan.

We had not been on board long before the measles broke out among the children. The negro boy died with the disease on the seventh day out from Panama. Mr. Frank Lemon, the supercargo of the vessel, read the beautiful and impressive sea-burial service at all the burials between Panama and San Francisco. The night after the burial of the little negro, Doctor Mott, the ship's doctor, died from the effects of hard drinking; he had been under the influence of liquor ever since leaving Panama.

Our poor little baby sister was the next to go. It seemed a terrible thing to us children to see her little body sewed up in canvas, weighted with lead, and consigned to the mighty deep. In the course of three days the other two babies were buried. They, like my sister, died more from want of proper food than from any other cause. Another old drunken doctor, whose name I have forgotten, died next. One of the mates, a Frenchman, became insane, and had to be confined in irons until we reached Mazatlan, where he was left.

By this time the supply of water ran low, and we were put on an allowance, but it was so impure that we never drank more than we were obliged to for the purpose of sustaining life.

My brothers and sisters now began to feel well enough to go on deck, but I did not seem to gain any strength. Doctor Hurslener, who was now employed as ship's doctor, said that I never would be any better, if I was not put where I could breathe pure air. Therefore, the captain ordered a little awning to be fixed up on deck, and every day I was carried up and laid under it.

On the 16th of June we reached Mazatlan, where we stopped four days. Most of the passengers remained on shore during that time. Mazatlan is a typical Mexican town, and everything connected with it interested our curiosity. We had stopped for water. The bark was anchored so far out that the taking on of water was a slow operation. It was accomplished by lashing two casks together, towing them ashore, filling them, and towing them back. On the 20th of June, having taken on water and provisions sufficient for the remainder of our journey, as the captain supposed, we again set sail for the land of promise. Four Mexican women were taken on as passengers.

We had all the food and water we wanted for a while. But it was evident that the officers were not accustomed to carrying so many passengers, nor to laying in supplies for them. In a short time we were again given a limited amount of water; and soon after our supply of bread was curtailed. We still had plenty of other food, such as it was.

About ten days after leaving Mazatlan we were becalmed. I do not remember how long the calm lasted; but it was long enough to make the officers look very anxious, for they were afraid that the water and provisions would not hold out until San Francisco was reached. But, at last, at the close of one sultry

day, as the sun went down, a slight breeze began to stir the surface of the water, and the sails began to flap against the masts. The captain said we should have breeze enough before morning, and preparations were made for a storm. By nine o'clock the old bark was pitching and rolling, and the following morning the passengers were ordered to remain below. On the afternoon of the third day of the storm we were allowed to go on deck for a short time. The storm ceased that night, and after that the weather was cool and pleasant.

Our supply of food and water was diminishing in a manner that was alarming, considering that we were still a long way from our journey's end. The allowance of water was again reduced, and each person had to give a portion of his allowance to be used in cooking his food. As the principal article of food was salt beef, a good deal of water was needed for cooking it. It was said that this beef, which was called "salt horse" by the sailors, was several years old. Whenever a barrel of it was opened, the odor from it was so strong that the deck would be deserted in a hurry.

One day it was discovered that Mr. Lemon was using fresh water for shaving, and there was quite an uproar about it. A committee was appointed to see that both the water and the food were properly distributed. One of the first things done by the committee was to find out the amount still on hand. During the investigation a half barrel of sugar and a few other things, that had been secreted by the supercargo for his own use, were found. When Mr. Cassidy heard of this, he rushed on deck with two revolvers, and ordered that the secreted provisions be brought on deck at once. As every one had learned that he was not to be trifled with, the articles were produced, and equally divided among all on board. My mother had a small quantity of provision, for which she had paid an excessive rate of transportation across the Isthmus. On the morning of the Fourth of July she ordered these brought on deck. Among them were flour, sugar, and lard. She obtained permission to go to the galley, and with the help of the old negro cook she fried doughnuts, to be divided among all on board. Flags were hoisted, and though no one felt very light-hearted, all tried to be patriotic on our nation's birthday. A larger quantity of water than usual was issued, and with that and our doughnuts we had a feast indeed.

Mother voluntarily turned over the remainder of her provisions to the captain. Yet not one week after, when the allowance of water was reduced to one pint a day, several passengers, who called themselves men, asked the committee to make the allowance of water less for us children than for the adults. However, their request was treated with the greatest contempt.

By the 15th of July all the supplies except the "salt horse" were getting low. The bread we were then using was some kind of old, musty Peruvian bread made of unbolted flour. Though it was as hard as brick it was alive with worms, and we did not dare let it lie long at a time or it would crawl off. We still had a few beans and a few peas filled with weevils, but these could not be half cooked owing to the lack of water.

Every precaution was now taken to prevent scurvy from breaking out. A bath-room was fixed on deck, and every one was compelled to bathe daily unless a storm was raging.

One of the passengers, a tinsmith, thought that he could make a condenser out of some sheets of tin that were on board. He hoped by this means to be able to obtain fresh water from the ocean. While he was at work every one began to look more cheerful; but on investigation it was found that the fuel was nearly gone, so the project was given up.

About the 19th of July we encountered a storm compared with which the others had been mere breezes. All of the passengers were ordered below, the hatches were battened down, and there in utter darkness we spent three dreadful days and nights. When the horrors of that storm had passed we found that the ship was disabled, and we began to despair of reaching our destination.

We had now barely two weeks' provisions, and our allowance of water was reduced to half a pint a day. Everyone tried to save at least a few drops of this each day, as all feared the time would soon come when the entire supply would be exhausted. Never did miser guard his hoard of gold with greater vigilance than did we that precious fluid. One man by the name of Wilcox, while lying sick in his hammock, offered mother about three pints of water which he had managed to save. Mother at first refused to take it; but he urged her to accept it, saying that he could not lie there and see little children suffer for water. With the tears rolling down her cheeks she thanked him, saying it was the most precious gift anyone had ever made her.

All was done that was possible to repair the damage done by the storm. Though we were not so very far from our journey's end, the wind was contrary, and we could not seem to make any headway. Our situation began to appear hopeless. How anxiously everyone watched for land, or a vessel that might rescue us. About sundown one evening, some thought that they could see land. The captain said that it was the Farallon Islands, and if the wind, which was then favorable, continued so, we should reach the Golden Gate the next day; but unfortunately for us the wind changed, and the next morning we were blown far out of our course.

Captain Stevens, the owner of the vessel, said that he had once been on a ship that had entirely exhausted its supply of food, and he knew to what lengths starving men could be driven. He stated that notwithstanding the small allowance of food and water now issued us, in a few days all would be gone. He said that although he knew most men would die rather than taste human flesh, others driven insane by their sufferings would be willing to devour their companions. He therefore proposed that lots should be drawn to see which should be the first to be killed to serve as food for the others. All were called on deck, the matter was discussed and it was decided to follow Captain Stevens' advice. The women, children, Captain Pardee, and two of the best seamen were to be exempt from the drawing. Mr. Lemon read a chapter from the Bible, a prayer was offered, and a number of slips of paper were prepared. Three of these slips were numbered 1, 2, and 3, and all were then given to my little brother, with directions to put them into a tin cracker can and stir them around thoroughly. Captain Stevens was the first to draw, and he was followed by others in turn, my elder brother among the number. Lot No. 1 fell upon a mulatto, who died that night; probably his death was caused by fright more than anything else. His body was saved, to be eaten in case of extreme necessity.

That night the wind again shifted to a favorable quarter. The third day after the drawing of the lots the Farallones were sighted, and on the last day of July, 1849, we cast anchor in San Francisco Bay.

Mrs. T. F. Bingham.

THE UNDOING OF DAVID LEMWELL.

"TEACHER 's goin' t' get a licken'."

This statement caused a shock of pleased expectancy to thrill the youthful members of the "North Gulch Temple of Learning" (that was what public-spirited citizens called it) one morning in June, when the world, awakening, found herself more than usually lovely.

What an opening of eyes, and suppressed breathings of "ohs" and ahs," and "Who 's goin' to do it?" "'T ain't so!" and so forth. Expressions of approval and disapproval were thickly afloat in an atmosphere charged with appreciation of the fact that at last something was going to happen.

Two dainty little maidens — twins, who called themselves Zan and Zip, and who adored their teacher — clasped hands and beamed with pleasure. Evidently the coming chastisement appeared to their infantile minds a pleasing entertainment for the teacher's especial benefit. The schoolhouse had not known such commotion for — well, never.

"Teacher 's comin'," announced Louise, a tall angular girl of twelve years, with a pretty, delicate face, long, much-handled curls, and a very affected manner. Being the oldest girl in school, and in Ray's Second Arithmetic, she was very much looked up to and adored from afar by the younger pupils. She now set the example by going to her desk and folding her hands demurely. The others, with suppressed rustling scrambles, like the scattering of mice, skipped into their seats, and the room became so deathly still that the smaller children began to look frightened. A squirrel, who had doubtless been investigating the prospects of the nut crop, assumed a listening attitude on the branch that brushed the window; then, evidently appalled by the sudden stillness, scurried away. An early bumblebee droned through the room and passed on Then a quick, light step made a crisp sound on the sandy soil, smote with a gentle tap the cracker box that served for a step, and in the doorway a symbol of the morning stood enframed.

"Why bless me!" was the exclamation that greeted the unusual order. Two boys nudged each other, and gulped down a giggle. Louise turned her head with a stately motion, and recognized her teacher with a well graduated smile.

In the tense silence still pervading, the teacher reached her desk, and became conscious that a sense of disappointment was passing over the school like a breath. Teacher had her best dress on! Then of course nothing was going to happen after all! Louise got out her grammar and turned the leaves listlessly. Johnny Brent began to search for a piece of rubber string with which he was wont to beguile the hours shooting at any stray flies that might come his way. Jem Low, a lank, dull-eyed boy, deftly inserted a pin where it would be apt to arouse the most energy when Johnny should settle down. Those whose resources for amusement were more limited wore again the old air of listlessness and indifference, — aimlessly getting ready to do something which nobody expected would ever be done. In comparison Louise, idly turning the leaves of her book, now and then stopping to read the quotations that caught her fancy, looked studious.

At any other time the teacher's new dress and an unusual brightness of look and alertness of manner would have been a pleasing diversion; but they had been expecting something more, and everything else was flat by comparison.

Only the twins still sat in smiling, round-eyed expectancy, waiting for "it" to begin.

Like most of us, Miss Dean was "out of her sphere." The tide of circumstances had borne her to the North Gulch and stranded her there. She was a stranger, and they took her in and let her teach the school. She said that teaching was her "profession." Of course everyone understood that, having failed to marry as yet, she was dragging through the period of waiting, with this semblance of doing something.

She was hampered in many ways. She had an exaggerated notion of the nobleness of her calllng. The necessity of doing her duty weighed upon her. The little souls placed in her hands to be moulded and directed upwards seemed possessed of the mobility of water, and absolutely refused to rise above their own level. Another obstacle was her health; she was never ill, but always tired. She had beauty, but it was of that delicate order which requires ease and wealth to perfect it. Exposed to the hardships of this work-a-day world, its fragility became weakness. The faint coloring gave place to sallowness. She had followed her "profession" long enough for it to place its mark upon her. She usually had the tied-up way of carrying herself that nervous people, who do not believe in being nervous, acquire. Impatience that was never allowed to vent itself took revenge by drawing a disfiguring line in her forehead Dissatisfaction it would have been treason to recognize had given a melancholy droop to the corners of her mouth. Altogether she was as uninteresting and unloved a little person as you would find anywhere. The smaller children were attracted toward her, probably because of her natural sweetness of disposition, which with them was allowed to usurp her desire to ennoble their souls. Older pupils did not dislike her; they were indifferent.

She usually wore brown or gray dresses, with a faded, washed-out appearance which members of her calling are apt to affect. But on the morning of the announcement there was a complete change. The faded grays had given place to a muslin of so dainty a blue that it gave to the slender figure the costly fragility of a china vase. Doubtless the faint, fresh bloom on her cheek was the result of art, but if so it was the work of an artist. A fluff of soft brown hair relieved the severity of a too classical forehead. Her eyes were bright; her movements light and quick and with suggestions of power. There was an expression on her face akin to the smile of the sun. Evidently *she* was expecting something to happen yet. It was not the first time that victims have been adorned for the sacrifice, and what appeared to the children a fatal blow to their pleasure, to an older spectator would have been an indication of brooding activities.

The day before, Dave Lemwell had absolutely refused to get his lesson. He had been whipped that noon at home, where remonstrance was useless, and it was necessary to his dignity that he get even with the world in some way.

It was an understood thing that he was not to be whipped in school. Two years before an elder brother had been severely punished by a young and too ardent master. He was a weakly, consumptive boy, and his father—who spared neither the rod nor the child — on this occasion was somewhat disturbed. He kept the boy in school however. At the end of a week he complained of a cold, and was allowed to bring his books home. The cold developed into quick consumption, and in two weeks he died. His father said and believed that his violent encounter with the master was the direct cause of the speedy development of the disease, and headed a posse of angry citizens, who called on the master and gave him two hours to remove himself

ten miles as the crow flies,—and to keep on moving "in that direction." The young man departed. Mr. Lemwell expressed a desire to become a member of all future school boards in that district, and was unanimously elected on the spot, regardless of any hampering State laws as to time and place. Then they went back to the funeral.

Mr. Lemwell laid down the law to all subsequent teachers, – much to David Jr's satisfaction. He was not a bad boy, but it was a delight unspeakable to think that he could be.

"If I want him licked, I 'll lick 'm myself,— or any body else as tries to do it," said David Sr. to Miss Dean, when she was employed. Now Miss Dean did not approve of corporal punishment, but the dignity of her calling made her draw in her lips and say decidedly that she hoped — sincerely hoped—there would be no unpleasantness, but if there were, she should do her duty.

So when the "unpleasantness" occurred, Miss Dean rose to the occasion. "David," she had said, with what she considered great firmness, "I want you to take your slate and pencil and copy your spelling lesson once."

David said nothing, and Miss Dean went back to her classes. She glanced at him from time to time, and there David sat, industriously staring out of the window, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. By and by Jem Low's dog, Nick, meandered to the shelf where the water bucket was kept, and took a drink from a basin kept on the floor for his especial benefit. This attracted David's attention. Things were entirely too quiet for his stormy soul. He reached out and grabbed Nick, giving a faint whistle under his breath, and snapping the fingers of his free hand in a highly entertaining manner. Miss Dean saw and had an idea. She kept in her desk some drawing cards which some ingenious and highly imaginative person had invented. Each card contained the picture and supposed appropriate name of some animal. They were outline pictures, very simple, made of combinations of straight lines. She was in the habit of lending these cards to the children as a reward for well learned lessons, and the reward was very much appreciated by them. She now went to her desk and selecting a picture of a dog, a fresh sheet of paper, and a nicely sharpened pencil, took them to David's desk. David released the dog and again began staring out of the window with great preoccupation.

"David, you 're just the boy I want to draw me a picture of Nick, and here is a card to help you. When you have finished it, you may put Nick's name under it, and your name here in the corner, so that I will always remember who drew it."

The tone was a persuasive, professional one, but David still stared out of the window, unallured. She took hold of his arm. "Here 's the pencil. Now let me see how nicely you can work."

David woke from his profound study of outdoors, and turned upon the articles on his desk a look of much urprise. Then he dropped the rôle of actor and said suddenly, "I keant draw no dawg."

"Oh, well, but you can try. Here, take this pencil and do the best you can."

But David did not obey. "Keant draw no dawg 'thout I got a rope 'round his neck," he mumbled.

Poor Miss Dean. She had taught school so long that she saw nothing funny in this remark. Part of the creed of her trade was that after kindness and gentle persuasion failed, more rigorous means should be employed. She wanted to shake him, but it was also part of her creed not to do what she wanted to do when she wanted to do it, but wait until the desire passed, and then without prejudice or partiality fall to. So she curbed the desire of the flesh, thereby

drawing another line in her face, — and with great severity, spoke, — "David Lemwell, that work will have to be finished to-night."

She looked at her watch: "The other children will be dismissed in half an hour. You can go with them if your work is done."

Four o'clock came and the children went, but David still sat. Then came a struggle between mind and matter that lasted two hours. Of course mind triumphed as it always does, and secured as trophy a very dirty, tear-stained, much-erased and scratched piece of paper, on which was a furious-looking quadruped that, strange to say, bore a striking resemblance to the ill-conditioned Nick.

As the sun went down Dave started home, a subdued and tearful lad. Jem met him at the corner.

"What cher cryin' 'bout?" he queried.

"Dad 'll lick me!" wailed Dave.

"Why 'n't cha tell him teacher did?" suggested the resourceful Jem.

"But she did n'! Like t' see her try it!"

"I did n' say she did, did I? Cose she did n' She could n't lick a fly. But it 's just as you please, of cose," concluded Jem, loftily and enigmatically.

Dave caught the idea, and pondered it as he walked home.

"You limb!" yelled his irate father. "Why 'n' chu get home an' do up your chores?"

Dave hung his head.

"Teacher kept me in," he said.

"She did? What fur?"

"Did n' get my lesson."

"You did n'? Why did n't cher?"

"Could n' — Teacher licked me."

The instinct of self-defense brought out these last words, for the boy was afraid of his father, and with cause.

There was an ominous pause. When his father spoke, it was in a low, changed voice,—

"Did she hurt chu?"

"Not much."

"Don't make no difference whether she did or not. You go into the house, sonny, and wash up and brush your hair."

David proceeded to execute the unusual bidding, but a vague terror, different from the fear he had felt for himself, accompanied him, and marred the sense of being "company" with which unnecessary ablutions always invested him. When supper was ready, it choked him. He could hardly eat. His father noticed this, and his face grew white and fierce.

After supper Dave hung around the house, and at last made the unprecedented offer of helping to wash the dishes.

His sister, who had kept house since Dave was born, was a large, overworked girl, who had grown old before her time. She raised her heavy eyes and drawled:

"What 's the matter with you and Dad t' night, any way?"

"Dave burst into tears, and made a full confession. They both understood the possible danger to the teacher if their father should not be told the truth, the certain danger to Dave if he should be.

"Ye ought done as she tol' ye to, Davie. Why did n't chu?" The sister's voice was anxious.

"I don' know. Just about seems zif people 's ala's a pestering me!" wailed Dave.

The mother instinct sleeping in the raw-boned sister awoke, and she took the tousled, unlovely head in her arms, and cradled it upon her bosom, and crooned comforting, unintelligible sounds to it, till at last it fell asleep. Then she undressed him and put him in bed, finished her dishes, and throwing an old shawl over her head started for Miss Dean's boarding place.

The teacher sat on the front steps,— a faded, prim, tired little figure, washed

to the same gray tones as the unpainted boards of the house. She was alone, and their talk was uninterrupted. Dave's sister stated the case, and concluded: —

"An' now I want ye to promise me ye won't teach no school tomorrow. Ye can tell 'em yer sick er somethin', an' may be by that time Dad 'll ferget. Ef he don't, I want ye to stay sick! He 'd just kill Dave ef he knowed he tole that lie."

"And who is going to teach school while I am ill?" asked the teacher. She smiled up into the rough, anxious face of Dave's sister, who felt a sensation of helplessness stealing over her, which was much the same as Dave had felt when he yielded to the power of mind. This girl was used to the force of man, but not to the stubbornness of woman.

The teacher leaned forward, and took in her own small cool ones the large red hands. "You don't understand, Miss Lemwell. Indeed, you do your father injustice. He could n't strike a woman. He may talk that way,— he may even think that way; but he would n't really do it. You see there is where we have the advantage. No matter what we do, — we women,— no one will ever strike us back. He will probably come to the school house tomorrow and talk to me, — tell me things I don't know,— but he will not hurt me; you need not be afraid."

"You don't know Dad," said the girl helplessly. She was wondering where the advantage of being a woman came in. She had never had the right to wound and not expect hurt in return.

The teacher laughed. If the laugh was forced, her audience was not critical. "Now my dear, you must go home and go to sleep. You are tired. Tomorrow you will see things differently."

Her assumption of protecting patronage was comical in the extreme. It was as if a tom-tit should address a buzzard with words of advice. But when she was alone, her bravery vanished. She went to her room, and throwing herself on the bed, had a good long nervous cry. What a relief it was! At last she enthroned herself on the edge of the bed, and looked herself honestly in the face. "I am *afraid*,—I *am* afraid;—and I won't pretend I am not," she said; and even this small return to nature made her look five years younger. "I never — never — never can bear the indignity — I can't bear the pain!" She drew up her knees, tipped over on the bed again, and sobbed once more, like the poor, suppressed child she was. Then she got up, washed her face, brushed her hair, and thought out her course of action; the result of which was the blue dress, the soft curls, the dainty bloom, and the brightness as of spring.

She must have been possessed of considerable acumen in spite of her long apprenticeship to her enervating trade. The power of mind was all very well with David, Jr., but David, Sr., was a different person altogether, and the power of matter was to be tried upon him. Well,—she was a woman, and deserved some compensations.

Again a bee droned through the quiet school-room, as if to herald another step that struck harshly, heavily, upon the sandy soil. The fibers of the cracker-box gave a protesting creak, and again the open door became a frame.

Tommy Tuttle, who was reading the harrowing tale about the cat that got in the well, stopped in the middle of a monosyllable (which was possible when pronounced as Tommy pronounced: "c-aa-t"), and stared at the picture. Then a smile of sweet content spread itself over his face and he sat down, divining that there would be no more reading for a time.

The object of interest advanced between the rows of desks and announced himself. "I 'm Dave Lemwell, an' I

reckon you're the person I want to see."

This opening was much like the one Miss Dean had been planning for. Her part of the program at this point was to smile joyously, hold out her hand, and say: "Why, of course, I remember you. You're Dave's father. We are so glad to have visitors. Have this chair," and then before he had time to get his breath, show him their work and tell him their plans,— in short, to bluff the old gentleman out of his chance. She had thought it all over, and the nervous terror of the night before had departed. She had made herself believe what she had told his daughter, that he would not strike her; but she thought him capable of saying some very disagreeable things.

But now to see him standing there, tall, and gaunt, and gray, angered her. He looked so big and strong; the unfairness filled her with contempt, and made diplomacy seem a little thing, not worth while. He had no right to force her to listen to things she did not wish to, simply because she could not knock him down. Therefore she did not hold out her hand, and her smile was one of intense disdain.

"I suppose you have come to take Dave s place, — I see he is not here," she said.

The idea seemed to strike him. Moreover, now that he was in the school house, the awe of other days descended upon him. He had told himself that of course he could n't hurt a woman, but he intended to humiliate the teacher, — or as he phrased it, "tickle her right lively." He had had no well defined plan, but he had not expected to be treated with authority. To get his bearings and do nothing rash he delayed, and said: "Wall yes, I hev; an' thinkin' you might n't hev any of these suited to my size, I brought one along, — an' I hope it 'll satisfy you in case I should n't behave myself an' hev to be whalloped." He held towards her a long, slender whip of rolled leather, such as is commonly used by the herders of horses, — a whip more slender than the blacksnake, but like it made for wear and rough handling.

She eyed it critically. "I will take the handle, if you please," she said, for he had awkwardly held the lash toward her.

That was a mistake to make a man blush. "Sartain," he said quite humbly.

She placed the whip in the groove of the blackboard. "Now you may take Dave's seat. There it is." She nodded toward it. The great man went and stood by it helplessly. It was so comically small; some of the children tittered. The teacher gravely compared the two objects. She slowly took him in from head to foot; then she calculated the dimensions of the seat. She was in no hurry. At last she took her chair over and placed it by the desk. "You may sit here. The books are inside. Get them, please, and I will show you the lessons."

After that the old order was resumed. Recess came and went, and noon. The afternoon dragged itself away. The solitude of the forest without, the sleepy murmur of voices within, resumed their old dominion. Long before four o'clock came "Old Dave" (as the children had called him to distinguish him from the other Dave, and still show that they appreciated the fact of his being a pupil) sitting quiet and studious. had become a part of the eternity of the place. Long ago the children had ceased staring at him and giggling.

A momentary interest was awakened when at four o'clock he remained in his chair as they passed out. Some whispers to the effect that he was going to make the teacher whip him, same 's she had Dave, were afloat, and some of the more energetic would have liked to stay, if there had been any excuse for so doing.

Louise did remain in her seat, her eyes demurely downcast, belying the expression of mystery and importance

that had taken possession of every other feature. She tiptoed up to the desk with elaborate stillness. "Miss Dean, shall I stay?" she whispered.

Miss Dean felt a treacherous grip at her throat. Very likely the little attention was prompted by curiosity, or a desire to astonish her classmates; but it touched the teacher as she had been touched once before that day, when, on looking out of the window she met the anxious, enquiring face of Old Dave's daughter. She had smiled and shaken her head at that one, and received an answering smile, as, relieved, it disappeared among the bushes; but this face she took between her hands and kissed. "No, dear. Goodnight,—I think Mr. Lemwell wants to talk to me alone," and Louise, with a virtuous glow, departed.

Miss Dean turned to her remaining pupil. "You wish to speak to me?"

"Wall,—I 've got considerable to say and I reckon I better say it now. Now these here books,—I studied 'em faithful all day, but it don't seem zif I know any more 'n I did this mornin'. 'Pears like a man ought to have somethin' to show for 't when he works all day. You ain't heard me say any of 'em,—though I ain't findin' no fault with that,—bein' only a play scholar, so to speak."

"No, I did not call on you. I thought it would distract the children. But I will hear you recite now. Take the reader please, and turn to the lesson."

"I don't like to not mind what I 'm told, being as I 'm a sort of scholar; but if you ain't particular, we 'll let the books go, fur I 've got another lesson to recite. I own them books is too deep for me, but there 's lessons books don't teach, an' I learnt one of 'em while I was a sittin' here today; an' I reckon when we go you 'd better lock up, an' give me the key, for we won't have no more school here,— not till fall, we won't. Winter 's the time for studyin', when you can't do nothin' else, an' three months is enough.

"When we hired yuh, we agreed to dismiss yuh whenever we had any call to, an' though one of my lessons today was that I ain't got anything agin you, I guess it 's time fur school to stop. I 'd plum forgot how I used to feel, but while I was a-sittin' here it all come back to me. I could hear them birds a singin', an' the little breezes a shakin' the leaves, an' I knew just how the brook that I 've looked at every day without seein', was a-swingin' along kind of easy by itself, just chock full of fishes a-needin' to be caught, and then I looked at them little children, an' 't was all I could do to keep from jumping up, and yelling to them to go out an' stay out among the trees an' shadders where they belong.

"An' you ain't where you belong, no more 'n them. When I come in this mornin' you were as bright an' sassy as a bantam pullet, an' yuh just been a tonin' down all day, till now yuh ain't got spunk enough left to give me a piece of your mind. Yuh ain't got no business to do it. 'T ain't nature to have school in summer, no way. What you ought to do is to get married. It may be yuh ain't never had no chance. They do say there 's more women than men, an' so some of 'em 's got to get left, but you ain't got no call to,—not yet, you ain't. I been sitin' thinkin' this thing out, an' I about made up my mind that there wa' n't no sort of reason why I should n't marry yuh myself. I 've got a house—an' I 've got money. My girl 's likely, an' I 'm just expectin' to see her step off any day, then I 'd have to rustle around lively. An' there 's Dave a needin' a mother,—no, don't say nothin' yit, 'cause right here I want to say I won't have no objections at all to your makin' Dave mind, an' handlin' him lively when he needs it. I said no teacher wa' n't goin' to lick him, but I ain't said his ma should n't. 'Cose I expect yuh to train him up,—an' if yuh need any help, I 'm with yuh. An' now

if yuh know yer own mind, I 'm ready, an' if yuh want to think it over, why I 'll walk home with yuh, or I 'll wait a week. I ain't in no hurry."

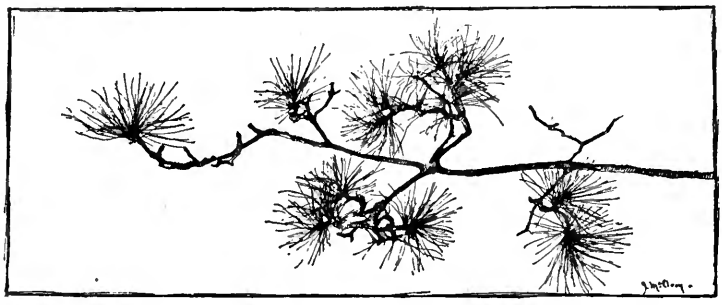
Miss Dean was staring through the opposite wall at things that eyes see not. The present proposal could hardly be said to have come to her in the garb of a temptation ; still she was debating it. Its length had enabled her to recover from her surprise, to get over the utter impossibility of this possible event. She was telling herself that she was now entirely without prospects or means of support ; that she would never again be younger than at the present moment ; that the struggle for life had already robbed her of her too frail beauty and its evanescent charm ; that she could not reasonably expect ever to have a better chance to marry ; that this at least meant food and shelter. And otherwise ? Her eyes grew warm and bright. Otherwise the future, enriched and peopled with her dreams. All that she had ever wanted was in the future, —it must be, for she had had nothing,— nothing. It was all waiting for her there,—fame, love, splendor, her ideal. She had had none of these things,— they were all there. Who would hesitate a moment ? She would walk from this place,—that would give her money to get started to doing something else, when she reached somewhere.

An apologetic cough brought her back to the present.

"O, I — I — beg your pardon," she stammered. "I thank you, — you are very kind,—but — I do not care to marry. I — think — we had better go."

They passed out together. She locked the door and gave him the key. Through the avenue of sweet-scented pines they passed down the hill. The air was languorous. How old he was, and how ugly ! What was he walking home with her for ? Probably because it was the most direct way to his own home. Well ! —a whiff of air, laden with the smell of fried bacon, coffee, and soda biscuits, came from a house near by. How good it was ! Probably they would never be hungry. *She* need never be hungry. She was at her gate now. She went in, closed it, and turned. He was waiting. Through the bars of the gate she held out her hand.

L. B. Bridgman.



THE BATH OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

From the French of A. de Pontmartin.

THOUGH now nearly sixty-eight years of age, I grow young again to tell you my story. It is February, 1830, and I am a medical student at the Children's Hospital, Rue de Sèvres, under Doctor Jadelot, one of the celebrities of the time.

My father, a rich notary of Mans, being also an influential elector and an able man of affairs, had rendered important services to the Baron de La Bouillerie, then manager of the privy purse of Charles X. I was a classmate at college of Francis de La Bouillerie (now Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, after having been Bishop of Carcassonne), and having won the first prize in a general competition, and being highly recommended by my father to the good graces of the baron, one of the best and most hospitable of men, I was soon cordially received at their home.

On the day that I announced to Francis my admission, he said:—

"Just in time! You can come to us tomorrow night to celebrate your success; we shall have a little music. Madame Malibran and Mlle. Sontag will sing, accompanied by Rossini. My mother and the illustrious composer have even plotted together to effect a reconciliation between the two great *cantatrices*, who you know cordially detest each other. We hope to bring about a moment when, intoxicated with melody, enchanted with their own accents, and carried away by our enthusiasm, they will forget their enmity, and end by becoming friends and kissing."

"And I'd give a good deal to be in their place!" I said, not in the least suspecting that I was talking to a future bishop.

As you will suppose, madame, I was careful not to miss that delightful party. It was a sort of *juste milieu* (which expression had not yet been invented) between a formal reception and a reunion of intimate friends. We were fifty in all; but what names! And how my young heart beat,—I with my reputation yet to make,— when they pointed out to me amid those groups of notabilities, M. de Lamartine, whose Poetic Harmonies were about to be published; Berryer, the new deputy of unexampled brilliancy; the Vicomte de Bonald, almost an octogenarian, but still as solid as any oak of his old Rouergue; Victor Hugo, whose drama of Hernani was announced on the bills of the Theâtre Français for the following week; M. de Martignac, pale and melancholy, as though he had a double presentiment of his approaching end and the downfall of the throne; Paër, author of *Maître de Chapelle*, and consumed with jealousy of Rossini; Charles Nocher, of whom Jules Janin said that with his vivid imagination he would end by assuring us that he had been guillotined in 1793 between the Queen and Mme. Roland; Cherubini, at whose frown the whole *Conservatoire* trembled; and Mlle. Delphine Gay, a blonde beauty robed in white, with full shoulders and the profile of a Roman empress, successful in being at once the "Muse de la Patrie" with the liberal party, and the favorite of two or three duchesses of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

All of those celebrities made me vividly realize my own insignificance: to restore my confidence somewhat, however, I caught a glimpse of the ludicrous countenance of the Viscount d'Arlincourt, whose forehead was ornamented with a flat curled lock, that I have never

forgotten. The author of the *Solitaire* believed most implicitly in his own genius, which made him doubly ludicrous; he really thought himself the mental equal of all those about him, with also something of Chateaubriand, Lord Byron, and Walter Scott. He had, as well as they, his portrait lithographed, with an eagle overhead and clouds beneath. "If he has made his mark," thought I, "there is a chance that I, also, may become celebrated."

Bordogni, Zuchelli, and Santini, opened the concert by singing the trio *Pàpatacci*, from the *Italiana in Algieri*. Next a lovely young girl, then still called Mlle. Moke, but destined one day to somewhat too much notoriety as Mme. Pleyel, obtained great applause by her marvelous execution of a sonata of Beethoven. At length, the two stars made their dazzling appearance. Shall I try to picture them to you? When I have told you that you resemble Mme. Malibran, I shall need the brush of Cot to complete the sense of my phrase. Nevertheless, I take the risk.

The contrast between those two exquisite women was so striking that they harmonized superbly. Mlle. Sontag was a perfect type of German beauty, such as the poets make us dream of, but we so rarely meet in real life. That which rendered her incomparable in the terrible rôle of Doña Anna was, that she opposed to the sensual fury of Spanish passion all the most ethereal, most chaste attributes of the poetry of the North. The elegance of her figure—slender, without being thin—accorded admirably with the regularity of her features and the expression of her face. Her hair was of that warm, golden hue that best accompanies a tea-rose tinted skin; her eyes of violet blue were sweetly sad; and her lips seemed now and again to smile at the invisible, or speak to the unknown. The ideal, the cherished ideal of our youth, vague as a dream without awakening, soft as the kisses of a sister, fresh as the dew of April, pure as Himalayan snows, timid as the bird that slips through our fingers, melancholy as the hint of a storm in the midst of the splendors of a spring morning, the *ideal* revealed in a form of unparalleled delicacy, and singing with an angel's voice,—thus I recall Mlle. Sontag from my memories of the past.

Mme. Malibran! Musset has rendered her immortal; how dare I describe her? She was a brunette, pale with that healthy whiteness that seems to promise long life. Her jetty locks were parted over a snowy forehead resplendent with genius, whose unextinguishable flame beamed forth, also, from her dark, almond-shaped eyes. Those eyes constantly surprised us by their alternations of consuming ardor and irresistible languor. The lower part of the face was, perhaps, lacking in regularity. The mouth was somewhat wide; the chin a trifle too long; but only the eyes of one whose heart was twenty degrees colder than the ice of Spitzbergen could have seen those almost imperceptible defects. As a whole, the face was adorable, and possessed an extraordinary facility of transformation, which enabled it to portray equally well the lively humor of *Rosina*, the dramatic emotion of *La Gazza*, and the tragic intensity of *Otello*. As a woman, "La Malibran" was attractive and astonishing in the extreme. She seemed at once to have something Spanish, something Creole, even at times a dash of the Paris gamin, combined with the womanly coquetry and bewitching graces of the Parisienne by adoption. The full extent of her beauty could be appreciated only by seeing her in the third act of *Otello*, bending over her harp, her hair flowing unbound over her bare shoulders, real tears in her gazelle-like eyes, and enveloped in the folds of that gown of gauze which, by its seductive indiscretions, so seriously interfered with the examinations of the Law School and Medical College. Cer-

tainly she had, she also, her share of spiritual charm; but in addition, unknown perhaps to herself, she exercised over the senses an irresistible fascination. But what am I saying, madame? I should have contented myself with painting her portrait only; and gazing on you, I could but have flattered it.

Rossini took his place at the piano; Mlle. Sontag sang the Cavatina of *Il Barbier*, "Una voce poco fa"; after, Mme. Malibran gave us the air of *La Gazza*, "Di piacer mi balza il cor!" To make you understand how those two airs were sung, I have only to repeat what was whispered on all sides: "She surpasses herself; it seems as though they were defying each other; never, never again, will singing like that be heard!"

Then came the grand duo of Semiramis and Arsaces; "Eh! ben a te ferisci!" The only fault of that delightful music is that it is a little too ornate; the two singers took advantage of that fact to scatter all through the original notes yet more embellishments, but of such exquisite effect that the composer, instead of growing angry, appeared overjoyed. But when came the celebrated *andante*, "Giorno d'orrore, Giorno di contente!"—when the notes of defiance and menace exchanged between mother and son were followed by the song of peace and tenderness: "T'arresta o Dio," and those two voices united, or rather melted one into the other with incomparable suavity, then the enthusiasm of that audience of dilettanti became a veritable ecstasy. "How can they hate one another when their voices accord so divinely?" said a voice just behind me. I saw tears in many beautiful eyes. All the icy dignity of social decorum had melted as completely away as though an invisible fairy had waved over our heads her magic wand.

It was the culminating point of the soirée, the moment hoped and waited for by the hostess. At the end of the duet Rossini arose, with evidences of the most sincere emotion: "Oh! it is too beautiful!" said he; "ladies, you must be thanked with a kiss!" and, to give the example he pressed the two rivals in his arms; then, with a quick, friendly movement pushed one towards the other.

But alas! the ice had formed again more quickly than it had disappeared. Mme. Malibran took a step backwards; Mlle. Sontag, very proud, certain to become completely a grand lady by her approaching marriage with Count Rossi, showed not a whit more eagerness; in short, the reconciliation conspiracy was a complete failure.

To effect a diversion during the stiff interval that ensued, Rudolph d'Appony, the social favorite of that memorable winter, rushed to the piano and played first the "Invitation to the Waltz" of Weber; then, the waltz of *Der Freischütz*. Immediately the eldest son of the house invited Mlle. Sontag to dance. Handsome Antony de Noailles led off Mme. Malibran. It was then, perhaps, for the first time that that absurd rule of precedence, which in aristocratic salons made a great artist the inferior of any titled idiot, was suppressed.

The prodigality of misers and the bravery of cowards has often been cited. That music had plunged me into such a state of intoxication that I was no longer myself, a poor timid student, but a dreamer, a personage of Hoffman; wandering among unknown worlds. I forgot my timidity, and invited Mme. Malibran for the third waltz. She accepted, looking at me with a little maternal air, irresistibly droll, for she was only two years my senior. I waltzed only passably well; but strange to say Desdemona also was a poor waltzer. She spoke of it herself, adding, "Thank God! there is nothing German about me," with too-evident malice. Five minutes afterwards we

stopped, and she said to me in Spanish something that I did not understand very literally, but that meant: "That great blonde! What a piece of affectation! O, no, I'm not ready to kiss her!" which rang in my ears as the only false note of the evening.

When our waltz was over, Mme. Malibran asked me to see if her carriage had arrived, — "for," said she, "it is much past midnight and tomorrow I must be up very early."

The next day, at seven in the morning, I was at the Children's Hospital, Rue de Sèvres.

I found the good sisters in a state of consternation. Doctor Jadelot had just ordered a bath for a child siezed with convulsions; but the child resisted the execution of the prescription with such violence that it was evident if they tried to bathe him by force, the horrible spasms would augment, and he might die before even entering the water. What must be done?

At that moment a young woman came towards us whom, to my great surprise, I recognized as Mme. Malibran. It has been said that when making such visits she wore the dress of a sister of charity, but that is not true. She would have regarded such a disguise as a profanation, and was attired most simply in black. The sisters, who seemed used to her presence among them, briefly told her of their dilemma.

She went up to the child, who was still suffering intensely, and said, in a caressing voice, —

"My boy, if I sang you a pretty song, would n't you be willing to get into that bath, which will make you well?"

The child, more and more agitated, made no reply,— indeed, seemed scarcely to have heard; but Mme. Malibran, hoping still to persuade him, sang her celebrated ballad, "Bonheur de te revoir," then a *bolero* of Madrid, "Io che son contrabandista!" a popular song of which she had made a *chef-d'œuvre*.

Can you imagine, madame, the effect of that singing, all in softest tones, amid the bare walls of a hospital ward? It was like a beam of dawn, breaking little by little through the darkness of a winter night. The good sisters had never before had such a treat; they joined their hands, held their breath, and lifted to heaven their humid eyes, believing perhaps they were hearing one of those angels whom Lamartine says "God Himself listens to."

As for me, I fell once more under the charm of the evening before; but the child remained completely insensible to that wonderful talent, so charitably employed in his behalf. He was either too young to understand, or in too much pain to enjoy it. When the sisters once more tried to carry him towards the bath, he struggled in their arms like one possessed, uttering the while such piercing screams that they were obliged to desist.

"It is no use," said a young sister, with tears in her eyes. "We can only let him die!"

Then Mme. Malibran had an inspiration. Taking one of the child's hot hands in hers, she said with a smile of heavenly sweetness, —

"Dear little one, if I get into the bath, will you not come with me?"

That time she was understood. The child made a slight sign with his head and ceased screaming. Instantly we students withdrew, feeling the most profound respect and admiration; and believe me, no sensual image marred the sincerity of our enthusiastic homage. The sisters surrounded the lovely songstress, and she entered the bath and held out her arms to the child, who no longer offered the slightest resistance. Ten minutes later he fell into a peaceful sleep upon the shoulder of Desdemona.

You divine, do you not? that an hour after I was waiting for Mme. Malibran when she left the hospital. She knew

and recognized me; then, not permitting me to finish a compliment which my emotion rendered somewhat unintelligible, she said,—

"My young friend, I can assure you of this: it is much more difficult to kiss a rival than it is to do an act of charity!"

V. G. T.

ETC.

THE spectacle of the two great English-speaking nations holding in the course of the same year important elections is one that cannot fail to have a keen dramatic interest, even to those who have no decided opinions about the matters at stake. Elections are by no means the most vital and decisive occurrences in national history: the daily working of social institutions, the things that make or mar schools and homes, interest the wise more deeply, and elections now and then occur that seem to them to afford hardly more rational excuse for the campaign enthusiasm of partisans than a base-ball game; little being at stake but the distribution of offices. A great election, however, is usually at least the registering and public declaration of vital national changes that have been already wrought through more subtle influences, even when it does not itself create such changes. In both great elections this year, large structural changes may depend on the result. In our own country, the two questions to be decided next November come near to being as clearly defined as one could ask. But for the confusion produced by the recent importation of a plan of "Reciprocity" into the field, the people would have a most distinct choice offered between the revenue principle and the protective principle in the levying of tariffs on imports. As it stands, a verdict for the Democratic candidate will be a distinct choice of the revenue principle; but a verdict for the Republican party will not be as clear, for the policy now called "Reciprocity" is novel, and by no means clearly defined. There are many forms of reciprocity possible, and one might approve it in some forms, and yet totally disapprove the McKinley law. There are, in fact, two entirely distinct policies involved in the reciprocity of this Act: the general idea of reciprocal, or retaliatory, tariffs; and the policy of vesting control over these in the executive instead of the legislative branch of the government,— a new departure in American legislation, and one important enough to demand consideration by itself, quite apart from the general topic of reciprocity. Again, there is a difference between reciprocal and retaliatory tariffs, which would doubtless affect the voter when it was understood; the policy embodied in the present law is what is usually called that of retaliatory tariffs. Reciprocity — the free admission of goods from countries that admit our goods free — would mean primarily the removal of duties on English products. This whole topic of reciprocal or of retaliatory tariffs is new to the people of this country. Instead of many years of discussion of them, as in the general question of high or low, protective or revenue tariffs, we have had not many months. As short a while ago as the last presidential campaign, the Republican party had no presentiment of this annex to its tariff policy. Yet the citizen who wishes by his vote to express simply allegiance to the high protective principle cannot do so, without also endorsing a new and vaguely defined principle, to which he may be reluctant to commit himself without further knowledge. It is unfortunate that the party could not have been content to leave out new complications, and — the silver question having been eliminated — bring the tariff question before the country with almost the simplicity of the Referendum.

FOR the rest, the people have indeed a clear path before them this fall. There is doubtless a shade of difference in the silver planks of the parties, that of the Democratic platform being a trifle more unsatisfactory to the silver men, rather than that of the Republican a trifle more satisfactory; but the candidates are the platform in this matter, and no one supposes that the shadowy difference in the platforms indicates any difference that would actually follow in legislation. And in the attitude of the parties, aside from platforms, is there much to choose; for while a larger body of Democrats are silver men, a more influential body of Republicans are on that side. Again, there can be no serious personal question between the candidates: the voter will have his individual or party opinion as to which would make the better president, but nobody thinks that either would make a bad one; both have been tried, and neither has made a failure, on the whole. On the important question of Civil Service Reform, neither party as a party is in the smallest degree to be trusted, nor does the partisan of either longer indulge in the illusion that it is. Neither candidate has a blameless record. The Democratic platform has the better plank on this subject, and the personal sympathies of Mr. Cleveland with the reform have been more strongly demonstrated than those of Mr. Harrison,—there can be no question that this is the uniform verdict of the leaders of the reform, the credit of whatever the present administration has done for it resting mainly with Mr. Roosevelt. Still, the dif-

ference to be looked for in the action of the two parties if brought to power is not enough to put any civil service reformer who is at the same time a high protectionist under much pressure of conviction in behalf of the Democratic ticket.

THERE remains the choice that many will think the most important of all, and this is as plainly defined as it is possible for a choice to be. This is the so-called "Force-bill issue." Whoever votes the Democratic ticket votes for the continuance of our present system of conducting congressional elections under State authority; whoever votes the Republican, for the control of these by the central government. Aside from any immediate party question involved in this, it is evident that the change would mean a very considerable remodeling of our whole federal system. It is a doctrine suggested by at least one American authority on constitutional government, that this system is temporary, and the State governments will decline and eventually decay away, leaving the national and municipal governments in direct relation. Should the people decide in favor of the so-called "force bill," it would be a long step toward the fulfilling of such prophecy.

IMPORTANT as the main issues of our campaign are, they do not equal in critical intensity that which the English voters have just faced, and — unfortunately, as most Americans will feel — have not met decisively. The granting of an Irish parliament would be as long a step toward a federal system in England as the assumption of national control in Congressional elections would be toward the abolition of our federal system in America. But it would have for the immediate present a greater importance than even its bearing on the ultimate structure of the British empire. It affects most closely the fates of the Irish as a people. If they have the capacity of self-government, it is a crying need that they should be allowed to develop the power. No one that has faced the disheartening statistics of our charities and corrections can be indifferent to the puzzle: What is it that ails this gifted people, with its power of producing so high types? One is persuaded that it must be under some blight; a blight of which we feel the consequences in this country in many ways. If it come from their political relation to England, it is to the interest of civilization and humanity that this relation should be altered. The bitterness of their feeling toward England, which they import into the United States, to the profound injury of our politics, is in itself an evil that ought to cease. The present situation is untenable, — it is not decent, on the verge of the twentieth century, that a highly civilized nation, with a considerable sentiment of justice and of government by good-will, should be forever holding a dependency by force, and under a sense of bitter resentment on the one side and contempt on the other. It seems impossible, at this distance, that there should be any other escape from this situation than the one that all history has laid down for such cases,—that of local autonomy in some form; impossible, too, that among the many forms this might take, some one may not be devised that shall meet all serious difficulties, such as the Ulster protests.

WE hesitate to comment on the amazing and savage outbursts of labor troubles of this month, for the reason that the only possible comment is so perfectly obvious. It is the merest commonplace to say that whatever grievance the laborers in Pennsylvania or in Idaho may prove to have had, resistance by violence to the introduction of other laborers in their places is utterly unjustifiable. Yet — and this is really the amazing part of it — this very proposition is the one that not only these men, but almost the whole body of "organized" laborers, utterly deny, and with the sympathy and half-countenance of many benevolent outsiders. It is rooted deeply in the minds of most members of the trades-unions that they have a *right* to support a strike by violent exclusion of competing laborers. Indeed, the whole question of adjustment of whatever is harsh or unfair in the wage system turns about this very point of what shall be done with the surplus laborer. The union man and the philanthropists who sympathize with him practically deny the right of the non-union man to exist. Obviously, if he is always at hand, ready to take the places surrendered by union men when they go on strike, they have no weapon against their employers, and may be unable to protect themselves against gross oppressions; all their saving, and their daring, and their sacrifices in behalf of their order, come to nothing, as long as he is to be reckoned with. Obviously, also, if they are to be allowed to forbid him the right to work, not only is every American principle of equal liberty outraged, and a grosser oppression perpetrated against a more defenseless class, but humanity must either let hordes of men starve, or support them by charity,— that is, by withdrawing vast sums of money from the active support of industries and the wages of the men that are allowed to work. There is no escape from these alternatives. Perhaps one might be found by enrolling every workman in the country in the unions, but this the unions do not desire; they would thereby increase instead of lessening the pressure of competition, which it is their constant struggle to restrict. Nor would any system of co-operation meet the trouble, for co-operation works well only with a somewhat well-chosen and sensible body of laborers. What would become of the stupid, the shiftless, and inefficient after every first-rate workman in the country had been drawn into a co-operative employment? Indeed, we are faced by fire on every side in the effort — so alluring to the heart of every humane being — to evade the awful problem set before humanity by the suspension of the law of destruction of the unfittest, which has hitherto dominated evolution. We cannot return to it, and kill off those who

fail in the struggle for existence; we cannot allow them to live and propagate their kind, without being faced by insoluble problems, such as this of competition in the labor market.

THIS much on the assumption that the non-union man is really a surplus laborer,— the inferior, unskilled class, desired by employers only as a makeshift in case of trouble with their regular workmen. This is probably true of a considerable class of the lowest laborers, mostly recently imported foreigners. But it is also true that it is a common experience with employers to find union labor inferior to non-union, not because it is less docile, more able to enforce its own claim in any dispute, but because it is less diligent and skillful. The union man trusts to his union to protect him from the consequences of wrong-doing or laziness; and cases are fresh in every one's memory in which great strikes and boycotts, interrupting the work of thousands that had nothing whatever to do with the dispute, have been ordered in defense of two or three worthless drunkards. This stupid defense of lower standards of workmanship, the rules that many unions adopt, actually forbidding any extra zeal in work, must lower the grade of union labor below that of men who, starting with the same equipment, refuse to subject themselves to such rules. No one in these days denies the right, moral and legal, of workingmen to organize, to strike, to boycott, within certain limits; and indeed, considering the practical helplessness of the individual workman as against the individual employer, it would seem as if real freedom of contract between them — and therefore social justice and progress — was to be preserved in no other way than by organization, which enables the laborers to deal in bodies, instead of singly. Whether the trades unioinsm is the right organization is another question. Other forms have been tried, but it cannot be said that they have worked any better. Neither the Knights of Labor, nor even the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which long bore so good a reputation for moderation and prudence, proved in critical moments any wiser or fairer. And the trades unions are the form to which the workingmen themselves cleave. Yet the fairest students of the wages question do not find themselves satisfied that these unions have materially benefited their members, in this country, at least. The tables of money lost in wages and in product, by strikes, as compared with any gain in wage rate attained by them; the list of desperate, and often unreasonable, struggles made purely to obtain recognition for the unions, and enforce their rules,— with perhaps the result only of exasperating employers against them, and making them refuse to deal with these bodies at all,— these make sorry reading. The heroism of some of these strikes, in which thousands of men forfeit their means of livelihood to protect a single member of their order, and the selfishness of the members who make demand upon this unreasoning heroism; the passionate and tenacious loyalty to their own order, and the obtuse mercilessness toward those outside of it; the readiness with which violence is resorted to, and the crude comprehension of the importance of law;— all these traits are mediæval, and hint of a class yet in a mediæval stage of civil development, held to modern order as individuals by the weight of society, but showing their imperfect relation to it when massed in organizations of their own devising. There seem but two remedies for this: one, the gradual education of time, working on the unions themselves through many blunders, and perhaps much national injury; the other, the creation of co-operative, or profit-sharing, establishmen in such numbers as to break the prestige of the unions through the growth of a large counter organization, which would tend constantly to draw the best men into itself, and set an example of better method.

A Forty-Niner.

(In camp, *en route* to the White Pine Mines, 1869.)

Look yer! I think we 'll camp right yer,
Yer 's grass enough to do our stock,
I 'll build a fire agin this rock.
This yer 's all right. Thar ain't no wood,
But this yer sage brush 's jist as good
To cook our grub. Yer 's water too!
'T ain't jist the best, but then 't 'll do
Well 'nough fer sich old chaps as we,
It 's a durned sight *too* good fer *me!*

H'loh, stranger! Whar're ye goin ter?
White Pine, ye say? O ho, White Pine;
Well that 's us too! we 're pointin' thar.
Onhitch your pintos. You 've gone far
Enough terday! Onhitch an' jine
Our camp! Thar ain't no use ter fret
We 'll git thar soon enough, you bet!

Eh? well, that 's sense! An airly start
Will help us on the way right smart.
My old blind mule 'll bray out a sound
'Bout daylight, fust thing when he wakes,
An' when we hear his cheerful song
A warblin' like a Chinese gong,
We 'll jist turn out an' straighten round
An' git things fixed ter pull up stakes,—
A smart old mule you say? Well he,
I think, knows full as much as *me*.

How long 've been on this yer Coast?
Wall, now, that gits me! let me see,—
I kem out yer in forty-nine.
It 's twenty years now nigh a'most
Since first I started in ter mine;
An' ever since I've sloshed around
An' digged and prospected an' panned
Wharever color could be found,
Till scratchin' in the rocks an' sand
Is all I know,——

Ort ter be rich?
No I think not! That 's a mistake!
I never ort ter hev a cent,
'Cause ef I did it would be spent
Or fooled away somehow, I 'spose.
I think cash kinder burns my clothes,
I hed 'bout twenty thousand once,
That 's how I know I 'm sich a dunce.
You spoke about my old blind mule,
His dad was smart compared to *me*.
No one but a most tarnal fool
Would go an' git onto a spree,
Just 'cause he chanced to make a raise.
That 's what I did! Fer fourteen days
I jist went on a howlin' drunk,
An' fit the "tiger" tooth and toe;
An' that same "tiger" was n't slow
A clawin' in my scads, you bet!
At last I got so full, my sweat
Smelled like old rye, 'n' a decent skunk
Would hold his breath in passin' *me*.

Then, when I got half sobered down
I put ten thousand in a ditch,
A company consarn, the which
Jist done the rest o' my stake up brown.
'T was n't never finished; an' fer that
'T was n't never meant ter be. A flat
Made flatter still by bein' tight,
'S about the only thing 't would bite
At sich a naked hook. You see,
It 's plain I ort n't ter be rich,
Only 'cause I 'm fool enough ter be.

Go to the States again, you say?
Come now, I guess that 's one o' your jokes;
A purty duck I 'd be ter stay
Around whar thar is women folks,
An' fellers with biled shirts, an' pants,
What set so snug up to their skin
Jist like as ef they 'd been poured in
To 'em while hot.

A muley cow
Would be more posted how ter act
Inside o' a house nor I would now!
I 'd s'prise the natives, that 's a fact.
Don't know fer sartin, but I b'lieve
If I was dinin' with the Queen,
An' thought my plate did n't look quite clean,
I 'd wipe the durned thing on my sleeve
Afore I 'd think. No, I ain't fit
Ter live 'mong people 'at 's refined
An' edicated, not a bit.
You see I 'm twenty years behind.
I would n't adorn society,
An' it would n't hev no charms fer me.

No, all I 'm fit fer is ter tramp
An' prospect round from camp ter camp,
An' dig inter the quartz an' dirt,
Eat cabin grub, s eep like a hound
In a hard bunk, or on the ground,
Wear old slouch hat, an' woolen shirt,
An' go unshaved just like a Turk;
That 's all I 'm good fer 's long 's I live.

I feel the best when I 'm ter work
A tunnelin' jist like a fox
Inter the hills; them is my banks,
An' when I wants ter make a draft
I runs a drift, or sinks a shaft,
An' tries ter git inter the vault,
An ef I do I makes no thanks,
Ad' ef I don't I finds no fault,
But goes ahead, an' tries agin.
The hills an' gulches they hev been
All squar with me these twenty years,
They 've paid me fair fer my hard knocks!
Better nor I deserve, it 'pears,
Seein' as I ain't laid by no rocks.

Git me a wife an' settle down?
Shu! blow me, ef that ain't wuss yet.
The old gal that would marry me
Would be a tough old hen, you bet!
What a peart couple we should be —
An' han'some, ef we was well matched;
What noble parents, possibly,—
Ef any yonkers should be hatched,
An' they resembled thar old dad,
I kinder think I 'd be so mad
I could n't eat. That 'd be too bad
Ter hev more folks 'at looks like me,
Beside, it would n't be safe. You see
Ef old man Barnum 'd git ter know
He 'd hev the hull tribe in his show.
That 's altogether out o' my line!
I 'd do most anythin' 'fore I 'd jine
A menagerie; I could n't endure
Bein' gawped at like a kangaroo,
An' so you see it would n't do.

An' "settle down?" Stranger, you see,
Thar ain't no settle down *ter me*.
Over this Coast fer twenty years
I 've tramped about until it 'pears
I could n't live more 'n a year 'n a place
Ef I should try my level best.
But then, some day, I 'll take a rest
'Fore long, an' settle down fer good.
An' when I turns this yer old face
Fer the last time towards the sun,
An' my last head o' breath is run,
An' this old heart quits thumpin' round,
I 'spose it 'll be understood
By all the boys I 've settled down;
An' ef I should n't find a grave
Down in some shaft, or tunnel-cave,
Or other land-slide, so 's ter save
Bein' planted near the top o' the ground,

I 'd like ter hev a little mound
O' dirt an' rocks heaped over me,
A long ways off from any town,
Or camp, or trail ; because, you see,
I 'd like ter hev a good long sleep,
An' not be in somebody's way.

Expect ter land in heaven ? yer say.
Do I look like a saint, now, eh ?
I guess heaven's most too good fer *me !*
No, I ain't fit ter be a saint
No more 'n an' Injun in his paint
An' breech-clout is ! I 'd jest as soon tell
That I ain't none too good fer — well
I won't say that ; I think thar 'll be
Some place rigged up for sich as me,—
Some diggin's, maybe, whar a man
Could git 'bout two bits ter the pan
With no sich thing as playin' out.
Sich place as that would be abou t
As good a heaven as I deserve ;
Some place whar a man would n't git old,
An' bunged up with the cramps an' cold,
An' crippled with the rheumatiz,
Would be a great improve on this, —

An' may be — like as not — who knows ?—
I sometime think the truth o' 't is
That all of us are yer to serve
Some purpose in the gen'ral plan ;
That bein' so, may be I 've filled
The plan that Providence has willed
Jest 's well as though I 'd been a man
O' better parts.

But here I be,
A driftin' ter theology ;
Let 's all turn in ! That "airly start,"
Now recollect ! Of course, White Pine
Will furnish all o' us a mine,
That 's richer than the Eberhardt.

John Brayshaw Kay.

A Correction.

[Extract from a letter dated May 7, 1892, from Mr. John Murray, whose article in the May OVERLAND on "California's Discovery of Gold in 1841" will be remembered.]

I now copy verbatim from the Colonel [Colonel Warner, who testified to the discovery, and writes to thank Mr. Murray "for industry and perseverance"] : "There is a clerical error or misprint in your article which, although of no personal importance to me, might when discovered throw discredit upon or weaken other statements made in my letter to you. My age is given as *thirty-eight*, when it was but *thirty-four*, in the year of the gold discovery. I arrived in Los A. Dec. 5th, 1831, and was twenty-four years and fifteen days old on that day. I do not know that it is of sufficient importance to require a correction, by asking the editor to give in a future number a note correcting the error. I leave this matter entirely with you." It would seem then as if the Col. were 85 years old — and not nearly 90. I wrote him that "I shall submit that clerical error of your age (38 instead of 34) to the editors, and it will rest with them as to correction. Shall tell them that I desire the correction."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Documents from the Sutro Collection.

THE Historical Society of Southern California is doing the California public a service that might have been expected from some agency nearer the headquarters of the Sutro Library. It is publishing, with translations, a series of the rare and valuable documents concerning the exploration of California, which have been secured by Mr. Sutro. Vol. II, Part 1, of the publications of this society, contains nineteen documents, found by Mr. Sutro, through his agents, in a search in the India archives of Seville, to which he obtained access by express order from the King of Spain. But two or three of these documents were known to Mr. H. H. Bancroft, or have ever been printed in this country, or mentioned in any history of the exploration of the coast.

They begin with a letter from Fray Andres de Aguirre to the Archbishop of Mexico, written in 1584-5, relating at second hand the story of a Portuguese trader about some rich and civilized islands located in the middle of the Pacific,—islands purely mythical, as it proved. Eight of the nineteen documents are paragraphs concerning the coast, taken from letters on other topics. Two are the diaries of Fathers Crespi and De la Peña, which have been known and published before. The rest are letters, extending over the period from 1584 to 1603. Most of them are written by the several viceroys of New Spain and by Sebastian Vizcaino. Two are from Father Junipero Serra. Almost all are addressed to the King of Spain. They supply links in the history of the discovery and Spanish possession of Califor-

nia, of great interest to students. They are to be regarded, however, only as samples from Mr. Sutro's wonderful collection, in which it is known that still more interesting documents, discovered later among papers bought without examination, remain to be published.

A Book by Bishop Kip.[1]

BISHOP KIP has so long been a prominent figure in California society, that it needs but to say that he has published a book on his early day experiences to assure all Californians that it is something worth reading. Wealth of material, a pleasant style, shrewd observation, and absolute truthfulness are good factors in any book; and in this all are combined. The last quality is lacking, it must be said, in many Pioneer stories, but that is rather because of untrained observation, faulty memories, and the glamor that the lapse of time has thrown over the days of '49, than from any intention to mislead. The lie that the teller fully believes is as hard a matter to fight as the half truth.

But Bishop Kip came to California impelled by no romantic love of adventure, no search for El Dorado. It was in all soberness he came. "After twenty-six Bishops had said it was my duty to go, all I could do was to assent." His voyage here was marked by the scenes of excitement that fill all stories of the passage hither in the early fifties,—overcrowded steamers, crossing the Isthmus on mule back, tales of robbery and danger from treacherous natives and reckless travelers, storm and shipwreck, and a final reaching of the Golden Gate when hope was almost gone.

Then came a series of apostolic journeys to the different scattered towns, mining camps, and military posts, to perform the offices of the Church where they had long been strangers.

The beginnings of the Church in each of the principal towns is given a chapter, bringing the narrative up to 1857. The manuscript of the book was written in 1860, while the times of which it treats were still fresh in the author's mind.

All Episcopalians will prize the book highly, and men of other denominations will read it with interest and profit.

Travel Books.

Mrs. Rollins's book, *From Pine to Palm*,[2] is a pleasant study of the effect of travel on the New England conscience; for though a New Yorker, Mrs. Rollins pleads guilty to having the introspective, moralizing Boston temperament. She begins her lessons at the very first point the steamer touches, Newport News. On a drive to Old Point Comfort she forswears botanizing for all her southern trip: tropical plants she finds do not "classify" readily. Instead of being moved to moral indignation at the dirt and rags of St. Thomas, she finds that these are picturesque. At Barbadoes she resents English "improvements." "No one wants civilization in the tropics." "Yonder comes a little girl with a white dress on that is almost clean, and very nearly whole. It is too bad!"

At Rio Janeiro her demoralization is complete. She is driven up into the mountains by yellow fever epidemic, and spends enough time in a tropic garden at Tijuca to weary of its brightness and bloom.

The Bermudas offer an interlude of fine description, and then Mrs. Rollins takes her readers over the Canadian Pacific and on to Alaska. She has so far lost her missionary spirit that she gives but one line to the Indians and only a page to Sitka. Her time is taken up with nature, the trees, the glaciers, the stars. She can hardly get over her surprise at the mildness of climate, the delicacy of tint and outline in Alaskan scenery.

Altogether it is a pleasant book to read, and merits the sumptuous dress and illustration the Putnams have given it. But let no man buy the book under the impression that he will find in it anything like guide book information or geographical statistics.

The very antipodes of Mrs. Rollins's book in style, as nearly in the region described, is Doctor Coltman's *The Chinese*.[3] Doctor Coltman went as a medical missionary to northern China. Chinanfu was the city he chose to dwell in for the most part. Mrs. Rollins could not have written, "He was invoking Buddha to help either he or I," neither could she have noted or described, as the Doctor does, a thousand things pertaining to the domestic and social life, to say nothing of matters strictly medical. Doctor Coltman's missionary fervor was sufficient to take him far from home and from lucrative practice or the chance of it; but it is nowhere sufficient to interfere with hard-headed coolness of observation, and a scientific frankness of speech that at times verges on the startling.

The Chinese, as here depicted by a partial observer, with remarkable opportunities to penetrate into their domestic life, are no more lovable than the people of our Western slope have found them. They have their virtues,—especially the laboring classes,—economy, industry, and a whole list more; the higher classes are dignified and courteous, but they are mercenary, suspicious, untruthful, and devoid of morality,—judging by Western standards,—a lapse from morality on the part of a man, being made known to his friends, renders him a laughing stock, it may be, but there is no healthful moral indignation back of the laughter.

In the political outlook for China, Doctor Coltman finds little that is favorable. He declares that they must rouse from their contemptuous disregard of

[1] Early Days of My Episcopate. By Right Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1892.

[2] From Pine to Palm. By Alice W. Rollins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1892.

[3] The Chinese, Their Present and Future: Medical, Political, and Social. By Robert Coltman, Jr., M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis: 1891.

outside matters, must build railroads, arm their troops with modern arms, and drill them in modern tactics, must do away with official corruption and incompetence, or their doom is not far off,—the Russians with a trans-Siberian railway will soon be able to command any part of Chinese territory they wish to seize, and then the Mongolian will find too late that he has not regarded soon enough the counsels of the "foreign devils."

Yet on another plane is Morris Phillips's *Abroad and At Home*.[1] Mr. Phillips is a New Yorker, of the least agreeable kind, a man of intense worldliness. The book is one of "Practical Hints to Tourists," and gives much information as to hotels and restaurants in London, Paris, the Southern States, and California. He chooses a hotel in each place, except in London and Paris, where many are mentioned, and describes it in laudatory style,—so laudatory, that the reader looks at the bottom of the paragraphs for the counting-room asterisk, or the mystic "eodtf."

The most complete guide book we have seen for any city is the *Standard Guide to Chicago*,[2] compiled by Mr. Flinn. It behooves many people to make themselves familiar with Chicago in these days. Even those who have no intention of visiting the World's Fair will be the better able to understand the accounts of it, if they know something of the history and development of the city that holds it. The story is an interesting one in itself, full of the statistical wonders of the great material development that causes foreigners to marvel. In this book it seems to have been set down with microscopic fidelity. Maps and illustrations abound.

The doings of the Oregon Alpine Club,—its constitution, departments, history, and many of its achievements in the way of mountain climbing, are compiled by Mr. Steel in his little book.[3] The illumination of Mount Hood, the trip to Crater Lake, and the climb up Ranier, are the most interesting chapters. Mr. Steel argues in favor of "Mount Ranier" instead of "Mount Tacoma," and adduces the evidence of the old Indian chiefs in the vicinity to rebut the statement that the Indian name for the mountain was Tacoma. It would ill become any one so far away as California to pronounce an opinion.

Briefer Notice.

ONE of the most convincing of books that treat of Southern California is Doctor Redmondino's *The Mediterranean Shores of America*,[4] and it is convincing because it is not at all a "boom" book, of the kind so well known and so well distrusted by the public, but a scientific study backed by patiently gathered figures and facts. He seeks the world over for places where the death rate is notably low, and makes careful inquiry into the conditions that have made it so, especially those that have reduced the mortality from phthisical diseases. Elevation is not the constant factor, he finds, nor dryness, nor warmth, but equability. Then he shows, by observations of good authority and fairly handled, that Southern California, from Santa Barbara to San Diego, has the most equable climate known as a region. Then he analyzes the reports from various particular localities to show yet more definitely where patients with lung troubles may be sent with confidence that they will improve. The book is not easy reading to the layman, but doctors will find it interesting and valuable.

[1] Abroad and At Home. By Morris Phillips. New York: Brentano's: 1892.

[2] The Standard Guide to Chicago for the Year 1892. By John J. Flinn. Chicago: The Standard Guide Co.: 1892.

[3] The Mountains of Oregon. By W. G. Steel. Portland, Or.: David Steel.

[4] The Mediterranean Shores of America. By P. C. Remondino, M.D. F. A. Davis Company: Philadelphia: 1892.

Books Received.

Merry Tales of the Monks. By Staphalius. Philadelphia: Jordan Bros.: 1892.

The Primrose Path. By Nym Crinkle. New York: Lew Vanderpoole & Co.: 1892.

Ballads & Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: McMillan & Co.: 1892.

The Nicaragua Canal. By Hon. Warner Miller: 1892.

The Problem of Domestic Service. By Mrs. C. H. Stone. St. Louis: Nelson Printing Co.: 1892.

How to Get Good Judges. By John A. Wright. San Francisco: The S. Carson Pub. Co.: 1892.

Allegations Laid Before the Supreme Court of Mexico. Translated by Edward A. Gibbon. Mexico: B. Boulingny & Co.: 1892.

The Master of Science. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Charles L. Webster: 1892.

Slavery in the District of Columbia. By Mary Tremain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1892.

Far From Today. By Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Bros: 1892.

Bureau of Education Circular of Information No. 1. Southern Women in the Recent Educational Movement in the South. By Rev. A. D. Mayo, M. A. Washington Government Printing Office: 1892.

Bulletin No. 13. History of Higher Education in Mass. By George Gary Bush, Ph.D. Washington Government Printing Office: 1892.

Leah, The Forsaken. By Dr. Mosenthal. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.: 1892.

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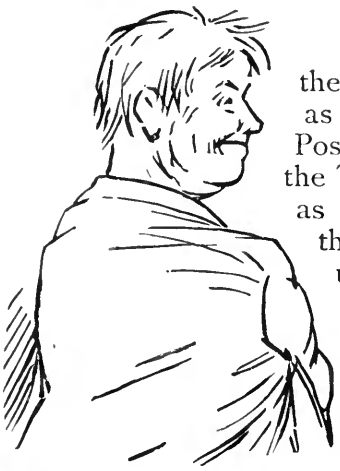

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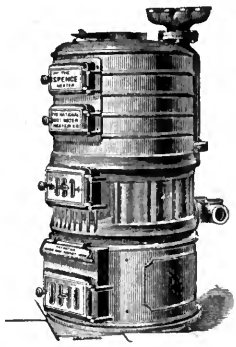

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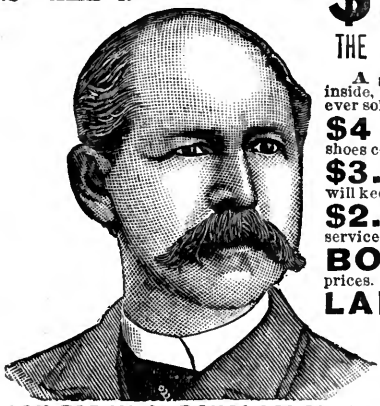

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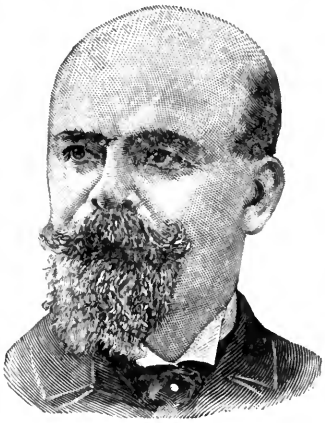

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The Nicaragua Canal, *Horace Davis.*
Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado, *A. F. Nims.*
With 6 illustrations.
Songs Without Words, *A. C.*
A Bit of Forgotten Biography, Chapters VII–X, *Quien.*
In a Valley of Peace, *Ella Higginson.*
A Western Sunset, *Herbert Bashford.*
Hunting the Wild Cat in Southern California, *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
With 2 full page illustrations.
The Cremated Digger, *Albert Williams, Jr.*
What Should an Art School Be? *Bolton Coit Brown.*
The Temple Scene in Aïda, *Clarence Urmy.*
Pele's Last Appearance, *Mabel H. Closson.*
Recent Verse, Recent Fiction, Book Reviews, Etc.

APRIL.

The San Francisco Water Front, *Charles S. Greene.*
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At the Mission Dolores, *Ella M. Sexton.*
Crepusculum, *Frank Norris.*
A Unique Ordeal, *Isaline Lamaison.*
Night in Camp.—Morning in Camp, *Herbert Bashford.*
The Indians of North America. II. Personal Experiences and the Fight a Wounded Knee, *William E. Dougherty, U. S. A.*
With 12 illustrations.
The Brocken, *Wilbur Larremore.*
A Bit of Forgotten Biography. (Concluded) *Quien.*
The Californian of the Future, *Samuel H Scudder.*
In the Cañon, *Florence E. Pratt.*
On Black Butte, *Charles E. Brimblecom.*
California Lion Hunting with Fox Hounds, *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
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Song, *Agnes Crary.*
The University and Practical Life, *Caspar T. Hopkins.*
Th' Las' Furrer, *Ella Higginson.*
Etc. and Book Reviews.

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Katy Did, *Jay Kaye.*

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The Wraith of the Shark God, *Newel Douglas.*
An Estimate of Walt Whitman.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

JUNE.

Kilauea, *May L. Cheney.*
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The Treasure Cave in Oahu, *Mabel H. Closson.*
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Blades of Grain, *E. N. H.*
The Preservation of our Forests, *Thomas Magee.*
Etc. and Book Reviews.

JULY.

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Santa Barbara, *Caroline Hazard.*
With 2 illustrations.
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The Compromiser, *E. P. H.*
Fourth of July on Mount Adams, *C. E. Rusk.*
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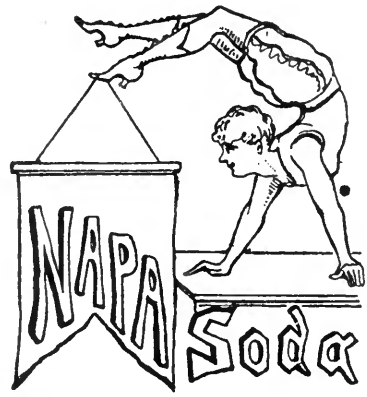

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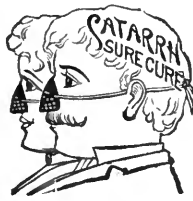

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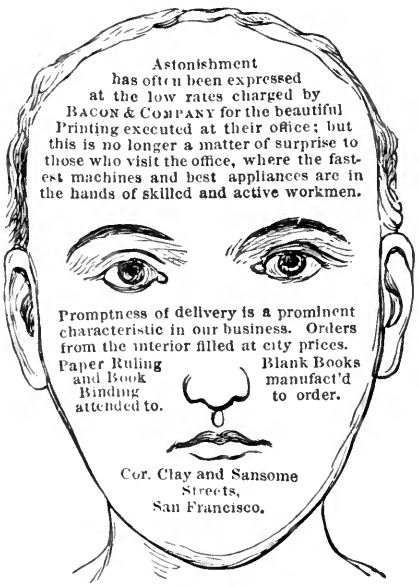

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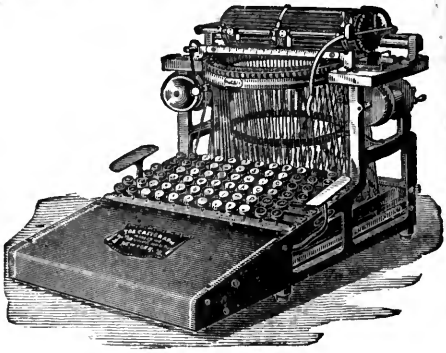

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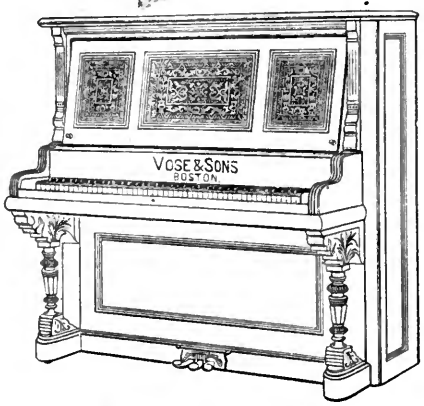

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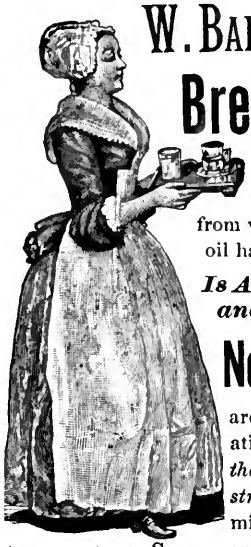

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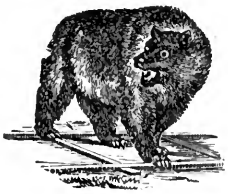

Announcements, Vol. XX.

The October Number.

The October OVERLAND will contain an article on the University of California, by Milicent W. Shinn. October of last year had a paper on the Leland Stanford Jr. University, by the same hand, and President Andrew D. White said in an address before the University Club, that it was one of the most remarkable pieces of descriptive and critical work that had appeared in America. The popular appreciation of the article was no less hearty; for the number sold remarkably well. The University of California offers a much better field for illustration than the Stanford, from its longer and more dramatic history. There will be portraits of its first President, Durant, "the man with college on the brain," of President Gilman, Professors John and Joseph LeConte, (these four from the fine paintings by Keith and others,) portraits also of Professors Martin, Kellogg and Bernard Moses, one or the other of whom is likely to be the next President of the University, and of other men of distinction connected with the University.

There will be some beautiful views of the grounds; and the text of the article will be the most careful review of the history and status of the institution that has ever been written.

Another illustrated article of great timeliness will be Mr. J. Archibald's account of the sport of Lawn Tennis on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Archibald writes from full knowledge and great interest in the subject. The record will be brought up to date by an account of the contest for Coast Championship for doubles at San Rafael on September 9th. Good portraits of the present champions and pictures of some famous games will illustrate the article.

Mrs. Mabel H. Closson, whose Hawaiian stories and sketches have been published in several recent numbers, will write of an interesting trip to Cook's Inlet, Alaska, by sailing vessel, and the salmon canning operations there. Also illustrated.

The Overland Illustrations.

The finely illustrated articles will be continued, and will be constantly more numerous and interesting as the resources of art on the Coast come more fully under command. Of those in recent numbers it has been said: —

Beautifully illustrated. Nothing in recent magazine illustration has surpassed 'In the Garden, Santa Barbara,' the picture of the old bells overgrown with the giant grape vine. Equally effective is 'Despoiled.' —*S. F. Chronicle.*

The illustrations of Elisabeth Curtis are perfect art gems.—*Chicago Globe.*

Treasured in many an Eastern home, not only for the superiority and richness of its profuseness of illustrations, but also for its wealth of high-standard literature —*Plainfield, N. J., Press.*

The beautiful pictures are a notable feature.—*Dover Republican, N. H.*

Wonderfully delicate and expressive little washes . . . in the soft, broad French handling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the beauty of the illustrations that accompany this article ["Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado"] no words can do justice.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Remarkable for the number and beauty of its illustrative designs.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Overland's Sketches and Stories.

The OVERLAND continues to be notable in a special degree for its local color, its "vigorous, fresh, and interesting" tone, its characteristic sketches and stories of Pacific life and adventure. A few titles from the volume just completed show its scope in this respect :—

Camping with Fox Hounds in Southern California. *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado. *F. A. Nims.*
The Cave in the Higuerita Mine. *John Heard, Jr.*
California Flower Shows. *E. J. Wickson.*
Down a Mountain Flume. *John Brayshaw Kaye.*
A Glimpse of the Desert. *William Wightman Price.*
Happenings in Old Calaveras. *Wm. S. Hutchinson.*
A Night Ride in Apache Land. *W. P. Rowe.*
Kilauea. *May L. Chency.*
Mission Bells. *Chas. Howard Shinn.*
Patsy's Potlatch. *F. I. Vassault.*
Street Characters of San Francisco. *Francis E. Sheldon.*
The Treasure Cave on Oahu. *Mabel H. Closson.*
California's Discovery of Gold in 1841. *John Murray.*

The Overland's Policy.

The other most notable and most often noted trait of the OVERLAND is its policy in reference to an honest, careful, and authoritative exposition of the industrial, educational, and all other serious interests of the Coast. So much discredit has been cast upon all descriptive writing from California by the suspicion of "boom literature" and veiled advertising, that the known rule of the OVERLAND to exclude all such matters from its pages has given it its especial value to Eastern readers. No word printed in the OVERLAND, outside of the advertising pages, is ever paid for, or in any way controlled by any outside interest. That it has been, or is, easy to hold to this principle, in a region where the maintenance of a literature on its own merits must meet difficulties long ago outlived in older communities, has never been pretended by the managers of the OVERLAND; but it has been done, and with ever growing recognition and success.

As examples of articles of the more solid type, a few titles are selected from the last volume :—

An American Tin Mine. *Enoch Knight.*
The Nicaragua Canal. *Horace Davis.*
The Occupation of Mt. Conness. *George Davidson.*
The Preservation of our Forests. *Thomas Magee.*
The Raisin Industry in California. *Joseph T. Goodman.*
Photographs of the Moon. *Edward S. Holden.*
Art, and What California should Do about Her. *Douglas Tilden.*
An Estimate of Walt Whitman.

This magazine is doing invaluable service to the people of the Pacific Coast, and those of the East who have interests of any kind out there should take it.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is the most worthy representative of periodical literature on the Pacific Coast.—*Boston Journal.*

This valuable magazine of the Pacific slope has done valiant service for the far West. In addition to the excellence of its literary work, it has taken a just pride in all that enters into the building up in the best things of the State and the people to whom it ministers. California owes an honest debt of gratitude to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . The wonderful changes that have been wrought have never been excelled, if equaled. In all this, such a magazine as the OVERLAND has played a large part, and it is but simple justice to give the credit.—*Topeka Mail.*

A most creditable serial, and well fitted to promote both the social and literary development of the great Western State in which it is published.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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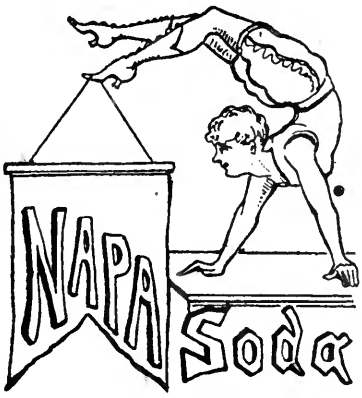

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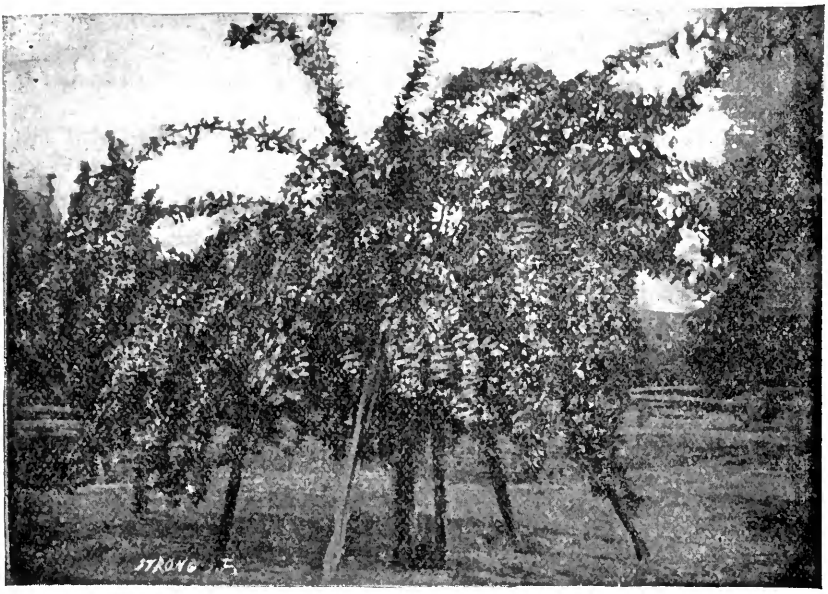

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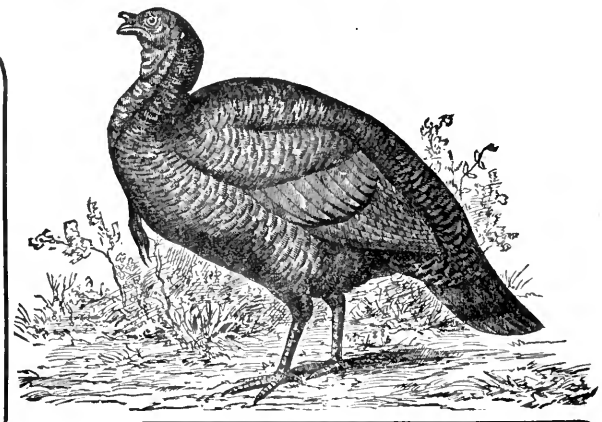

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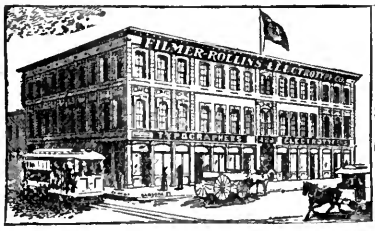

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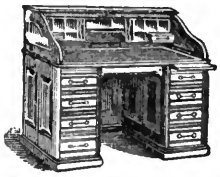

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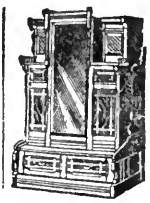

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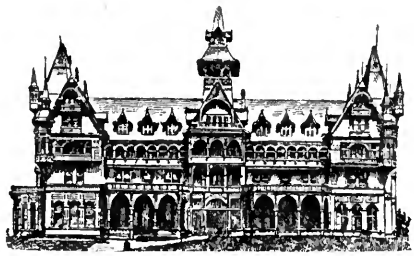

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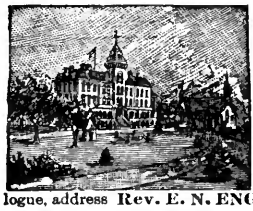

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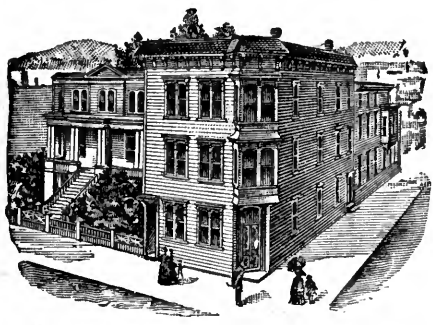

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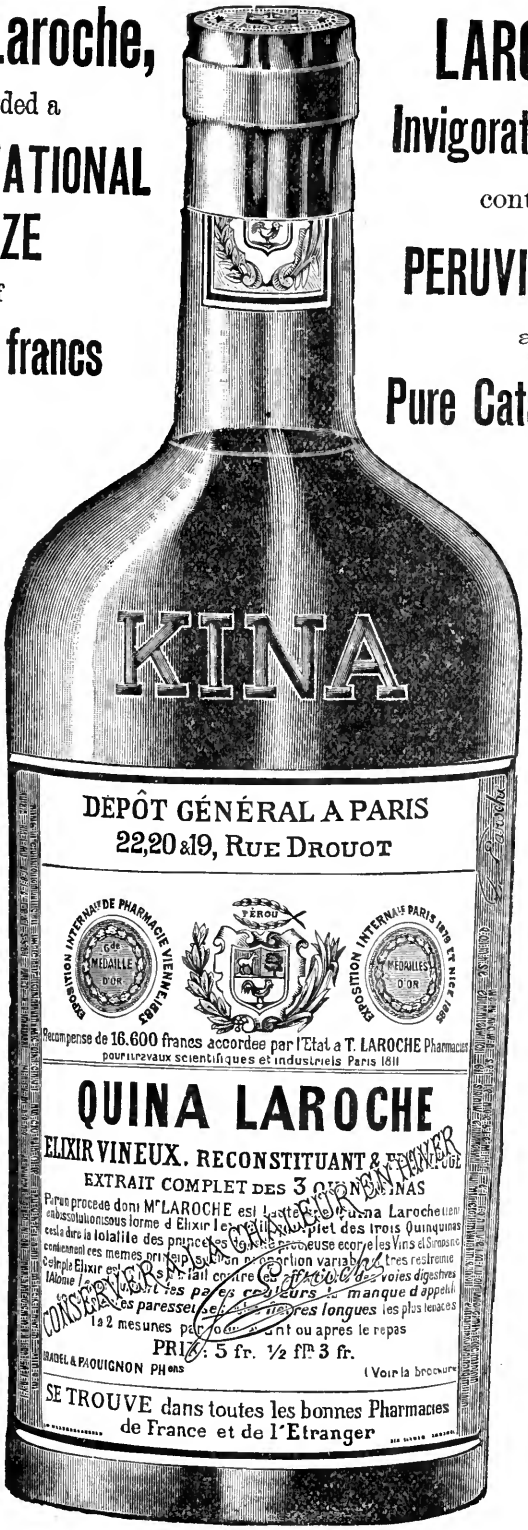

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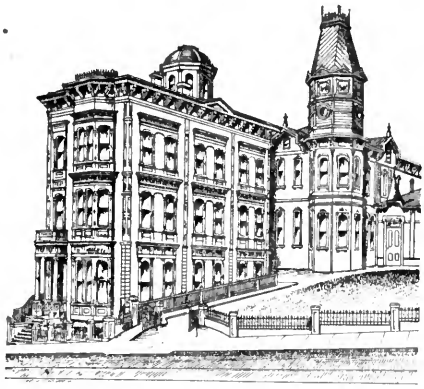

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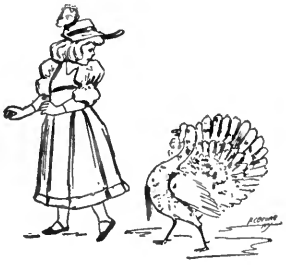

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VOL. XX. (SECOND SERIES).—SEPTEMBER, 1892.—NO. 117.

THIS is thy form, dear, native home of mine,—
A gold-net hammock swung from palm to pine,
Moved by the breezes of the peaceful sea,
And in the net, smiling so drowsily,
My mother California, queen divine,
Rests, while the poppy garlands her entwine.

In her warm arms, 'neath cloudless summer skies,
As child I heard her bee-hummed lullabies,
Saw her red malvas, blue nemophylæ,
Pink manzanitas, deep-hued laurel tree,
And what were marvels to my childish eyes,
Her mariposas, (tethered butterflies).

What of the rich and wondrous foreign things
Which each new tide to her in tribute brings!
Although from olive, orange, fig, and vine,
Her own fond children all their wealth consign,
'Tis Flora's gifts my royal mother sings,
As, joined to palm and pine, her hammock swings.

Charles A. Gunnison.

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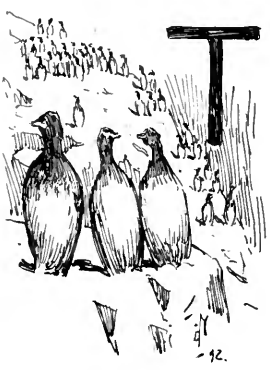
LOS FARALLONES DE LOS FRAYLES.



THIRTY miles from the heart of San Francisco lies a part of the city and county known to but few of its citizens. Only a few score persons a year visit the Farallones, and know how much of interest they hold and how much there is to them; for seen from the mainland, the islands are "hull down," as sailors say, and only the upper part of the hilltops is in sight The rest of the world knows almost as little of them as of the planet Mars. It sees their light; it suspects that they are inhabited,—and that is about the extent of its knowledge. It knows only a part of their name.

There are three separate Farallones:—North Farallones, a group of five sharp rocks rising abruptly from the sea, the tallest 155 feet high. They afford no anchorage or landing place. In very calm weather the Greek or Italian fishermen sometimes scramble up their sides to gather eggs, but not often; and in general the birds and seals live there undisturbed, guarded by dashing surf.

The Middle Farallon is a single rock, twenty-two feet high, more solitary and less inviting than the northern crags.

The South Farallones are by far the most important group. Here, with lesser islets around it, is an island three quarters of a mile long from east to west, and three fifths of a mile wide, its highest point 340 feet high. Its shape is so irregular that the map and the general views are the only means of giving an idea of it.

The islands are government property, devoted to the lighthouse service, and to visit them requires a special permit from the Lighthouse Inspector in charge of the Department. This permit is not easy to obtain. The Inspector knows of the impossibility of entertaining more than two or three people at a time in the keepers' houses, and while he is very polite to applicants for a permit to visit the island, they must show a more valid claim than a desire to see it before they succeed.

The Artist and I secured the coveted document early in June, and set about finding a means of getting to the Farallones and back. Our thoughts first turned to the government steamer that carries supplies to the light stations. We found that the Madroño makes her regular trips to the Farallones once a quarter. We hardly cared to fancy ourselves Napoleon on St. Helena for three whole months.

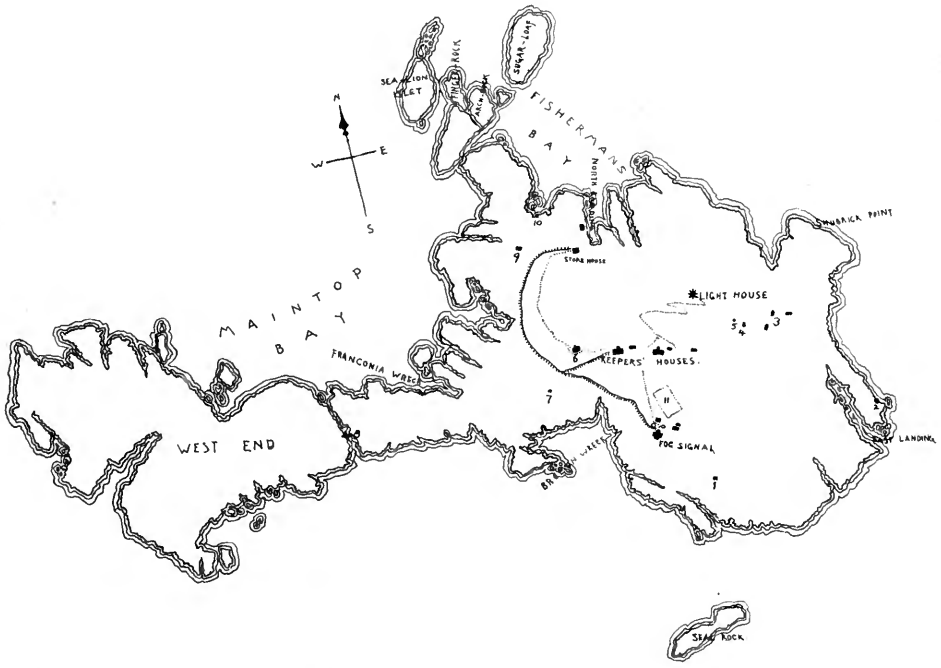
Then we learned that the tugs that go out to look for ships to tow in make the South Farallon an observing station. Application for a permit to go on a tug of the Spreckels line was kindly granted, but we were warned that the passage was extremely uncertain. If no tug is outside, one goes out each morning, starting at 3:30 o'clock, but usually it cannot be told till five or six o'clock in the afternoon whether or no a tug is to go out the next morning. A start by no means implies reaching the island; for the tug goes out to look for ships, not to go to the Farallon, and while on the way, if she sees an incoming ship at once makes for it.

An arrival at the island is not always followed by a landing; for the sea is at times so rough that no small boat can live, even on the most sheltered side, to

make the transfer to the shore. The chief keeper, Mr. Beeman, told me that he was once three whole weeks trying by every means that offered to get to the island.

When the Artist and I went down to the wharf on Tuesday evening, June 7th, we found an unpromising situation. Two tugs were outside, and unless both came in, no tug would start next morning. We were about to give it up, but for soon the second tug was sighted, coming in with a tow, and Captain Scott of the Relief told us that he would go out in the morning. More than this, he gave us permission to sleep on the tug, and we were soon wrapped in our blankets on the cushions of the saloon seats.

At three o'clock we were wakened by movements aboard, and in a few minutes the tug was under way. At the very first glimmer of gray dawn the Artist



MAP OF THE SOUTH FARALLONES.

Outlines from a chart made in 1872 by E. F. Dickens, Aid U. S. Coast Survey. Used by permission of Professor Mendenhall, Chief of United States Coast Survey. 1, Blowhole. 2, Grotto. 3, Ruins of Russian houses. 4, Entrance to Cave. 5, Woman's Grave. 6, Old Stone Keeper's House, used now by egg pickers. 7, Jerry's Grave. 8, Bridge built of Wreckage over "Jordan." 9, Egg House. 10, Mineral Spring. 11, Cemented Rain Catchment Area.

waited to see the Honolulu steamer go out. She had been meant to start at noon, but had been detained by a difficulty with her machinery. Now she was cast off, and moved majestically out into the stream, swung round, took her course, and was off on her long voyage.

Meanwhile one of the outside tugs had been reported, and this encouraged us to wait. Our constancy was rewarded, looked out of the bulls eye, and saw so much promise of beauty that he at once turned out, and soon we were both on deck.

The tug was past Alcatraz and North Beach, and began to pitch in the Pacific swell as she went by Fort Point. It is useless to try to tell about that sunrise. The sunset view looking out of the Golden Gate is famous, but the sunrise view

"THE STREET."

looking in through the Gate is yet more wonderful. The morning mist has a fleeciness of texture that holds and is glorified by the early light; and the glimpse of landscape, of hill and plain and village seen in the radiance of coming day, seems like a view of the blessed country. We looked and looked and could not look enough, till the great sun by climbing over the upper rim of all the mists that covered the Contra Costa hills made himself too apparent, and resolved the gorgeous dream into the common light of day.

"A square-rigger, inward bound," that is what the tugs are looking for, and that was the word that roused excitement on the Relief. At first she was hardly visible without a glass, but soon her lofty spars and cloud of canvas showed plainly. She was coming head on, with every stitch of canvas set. As we approached, it was seen that she was not the largest size, and when we could see past the first mast it proved that she was only a brigantine, much too small game for a fine tug like the Relief. "There's no money in brigs unless there are three or four of them," said the Captain in disgust.

We passed quite close to the stranger, and learned that she was the Consuelo, inward bound from Kahului, with Hawaiian sugar. Once more we were headed straight for the Farallones.

Soon after we passed the Whistling Buoy, with its bull-like roar as the swel raises it. Lying there at the outer edge of the Bar was the pilot-boat America, a crack boat in the races. The Captain hailed her, and was told that she had been outside two days and had seen no ships.

"What's that to the northward?" said Captain Scott, sweeping the horizon with his marine glass.

"A bark, outward bound," was the reply, and we held our course.

At six o'clock morning coffee was served, ship fashion, to all who went to the galley for it,— one of the best customs shipmen have, to my thinking.

The Farallones had been looming up all the time, and now we were within five or six miles of them. We began to feel sure that our luck would carry us through on the first try. But the Captain was not quite satisfied about that sail to the northward. A word to the helmsman, and the Relief turned at right angles to her former course, and went steaming away from our haven. About twenty minutes' progress in this direction brought us near enough the mysterious vessel to satisfy the Captain that she was really outward bound, and to our delight we were once more headed for the Farallones. We reached them at about seven o'clock,— early in the day to have gone through so much.

The tug lay in the little harbor made by the north rocks, and the island skiff came alongside, rowed by two of the Greek eggpickers. A box of goods and the mail was handed down into the skiff, and the Artist and I dropped ourselves into it with our scanty luggage.

A few minutes' row brought us into the little rockbound channel, hardly two boat-lengths wide, where the North Landing is. There are steps for use at high tide, and ropes and a derrick for hoisting goods, as well as davits for the skiff. But we landed at low tide, and our boat was beached on the little strip of sand at the end of the inlet. A lively

THE NORTH LANDING.

Sugar Loaf is 200 feet high, and yet the Coast Pilot says the spray sometimes goes clean over it.

run to get out of reach of the next roller was made, and we were safely ashore.

We climbed up to the platform by the davits, and inquired of the group of men there for the keeper. They were all Greeks, but they understood our meaning.

"Keeper, he sleep yet. You taka the street. Find keeper house."

We took the street, that is, followed the rocky trail indicated around the hill to the south shore where the houses are. The impressions that crowded upon us in that walk of five minutes served to give a better idea of the islands than all we had been able to learn by diligent inquiry before.

The Farallones lie on the extreme western edge of the great continental plateau, the rising of which has made Western America. To the west of them the Pacific drops off suddenly to great depths. To the eastward the Gulf of the Farallones, as the Coast Pilot calls it, is nowhere very deep. Point Reyes, the North, Middle, and South Farallones, and certain shoals in line with them, seem to be a little spur from the Coast Range. Evidences are said to be found that the upward movement of this plateau edge still continues, but it is a geological change, and requires geological time to produce results.

They are evidently of igneous origin. The country rock of the South Farallon is a brownish granite, much fissured in irregular fractures, and so soft that it yields readily in most places to pick and bar. Where the surf acts directly on it it is somewhat rounded and smooth, but in general it is sharp and jagged, crested by pinnacles of fantastic shapes. In some places near the shore there seemed to be dykes of softer material, that had been worn away by the waves and weather, leaving square-sided channels that looked like the hasty or unskilled work of the stonecutter. In many places the waves have wrought curious shapes out of this yielding material,—arches, grottos, natural bridges, winding coves, pot holes, and basins. The rock seems to be made of the quartz crystals common in granites, but the connecting material is soft and crumbly. It is favorable for climbing about on, as there are innumerable crevices and irregularities for hand and foot, and it clings to the sole, where not lubricated with guano, as if you were walking on a coarse file. It cuts the leather badly; shoes wear out more in a day on the island than in a month's use on city pavements.

In one part of the main hill there is a cave, high above all wave action, that pierces the hill by a passage so low and narrow that it cannot be traversed even on hands and knees. I had to go on my elbows and stomach in a sort of vermicular wriggle, where it was most contracted. This passage is some seventy or eighty feet long, and leads into an apartment roughly globular in shape, perhaps thirty feet in diameter. From this is another passage, leading to a smaller room beyond. A passage so narrow that it cannot be explored leads from a point in the inner passage to some unknown outlet on the surface.

One of the tugboat captains, a man of portly person, once was urged and pushed by officious friends into this cave as far as the larger room, and it was found a very difficult thing to get him out. It is easier to enter crawling slightly upward than to go in the other direction. It was feared that the poor captain would have to stay there till hunger and anxiety had reduced his flesh sufficiently to allow of his exit.

This cave — as what cave has not? — has its legend of wealth buried in it by the Spanish buccaneers; and besides this, it has a more authentic and individual mystery.

When the cave was first entered by Americans, they found in the large room the well preserved skeleton of a woman.

FARALLON CITY FROM THE SOUTH.

She had remarkably beautiful teeth, I was told by one who had seen the bones, and the skeleton was judged to be that of a white woman. More than this, no man knows,—how she got there, and when, and why,—these are open only to conjecture. They brought the bones out of the cave, and buried them up on the hillside under a cairn of stones.

But the cave and its legends has drawn us away from the geology of the island. I saw no rock that was not of the kind described, though I am told that there are masses of conglomerate at the West End; but pumice is found among the stones, and I picked up stones that looked like lava, of a dark liver color, and also specimens of a conglomerate made up of shells and pebbles connected by a dark slate-colored material. The soil of the island is composed of the coarse, sharp-edged sand formed from the disintegrated granite, of the pulverized bones of countless generations of seals, birds, and fishes, of shells, and through it all the washing of guano. The ocean allows but little accumulation of sand on the outlines of the islands. There are but three or four bits of beach in the ends of long channels in the rock, similar to the one described at the North Landing.

There is, I believe, but one spring on the Farallon,—a mineral spring in a little bight on the north side, within a few feet of the breakers. The water has a slightly yellowish color, such as would be given a glass of clear water by adding a teaspoonful of strong tea. Its taste is very pleasant, slightly acid, and a little puckery. It requires no analysis to show that there is iron in it, and there is an entire absence of suggestion of sulphur. The effect is mildly aperient, and the dwellers on the island prize it highly. They say one can drink it in unlimited quantities in hot weather without the distress that even rainwater causes.

The fresh water of the islanders is caught from the rains of winter, on a cemented catchment area that conducts it into large cisterns covered by brick domes. There is less rain at the Farallones than on the mainland, but more fog.

In the rainy season a considerable part of the soil is covered with vegetation. Foxtail grass and a sort of fleshy-leaved plant that resembled a dwarf mesembryanthemum with yellow or mauve blossoms, were the most common, but there were chickweed and pimpernel, and a few more familiar plants. In sheltered clefts I saw some plants that I judged to be eighteen inches high, but they were not accessible, and so could not be examined. On all exposed places, and few spots on the islands are not exposed places, the growths are kept down to a mat of two or three inches high by the fierceness of the winds.

One of the keepers has a small garden sheltered by a high board fence. In it he grows quite a variety of vegetables. Lettuce, turnips, radishes, onions, all have done well. The chief trouble is that the soil is too stimulating, owing to the guano. There were some cabbages planted a year or two ago. They came up finely, and were the pride of the keeper's heart. Every visitor had to see and admire the cabbage bed. But when it came time for those cabbages to settle down to business, and make heads, they failed to fulfill the hopes they had raised; they kept on growing upward, and soon

GULL.

went to seed. The keeper had to accept a good deal of humorous advice in the matter. He was told to put salt on his cabbages, and urged to tie them down with a string, so they could n't grow up, and would have to make a head.

Except the things I have mentioned, there is no vegetable growth on the island, not an attempt at a tree, nor a bit of chaparral.

The indigenous animal life of the non-aquatic sort is even more scanty. A small lizard is found under stones, but that is the only vertebrate. There are spiders and flies, but I saw no mosquitoes, crickets, or beetles.

But the aquatic life is abundant enough to make up for all lacks in other directions. Sir Francis Drake mentioned the islands as "The Islands of St. James, wherein are many seals and fowles." And there are "many seals and fowles" to this present.

Two of the little islets bear the names of Seal Rock and Sea Lion Islet, though the first to the southeast is known to the keepers as Saddle Rock, from its shape. The best view of the seals at ordinary times is to be had looking across the narrow channel that separates the Sea Lion Islet from its neighbor. This channel is only thirty or forty feet wide, and at a distance only a little greater the Artist and I stood for more than an hour watching the antics of the three score seals. They are hair seals. Their fur is of limited value, a value less in the case of the old bulls, because their hides are so rent and scarred by continual fights.

The largest of the bulls, sometimes fourteen feet long, establish themselves on a fixed part of the rock, and each gathers about him his harem of cow seals. The younger bulls are continually poaching on these preserves, and challenging the proprietor to do battle for possession. These fights are desperate; the bulls seize each other, catch as catch can, and tear out great mouthfuls of fur and flesh. When one is worsted till he can fight no more, he plunges into the salt water, and applies that severe but abundant liniment to his hurts.

The love making between the bulls and cows also bears much resemblance to a fight, playful seizing of bunches of fur, and simulated attacks with the open mouth. The cows fight among themselves, though not so fiercely as the bulls. A cow will seize another's young one by the nape of the neck, and toss it roughly away many feet over the rocks. This provokes reprisals, and a charge to recover the sprawling little victim. They never seem to be quiet long at a time, and their continual squirming and fighting makes their life appear a very uncomfortable one. In the water they are vastly more at home. Where we

were, the water was so clear that we could see the bottom, and watch the swift and easy movements of these beasts so awkward on land.

The keepers shoot the seals for their oil, bristles, and other valuable parts, and sometimes mount the heads of the larger bulls for sale as ornaments. It requires a good shot and an experienced hunter to secure this game; for unless the bullet is instantly fatal the wounded seal at once dashes into the water and sinks out of reach. The hunter watches his chance, and picks out a seal that is lying so that the body cannot roll into the surf, and sends his bullet straight into the brain.

Unless wounded and cornered they will not attack a man; it is chiefly by their mad rush to the water that they endanger any one in their way. Mr. Beeman, Chief Keeper, told us of a narrow escape of his. He leaped down into a fissure of the rocks, and nearly landed on top of a very large bull. The startled animal darted away from him, and by chance farther back up the narrow fissure. As Mr. Beeman gathered himself together from his jump he saw that the old bull was preparing to charge. There was no room to allow him to pass and no possibility of scrambling up the rocks out of his way. To wound him would be worse than useless. It was bull or Beeman at the first shot. The fact that Mr. Beeman told the story shows the effect of the shot.

Far more abundant than the seals and far more interesting are the birds. Their cries are the most constant sound, their odor the prevailing smell, their multitudinous flitting the most constant sight, on the island. The chief product of the island in the San Francisco markets is their eggs, and the island is most widely known, except for its light, by the egg-picking industry.

There are eight kinds of birds that habitually nest on the Farallones in numbers.

1. The murre. This bird is often seen swimming in the Bay, when it much resembles a duck. It has a black head, slate-colored body, and white breast. When alarmed in the water, it either dives or flies off, splashing along the surface of the waves. It flies swiftly, with a whir of the wings almost as quick as a humming bird's; it never sails on motionless wing, as the gulls delight in doing, and looks under-sparred; that is, without much spread of wing for its bulk. On the rocks it sits upright like a penguin, and generally in great crowds. It is said by Nordhoff that the murre eats sea grasses and jelly fish, and that no other fish has ever been found in its stomach. It lays a very large egg for the size of the bird, the Farallon egg of the market. These eggs are remarkable for thick shells and great diversity in color and markings. They are about twice the size of a hen's egg, and are sometimes pure white, sometimes bluish green, sometimes pinkish. Some are splashed with black or brown all over, or near the larger end; some are streaked with vermicular markings of light brown, dark brown, purple, or yellow; some are covered all over with spatters of reddish brown. They are laid on the bare rocks, without the least attempt at a nest. One is the complement if undisturbed, but when they are taken a murre will lay as many as eight. There is a prevailing suspicion that these eggs are inferior to hen's eggs because of a fishy flavor. Few people order them or eat them by preference. Now, I do make solemn affirmation, to the support of which I can bring many trustworthy corroborating witnesses, that when these murre eggs are perfectly fresh there is absolutely no fishy or strong taste to them whatever; that they are rich, delicate, and altogether desirable,—dropped, fried, boiled, or cooked in any of the hundred ways known to Frenchmen. It is true that they acquire a rank taste sooner than hen's eggs, and that accounts for the

prejudice in some measure; for in greater part the prejudice is purely a prejudice. Most people are severely orthodox in the matter of eggs, and taste a new sort with a suspicion that not the best fresh-laid Plymouth Rock egg could stand.

It is certain that San Francisco dwellers in the summer time, if they eat at restaurants or buy cake or pies at the bakeries, consume a great many of these eggs. Twenty-five cents a dozen is the retail price, and the size of the egg is double that of the barnyard fowl's; so they are bought eagerly to the full extent of the supply, — something like four hundred dozen daily at the height of the season. When the Artist and I were there it was still early, and there were from fourteen to eighteen baskets of about twenty dozen each gathered daily. The season begins in June, or late in May, and lasts from six to eight weeks. The pickers net from fifteen to eighteen cents a dozen.

2. The gull is next to the murre in numbers, and is the most constant bird on the islands; for the others come there to nest, and migrate in the winter, while there are gulls all the year round. They are the Western gulls, the ordinary white birds with slate-colored back and upper surface of the wings, that are numerous and tame about the ferries in San Francisco. Their eggs too are good eating, though not so large as a murre's, but the shell is not nearly so thick, and so they are not much gathered for transportation. They are a dark olive brown, with darker brown splashes all over them. Three are the complement in a nest, which is built of dried grasses roughly shaped. The gulls are great robbers, and if they find a murre's egg unprotected, one swoops down on it and carries it off in his beak. Up in the air he goes, then drops the egg on a convenient rock, and descends to feast on its spilled contents. This thievish propensity makes the gulls no favorites with the eggpickers. No sooner are the murres driven from their cliffs by the approach of the pickers, than the gulls are busy carrying off the eggs, — "and they are better eggpickers than we are," one of the keepers ruefully said to me.

One of the Greeks saw a gull eating a shag's egg, — an egg considered useless for food, — and explained to me, "He no eata because he lika him. He eata just for *mean*."

They are said to eat the young murres also. After a murre has laid an egg she sits on it constantly, unless driven off by the men, and never leaves it unprotected a single moment until the young bird is able to accompany its parents for a swim in the ocean.

The disposition of the gull varies much with the season. Now in laying time they are peaceable and tame, looking on men as allies in their attacks on the murres. They do not take much to heart the plunder of their own nests. When they have young birds to protect they become savage, and do not hesitate to dash in the face of an intruder, or to snatch his cap from his head. This is an element of no little danger to the pickers toward the close of the season; for a sudden swoop of a gull on a man poised on the edge of a sheer precipice is not pleasant. Later still in the season the gulls become wild, and it is difficult to get within a stone's throw of one.

One day we saw one of the Greeks coming down the trail to the houses, holding a live gull by one wing. The other wing had been broken by a stone thrown by the Greek, but the bird was snapping viciously and effectively at the man's legs as he walked.

"He steala my cap," was the explanation, with an expression of disrepect. So this vengeful son of Athens — all Greeks come from Athens, so they say — tied his captive to a post, and threw stones at it till the bird was dead.

3. Next in order of numerical strength, is the shag, or cormorant, though possibly the puffin is entitled to the place. There are three species of shag,— Brandt's, Baird's, and the Farallon. I learned to distinguish two. One was jet black all over, the other had white markings on its back. It has a long neck, and flies with it outstretched in a seemingly awkward position. They usually fly in pairs or fours, in the nesting season, and gather into longer trains flying one after another in other seasons. Its nest is set in clefts and shelves of the cliffs overhanging the sea, and is formed of a bunch of dried herbage. The eggs are very small for the size of the bird, long and pointed, a light blue when washed, but when gathered, covered with a layer of loose white lime. As mentioned, they are not used for eating, and it is said the white does not coagulate with heat. The shag has the reputation of being a very stupid bird. It is the largest of them all.

4. The tufted puffin, or sea parrot. The second name of the bird is quite descriptive, for it resembles very much a parrot, if a parrot were ever black with a white face, and a very red beak and feet. The two long tufts of white filaments that start from the head above the ears are not visible except close at hand. This bird lays one large, round, white egg, in the deeper clefts of the highest rocks. The nest I found was within a few feet of the light tower, and in so deep a cleft that I had to roll the egg out, using the whole length of my cane to reach it. The bird was not at home, or I might have had trouble, for they are said to fight savagely in defense of their nests.

5. The pigeon guillemot, or sea pigeon, comes next. Its home is to be found close to the water's edge, in the little coves and clefts of the rocks, and it delights to sit on a rock where it is almost reached by every return of the swell. It clings closer to the water than any bird of them all. It is of a dark slate color, with some white in the wing coverts, and it has brilliantly red feet. Its mouth and throat, when it opens the beak, is also bright red. In shape and appearance it well merits the name of pigeon, though somewhat larger. It nests in crevices, and the egg, about as large as a hen's egg, is light greenish blue, with brown and gray spots on it. The sea pigeon's voice would betray it instantly should it be taken for a tame pigeon, for it is sharp and shrill.

6. The smallest bird on the island comes next, — the rock wren. Yet the island could ill spare him, for he is a merry little fellow and has the only sweet voice among them. His little warble would not be noticed much, perhaps, among thrushes or larks; and yet it is pleasant to hear in this wild chorus of the harsh voices of sea birds. He would pass very well for a wren, except that he is not so much tilted up aft, and he has a very long bill. The egg is a dainty little thing, white, but given a pink tone by a multitude of little reddish-brown splashes. His nest is hard to find, for it is hidden deep, and he is an adept at misleading a person in search of it. This is strange, too, in a bird that never saw a school boy. Aside from this preference that you should not know where his nest is, the rock wren is a sociable fellow, and will hop round quite near you if you keep still, and sing his song from every little point of rocks in your neighborhood.

7. The auk, Cassin's auklet, is a night bird, and hides in clefts in the daytime. It is a gray bird, about as large as a pigeon. The egg, also, is much the size, color, and shape, of a pigeon's. When pulled out of the hiding place it had chosen into the daylight, a young one we had caught seemed to be quite blind, and sat quietly in my open hand, making no effort to fly. When released on the ground it found sight enough to discover a crevice near

at hand, and quickly crawled into it so far that it was lost to me.

8. The ashy petrel is a very rare bird; so rare that I saw no specimen to know it. It resembles the Mother Carey's chicken closely, differing in having some white markings on the wings. Its nest is hard to find, because of its scarcity, and because it is built deep in the rocky clefts. It is discovered best by smell; for the bird, its nest, and its eggs, have a strong musky odor.

This completes the catalogue of birds

JERRY, THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

usually to be found, but for the last two seasons there has been a family of strange visitors to this sea-girt island. An old crow and his wife have come here to rear their brood. It is a curiously incongruous sound to hear the familiar caws amid this querulous chorus of gulls, but though there is not a cornfield within at least sixteen miles of them, the crows seem to be perfectly contented.

The day when we first saw egg-picking, — they pick every day in the season, — the Greeks and the four keepers gathered in front of the old stone house that was long the only keeper's house, at about nine o'clock in the morning. The men were dressed for the work in egg blouses of cotton. Often the words "Extra Family," or the like, showed that they were made of flour sacks. They are quite loose, and are gathered at the waist with a stout string. They are cut with a V-shaped opening in front. The trousers are bound with cords at the ankle, so that they may not catch on the rocks. The shoes are peculiar, home-made for the special purpose, the tops of canvas, the soles of braided rope. These are not only more durable than leather on the jagged rocks, but are less apt to slip, and in them a man can climb up a cliff so steep that he looks ridiculously like a fly walking up a wall.

When the fifteen men had all gathered, Old George — 70 years old, and yet as active as any Greek of them all, does not spare himself the most arduous climbs — gave the word in pure modern Hellenic, and they moved off together. First they made their way past the Russian houses, and paused at the base of the cliff on Shubrick's Point. There they set down the baskets. At another word they separated, and began climbing over the hill as rapidly as they could. Their movements started a cloud of murres, which fluttered with a characteristic motion straight downward toward the water, — right in the picker's face, if he chanced to be below them.

The gulls were on hand, and as the murres were driven away from the cliffs the gulls swooped down and snatched the eggs away before the pickers could get to them. This is why it is necessary for the men to keep together, and work one place at a time. But the men got a good many; they scrambled over the rocks like cats, and went to places that fairly made us shudder to watch them. Soon their outlines showed as they came around the profile of the other side of the hill. But they were strangely altered. They moved with more care, and used their hands to help support the immense aldermanic development they had acquired. As they

came back to the baskets some of them got down on all fours, and emptied their blouses, as though pouring potatoes from a sack. The thick shell of the eggs allows this, though some were broken in the process. Others who had emptied their pouches were sitting around wiping a chance-broken egg out of their blouses with a wisp of dry grass. The baskets, when full, were covered over with grass or weeds weighted with stones,— otherwise the gulls would have emptied them before the men came again. Next the men picked on the Lighthouse Hill, loftiest of all, but not most dangerous. Yet it was here that Keeper Cashin had a severe fall a year or two ago: he still wears a deep scar on his brow, as the result of his long tumble.

"That must have made you give up egg-picking for a while," I said to him.

"Yes, it was two weeks before I was out with them again."

The Artist and I could not go around the northeast side of the island from its roughness, though we amazed ourselves at the places we did climb to. We hurried around the other way, to see the men come down to the North Landing. As they were approaching it, still picking, we heard a cry. One of them had dislodged a great, jagged stone, and shouted to warn a comrade directly underneath. The warned man flattened against the rock, and the stone dashed by close to his head. Some of the men came with full blouses to the egg house near the landing; others brought the full baskets. They were set down near the house, tubs of salt water were brought, and the eggs were carefully washed. As they are laid on the bare rock,— no nest whatever,— they are apt to be soiled with guano, and it requires a good rubbing of each egg with a cloth to get it off.

During this process the gulls came and sat in a circle at a respectful distance, so that they might get the eggs that were broken and thrown away.

While some of the men were washing, a boatload of them did Sugar Loaf Rock. We could see them well from the egg house. The little boat was rowed to the rock, and turned so as to approach it stern first. As the swell lifted it to the rock, a man sprang out and climbed up the rocks. Soon a row of men were clambering right up the face of the rock,— shown in the picture (p. 229). It looked as impossible as to walk up the steepest side of Telegraph Hill. This, with Saddle Rock, was one day's picking.

Next day they did the West End, Arch and Finger rocks, and one or two more. The West End climb is a wonderful one; for here is the largest crowd of birds on the island. The air at times was so full of startled birds that they looked like a swarm of bees, and the water was in places almost hidden from sight by the multitudes that took refuge there.

To get to West End we had to cross over "Jordan," as the narrow, surf-washed passage is called. It is spanned by a very picturesque swinging bridge, made of pieces of water-worn wreckage. On the West End, too, is the place called the Great Rookery.

Here and on Finger Rock the men let themselves down by ropes to some difficult places. It looks risky to see a man dangling from a rope over a sheer precipice that overhangs the dashing surf. The men are perfectly hardened to it, and never seem to think of danger in any part of this perilous work.

The pickers in this way go over the same ground every other day, and cover all accessible points in two days. This insures the freshness of the eggs gathered, as between gulls and men they are thoroughly cleaned from the ground traversed by the pickers. There are enough inaccessible places to prevent any danger that the murres will diminish in numbers.

The eggs are stored in the egg house

till enough are gathered to make a load for the felucca that is at hand to take them to San Francisco.

There are many hens kept by the keepers; for these and the rabbits are often the only sources of fresh meat for weeks at a time. Their eggs, too, are needed, except in the laying time of the sea birds.

The rabbits were a surprise to us. On our way to the islands Captain Scott had mentioned that there were plenty of rabbits there, and the Artist smiled at me and I winked at the Artist, as if to say, "The Captain can spin a good yarn, can't he?" But the first thing that we noticed in our walk from the North Landing to the keepers' houses was the multitude of rabbits scurrying in every direction over the rocks. They are the descendants of the common domestic English rabbit, and are of many colors,—white, black, yellow, brown, and pinto. It is difficult for them to find enough soil to burrow in, but they find plenty of crannies that serve as ready-made burrows. They swarm everywhere, from the highest point of the hill, where the light is, to gullies that are swept by the surf at every tide. These last live so near the water that it half inclines one to believe the yarn that is told, that the Farallon rabbits have so changed their nature as to live on seaweed and shell-fish. The best proof, however, that the story is only a story is that the rabbits die off in great numbers as the herbage dries up in summer, until only a few of the tamer ones are left. These are fed at the house, and live in the door-yards with the hens. The keepers take pains not to frighten or shoot the tame ones, and they sometimes even enter the houses, and play round in the kitchen with the children. In the spring, as food becomes abundant, the rapid multiplication of the rabbits serves to repopulate the whole island.

And here is an object lesson and a warning. If ever this rabbit is allowed to get wild on the mainland of California it will soon become a pest as destructive as it has been in Australia.

But they are very useful on the Farallon in furnishing fresh meat to the keepers, as they are excellent eating. Served with the sharp sauce of the appetite given by the sea air, fried or fricasseed rabbit is a dish to receive eagerly and remember with gratitude. The keeper shoots them with a rifle, and on the occasion when I watched him, six shots secured six rabbits, with the heads hit so skillfully that they all but one came off with the skin.

To describe in detail the forms of life that abound on the edges of the island would fill a book, and would require a biological expert, for it is marvelous in its variety and wonderful in its beauty. There are many kinds of fish to be caught from the rocks. The Farallon banks are recognized as being the most extensive known to our local fisheries. Among these are fine eels, the method of capture described to me thus:—

"You get rather a smallish hook and a stout line, and go down on the rocks at very low tide. You bait your hook and drop it right in the crack between two rocks. If there is an eel there, pretty soon you get a bite. You go kind of slow till he 's well hooked, and then you give a pull. The eel, he just wraps his tail round a rock and hangs on for all he 's worth. You pull and he pulls, till you think you 're trying to haul up the rock itself, and by and by, if everything holds, out comes your eel."

As I have said, the rocks that the surf beats upon are worn into grottos, basins, and potholes, innumerable, and these are made beautiful by a wonderful variety of marine life. Abalones and mussels abound, and barnacles of various kinds, white and pink. Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of the beauty of some of these places is, by describing the most striking that we saw, though there are many almost as fine. One day at

low tide Mr. Beeman took the Artist and me to see the "grotto," as it is called. We followed him to the East Landing, and turning round a point of rocks, scrambled down to the edge of the surf. Then by a quick run as the roller receded, we made our way over the slippery sea-weeded rocks into the grotto. It was a sight to take one's breath away! The Artist, who had been mourning before that he had not brought his color box, was beside himself. The roof of the cavern, whether from infusoria kept alive by the spray, or from seepage through its roof of mineral substances, was brilliant with orange and green; the rocks, sides and back, of a warm red-brown color. The floor was nearly taken up with a series of basins filled with water clear as a diamond, renewed by each dash of the rollers; and these basins were lined, sides and bottom, with such a bewildering array of color and form as no artificial aquarium on earth can equal.

Light green anemones, lavender and deeper purple sea urchins, orange and purple starfishes, irridescent mussels, red and black crabs, corals and sponges, seaweeds, bright green, olive, white, pink, and brown, some quite large and others the daintiest possible films,— all this color arranged seemingly with the utmost cunning, so that there should be wondrous contrasts and harmonies, and not a single discord. It was a sight to live in the memory as long as life lasts.

A LOAD OF EGGS.

But we had to tear ourselves away, and make the rapid retreat that the waves compelled. Mr. Beeman showed us a little ledge in the uppermost corner, and told us he had once been obliged to climb up to it, and wait over a tide, in great danger of being swept off by the swell that nearly fills the grotto at high tide. The rise of tide is about five feet.

I have nearly completed the list of living forms on the island. There are, beside the ones mentioned, a dog and three goats. There is no cat there, as I was made aware when I tried to ingratiate myself with the keeper's baby by mewing for her. The poor little thing looked at me with wild eyes, and pursed up her lips to cry; she had never heard the sound before. It seems as if there ought to be a cat there, but then there are no rats or mice.

The only acquaintance we made with the goats was to wonder at the taste of the old billy, when we saw him come up to the keeper and beg for a chew of tobacco; a regular habit of his, it seems.

And here is the place to speak of Jerry. We did not see him, he had been dead some weeks; but we saw his grave, and the sweet perfume of his life of good deeds still lingers in the spot he labored in faithfully and long.

Jerry was an ass, but if it be supposed that that is a term that implies stupidity, an indignant denial will come from all that knew him. He was by far the oldest inhabitant of the island, and he filled the place of oldest inhabitant to perfection. He knew more about the weather signs than any other person (the term seems quite proper) on the island,— was the best barometer they had, the keepers say. From twelve to twenty-four hours before a storm Jerry would announce it unmistakably, by showing great excitement, and standing with his nose in the direction from which the storm was coming, and snorting violently.

He had once nearly hung himself with his halter in the barn, and after that no amount of moral or physical suasion would prevail on him to go into that barn again. In very cold and wet weather he sometimes took shelter in the coalshed, but the barn was a dangerous place.

His duties were to act as locomotive on the little railroad that connects the North Landing with the keeper's houses and the siren. Other tasks were to pack the oil up the hill to the light, two five-gallon cans on each side of his pack saddle, and to walk around the windlass that hauls coal and heavy articles up on the platform of the North Landing. This last job he did not approve of, and he learned to know the whistle of the government steamer Madroño, and when it came bringing supplies Jerry would hide so securely in the rocks that it sometimes took a large part of the day to find him. He vastly preferred to play with the children, and allowed them to swarm up his legs, or pull his tail, without an attempt at a kick. He was fond of cake, and used to come up and paw on the porch to beg for it. One day a visiting friend made some cookies, and set them down near the window to cool. When she returned to look at them, she was horrified to find them gone, and Jerry's ears just disappearing from the window.

But it is useless to try to give all the anecdotes that are to be told of Jerry; for he is a theme on which every man, woman, and child that can talk at all, of the islanders is eloquent. Another donkey is coming to take his place, but for many a long year Jerry will be remembered and loved.

There remains to be told the story of the human occupation of the Farallones. They were discovered — Scammon says in the OVERLAND for July, 1875 — by Ferrelo in 1543, but Sir Francis Drake was the first to give a particular description of "The Islands of St. James" as he called them. In 1579 he landed on them to refit and stock up with seal meat.

In 1775 Bodega and Maurelle gave the islands the name Los Farallones de los Frayles, in honor of the monks who had discovered San Francisco Bay in 1769. *Farallon* means a small, pointed island.

The first settlement on the islands was by the Russians, but the date is not given by any authority I can find. They

came to hunt seals and to fish, and made quite a permanent stay, as is witnessed by the remains of five or six stone huts that they built on the southeast slope. It is not recorded that the Mexicans ever made any enduring stay on the Farallon, and records are wanting up to 1850, when there began to be regular trips to the islands for the purpose of gathering eggs for the new city of San Francisco.

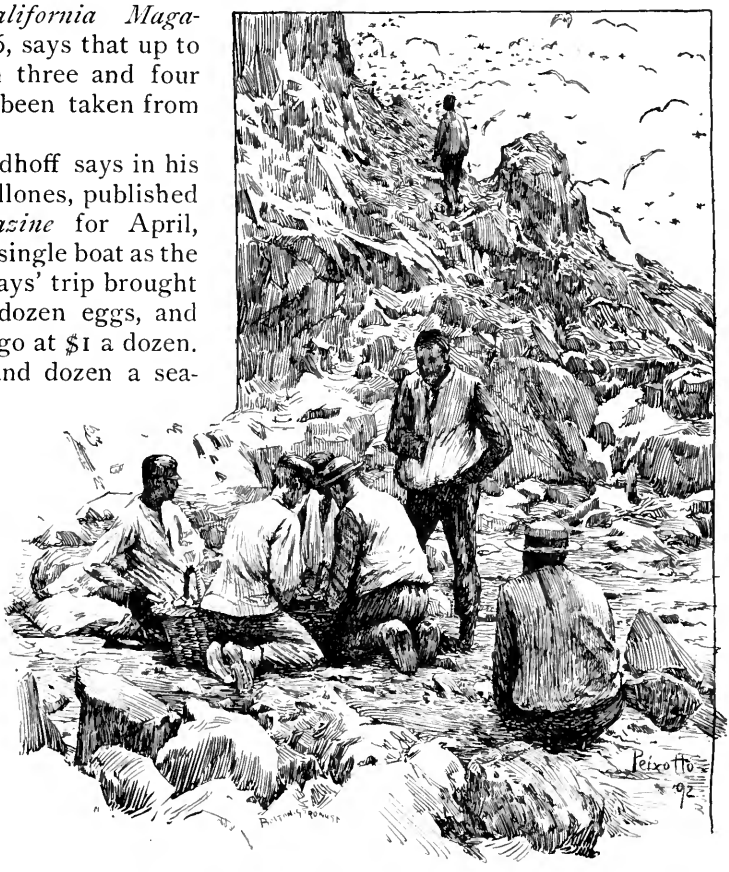
A writer in the second number of *Hutching's California Magazine*, August, 1856, says that up to that date between three and four million eggs had been taken from the island.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff says in his article on the Farallones, published in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1874, that in 1853 a single boat as the result of a three days' trip brought in one thousand dozen eggs, and sold the whole cargo at $1 a dozen. Twenty-five thousand dozen a season were brought in year after year; for those were flush times and eggs were extremely scarce. By 1873 the product had lessened to about fifteen thousand dozen a season, which is not far from that of the present year.

In 1855 the light was established. In 1856 the Farallon Egg Company was formed, and bought off the fancied rights of other companies after some disturbances and fights between rival companies. There were two or three persons shot in these troubles.

On Nov. 9, 1858, the worst Farallon wreck on record took place; the ship Lucas was lost, and twenty-three lives.

In 1859 a whistle was built over a natural blow-hole in the rocks, and the force of the waves as they rushed into the connecting channel blew the whistle. This, up to 1871, was the only fog signal. In that year it was destroyed by the breakers. The hole is still shown to visitors, and even with no whistle attached makes quite a bellow as the air rushes up through the narrow passage. A three or four pound stone dropped in at the proper time is violently hurled back. A sailor was once taken to see it, and to test its force held his hat over the opening,—at the wrong moment unfortunately, for it was snatched from his hand by the downward suction of a receding billow. He stood a moment



EMPTYING THE BLOUSES.

WASHING THE EGGS.

to see if it would come back, but in vain, and then turned away remarking, "That 's a hell of a hole!"

In 1862 a young man who had joined the eggpickers for fun lost his footing and was dashed to pieces.

September 20, 1880, the present fog siren was set up.

In 1881 there had been so much trouble with the egg company that it was deemed necessary to eject its men from the island. Accordingly, on May 23d, the government steamer, Manzanita took out the United States marshal, an officer, and twenty soldiers, to do the work. There was no resistance. Eleven eggpickers and their movables were brought to San Francisco, and their huts were razed. For this action the egg company began a suit for damages against the United States District Attorney, who had ordered the ejectment. The suit may still be pending, for all that is known about it.

The company had grown so arrogant over its supposed vested rights, that it even denied to the keepers the right of gathering eggs. Mr. Thompson, Clerk to the Inspector, told me how the keeper of that time, Mr. Hess, came in one day with a long face to tell how the hirelings of the egg company had found him a few days before with his blouse full of eggs, and had upset him and rolled him down the rocks, making a sad scramble of the eggs.

In 1882 the American ship Franconia went ashore in Franconia Cove, on the West End rocks, and in the following year the British ship Bremen met a like fate. She struck just in front of the siren. As Captain Scott graphically expressed it, "The keeper was working his machine, and the first he knew the other fellow jumped right in on top of him."

Both of these wrecks were due to dense fog and the absence of wind. The ships did not discover the island till right upon it, and they had not steerage way enough to prevent the heavy swell from setting them over on the rocks.

The present regular inhabitants of the island are the four keepers, wives of three of them, and seven children, fourteen souls all told. During the egg sea-

son from eight to eleven Greeks are there egg-picking. This is now done in partnership with the keepers and by their consent. It is recognized that the Greeks have no rights there whatever. In the beginning of every season they are formally warned off the island, and then suffered to remain during good behavior at the will of the keeper. This is winked at by the Inspector, but the least trouble would cause another expulsion. This seems to be the only way to deal with the Greeks; for as one of the keepers told me, "They are an ungrateful set. They think an American the white paint of the walls, and strips of matting are laid in the passages to keep the floors from being touched by feet. We went up the winding stair and at last emerged in the lantern.

It is a Fresnel light of the first order, the lantern is twelve feet high and eight feet in diameter. It has eight sides, each made up of concentric prisms about a bullseye in the center. There are 33 prisms about the bullseyes, and the glass of the thickest is about six inches through. The whole lantern revolves about the lamp by clockwork once in eight minutes. As a bullseye

THE BRIDGE OVER "JORDAN."

don't know anything,—the Greeks know it all."

The Farallon light is the principal lighthouse on this Coast,—the first one that mariners look for on approaching San Francisco. It is set, as has been said, on the top of the highest hill, 360 feet above the sea, of which twenty feet is the height of the tower. The trail zigzags up the hill at a pretty steep grade. Mr. Beeman told me that he had had to crawl up that grade on hands and knees in the gutter beside the trail, to avoid being blown off by the fierce sou'wester.

The tower is built of stone and iron. On entering it, it was easy to see that here is the most important and carefully kept thing on the island. No spot mars passes any given point, that point receives the concentrated light from all the prisms for about thirteen seconds, and then is left in darkness for the rest of the minute till the next bullseye turns toward it. This is what makes the flash,—eight rays of light traversing the horizon continuously, showing alternate light and darkness, as an object is in a ray or between two rays. The lamp has five concentric wicks, and is fed by an elaborate contrivance to keep a continuous and copious supply of oil for each wick. It burns about five gallons of oil a night. The light is a beautiful object, the prisms are finely polished, and show rainbows in every direction, the brasses are bright, and the most loving and scrupulous care is put on every-

thing in the tower. One keeper with an artistic turn has painted landscapes and patriotic emblems on many of the panels.

The four keepers divide the night into watches, thus :—

William A. Beeman, Chief,.....Sunset to 9 P. M.
Cyrus J. Cain.....9 P. M. to 12 M.
Edward P. Cashin.....12 M. to 3 A. M.
Thomas L. Winthar.....3 A. M. to Sunrise

sets of machinists' and carpenters' tools,—it will be seen that they have not much time to think how lonely their life is. I could not discover, except in the eagerness with which new reading matter was welcomed, any sign that time was heavy on their hands, or that they were oppressed by the constant sound of the surges that come to the island

THE LIGHT KEEPER ON DUTY.

When the siren is to be kept going, and there is often need for it for days at a time, the keepers go from the light to the siren, and serve a second watch there. There are electric signals from the tower to the siren and also to the keepers' houses. When it is considered that the keepers have to do all the repairing and some new construction,—for they have a forge, a lathe, and full

from thousands of leagues of unbroken ocean.

Often for weeks together not a word comes to them from the outside world, and they cannot see even the ships go by because of the fog. But that is not all the time. The tugs of the two rival lines, the Spreckels and the "Red-Stack," as it is commonly known, make of the island an observation sta-

A FOGGY SUNSET FROM THE TUG.

tion. Their captains climb the hill to view the horizon through their glasses, and use many an artifice and stratagem to get the advantage of first reaching an inbound ship. Just now the Spreckels line is ahead; for they have taken to the island a fine long telescope, and keep it in the tower. This allows their captains to distinguish the cut of a stranger's jib some forty miles to sea. The tugboat men are welcomed by the keepers, for they bring mail, fresh provisions, and news from the outside world.

When the Artist and I wanted to come home after three days on the island, the tug Active, Captain Marshall, was lying at the anchorage in the early morning. The Captain came ashore, and readily agreed to take us to San Francisco. The keeper warned us that we must be on hand when a ship was seen, for, he said, the Captain grew so excited then that he would wait for nothing.

No ship came all day, and at six o'clock we thought it best to go on board the tug, as it was likely that the first daylight would show some sail that had come up in the night.

We were made comfortable on the tug, if there can be comfort on a tug rolling at anchor in the heavy Pacific swell. In the morning, Sunday, nothing was to be seen, and all day we looked in vain for our ship to come in. The sailors went on shore for an outing in the afternoon, and brought back a lot of abalones, which they cleaned and we afterwards ate. They are good when well prepared,—cut thin, and pounded to a pulp to make them tender, and then fried. They also brought several rabbits that they caught by wild scrambles in the rocks, and some eggs. One sailor said he knew his eggs were fresh laid, for they were warm when he got them!

Another night, — this one of fog. as well as of heavy rolling and pitching,— and the siren was singing her sweet bass

song a few hundred yards away. In the early morning we got under way and steamed around the island in the fog, to see if we could find a ship. Then the tug was allowed to drift in the trough of a sea that rolled her so that water came in first over one rail and then the other, while the sailors fished for flounders. The line out was so long that it soon blistered the Artist's and my fingers to pull it in with its heavy sinker, even when there were no fish on the hooks. So we possessed our souls in patience all that day.

The tug had now been out three days, with no sign of a tow, and the fresh meat began to be short. On these tugs, when the steward begins to feed the captain on salt horse, that is taken as a hint that it is time to go back to San Francisco and let another tug come out. So towards evening we headed for the Golden Gate. As we steamed by the islands, we paused only to signal to the keepers, and after some cruising reached San Francisco about seven o'clock in the evening, after forty-eight hours on the tug.

This ended a trip, which from unfailing good luck, and still more from the great kindness shown us by Mr. Beeman, his good wife, and all the people on the island, and by the tugboat men, was in every way a success.

Charles S. Greene.

EGG PICKER'S SHOES.

TO INA D. COOLBRITH.

THE soft tones of thy lute
Have all too long been mute;
Ah, take it once again,
And thrill us now as then!

Breathe its sweet lips apart,
And wake that silent heart;
Too long has it been dumb,
Waiting for spring to come.

It may be sweet to lie
Sealed with God's mystery;
But with so much to give,
How sweeter far to live!

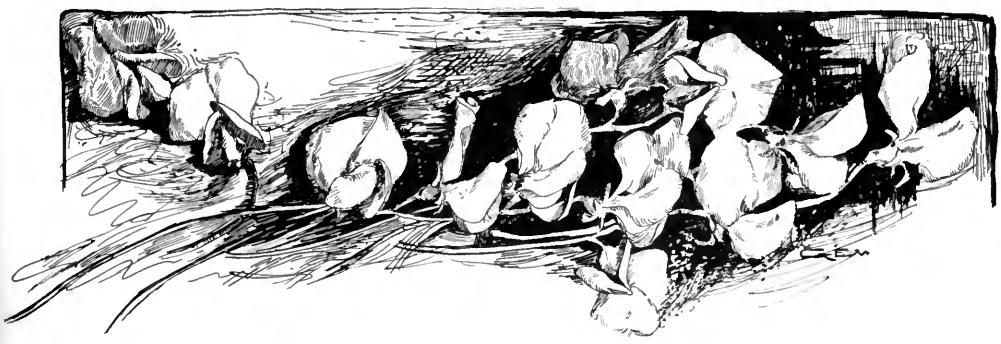
Who hears the sky-lark's song
But does remember long
How that soft throbbing fire
Gave voice his own desire?

Fuller and more sublime
The song that rests a time;
And one that listens, hears
More clearly after tears.

The soft tones of thy lute
Have all too long been mute;
Breathe its sweet lips apart,
And wake that silent heart!

Ah, sweep those strings once more,
And bring the years of yore
Back, with their old desire
And passion, and chaste fire!

Ella Higginson.



AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.[1]

In its immediate, its proximate, and its ultimate results, the establishment of the Roman Empire was the most beneficent of all political revolutions. It brought a larger number and measure of blessings to many millions of people than did either the legislation of Solon, or that of Cleisthenes in Athens, or the Magna Charta, the organization of the House of Commons, or the expulsion of James II. in England, the revolution of 1789, in France, the war of Independence, or that of Emancipation in the United States, or the liberation of the serfs in Russia,—eight of the most comprehensive and beneficent revolutions known to universal history.

No other national reformers ever had such an opportunity as that which circumstances offered to Julius Cæsar, and after him to Augustus. During the three generations before the battle of Pharsalia, the Roman government was republican in nothing save name. It was the most frightful of tyrannies; it enthroned anarchy, plunder, violence, and gross disregard for every principle of constitutional liberty and of equal rights. If we seek for the nearest analogue in modern history, we find it in the French Reign of Terror; but we must remember that the Roman reign of terror continued fifty times as long, over five times as much territory, and over three times as many people; and was the more odious because it was maintained not by the ignorant and penniless rabble, but by the senatorial class, which possessed nearly all the wealth and political experience of the capital.

As a conquering state, the Roman republic has never been equaled, or even approached; as a rule over conquered provinces it was perfidious, cruel, exacting, and destructive, far beyond all example on a great scale. The senators spared one another as little as they did their subjects. They furnished large proportions of the victims in the riots of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, of Clodius and Milo; in the slave wars of Sicily and of Spartacus; in the war with the Italian allies; in the conspiracies of Catiline; and in the civil wars of Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and the second Triumvirate.

Augustus followed the clement and liberal policy of his uncle. He established peace and order throughout the empire. He took judicial office from the ignorant politicians, who had held it for a term of a single year, and he gave it to lawyers, who held for long periods. Civil law was swiftly developed into the great system of Roman jurisprudence. The codes of Justinian were not compiled until after the disruption of the empire, but the valuable materials used in the compilation were all prepared before the time of Constantine. Schools for the education of attorneys and judges were established in Rome, Athens, and Berytus, and the opinions of licensed jurisconsults were made authoritative. Under the republic, the military and political officers received no pay from the state; and, as a consequence, they were allowed to plunder their provincial subjects. They held office for short terms, and used their power in such a manner as to exhaust their victims as soon as possible. In no case was the extortioner adequately punished; the only penalty inflicted on Verres, after an almost incredible series of outrageous crimes, including the murder of Roman citizens, was banishment. Cicero, who boasted of his integrity as proconsul

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in Cilicia did not even try Scaptius, who, as agent of Marcus Brutus, had tortured to death the members of a provincial city council to compel them to pay forty-eight per cent interest on a city loan. Augustus paid salaries to the provincial governors, appointed them for long terms, and held them to a strict responsibility. The provincials, who had been in misery and despair, soon found themselves prosperous and hopeful.

The greatest benefits were felt along the European frontier, which now, for the first time, enjoyed the blessings of peace combined with civilization. The greater part of Spain had been subject to Rome for nearly two centuries, but had been in continual turmoils Most of Gaul had been conquered recently, and had not yet become orderly. Although Augustus left to his successors the advice that the boundaries of the empire should not be extended, this was not until he had added much to its area. Partly for the purpose of acquiring a line that was strongly marked and easily defensible, he conquered and annexed the southern bank of the Danube, which then became his boundary from the Alps to the Black Sea. When he reached the throne the provinces of Spain, Gaul, Rhætia, Noricum, Pannonia, Illyria, Mœsia, and Thrace, covering a region two thousand miles long and three hundred wide, were poor in population and industry, and most of them were barbarous: when he transmitted his scepter to Tiberius, they were peaceful, and rapidly increasing in prosperity. In his long reign colonies were founded, roads were opened, forests were cleared, marshes were drained, schools were established, and cities were built. Vines, olives, flax, cultivated grasses, various garden vegetables and cereals, and superior breeds of cows and sheep were introduced into extensive regions. These improvements continued to advance for nearly four centuries after the overthrow of the republic. Paris, Cologne, and Treves, were still growing in population, wealth, and refinement, in the time of Julian. The material progress of all the northern frontier provinces during this long period had never been equaled before in the rapidity of the development over a vast area, previously barbarous; it has never been surpassed since, except in the United States.

In his History of France, Martin says that "all the splendors of Italy were imitated north of the Alps. Houses of stone and marble succeeded those of mud and wood. Everywhere arose, as by enchantment, these forums, the public buildings, these court-houses, these aqueducts, these temples, these public baths, these amphitheaters, these arches of triumph, the ruins of which bear witness to our time of the powerful hand of the Roman people, not only in the midst of our cities, but in many fields now solitary, and even in the small valleys amidst the high mountains. All Gaul clothed itself with a monumental splendor which our imagination can scarcely reconstruct in its most brilliant dreams." Such works, covering the whole region from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, were not produced in a single reign nor century, nor in a period of national decay.

Nor were the benefits of imperial rule limited to Europe. The province of Carthage, which had been reduced to desolation under the republic, was now again fostered. Its chief city regained much of its former manufacturing industry, commerce, and wealth; and it became a rival of Rome as a center of Latin literature. The agricultural production of the province became large and regular. Egypt gained less than any other province from imperial rule, because it had been subject to the republic during only a short period, and had never been at the mercy of senatorial plunderers. Asia Minor reached its highest degree of prosperity under

the Roman Empire, between the reigns of Augustus and Constantine inclusive, the only period when it enjoyed order and peace continuously for more than three centuries.

The portions of the empire which gained least were Italy and Greece. They had reached their highest prosperity in earlier centuries. When the senators were no longer permitted to plunder the provinces without restriction, then the concentration of wealth and luxury in the Italian peninsula came to an end. Greece always was a poor country, and had owed much of its wealth to the superiority of its political and military institutions,—a superiority which came to an end when all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean became subject to one system of law. Then the energetic Greeks began to migrate from their native land to Thrace, Asia Minor, and Syria, as Italians moved to Spain, Gaul, Pannonia, and Mœsia, where the opportunities of engaging in profitable business were more numerous.

Almost as important as industrial progress to the strength of the empire was its intellectual development. Greece, Macedonia, Epirus, Sicily, Egypt, and the Asiatic provinces, were predominantly Greek in the speech of their larger cities, while the other provinces made up the Latin division. The Greek and the Latin halves were in complete harmony with each other. In the provinces of Carthage and Numidia, and in those along the northern and western frontier of Europe, Latin had become the common, and, in extensive districts, the only tongue. The Latin cities outside of Italy numbered more than two thousand. Horace, Virgil, Livy, and Cicero, found most of their readers in the Gallic, Spanish, Carthaginian, and Danubian regions. Cadiz, Lyons, Arles, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Treves, and Carthage, became celebrated as centers of literary activity. Besides the adoption of a common tongue, a common literature, and a common civilization, there was a great approach to homogeneity of blood and national feeling. Early in the third century of our era all the freemen of the empire were declared full citizens, with a complete equality of civil and political rights. The different nationalities had intermarried until all had become Romans in feeling. In the Latin provinces there was no national sentiment or national pride save that of Rome. Though not entirely satisfied with the imperial government, the people generally had no desire to divide the territory or to change its form. They knew that they enjoyed more peace, more security, more industrial prosperity, a better system of law, and a better administration of civil and criminal justice, and of executive office in city and imperial relations, than their ancestors had enjoyed in the republic. The steady development of their law, continued without interruption during three centuries, until it reached an excellence and completeness incomparably superior to anything previously known, and unapproached as an original system by any law of later times, is one of the most conclusive proofs that prosperity and order were maintained continuously in most of the provinces. Such a wonderful work of human wisdom and experience could not have been produced in a single generation or in a period of anarchy. It was a production of the empire before Constantine. The fury of the tyrants, and the bloody contests for the crown, were limited to small circles of victims; and no other throne ever had so many good and great men as had that of Imperial Rome from Augustus to Diocletian.

While enjoying relative peace and harmony within its own borders, the empire was not threatened by any serious danger from abroad. It comprised all the civilization, or at least the highest civilization, and most of the wealth, of its time. It possessed a great and unques-

tionable superiority over all contemporaneous nations in agriculture, mining, metallurgy, ship-building, navigation, commerce, mechanical and fine arts, and law. It had the only good military drill, the only corps of military engineers, the only supply of military engines, the only navy, and the only fortified cities. Never before did any nation possess a preponderance so immense, and a position so secure.

Two warlike nations threatened the borders of the empire, but neither seemed dangerous. On the East were the Persians, who had been known to Europe for eight centuries, and who, in all that time, notwithstanding excellent opportunities, had not learned that the main reliance in war should be infantry. No great battle was ever won by cavalry over an equal number of well trained foot-soldiers. Horsemen may devastate an unprotected region, and may render great service in supporting infantry, but the country that fears them when they come alone confesses its military incapacity. The Persians had probably as good cavalry as any in antiquity, but it was no better in the time of Constantine than in that of Xenophon, when with more than twenty to one they could not prevent his ten thousand infantry from cutting their way through the empire. Diocletian would not have hesitated to attack a ten-fold number of Persians with one of his armies.

Nor did the Teutons on the north give much cause for apprehension. They were warlike, but not hostile. From the reign of Trajan to that of Constantine, most of their tribes had sought the friendship of the empire: their ambitious men enlisted in the Roman armies, served faithfully, and many of them spent their old age in the enjoyment of civilized life, as citizens of the provinces. Their native country was covered with forests and marshes, and the population scanty. They had neither cities nor extensive cultivation, neither a good supply of arms, nor thorough military discipline. A Teutonic army was no match for a Roman army of equal size. Besides, the Teutons were divided up into a multitude of tribes nearly always at war with one another. They were not formidable except when they saw that a combination of their forces would enable them to plunder some helpless enemy, and to them all nations, whether of their own or of different blood, were enemies.

In addition to the military advantages that the empire possessed in its arms, its discipline, its military engines, its military engineers, and its population of 120,000,000 (more than four-fold that of the Persia or Germany of that time), it had another great resource in five thousand cities or towns, each surrounded by its defensive wall, and capable of defying the assault of barbarians for months; and each stimulated to defend itself by the possession of a republican system of local self-government, a system founded on explicit law, and sustained by an enlightened public opinion, a system established in every large city from the Tigris to the Atlantic.

Although there was a relaxation of military discipline in the second and third centuries of our era, it was no worse than that which had repeatedly been observed in the armies of the republic, — a relaxation that might be cured in a few months by the strict rule of an able general. It was, perhaps, nothing more than the natural result of long intervals of peace and confidence. The old military system was still preserved, with its weapons, its defensive armor, its legionary organization, and its habits of marching, drilling, and fortifying every camp. Under Diocletian, Constantine, and Julian, the legions maintained their compact array, and were eager to reach the enemy, sword in hand.

As the establishment of the Roman empire was the most beneficent of all

political events, so its overthrow was the most disastrous of all political calamities. With it fell peace, order, security, wealth, law, city independence, local self-government, education, literature, industrial and ornamental art, social refinement, extensive community of language and national feeling, and also commercial and political intercourse,—not in one small region, but throughout the vast territory of the empire, reaching through fifty degrees of longitude and thirty of latitude. Upon its ruins rose war, violence, lawlessness, poverty, desolation, isolation, ignorance, diversity of language, and numerous national and ecclesiastical animosities. Thousands of cities and walled towns were utterly destroyed; millions of square miles of cultivated land grew up into thickets, and became the haunts of wolves and other wild beasts. The number of artisans greatly diminished; many of the industrial arts were so neglected that they seemed in danger of being finally lost. Over large portions of Europe and Northern Africa barbarism succeeded to civilization.

The decline began with the death of Constantine, and made rapid advances. That monarch and his predecessor had done much to strengthen the empire by removing the evil that had been the cause of danger,—the military control over the succession. Diocletian separated the command of the army from the governorship of the province, and from the control of the provincial finances. Constantine diminished the importance of the command by reducing the legions from 6000 to 1500 men, and by separating the legions into classes, which had different pay and privilege, so that they could no longer work together harmoniously unless under imperial direction. He abolished the Prætorian Guard, which overawed the imperial office. These reforms made the government a hereditary monarchy; previously it had been a monarchy in which the crown was given away or sold by the army.

Strong as Constantine supposed the empire to be when he bequeathed it to his sons, within a generation after his death it was finally divided into two independent empires; within another generation nearly all the European portion of the eastern empire was reduced to desolation by barbarous invaders; within two additional generations the western empire was finally conquered, and all its provinces were devastated by the Goths; and before the close of the seventh century of our era the Saracens were masters of Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and most of Asia Minor. With the ruin of ancient civilization, the Roman empire had to come to an end.

What caused the fall of Rome? This is one of the most important questions to which history should reply; and yet a majority of the historians that have taken the empire for their subject have either avoided the problem or have dispatched it with a few inconsiderate sentences. The discrepancies in the solution are curious. Gibbon tells us that "the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness. Prosperity ripened the principle of decay; the causes of destruction multiplied with the extent of the conquest; and as soon as time or accident had removed the artificial support, the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight. The story of the ruin is simple and obvious; and, instead of inquiring why the Roman empire was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had subsisted so long." This is one of the weakest passages in Gibbon's great book, and yet it was passed without dissent by his distinguished annotators, Guizot and Millman, both of whom wrote valuable histories upon subjects intimately connected with the fall of Rome, and had therefore studied the subject carefully.

In his Intellectual Development of

Europe, Draper tells us that "whoever inquires the cause of the fall of the Roman empire will find his answer in ascertaining what had become of the Romans,"—as if no person, unless he had been a descendant of the early Romans, had capacity and motive to administer properly the government.

According to Bury, Michelet, and Martin, the destructive evil was slavery, which, however, had not proved fatal to other ancient states, nor to the Roman republic. The poison that does not prove fatal until a thousand years after it has been taken is not very terrible. Sismondi and Merivale find the cause in immorality, as if the ethical condition of the people had not been seriously affected by the gross insecurity of life, person, and property, under the late republic; and as if the moral condition of the Romans was much worse in the time of Commodus than it had been in that of Cicero.

Duruy points us to centralization, which, however, gave to the distant or frontier provinces of Carthage, Numidia, Spain, Gaul, Pannonia, Mœsia, and Asia Minor, periods of peaceful prosperity rarely or never equaled in their history before or since.

In his German History of Culture, Hellwald, though he does not mention the opinions of other authors, sums up the discussion with the remark that the cause is an unsolved problem.

My solution is that the cause of the fall of the Roman empire was ecclesiastical persecution, practiced under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances. The adoption of Christianity as a state religion could not be charged with the evil; for many great nations of modern times have adopted it, and while maintaining it have reached conditions of high prosperity. Neither can we regard the policy of religious intolerance as in itself sufficient to cause the destruction of a great empire; for many medieval and modern nations followed that policy for centuries without bringing destruction upon themselves. But the persecution practiced by the successors of Constantine was injudicious and injurious beyond any other instance known to history. It was enforced while the intolerant faith was in the stage of early growth; while its adherents were a minority of the population in extensive regions; while their creed, their sacerdotal organization, their forms of worship, their list of sacred days, and their canon of sacred books, had not taken final shape; and when they had already divided into numerous sects, some of which had obtained preponderance in extensive districts. Three points of doctrine were, however, accepted by every sect; and these were first, that it alone was the true church; second, that it was the duty of the true church to persecute all heretical sects out of existence; and third, that the heretic was more hateful than the Jew or the pagan.

Let us now trace some significant circumstances of the fall. Almost immediately after becoming sole master of the empire, Constantine summoned a council of the bishops of the Christian Church, to decide a doctrinal dispute which had arisen between Arius and Athanasius, two priests of Alexandria. Both were Trinitarians. but they differed in regard to the relationship between the Father and the Son. Arius said that the Son, having been begotten and having had a human mother, was neither so old as the Father, nor was composed of the same pure and self-existent divine substance. Athanasius taught that the Son existed from all eternity, and was consubstantial with the Father. The clergy and the people of Egypt took sides with one or the other of the disputants; and the controversy spread to all the provinces of the empire. A writer of the time, describing the zeal of the partisans of the adverse opinions in Constantinople, says:

This city is full of mechanics and slaves who are all of them profound theologians, and preach in the shops and in the streets. If you desire a man to change a piece of silver, he informs you wherein the Son differs from the Father; if you ask the price of a loaf, you are told by way of a reply that the Son is inferior to the Father; and if you inquire whether the broth is ready, the answer is that the Son was made out of nothing.

The council met in the year 325, and nearly all of the 318 bishops concurred in adopting the Athanasian doctrines which then became part of the orthodox faith. Constantine was satisfied with the decision, which would surely not have had so large a majority in its favor if the Emperor had at that time favored Arianism. He supposed that the action of the council, sustained by his approval, would soon restore concord in the Church; and when he found that many of the priests disregarded his wishes he began to persecute them. But after the lapse of a year, perhaps because he found that the Arians were dangerously numerous and stubborn, perhaps because the orthodox clergy were offensively arrogant, he ceased to persecute the Arians, declared himself a convert to their opinions, and began to persecute the orthodox in a mild manner; while he pursued some weaker sects, such as Manicheans and Donatists, with much cruelty. He remained faithful to Arianism during the last eleven years of his reign.

His son and successor, Constantius, was also an Arian; but, unlike his father, he became an active enemy and persecutor of the Athanasians. Sectarian riots, which had made their appearance in the previous reign, became frequent and furious. Five times Paul, the orthodox bishop of Constantinople, was expelled forcibly from his office, and finally he was strangled by imperial order. One decree of banishment against him provoked a riot, in which more than three thousand persons perished. Five times Athanasius, who had become bishop of Alexandria, was deposed; and as the populace of the city sided with him and defied the officers of the law, an army of Arians was stationed there for a time to overcome and subdue them. It was in Alexandria that the monks first became prominent in deeds of violence and cruelty; and there it was that the most disgraceful of many disgraceful monkish riots ended in the murder of the learned and eloquent pagan lecturer, Hypatia,—in the tearing of limb from limb, and in the parade of the butchers through the streets exhibiting the bloody fragments in their fanatical triumph. In Antioch the sectarian disturbances, though less frequent and less frightful than in Constantinople and Alexandria, were numerous and destructive. At Ephesus a council of bishops ended in a fight between its members, and the murder of one of their number in their hall of assembly. The general result, as stated by Gibbon, was that "the bonds of civil society were torn asunder by the fury of religious factions." Gregory of Nazianzus, an eminent theologian, complained that the Kingdom of Heaven had been converted by religious discord into "the image of hell."

In the year 364 the Roman empire was finally divided into the Latin empire, in which most of the Christians were orthodox, and the Greek empire in which they were nearly equally divided, the Arians being probably the more numerous. In 378 the throne of Constantinople became vacant, and as no person was entitled to the place by inheritance, the Emperor of the West, an Athanasian, selected Theodosius, a Spaniard, for the place. His position was beset with many difficulties; and perhaps because of his dependence on his imperial patron and colleague, perhaps because of sincere conviction, Theodosius declared himself orthodox. He did more than that; he prohibited all Arian worship; he forbade the consecration of Arian bishops and priests;

he confiscated Arian churches and ecclesiastical property. He also prohibited all the forms of pagan worship, though the pagans were still a huge proportion, probably nearly one half of all the inhabitants of his dominions, and a large majority of some provinces. Notwithstanding the difficulties which beset him when he ascended the throne, and the serious offense which he gave to most of his subjects, his reign continued for seventeen years with success, and he died in peace without having met with any great disaster from a domestic or a foreign enemy. But he had scarcely been buried before a great Arian invasion smote the domain of his successor. The Visigoths, north of the Danube, had been Arians for more than a generation, and whether actuated mainly by their religion or by the hope of plunder, a great army of them under the lead of Alaric overran Mœsia, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece, and Illyria, leaving desolation behind them. From Illyria they marched into Italy, where, after suffering several severe defeats, they sacked the Eternal City, destroyed the defensive power of the Latin empire, and threw Gaul and Italy open to the flood of Teutonic invasion. After the Visigoths followed the Ostrogoths, the Allemani, the Vandals, the Suabians, the Burgundians, and the Lombards, all of them Arians in so far as they were Christians. From Gaul the Goths and Vandals went forward to Spain; from Spain the Vandals passed into Africa; and from Africa they crossed over into Italy, where they subjected the Eternal City to its second disastrous sack, after which they returned to Carthage. Every part of the Latin empire became subject to the Teutons, whose swift military successes, without any famous battle or siege, after Alaric took Rome, imply that every province had a considerable proportion of pagan or heretic inhabitants that hoped for more favor from the Arian Teutons than they had received from the orthodox Romans. We have no precise statistics of the numbers of the heretics, heathens, or orthodox, in any part of the empire; but Gibbon's estimate that when Constantine reached the throne not more than five per cent of the people were Christians has been generally accepted as probably correct. It is not likely that fifty per cent could have been converted in the next century.

After the overthrow of the Latin empire, the Greeks continued their ecclesiastical quarrels by inventing new points of contention. Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, denounced as blasphemous the title "Mother of God," given to the Virgin Mary. He said she was the mother of the human and not of the divine element in Jesus. A general council at Ephesus, in 431, condemned his opinion, which, nevertheless, became the dominant doctrine in Syria, and in several adjacent provinces. Twenty years later another general council, at Chalcedon, rejected and anathematized the dogma that the divine and human elements in Jesus are combined in one nature. Its decree asserted that two natures exist in Him, "without mixture, change, or separation." The doctrine of one nature — monophysitism — became dominant among the Egyptians, who, because of it, were persecuted cruelly, and were thus prepared to welcome any alien enemy. They and the Syrians submitted without resistance, early in the seventh century, to the Persians; who, however, because of quarrels among themselves, soon surrendered their conquests to the Greek emperor; and then these heretical provincials welcomed the Arabs, and submitted to their permanent domination. The conquest of the Mohammedans in Asia and Africa, like those of the Teutons in Italy, Gaul, and Spain, were made with wonderful celerity by armies without discipline, and usually without able generalship. As

for the aid given to invaders in the West by treason we have little information; but from the Arabs we have numerous accounts of the encouragement and assistance given to them by Syrian and Egyptian Christians, tired of the ecclesiastical tyranny of orthodoxy. Damascus, Emesa, Bosra, Baalbec, and Antioch, the leading cities of Syria, all surrendered while their walls were strong, and most of them while their provisions were not exhausted. In several cases parties of the besiegers were admitted at night by traitors.

The conquest of Syria was achieved so easily that Amrou took only four thousand men for the invasion of Egypt, which probably had ten times as many soldiers in its garrisons; and with some Arab reinforcements, which were about equal to his original army, and with much aid from the Egyptian people, he speedily expelled the Greeks forever. Neither Syria nor Egypt revolted against the Mohammedans, and in both provinces large numbers of Christians abjured the cross for the crescent. The Greek literature, the Greek language, and the Roman law, were neglected and soon forgotten.

We have now completed the hasty survey of the wars that ended in the overthrow of the Latin and Greek empires. We have found that these wars were preceded by numerous ecclesiastical riots, and the persecution of large classes of heretics and pagans. We have observed that the armies which first established the Teutonic authority in Italy, France, Spain, and the Latin provinces of Africa were all Arians, while the monarchs against whom they contended were Athanasians. We have remarked that while the Emperor of the East was persecuting the Nestorians of Syria and the monophysites of Egypt, the Arabs easily conquered those provinces. Thus they obtained the start that enabled them to establish their barbarous language, religion, and government, from the Ganges to the strait of Gibraltar. The evidence thus accumulated is abundantly sufficient to prove the proposition that both the Latin and Greek empires, into which the Roman empire divided in 364 A. D., fell because of their adoption of the system of ecclesiastical persecution of all heterodox and heathen dogmas and forms of worship, at a time when many of the people were not yet Christians, and when some of the main doctrines of Christianity were still in the course of their early development.

Within a century after Constantius adopted the practice of persecution, the Latin empire had ceased to exist; within a century after Mohammed had first published his religion in Mecca, the Greek emperor had lost all his African and nearly all his Asiatic territory. All the conquests of the Arabs and most of those of the Teutons were made by undisciplined hordes contending against disciplined armies, protected by a great number of wealthy and strongly fortified cities, and were made with an ease, a speed, and an immediate completeness, that are incomprehensible until we have the explanation that they were suggested and aided by the folly and the malignity of ecclesiastical persecution.

The question about the time when the empire began to show signs of a weakness that must inevitably terminate in national dissolution, is inseparable from the question about the cause of that weakness. Gibbon says that signs of decay made their appearance before the age of Augustus, and that the decline proper began with the death of Marcus Aurelius, a century and a quarter before the reign of Constantine. Milman, Guizot, Merivale, and Lecky, accept these opinions, to which no objection has been made by any historian known to me; but which have not been supported by evidence commensurate with their importance. The establishment and maintenance of peace for three cen-

turies, the introduction of an excellent judicial administration, the equalization of political rights among many millions of freemen, the consolidation of people into a harmonious nationality, the development of the greatest of all original systems of civil law, and the filling of the extensive northern provinces with wealth and civilization, were blessings new in the world, and coming together they implied prosperity and increasing strength. It is not necessary to the purpose of the article that I should criticise Gibbon's theory that the Roman empire did not fall until Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1453; nor Bryce's that the Roman empire continued to exist until the dissolution of the Empire of Germany in 1806.

If scholars agree with me that religious persecution was the main cause of the fall of Rome, and if they find that I am the first person to call attention publicly to the fact, they will pardon me for claiming that I have made an interesting historical discovery.

John S. Hittell.

A BARE-FACED DECEPTION.

THE ninth of September is the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union. "Admission Day" is a State holiday, and is usually enthusiastically celebrated by a popular organization of young men called the "Native Sons of the Golden West," aided by a corresponding society of young ladies,—the "Native Daughters." At some city or town previously selected, the different "Parlors" of the order assemble from all parts of the State, and their brilliant celebration is one of the popular events of the year.

In the parades on these occasions the grizzly bear, as the emblem of California, is conspicuously displayed. He appears everywhere on flags and banners; and living but dejected members of the ursine tribe are borne along, chained or in cages.

Some days before one of these celebrations, which was to take place at Portici, a pretty little city on the sea coast, Harry Endicott of Oakville met his friend Emil Schwartzwald on the street, and drew him aside with a mysterious air.

Emil was a stout young man with eyeglasses. He was fashionably dressed, and his expression was one of entire assurance and languid ease. He was sometimes called "Hasty" by his intimate friends.

"I've got on to a daisy scheme, Hasty," said Endicott eagerly. "Just listen to this," and he drew a newspaper from his pocket and read:—

"PORTICI, Sept. 3d.—A large grizzly bear has recently made his appearance in the mountains twelve miles from this city. Thursday night he passed through the ranch of A. J. Holiday and killed a fine cow. It is said to be the largest bear ever seen in this county."

Endicott folded the paper.

"I know Holiday," he went on. "I've hunted in that country. Let's take our Winchesters and go down there. We'll kill that grizzly and take him to Portici, and have him in the parade on the ninth. What do you say?"

"Capital idea!" agreed Emil. "We'll

mount him on a car, hey? It 'll be the biggest thing in the parade. Won't the boys open their eyes!"

"We 'll go up on the seventh, and hunt on the eighth; and we 'll get him down to Portici in time."

"Done!" said Emil.

The next day Endicott and Emil left the train at a way station, with a four-mile walk before them to the "Pilgrim's Retreat," a country hotel frequented by sportsmen. The road was dusty, and the heat oppressive, even in the woods.

"There's Holiday's ranch," remarked Endicott after a time, pointing to a broad expanse of cultivated land beyond a small creek. "They 're nice people, and he 's got a fine daughter. She can ride a horse and shoot a rifle almost as well as I can. Let 's go over and ask him about the grizzly."

"All right," panted Emil. "How much farther is it to that blessed 'Retreat'?"

"Only a mile."

"We can't bag the bear till tomorrow, anyway."

"No."

They crossed the creek, and were hospitably welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday and their daughter Eunice, a bright girl of sixteen. Endicott was well known to them.

The boys found the cool sitting-room very pleasant, and they were regaled with lemonade and cake while the farmer gave them all the particulars regarding the grizzly bear.

"Eunice never leaves her rifle at home nowadays," he laughed. "That cow was hers, you see, and she wants to get a shot at the grizzly pretty bad."

"Would n't you be afraid to — er — tackle him?" asked Emil, beaming at her patronizingly through his eyeglasses.

"I think I could shoot him if I had a fair chance," replied Eunice quietly. "They are very dangerous. I would not attack unless I had the advantage."

"Here comes Hamlet," said the farmer, looking out of the window. "You 've never met my nephew, Hamlet, I believe, Mr. Endicott. He 's just come up from Arizona. He 's a lively boy. We 've had jolly times since he 's been here."

The door opened, and a slender young man entered. His lips were thin and firm, and he had cool gray eyes. His dress was neat, but he held in his hand a broad, lavishly adorned Mexican sombrero.

"My nephew, Hamlet Holiday," said the farmer, introducing him.

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen," said Hamlet cordially. In a few minutes he had learned the object of their expedition, and had received an invitation to join them.

"No, thanks," he laughed. "I have n't lost any grizzlies. I like a quiet life. Wish you success, though."

So presently the two hunters took their leave, and continued their walk to the Pilgrim's Retreat.

"Those babes in the wood need looking after," murmured Hamlet.

"I should like to see them when they find the grizzly," laughed Eunice.

"It ain't likely they 'll find him," argued the farmer.

"I do hope they won't get hurt," sighed Mrs. Holiday.

Early the next morning Endicott and Emil sallied forth, having acquired all the nformation they could from the host of the Retreat. He had directed them to a lonely opening two miles distant, where the bear had been seen two or three days before. Upon reaching this place they prowled cautiously along in the edge of the woods, eagerly looking for their game.

However well prepared their minds may have been, it was with a sharp shock that they suddenly beheld a huge dark animal slowly walking along the hillside above them. He looked as big as an ox, though not so tall. His great

head hung down and swung loosely from side to side, as he smelt of objects in his path. Whenever his nose approached anything which he thought required a more particular examination, his head and forequarters stopped abruptly, but his hind legs kept on until his four feet were nearly together and his back arched high in the air, giving him a look of terrible agility. He grunted hoarsely and horribly as he walked, and the hunters detected a vile odor in the air.

"Let 's climb trees with our guns, and then give it to him," whispered Endicott.

"He 'll get away,— we 'll lose him, sure as fate!" spluttered Emil, in a flurry. "Fire! fire!"

Before Endicott could prevent him, he fired. There was a terrific sound, and as the smoke rose they saw the monstrous beast charging down upon them with the speed of a horse. His hair bristled; his long claws tore up the ground; his horrid jaws gaped and frothed as he uttered frightful roars.

It requires excellent nerve to stand such a charge. Emil for once did honor to his nickname. His speed was remarkable. Endicott stopped to fire one shot, and barely succeeded in escaping into an oak tree. Emil, minus his eyeglasses, was already perched in the top of a very slim young fir. Their guns lay on the ground, and the bear was master of the field.

The grizzly's rage was dreadful. He reared up, roaring, and stripped the trees of their bark. Then, finding that Emil's tree was slender, he began to shake it with prodigious strength. It was all the unlucky hunter could do to keep his hold as he was switched about in the air. The tree swung more and more violently, and the situation became very grave indeed. Emil was on the point of falling like a ripe apple, when a sharp rifle shot rang out.

The bear leaped away from the tree and spun around, snapping fiercely at his own side. Then he paused and glared about him. He saw a puff of light smoke curling up from a thick bush fifty yards away, and at once charged for it with a fearful roar. Five more shots sounded in rapid succession, and at the fifth the grizzly plunged forward and lay, making his last struggle, only a rod from the bush whence the shots had come. The marksman, whoever he was, had worked his rifle with marvelous nerve and skill.

Endicott had leaped to the ground and secured his gun. Emil descended more slowly, for he was badly shaken up. They approached the dead bear. The last shots had struck him in the breast. With one hand Endicott could cover the five bullet-holes.

Noticing with surprise that their rescuer had not appeared, they went to seek him. They found his position, and saw the six cartridge shells lying on the ground, but the marksman was gone. They shouted, but heard no answer. As they stood wondering, Emil saw a white object hanging on a bush, and hurried to secure it. It was a lady's handkerchief with a pretty border. In one corner were the initials "*E. H.*"

"Endicott!" burst out Emil, "that girl fired those shots,— your friend, Miss Holiday. This is her handkerchief; I saw it in her hand yesterday. Jupiter! What nerve she had! If that last shot had n't dropped the bear, she 'd have been torn to pieces the next instant. She saved my life. I could n't have held on two minutes longer."

"I believe you 're right," faltered Endicott. "And she hurried away out of regard for our feelings! Very kind in her, Hasty."

"Very!" assented Emil, mournfully.

They returned to the Pilgrim's Retreat, and arranged to have a wagon sent out to bring in the bear. Then they went to Mr. Holiday's place. Hamlet Holiday was lounging on the veranda reading a novel.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen," he cried cordially. "Be seated. Make yourselves at home. The folks have just gone away somewhere in the carriage, so I 'm major-domo at present. Well, what luck did you have?"

Endicott at once frankly related their adventure of the morning, and the manner of their rescue, at which Hamlet expressed surprise and wonder.

"Well, it's just like my cousin Eunice to do a thing like that and say nothing about it," he said. "I noticed that she was out on horseback this morning. How many shots were fired?"

"Six."

Hamlet entered the house and brought out Eunice's rifle.

"Just six cartridges gone!" he cried. "I saw her fill the magazine last night."

"I am sorry Miss Holiday is not here," said Emil with feeling. "We must go now in order to catch our train, but I shall on some other occasion express to her my deep gratitude. We cordially invite you all to be our guests at Portici on the ninth."

"We wanted the bear for our parade," explained Endicott, "but, of course, as Miss Eunice killed him, he is at her disposal."

"You could not please her better than by taking the bear to Portici as you intended," replied Hamlet. "I will answer for that fully."

"Very well," said Endicott with pleasure, "we will do so. And we will have the skin tanned afterwards and return it to her. Please tell her that her grizzly will be the feature of the parade, and she must not fail to be there."

And the two bear-hunters departed.

On the morning of the ninth the Holiday family prepared to ride to Portici to witness the parade of the Native Sons. Mr. Holiday proceeded to harness sleek Kit and Bess to the family carriage.

"Will you ride with us, Hamlet?" he called, as he saw his nephew crossing the yard.

"Thanks, uncle, but I think I 'll go on horseback."

When they reached Portici the procession was already forming. The streets were full of bands, drum-corps, companies of young men in tasty uniforms, and all the pomp and circumstance of a joyous parade. The sidewalks were thronged with spectators. Mr. Holiday drove carefully through the crowd, looking for a favorable position from which to view the procession.

They were suddenly compelled to pause. A splendid band heading a large parlor of Native Sons in white flannel uniforms and straw hats was wheeling into the street. In the midst of this array, on a triumphal car, was posed the huge grizzly bear, looking terrible even in death.

At the head of the parlor rode a superb marshal. At that moment they saw Emil leave the ranks and run forward to the marshal's side. That dignitary wheeled his horse and raised his baton, and the procession halted. Emil, followed by a large party of his comrades, came hurrying across the street to the carriage.

"Good morning," he cried, beaming with pleasure and excitement, and shaking hands with the Holidays. "So glad you honored us by coming today." Then, turning to the crowd of young men, he sang out: "Three cheers for Miss Eunice Holiday, the bravest girl in California!"

The cheers were vigorously given. Then poor Mr. Holiday, in a sort of amazed trance, saw his carriage surrounded by these fine, alert boys. Kit and Bess, hardly less astonished, were unhitched and led away. A long rope was attached to the carriage pole; it was instantly manned by fifty enthusiastic youths, and in a moment the carriage and its astounded occupants were wheeled into the midst of the procession. The band struck up, and the whole array swept down the street.

The news spread among the spectators that the girl in the carriage was the one who had killed the grizzly bear, and everywhere loud cheers greeted her appearance.

At last the carriage halted in front of the courthouse, and the procession began to disband. Mr. Holiday roused himself from a state resembling paralysis. Indignation and amazement rendered him almost speechless. He bent down and addressed one of the paraders :

"Young man," he gasped, "*bring my horses!*"

"Yes, sir; certainly." He darted away, and in a few minutes Kit and Bess were again in their places. Emil had disappeared for a moment. There was a little clamor of polite voices around them,—

"Let us take your team to the stable, sir."

"Will the ladies alight?"

"The Native Daughters will conduct you to their headquarters at the Ocean House."

Eunice saw a party of young ladies approaching.

"Look out!" cried Mr. Holiday sharply.

Kit and Bess, unused to public life, started up briskly, and five minutes afterwards the Holidays had left Portici, and were swiftly speeding along the turnpike homeward.

"Eunice, what is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Holiday, turning to his daughter with a dazed look.

"I don't know, pa," replied Eunice, between a sob and a laugh.

"They're chasing us!" cried Mrs. Holiday, who had looked back, like Lot's wife. It was true. Two men and a lady were pursuing them on horseback.

"G'lang!" ejaculated Mr. Holiday, in a panic.

"Take the whip, pa!" implored Eunice.

"No, father," rebuked Mrs. Holiday; "if they want to speak to us, let's not run away."

In a few moments the pursuers drew up beside the carriage. They were Endicott, Emil, and a pretty young lady, all wearing gay sashes and badges, and flushed with their sharp gallop.

"You're not going home, I hope," cried Endicott, with real sorrow. "We can't allow you to go so soon."

"Do come back," pleaded the young lady. "Be our guests this afternoon. We should love to have you."

"Mr. Holiday," entreated Emil, "let me beg, as a personal favor, that you return. Miss Eunice, the Governor spoke to me just now, and expressed his desire to meet you. Really, you must return."

"What does all this mean?" burst out Mr. Holiday. "I don't understand it."

"Mr. Holiday," replied Emil earnestly, "in killing that grizzly bear your daughter performed a feat of transcendent bravery. Not only that, she saved my life—"

"Killed a bear! Saved your life!" exclaimed Mr. Holiday.

"*I never killed a bear!*" cried Eunice in amazement.

There was profound astonishment, followed by excited explanations. Endicott narrated their adventure with the grizzly.

"Didn't your nephew tell you anything about it?" he asked in conclusion.

"No, not a bit of it!" replied Mr. Holiday. "He just told us that you'd got the bear, and that you wanted us to come down and see the parade."

"My cousin Hamlet borrowed my rifle that morning," explained Eunice. "I remember teasing him about firing six shots and not bringing home any game, for he is usually a dead shot. He must have killed the bear himself."

"But this handkerchief?" said Emil a little dolefully, producing that article from his breast pocket

"Please give it to me," cried Eunice. "Hamlet stole it from me the evening before."

"Now I remember!" exclaimed Mrs. Holiday. "As they were hauling us through the streets I saw *that* Hamlet in the crowd, laughing fit to kill himself."

The pretty young lady burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Let us all go back and find that merry Hamlet, who is responsible for this comedy of errors," she cried, "and call him to account for his heroic joke."

But the Holidays had had enough glory for one day, and mirthfully continued their journey homeward.

Cousin Hamlet did not get home until evening, for he had been captured by Emil and Endicott, and had spent a very lively day among the Native Sons and Daughters.

Before entering, he cautiously reconnoitered at a window. He saw Eunice waiting at the door with a broom in her hands. He raised the sash a few inches and said,—

"Angelic being!"

Eunice turned with a startled scream.

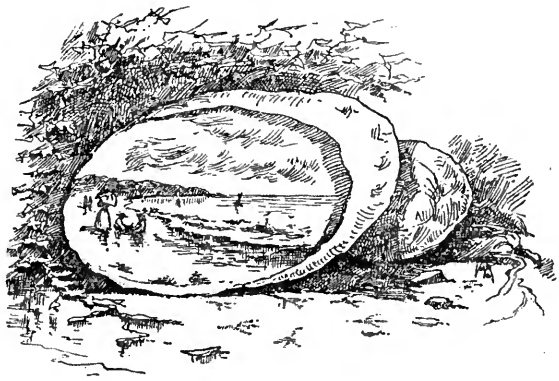
"You rogue!" she cried, advancing with her broom.

Hamlet rolled a dozen oranges in at the window, and they were followed by some pop-corn balls, a box of fine confectionery, and as light sprinkle of chewing-gum.

"I 'll never do it again," said Hamlet pathetically.

"We-e-e-ll," replied Eunice, laying aside her broom and gathering up the spoils, "I guess you can come in."

Charles E. Brimblecom.



AT ANCHOR.

LAZILY swings our yacht
On the flowing tide today,
Lightly the sunshine falls
On the waters of Monterey.

Shoreward the waters glide
Toward the hills of Santa Cruz,
Where the gray-clad oaks kneel low,
As friars who pray and muse.

And the shadowed mountain tops
Thrust their redwood spears on high,
Guarding the city that lies below
With its rose-wreathed face to the sky.

. . . . .

Dreamily sways our yacht
On the ebbing tide tonight,
Softly the sun's last rays
Touch the waves with waning light.

Seaward the shadows glide,
While a planet, pale and fair,
Seeks and finds with answering beam
The jewel that glows in your hair.

O love, thus ever to sway and swing
'Neath this sky of tenderest hues,
With our ship and our hearts at anchor here
In the harbor of Santa Cruz!

Isabel Hammell Raymond

IN MENDOCINO.

THE breath of the sea and the cypress,
A misty and pungent air;
Shadows of tall trees bending
Into the bright sea glare.

The white spray washing the headlands,
The white gulls wheeling home,
Dipping their wings in the breakers,
And treading the swift sea foam.

High cliffs on the edge of forests,
Rugged and bare and steep,
Whence the hunted deer, despairing,
Leaps to the roaring deep.

On the edge of the cliffs the forests,
Up, up, to the mountains high!
Down in the valleys descending,
And rising again to the sky.

Solitudes — lost to the woodman,
Far on the summits bright,
Or down in the trackless cañons,
Dim in the noonday light; —

Dim in the noonday fullness,
Dark in the day's sweet morn,
So sacred and deep are the cañons,
Where the beautiful rivers are born.

Wonderful forests unbroken,
The cloud-kissed peaks upon,
That swell to the sunburnt valleys
And roll to the Oregon.

Shadowy roads winding upward,
Through the silences solemnly sweet;
So tenderly thrilled when the warbler
Sings in his sure retreat.

Breath of the sea and the cypress,
A misty and pungent air;
Sea voices that seek the forests
To hush into silent prayer.

Lillian H. Shuey.

STAGING IN THE MENDOCINO REDWOODS. II.

THERE can be no more picturesque scenes conceived than those daily recurring in a logging camp. First, there is the cutting down of the tree, which is always an absorbing matter to the looker-on. This is oftenest done in winter when the ground is soft, for the redwood is a brittle tree, and liable to split if it strikes hard. If the tree selected is marred in any way at the butt, the scaffold is built of sufficient height to bring the incision above the deformity. Usually two men work together at opposite ends of the platform, the one chopping right handed, the other left handed. When well through the bark, a ten-foot falling-saw is used to complete the job. This saw is much narrower than the regular cross-cut saw afterwards used to divide the trunk into sections. It takes a day and a half to fell an ordinary-sized redwood.

The value of a chopper is in his knowing just where a tree will fall. To the untrained eye it appears perfectly straight, and its "lay out," therefore, easily determined. But the expert chopper sees differently, and makes his plans accord with the slight deviation from the vertical of that towering stem.

Before the sawyers begin on the prostrate trees a fire is kindled, to burn off the obstructing brush. During the conflagration the "swampers" are vigilantly at work, going about with buckets of water to prevent the destruction of valuable timber other than the redwood. There is no danger of the flames injuring the latter, owing to the great thickness of its bark.

Photo by Meta Hanen.

BROUGHT TO THE "DUMP."

A few hours and the fire has completed the devastation of what Nature was hundreds of years in building. The sawyers now fall to with a will, their sooty faces and hands making them look like colliers. Were it not for the previous burning, no work could be more delightfully clean than theirs, barring the stain of the fragrant juice, and the infinitesimal particles arising from the madder-hued wood, with flecks of leaf and bark.

The trunks are cut in lengths suitable for the market, the average being from ten to sixteen feet. When the barkers have performed their part, the under side of one end of the stripped log is sniped, causing it to bear a rude resemblance to the runner of a sled. This work is performed by the "snipers," or team crew, which consists of six men, including the bull-teamster and the chain-tender.

The logs are often on a side hill above the skid road, where the ponderous oxen travel up and down. When the question is asked as to how steep this road can be safely made, the answer is invariably the same,—

"Just as steep as the cattle can climb."

It is the part of the "jackscrewers" to roll the logs within reach of the team crew. In fact, without the simple instrument known as the "jackscrew," the handling of redwood would be impossible. Even in exercising the utmost caution, there is always danger to the jackscrewers from the unexpected rolling of a log.

Good judgment must be used in making up the load for the oxen, and the chain-tender's position is one of exceptional responsibility. The heaviest butt is carefully chosen to go on ahead, and all are joined by chains with dog-hooks driven well down on the under side of the logs. The chain-tender takes the precaution to wear cork heels on his boots to prevent him from slipping. If he be not a novice, he will bravely ride the front log, keeping a sharp eye to the water-carrier, whose duty is hardly less important than his own. It is the business of the water-carrier to go between the head log and the rear oxen, and wet the skids in the road so the logs will slip easier. A cup of water missing its aim will often cause the logs to jump the track. The skids are set five feet apart, and the Chinaman is supposed to throw a cup of water upon each one. He carries two buckets swinging from the ends of a pole, and it is surprising to see how long his supply of water holds out.

The six to eight yoke of bulls tugging at the long line of bumping logs is one of the most animated scenes in a lumber camp. These brutes are of enormous size, stolidly obedient to the "Whoa haws" and "Gees" of the teamsters, and surprisingly quick to get out of the way of a flying log. In a hard pull the faithful creatures fairly get down upon their knees to make it.

When the logs are brought to the landing or "dump," the oxen are turned back up the skid road, and the jackscrewers roll the boles on the flat-cars, or into the stream, whichever is the most convenient way to get them to the mills.

Another common method of bringing the logs to the river is sending them in a box flume. This is an exciting spectacle. Each naked bole comes smoking down at a terrific speed, and makes a noble splash when it strikes the water.

The cars used for transporting lumber are strongly constructed flats, nearly square in shape, and each set upon four wheels. They are so arranged that by close coupling, a combination car can be made. When a load of logs is brought to the sawmill, they are slid up inclined timbers, by hooking around them wire cables which are worked by machinery.

Owing to the colossal proportions of the redwood, the machinery used in our Coast milling differs widely from that employed in the sawmills of other coun-

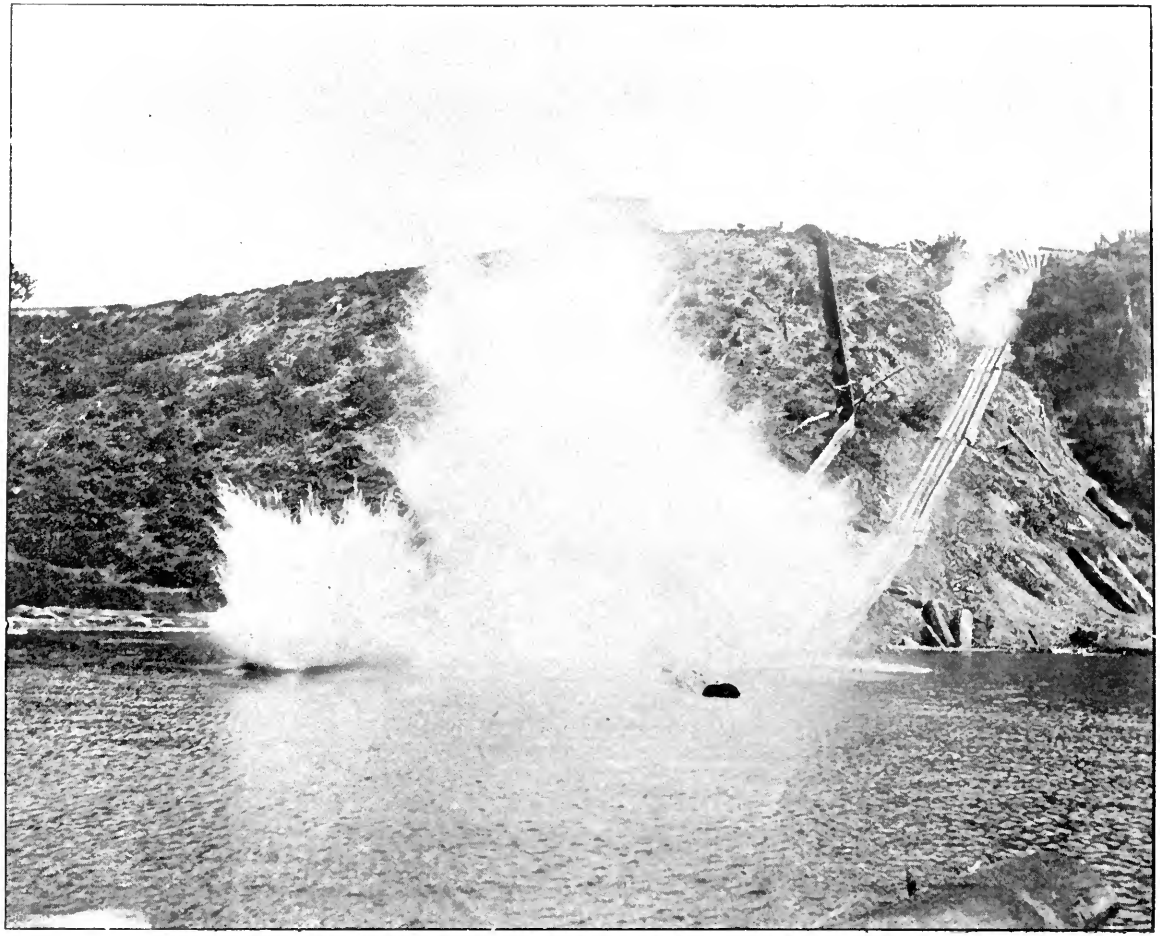


Photo by Oliver.

THE LOG CHUTE.

tries. All first-class mills here have double band saws, the circular saw being no longer in favor. One of the advantages of this exchange is the saving of the sawdust, which is utilized as fuel for the engines. There is endless fascination in watching the glistening steel slice up a mammoth seventeen-foot log as a knife would cut through cheese; nevertheless the friction is greater than it appears, for the saw must be changed for another every three hours.

The heap of refuse lumber thrown off rate piles, distributed alo ig four side tracks. Each pile has a neat sign-board on which is labeled the dimensions and quality of the lumber. The ground between is planked over, and the whole yard comes under electric light.

Since the year 1811, when a Russian colony commenced logging operations at Fort Ross, California's lumber interest has steadily increased. Today the output from this industry has reached a marvelous figure in the commercial catalogue of the State.

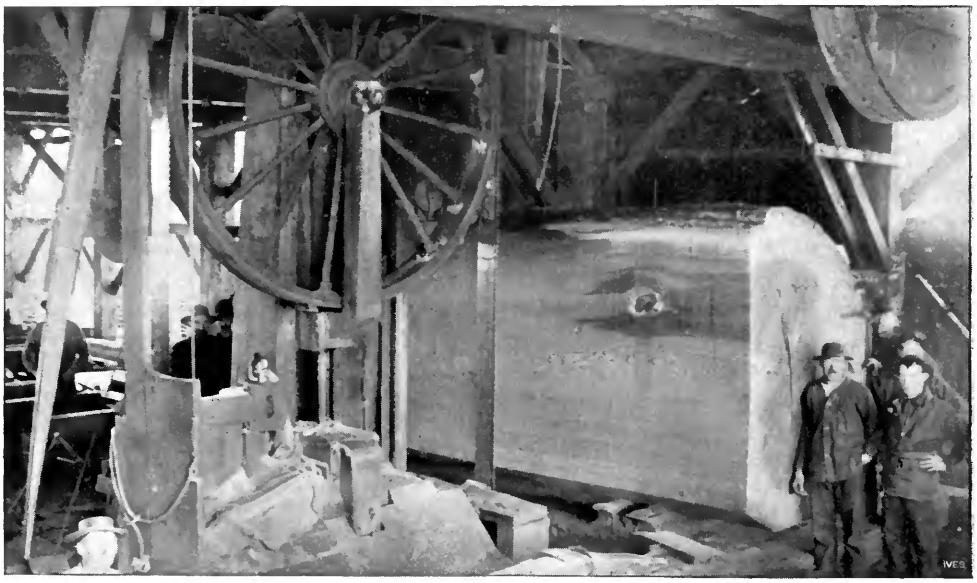


Photo by O. Carpenter

THE BAND SAW.

by the slab elevator at the waste dump is kept burning continually. The mill and the wharf are lit by electricity, so in case of pressure vessels are loaded by night as well as by day. A model sawmill includes under its roof a carpenter shop, a machine shop, a blacksmith shop, and an attic where the saws are kept and repaired.

The piling ground is arranged with strict regard to system and convenience. It has a capacity of ten millions feet of lumber, made into eight hundred sepa-

Another morning of crisp, white sunshine, and our stage was lumbering up the Navarro Ridge, en route for Big River.

There are two daily stages running up and down the Mendocino coast,—one the regular mail line, and the other the "Portuguese Opposition." The respective drivers keep up a petty feud, which furnishes no little amusement to passengers. On the morning in question the Portuguese stage pulled out a few minutes in advance of us. Our driver, a

Photo by Carpenter.

MENDOCINO CITY.

bilious young man with a morbid view of things in general, and the whole Portuguese race in particular, interpreted this spurt of energy on the part of his rival as a fresh instance of insolence.

THE "OPPOSITION."

"Talk about the Chinese," he grumbled, "why, they 're a wholesale blessing to a country compared to these good-for-nothing for 'ners. There hain't no work in Mendocino City but 's run by a pack o' Portuguese. Say, can't you help them plugs o' yourn along faster?"

The last in a loud voice, for his horses' noses were scraping the canvas cover of the "Opposition," and it was impossible to pass abreast on the narrow road.

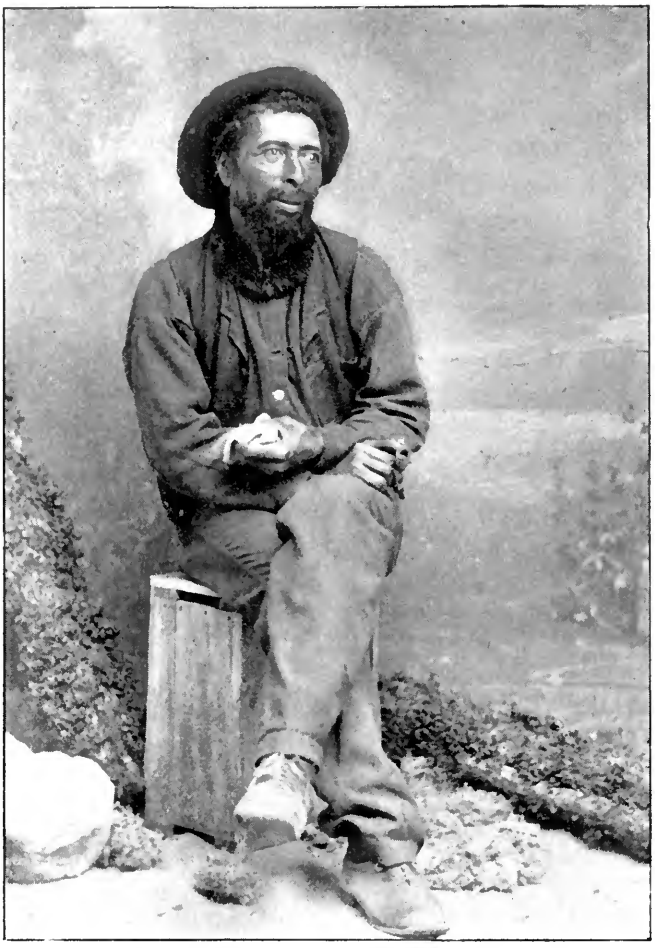
A swarthy, pudgy-cheeked man thrust his head back at us with an exasperating grin. Our driver choked down an oath or two, and then yelled again: —

"Why don't you git out o' the road? I can't hold my team from running over you!"

Then to the passengers,—

"That idiot's hull four ain't equal to one o' my horses."

When we approached the staid little



NIGGER NAT.

hamlet of Biggerville, there was a new grievance. Was the "Opposition" going to get either of those persons waiting to be taken aboard?

"G' long, Prince! *Duke!*"

Thus urged by their lordly titles and the snap of the lash about their ears, our horses bounded forward, and both stages reached the hotel together. The passengers turned out to be a couple of Chinese "swampers" on their way to Fort Bragg. They unhesitatingly climbed into the Portuguese stage, already occupied by two of their countrymen; our driver meanwhile remarking, with a disgusted sniff, that he was n't "hankering for no such load." With this parting fling he made the customary disappearance into the bar-room, from which he emerged shortly, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

A glance at the other stage showed the driver's seat still vacant, and we heard the clinking of glasses through the half open door of a near saloon. The opportunity was not to be lost. A moment later we were making a gallant exit from the sleepy town, the horses tossing their manes and widening their nostrils to take in the cool salt breeze, while the sharp blows of their hoofs sent up showers of flinty sparks. A half

hour of this brisk trotting, and the "Opposition" was hopelessly distanced.

At Whitesboro we found the village nearly deserted, its lumber exports being now limited to the shipping of ties and cordwood.

Seven miles south of Mendocino City we crossed the Albion River, a pretty stream, averaging a width of a hundred yards for a mile or two up its abrupt, wooded banks. The immediate coast line is bare of trees, its sharply indented wall bordered for miles by outlying rocks. In the shoal ground off the south point of the little harbor, is Pinnacle Rock, standing in range of the smokestack of the saw mill. In the throat of the inner cove Mooring Rock is seen, girdled by a rusty mooring chain. Vessels of ninety tons burden, and drawing six and a half feet of water, are loaded off the mill wharf, while lighters are used for transferring freight to large schooners lying at Mooring Rock. The forests accessible to Albion Cove are almost exhausted, and the quaint old mill stands in a wasteful disorder of logs and lumber.

We passed stock ranches next the bluffs, with dwarf pines straggled about. The low hills on the east were blotched with burnt stumps, indicating the one time existence of vast numbers of trees. There was no longer a lavish outspread of flowers, though many painted blooms still nodded to us behind the moss-grown rails of the fences. The handsomest of these, and for that matter altogether the most beautiful flower we had yet seen, was the *Rhododendron Californicum*, which is said not to grow farther south than Mendocino. The people hereabout call them "wild oleanders." The flaring, roseate blossoms form compact clusters on the branchlets of a large evergreen shrub, whose peculiar habitat is the well drained peat of these bench lands.

The country grew more hilly as we journeyed north, and was frequently cut through by gorges dark with pine and redwood, or cañons whose streams dance to the sea under the lightsome foliage of

Photo by Meta Hanen.

ROWING UP BIG RIVER.

Photo by Meta Hanen.

THE BOOM ON BIG RIVER.

alders, or spicy nutmeg trees and lithe-limbed spruce. In many localities the soil is rich and friable, presenting to the eye a varied landscape of billowy pasture lands alternating with squares of plowed patches and fields of waving oats.

The dwellings of these coast farmers hint of homely ways and wholesome contentment. They are mostly broad and simple in structure, and painted white, with a virtuous regularity of window and door, and a welcoming look about the clean-swept porches fronting old-fashioned posy beds. At times we drove by some old steep-roofed barn, and the odor of milch cows was mingled with the briny scent of dulse and kelp. The cattle lingered to chew their cud in the shade of the lean-to, and a stray hog lazily scratched itself on the convenient edge of a loosened board. From the hay loft there sounded the wild jollification of hens over new-laid eggs, and a sheeny chanticleer in the yard crowed lustily in conjugal sympathy. The orchards we saw were set on the inland slope of hills which served as windbreaks, or thrifty gums made a hedge on the side next the ocean.

A mile below Little River Harbor is Stillwell Point, a bold cliff two hundred feet high. Soon after passing this conspicuous landmark we sighted the pretty town of Little River. When our horses came to a slow climb, we took advantage of the lull to question the driver, and learned that the lumber industry here is reduced to the shipping of ties. The sawmill was silent, the swampy boom gorged with whitening logs, and the yards stacked with discolored lumber and the debris of past milling. A number of coasting schooners have been built here, and brought out at high water. The timber used in their construction is the California fir, which grows in that vicinity. This wood is marketed under the name of Oregon

pine, but is a tougher and stronger wood than the regular pine found north of the boundary of California.

From the tableland lying between Little River and Mendocino Bay one has the first glimpse of Mendocino City, the oldest and most picturesque of all the coast towns. It occupies the rolling bench on the north side of the ragged curve of the bay. Viewed from a distance on shore or at sea the city seems to have an imposing array of cupolas, which are in reality water tanks, with windmills of every known pattern. There is in fact an individuality about the water works of this town not found in any other place of its size. Every family or group of families has its separate well and windmill, thus obviating the necessity of a general source of water supply. One sees windmills painted in red, white, or blue, or dark shades of maroon and yellow, and still others so ancient and wind-tortured that their distinctive color can only be guessed.

When the wind blows, and there is rarely a day here it does not, these divers windmills set up a medley of discordant creaks and groans, each pitched in a different key, and whether heard singly or collectively, all equally nerve-rending It is presumable one could get used to the constant slapping, straining, and screeching, for nowhere are there people more serene, healthy, and home-loving, than in this breezy town of Mendocino. Many of them are pioneers of this section, and have lived here since the early fifties. They must have had no end of brave, warm purpose, judging from the work they have done, and the superiority of the families they have reared in the midst of inconceivable hardships, and the wild exigencies of a remote timber district.

Not a few of the children of these oak-hearted pioneers have built elegant homes beside the primitive dwellings of their parents. The first house made of sawed lumber still stands in the heart of the town, and is yet occupied by the original owner. The first settler on the present site of Mendocino City was one William Kaston, a voyager up the coast in 1850, who was forced by stress of weather to seek shelter in the bay. It was not known why he concluded to take up his abode on a bleak, isolated headland, or whether he had companions other than the Indians who hunted and fished along the beautiful river.

A year or two after the arrival of Kaston, a richly laden vessel from China was driven on the beach at the mouth of the Noyo, and parties came up from Bodega to gather salvage from the wreck. These men took back glowing accounts of the wonderful forests on Big River, and their contiguity to a good port — a desideratum of special moment at a time when the price of lumber was greatly out of proportion to the wages paid for hire.

The first to avail himself of this immense timber wealth was Harry Meiggs, who in 1852 brought in the brig Ontario a crew of men, and the machinery necessary to erect a sawmill on the point flanking the north side of the harbor. The oxen used to draw the logs to this mill were sent overland from Bodega. A village sprung up, which was called in those days "Meiggsville" or Big River Landing. Many of the families lived in tents or Indian wick-i-ups, and other poor makeshifts against the inclemency of the weather, the petty depredations of the Indians, and the nightly prowlings of wild beasts.

Coasting steamers call regularly at Mendocino City. The passengers are taken off in boats, and the freight is discharged in lighters and afterwards hoisted by a swinging derrick to a platform on the brink of the cliff. On the northwest face of the head there are two chutes down which lumber is transferred to small schooners, the deeper vessels being loaded from lighters.

The lumber interests of Big River are

at a standstill. No smoke issues from the enormous brick chimney of the sawmill. Unless a moneyed company buys the mill and builds railroads to the uncut forests higher up the stream, this charming seaside town must share the decline of her sister villages. Her horticultural resources are not sufficient in themselves to support the present population, and a return to prosperity must depend upon the further development of her timber industry. There is plenty of good land here, but the almost indestructibility of the redwood stumps and roots renders its clearing a difficult undertaking.

A day spent in rowing up and down Big River is an enviable pastime, especially in latter May, when not even the feather of a cloud mars the lovely blue of the sky, and water and woods are aglow in a downpour of sun-gold. Across the long bridge, where the terminal forest dips lightly into the white sand of the bar, one comes upon the summer camp of "Nigger Nat," who is still a famous hand at the oar. Indeed, Nat looks surprisingly young for a man who must be upwards of sixty-five or seventy, for history has it he came to the coast in '52, and was then in the prime of early manhood.

"Yes, ma'am, yer right. I was the first white man that come to Cuffey's Cove, an' Portugee Frank was the next un."

So said the old pioneer, as he smoked in the shade of a pepper-wood, just up from the river. It was evident the word "white" was not intended to be facetious, for the bright eyes that met mine had no twinkle in their depths, and the mobile lips wore a respectful smile. He probably used the term in contradistinction to Indian, but the humor of it was irresistible. One could see he was pleased with the prospect of a customer, for he rose with alacrity, calling to Julie, his wife, to help him shove off the boat.

Julie and the dog Bob are Nat's inseparable companions, and both do their full share toward earning the livelihood. She is a good-looking, middle-aged squaw, who amiably cooks the meals, mends nets, fishes, and sets traps, and deftly removes the skins of lions, wild cats, and otter, which Bob and his master bring back from the hunt.

I give Bob precedence, because in reality he is the more successful hunter of the two, rarely failing to chase down a deer so it takes to the water, when, with Nat and Julie actively on hand in the boat, and Bob warily on guard in the brush, the fate of the terrified animal is assured.

Nat related his prowess, while our boat was midway in the stream, Bob decorously squatting by my side, with his one eye intent on the lunch basket, and his remaining ear — he had lost the other in a paw-to-paw combat with a wildcat — pricked attentively. Upon hearing his name, he commenced pounding the seat with his stub tail.

On either hand the river made sweeping curves through uprising banks, clothed with young piney growths that press to the verge, to mirror their graceful greenery in the noontide current. Surely, no stream was ever more beautifully margined than this "Bool-dam" of the Indian! The name signifies "big holes," and was suggested by the curious blow holes seen in the rocks near its mouth. The American interpretation, however, is "Big River," owing to its being the largest of the coast streams in Mendocino.

We were passing a verdant level, and Nat pointed out a tumble-down shanty and corral: —

"That's 'Ha'nted Flat,'" said he, pushing his hat off his forehead to wipe the dripping perspiration. "I don't go much on ha'nted things myself, but there's cert'nly somthin' curi's 'bout that place. Long ago a man killed his pardner there, an' since then, folks say, cattle put there breaks through the corral an' runs off. Guess it's prob'ble

the musquiters won't let 'em stan', fur they's dreadful pesky here o' nights. One man tol' me he foun' his oxen ready yoked at sunrise, an' durin' the night he heard scary noises. Likely 'nough 't was the 'Singin' Fish.' You hain't heard o' the 'Singin' Fish?' 'Well, that's sing'lar! Some folks calls 't the 'Drum Fish.' 'T ain't exactly singin' it does, but a sort o' rumble, soundin' mournful down the river till yer hair stan's up. It begins 'bout sunset, and lasts fur two 'r three months every summer. It's a leetle too early fur it yet,— say 'bout the first o' June. Folks come way up from the city to hear it, an' they 's all puzzled to know what does the singin'; but mostly thinks it 's a fish. I 've made up my mind it 's the bullhead, but that ain't sayin' how it makes the music alongside the logs."

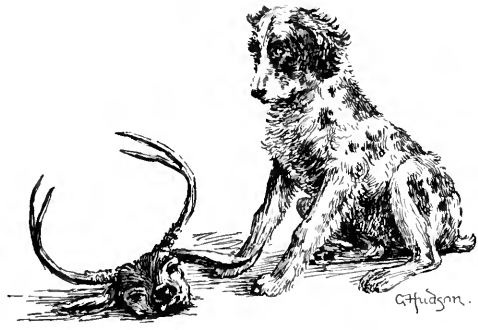
Here Bob gave an expressive yawn, and whined uneasily, while fixing his round, watery eye on a particular copse alongshore.

"He rec'lects that spot; don't ye, Bob? Jest under them salmon berries is where he fetched a deer up once."

Nat proved a most interesting companion. His strength and energy seemed hardly impaired by age, and his memory was unfailing. Before he came to Cuffey's Cove he ran the first ferry-boat between Sausalito and San Francisco, and charged sixteen dollars for single fare. His vessel was a ship's boat, schooner rigged, and owned by himself.

After two or three years of ferrying, Nat's blood took fire at the rumors of splendid hunting in the Mendocino ranges; so he sold his boat, and forthwith started for the redwoods. Not many weeks later "Nigger Nat," as he was called, was accounted the best shot on the coast; and, in consequence, was of great service to lumbermen, who made regular contracts with him to furnish their supplies of meat.

"Me an' Greenwood hunted together," Nat went on, while resting on his oars. "There was more elk here than there 's cattle now. The trouble with elk meat, it 's tallowy,— like mutton fat, only more so. The men was always willin' to pay more fur ven'son, an' more fur black an' brown bear than fur grizzly. If we 'd had such guns as they hev nowdays we would n't 'a' left any game in the country. Sometimes, when we 's campin', we got so hungry fur salt I 'd go fifteen miles to the beach to get a sack o' kelp. By the time I got back, there was plenty o' salt shook out in the bottom o' the sack. We used to slice up the cold livers o' deer and elk an' call it bread, an' sometimes the folks at the mills wa' n't no better off. I 've went clean to Anderson Valley to git meal. It was so coarse we had to mix it with a spoon. It wa' n't long 'fore there was plenty o'



"BOB."

potatoes, an' such big ones I once actu'lly took a pile of 'em fur firewood."

While we lunched, and I listened to Nat's modest recitals, Bob was kept quiet by giving him cake and sandwiches. We were now four miles up the river, where there were eight thousand logs wedged in a boom. They had been here a year or more, but were in no danger of rotting in a much longer period, as redwood is quite as impervious to water as it is to fire. A sportsman was swinging his legs off one of these immense logs while fishing for trout.

Big River drains a wide scope of forested country, and in past years millions of feet of logs have been floated on its bosom to the mill. In high tide the water is brackish for eight miles up from its mouth. In the fall salmon come in from the ocean, Nat declaring he had once hauled in fifteen thousand within the space of ten minutes.

"They last till June," he said, "an' then comes herrin', yaller perch, an' flounders, an' there's always plenty bullheads, though a lot of 'em is killed by the fresh water comin' down. Ye see that log, like an' island with grass on top? When an otter's fishin' he lies on one them logs out o' sight in the grass, an' there's jest where I set my trap an' ketch 'em every time."

Nat's one vanity appeared to be the narrow strip of otter fur ornamenting the neck of his woolen shirt.

We found an easy landing, and making fast our boat went ashore. All about us were tropical ferns a dozen feet in height, growing in the dense shade of pepper-wood and pine. Several rods farther along a well-worn trail the shadows were fancifully played upon by circles of sunlight filtered through the scant drapery of white-limbed alders. In this sequestered grove is a narrow lake known as Bishop's Pond. Above its peaceful bosom the withe-like branches of the alders meet and braid themselves into a leafy arch, which is darkly reflected upon the surface. There were white pond lilies, *Nymphæa odorata,* in the lake, the first I had seen in California.

When rowing homeward, the horizontal rays of the sinking sun lay goldenly upon the river, touching the young trees to a tenderer green, and lighting even the black masts of the few patriarch redwoods that had escaped the ax. The massive logs lodged out in the current were mimic green gardens, and every visible head of a "sinker" was whiskered and plumed with seeded grass. On a marshy spot a crook-necked crane waded, and along the sand flats near the mill, flocks of gulls wrangled over the bodies of bullhead fish washed ashore. Nat made powerful strokes against the incoming tide, and landed us among these gluttonous fowls when it was yet early twilight.

The day after the river excursion I took the delightful ten-mile ride up the coast to Fort Bragg. Every bight of the sea on the way had its stream and sawmill, though only the Caspar mill was running, Fort Bragg being the Aaron's rod that had swallowed all the others. This lively lumber town was full of excitement over the prospective launching of a "cigar" raft, which lay in its cradle upon ways six hundred feet long. The raft itself measured three hundred and sixty-five feet in length, with a diameter of twenty-one feet. It was equipped with rudder and steering gear, and had a pilot house perched on top, from which a flag floated. The raft contained more than 1,200,000 feet of piling, saw logs, and ties, all bound together in the shape of a cigar by means of wire ropes placed twelve feet apart, with a core or center chain of solid stud link cable, by which it was to be towed.

For the three months previous the building of this raft, the first of the kind ever attempted on the Pacific Coast, was the one absorbing topic of interest to lumber companies. Should the venture prove successful, they would dupli-

THE MASTER WORKMAN.

cate their mills in the large seaport cities, where all the refuse lumber could be sold for fuel. The carrying out of this plan would not appreciably diminish the work done at the present mills, as only the smaller logs can be made into rafts, thus utilizing trees which are either burnt or left standing.

Unfortunately, the Fort Bragg raft was not launched in deep enough water, and the bow struck the sand when the stern still rested upon a hundred feet of ways. It took days of perplexing labor to get her fairly afloat, by which time the strain had so loosened her bands that she parted at sea, and thousands of dollars worth of logs were lost. The experiment, though a failure in this instance, has at least demonstrated that this manner of raft can be built and launched at certain lumber ports along the Pacific, if the ways are made to run far enough back, and have sufficient elevation to secure the right momentum to the sliding raft.

In 1857 Fort Bragg was a military post, erected for the protection of the "Noyo Indian Reservation," but ten years later was abandoned. Several of the barrack buildings yet stand on the open plateau occupied by the present town. The place has a noisy, commercial air, its great mill and eating-house and the extensive lumber yards surrounding them being the first objects that meet the eye of the visitor. The total shipment of lumber from this point during the last year was 3,500,000 feet, besides immense quantities of pickets, shingles, and ties. A railroad runs up Pudding Creek seven miles to the Glen Blair mill, which has the reputation of sending out the best selected lumber in the State.

A tunnel of 1,123 feet is nearly completed between Pudding Creek and the Noyo River, by which thousands of acres of virgin timber will be made accessible to Fort Bragg.

The trip back to Ukiah was taken by way of Mendocino City, and thence the road climbs to the Mendocino Barrens, through redwood and pine, with here and there a rhododendron, like a huge bouquet stuck in the somber background of their foliage. Upon gaining the ashen soil of the highland, the forest thins to a few meager trees, raising distorted limbs above the thorny clumps of chemisal. The Barrens indeed would be un-

speakably monotonous if it were not for the rhododendron, which here holds queenly sway, transforming the arid stretch into a wonderful profusion of blooms, which look for all the world like vast gardens of roses.

Shortly after entering an unbroken wilderness of stately timber, a man stepped quickly out of the shade and signed to the driver to take him aboard. The Wells, Fargo messenger who was the sole occupant of the interior of the stage made an instinctive clutch at his gun, and glanced askance at the stranger who composedly took the seat by his side. In the conversation that followed, we learned that the new comer was a wood cutter on his way to an upper logging camp.

There was something about this young woodsman, who could hardly have been much past twenty, that aroused interest. It might have been a touch of daring in the keen, dark eyes, or a hint of concealment in the handsome mouth. His manner and speech were respectful and intelligent, and his voice betrayed a curious mingling of suavity and insistence. Though he conversed with modesty and apparent candor, one felt that he was withholding more than he imparted.

"I commenced as a water slinger, when I was a boy," he replied in answer to a question from the messenger, "and have been in logging camps ever since. The work ain't so bad, if the men were treated right. They have to work twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and have only a half hour for dinner. Their pay comes every three months, and then in drafts on San Francisco banks which takes time and money to cash. Now this ain't fair treatment, for we men pay back at least three fourths of our wages into the company's stores, so they ain t losing nothing on us. We sent them respectful petitions to correct these things, but they don't pay no attention, and what we've got to do is to unite and compel them to give us our rights. It took me three months to get the first thirty names on our list, and now we have 1,400 names, all of Mendocino woodsmen. I don't work in a place only just long enough to let the men understand what we want 'em to do. The Russians held out the longest, but they're now coming in fast. The Humboldt companies all give their men what we're asking for. We only want our rights, and we don't mean to do anything that ain't peaceable to get 'em," with a contradictory flash of his dark eyes.

There was a rude eloquence in this recital of grievances, and I had reason to know the facts of the case had not been exaggerated. In further discussion, the young man had the fairness to admit that there was something to be said on the side of the companies.

"They ain't any of 'em much more 'n making expenses, but all the same they ought to be fair with us," he added stubbornly.

With the present limited market, there is no doubt California's lumber trade is greatly overstocked. This depression would not continue if cheaper methods of transportation were brought about, whereby redwood and other valuable timber in the State could be shipped to the East and elsewhere.

When the woodsman was about to leave us, it was not in human nature to refrain from asking his name.

"I'm a Master Workman, madam," with a smile and bow of no mean grace, and the somber wood shut in his upright figure.

Look as intently as we might, we could detect no sign of house or camp, only the crowding of gigantic, corrugated pillars, and a stillness that was awesome even at midday. In Tom Bell Gulch the grandeur of the redwoods exceeded anything we had yet seen. The entire length of this supremely picturesque cañon we rode through lofty

branchless columns, keeping their ranks closed in, and supporting a plumy roof more than two hundred feet above us.

Upon emerging into the "logged-out" claim along the Albion, the driver deposited a sack of flour on a stump, saying, considerately,—

"I reckon that 's out o' reach o' the varmints, if Jerry don't come for it to night."

We now had glimpses of the river—fleeting pools of silver banked by tangles of man-root and poison oak, or masses of blue lilacs, like fallen clouds in the ravine. At the small settlements of Prairie Camp and Comptche there are bearing orchards, with now and again a burly stump to break up the rows. When well over Madroño Hill we stopped to rest the horses upon a ridge so bladelike that the driver declared,—

"If a bucket o' water was poured on top, it would run both ways."

On the one hand, at the bottom of a terrifying precipice, the Albion twinkled faintly through the treetops; while to the left, at an equal depth below, we could hear the impetuous tumbling on the rocks of the north fork of Big River. From our high altitude we saw over a world of mountains; vast, hazy heights grandly steepled by black, motionless forests.

At the foot of the grade we changed horses at Low Gap, and were soon beyond the redwood belt and into the oaks and laurels. On the warm slopes deer were feeding, or sheep that were quite as timid. Rounding the Devil's Elbow we dashed down the smooth red road, taking into our pulses the wild, soft beauty of the landscape, and the perfume of whole mountain-sides of flowers. The rest of the way we followed the pretty windings of Orr Creek, leading us past fragrant haycocks, and the green fields and orchards of suburban Ukiah.

For the next day or two I rested at the springs, a few miles out of town, enjoying the invigorating baths, and making heroic attempts to drink the warm mineral water which every one assures you is delightful. I saw one pale little invalid quaff four dipperfuls, with hardly a pause between. For my part, I preferred a cool fountain farther up the glen, which has all the effervescent quality of the warm springs without their nauseating temperature. The Ukiah people do most of their bathing at this favorite resort, and others come from much greater distances. Aside from the properties of the water, the scenery of the cañon is of that reposeful nature so eminently soothing to tired nerves and brains.

One perfect summer day I returned to Ukiah, in time to get the stage which takes the tourist within a mile or two of Montgomery Wood,— a wonderful grove of redwoods, which is the chief scenic attraction of a romantic resort, where there are hot mineral springs The ride to these springs covers sixteen miles of good mountain road, which in flower time is the loveliest bit of traveling in all California. From the dizzy elevation of the last grade, one looks down upon the roofs of the buildings hundreds of feet below in the gorge. The newest and most picturesque of these several houses spans the stream, its foundations resting upon either bank. The view from the dormer windows in the upper story takes in the redwoods towering to the topmost peaks of the cañon; while along the creek there are pepperwood, alders and maple, and that fair handmaiden of the sequoias — the dogwood, with its placid, moon-shaped blossoms.

Some rods back of the hot mineral baths are the Chemisal Falls, which

make four successive plunges over perpendicular rocks. At the foot of each a basin is hollowed in the stone, and worn smooth by the action of the water. These circular wells are all of twelve feet deep.

Montgomery Wood is two miles beyond the springs. We walked up this magnificent cañon, the light meanwhile becoming fainter as the trees increased in size and number. The moist mats of soil to give nourishment to delicate ferns and vines. These air gardens are extremely pretty, and are the one touch of ornamentation found on the dignified sequoia.

In Montgomery Wood proper the trees have a uniform immensity seen nowhere else in Mendocino. The largest measures twenty-three feet and three inches in diameter, and the short, bristling limbs do not begin for nearly one

"UNCLE JIM" MILLER.

leaf needles rendered our feet noiseless, as though sandal shod. Here and there a century-old log thrust up its fire-scorched roots like a monster black claw. Rich mosses and purple lichens made a gay winding sheet for these prone giants. Where there were oozing springs, some of the redwoods had fungus excrescences high up the trunks. On these protuberances leaves had lodged, and created in time sufficient hundred feet up the bole. Others of its brothers are almost equal to it in girth, the difference not being perceptible to the eye. This congregation of giants is closely grouped about a wide depression in the glen, and margined by blocks of granite, piled up with a noble regard for picturesque proportion and contrast. The majesty and hush of the place are sublime. Nature dwells here alone, and before her august face man's jaunty self-

Photo by Carpenter.

CHEMISAL FALLS.

sufficiency falls off like a garment, leaving the soul convicted of nakedness. Here the Master Architect had been at work rearing these mighty columns, and fashioning a sun-proof ceiling for this "House of the Lord," in whose dim aisles the human voice is an impertinence and laughter a sacrilege.

On the rim of the Woods is a dilapidated shanty, built some years ago by an ambitious would-be mill man, who thought he had discovered a flaw in the title of the present claimant to this superb forest.

Photo by Carpenter.

COMING OUT OF THE REDWOODS.

Of all the stage drivers who make Ukiah their headquarters, no other is so widely known throughout Northern California as Jim Miller. Every day, for a couple of hours after the arrival of his "Tourists' Stage,—one is tempted to use the word "chariot" instead, so ostentatiously grand is this equipage,—"Uncle Jim's" tall figure is seen sauntering along the streets, his plaid coat buttoned smoothly across his capacious chest, and the smoke of an excellent cigar curling above the brim of his gray felt. There are those in the State who remember him as a remarkably handsome young man in gay sombrero, and Mexican trousers trimmed with silver buttons; or in winter garb of felt hat, with a gold serpent for its band, and a princely overcoat of black bear skin, lined with satin. With all these striking appeals to feminine favor, one marvels that so gallant a driver should have remained a bachelor.

Though well up in years, and weighing over two hundred pounds, Jim Miller is still a fine looking man, possessed of a good deal of personal magnetism, and a voice so pleasant and persuasive that it is a luxury to listen to his road yarns.

Photo by Carpenter.

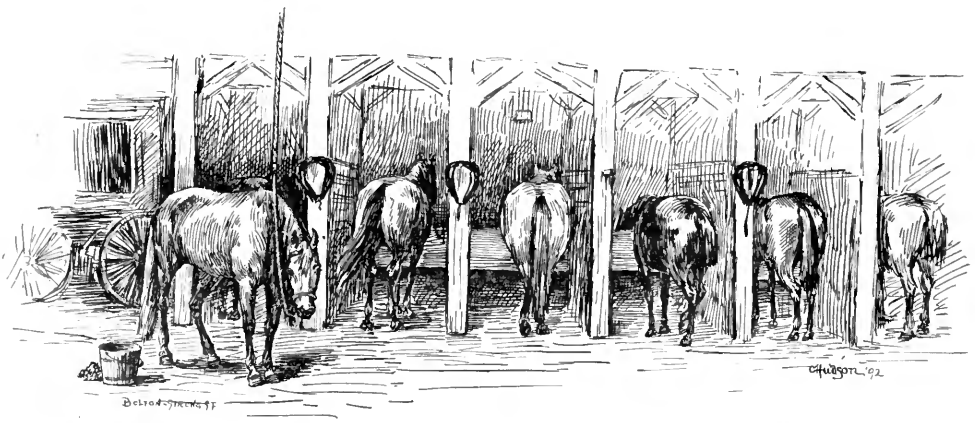
MONTGOMERY WOOD.

Like every other visitor to Ukiah I had heard of his prodigious watch, and, while enjoying a glorious ride to Blue Lakes, took occasion to ask about it. "Uncle Jim" tossed away the stub of his cigar, and, looking quietly pleased by my cordial interest, related the following: —

"It was twenty-five years ago, and I was new on the road, or I would n't have did such a foolhardy thing. When I seen four highwaymen pointing guns and ordering me to hand over the box, I was that mad I did n't stop to think, but just gave the horses the silk, and they went out like a shot. The bullets came bang, bang! through the top of the coach, and the passengers screamed and swore; but I yelped at my six mustangs till they lit out faster 'n ever, and those fellers behind me had to give up the chase. There was a big lot o' money in the box, and the Wells, Fargo men was so glad to have it saved they asked me what I'd like best, and I told 'em I 'd always wanted a big watch. What did they do but take four pounds of bullion, an' put half of it in a chain an' the rest in a watch. I wore the chain round my neck for years, an' then had it cut off, like you see it now," showing me the thick silver fob, attached to a watch so absurdly large it made one's wrist ache to hold it.

The trip to Blue Lakes took less than four hours' riding, over the smoothest road we had yet traversed. From the summit we beheld the lakelets, nestled in the heart of mountains rounding up from their brimming basins. In the fading day their color-beauty was a revelation. On through the wildwood skirting the steep banks, past summer resorts and camps, we came to a sequestered group of rustic cottages built on the smaller lake. Here I slept and dreamed to the mystic leaf music of the laurels, and the soft lapping of wavelets under my window.

Ninetta Eames.



QUAIL AND QUAIL SHOOTING.

When the brush of glorious autumn
Paints the maple leaves with scarlet,
When the golden-rod is decked with glistening sprays,
Then it 's time to seek the woodcock,
'Mid the briar-tangled thickets
On the hillsides in the bright October days.
W. Townsend.

To a sportsman living east of the Rocky Mountains, especially if he be a dweller on the Atlantic seaboard, and accustomed to shooting quail in the comparatively more open and level country of that section, a day with the quail in California hills would prove at first, if not a disappointing, certainly a novel, and perhaps trying, experience.

In the New England or Middle States a devotee of the dog and gun, out for a day's sport with Bob White, that little

THE VALLEY QUAIL.

brown beauty of the Eastern meadows, would, having reached some farm, his selected hunting ground, look first to the buckwheat or other stubble of the lately cut grain fields. In these his brace of well-broken pointers or setters, trained regularly to quarter their ground, would work out every nook and corner until a bevy was found. Should his dogs fail to find in the stubble, he perhaps would be next seen directing their movements as they hunted out the low and scattered brush that skirts some woodland border, and should success again fail him here, the clear notes of Bob White piping in the catbriers and bulrushes of a summer-dried swamp might direct him to a bevy, where perhaps near by some spring sits this little piper, some male bird calling to its mates that are drinking.

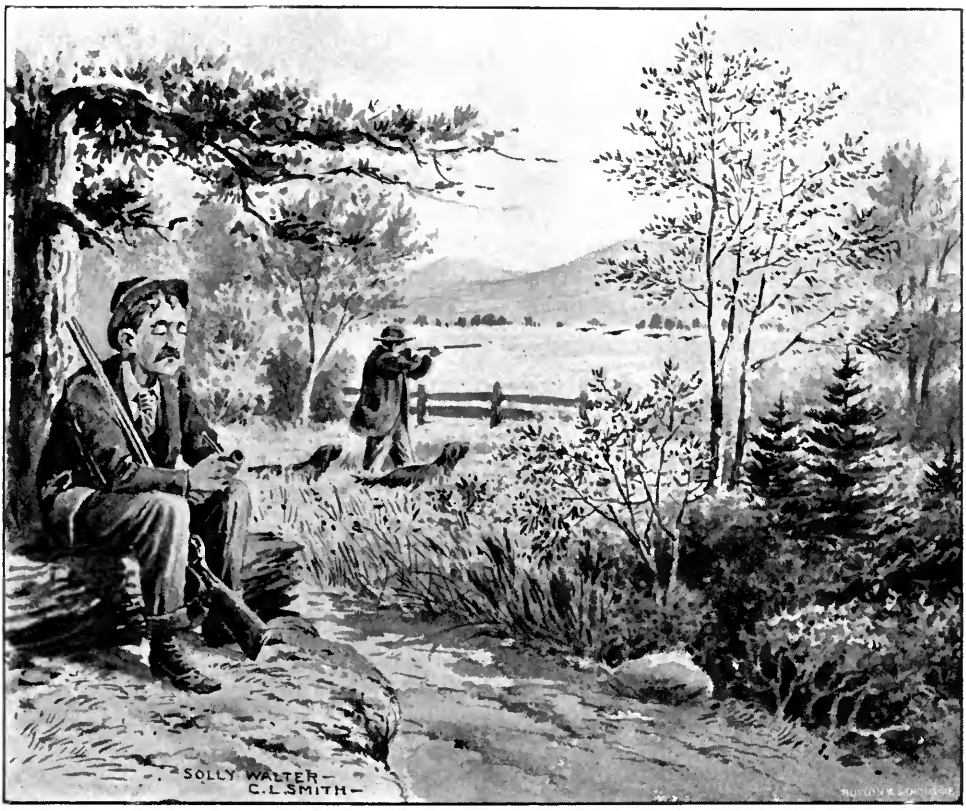
Rarely in Eastern quail shooting is the sportsman compelled to hunt for any length of time on such ground as affords him unsteady footing; rarely will he on these cultivated farms find the brush growing very high, or in it lose sight of his dogs for more than a moment or two, as they race here and there in search of that scent they love so well. When at last they come to a steady point, and the hidden bevy is sprung, whether in the stubbles, along the woodlands, or in the bulrushes, the hunter's view of the flying birds will be unobstructed, as they wing their way across the fields to alight in other covert, where his dogs will shortly find each bird of the now "marked down" bevy again. Although the Eastern quail springs from the ground, and takes to wing with almost incredible swiftness, yet the sportsman who knows the habits and haunts of this bird,— and it may be said here that "Bob White" rarely or never alights upon trees,— who possesses good dogs, and who is an expert wing shot, will generally be able to follow up and account for nearly every bird in a bevy.

No one can dispute, no one will ever forget, who has participated in the sport, the charm of Eastern upland shooting. It is many years since the writer, while hunting on a farm in the Highlands of the Hudson, started from and shot his first quail in a patch of buckwheat stubble; but those hills, dales, and swamps, those fields and woodlands, are pictured in his memory as though seen but yesterday.

There are two species of quail found in California, the mountain and the valley. The mountain quail, found in the Sierra Nevadas and in most of the mountains of the Coast Range, is seldom seen at a less elevation than two thousand feet. It is a larger, and, in some respects, a finer bird than its cousin the valley quail, which it much resembles both in plumage and general appearance; the most notable difference between them being in the greater length of the top-knots of the mountain bird, and in the coloring of the abdominal feathers of either sex, which in the mountain quail are of a deep reddish brown bordered with white, instead of a light yellow, bordered with reddish brown or black, as in the valley quail. Viewed from behind, both species appear so much alike that if a bevy of two-thirds grown mountain quail happen to be seen running away along the ground, it will at first glance sometimes be difficult to decide to which species they belong, the general color of both being slaty blue and bluish brown.

The mountain bird does not lie well to the dog, and keeps strictly to the brush; and for these reasons, as well as because it is found in such wild and remote places, it is not much sought for by the generality of sportsmen. When flushed in the brush, and followed through it by the hunter, it will fly a few feet or yards, then alight and run a short distance, take wing once more, fly again through the brush; and repeating this performance over and over, will finally baffle both man and dogs. When a bevy is first started, the sportsman, should he

be fortunate, may secure a brace or two, as some of them, alarmed by his dogs, rise above the brush; but from their habit of scattering and running in it, just mentioned, he will hardly be able to make a very great bag of these birds, whose continued pursuit most generally ends in the sportsman's getting nothing but his labor for his pains.



THE EASTERNER FINDS CALIFORNIA SHOOTING HARD WORK.

The Eastern sportsman would at times be strongly reminded while hunting this bird in high brush of the long-billed woodcock, the flight of the mountain quail in high brush somewhat resembling that of the long-bills in its quick turns, and in its trick of flying a few yards, and then suddenly alighting with a side twist upon the ground. When started in the open it flies like the valley quail, but always continues its flight until reaching timber or brush, hardly ever dropping as does the valley quail in low grass. I have never seen this quail fly into or from the tops of very high trees, but it invariably roosts in small trees or in the lower branches of large ones, and will fly into and remain for some time hid in either, during the heat of the day or when alarmed. The hunter will oftentimes be startled, when passing under the lower limbs of some tree, by the loud whir-r-r of its wings, as some frightened bird darts from a branch that may be only arm's length from the sportsman's head.

When out with his hounds, and standing on the point of some ridge, overlooking, let us say, some creek and deep

cañon, the deer hunter will, while listening for the bellowing of his dogs, sometimes hear the rustling of leaves and the pattering of little feet in the dry brush near him, as a bevy of these birds, perhaps on their way to the water, pass close by: should he remain perfectly still, he may catch sight of the birds, numbering perhaps a dozen or more, which – excited by curiosity—will probably run together in some opening in the brush, and stand gazing curiously at him.

Sound, in these wild mountains, does not seem to disturb them, at least that kind made by the report of a rifle; for should the deer hunter, tempted by the proximity of the birds, try to secure one, aiming at the head with his rifle, he may continue, should he miss the bird, to fire shot after shot without alarming them much, until one of their number, fluttering headless upon the ground, causes the now frightened bevy to fly into the brush, where they will be lost to sight directly.

The mountain quail frequently falls a victim to those often of necessity pot-hunters, the campers. In the summer time hundreds of camping parties will be met with in the mountain roads, one man sitting upon the front seat driving the four-horse team, while three or four others, perhaps, sit perched on top of their "outfit," holding in their hands the ever ready shot-gun Whole bevies of these beautiful quail will sometimes be exterminated by a single discharge of the contents of one of their guns, delivered into the thick of a bevy, while the birds, perhaps all unused to the presence of man, linger in the road playing in the dust or feeding, or after they have, when frightened at last by the advancing team, run into the brush, and stop for a moment near the edge of the mountain road. Whole bevies, too, meet their fate at the hands of the poorer class of mountaineers, whose scant table fare oft needs replenishing, entire bevies either being caught in traps set by the boys in the brush, or shot as described, when, just as morning dawns or twilight falls, they come out, and are seen feeding close to the chemisal. The flesh of the mountain quail, in color white like that of the chicken, is truly delicious; I fancy that it is a shade more juicy than that of the valley quail, and there is more of it, one bird being a good meal for a moderately hungry man. It should be broiled on the live coals of a fire made of any of the different kinds of mountain oaks, basted with a little butter from time to time, and seasoned while cooking.

In those parts of California where the redwood, live oak, and laurel, flourish, there need never be any fear that the valley quail will become extinct, for once within the folds of those densely foliaged trees the birds can rest secure; neither eye of man nor nose of dog will avail to find their hiding place. It is fortunate for the quail, fortunate for the sportsman, that this little bird differs from its Eastern cousin in that it takes to trees, for otherwise the rage for gold and contempt for everything that does not quickly yield money, and plenty of it, is so great in this material age and in this State, that the quail, like the deer, would quickly succumb. But it has not man alone to fear; all kinds of vermin that infest the hills, besides various kinds of reptiles and even other birds, prey upon this quail, and destroy its eggs and young. Amongst birds there is a little hawk, fittingly named the quail hawk, which flies with surprising swiftness, and is a great enemy of this valley bird.

There is another bird whose depredations came under my own observation so late as last summer. Some men, in clearing away the brush on the site of a projected dam, uncovered three or four quail nests, in each of which were from six to a dozen eggs.

A bird was subsequently seen daily carrying away these eggs, until none were left. This bird, type of a large ele-

ment to be found in this State, is that wag-jaw and idler, loafer and masher, the California blue-jay.

The valley quail is very prolific, the parent-birds sometimes raising two or three broods per season, and fifteen years ago it was impossible to go anywhere in the country without seeing great numbers of them. Farming, as understood and conducted in the East, is not practised here; large tracts of land have of late years been cleared and put under cultivation, but our farmers generally raise but one kind of crop, and the large valleys are either a sea of waving grain, a forest of young orchards, or a network of vines. However good a covert there may be for the quail during the spring, while the grain remains uncut, (it is cut in July) and the vines remain unpicked, they are a very poor shelter for the birds after the harvest takes place; and in consequence the bevies, by the time the shooting season opens, have nearly all betaken themselves to the hills, or their vicinity. This, of course, is speaking generally; there are certain exceptional localities, very few however in this part of California, where the ground remains as yet unbroken, food and water being plenty, or where some wealthy proprietor — perhaps because he is fond of shooting himself, and desires to see the birds around him — has left sufficient brush and timber standing to provide covert for the birds, to which they can fly for safety and protection.

During the spring, as just said, the thickly growing grain furnishes excellent concealment for the old birds and their nests, and in it they can hatch and rear their young in comparative security. It is curious to note how sensible the old birds seem to be, at this season of the year, that they need not fear man; for should one walk or drive of an afternoon along a country road, and near a grain field, many an old cock and his mate may be seen sitting perched upon a fence apparently equally indifferent to the passing pedestrian, or to a carriage and its occupants, only a few feet away, and in the fall, when the shooting season has commenced, it may be impossible to get within gunshot of these very same birds.

In what one writes of California, whether of its climate, its products, its game, its fish, or in fact of anything, one must be considered as writing generally, for it must be understood that conditions are constantly changing here, and it must also be remembered that this State is 725 miles in length. From farthest north to farthest south, therefore, there will be a difference of no less than ten degrees of latitude.

My personal experience with quail is limited to the country lying within a semi-circle, whose diameter is three hundred miles of coast line, and its center the city of San Francisco. Even within this limit, and during an ordinary season, there will be considerable difference in time in the hatchings of the first young broods of quail, though the young birds generally make their appearance towards the end of June or the beginning of July. About the first of September a rambler in the country will meet with many full-grown bevies, but will be surpised to meet also with many half-grown birds, and still more surprised to see many mother birds followed by wee little "cheepers" hardly out of their shells. The present game law of the State makes the open season commence on the first of October and close on the first of March; but properly, in my opinion, leaves to the supervisors of the different counties the privilege of altering or amending these dates to suit the conditions of each locality.

As most of the persons elected to fill the office in the different counties are representative men, hard-headed, common-sense sort of people, it is assumed that they are well qualified to understand the wants of their constituents, and let us hope they can be trusted

to give this little game bird all the protection possible. It is not so much the length of the shooting season that works injuriously to our little quail, as it is the failure on the part of our legislators to see that the laws enacted for its protection and preservation are enforced; especially that relating to the trapping of these birds, for enormous numbers of quail are trapped and sent to market annually.

Every sportsman can testify that when out with dog and gun he is constantly stumbling over traps set in the brush, near by where bevies have been hatched and raised. It costs nothing to make these traps, as a "shake" or two, or some laths and a string, will furnish apparatus sufficient to catch all the quail in a county. The traps are made by splitting up the shakes into small pieces of different lengths, the five longest being about three feet long, the others shorter, and all about an inch or two in width. Four of the longest pieces are first placed on the ground in the form of a square, the ends just overlapping; four more but slightly shorter pieces are then placed in a similar manner on top of these, and about an inch or so nearer the center of the square; four more still shorter pieces are again placed on top of these last, still another inch nearer the center, and so on, until the pieces form a kind of crib or lattice-work box. On top of the whole, and across the exact center, is laid the single piece that is of a corresponding length to the four first placed on the ground. To each end of this a string is fastened, and then the lower ends of each string passed under the bottom strips forming the two opposite sides of the square that are at either end of the top piece; the strings are then drawn down tightly, binding the whole affair together, and the trap is finished. It is set with a figure 4, and the bait, wheat or barley, is then scattered under and around it. Should a bird touch or hop to the lower arm of the figure, down will come the trap, catching the entire bevy should one be feeding underneath. As just said, a large percentage of the birds that find their way to the city markets, and to those of the larger towns, are quail that have been trapped. One young gentleman innocently informed me recently that several summers ago he trapped, and had ready for shipment to San Francisco, when the season opened, no less than sixty-three dozen quail, the greater number of which were spoiled by the intense heat before they could be sold, or even reach the market. This person would not have made a very great fortune, even if the entire lot of birds had reached the city in good condition, for quail only bring seventy-five cents or one dollar per dozen in the San Francisco markets. As the season advances and it becomes cooler, there is more profit in these consignments of quail to the city; and there are many men who, out of work, or rather than work, devote their time to shooting and trapping quail, content to realize even the smallest figures just mentioned.

In September or early October shooting, for prior to the year 1891 the open season commmenced on the 15th of September, the young birds are found very tame, and market hunters have no very great difficulty in making large bags of the very often only two-thirds grown quail. The birds are at this time more easily bagged also, for the reason that usually the very first place that the young birds will fly to after being started are the neighboring trees, that have been their home and roosting-place during the entire summer. As they alight or are in the act of alighting on these trees, they are easily shot. When driven from where they first alight they do not fly far, and settle again directly. The flight of the young quail early in the season is comparatively slow, but towards the end of October, and when the birds have become stronger, their flight attains an amazing degree of swiftness, and

the sportsman must be an expert wing shot indeed who makes a very large bag of these birds when they have become full-grown. One full-grown bird bagged out of every two shots fired is exceptionally good shooting, should the sportsman be hunting on bushy and uneven ground. Besides this increased swiftness of flight, the birds late in the fall have become very wary, and are now up to every conceivable trick and device that will help them to evade both the sportsman and his dogs. Nature has contrived to assist them wonderfully, too, for their plumage so harmonizes with their surroundings at all times that the sportsman will often find it difficult to distinguish a quail that is bent on hiding itself, whether the bird be simply squatting on the open ground, sitting in plain sight on the limb of a tree, or nestling in short grass. On many occasions, when out on the hills with my rifle, and having a feeling come over me that broiled quail for luncheon would be a very good thing, I have, in the hopes of getting a shot, stopped under some buckeye or scrub oak tree into which I had seen a quail fly. The average height of these trees is usually about thirteen or fourteen feet, and, as nearly every one knows, most of their foliage grows on the ends of the outer limbs. The bark on the limbs of the buckeye and scrub oak is quite smooth; there are but few small branches, usually, growing from the larger limbs near the body of these trees. Standing under, and looking up into one of them, you can see almost anything on its branches at a glance. Occasionally, tufts of dried grass or moss will be blown by the winds and lodge across a limb of one of these trees, or perhaps in a cobweb spun in the crotch of a branch. These tufts, with some dead leaves that have fallen on them, often form bunches just about the size of a quail. When under such a tree, and looking up into it in search of the hiding bird, I have frequently been unable for some minutes to distinguish the quail from one of the bunches, though there might not be more than three or four of them on the tree, and the bird itself, that had been mistaken for a bunch, actually be sitting not more than six feet above my head. When a quail is thus seen sitting on a limb with its tail towards the hunter, and its head drawn well back between its wings, so that nothing but its tail and abdominal feathers are visible from below, he may continue to stare directly at it without realizing it is a bird, until some change in his position enables him to catch a glimpse of its little bead-like black eye, gazing fixedly upon him.

The under tail coverts of the valley quail are a pale yellow, with a dark streak, almost black, running down the center; so much do these feathers resemble dried grass, that if thrown down in certain kinds they can with difficulty be distinguished from them. I remember on one occasion seeing a quail, that had been flushed on the hillside above me, fly down the hill until it came to a single manzanita bush that grew on perfectly open ground near the bottom. There were a few blades of grass growing around this bush; but this grass had been so scorched and shriveled by the summer's sun, and what there was of it grew on such hard and barren soil, that neither it, nor anything near the bush, afforded any hiding place for the quail whatever. The bird was seen to alight on the ground, run towards the bush, and then disappeared. Calling the dog, I walked down towards the manzanita, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing the keen-nosed setter come to a draw on the bush, and then to a steady point. On reaching the manzanita, my curiosity being excited, I thought I would, before flushing the bird, try and discover its whereabouts. So, holding the gun at a ready, prepared to fire should the bird fly, I carefully peered into the bush and on either side of it.

The bush was a small one; it had but one stem, and but few branches, and these were almost destitute of leaves. The stem forked, however, just as it entered the ground, where the upper part of its dividing roots had been left exposed, the winter rains having washed away the soil around them. This made an inverted V-shaped opening just at its foot; the apex of this triangular-shaped opening was about four inches from the ground, and its base was about the same length as its height. Again and again I peered about the bush, the dog pointing steadily all the time, and not seeing anything of the bird I had about made up my mind that it had stolen off unobserved, and that the faithful setter "Zip" had for once made a "false point," when it struck me that the grass grew unusually long in this little opening between the roots. Peering now cautiously around the bush, I caught sight of the head of the quail sticking out of the little opening, and the frightened bird flew off at once, as soon as its eye met mine.

As has been said before, most of the bevies of quail leave the valleys in the fall, and betake themselves to the adjoining hills. Whether before the large valleys were put under cultivation this was the general habit of these birds we can not say, but such is the case now, and as the season advances the quail become more difficult to find, going higher and higher up the hills. In some of the mountain valleys late in the autumn the bevies leave the lowlands almost entirely, and keep to the brush nearly as much as do the mountain quail. Different bevies will at this time unite, and form immense bands. While driving of an evening late in October, along a seldom used road in the mountains of Lake County, I have seen feeding at one time in or near this road several hundred quail, which as the carriage approached rose with a tremendous whir of wings, and flew off into the dense brush together. It may be that if the birds were not hunted, and were left undisturbed, as was the case before the ground came to be tilled and the undergrowth and timber destroyed, quail would be found in the valleys the entire year round, in numbers as great as they now are in the late summer. But I am inclined to think that formerly the greater number of bevies took to the hills the same as they do now, for in the valleys the seeds upon which they feed must necessarily have become scarce, and they would go to the hills for food. The scarcity of water, too, may be added as another reason why they would leave the valleys, for most of the valley creeks go dry towards the end of summer.

Our California hills are mostly covered with chemisal. This chemisal, or brush, is made up of several different kinds — the principal being scrub oak, white thorn, manzanita, greasewood, California lilac, in some localities called chemise, in others chaparral, and a variety of sage brush that is a species of absintheum. The chemisal grows higher on some hills than on others, but is generally seen from two or three to eight or ten feet in height. A great variety of herbs, plants, shrubs, and ferns are met with amongst the brush, neither whose popular or botanical names are known to me. Indeed, I believe that many of them remain as yet unclassified. Trees grow in the chemisal, sometimes distributed in patches of several acres, but more often scattered here and there over the hillsides. Some of them are evergreens, some deciduous. Of the evergreens there are the redwood, fir, pine, cypress, laurel, and live oak, etc.; while of the others there are the madroño, maple, black and white oaks, and many others. Usually, the largest timber will be found fringing the summits of the hills, or lining the sides of the deeper cañons. If water be not a great ways off, quail may be looked for almost anywhere on the hillsides, but will generally be found in greatest number amongst the sage brush. In such parts of the hills as

where much of this brush grows, particularly if near some large cañon, in whose dark depths flows some trickling stream, cooled by the deep shadows cast by the redwood, fir, and laurel trees, there the California quail will oftenest with certainty be found, either feeding in the sage brush, or resting during the heat of the day, hid in the leafy coverts of the redwood or laurel. The leaves of the laurel are broad, thick, and firm, and, phalanx-like, present an effectual barrier to the fiercest rays of the noonday sun. Where these trees grow quail will invariably choose them to roost in ; and of a late afternoon, just before twilight sets in, should a bevy come flying down like bullets from the hilltops, and pitch into one of the trees, the sound produced by their bodies striking against the leaves is not unlike the splas-s-sh made by a flock of ducks as they alight upon the water, and frequently betrays their whereabouts to the quick-eared and attentive hunter.

If the reader will be good enough to follow me to these hills, I will attempt to give him an idea of a day's shooting.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning of a day in September, when a carriage that had been rapidly driven along a road skirting San Francisco Bay, and near the town of San Rafael, in Marin County, pulled up suddenly, by the direction of one of its occupants, who, turning to his companion on the back seat with him, said: "I say, Fred, we will get out here, though we might go a mile or so farther to that turn in the road beyond, and be nearer the hills; but there is a bevy or two along the creek in this field, and perhaps, as you are not accustomed to walking on the hills yet, we had best start in at this point, and try and get some shooting on level ground."

"The sooner we begin, the better, Doc," said the young man spoken to, jumping to the ground.

The first speaker was Dr. Charles Seaman of San Francisco, and the young man addressed was his friend, Fred Campbell, but lately arrived from the East, where he had been brought up and educated, though a native born Californian.

"Driver," said the Doctor, as he took his breech-loader from its case and prepared to put it together, "what time does the last boat leave Sausalito now for the city,—half-past four? Well, be sure and have the carriage at the turn of the road beyond here at three o'clock precisely, for it will take fully an hour and a quarter to drive to the wharf, and we must get back to the city by six. Hold on a moment, though, until I get the dogs out. Come, Dash, old boy, jump out; that 's it; that 's a good dog. Come, Topsy, come, my lady girl," said the doctor, taking the beautiful Gordon setter bitch in his arms and setting her on the ground. "Go over and see Fred; you know he likes you. Now, don't forget, driver; three o'clock, at the turn in the road beyond. Are you ready, Fred?"

The two sportsmen took their way across a lately cut grain field, the brace of Gordon setters coming to the Doctor's heel at command.

"We will follow this creek along until we reach the hills, Fred. You may get a shot presently, though it may be a long one, for the birds are likely to be wild,—there is so little covert for them here, and they have, besides, been shot at already this season; so be ready, for they may rise at any moment."

What the Doctor had styled a creek was simply its dry, stony bed, which was about a foot or so below the general level of the field, the springs that fed this creek having long since gone dry. An occasional small bush grew on its banks, at long distances apart, and there was but little covert of any kind near it, or, indeed, in the field. Fred had never seen any California quail, and this was to be his first experience with them;

he had, however, often followed his pointers over Eastern fields, and, as he at the Doctor's caution cocked both barrels of his breech loader and brought his gun down to a ready, an acute observer might have seen that he was mentally resolved that his friend should see that he was not wanting in skill in its use.

and fired both barrels into the mass of hurrying and jostling birds. As the smoke cleared away, three of them were seen to fall to the ground. Fred watched the flying bevy as it continued its flight, and was about to congratulate the Doctor on the fact that the birds would soon alight and scatter upon the ground, when, to his intense astonishment, the

When about half way across the field, and nearing a small bunch of poison oak that grew out from and over the banks of the creek, a bevy of quail, with a loud whir-r-r of wings, rose from the ground behind this bush, and darted off like lightning across the field.

Fred instinctively brought his gun to the shoulder at the well known sound,

bevy, instead of skimming across the field a few yards above the ground, as would be the case with Eastern quail, commenced to rise, rising higher and higher, with a semi-circular sweep; and Fred, with wondering gaze, was momentarily expecting, as he declared to the Doctor, to see them vanish in the clouds, when all at once they lit in the topmost

branches of an immense white oak,—the only tree in the field.

"What in the name of heaven do you call these birds, Doctor? I thought they were quail—"

"And so they are, Fred, as you will see, if you will take that little cock bird, which is only wing-tipped, out of Topsy's mouth."

Fred stooped and took from her mouth the brave little bird the dog had brought to him. So lightly did Topsy's jaws press upon the quail, that scarce an effort on its part would have released it from the bitch's mouth.

"It is a quail sure enough, Doctor, and a little beauty at that. How unconcerned it seems; not the slightest sign of fear in its little black eyes; one would think it had gone to roost in the dog's mouth. But quail, and alight in trees! Nothing will ever surprise me again in California. But what do you propose to do now, Doctor,—surely you are not going to send Dash and Topsy up that tree, or pot the birds from below, are you?"

"No, not exactly Fred. You have got pretty good eyes, my boy, but it would take keener ones than yours to discern those birds, hid in the topmost branches of that tall oak."

No more birds were found in the fields, and a few minutes' walk brought the two men to the foot of the hills. Taking a wagon trail that led along the creek and up the brushy cañon, where the creek took its rise, the Doctor ordered Dash and Topsy to "go on," and the well trained setters immediately cast about in search of game. Timber of different kinds grew in the cañon, and along the creek and wagon trail, mostly buckeye and laurel.

Some distance up the cañon, the Doctor being on one side and Fred on the other, they came to where a cluster of laurel trees grew up from the bottom of the cañon, the top of the trees being about on a level with where the two men then stood. The dogs as yet had found no birds, and Fred who was reeking with perspiration, and who had begun to find that continued climbing was beginning to tell on him, sat down on the dry hillside, and glanced longingly into the deep shade cast by the laurel trees, in the vain hope that he might discover some pool of water. Looking up, he saw the Doctor stoop down and pick up a large bowlder, and hurl it into one of the laurels.

"My goodness, Doc, are the nuts on those trees good to eat? If they are, here goes." And Fred was in the act of pitching a stone into another of the trees, when brrr—brrr—went two quail out of that one into which the Doctor had launched his stone. Bang—bang—went his double-barrel, and down came the two birds, quickly retrieved by Dash and Topsy.

To say that Fred was astonished would be putting it mildly. His friend, catching the expression on his face, was highly amused, and said laughingly, "No, Fred, you would find those bay nuts rather poor eating, I fancy; but these young quail are toothsome, as I think you will admit tomorrow when you come to eat them hot from the iron."

"Well, well," said Fred, "I never heard of hunting quail with stones before."

"I don't know where the birds can all be today, Fred; I hope we shall find them, before you are too much exhausted," said the Doctor, as they continued their climb up the hillside.

Arrived at the head of the cañon, and still finding no birds, some further search was made near adjoining cañons with no better results, and Fred, who was trembling in every muscle from the unwonted exertion, sank to the ground. The Doctor, who was quite fresh, seeing his friend's condition, stretched himself likewise upon the grass. Fred went down into his pockets, and took out and unfolded a package containing his lunch.

The Doctor eyed this proceeding askance; for like all men that have been in the backwoods he had acquired the habit of not eating when out on a trip, and affected to look upon those who did as guilty of almost feminine weakness.

"I suppose, Doctor, you are fairly in love with these brown hills of California. Maybe I shall get to think as much of them as you do after a while, but the picture of those Eastern woods is still too fresh in my memory for me to forget so soon my old loves."

"I don't blame you, Fred. Yes, the brown hills of California grow upon one. But where is that confounded old rascal, Dash: do you see him, Fred, anywhere? He was here just a minute ago. By Jove, there he is down in the bottom of that cañon, and on a steady point. There the birds are at last, Fred. Old Dash has found them in that pile of brush, in the center of that rocky creek. Do you feel equal to the task of going down? No, I see by your looks you do not,—well, if you will wait here, and mark where they fly to, I will go down."

"Very well, Doc, I'll sit here and watch where they go to," said Fred, whose short rest seemed to have made him less inclined to move than before. "You don't happen to know where there's any ice-water about here, do you?"

This last remark was lost upon the Doctor, now more than half way down the hill.

Fred could see Dash still standing steadily at a point near the brush heap. Occasionally the dog would glance up towards his master, as it noted his approach. Suddenly its tail commenced to vibrate rapidly, it made a step forward as though to run around the brush, —when with a loud whir of wings a stream of several dozen quails poured out from under the heap of brush, and flew up and over the hill, just beyond shot gun range from where the Doctor had stopped.

The young man watched his companion as he slowly remounted the hill, and until he finally disappeared with the dogs over its summit. The truth was, the intense heat combined with the fatigue produced by continued climbing had so weakened Fred that he found himself unable to handle his gun, and what experience he had so far had with California quail had made him very dubious as to what would next turn up, and somewhat dampened his ardor. After some minutes had passed by he heard a shot, and then another, very soon followed by repeated discharges; and unable to restrain his impatience any longer he got up, climbed the top of the hill, and sat down.

A strong, cool breeze from the ocean was now blowing in through the Golden Gate, and Fred felt its invigorating influence directly. Just below him and about half way down the hillside, which was comparatively free from tall timber, what few scattered trees there were being low scrub-oaks, he could see his friend the Doctor standing in a little hollow swale, while near him, amongst the dried ferns and short brush which covered this entire slope, were the two dogs at work.

Presently he saw Topsy come to a point, which Dash some ten feet farther off backed almost at once. The Doctor stepped forward towards the dogs, and as he did so a half dozen birds rose together. One came flying up hill, and passed like a rocket, right over the top of Fred's head. Fred saw the bird coming, but puzzled by the angle at which it approached, and undecided when to fire, waited too long, and when at last he did shoot, missed, as the bird was too close. It flew by unharmed, not over six feet from the muzzle of his gun. Turning to deliver his second barrel, he missed again, overshooting this time, as the quail changed its course just as he pulled the trigger, and flew down hill.

Somewhat flustered by his double

miss, Fred now proceeded to join the Doctor, who had again scored a bird, and was in the act of taking it from Topsy's mouth as Fred came up.

"Well, Fred," said the Doctor to him, "do you feel rested? It *is* hard walking on these hillsides, until you get accustomed to it. I wish you could have come sooner; the birds are scattered nicely in this sage brush; they lie very close, and if we only had the time you could have all the sport you want."

"And so this is what you call sage brush, is it? By Jove! Doc, there's Dash and Topsy now on opposite sides of a bush pointing the same bird. Shall I distinguish myself." And Fred was in the act of stepping forward, when a cock quail with a frightened scream got up directly between his feet; he felt the bird fluttering against his legs, and closing them quickly, almost succeeded in nipping it between his knees; then as it rose steadied himself a moment, and dropped the bird cleverly before it had flown many yards.

"Well, the birds do seem to lie close enough here at any rate," he said, and at the Doctor's suggestion again started towards the dogs. As he did so, a hen quail they were pointing took flight without making any noise, and with scarcely any perceptible motion of its wings, and in this stealthy fashion, peculiar to the female quail sometimes, was making off down hill, when Fred noticed it. In his haste to turn and shoot he slipped on the steep hill side, and down he came flat on his back, his gun going off into the air. The bird continued its flight down the hill, and dropped into a manzanita bush that grew near the road.

"One needs good stout nails in his shoes on these slippery hills. I'll go down and get that bird, and meet you at the carriage, Seaman," said Fred, as he arose somewhat wearily, and took his way towards the foot of the hill.

Before reaching the bottom he paused, and, looking up, watched the Doctor's progress with his dogs along the hillside. Himself quite an athlete, Fred could not but admire his friend's vigor and endurance, the ease with which he stepped along the steep and slippery slope, seemingly making nothing of the rough ground or his hard day's work, and apparently quite as fresh as when he first started out.

The bracing sea-breeze seemed to have its effect upon his dogs as well, for they kept continually at work; now it would be Dash and then Topsy, that would first come to a point, and the Doctor, quite impartial, would walk up, flush the bird in front of the setter's nose, and when the quail took wing the report of his gun would almost invariably be succeeded by a little fluff of brown feathers floating off upon the breeze, indicating the spot where a bird had fallen, struck by the leaden hail.

With a half sigh of envy Fred now started on, cocked both barrels of his breech-loader, and stepping up to the manzanita, kicked it a time or two violently. As he did so up sprang the quail, and went away at a great rate, but Fred was now on level ground, and deliberately covering his bird, dropped it with his first barrel; then letting his gun fall into the hollow of his left arm, was about to reach for a cartridge, when he noticed a blur in the air, as of some object passing rapidly through it towards the fallen quail, and the next instant this blurr, when its motion ceased, became the well defined head, wings, feet, and body, of a bird no longer than the quail itself, which it seized and bore off in its talons, to Fred's intense astonishment. Not far did it go, however, for the next moment the left hand barrel of his breech-loader cracked, and down came the would-be little robber and its prize together.

Fred narrated this little incident to the Doctor as they drove away for Sausalito and the steamer to San Francisco, and

stated his wonder that so small a bird should possess such great strength and amazing swiftness of flight,—indeed he admitted that everything connected with his first quail shooting in California had been novel and interesting.

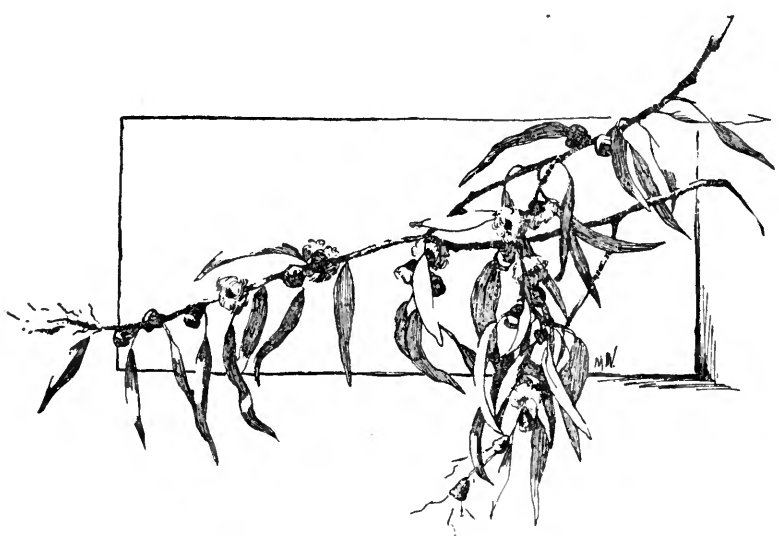
J. A. A. Robinson.

THE STORM.

THERE is a whisper in the evening air,
The solemn pine trees tremble and are still,
And then a moan, as when from out its lair
Some wild beast springs to tread the tangled hill,
And now the restless forest feels the thrill
That is the shivering courier of the snow,
And like some giant sobbing out its woe,
It pours its fitful grieving in mine ear,
The stars are hidden. Lo! the storm is here.

A dull, gray sky, just creeping from the night,
A shattered cabin in the drifting light.
A prostrate pine tree, twisted by the blast,
A dead man in the snow. The storm has passed.

Sam Davis.



TWO GOURMETS OF BLOOMFIELD.

SHORTLY after twelve, in the dense heat of the midsummer day, a short, stout man might have been observed to lock the one small stationery store of which Bloomfield boasted, and then pursue his way up the dusty main street of the little town. In one hand he carried a splendidly bound octavo volume; in the other his broad straw hat.

He appeared to be a very old man, for he was considerably bent, and his hair was snow-white, although thick; but while his cheeks and brow were lined with the furrows that grief leaves, his eyes, which were brown and dreamy, imparted to his face a singular air of the pure simplicity of youth. Assuredly, he was not versed in evil worldliness, nor could a shade of selfishness rest upon his soul.

He entered the dining-room of the principal hotel, and took his accustomed seat at the foot of the long table, absent-mindedly unfolding his napkin. At his right was the endless array of unwholesome-looking, half-cooked vegetables, without which no dinner was considered complete at the Grand Hotel; at his left the ponderous book that was his invariable companion at meal times.

With a great buzzing of wings a fly of extraordinary size settled down upon the edge of a pitcher, and cooled its thirst and wings in the thin milk that was alluringly and misleadingly designated "cream." The man watched the fly with dull interest, and when it foolishly wandered beyond its depth, rescued it from a watery grave, on the edge of his fork. Finally he helped himself to the edibles that from the first had not been overwarm, but when they were on his plate he forgot to eat.

It was exactly seven years today, he meditated, since he had come to Bloomfield; consequently he was sixty-seven years old. Perhaps that accounted for his want of hunger: when one is aging he requires dainty dishes to tempt the flagging appetite.

It had been his wife, Elodie, who had fixed upon Bloomfield as the place at which he was to retrieve their fallen fortunes. She had been so persistently hopeful as to imbue him with her bravery; he had not then fully appreciated the hardships of beginning at the foot of the ladder at his time of life. She had renounced all their former luxuries without one regretful backward glance. And they had been happy in the little house she had so soon converted into a home, although it had been a source of grievous distress to him that she was forced to work.

It did not seem two years since she had left him. It might have been yesterday that she sat beside him at the table with its snowy linen, its dainty fare, and bunch of flowers. A tender smile lit up the old man's eyes as he called her up before him, and he stretched his hand across the table to meet hers.

"Anything you wish, Sincère?" asked a tall man of soldierly bearing, who was taking his seat at that instant.

The old man drew back his arm hurriedly, as if detected in some wrong-doing, and the blood momentarily surged into his cheeks.

"No, no," he exclaimed. "I have everything I wish, thank you, Colonel." He spoke with a slight French accent, that gave a peculiar charm to his speech.

"Ah, you are lucky," returned Colonel Brotherton, dryly, looking around disapprovingly. "When a man works, Sincère," he continued confidentially, "as I have been working this morning, he not unnaturally wishes something to

revive his spirits; whereas this food is not fit to eat." But Colonel Brotherton, in the meantime, was partaking liberally of the viands he was disparaging.

"A salad, for example," agreed Mr. Sincère eagerly, his face suffused by a look of retrospective delight at the memory of such salads as he had eaten. "A cool, crisp salad, properly dressed. It is not a day for heavy food, but a salad would be palatable."

"One of shrimps, with a mayonnaise dressing; a bottle of good wine, and a bird,—a slender repast, but satisfying if well cooked and served," began Colonel Brotherton, vigorously attacking a resistant piece of meat. As you know, Sincère, I do not live to eat, although it is a sin I might be guilty of, and quite pardonably, were there anything worth eating in this wretched town; but as it is I am upheld by the thought that on Wednesdays I go to San Francisco, and dine as becomes a man. I do not know how I shall manage when through with the work that now calls me away each Wednesday. By the way, you were in the city yesterday. Where did you dine? What did you have?" The Colonel leaned back in his chair, prepared to give his friend his undivided attention.

"There was a soup," commenced Mr. Sincère, leaning across his untouched dinner, and using his expressive hands to give due emphasis to his words, "a rich, clear bouillon; then a salad with a splendid dressing, for the oil was excellent. Snipe, with lettuce and little peas; cheese, and fruit, and coffee. As you know, I have eaten much more, but I doubt if any dinner ever seemed better. The service was above reproach, everything the best of its kind." Two red spots had gathered under his eyes as he proceeded, and he watched his listener with painful intentness, which was lessened when at the close the Colonel nodded approvingly. Then he pursued with gentle appeal, "Why can I not be strong to resist temptation, my friend? I do not do well to spend so much money each week to gratify the cravings of my stomach, when I might give that amount to some worthy person,— but flesh is weak," he finished, with a pensive sigh.

"My dear Sincère, do not be foolish," prompted the Colonel. "You can better afford such extravagances than I. If I but looked forward to my old age, I would not eat at all, for what is to become of me when I am too old to gain my precarious livelihood from day to day? Nothing remains but the poorhouse."

At this unpleasing prospect the Colonel's buoyancy momentarily deserted him. It was not an agreeable thought to dwell upon, therefore he did not often allow his mind to bring it up. When it did perversely linger with him, he would resolve to work, to work without cessation, until there was assured him enough to keep him in comfort in his old age; but it is not a simple matter to shake off the indolence of over half a century. There had recently been occasions when he felt his years. He was steadily growing thinner; his hair, too, had been falling lately, which was perhaps due to the dye; and in the early morning his face looked older than Sincère's.

On such gloomy days he would dress with considerably more than his usual care, and his manners were even more punctilious. The inhabitants of the town were extremely proud of him, for he was esteemed the most able lawyer in the county, and the feminine portion of the community held him up as a model of courteousness. The old men of Bloomfield who took off their hats to any woman were rated curiosities, but to the Colonel there was no girl so young that he did not doff his hat to her in his own courtly style.

From their first meeting, Mr. Sincère and Colonel Brotherton had been warm friends. Sincère discovered that the Colonel was well acquainted with his

friend Montaigne, and although the latter still accompanied him twice a day to the hotel table, he must have felt himself neglected, for he was now rarely opened.

It became the Colonel's habit to breakfast with his friend in the little room back of the stationery store, where Mr. Sincère brewed the most fragrant coffee, and boiled the eggs. It was the one meal they enjoyed, for the Colonel, in summer, always provided a bunch of flowers, and they partook of the coffee in friendly silence.

At luncheon and dinner they recalled such gastronomic delicacies as they had known in other days; but while the Colonel was able to eat the untempting meals of the present, flavored by the subtle aroma of the past, Mr. Sincère seemingly lived on his recollections.

Every Sunday he went to the city to visit the grave of his wife. At first he had eaten but sparingly on these sad weekly journeys, but of late the menu had grown extensively,— perhaps he felt envious of the long account of the well-chosen dinner the Colonel consumed each Wednesday.

The hours of Wednesday would drag interminably to Mr. Sincère, who was in a fever of excitement until his friend returned on the evening train. Often he could not summon up courage enough to invade the dining-room alone, but would make a meager luncheon on bread, and cheese, and fruit, — his thoughts all the while with his friend.

Sunday was the Colonel's uneasy day. He would grumble unweariedly at the execrable fare. He was quite certain the chickens sold to the hotel were centipedes, for the fricassee was all legs; the potatoes were so full of eyes they reminded him of the sheriff, who was unbearably egotistical. And the waiter, smiling discreetly, would listen urbanely, and finally take away the empty dishes.

There was a certain feeling of emulation between the two old gentlemen. It was noticable that if Colonel Brotherton dined unusually well on Wednesday, Mr. Sincère was apt to order an even more princely repast on Sunday. But if the Colonel happened to be in a frugal mind while in the city, his friend was animated, in turn, by the same parsimonious spirit.

While the Colonel's meals were inclined to run to seven or eight courses, Mr. Sincère, who was more abstemious, evinced more originality. Although the number of his *plats* was fewer, they were chosen with rare discrimination, and were seldom repeated.

It was on a bright Tuesday morning that, as they discussed their matutinal cup of coffee, Colonel Brotherton proposed that they leave their respective affairs to take care of themselves, and go fishing. There was some little demur on Mr. Sincère's part, for he uneasily remembered having played truant from the store twice in the previous week.

"What!" cried the Colonel, aghast, waving aloft his napkin. "What! would you make yourself a slave to these provincials? Ah! I have too much respect for the old name of Brotherton to wait upon them. If I am not at my office, they must wait until it is my pleasure to be there. If you are not here, they must put off the purchase of their writing materials and papers until you return."

There was no gainsaying such didactic wisdom, and Mr. Sincère obediently washed and stowed away the few dishes and put up their luncheon, and, taking their lines, the two friends walked to the river that meandered through the outskirts of the little village.

The morning passed quietly enough. There was no very exciting sport, for the older and larger fish were probably of the same mind as the youths of Bloomfield, and when they reached maturity struck out for pastures new and

more exciting. But they met with fair enough success to warrant their continuing.

Shortly before high noon the Colonel broiled the fish, and they sat down in the dappled shade of a huge oak tree to enjoy them.

"Now is the time for a watermelon," observed Colonel Brotherton tentatively, watching the wine bottle, that stood in solitary state in a most precarious position on an uneven bowlder opposite him. "A watermelon, into which a hole has been cut and then filled with champagne, is a feast for the gods."

Mr. Sincère had been regarding the soft tracery of boughs overhead, through which glimmered the sultry blue of the sky, partially veiled by the slowly drifting clouds of pearly haze. The Colonel's enthusiastic words penetrated the moat of the gigantic dream castle he had fashioned, and the spell was broken. He turned his eyes upon the Colonel in soft amusement, but spoke no word. The Colonel, too, seemed content to rest for a short space in the peaceful quiet.

It was when they were walking home, in the cool of the evening, that the Colonel spoke of his visit to the city on the following day, and, of course, also mentioned the weekly event of gigantic importance to him,—his dinner.

Mr. Sincère listened to the gay plans, his mind stirred by a vague jealousy. While the Colonel would be enjoying himself to the full, he would be caged in the narrow, uncomfortably warm store, his solitude disturbed only by the entrance of some chance customer. And while the Colonel's voice was going on, without break or stop, it seemed a particularly disagreeable prospect.

"It is a long time, Sincère, since you have been to the city on a week day. You must have forgotten how the streets look when in the full blast of business."

"A long time," Mr. Sincère echoed.

"I should imagine your stock would need replenishing," commented the Colonel, as they entered the close dining-room, dimly lighted by two kerosene lamps.

Afterwards they played bézique until ten, when the Colonel went home. It had been a pleasant day, with just enough excitement, for two men over sixty.

Mr. Sincère, after seeing Colonel Brotherton out, locked the door of the small shop, then walked back to his bedroom. It gave on to a tiny garden, where bloomed a mass of heliotropes and honeysuckles, and a few deeply red roses. He opened the door of the apartment. and stood bathed in the mellow splendor of the night.

Yes, it had been a very pleasant day, but tomorrow would be so different, so lonely. Tomorrow he would — Suddenly there repeated themselves in his mind Colonel Brotherton's words.

Why, he demanded of himself, why should not he also go to the city in the morning? Undoubtedly the stock would well stand a few additions. Of course, he could write for the supplies as he had formerly done, but there was no valid reason why he should not buy them himself.

The Colonel would be glad of his company; perhaps he might — assuredly he would — invite him to dine with him. And the moonlight revealed a smile that on any other face might have appeared crafty, but on his it was guileless.

He would ask the Colonel what he should buy. The Colonel had been in the store once, when a young girl had entered to get some paper,—"some with a picture, a colored picture in the corner," — but as there had been none of that especial kind she had to be satisfied with a plain linen paper. The Colonel had advised him to purchase some of that for which the girl had inquired, and he had done so. Though there was more demand for that kind than for any other, he never sold any of it. He would show it to his patrons, but expatiate so

warmly upon its vulgarity, and so convincingly praise the plainer paper, that they invariably deferred to his judgment.

Before he retired he put out his best suit, and sadly noticed it was growing shiny; it would look shabby alongside of the Colonel's new clothes. He laid out his fresh linen, and fitted his buttons into his cuffs that there might be no needless hurry in the morning. He was a very methodical, neat man.

The Colonel always breakfasted at the hotel on Wednesdays, for the train was a very early one, but Mr. Sincère determined to make his own coffee, and measured out, with fine precision, the amount of coffee he allowed to the cup. How surprised the Colonel would be to see him on the train.

He was so excited over his plan it was long ere he could compose himself to rest, and when sleep finally came to him it found him with a dreamy smile of anticipated pleasure on his lips.

When Mr. Sincère reached the depot the next morning Colonel Brotherton was not in sight. The train steamed in, and he got on and chose a seat on the shady side of the car, where he deposited his top-coat; then watched for his friend.

Colonel Brotherton was never in a hurry. He had never missed a train, but, again, it always happened that as soon as his feet were fairly planted on the steps the train started. Had he ever stopped to give the matter a moment's consideration, he would have felt convinced that he could not miss his car. It was plainly the engineer's duty to hold his train until he, Colonel Brotherton, F. F. V., was on board.

The train was already in motion when the Colonel leisurely opened the door, and saw his friend.

Ah, yes, he had done well in determining not to tell the Colonel that he intended to go to the city, for then he would have missed seeing his glad surprise.

From their greetings their fellow-passengers must have concluded this was their first meeting after a lapse of years. But after the Colonel had called Mr. Sincère "a clever dog" some half dozen times or more, and they had laughed in generous appreciation of the ingenuity with which the affair had been contrived, they settled down comfortably in their seats opposite each other.

It was a perfect day. The waters of the bay, along which the train wound its way, were smooth as glass and beautifully clear. The long tule grasses nodded languidly in the golden sunshine. Everything seemed conducive to the two friends' enjoyment.

They discussed the inevitable feathery war cloud hanging over Europe, and placidly decided there would be no war, — nations were not so ready to engage in battle as formerly. They took a healthy interest in the affairs of the world, but as was natural their own engrossed most of their attention.

There was an air of suppressed excitement about the pair. They vainly endeavored to engage in converse on different subjects, but sentences remained unfinished, and what was more surprising, neither of them noticed it.

Finally the Colonel, leaning forward, placed his hand on his companion's knee, whispering, "Have you decided where we shall dine today?"

"No, no," responded Mr. Sincère, "wherever you please."

"That point you may safely confide to me. But to you shall be left the ordering of the feast. It must be something to be remembered, something to be referred to in tones of fondest recollection, of awe that men could plan anything so fine," exclaimed Colonel Brotherton, dropping his voice at the end of his well-rounded period.

"I should prefer that you decide what we have," protested Mr. Sincère, who appreciated his friend's magnanimity, but who thought this pleasurable task

should be left to the Colonel, whose guest he would be.

"That I cannot permit," with princely humility. "I must insist upon your reserving for yourself this important matter," persisted the other.

Mr. Sincère obstinately shook his head. He would like it; he would order some *escargots*, a delicacy which the Colonel would surely forget, but he was firm in his refusal of the tempting offer.

"How would it be," he ventured, breathing heavily in his agitation, "how would it be if we ordered it together?"

This inspiration met with warm favor. Beyond a doubt that was the best way out of the difficulty.

"We shall begin with oysters on the shell," announced the Colonel authoritatively.

"There is no r in the month," reminded Mr. Sincère timidly. "Would not a melon, a cantaloupe, be better?"

"Perhaps," acceded the Colonel with wonderful good-humor, considering he could not bear contradiction, and was not fond of owning he could possibly err. "Then soup. We shall be warm, but there is nothing better to cool one when warm, or warm one when cool." With which seeming paradox the Colonel rested on his oars.

"Then mountain trout," suggested Mr. Sincère.

"Certainly, certainly. Not, however, served with mayonnaise, as we shall want a mayonnaise dressing on the salad of shrimps or chicken that follows." Then he broke off to ask with touching deference, "Perhaps you will not object to my ordering sweet potatoes with the squab?"

"Potatoes?" repeated Mr. Sincère in amazement. He recovered himself with a blush. The serving of potatoes with a superb dinner was a brutal Americanism to which he had never become accustomed. Evidently the Colonel wished him to be thoroughly pleased, but so long as he was not made to eat of the sweet potatoes himself he would not object.

Brillat-Savarin himself would not have failed to give unstinted approval to the menu. But when they had simultaneously ordered the black coffee, they came to a pause.

"Now," reasoned Mr. Sincère, "the Colonel will tell me where to meet him after I have attended to my few purchases."

"Of course, as the originator of the feast," deliberated the Colonel, "Sincère will tell me at what hour he will be through with his commissions and be ready to dine, and where we shall meet."

Neither wished to appear too eager, and tried to dismiss the inquiry by stating to himself that as they separated each to attend to his business it would be mentioned.

Silence fell upon them, which was unbroken until they walked from the cars to the ferry. As they took their seats on the forward deck, Sincère flecked some dust from his sleeve, remarking, "The coat is wearing—wearing out like its owner."

"It is distinctly shabby," agreed the Colonel. "You should get another."

Mr. Sincère's lips quivered visibly. "The money is lacking, my friend."

"You lack money!" laughed the Colonel incredulously. "Nonsense! If I had but half as much, I, too, would enjoy life."

Why, the dinner that Sincère had arranged would cost a nice little sum,—a very nice little sum. He wished that he also could manage on some future occasion to return the courtesy. But he was happy to know he had no false pride, that prevented his accepting an attention that it pleased Sincère to bestow and himself to receive, though he could never hope to return it.

Until that moment Mr. Sincère had thought his coat all a garment need be, but now it seemed old-fashioned and poor. Possibly,—he mused with deep

misgivings,—possibly the Colonel was even a little averse to being seen in his company. He had the grace to color at the pettiness of the thought. He turned again to his friend, and the thought knocked a second time and was not denied admittance, for Colonel Brotherton had moved some little distance from his side and was steadily looking toward the city. His manner was distinctly distant.

The Colonel saw how matters stood. Sincère had already repented himself of his generosity. He had given the invitation unthinkingly, forgetful of the fact that his (Colonel Brotherton's) circumstances would render it impossible to ever make a return, and now that he had been reminded of this he was seeking for some loop-hole of escape by which he could retreat from his offer. The Colonel's teeth closed convulsively over his lip. The hand that was in his pocket nervously jingled some loose coins.

He turned to narrowly observe Sincère, and noticed the flush on his cheeks, and that he at once averted his eyes. And this,—this was the man whom he had called his friend, his only friend, for the past few years.

Sincère should regret his action. He would never again go to the little store for his breakfast ; he would resist all invitations, all pleadings. Colonel Brotherton was not a man to be dropped at one moment and picked up at the next, he meditated, drawing himself up proudly. Their chairs might touch at meals, but he would treat Sincère as if he were thin air.

"I forgot to—" murmured Sincère in a deprecatory voice, as he stood at the Colonel's elbow, and the Colonel gave him so blank a stare that the rest of the words were frozen on his lips.

It was so : his old friend, the Colonel, was ashamed of him. And he was ashamed of himself. He had been about to ask him upon what restaurant he had decided. He had been so eager for the dinner that he had failed to at first understand the Colonel's change of mien, but now his manner was unmistakable.

The boat had stopped at the wharf, and the two men were swept apart by the outward rush of the passengers.

Unconsciously Mr. Sincère took the cars that carried him every Sunday morning to his wife's grave. He rode through the streets blindly. His mind was a blank. He had received a blow that stunned him. The sun still shone brilliantly, but he felt cold and ill. He bought some violets at the florist's store near the cemetery, and walked to his wife's grave.

As soon as he entered the beautiful place, the peaceful quiet sank into his soul. The heavy redolence of the flowers, all alive around him, stilled his unrest. Here, at least, was one who had never been ashamed of him, nor wished him otherwise than he was. He had forgotten her for a time, he allowed penitently, for he did not seek to hide from himself that he had not intended to come there today. Remorsefully he sank upon his knees, and prayed.

His hat was thrown beside him on the ground, and the scent of the violets, triumphing over all the larger flowers, filled the air. A little breeze had sprung up, and slightly stirred his white hair, and cooled the fever in his veins. As he prayed, he noticed that since Sunday a weed had dared to lift curiously its little green shoots into the outer world, and he interrupted his prayer for an instant to pluck out the audacious intruder. Then he resumed his devotions.

When at length he arose from his knees, his wound was healed. He cherished no resentment against the Colonel. Undoubtedly he had looked shabby since she had left him. Of course there could never again be the same feeling as before the bitter disillusion, but he would forgive and forget the action of his friend, for she had liked him well. It was not an easy thing to do, but he

achieved the divine triumph beside his wife's grave.

When he looked at his watch, he found he could meet the early train back to Bloomfield. Colonel Brotherton took the later train, but the two met at the entrance of the dining room.

Mr. Sincère, who was standing in front of the door, held it open for Colonel Brotherton, and as he did so, raised his eyes in questioning wistfulness. The Colonel politely murmured, "Thank you," and without a glance of recognition passed on to his seat. Mr. Sincère followed with gentle dignity. Evidently the Colonel thought he was angry with him, and did not intend to humble himself.

It was Colonel Brotherton's invariable custom to stand until Mr. Sincère was seated, for he was three or four years younger than Mr. Sincère, but tonight he took his seat at once, and exchanging a pleasant greeting with the sheriff of the county, whom he usually delighted to ignore, began his supper.

"I suppose you had a fine day," hazarded the sheriff, leaning comfortably on his elbows, which rested perilously near his plate.

"Extremely pleasant," genially smiled Colonel Brotherton, placing a piece of ham on his plate that completely covered it. "The weather was propitious, and meeting one of my friends, I took him along to dine with me. Though I ordered, I must confess that it was a very good menu, very good," with conscious pride.

Mr. Sincère drew back as if he had received a blow. He saw, then, that the Colonel was not ashamed of his ungentlemanly action.

"I always say that you and Mr. Sincère know how to eat. It 's one of the fine arts with you. Mr. Sincère must have eaten well, too. See, he has no appetite now," remarked the sheriff.

Hearing his name mentioned, Mr. Sincère looked up.

"I forgot to eat while in the city today," he faltered, taking his fork in his hand, but forgetting to use it.

The Colonel raised his eyebrows in a line of fine scorn, and an unseemly smile played around his mouth. It was an unnecessary puerility of Sincére's to lie in that manner. It was not surprising to him that Sincère did not feel the need of supper after eating through the long dinner he had arranged going down in the cars. O, no, it was not at all wonderful to him, he repeated, futilely endeavoring to cut through the ham:

"This place must look mighty mean to you after the fine restaurant you were in today," suggested the sheriff.

"It does," returned Colonel Brotherton, but this time he forgot to smile, for he found the sheriff wearisome. He looked toward Mr. Sincère's place and saw it was vacant. He had slipped away very quietly, but his untouched supper was a silent reminder to the Colonel of the feast he had enjoyed that day. He ate his supper in sullen silence, grimly refusing to gratify the sheriff's curiosity about his dinner. He knew he would find no pleasure in dilating upon it, now that Sincère was gone.

He lit his cigar as he reached the open air, and, smoking vigorously, pursued his way down the main street, passing the small stationery store. There was a light in the side window of the room where they had been wont to breakfast, and pass the evening in playing cards. Doubtless even now the cards lay on the table. A few steps past the store, he paused uncertainly. The supper and the sheriff had been unsatisfying, and his thoughts dwelt lingeringly on the delights of an evening in the little room.

It was true, Sincère had acted disgracefully, but it was also true that he wished to hear of the dinner, to play bezique, and perhaps before he left Sincère would make a cup of chocolate for each. It was not easy to carelessly thrust aside a former warm friendship.

He retraced his steps slowly, and was about to open the door of the store, which he knew to be unlatched, when there flashed upon him the respect that was due to Colonel Brotherton. He had been about to forget himself. He had very nearly glossed over a grievous insult.

He turned rapidly, and walked away. He glanced around nervously, but no one had seen that Colonel Brotherton's dignity had been in peril.

But there was one who heard.

Mr. Sincère, leaning his brow on his hand, heard the Colonel's martial footsteps resounding on the hollow sidewalk. He felt suffocated by the tumultuous beating of his heart. His eyes were fastened on Montaigne, that lay open before him, but he was listening to the Colonel's steps, — he was coming to apologize. He felt proud of his friend. It was a difficult thing, a brave thing, to beg pardon.

Colonel Brotherton went past the door, and Mr. Sincère's heart counted the seven steps that were plainly audible as the Colonel passed. The Colonel paused, and Mr. Sincère's heart seemed to cease beating. The steps advanced toward the door, and his heart resumed its mad gallop. He hardly dared to breathe, waiting for the Colonel's entrance.

Then he heard him walk away.

He fell back in his chair, staring vacantly at the dull white of the opposite wall. But it was no time for inaction; he rushed through the store to the door.

He peered down the street; he discerned the Colonel standing at the farther corner. The Colonel turned at that moment, and he drew back into the shadow.

As the Colonel advanced, his walk grew more rapid, until, as he approached the stationery store, he broke into a run, and turning into the store, ran into Mr. Sincère's arms. He drew back, and walking more decorously than before and holding himself as stiff as a ramrod, went away.

"My friend," called Mr. Sincère gently, "my friend, I was in the wrong. I—"

The Colonel stopped long enough to say stiffly, "I am not your friend. I shall be obliged if you will forego that term in the future."

He walked on; there was no more to be said.

Mr. Sincère closed the door with trembling hands, and went back to the little room. The warm, sweet-scented night air came in at the open window, but he was chilled to the heart.

The residents of Bloomfield slowly grew accustomed in the following month to finding the stationery store open during the most delightful weather they could remember. Colonel Brotherton was always to be found from early morning until late at night in his office. The long hours, however, did not seem to agree with him, for he was decidedly testy. He was as courteous as ever, but it was a ceremonious courtesy, without warmth or spontaneity. His office was gloomy and cold; perhaps he missed the glowing radiance of the sun that poured into the stationery store with sometimes overpowering freedom.

The sheriff coming from the store one day, met Colonel Brotherton.

"He's looking mean and ugly," the sheriff began, with a backward jerk of his thumb in the direction of Mr. Sincère's store.

"Sir!" thundered the Colonel, glowering darkly.

"Yes, mean and ugly," maintained the unconscious sheriff. "He's growing thin, and if some people was n't so afraid of wearing their eyes out by using them, they 'd see he don't eat anying worth speaking of when he does come to his meals, and he don't come regular. There 's a far-away look in his eyes, too, that I don't like, but I 've a heart,—some folks have n't though."

"Some people," remarked the Colonel slowly, holding the sheriff's shifting eyes by his steady gaze, "some people imagine they possess a heart, because they are troubled by a double allowance of tongue."

The sheriff walked away exulting; he saw his words had not fallen on barren ground. The Colonel was troubled.

When Mr. Sincère came into supper that night, the Colonel was startled by the change that, for the first time, he noticed had been wrought in him. His clothes hung upon him, and his eyes had grown extraordinarily large.

Colonel Brotherton was already seated, but he arose and pulled out Mr. Sincère's chair. He was about to stand until Mr. Sincère was seated, but on glancing up caught the twinkle of amusement in the sheriff's eyes, and sat down again.

With a pensive sigh, Mr. Sincère opened his book. He took a baked potato on his plate, and opened it.

It was a watery potato, and was not sufficiently baked, and it required a great deal of pressure on his fork to reduce it to a smooth, orderly consistency. Then he put some salt on it, and finally buttered it. Not an inch of its surface was neglected. It was really a most appetizing potato when he had completed his work to his own satisfaction, and the Colonel eyed it hungrily, but Mr. Sincère was in no hurry to eat it.

"I guess you eat too much over there by yourself in the store," hinted the sheriff, viewing the greater portion of the carefully prepared potato that was still on Mr. Sincère's plate when he moved it to one side. "I don't wonder you sometimes get your own dinner over there. Only it must be kind of lonesome."

"It is," allowed Mr. Sincère. It is not worth while to cook for only one," he added, looking at the Colonel with eyes filled with reproachful pain.

The Colonel winced. Under this cover he could creep back to his former friendship with Sincère. The little breakfasts for two would be resumed, and their familiar converse. But there sat the sheriff.

Colonel Brotherton was the first of the three to leave the table that night. He was not courageous, and thought it best to flee from temptation, lest, before the sheriff, he forgave Sincère and reinstated him in his heart.

After that last appeal Mr. Sincère did not go over to the dining-room any more. The block between the store and the hotel seemed a needlessly long walk to him, as he never was hungry nowadays. Even had he been, he could not have eaten under the Colonel's unfriendly eyes.

It was on a Saturday that the Colonel stood in front of the stationery store, waiting for some small boy to come along, whom he might send in for his magazine. While he was waiting the sheriff passed by; he was always meeting the sheriff, he thought wrathfully.

"Want anything inside? Tell me; I 'll go in and get it for you."

Disdaning to reply, the Colonel walked into the store. Mr. Sincère seeing him dropped his paper, and came forward in tremulous eagerness.

The Colonel, unsuccessfully endeavoring to make his voice steady, laid down the money and asked for his magazine. Mr. Sincère wrapped it, his hand shaking visibly.

He realized for the first time, as the Colonel walked away, that their friendship would never be revived.

As he boarded the train the following morning, he espied the Colonel already seated. He went to the farthest corner.

He found the grave looking its prettiest. Not a weed had ventured sacreligiously to grow in the earth around her, and the roses were at their best. He would be glad when they laid him beside her.

He stumbled as he arose from his

knees after planting a border of violets. He felt dizzy and singularly weary. He had not eaten any breakfast; perhaps he was faint from hunger. He hated the thought of going to the dingy little restaurant, but realized it would not do for him to linger longer at her grave.

It was just such a morning, he meditated, as he walked from the car toward the restaurant, that the Colonel and he had come to the city together, and the Colonel had invited him to dine, and then suddenly grown ashamed of him.

He was about to enter the restaurant when he stopped abruptly. He discovered the Colonel seated at one of the tables; his back was turned, but he knew him on the instant. He turned quickly and walked away.

And the Colonel had not eaten those splendid dinners either! he repeated to himself in mad exultation.

He no longer felt faint or ill. The world was transformed: for the first time in two months the sun shone for him, the birds carolled, and the flowers bloomed.

There was another restaurant of the same kind, farther down the street, where he went. He was not hungry, but the food he forced himself to eat no longer choked him.

He understood, he said to himself, smiling joyously. The Colonel had never been ashamed of him, but had possibly thought that he, Sincère, was ashamed of him. But no, that was impossible. And surely it was the Colonel who had invited him? He could not make certain. Perhaps the Colonel had thought he was being invited. He laughed aloud.

He wanted to run back to the restaurant and see the Colonel, and explain all the foolish misunderstanding. But he must not act hastily; it was a delicate matter, and the Colonel must never know he had seen him.

The afternoon dragged to him,— he was so anxious to get home, to see the Colonel. When at last he got on the train, the Colonel was not to be found. Evidently he had gone home earlier in the afternoon.

As he alighted from the car he noticed the sheriff on the other side of the track. He would ask him if the Colonel had come home by the earlier train; the sheriff had always been very kind to him,— everybody was kind to him.

As he started to cross the track he waved his hand to the sheriff, as sign to wait for him, and he saw the sheriff wave his hands frantically, and the people shout. He had crossed the track when the sheriff vanished from sight, and the noise of the crowd became inaudible to him. The downward train, in its mad rush, had grazed him.

The sheriff was among the first to reach him. They lifted him up gently, and at their touch he opened his eyes and smiled upon them.

It was a most marvelous escape, for he was not cut. He was badly bruised, and his nerves were shaken by the accident, and he was unconscious while they took him home and undressed him.

The sheriff and the doctor worked over him, and were soon rewarded by seeing him return to consciousness.

"My dear friend, the —" he murmured, coming out of the darkness; and he stretched out his hand.

The sheriff softly tiptoed from the room. As he opened the door of the store he paused, and checked an incipient smile.

About a quarter of a block from the store stood clustered together all the small boys of the town, and a great portion of the men.

The Colonel was patrolling the immediate vicinity of the store.

The sheriff stepped forward. "I shall take your place. He wants you," he said with simple directness.

"Is he — He is not —" the Colonel faltered, his brave demeanor suddenly deserting him.

"He 'll be all right shortly," affirmed the sheriff with easy reassurance.

The Colonel walked through the store.

He stood hesitating, with his hand on the knob, when the doctor came out.

Then the Colonel went in, noiselessly closing the door upon the outer world, and advanced toward the bed.

Though he moved so quietly, Mr. Sincère heard him, and raised his eyes.

"My friend, the Colonel," he breathed again, but now there was only a great restfulness in his accents.

"I have come to stay," whispered the Colonel, as his hand closed over his friend's, "to stay and take care of you."

"You are very good," Mr. Sincère said, faintly pressing the Colonel's hand. "She always said you were very good."

He lay for a moment without speaking, then proceeded, —

"That day — that day we went to the city together — "

"Never mind now. I have forgotten all about it," broke in the Colonel, flushing guiltily.

"No, I must tell you. I thought, that day, that you were inviting me to dine with you. Of course, I see now I invited you," hurriedly, "but I thought then you had invited me, and afterwards had grown ashamed of my shabby clothes. I — I never ate any of those dinners of which I told you. I was envious of you, and tried to outdo you. You understand now, my Colonel?"

"The Colonel had been uneasily tracing with his foot a figure on the faded carpet, his eyes on his work. He threw back his head and cleared his voice.

"We have been very foolish," he began. "I never thought — "

The sheriff opened the door at that moment and put in his head. He withdrew instantly.

"— I never thought," the Colonel resumed, but now he looked straight before him, "but that you were inviting me; otherwise, I should have invited you. That was why I was angry. But," he continued joyously, "my work is completed, and I shall go to the city no more. The dinners are now a thing of the past."

Mr. Sincère gave a sigh of relief.

"I ate the last one of the course today," brazenly persisted the Colonel.

"I am sure it was a good one," prompted Mr. Sincère, but he delicately avoided looking at his friend, turning his eyes to the farthest corner of the room.

The Colonel did not reply. He looked toward the window, then toward the door. He could not make certain the sheriff would not come in at any moment. Even as he hesitated, the sheriff knocked and entered.

"I am going to send for Mrs. Allen to come and take care of you," he observed.

"What!" protested the Colonel indignantly. "I will take care of my friend. I am to stay all night. In fact — in fact," bravely going on, though the sheriff's eyes twinkled openly, "I am going to give up my room and stay here altogether, and take care of my friend."

And Mr. Sincère, who had grown very weary, closed his dim eyes, murmuring appreciatively, "My good friend, the Colonel!"

Alice S. Wolf.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

" WHEN darkness hid the starry skies
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,—
The far-off Northern light ! "

THE kindly words of one nation to another nation which is in distress may well be considered as rose leaves between the pages of history, and therefore we should treasure in our hearts those which came from Russia to the United States in the most trying hours of the great Civil War.

More than one hundred years ago, during our struggle for independence, the Empress Catherine gave a strong proof of good will for the United States by the offer to act as a mediator for peace between us and England, but this friendly act was rendered of no avail by the positive declaration of England that "the dependence of her rebel subjects of America must be pre-established."

In 1804 the Emperor Alexander made application to the Turkish government to effect the release of the American prisoners whom accident, together with the capture of the frigate Philadelphia, had thrown into the power of the Tripolitans.

In the year 1813 the Emperor Alexander offered his mediation to procure peace between the United States and England, which aided materially in producing the desired effect.

On Feb. 12th, 1866, George Bancroft, the historian and statesman, at the request of both houses of Congress, delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington, before the leading men of the nation and the diplomatic corps, the memorial address on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln.

In this address Mr. Bancroft commented in very forcible language on the measures adopted by some of the governments of Europe during the War of the Rebellion, but he said impressively: "Russia, whose emperor had just accomplished one of the grandest acts in the course of time by raising twenty millions of bondmen into freeholders, and thus assuring the growth and culture of a Russian people, remained our unwavering friend."

Coming from such a source, and occurring at such a time, it is well to repeat these words, especially in connection with the remarkable statements which have recently been made public, in reference to the attitude of Russia towards us at that time.

Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, of New York, has lived in Russia, and enjoyed the acquaintance of persons high in authority in that country. He has just written a letter in which, after referring to the Emperor Napoleon's proposal to Russia and England to interfere in behalf of the Confederates, he says:—

"Early in the War of the Rebellion a Russian fleet lay for several months in New York harbor, and other Russian men-of-war were stationed at San Francisco. Admiral Farragut lived at the Astor House, where he was visited frequently by the Russian admiral, between whom, when they were young officers serving in the Mediterranean, a warm friendship had existed. Sitting in Thurlow Weed's room one evening after dinner, Admiral Farragut said to his Russian friend:

"'Why are you spending the winter here in idleness?'

"'I am here,' replied the Russian admiral, 'under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not occurred.'

"He added that Russian men-of-war were lying off San Francisco with simi-

lar orders. During this conversation the Russian admiral admitted that his orders were to break the seals if, during the rebellion, we became involved in a war with foreign nations.

"In Washington, a few days later, Secretary Seward asked the Russian Minister why his government kept their ships of war so long in our harbors, and the reply, in disclaiming any knowledge of the nature of the visit, was that it had 'no unfriendly purpose.'"

Another witness is Commander F. E. Chadwick of the navy, who was closely intimate for many years with Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Curtin, it need hardly be mentioned, was sent to St. Petersburg as American Minister after the war. The following, Commander Chadwick had from Governor Curtin's own lips:—

"On his having audience of the Czar to take leave on his recall, the Czar asked him to present his best wishes to the people of the United States, pointedly omitting reference to the President, with regard to whose reception of the Grand Duke Alexis when in Washington there had been a good deal of feeling. Later, calling at the Foreign Office, he mentioned to Prince Gortschakoff his surprise at the omission on the part of the Czar to mention the President. Gortschakoff said the Czar had felt rather sorely the manner of the Grand Duke's reception, particularly as he felt that there were reasons why there should be cordial feelings on the part of America toward Russia. The Prince then showed the Governor the copy of the orders to the admiral commanding the Russian fleet sent to New York, which instructed the admiral, in the event of the recognition of the Confederacy by France or England, to place his fleet at the disposition of the American government. In other words, the recognition was to be the signal for the declaration by Russia of war against those powers; and there can be little doubt that the knowledge by the French and English cabinets of these orders was the great leash which held them in check."

The most touching and positive proofs of Russia's earnest friendship to us have been hidden away in the files of the State Department among the diplomatic correspondence, and the writer of this article, believing them to be unknown to most Americans, has personally copied them from the records. They are the most important extracts from a letter which was written to William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, by Bayard Taylor, then our Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg, and dated Oct. 29, 1862, perhaps the darkest and most despondent period of the rebellion.

In this memorable letter Bayard Taylor narrates an interview with Prince Gortschakoff, in which the Prince commenced by stating, in the strongest terms, his concern at the course which events were taking in the United States.

"'Your situation,' said he, 'is getting worse and worse. The chances of preserving the Union are growing more desperate. Can nothing be done to stop this dreadful war? The hope of reunion is growing less and less, and I wish to impress upon your government that the separation, which I fear must come, will be considered by Russia as one of the greatest misfortunes.

"'Russia alone has stood by you from the first, and will continue to stand by you. We are very, *very* anxious that some means should be adopted,—that any course should be pursued,—which shall prevent the division that now seems inevitable. One separation will be followed by another; you will break into fragments.'

"'We feel this,' I replied. 'The Northern and Southern States cannot peaceably exist side by side as separate republics. There is nothing the American people desire so much as peace; but peace on the basis of separation is

equivalent to continual war. We have only just called the whole strength of the nation into action. We believe the struggle now commencing will be final, and we cannot, without disgrace and ruin, accept the only terms upon which the rebels would treat until our strength has been tried and failed.'

"'You know the sentiment of Russia,' the Prince exclaimed, with great earnestness. 'We desire above all things the maintenance of the American Union as one indivisible nation. We cannot take any part more than we have done. We have no hostility to the Southern people. Russia has declared her position, and will maintain it. There will be proposals for intervention. We believe that intervention could do no good at present. Proposals will be made to Russia to join in some plan of interference. She will refuse any invitation of the kind. Russia will occupy the same ground as at the beginning of the struggle. You may rely upon it, she will not change. But we entreat you to settle the difficulty. I cannot express to you how profound an anxiety we feel,—how serious are our fears.'

"We were standing face to face during the conversation, and the earnest, impassioned manner of the Prince impressed me with the fact that he was speaking from his heart.

"I thanked him for his frankness, and for the renewed declaration of the attitude of Russia.

"I fixed in my memory at the time, and have reproduced almost word for word, the conversation that occurred between us."

The foregoing are the very words used by Bayard Taylor in his letter, and taken in connection with the other testimony mentioned, should appeal to every American strongly and convincingly, that in our struggle for national existence the Emperor of Russia and his wise counselor were, indeed, as George Bancroft eloquently remarks, "our unwavering friends."

Horace F. Cutter.

THE WRONG TRUMP.

"It 's the Lord's will, my son."

"It 's odd how often his will and mine have crossed lately."

"John! Thee should not speak so irreverently. I know it is hard to wait; but be patient, and all will yet be well."

"It 's all very well to talk about patience, mother, but when I think of her, slaving her sweet life away for that drunken wretch, it makes my blood boil; but I can't persuade her to give him up. She worshiped him too long without knowing what he really was. He 's an out and out old rascal, and she don't know it."

"And I pray God she never may, John. To me her devotion to her unworthy father is the loveliest thing in her character, and thee cannot deny that he thinks a great deal of her when he is himself. I have faith that with the Lord's help she may yet reform him."

"The days of miracles are too long past, mother dear. Everybody but Ruth knows him for a dishonest old sinner, and lately there 's some very ugly rumors afloat about his being connected with Tom Bell's gang. If they turn out to be true, I would n't give much for his chances. Not even Ruth's pleadings could save him,—and she 's so innocent. It drives me wild to think of it, but I can't persuade her to give him up. I wish you 'd go down and see her this afternoon, mother. I thought she looked pale last night."

"Very well, John; I was thinking of doing so. But thee had better go now. It grows late."

The stalwart, handsome young man in flannel shirt and leather top-boots withdrew his troubled gaze from the lavender and sweet-williams that bordered the path, kissed the sweetfaced woman with the white 'kerchief across her breast, and started on his afternoon tramp up the ditch.

It was during the palmy days of '61. Hydraulic mining was in its prime. The town of ——— was on one of the best paying gravel leads in the State,—a picturesquely situated town on a slope of the mighty Sierras, whose broad bosoms were here and there disfigured by unsightly scars.

John Keniston, accompanied by his Quaker wife and only son, had crossed the plains in '51. They were among the first settlers of the town, and here they had since remained. Two years before, John the elder had died, leaving his brave little pioneer wife to the care of the younger John, then a stalwart young man of two and twenty. He left them a half interest in a fairly prosperous mine, and they were considered well fixed by the community.

One of the best known characters "on the ridge" was Judge Bill Wallace, who was a pioneer of '49. A handsome, well-educated man, a lawyer by profession, he soon became a man of influence in those chaotic days, and was elected county judge; but an unfortunate propensity for liquor and the gambling table swallowed every "raise" he made, and the patient little wife at the old Virginia homestead waited in vain for the summons to join him.

He was to send for her within a few months when he left Virginia,—a year at the farthest; but ten long weary years dragged by ere the summons came to join the man she had loved and married sorely against the wishes of her parents.

The little daughter, but seven years of age when he left home, remembered him perfectly, and enshrined his image in her loyal little heart, for the wife never lost faith in him, but was certain that what-

ever happened he could not have been to blame. He wrote often, and was always going to fix up a home and send for them soon, but fate, he said, was against him. He did not think it necessary to tell her how much of his earnings were swallowed up at the gambling table, and she, though aware that he was somewhat addicted to these habits, still had a woman's marvelous faith in him, and the little Ruth grew into a sweet girlhood, firm in the conviction that her father was the noblest and best of men.

At last a lucky combination of cloth and mine enabled him to purchase a home and send for his family. The delicate wife, always an invalid, seemed to have kept her frail hold upon life only for this, and died shortly after reaching the longed-for haven; died in blessed ignorance of the depths to which her idol had fallen; died, and was laid to rest in the little graveyard on the hill, around which the melancholy pines were ever whispering; died, beseeching Ruth with her latest breath to be good to her father. The poor child had always been taught to worship him, and he was all she had left to love. For a little while he kept straight, but soon drifted back into his old dissolute habits.

But she clung to him bravely, even when she knew the worst. She soon had many friends and admirers, who would gladly have given her the best of love and care; but she resisted their efforts in her behalf, and clung to the wreck with a determination well worthy of a better cause.

The widow Keniston and her son had been her warmest friends from the first, — in fact, with John it was a case of love at first sight, and it was not long ere he risked his fate; but she put his love sweetly but firmly aside. She could not think of leaving father, now that he needed her so; if John really loved her he must wait; and as there was no doubt at all in John's mind on that score, he endeavored to possess his soul in patience, hoping that the Judge would either reform for her sake, or soon succumb to his manifold vices.

In this he seemed doomed to disappointment, for the old man showed uncommon perversity, and was firmly inclined to do neither.

John and his partner, Dick Forbes, owned a good water right. The water was carried to their claim through several miles of ditch and flume. During the mining season it was John's duty to patrol this, and see that it was kept in repair. The ditch wound through deep cañons and picturesque ravines. Ruth sometimes accompanied him for a few miles, returning alone, gathering ferns and wildflowers, mimicking the whistle of the quail or the saucy bark of the squirrel; for she was a fearless little wood nymph, and delighted to roam at will through the forest.

It was during the spring of '61 that an epidemic of highway robbery raged throughout that part of the State. Members of "Tom Bell's gang" terrorized the country, though that accomplished rascal had himself paid the penalty of his crimes and misdemeanors some time before.

It is needless to add that this form of "pocket mining" was unpopular with the majority, and sternest measures were adopted in order to discourage it. In spite of this it continued to flourish, and the public pulse was rising to fever heat. Numerous men succeeded in accomplishing a feat of robbery, and then haunted the dim recesses of the woods with prices on their heads. They were usually given short shift if caught, and many a man was compelled to knock for admission at Eternity's gate on purely circumstantial evidence, and even the fact that he looked as if he might be guilty weighed heavily against him. In those days you might kill a man and be acquitted the same day, but society drew the line at taking a man's gold. That for which he had endured so much hard-

ship he might squander if he chose, but it should not be stolen. For that there was but one remedy, a single dose of which was guaranteed to cure the worst cases, and many a tree bore strange and uninviting fruit as the result of this system. The courts were but newly organized, and "the great door of justice stood but partly ajar, and grated upon its rusty hinges."

Judge Wallace did not wish Ruth to marry. She made his home very pleasant during the few hours a day that he deigned to grace it with his presence; besides, he had large plans for the future. True, he was rapidly making away with what was left of his last raise, but he fully intended to retrieve his fortunes each time he sat down to the gambling table.

About this time there was an addition to society in the person of Mr. Henry—or as he was soon familiarly called, "Hank" Stein,—a well-dressed fellow, with a rather handsome face, who it was soon discovered could tell a shadier story, stand up under more whisky, and shoot straighter, than any man on the ridge. He and the Judge soon became friends. He seemed to be well supplied with money, and it was soon apparent that the Judge also was flush. Stein frequently disappeared for a few days on a "business trip," from which he always returned well heeled.

Ruth disliked him exceedingly. Her father often brought him to the house, and she forced herself to be civil to him, but in her heart she abhorred him, and the knowledge that he admired her did not in the least add to her pleasure.

Stein returned from one of his trips with his left arm in a sling; said he had a little difficulty with a man down at the Gulch. A good deal of surprise was expressed at this.

"Did he ketch ye asleep, Hank?" demanded Tom Finley, the ambrosial-locked bartender at Cushman's hotel.

"Naw," said Hank significantly; "but he's taking right smart of a nap now, hisself," and the subject dropped.

Hank and the Judge had now become "thicker 'n thieves," as Bob Scott said. Bob was an odd specimen of humanity who worked for Keniston and Forbes. He had a shrewd old head, set slightly askew of his bent shoulders, and very few happenings in the vicinity escaped his observation. He was one of the earlier pilgrims; he had reached California in '46, being one of the lucky ones who avoided the "Hastings' Cut-off," and thus escaped the dreadful fate of the Donner party. He journeyed to Sutter's Fort, and being a good mechanic readily found employment. When the great excitement of '48 came he was the first to reach the mountains, and here he had since remained.

He and Judge Wallace were for some years partners in a mine, which through some chicanery on the Judge's part they were forced to give up. As it had since proved very rich, Bob naturally had no love for the Judge, and when the frail wife and pretty daughter arrived, found it a hard task to treat him decently for their sakes. They were prepared to like Bob very much, having heard of him for years through letters of the Judge, who took good care that they should remain in ignorance of the fact that crookedness on his part had caused the disruption.

Bob sought employment of the elder Keniston, remarking that "he never did have no great shakes of luck nohow," and had worked at the mine ever since. He was deeply interested in John's love affairs, and was anxious to have the match accomplished, for his distrust of the Judge had increased.

When Hank Stein first put in an appearance, Bob spoke of him to John as "a Sidney duck if ever *he* saw one," but he took care that no one else overheard it, well aware that a pistol ball would be the result, should the remark come to Stein's ears.

One night, after Ruth had gone to bed, she was awakened by voices in an adjoining room, which she at once recognized as her father's and Stein's. She listened, surprised, and her first thought was that he had brought Stein home to spend the evening and she must get up. She arose, and while dressing became convinced that both were somewhat under the influence of liquor, and were quarreling over some sort of business transaction. They did not speak very loudly, but her fears were greatly aroused. Her father had usually treated her kindly, even when in liquor, and she was not much afraid of him, but she had a mortal dread of Stein.

"Don't try any of your tricks on me, old man," she heard him exclaim warningly, "or, by ——, you 'll get the worst of it."

She could not hear her father reply, but there was a cringing sound in his voice that made her heart beat fast with shame and apprehension. What had he done to put himself in this man's power? She dared not think, but fastened her dress with trembling fingers, and wished that John were within call. She was not naturally cowardly, but her aversion to Stein amounted to physical fear.

After a time Stein seemed pacified. She heard the click of glasses, and soon after both left the room. She could hear them going through the kitchen, and opening her door looked out. They had taken the light, and as she listened she heard them, to her amazement, going down cellar. She closed the door softly and awaited their return, her mind filled with terrible apprehensions. They presently returned. She listened anxiously, but could not hear what was said, and shortly after they left the house together. She did not return to bed, but wrapping herself in a blanket, sat by the window, till in the gray dawn the Judge's unsteady footstep sounded on the porch, and he entered his room to throw himself upon the bed in a drunken slumber, from which she knew by experience he would not arise till nearly noon.

When daylight came she slipped down cellar, dreading to see she knew not what. Everything seemed as usual, but in one corner stood a long-handled shovel with fresh earth upon the blade. The floor of the cellar was of earth and was quite dry, as the house stood upon a slope.

Peering carefully round she saw traces of fresh earth around a heavy cupboard, which stood in one corner. She tried to move it, but it was beyond her strength, so she was obliged to abandon the search.

While attending to her usual household duties, she resolved to speak plainly to her father, and implore him to have nothing further to do with Stein. When about noon he made his appearance, with a general puffiness of face and shakiness of hands, she greeted him in her usual pleasant manner, and as she poured out his strong, black coffee, asked gently, —

"What did Mr. Stein want last night, father?"

He glanced at her sharply. "Why? How did you know he was here?"

"I heard you talking, I was not asleep. And oh, father dear, how I wish you would have nothing more to do with him. I know he 's a bad man."

Judge Wallace set down his coffee untasted, and stared at her a moment in silence. When he spoke she fairly shivered at the hardness and cruelty in his tone.

"Look here, my girl; I have n't arrived at my time of life to be dictated to by my daughter as to whom I shall associate with. Let me tell you once for all not to meddle with my affairs if you know what 's good for yourself."

He helped himself to one of her dainty rolls, took a sip of coffee, and added in a more conciliatory tone: —

"Now, Ruth, just be a sensible girl,

and remember that your father knows what 's best for his own interests. And one thing more, I want you to be more civil to Stein. He complains to me that you don't treat him well ; but let me tell you he has it in his power to make it bad for us if he took a notion,— just some business transactions that you can't understand,— but I want you to be civil."

Ruth rose and left the room. She knew she would cry if she stayed, and her father hated the sight of tears, so she seldom shed them in his presence. When he had finished his meal he came into the room where she lay on the sofa with her face to the wall. He stood a few moments in the center of the room, chewing a toothpick and eyeing the pathetic little figure irresolutely. There was a look of annoyance on his handsome, dissipated face. At length he approached, and bending his portly form above her, placed one large white hand on her head and stroked it gently.

"There, there!" he said soothingly. "Father's little girl must n't cry, or act naughty any more. I 'm afraid she 's forgotten what mother said about being good to father, but she must try to make things pleasant for us both, and remember that father knows best."

She tried to speak, but sobs choked her utterance, and as he greatly disliked a scene he gave her head a final pat, and took his hat and his departure with a virtuous air of having done his duty ; while poor little Ruth, her heart aching from the cruel stab of implied disloyalty to the dear dead mother, cried on, not hearing the gentle rap upon the half-opened door, nor knowing any one had entered till she felt a cool hand on her burning forehead and a gentle voice asked : "What ails thee, Ruth? Has anything gone wrong with thee, dear?"

She sat up then, and with her head on kind Mrs. Keniston's shoulder soon became calmer, and told her of her fears that all was not well with her father, and that she had no influence with him. The good woman spent the afternoon with her, and had the satisfaction of leaving her somewhat cheered.

When John Keniston climbed the long ladder beside the iron pipe and came up out of the mine, he was pleased to find his mother waiting on the bank to walk home with him. He gave her his arm, and they walked on up the trail in the sunset glow, turning as they reached a point from which a magnificent view of mountain and valley was to be had, and gazing in silence at the glowing sky, the valley far below wrapped in pale blue mist, and the long black shadows creeping up the cañons. The warm spring breeze, laden with the sweet perfumes of manzanita bells, blew across their faces, and the roar of water in the mines rose and fell on the air like distant moaning of the surf.

They understood each other very thoroughly, and to them the silence was eloquent ; but the mother gently broke it by saying : —

"I think thee must urge thy suit with Ruth more fervently still. I have been down to see the dear child this afternoon, and found her very unhappy. I fear her father is a sad rogue, and makes her life very unpleasant, and I do not think it right or safe that she should be there so much alone."

'But, mother dear, what can I do? I have urged her as far as I dared. I have used all my powers of persuasion, but she will not consent to leave him. I can't suggest marrying and living there with him. He does n't like me well enough to consent to that, and for that matter won't consent to my marrying her at all, and she won't marry me unless he does, so what can I do? God knows, I 'm only too anxious to take her, but I can't get her. If you can advise me in the matter I shall be very glad ; I 'll own I 'm at my wit's end. The only plan I can think of is to abduct her forcibly and marry her whether or no, but I fear

that might not work with a girl like Ruth."

"I should not advise thee to use force, John, but thee might visit her this evening. She seemed rather down-hearted, poor child."

John lost no time in acting on her suggestion, and pleaded long and earnestly that she would give him the rights he so much desired; but she said, "Not yet, John, dear," so pleadingly, that he was obliged to let it be as she wished. He went home with a very rebellious feeling in his heart, and the look he cast at the waning moon, rising late like a faded beauty, and peering at him from between the skeleton limbs of a dead tree, was anything but amiable.

Not long after this Stein disappeared and was gone some weeks. Ruth began to breathe more freely. Perhaps he had left for good; her father would sever all connection with him and all would yet be well. Her father had treated her very kindly of late, though there was a nervousness in his manner that she could not account for. If he heard a passing step he listened till it went by. He came home earlier than usual at night, and insisted on barricading the doors and windows, remarking that there was a great deal of lawlessness about, and it behooved a man to be cautious; and once Ruth heard him make a stealthy trip to the cellar. Their house stood a little off the main road, and they had no very near neighbors.

Once in the night she heard a horseman ride up to the house, dismount and knock, heard her father open the door and admit some one. A hasty, low-toned conversation was heard, and the horseman rode rapidly away. She was filled with alarm, but dared not say anything, for fear of again bringing her father's wrath upon her head. Listening intently, she fancied she heard the clink of money. She heard him moving quietly around, and shortly heard his stealthy footsteps on the cellar stairs.

The next day he seemed so pleasant and cheerful that she half forgot her fears, and went up to spend the day with Mrs. Keniston. In the afternoon she accompanied John on his walk up to the middle reservoir. It was quite a distance, but she loved to walk, and enjoyed being in the woods. Arrived at the reservoir, John found to his dismay that something was wrong with the ditch above, as the water was shut off and the reservoir nearly dry. It was imperative that he should see to it at once, and he was reluctantly obliged to let Ruth return alone. She did not mind it in the least.

"I 'll take a cut across the cañon. It 'll be much shorter, and I want to get some ferns," she said.

Leaving the ditch, she started down the mountain side, the slope becoming steeper as she descended. Half way down she caught the tinkle of a cow-bell from the depths below. She knew it must be some of the town cattle, as they often strayed into the cañons to feed; and reflecting that none of them were at all vicious, and that it was too late to turn back, she went lightly on.

The way became steeper, and there was no trail. She grasped here and there a branch of a low tree or shrub to steady her descent, and laughed at the saucy chirp of the squirrel and protesting squawk of the bluejay. The tinkle of the cow-bell sounded nearer, and she recognized it as belonging to neighbor Brown's gentle old Spot.

She parted a cluster of little firs, and holding to a branch was about to let herself down the last steep bit of mountain side, when a scene met her eye that startled her greatly. On a level grassy place beside the stream that ran through the cañon stood old Spot, contentedly chewing her cud, while a man knelt at her side, utilizing his felt hat for a milk-pail into which she allowed him to guide a generous stream. Just beyond stood a man holding two horses by the

bridle-reins, while they hungrily cropped the rich grass.

The men's backs were toward her, but at the sound of her pushing through the bushes both turned quickly. The milker let his impromptu bucket fall, and springing up seized a rifle that leaned against a log, while the man holding the horses turned to her terrified gaze the handsome, cruel face of Stein.

For a moment only she hesitated, then all the bravery in her nature came to her aid. She knew these men were there for no good purpose, but she must not let them know she thought so, as she was completely in their power. Swinging herself down, she bowed pleasantly to Stein, who stepped forward, a smile of pleasure on his face. He hurriedly spoke a few words to his companion, who put down his gun and picked up his hat with a foolish grin, while old Spot, feeling herself released from all obligations to stand still, moved on to finish her interrupted repast.

Stein held out his hand exclaiming: "Well, I declare! This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Wallace."

Ruth barely touched his hand, remarking pleasantly that she had taken a walk up the ditch and cut across the cañon coming back, as it was shorter, and she wished to get some ferns. She started on up the cañon, but Stein said rather abruptly: —

"Wait a moment. I want to say a word to you. Here, Joe! Hold these horses." He handed him the bridles, and strode by Ruth's side.

"I'll bet Keniston walked up with you, did n't he, now?" he asked peering into her face.

She smothered her horror and disgust as best she could, and answered quietly, "Yes."

"Well, I mean to put in a word for myself now. I suppose you know I 'm dead gone on you and always have been, but you 've never given me half a show. I 've got you where I want you now, and you 've got to listen to me. I 've got plenty of swag, more 'n you 'll ever be able to spend, and if you 'll say the word we 'll cut out of this part of the country. Take the old man, too, if you say so."

She faced him bravely, though with a sinking heart. "Mr. Stein, please don't say anything more. I am engaged to John, and will marry him as soon as my father consents."

He flushed darkly. "I don't see as that makes a damn's odds. You would n't be the first girl that 's thrown one fellow overboard to make room for another."

"You are very much mistaken, Mr. Stein, if you take me for that sort of a girl, for I can assure you that I will never throw John overboard, as you say, for any one I have seen yet. I must go now. It is getting late."

"Not so fast, young lady. While I 'm making an open confession I might as well tell you something else. If you have any love for that precious old rascally father of yours, don't drop a word to any one that you have seen us here, — understand?"

"Yes," said Ruth quietly.

"And you promise not to?"

"Yes," she said, meeting his look. "I will say nothing about it to any one; most certainly not, if it will endanger my father."

"That 's right. You want to take good care of him," he said sneeringly. "He 's such a nice honest old man."

Tears rushed to her eyes. "I know he is not all I could wish, but he is my father, and I love him very much."

He laughed rather apologetically. "All right. But don't forget my instructions, or we may meet again sooner than you care about."

She bade him good afternoon gently, and passed on up the mountain side. He watched her a moment, then drew a revolver from his belt and took deliberate aim at her, but lowered it with a muttered curse.

"No, I 'm damned if I can; but I 'll

get even with 'em all. I 'll get the bulge on the old man, and Keniston 'll be too proud to marry her when he knows what the old man is. My turn 'll come then."

He returned to his companion, and Ruth, unconscious of her narrow escape, hurried on and reached the Keniston home, pale and breathless; but in reply to gentle questionings said that John had been compelled to go on up the ditch, and she had walked back too fast and felt rather tired.

On the way home she met a neighbor, who at once proceeded to give her the details of a bold robbery that occurred over on the —— road the day before. Three men, who were taking down the bullion from a large mine, had been robbed by highwaymen, who were supposed to belong to Tom Bell's gang. One of the men, attempting to resist the gang, had been killed, and another wounded.

Ruth listened as in a horrible dream. She seemed to hear again the mysterious knock at the door, and the hurried sound of hoofs galloping off into the midnight. She spoke a few words of horror and pity, and passed on with the certainty in her mind that the men she had that day seen in the cañon were the guilty ones. The thought of having touched Stein's hand made her flesh creep, and his words rang in her ears: "If you have any love for that precious old father of yours, don't drop a word to any one that you 've seen us." O God! To what extent was her father implicated with them? For that he was, she now felt certain. What could she do? A sense of helpless terror seemed to weigh her down, and it was a very white and haggard face that looked across the table at Judge Wallace that evening, — so much so that it attracted his attention, and he remarked pleasantly that she needed a change and should have it. They would, he hoped, soon shake the dust of the place from their feet forever.

"Where are we going?" asked Ruth, full of dreadful forebodings.

"O, we 'll take a turn at Frisco for a while. You 'll have a chance to see something there, and make acquaintances that amount to something."

"How soon are we going?" she asked despairingly.

"In a week or two at farthest. I have some business matters to attend to, but I would rather you would not mention to any one that we are going. I don't like to have my affairs discussed by the community."

A sense of helpless misery was upon her. She dreaded the thought of leaving John and his mother, but she could not forsake her father; besides, he might do better away from here. At any rate, she must go if he went. She could only wait and hope for the best.

It was about a week later that Ruth, tying up a honeysuckle vine on the porch, heard an unusual tumult down town. Running down to the road for a better view, she saw an excited crowd of men surging through the streets. A sudden dread seized her. Without waiting for a hat she ran down the street. The crowd was coming toward the house. In the midst of it she saw her father, hatless, with his iron gray hair waving in the wind. He was being led along with no gentle hands, and curses and imprecations filled the air. On the outskirts of the crowd she saw Bob Scott, and ran up to him in wild terror.

"O, what is the matter? Tell me quick," she cried.

"Why, ye poor lamb! There, now, don't git scart. Maybe it ain't true, but word hez come to the boys that your father 's been in with the robbers, hidin' the swag for 'em. Somebody 's told 'em to look in the cellar and they 'll find it. I 'll bet that cursed Stein 's at the bottom of it, but if the boys find anything I 'm afraid it 'll go hard — Hello! durned if she ain't fainted. I must cut back fer John."

He laid her tenderly on the grass beside the road, and "cut back fer John" at an astonishing rate of speed. He found him just coming down from the mine to learn the cause of the uproar, and led him hastily to where Ruth was just struggling back to consciousness. Bob ran to a ditch and brought water in his hat; but it was not needed, for she had so far recovered as to beg John in tones of agony to rush to her father's help.

With a few hurried words of comfort to her, he left her in Bob's care and ran to the house, where he soon saw that matters were in a bad way. Cries of vengeance filled the air. He saw that the newly elected sheriff, Dick Thomas, was not there, and ran back to town, only to be met with the discouraging news that he was sick in bed. He ran to his house and found Thomas in bed, but not seriously ill. On learning of the trouble he hastily arose, dressed with John's help, and the two hurried for the scene of disturbance. As they ran through town they met the very popular county judge, Mead, who went with them.

Arrived at the house, they found an angry mob surrounding Judge Wallace, who stood as calmly in their midst as circumstances would allow, and when his voice could be heard, protested his innocence of any robbery. But the searching party in the cellar had moved the heavy cupboard, and soon unearthed a box which contained a large amount of coin and bullion. It was hurriedly repeated amid the crowd that Stein had been captured and identified as one of the —— road robbers; that Judge Lynch had presided at his trial; and that just before his light was put out he told them that Judge Wallace belonged to the gang, and where to look for the evidence against him.

The three determined men pushed their way into the crowd. Judge Mead seized the prisoner by one arm, while John grasped the other. The sheriff walked just ahead, crying: —

"Make way, gentlemen! Make way! This man is in the custody of the law, and we are taking him to jail."

The crowd, taken a little aback, permitted them to pass, following close in the rear.

The Judge was escorted to the court house and placed in jail. By this time the crowd had become very demonstrative. The sheriff appeared, and assured them that the man should have a fair trial. Cries for Judge Mead were now heard, and that gentleman came out and addressed the crowd, assuring them that Wallace should have a fair trial, as the grand jury met in a few days; and turning to one of the ringleaders of the mob, a large and powerful man, he said:

"Tom Walker, I want you to select a number of good men to guard this jail, and I hold you responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoner, and his delivery to me next week for trial."

The day was won by enlisting Walker on the side of law and order, and in spite of angry cries and jeers on the part of some, he and the men he selected soon dispersed the mob.

As soon as John saw that the Judge was safe for the present, he hurried back to Ruth. He had seen her agonized face for a few moments on the outskirts of the crowd as they rushed the Judge off to jail, but he saw that Bob was with her, and knew he would see that no harm befell her. He was now glad to be able to assure her of her father's safety, and took her at once to his mother, into whose tender care he gave her, and after doing his best to quiet her fears, went back to discuss the Judge's unfortunate situation with some of his friends.

He found that there was a very bitter feeling against him, and lynch talk was heard on all sides, though much sympathy was expressed for Ruth. The next day John went to the jail and had

a long conference with the prisoner. What passed between them was never fully revealed, but in the afternoon John brought Ruth down to see her father. She had begged to be allowed to go to him from the first, but he had sent word positively forbidding her to do so.

The day after the loungers about the court house were not a little surprised to see a party composed of Judge Mead, Sheriff Thomas, the Reverend Mr. Black, and John Keniston, accompanied by his mother and Ruth, enter the building. The Sheriff and Judge Mead presently reappeared, and after a short conference with the guard entered the jail, and presently reappeared with Judge Wallace between them.

The news now spread like wildfire, that Ruth and John were to be married. Such was indeed the case, and shortly the sobbing little bride was led out on her husband's arm, while her father was hurriedly returned to jail.

John worked manfully for his father-in-law's interests, and secured the best possible counsel for him, but the case was well nigh hopeless. The Judge bore up remarkably well, however, and calmly refused to admit his connection with the robbers.

The day of the trial was set. The afternoon before he sent for Ruth, and she spent some time with him, glad to find him so cheerful.

He had been supplied with writing materials, and had spent the greater part of his time in writing his autobiography, which he now presented to her with injunctions to preserve it, as it might in time become a very valuable manuscript. He bade her an affectionate good-night, and she left, hoping against hope that he would be acquitted.

When they entered his cell the next morning they found him quite dead, sitting at the table, his head bent upon his arm. No one knew where he had obtained the poison, but it was afterwards thought that he had carried it for years in case of an emergency. On the table lay the following characteristic note:—

"My friends, I have made a miscalculation. I have turned up the wrong trump."

Emma A. Thurston.

RECENT VERSE.

A SECOND book is apt to be the most trying to an author's reputation. It is judged not alone on its merits, but in the light of the volume which preceded it. It must needs contain not alone good work in itself, but must indicate that the author has not exhausted himself in his first flights, so far as to prevent his reaching again with ease the elevation then attained.

In the case of Rudyard Kipling's poems,[1] his second book, now just from the press, will add distinctly to his reputation. His first volume was a puzzle to the critics. It contained so much that was of real power in its way that its recognition could not be avoided. But, on the other hand, the main body of the verse contained in it was so crude and commonplace that there was hesitation in deciding whether the occasional flashes of divine fire were frequent enough to make up for the murky cloud of vulgarity and snobbishness out of which they came.

The new volume is made up in some part of poems taken from the old; but most of the work is new and of a distinctly higher quality than that found in Departmental Ditties. The Ballads—so called to distinguish them from the lyrics of the service — number twenty titles, most of them dealing with serious subjects, and depending for their effect on their idealism and appeal to the sense of beauty. Two or three are serio-comic, and have value simply as satires or bits of humor.

Ballad writing is not the highest order of serious verse. It requires a mind that is analytic rather than synthetic in its make-up. In fact, the introspective tendency would be fatal to good ballad writing. A ballad deals with the dynamics of emotion, and there is no time to stop and study out the reasons why. It must be simple and straightforward in construction, and move to the final effect with a growing tide of feeling that becomes irresistible before the end is reached. And this final effect is one of the heart rather than of the head. It is a sensation rather than a conviction.

Kipling is almost purely objective in his poetic work. His ballads are a series of pictures, one hurried on the other, the climax coming from the cumulative impressions which lead up to some peculiarly stirring bit of idealistic action. Take the Last Suttee, for example. An Indian King is dead. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against *suttee*, try to break out of the palace and follow to the pyre, but the gates are barred. One of them escapes, disguised as the king's favorite dancing girl, and reaches the place, only to find her courage fail her when it comes to the final act. She confesses this to her cousin, a noble of the court, and asks him to kill her. He, not recognizing her, does this; and falling in the fire, the suttee is accomplished, and her body is consumed with that of the king.

This is a long story to tell in twenty stanzas, but there is a tragic simplicity about the treatment, a daring trustfulness in the understanding of the audience, that keeps the measure from being either crowded or incomplete. It has a swing and a go to it that are irresistible.

Udai Chand lay sick to death
In his hold by Gungra hill.
All night we heard the death-gongs ring
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,
All night beat up from the woman's wing
A cry that we could not still.

[1] Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1892.

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air,
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn — the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs,
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the king was dead.

Then comes the wild rush of the women to escape the closing and barring of the gates, and the flight of the Queen, disguised as a Nautch girl, to where the body of the King had been borne, and the service for the dead is in progress.

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering, wind-tossed spears ;
And out of a shattered emple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the king,—but the great king slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife,—
Cold fear with hot desire,—
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came,
And moaned about the fire.

Then a watcher accosts her, and thinking her the dancer, speaks harshly to her. She answers that she had hoped to clear her tarnished soul of everything by throwing herself into the flames, but lacks the courage to do so. She begs him to kill her.

He drew and struck ; the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast,
I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the Harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame —
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
Pass with thy king to rest ! "

The black log crashed above the white,
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of — the Boondi Queen !

In this, as in others of the ballads, there is noticeable a wonderful vividness of descriptive coloring, and a singular felicity in the choice of expressions and words. Further, there is an artistic finish to this later work of Kipling that was not seen in his earlier efforts. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has the same gift among American poets ; and many stanzas in the present book, both in treatment and in polish, closely suggest this author. Witness the following from the Ballad of the King's Jest : —

When spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snow-bound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill,
Then blue-smoke haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer nose ;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled ;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road ;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel bale ;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food ;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood ;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The latter half of the book is given up to a revised edition of Barrack-Room Ballads. Danny Deever, The Sons of the Widow, Mandalay, and many other of the best selections are reproduced from the former volume. In addition there are a number of new songs, which are as fully representative of the army life they depict as the Bigelow papers were of Yankee peculiarities. They reflect the opinions of a shrewd, though somewhat cynical observer, concerning the relation of the soldier to society ; and their value lies in their fidelity in this particular, rather than in their being a contribution to the fund of serious verse.

A more striking example could not be found of what goes to make a bad as

against a good ballad, than the poems by William Sharp, entitled *Flower o' the Vine*.[1] It is somewhat unfortunate for the author's fame that his herald, Mr. Janvier, should have announced him so floridly. Neither before nor after reading does the verse justify the extravagant claims made for the author in the introduction. The first half of the book is given up to poems which the author himself entitles romantic ballads. The use of the word romantic is more correct than the use of the latter term. Strictly speaking, these poems are not ballads at all. Their whole resemblance to them lies in the fact that they relate a story, and therefore ostensibly deal with emotion in action. But Mr. Sharp's treatment of his subjects is such that the whole turn of the poem becomes reflective rather than objective. The freshness of the ballad is entirely wanting. The action drags until it becomes practically secondary, and the characters spend dreary stanzas in setting forth their mental states.

It is only fair to Mr. Sharp to say that he was a close friend of Dante Gabriel Rosetti, and fell so strongly under his influence that it was impossible for him not to reflect the peculiarities of his style. His verse shows much of the forced sentimentality, empty artificiality, and straining after effect, which were Rosetti's most serious limitations; and these things are fatal to his success as a writer of ballads. Witness this from "The Weird of Michael Scott," and compare it with the opening stanzas of The Last Suttee, quoted above:—

All day the curlew wailed and screamed,
All day the cushat crooned and dreamed,
All day the sweet muir-wind blew free,
Beyond the grassy knowes far gleamed
The splendour of the singing sea.

Above the myriad gorse and broom,
And miles of golden kingcup-bloom,
The larks and yellowhammers sang;
Where the scaur cast an hour-long gloom,
The lintie's falling notes outrang.

Oft as he wandered to and fro,—
As idly as the foam-bells flow
Hither and thither on the deep,—
Michael the Wizard's face would grow
From death to life, and he would weep.

Weep, weep hot tears of bitter pain
For what might never be again:
Yet even as he wept, his face
Would gleam with mockery insane.
With laughter fierce on would he race,

Screaming a wild and savage cry,
Till awed to silence by the sky.
Unfathomable, vast, serene:
Then would he wayfare silently
With hush'd and furtive mien.

Mr. Janvier speaks in his introduction of this sort of thing as being "stern utterances of the mysterious North;" and curiously enough claims for it that it does not "abound in rounded syllables, and echo daintily the airs and graces of the town." To the impartial reader, however, this is just what this verse does do.

It is in the latter half of the volume, where the poems are confessedly lyric, that the author shows at his best. Even here the forced simplicity of his pre-Raphaelitism prevents to some extent the free and honest expression of his imaginative thought. But occasionally there is a bit of description that is fresh and unaffected.

Breath o' the grass,
Ripple of wandering wind,
Murmur of tremulous leaves:
A moonbeam moving white,
Like a ghost across the plain:
A shadow on the road,
And high up, high,
From the cypress-bough,
A long, sweet, melancholy note.
Silence,
And the topmost spray
Of the cypress-bough is still
As a wavelet in a pool:
The road lies duskily bare:
The plain is a misty gloom:
Still are the tremulous leaves;
Scarce a last ripple of wind,

[1] Flower o' the Vine: Romantic Ballads and Sospiri di Roma. By William Sharp. Charles L. Webster & Company: New York: 1892

Scarce a breath i' the grass.
Hush; the tired wind sleeps:
Is it the wind's breath, or
Breath o' the grass?

Clinton Scollard, whose name and work are familiar to readers of the OVERLAND, has issued a metrical romance, which has for a title *Giovio and Giulia.*[1] It is a dainty little volume, parchment bound, and with wide margins, and the edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies. The story is that of two Italian lovers, and the tale of their fortunes and misfortunes runs easily along through a rather too placid ripple of rhythm and rhyme. It is a story rather than a poem, though occasionally there is a song or other lyric that redeems it. It is pleasant reading, and if it does not add to, will at least not detract from, his reputation.

The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan[2] bear much the same relation to real poetry that the performance at the circus does to a representation of Shakesperian tragedy. It has all the tinsel and glitter of the ring, and is heralded in a preface which for egotism, audacity, and anomalous use of the English language, is only equalled by the poster which announces the "greatest equestrian show." The present volume is the first of three, and is stated "to reveal in a measure the relation between the poems and the writer, his evolving individuality, his peculiar investigations, and his ever varying environment in the zigzag course of his travels in the northern and southern hemisphere, twice round the globe."

The second volume promises even greater wonders,— Battle Ballads of Pennsylvania, "with prefatory notes, historic, anecdotic and scientific;" The Battle of the Bison and the Unicorn, "introducing the extinct bison, *Bos latifrons*, in conflict with the mythic unicorn of the early paleontologists of Pennsylvania, *Rhinoceroides Alleghaniensis*;" and finally "when Mammon went a-Fishing in the Loch of Conemaugh, dealing with the destruction of Johnstown with an immediate loss of three thousand lives, on the 31st day of May, 1889, by the sudden descent of a sea of water, suspended, as a summer plaything of a gilded coterie, until the fatal moment, in a mountain gorge above the city, by a deliquescent wall of earth and straw!" The prospectus of the third volume is equally interesting. It is but just to the author to admit that in the poems themselves are actually realized most of the facts promised in the preface. The enormous fertility of the man is shown by the fact that in this first volume alone there are over four hundred pages of verse; none of it is original; most of it is inexpressibly bad. Occasionally, however, there are stanzas which show a fair poetic insight. His self-expressed aim is stated in the following, which though published here is stated to be a stanza from the third volume:—

And oh! that I could be the mirror of
The moment that I would! a bubble filmed
With subtle sight and filled with sentient soul,
That bursting in the ambient air might voice
The whole within a comprehending word!—

A mere glance at this first volume shows that Mr. Cowan is on the high-road toward gathering within himself all the facts of speech and fragments of knowledge necessary to the performance of this experiment. But it is equally evident that the amalgamating and unifying process has not yet begun.

[1] Giovio and Giulia, by Clinton Scollard. Press of L. C. Childs & Son: Utica: 1892.

[2] The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan. I. Greensburgh, Pennsylvania: The Oliver Publishing House: 1892.

ETC.

THE local newspaper criticism of the Lick Observatory in the matter of the observations of Mars during the opposition that has just taken place, seems to be extremely foolish, and some of it is written by editors that ought to know better. Neither the editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY nor any other editor in California is competent to judge at first hand of the qualifications of an astronomer; nor have we any sufficient data to justify an opinion as to questions of administration that may have arisen at Mount Hamilton. But the reproach that the Observatory has not announced astonishing discoveries in Mars is something that rests on surface facts, and it seems to us childish. It may prove, when the returns are all in, that the Lick Observatory has done less with the opposition of Mars than other observatories, but nothing of the sort appears as yet. What does appear is that Professor Holden has sent out curt and cautious dispatches reporting the observations, where other astronomers have sent out long and interesting ones, containing speculation as to the causes of the appearances seen. The standing of such astronomers as Professor Pickering forbids anyone to suppose that these speculations were unwarrantable or unscientific, and therefore it is natural that our newspapers should feel irritated at having lost the chance of similar interesting matter, exasperated at losing their advantage in being near to the greatest telescope in the world. But from the charge of having been unnecessarily reticent in reporting what was seen to the charge of not having seen it, is a long step, and so far as reports of the opposition in our own papers, and in the Eastern weeklies, have reached us, we have seen no actual observation reported by any astronomer elsewhere that was not also reported from the Lick Observatory, though these observations elsewhere were enlarged upon and interpreted in a more interesting manner in the dispatches. When one astronomer reports that the dark lines in the white areas on Mars have widened, and the white area have decreased, and another astronomer that a portion of the snow-cap at the north pole has melted, producing a great deluge across the Martian continent, it should be obvious to an intelligent reader that the two men have seen the same thing through their respective glasses; and caution in statement, with avoidance of speculation, is the safe side for a scientific man to err on. Let us repeat, we say only that so far as at present appears the Lick Observatory has not been behind others in the work of the last month; it would be foolish to prophesy what its net results will prove to be, as compared with those of others, when the results are all worked up. Quite apart from the question of the comparative ability of different astronomers, it was known beforehand that the southern hemisphere was the best place for observing this particular opposition of Mars; and — as has been urged and urged upon the California public — the income, and therefore the staff, of the Lick Observatory are very small, and so inadequate to the "plant" that it can never be kept in full use.

NEWSPAPERS ought not to lend themselves to such crude notions as that the use of great telescopes is to discover people and houses on the moon, canals and electric lights on Mars. If such things can be discovered, we shall all hail them with a thrill of excitement that a square mile of figuring, rectifying all the calculations of all the orbits in the heavens, would not cause us. But even though discoveries of great popular interest do occasionally fall to the lot of the astronomer, they are almost strokes of luck, diversifying his regular work, which must consist mainly in accumulations of minute data, dry and unintelligible to the general public, until years of comparison have brought them to tell their story. The general public can hardly be expected to see the good of all this; but every great newspaper must have at least one or two men on its staff who know that this dry collection of data must be the rule in every science, and that the soundness and progress of science rest on the patient willingness of scientific men to dig away for a life-time to gather material for these accumulations,— else science would be speculation, chemistry would still be alchemy, and astronomy would be astrology; and the editors that know this are the ones that should be entrusted with the editorials on scientific matters.

LOOKING back to the presidential campaign of four years ago, and still more that of eight years ago, it seems that this year's contest is getting under way very slowly, and without much enthusiasm on either side. Whether there is a general feeling that the chief question for discussion has already been thoroughly canvassed during the four years; whether the factional discontent within both parties chills them a little, or whether the successive shocks of violent labor troubles have drawn attention from everything else, certainly the campaign movement is languid and perfunctory. One does not hear political controversy on street and ferry; and to judge by the cartoons and editorials of the Eastern journals, which hammer away at their topics with no great vigor, the situation must be much the same over the country,

— though the weather reports from across the Rocky Mountains are enough to account for a good deal of languor. It will make for comfort and amity, if the campaign continues mild to the end,— and may bring out quite as sound a popular verdict as a heated conflict.

CALIFORNIA has been accused of having "more poets to the square foot" than any other State in the Union; and the Eastern editors on whose mail-bags this estimate was based, have been kind enough to add, when speaking to the editor of the OVERLAND, "of remarkably high average quality." Whatever the total amount of our verse-writing may be, as compared with that of other States, it certainly seems true, so far as our observation can go, that the disposition to verse of local patriotism, the extent to which California is celebrated in verse, is something quite unparalleled. When one considers, indeed, what a ceaseless stream of eulogy, in prose and verse, has been sent East from this State, it is the wonder rather that the population has not grown faster than that it has grown so fast. Of late years the commercial purpose has had much to do with this, but no one doubts that from Doctor Marsh's famous letters to Cass until today, the most of it has been inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for the land and its possibilities. Other peoples love their land,— love it often better than Californians do theirs, "with love far brought, from out the storied past"; love its history, its institutions, its people, and in a way, by virtue of association, its natural aspects; but if the love of Californians for California, which is really so deep-rooted, be examined, it will not be found to rest much on either history, or institutions, or people. There is something, it is true, in the social conditions that Californians become attached to. Most Californians think the political institutions of their State in a very bad way, and are without pride or joy in them; they deprecate much in its society, and while there is little antagonism between the different groups that make up the heterogeneous population, there is also little sympathy or sense of unity, — yet somehow, California life pleases and holds people, and it is an old observation that they can be transplanted to few places in which they will not hanker after it. The nature of this charm is too difficult a question to enter on here; probably a certain personal freedom has most to do with it. But there is no question that it is the genial aspect of nature here that first and most fascinates dwellers, — the friendly sun and liberal soil, the great mountain chains and beautiful valleys, the lavish flowers. These are the things that perpetually tempt Californians into verse. The critic may say that they have so far failed to inspire any great poem,— like Coleridge's ode in the Vale of Chamouni, for instance. But one need only to recall the several descriptive poems of Harte, Miss Coolbrith's, Professor Sill's, to be reminded how worthy poetry it has inspired at best. And among the verses addressed to California by lesser poets than these, the editor may constantly select those that would stand creditably in any such collection as the "Poems of Places." From such quality they range downward, through the humbler verse that is yet honestly touched with the spirit of that which it would tell, to the crudest forms that the impulse to chant California's praises can take.

WITHIN a few years there has been a growth of a similar poetry in Washington. But in this anniversary month of California, we have grouped together a half dozen "poems of places" that are specifically Californian, and excellently representative of the better sort of such verse, as it comes to our office month by month.

California.

HER mighty, mist-draped mountains rise
To heights where everlasting frowns
The winter with his snowy crowns
Encircling nature's paradise.

While bathed in beauty as a sea,
Her valleys green securely lie
Beneath a slumberous summer sky,
A symbol of the great to be.

From north to south on rifted shore
The pure Pacific's pulses beat
In adoration at her feet,
In adoration evermore.

Oft weary of sonorous chant
Its passion scorning all control;
Its giant tones in thunder roll
From cliff to cliff reverberant.

The sun gives her his last goodnight;
Such loyal worship well befits,
For looking seaward still she sits
An empress in her royal right.

Full fruitage decks her garment's hem;
The riches of all regions rest
Inherent in her throbbing breast,
A wealth of mines her diadem.

Her rivers flowing to the sea
In silver thread or torrent grand;
Touched not by Boreas's icy hand,
Sing, "Freedom, freedom for the free!"

Fair State, by nature ever blessed,
We love thy lakes and lofty trees,
Thy cañons wild, thy healthful breeze,
We love *thee*, empress of the West!

Thou fairest land man ever trod!
Thou proudest realm of youthful fame,
Pray Heaven that with unsullied name,
Thou ownst allegiance to thy God!

M. E. Dudley.

The Perfect Land.

BETWEEN the gardens of the north and south
There is a summer land where, each to each,
Mild zephyrs sing and purple mountains reach
To pierce the cloud's soft bosom that no drouth
May harm one tender blossom's upturned mouth.
Where golden orange, velvet-vested peach,
And plump fig's girth, unto the shining beach
Lure the winged vessels as a siren doth.

And sweet, in some old plaza, all the day
To listen to those distant murmuring seas,
Half fancying the surf's faint melodies
Are vesper chimes from silvery bells of spray.
And when the day lies dreaming in a swoon,
From sunset skies turn idly to the moon.

Bergen Weeks Applegate.

California.

Arranged by John Wallace.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside :
—James Montgomery.

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd.
—Oliver Goldsmith.

Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn,
With glowing blushes like the rosy morn.
—James Thompson.

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine.
—Alexander Pope.

A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
—John Leyden.

And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the streams with soft perpetual showers,
—Wm. Wordsworth.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
To welcome back its playful mates again.
—James G. Percival.

By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feed the streamlets from its dark ravines,
—Oliver W. Holmes.

And when the moon with softer radiance gleams,
And lovelier heave the billows in her beams,
—Robert Southey.

Is it not lovely?—tell me where doth dwell
The power that wrought so beautiful a spell?
—Richard H. Dana.

San Francisco.

HIGH on her hundred hills she sits enthroned,
The empress of the golden West,
With dews of dawn upon her forehead fair,
The badge of power upon her breast.

And ocean old, enamored of her mien,
With plaints the wandering winds repeat,
Flings round her form his lordly arm of love,
And sighs contented at her feet.

But envious of the day-god's ardent eye,
That would too oft glow on her grace,
He spreads his vapory mantle e'er at morn,
And softly veils her radiant face.

And fleets, swift-wingéd from the Orient far,
That on her word and welcome wait,
Piled high with precious loads from other lands,
Come trooping through the Golden Gate.

Sierra, too, the forest-clad, the famed,
In royal ermine wreathed for aye,
Looks to the west, and rains with tender touch,
Baptismal blessings from on high.

The Sacramento and the San Joaquin,
Vales vast as empires of the East,
Pour at her feet their garnered granaries' gold,
And fruits in never-ending feast.

The flowers blow their brightest o'er her fens,
And fling their freshest to the breeze;
The birds of heaven make glad her glades and glens
To music murmured of the trees.

But yesterday, in the swift-flying age
With timid feet untried she stood,
A rural maiden, clad in rustic robes,
The West, a wild, unbroken wood.

But gifted of the gods, as tropic blooms
Burst forth beneath the sun's warm light,
She sprang to instant power, and rules today
An empress in her royal right

Loved San Francisco! May she reign fore'er,
With life renewed from age to age,—
Her record fairer than the fairest found
On History's proudest, purest page.

May Cranmer Duncan.

A Distant View of the Sierra.

SIERRA'S royal range in softest blue,
Is etched in glory 'gainst the eastern sky,
A symphony in heaven's cerulean hue,
A pictured poem for the artist's eye.
How rare the mellow tints,—the wreathing snow,
The rolling clouds, the tender blue above,
The shadowy purple of the peaks below,—
All merged in the azure scheme that painters love

So faint, so fair, it seems another land,
Beyond the turmoil and the hurrying tread
Of mortal feet; a gleaming palace planned,
For god-like beings from afar instead,
Where grandeur reigns, and purity and peace
Live ever on the odorous atmosphere,
Where softly blowing song-winds never cease,
On ears that listen e'er, and love to hear.

The pine-clothed pinnacles that loom aloft,
In towers eternal toward the azure dome —
Now wreathed as in a heavenly halo soft —
Point fancy toward the Father and his home,
Who seems to tread athwart those precincts wild,
With almost visible presence, felt fore'er,
In the soul deeps of Nature's every child,
That breathes the pure, revivifying air.

And there a language is divinely heard,
In murmurous pines the mist-wreathed waterfall,
The flowing stream, the fleeting of the bird,
Fast echoing on from cañon wall to wall,
That speaks soft in the sympathetic heart,
In communing with its God through nature fair,
Blest words from worldly strife so far apart,
That perfect ones of Paradise might share.

O glorious range, Sierra ! — crowned supreme,
In grandeur of thy woods and cañons wild;
Fore'er on view, with vistas yet that seem
Clothed daily in new beauties to thy child,—
Thou art a sermon pure, more potent far,
Than pearls of wisdom from Chrysostom's thought —
Thy lessons of the Father loftier are
Than human tongue of Him hath ever taught !

I gaze oft on thy glories, drinking deep
The inspiration of each visioned scene,
That paints itself on fancy e'en in sleep,
In all the grandeur of its forests green ;
I love the soft blue heights by heaven caressed,
Where first my infant eyes looked on the day,
And there would lay me down at last and rest,
When all my sands of life have slipped away.

May Cranmer Duncan.

Monterey Bay.

THROUGH portals wide, the untamed ocean flows,
And breaks his billows on thy curving shore,
Charging thy basin with his wondrous store
From tropic seas, to seas of ice and snows.
On fisher barks the evening sunlight glows
As outward bound they skim thy waters o'er,—
A fleet the same a thousand years or more
Hath sailed the Adriatic. The wind blows
With tempered breath ; the rosy eventide
Transfigures Gabilan ; with chastened ray
Flushes thy mountain barriers,— fades away.
The lights flash out, so haste we to thy bride :
Fair Santa Cruz, in nuptial robes and flowers,
Now smiles on all, on all her blessings showers.

Bart Burke.

Sierra Blanca.

ENROBED in kingly purple thou dost stand
A snow-crowned monarch ; at thy feet a band
Of lesser mountains kneel, abased, to thee;
About thy whitened summits, flying free,
Are clouds that 'gainst the blue of Heaven displayed,
Like pennants float. The mist-enwreathed cascade
Leaps from thy heights, its pure drops scattering wide,
And falling, mingles with the streams that glide
Through rock-bound channels to the slopes below.
Along thy flanks the pine and hemlock grow —
Tall sentinels round storm-sieged fortress strong.
When loudest sounds, the tempest's battle-song,
Thou dost repeat the haughty challenge bold
In thunderous echoes from thy caverns rolled.
That granite breast of thine withstands the shocks
Or earthquakes,— yet among thy piléd rocks
Are tender flowers, that lend a blooming grace
To the stern grandeur of thy rugged face.

J. Torrey Connor.

A Home in Southern California.

HIGH towers the snow-capped mountain,
Low lies the verdant vale,
Its greenest glories weaving
For nature's flowing trail.

The hoary crown of mountains
Gleam in the snow afar,
Like brows of aged pilgrims
Nearing the gates ajar.

Below there sweeps the valley,
With flowers of beauty rare,
Like youth in hope and gladness
With wreaths that twine his hair.

The snow looks down the mountain
To flowers that climb the hill,
And breathes its wintry warning
With cold and cruel chill.

The flowers peep up the monntain
To snows all cold and white,
Then turn their faces sunward
And laugh away the fright.

And dashing down the cañons,
The cool, clear waters roll,
(A cloudless sun is gilding
Their ripples with its gold,)

Then winding on the lowlands
Yield up their treasured worth,
Adorning deserts dreary
With teeming fruits of earth.

The ocean's breath so balmy
Comes on the evening air,
And tells its loving story
To blossoms sweet and fair.

The blossoms of the orange
Are fanned by zephyr's wing,

Who, freighted with their fragrance,
Angelic censers swing.

A home mid scenes so lovely
Where waves the magic wand,
'T is sweet to love and treasure
As sent from God's own hand.

A home in which to cherish
Each flower of virtue rare
That blossoms in the sunshine
Of God's own loving care.

A home to lift life upward
To realms beyond the sky,
Where God hath built his mansions
Where lands elysian lie.

J. S. Dill.

The Cemetery of Santa Barbara.

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea
There lies so calm and peacefully
The city of the dead.
Calm sentinels the mountains stand,
The sea runs up to kiss the land,
The blue sky overhead!

Could sweeter resting place be found
For those who long have heard the sound
Of life's full, troubled sea;
And now, the stormy voyage passed,
Calm as the mountains lie at last
At rest eternally?

It seems a symbol unto me
That death, so feared, can only be
A sign of pain's release.
Something that merely lies between
The stormy sea that once has been,
And heaven's eternal peace.

Anna Warner.

Mission San Luis Rey.

MAJESTIC it stands, and beautiful still,
Though a century's storms with their freaky will
Have torn it at times, and again caressed;
And the soft western sun meanwhile has blessed
The thriving moss, till a line of green
In every zigzag crack is seen.

Silent it stands, inspiring awe.
May wanton hands to spoil forbear,
May the restorer's hammer and saw
Their impious touch forever spare,
Nor desecrate what was cemented in prayer.

Harriet Shaw Taynton.

Coronado.

ACROSS the sea bright Summer comes
With birds and blossoms many hued,
And sees a sandy sage-brush waste
With not a single grace endued.

Sweet pity fills the Summer's heart,
And clouds drift o'er her sunny face;
She wooes the warm, soft, southern wind,
To lend his aid a little space;

And so together, hand in hand,
They search the earth, the sky, the sea,
For gifts to shower on this waste,
So it may soon a garden be.

The earth opes wide her warm brown arms,
To hold the seed of fruits and flowers;
The sky bends low with sunny smiles
That brighten all the days and hours;

The deep blue sea in its great heart
Has treasures, shells, and sea weeds rare;
It brings them on the snow-capped surf,
And lavish flings them here and there.

The sandy waste like Eden glows
With flowering shrubs and blossoms rare,
And Summer looking on her work
Is ever fain to linger there.

Now when stern winter in the North
Comes with his frosts, his rains, and chill,
Blithe Summer with her birds and flowers
Hies to the sand-beach warm and still.

Fair Coronado, crown of all
The beauteous spots man's soul desire,
With gifts of cloudless days from heaven,
And warmed by summer's lasting fire,

Thy dawns, thy sunsets, many hued,
Done by an artist's godlike hand,
Throw gleams of opalescent hues
Across thy shining foam-flecked sand.

The thunderous surf thy lullaby,
And reveille when night is o'er,
For lasting beauty's resting place,
Fair Coronado by the shore.

L.

San Diego.

Sing San Diego's purple hills!
Who sing of San Diego must,
Old rocks submerged in idle rills!
Old Missions living in their dust!

Or Coronado's furrowed shore,
Or San Miguel, or yet Jamul,
Or Chollo's vales that serve before
These with fresh fountain and salt pool,

The daily tithing of the sea,
Or Cuyamacos' hundred peaks,
Or cells where gentle Serra's plea
Beguiled bold Aztecsan caziques

To bow the haughty crest, to bend
The unaccustomed knee upon
Cold, penitential stones, to lend
Their feet to peaceful ways, to shun

Tezcatlipoca's horrid rites,
Or San Diego's flood, that flows
Between the walls of Mission Heights,
And onward to the ocean goes,

Impetuous, unresting, or
Becalmed around some spreading holm,
Nor Syrian Jordan better, nor
The Tiber's floods that ran by Rome.

Then who would sing of Tempe's vales,
Have they blue skies that here are not?
Have fountains that no frost assails?
Or balmier air? — or any spot?

A deeper blush besets the rose,
More precious necklaces the vine,
Or sunnier slope, that garland does
Of mountain, isle and ocean twine!

J. S. Birch.

To these may be added a pathetic echo from the Eastern shore: —

California,—A Renunciation.

O TROPIC land, the dream of years!
How oft for thee unbidden tears
Suffuse the sad and longing eyes,
That scan the weary way that lies
Between my feet and thee.

I span the endless reach in dreams
And wander by thy sparkling streams,
Or muse amid the valleys fair
Slumbering in that ambient air
That wooes the dying back.

I catch in draughts of sweet delight,
The ocean's breath in landward flight;
And buoyant on the radiant hills
The fainting heart exultant thrills
With pulsing life anew.

But ah, farewell to hopes of yore!
I may not tread thy golden shore.
In dreams I 'll know thy clime alone;
Far off I make my dying moan,
Amid eternal snows.

Clifford P. Thayer.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY:—Among the German-American authors whose works are widely and favorably known both in this country and in Germany, Theodore Kirchhoff, of San Francisco, stands deservedly in the front rank. Ever since the middle of the sixties, when he scored his first literary success by his articles on wild far-western life, published then by the "Gartenlaube" in Leipzig, Mr. Kirchhoff has in his quiet, unassuming, and disinterested manner undertaken the self-imposed task of diffusing useful knowledge concerning the Pacific Coast, by his many excellent contributions to such leading German magazines as the "Gartenlaube," "Daheim," "Ausland," "Globus," "Europa," "Gegenwart," and other first-class German and American publications. In consequence, no California author has been more the cause of directing a desirable element of immigration to our hospitable shores than he.

Most of his numerous magazine articles were afterwards reprinted in book form, and thus appeared "Reisebilder und Skizzen aus Amerika," (two volumes, 1875 and 1876,) and "Californische Culturbilder" (1886), which works met with general success wherever the German language is spoken.

While Mr. Kirchhoff's prose writings rank deservedly high, he has also earned the reputation as a poet of no mean powers, as proven by the two stately volumes of poems that he has so far given us, many of which treat also of specifically Californian subjects.

His last work, "Eine Reise nach Hawaii,"[1] has all the merits of his former publications. Like its forerunners, the book is well planned, and shows that our author is a close observer, who possesses in a high degree the gift of a pleasing, spirited style. Chapters 7–10, which among other things include the really plastic description of the great lava lake on the volcano Kilauea, a scenery so familiar to us in California through the splendid canvases of the late lamented Jules Tavernier, are parts that can hardly be excelled for descriptive powers. Everywhere the author's great experience as a traveler is observable. Although the trip to the Islands was comparatively a short one, yet he has seen all worth seeing, and has seen it well. The respective chapters about the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, the political conditions of the country, and the commercial importance of the Islands to the United States, and particularly to San Francisco, are all of great interest, although the author's opinion concerning the eventual future of the Islands will hardly commend him to the favor of his countrymen in the Fatherland.

Wm. Zimmermann.

[1] Eine Reise nach Hawaii. By Theodor Kirchhoff. New York: E. Steiger & Co.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cheney's The Golden Guess.[1]

Readers of the OVERLAND hardly need to be reminded what views Mr. John Vance Cheney holds in regard to poetry and music; for these ideas he has stated and enforced in essays published in its pages. These essays and more of like tenor make up the volume now to be considered.

Mr. Cheney strenuously maintains the exalted idea of poetry, and marshals to its support the sayings of the great of old, and the dicta of the best literary critics of all time. He insists that poetry must appeal to the whole man, to his intellect even more than to his emotions, to his sense of right as much as to his sense of beauty.

This notion of poetry is so exalted that it is difficult to find adequate example of it in current verse, and Mr. Cheney makes no attempt to do so. He goes far back to find his ideal most perfectly represented, and does not rest till he reaches the Book of Job. Nothing short of inspiration can come up to it.

It is well to hold up such ideas to the public gaze even if by so doing the minor poets and *vers de société* rhymers may be shamed into silence, and even some bards of greater caliber are made more chary of pen and paper, or at least of the printed page. Indeed, perhaps it is only a fancy, but since Mr. Cheney has been writing his book, his own verses have been less in number and more serious in kind. It would be hardly possible for a man to write such strenuous essays on the exalted and divine nature of poetry, and publish with them verses like some of Mr. Cheney's earlier work, though that was good of its kind. But this *argumentum ad hominem* is hardly fair. Because there are such things as pipe organs it does not necessarily forbid the use of violins and flutes, even though while the deep vibrations of the organ still linger in our ears the flute sounds insignificant and the violin raspy.

Mr. Cheney's essay on Matthew Arnold is interesting reading, but if criticism of criticism is barred, how shall it be allowed to criticise a critique of a critic? Arnold's poetry Mr. Cheney finds the highest result of culture, calculated to deceive even the elect sons of song by its nearness to the work of the born poet; but he finds that Mr. Arnold is in his native air only in the fields of literary criticism. Of Mr. Cheney the opposite is largely true His force is best shown in his poetry, and when he deals in criticism he speaks not as having authority, but is only content when he can marshal the words of some greater critic to support his own.

[1] The Golden Guess. By John Van ccCheney Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1892.

If the estimate of Arnold gains assent, the same is not always true of his view of Browning. There are admirers of Browning everywhere that would instantly gird their loins for the fray on hearing Mr. Cheney's words. He would not be without his partisans, it is true, but they would often be among the Philistines that scoff at Browning and his obscurity, as they would scoff at Mr. Cheney's poetry also, because they don't understand poetry at all.

When we arrive at Tennyson, Mr. Cheney and all lovers of song are arrayed together against the scoffers, and Mr. Cheney's blows in this fight are so valiant that we pardon his seeming desertion to the enemy in the previous essay. Even when he attacks another poet, Swinburne, the attack is made from the poet's side of the question, and not from the Philistine side of unwillingness to put forth the amount of effort necessary to arrive at the poet's meaning.

Hawthorne, of all American men of letters, most deserves to have a poet for a critic, and Mr. Cheney's closing essays leave a pleasant taste in the mouth after finishing his volume,—a volume on the whole that is an honor to this Coast. So long as such studies are made here and such books printed by West Coast authors, so long is there evidence triumphantly to disprove any insinuation that letters are not valued here as well as material things.

The German Emperor.[1]

Mr. Poultney Bigelow writes of *The German Emperor* as a personal friend and apologist. He begins his book with a pleasant account of the schoolboy days of Prince William, in which Mr. Bigelow was an actual sharer both in school and out Together they played in the attic of the Potsdam Palace, and climbed over the rigging of the ship's masts, set in the yard as an object lesson in naval affairs. Mr. Bigelow was called on to show the young princes how to "play Indian," though he had never seen one, and could only draw his ideas from Cooper,—with whom the Prince was quite as familiar. This tracing of the Emperor through his boyhood, gymnasium, and university days is an admirable preparation for an understanding of this, the most important single figure in all Europe.

Having placed his readers thus on his own vantage ground of familiarity with the Emperor as boy and man, Mr. Bigelow is able to show the great work that William II. has aimed to accomplish and is accomplishing, and to make clear the conscientious and hard working way in which the young ruler is entering on his serious task.

[1] The German Emperor and his Eastern Neighbors. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co: 1892.

Allowing for the personal bias in favor of the Emperor, it must be conceded that the author greatly modifies the impression of his reactionism and warlike ambition made by such reports as reach this country of his public acts and utterances.

The position of affairs in Europe, as shown by this book and by all books that treat of present conditions with knowledge and candor, is not encouraging. The great crash of arms that is to convulse the continent appears to be inevitable. Like the upper and nether millstones, Russia and France threaten to grind the German Empire between them. Germany must be continually ready to dispatch one army toward Paris, another toward Moscow, and to keep another at home to overawe the socialistic discontent there. The omen of "wars and rumors of wars" is not likely to fail in the last years of the nineteenth century.

The latter part of Mr. Bigelow's book is taken up with descriptions of various journeyings in Russia, Poland, and along the lower Danube. These are well told, and offer valuable touchstones of fact by which to test the truthfulness of the newspaper dispatches. He predicts a great future for the Danubian provinces, whenever the true religion of free trade shall prevail among the nations of the earth.

Philadelphia Magazines.[1]

MR. SMYTH has done good work in his book on *The Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors*, in calling to mind the days when most of the literary activity of this country centered in that city. From the time when Benjamin Franklin set up his establishment to the end of the period that this book covers, 1850, a surprisingly complete list of men of note in American letters can be made from the names prominently connected with Philadelphia magazines. To quote in proof from Mr. Smyth: "Washington Irving edited the *Analectic Magazine;* James Russell Lowell, Edgar Allan Poe, and Bayard Taylor, were editorial writers on *Graham's Magazine*, and John Greenleaf Whittier edited *The Pennsylvania Freeman*. Bryant, and Cooper, and Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and a hundred lesser men were constant contributors to the Philadelphia journals."

And Mr. Smyth claims that the earlier magazines were more scholarly in their tone than those of today.

It is interesting, and to most people surprising, to recall the ancient prestige of Philadelphia, for since the decay of her supremacy Boston has had her rise and fall in literary hegemony, and now New York has a sway that is daily growing more complete. It is safe to say that two thirds of the literary ublications of the country are now printed in New York. Even the *Atlantic Monthly* is dated from both oston and New York, and every year witnesses the migration to Manhattan of some of the old publications of other cities.

[1] The Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors. By Albert H. Smyth. Philadelphia: Robert M. Lindsay: 1892.

It is hard to cast up the advantages and disadvantages of this centralizing tendency, and to form a just judgment as to whether it is good or bad. Perhaps it is useless to try to do it, as it may be best to submit to the unavoidable. Certain it is that all the great nations of the earth that have had periods of intellectual splendor have centered their literary life in one great capital. Of New York it must be admitted that she uses her power well, that her greatest magazines are those that seek most persistently to represent the whole country with impartiality.

Another point should be made from Mr. Smyth's studies. It is to call attention to the number of failures before a strong and enduring magazine was planted, a point that may be made wherever a great magazine exists in America. Truly, Californians have reason to be proud of their record in this respect.

Two School Books.

THE search for perpetual motion and for the philosopher's stone has been given up by most people, but the hope of finding the royal road to learning seems to have a far greater vitality. The direction in which this is sought nowadays is in making school books that by their attractiveness and convenience shall lessen the distaste that unwilling scholars have for hard work.

The American Book Company's series of classics are good examples of this tendency. The particular issue in hand is Harper and Miller's *Æneid*[1] The volume contains in itself nearly all the reference work necessary to its study. Grammar, lexicon, classical dictionary, all these, so far as they pertain to the Æneid, are embodied in this volume, and beside these are more helps: a list of all words used ten times or more, references to book and line in the vocabulary, and a figure to show the number of times it appears in the text, notes at the bottom of the page, and numerous cuts and fine page engravings of famous statues and paintings that illustrate the Æneid. It is hard to see how Virgil can be made easier, short of the verbal translation, and it looks very attractive in the eyes of old boys, that recall the sober texts and bulky lexicons they had to use.

The notes are largely taken up with quotations from classic and other poets, paralleling the passage under discussion, and the effort is to cause even the dullest student to remember that in the Æneid he is reading not so many lines of hard Latin, but so much of one of the most enjoyable poems the world has known.

In another series of the same company's publications is *Cathcart's Literary Reader.*[2] It is made up of a good selection of examples of the writings of the great authors from Shakspere to the present, arranged chronologically. There are portraits, bio-

[1] Six Books of the Æneid of Virgil. Edited by William R. Harper and Frank J. Miller. New York: American Book Company: 1892.

Cathcart's Literary Reader: a Manual of English Literature. By George R. Cathcart. American Book Company: New York: 1892.

graphical notes, and summarizing chapters at the beginning of each group of writers.

Books Received.

Six Books of the Æneid of Virgil. Edited by Wm. R. Harper, Ph.D. and Frank J. Miller. American Book Co.: New York: 1892.

High School Algebra. By Wm. J. Milne, Ph.D., L.L.D. American Book Co.: New York: 1892.

A History of Peru. By Clement R. Markham. Charles H. Segel & Co.: Chicago: 1892.

The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. By Harry Hakes, M.D. Robert Baur & Son: Wilkesbarre, Pa.: 1892.

The Tariff — What it Is and What it Does. By Samuel E. Moffett. Potomac Publishing Co.: Washington: 1892.

Kate Kennedy. By Mrs. C. J. Newby. T. B. Peterson Bros.: Philadelphia: 1892.

A Maiden of Mars. By Gen. F. M. Clarke. Charles H. Sergel & Co.: Chicago: 1892.

The Song Patriot. Compiled by C. W. Bardeen. C. W. Bardeen: Syracuse, N. Y.: 1892.

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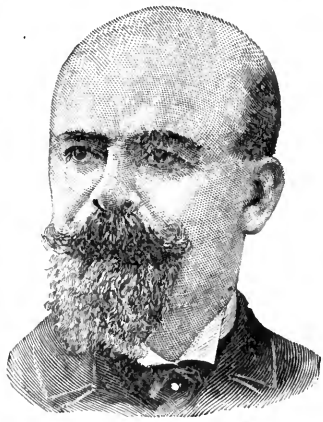

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An Estimate of Walt Whitman.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

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The Compromiser, *E. P. H.*
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The Story of Margaret M. Hecox (Continued), *Marie Valhasky.*
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Etc., Book Reviews and Books Received.

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With 15 illustrations.
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Verses from the Japanese, *Flora B. Harris.*
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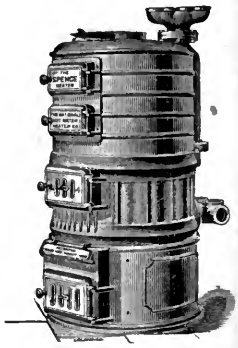

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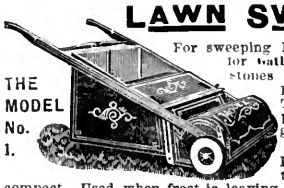

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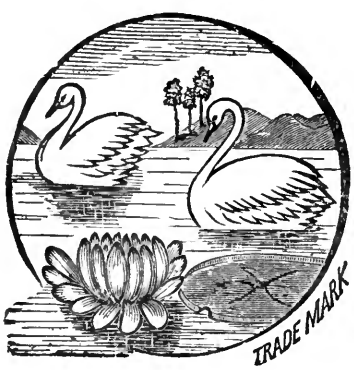

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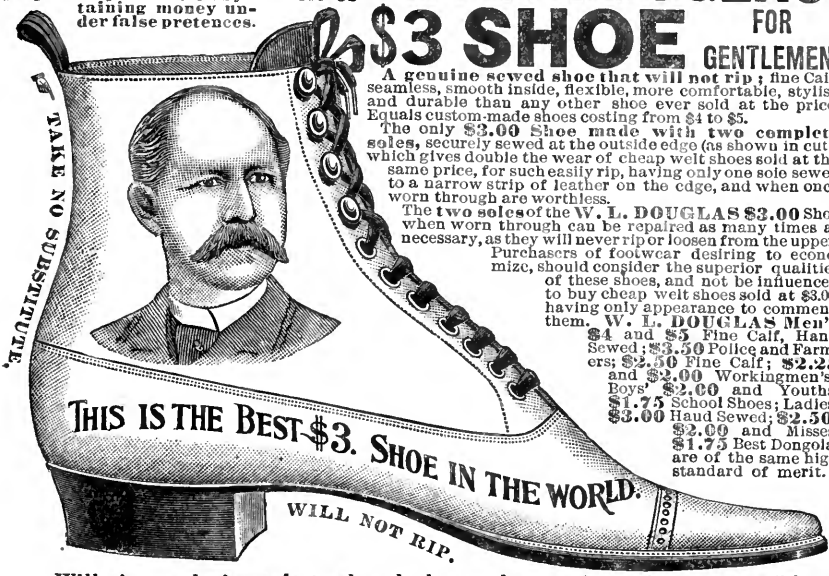

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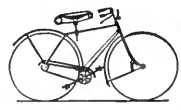

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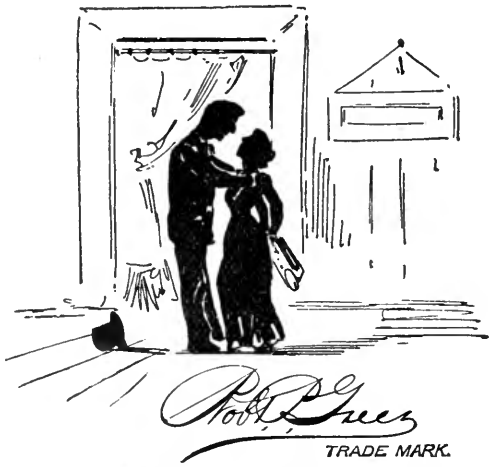

ACT I.

MRS. NEWLY-MARRIED: Home early to-night, Paul?

MR. NEWLY-MARRIED: Yep. Hello! How clean and bright our little home looks! How's this, Virginia?

SHE: Well, I purchased from the grocer a bottle of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** and Bridget and I have cleaned the painted woodwork, the windows, the oil-cloths and all the old brass work, and removed spots from the carpets and pictures, etc., etc. **Greer's Washing Ammonia** is a marvelous preparation for cleaning and is so cheap.

HE: That's right, Virginia. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, you know.

ACT II.

SHE: Well, how does this shirt suit your fastidious taste?

HE: Whew! It's dazzling! Come from the French Laundry, hey?

SHE: No, sir, our own laundry, if you please, and by the use of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** Bridget uses in the water, which renders it soft as rain water, saves her labor and soap, and the clothes come out snowy white.

ACT III.

HE: Well, Virginia! What fool said "marriage is a failure?" (Gazing at her face.) I notice that your skin is fairer and clearer than it used to be.

SHE: Yes, Paul. I am using **Greer's Toilet Ammonia**; it makes a delightful and refreshing addition to water for the *bath* and *toilet*, keeps the skin clean, soft and healthy, which is the secret of a good complexion. It is commonly used by English girls, and you know what fine complexions they have.

HE: Well, Virginia, we must recommend **Greer's Washing Ammonia** and **Greer's Toilet Ammonia** to all our friends.

SHE: Yes—all of them. Bridget 's through with her washing early today; supper is now ready—(skip off arm in arm).

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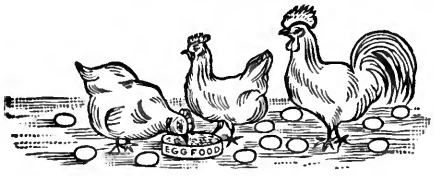

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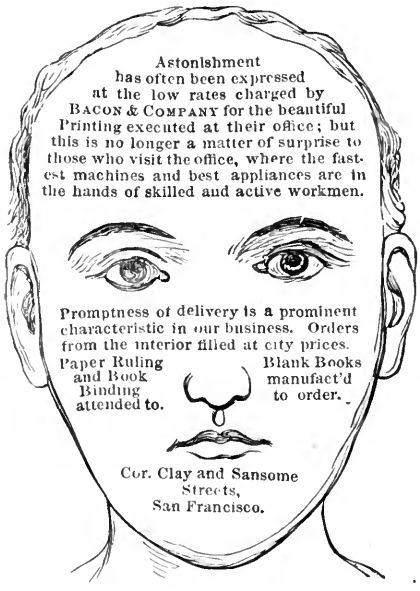

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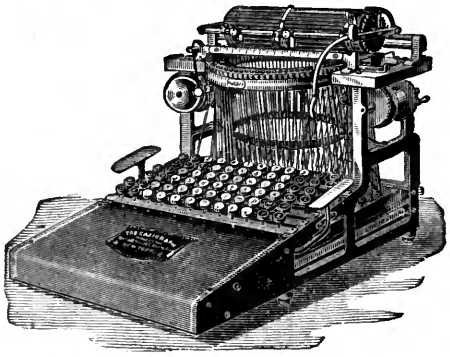

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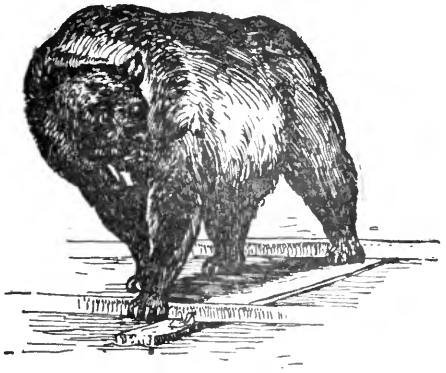

The Overland Monthly Publishing Company.
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The Overland Monthly

VOL. XI. NO. 118 SECOND SERIES

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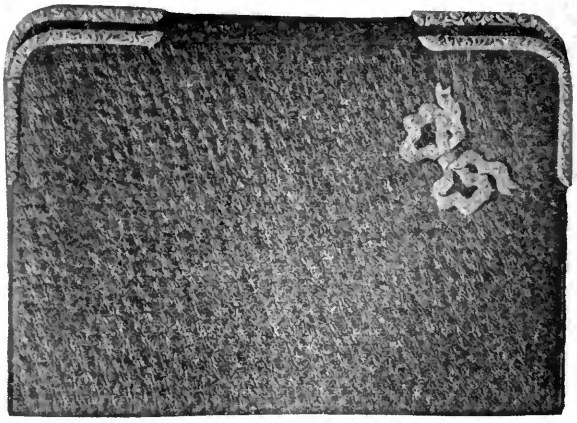

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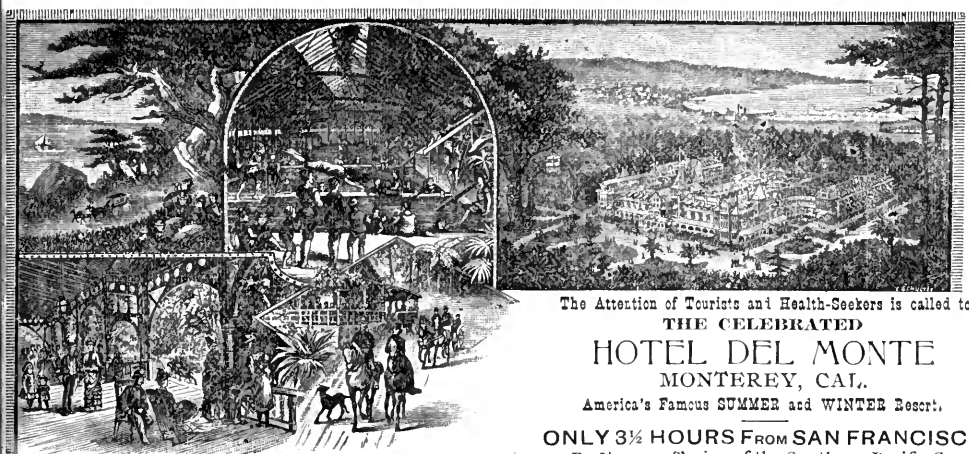

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Announcements, Vol. XX.

The November Number.

The November OVERLAND will contain the second paper on the University of California, viz., the Lick Observatory,—a subject that the recent newspaper talk concerning the opposition of Mars, as well as the discovery of the fifth moon of Jupiter, brings much to the front just now. It will be fully illustrated, with views of the picturesque aspects of the Observatory, portraits of the astronomers, reproductions of astronomical photographs, etc.

Another illustrated paper will be upon experiences in the quaint Spanish region over the mountains seaward from Jolon; a spot still as untouched by Americanism as before Sloat raised the flag. It has never been described or pictured before, for it is reached only on mule-back, and the writer of this article, Miss Mary White, seems to have been the first of the literary genus to make her way to the spot, and to secure sketches of its curious features.

A third illustrated paper, "Siwash," by E. Meliss, will describe the Indians of Puget Sound, their character and customs, and give opportunity for some striking and interesting pictures. The personal history of the Seattle princess, Angeline, by Rose Simmons, will accompany this.

For short stories, "The Mother of Felipe," a study of a Mexican type, "How Mrs. Binnywig Checked the King," a narrative of domestic experience, and "The Physician's Story," a suggestion of "psychic" mysteries, are announced. "A Snowstorm in the Humboldt" will be an account of an unusual mountain experience, transcribed from letters of the person who passed through it.

The original text from which Longfellow translated the Coplas de Manrique, very difficult of access, has been given the OVERLAND by Mr. John T. Doyle, and will be printed for the first time in America.

The Overland Illustrations.

The finely illustrated articles will be continued, and will be constantly more numerous and interesting as the resources of art on the Coast come more fully under command. Of those in recent numbers it has been said: —

Beautifully illustrated. Nothing in recent magazine illustration has surpassed "In the Garden, Santa Barbara," the picture of the old bells overgrown with the giant grape vine. Equally effective is "Despoiled." —*S. F. Chronicle.*

The illustrations of Elisabeth Curtis are perfect art gems.—*Chicago Globe.*

Treasured in many an Eastern home, not only for the superiority and richness of its profuseness of illustrations, but also for its wealth of high-standard literature —*Plainfield, N. J., Press.*

The beautiful pictures are a notable feature.—*Dover Republican, N. H.*

Wonderfully delicate and expressive little washes . . . in the soft, broad French handling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the beauty of the illustrations that accompany this article ["Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado"] no words can do justice.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Remarkable for the number and beauty of its illustrative designs.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Overland's Sketches and Stories.

The OVERLAND continues to be notable in a special degree for its local color, its "vigorous, fresh, and interesting" tone, its characteristic sketches and stories of Pacific life and adventure. A few titles from the volume just completed show its scope in this respect :—

Camping with Fox Hounds in Southern California. *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado. *F. A. Nims.*
The Cave in the Higuerita Mine. *John Heard, Jr.*
California Flower Shows. *E. J. Wickson.*
Down a Mountain Flume. *John Brayshaw Kaye.*
A Glimpse of the Desert. *William Wightman Price.*
Happenings in Old Calaveras. *Wm. S. Hutchinson.*
A Night Ride in Apache Land. *W. P. Rowe.*
Kilauea. *May L. Cheney.*
Mission Bells. *Chas. Howard Shinn.*
Patsy's Potlatch. *F. I. Vassault.*
Street Characters of San Francisco. *Francis E. Sheldon.*
The Treasure Cave on Oahu. *Mabel H. Closson.*
California's Discovery of Gold in 1841. *John Murray.*

The Overland's Policy.

The other most notable and most often noted trait of the OVERLAND is its policy in reference to an honest, careful, and authoritative exposition of the industrial, educational, and all other serious interests of the Coast. So much discredit has been cast upon all descriptive writing from California by the suspicion of "boom literature" and veiled advertising, that the known rule of the OVERLAND to exclude all such matters from its pages has given it its especial value to Eastern readers. No word printed in the OVERLAND, outside of the advertising pages, is ever paid for, or in any way controlled by any outside interest. That it has been, or is, easy to hold to this principle, in a region where the maintenance of a literature on its own merits must meet difficulties long ago outlived in older communities, has never been pretended by the managers of the OVERLAND; but it has been done, and with ever growing recognition and success.

As examples of articles of the more solid type, a few titles are selected from the last volume :—

An American Tin Mine. *Enoch Knight.*
The Nicaragua Canal. *Horace Davis.*
The Occupation of Mt. Conness. *George Davidson.*
The Preservation of our Forests. *Thomas Magee.*
The Raisin Industry in California. *Joseph T. Goodman.*
Photographs of the Moon. *Edward S. Holden.*
Art, and What California should Do about Her. *Douglas Tilden.*
An Estimate of Walt Whitman.

This magazine is doing invaluable service to the people of the Pacific Coast, and those of the East who have interests of any kind out there should take it.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is the most worthy representative of periodical literature on the Pacific Coast.—*Boston Journal.*

This valuable magazine of the Pacific slope has done valiant service for the far West. In addition to the excellence of its literary work, it has taken a just pride in all that enters into the building up in the best things of the State and the people to whom it ministers. California owes an honest debt of gratitude to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . The wonderful changes that have been wrought have never been excelled, if equaled. In all this, such a magazine as the OVERLAND has played a large part, and it is but simple justice to give the credit.—*Topeka Mail.*

A most creditable serial, and well fitted to promote both the social and literary development of the great Western State in which it is published.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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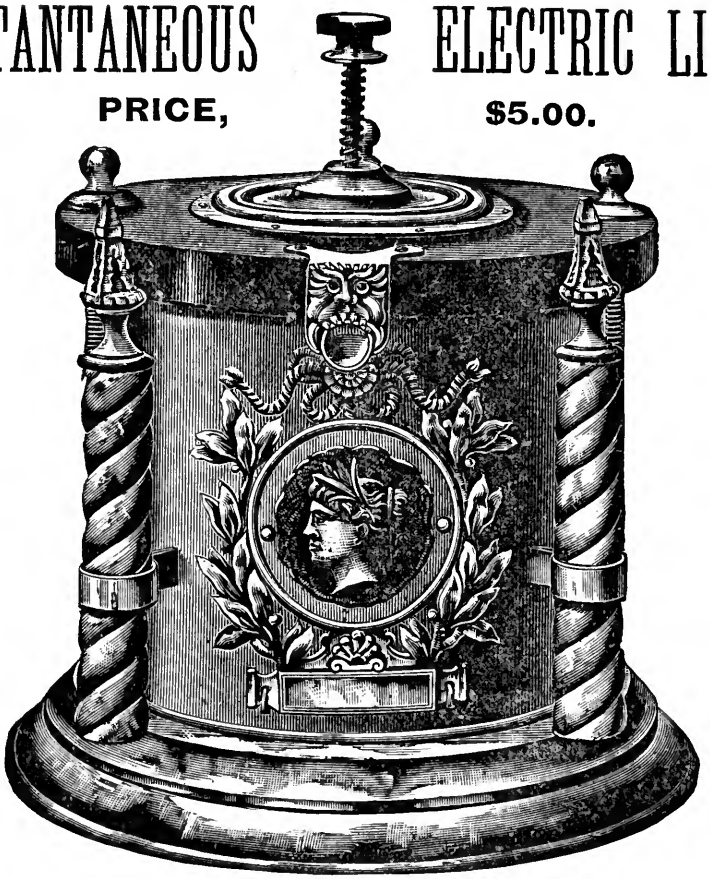

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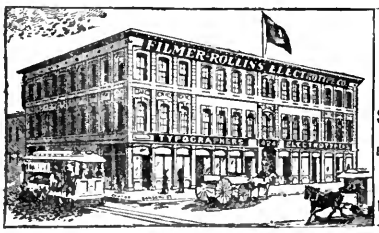

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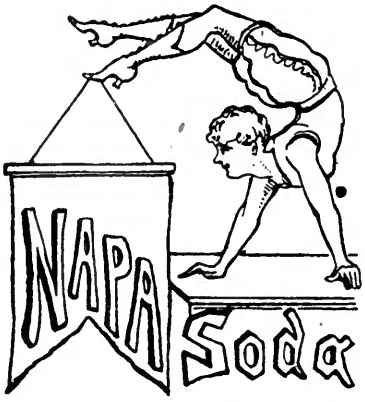

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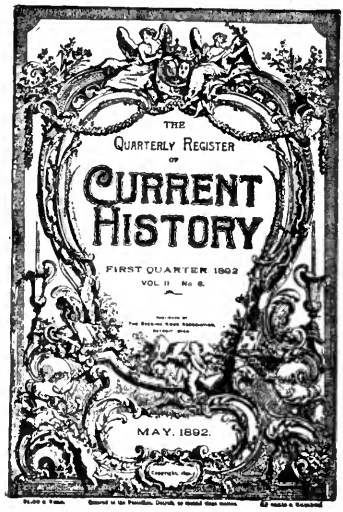

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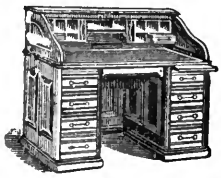

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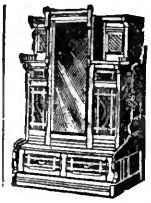

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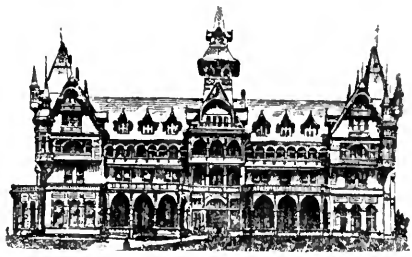

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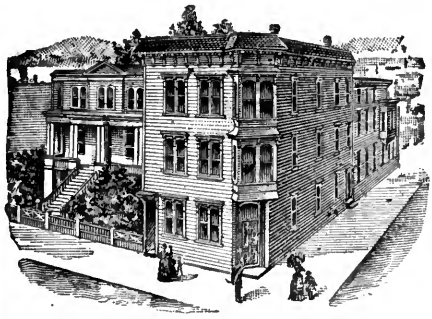

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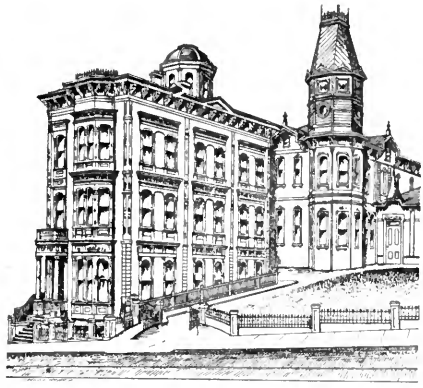

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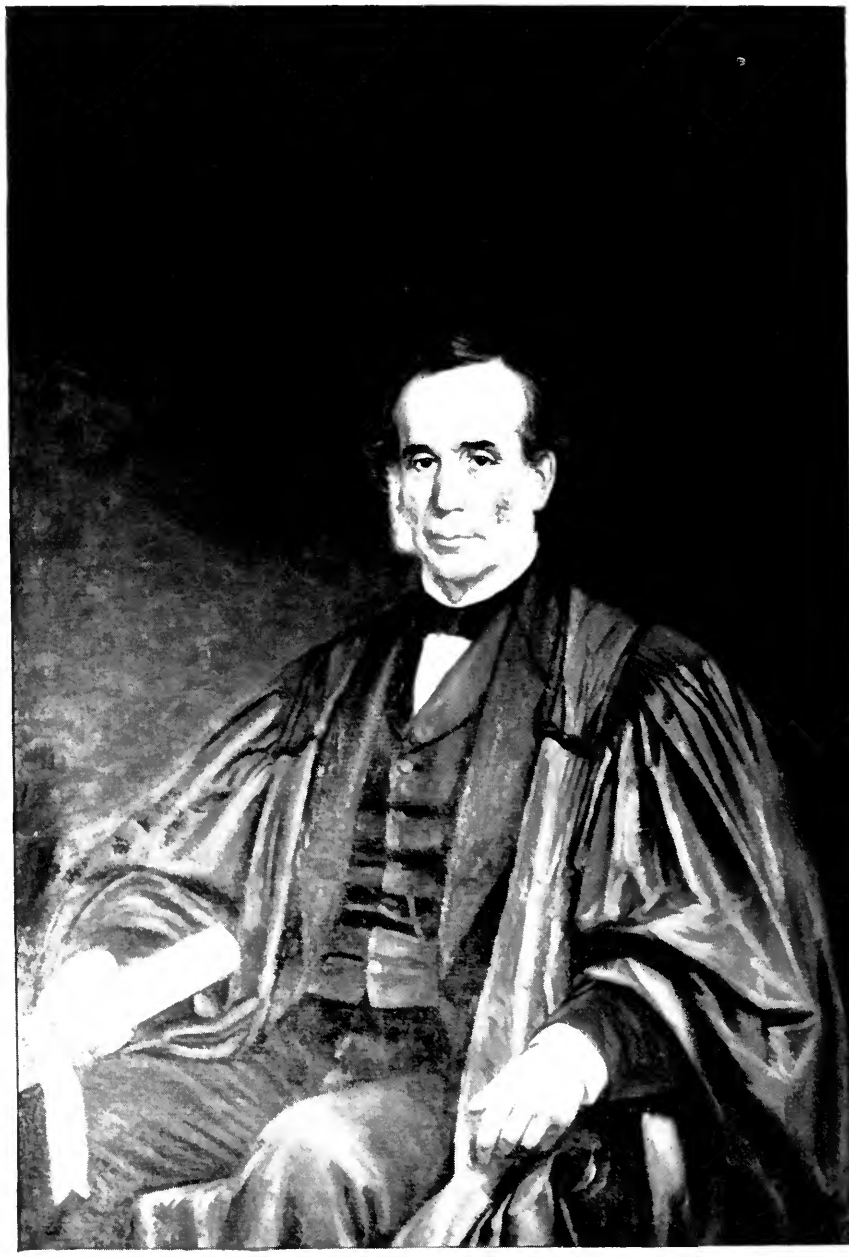

From Painting by Benoni Irwin in the Bacon Library.

PRESIDENT HENRY DURANT.

THE

Overland Monthly.

Vol. XX. (Second Series).—October, 1892.—No. 118.

Photo by W. C. Gibbs

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. I.

I.

"It may be thought," says Professor Bryce in The American Commonwealth, "that an observer familiar with two universities which are among the oldest and most famous in Europe, . . . would be inclined to disparage the corresponding institutions of the United States. . . . I have not found it so. . . . If I may venture to state the impression which the American universities have made upon me, I will say that while of all the institutions of the country they are those of which the Americans speak most modestly, they are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brighest promise for the future." And elsewhere: "If we define a university as a place where teaching of a high order — teaching which puts a man abreast of the fullest and most exact knowledge of the time — is given in a range of subjects covering all the great departments of intellectual life, not more than twelve and possibly only eight or nine of the American institutions would fall within the definition. Of these, nearly all are to be found in the Atlantic States."

It is not to be supposed that Professor Bryce had a definite list of twelve names in mind when he said this. As he says himself, the steps by which the four hundred or so degree-giving institutions of the country fall away from the greatest universities to the least pretenders, are indefinable. Half a dozen institutions — Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Michigan, — we should all name at once as the great universities of the country: for the next half-dozen, we should hesitate and disagree. The rank of a university rests on a composite basis of

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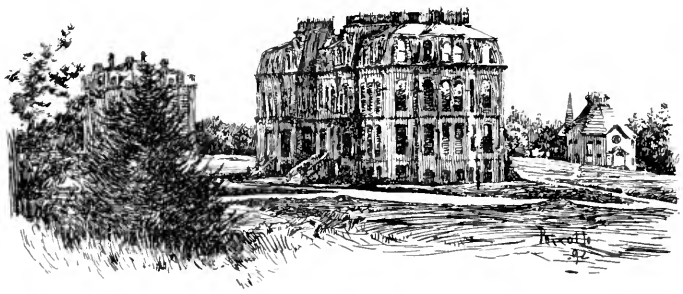


Drawn from Photo by Gibbs

NORTH HALL AND THE HARMON GYMNASIUM.

its wealth, its numbers, its breadth of courses, its provision for graduate work and for research, the distinction and power of its teaching force, and something not exactly expressed in all these, that I may call its spirit and traditions. Some of these excellences are matters not to be settled by the figures of annual reports; and even in respect to those that are mere matters of record, one university may excel on one side, another on another side, and neither clearly rank the other. The half dozen I have named, it is true, exceed all others in the country in numbers, advancement, general scholarly repute, and (except Johns Hopkins University) in wealth; but as among themselves, no one is distinctly eminent. Columbia is the wealthiest; Harvard and Michigan are alternately the most numerous; Harvard has the highest matriculation requirement; and Johns Hopkins the most advanced range of graduate work and research. The Clark University, though too poor in money and still too much of an experiment to be ranked with the established great universities, passes any of them in the place given to research.

If one should try to name a second half-dozen, and give to each one its rank, eighth, or ninth, or tenth, among the universities of the country, it would be still more an impossible attempt. Somewhere in this group, however, the University of California would fall, judged by any measurement.

By wealth: — the American universities that have incomes of over $200,000 a year are: —

THE CHEMISTRY BUILDING.

1.	Harvard	$1,026,738.20	(1890–'91)
2.	Columbia	800,000	
3.	Yale	499,720	(1891)
4.	Michigan	400,000	
5.	Cornell	350,000	
6.	California	306,611	
7.	Pennsylvania	275,000	

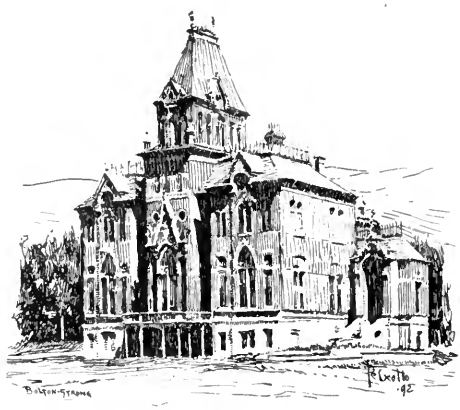
Where round numbers are given, the figures have been brought up to 1891–92, as nearly as I could estimate by the items of gifts received, or enrollment of students, affecting the income from tuition. In the case of California, I was able to obtain the estimate for the current year. This may give it a slight advantage in the comparison, as all these institutions are increasing more or less

STILES HALL, THE HOME OF THE COLLEGE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

rapidly in wealth. The same advantage, of figures later by at least half a year, is unavoidably given California in all the comparisons.

The following universities have incomes between $100,000 and $200,000, according to the latest report of the Bureau of Education; this report is three years old, but I do not find elsewhere reason to think the figures have changed much: —

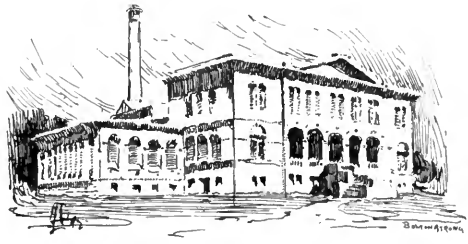
8.	Wisconsin	$182,987	(1889–90)
9.	City of New York	148,560	
10.	Boston	127,523	
11.	Nebraska	117,500	
12.	Johns Hopkins	113,702	
13.	Vanderbilt	101,500	



THE BACON LIBRARY.

I could find no financial statements from Princeton; nor are any made by the Leland Stanford Jr. University. So far as can be conjectured, these two and the Chicago University have incomes between $100,000 and $200,000. The universities of Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Mississippi, and four or five religious colleges, of which Dartmouth is the only one well known, have from $75,000 to $100,000 annually. There are 20-odd State universities that run thence to $25,000 income; and some 350 private colleges, most of them still poorer.

Where incomes depend on legislative appropriations, they are liable to so much variation that any such comparison would be worthless; but none of the incomes above $200,000 are thus dependent. The University of California draws its income from invested funds, and from a tax of one cent on each $100



THE NEW ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

of the State assessment, making an income not only very secure but certain to increase for many years.

With the same tuition rate as at Cornell, this University would have as large an income. California, the Leland Stanford, Jr., and the small University of Kansas are the only institutions among those named above that do not charge regular tuition, though the fees are very light at Michigan.

The comparative wealth of universities is not necessarily quite as their income, for the difference in value of grounds, buildings, and equipments, is considerable. Thus I have ventured to get a rough estimate of what may be called total wealth, by putting together the value of grounds and buildings, funds, and capitalized value (at a uniform rate of five per cent) of income from other sources, as I could gather these items from their reports,—an estimate with too many assumptions to be of much value: —

1.	Columbia	$18,000,000
2.	Harvard	16,700,000
3.	Yale	11,000,000
4.	Michigan	9,000,000
5.	California	8,130,720
6.	Cornell	8,000,000
7.	Pennsylvania	6,800,000

Arranging by numbers of students and teachers: —

1.	Michigan	2,693	students (1891–2)
2.	Harvard	2,658	" "
3.	Yale	1,784	" "
4.	Pennsylvania	1,764	" "
5.	Columbia	1,564	" "
6.	Cornell	1,489	" "
7.	California	1,079	" (1892)
8	Boston	1,038	" (1891–2)
9.	Wisconsin	789	" (1890–1)

1.	Harvard	253	teachers
2.	Columbia	226	"
3.	Yale	225	"
4.	Pennsylvania	207	"
5.	California	194	"
6.	Cornell	136	"
7.	Michigan	149	"
8.	Boston	118	"
9.	New York City	90	"

The Johns Hopkins University has 57 teachers, and Wisconsin about the same number.

Proportion of graduate students to undergraduate and professional: —

1.	Clark University	100	per cent.
2.	Johns Hopkins	61	"
3.	Columbia	12	"
4	Cornell	10	"
5.	Harvard	7	"
6.	Yale	4	"
7.	Pennsylvania	4	"
8.	Michigan	3	"
9.	California	3	"
10.	Boston	3	"
11.	Wisconsin	3	"

All these figures give but the roughest means of finding the comparative rank of a college. All the large universities are swelled in number of students by a fringe of schools, not only of law, medicine, and divinity, but dental, veterinary, and art schools, which do not require full university matriculation, though occasionally, as in the case of the law school here, approaching it nearly. One third of the enrollment of the University of California and of Harvard, one half at Columbia, and two thirds at the University of Pennsylvania (which, indeed, consists first of all in its great medical school) are in these professional schools. In like manner, a large staff of teachers may mean that much time is allowed the members for original work, or it may only be swelled by a great many lecturers, clinical assistants, and others giving but partial time, in the professional schools; or most likely, as in the University of California, both causes unite.

Were it worth while, one might go on to compare the leading universities as to number of courses offered, or titles of articles published by their members; superficial enough comparisons, for the length of such lists put forth bears no certain relation to value.

In those less measurable things that go to make up the greatness of a university, it is safe to say that the University

of California is greater, rather than less, than its general repute,— greater than its repute in the East, because the East is ignorant of developments in letters to the westward; greater than its repute here, because we have not yet faith in ourselves in these higher matters, and lean somewhat timidly and provincially on Eastern opinion. Just as Professor Bryce found Americans most apologetic with regard to their universities,— their most hopeful institution in his judgment,— while confident enough about their politics, their press, their cities, one may find Californians bearing themselves toward their own best possession.

The opinion of men who have seen

Drawn from an old wood cut

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL.

the University at Berkeley somewhat thoroughly, after knowing the best universities elsewhere; the ease with which its graduates compete with those of the most famous American universities in the graduate schools; the personal caliber of its leading men, as one may justly enough measure it against that of distinguished men who visit us, or are known to us by their books, – all these means of estimating the rank of their University justify Californians in feeling that it holds a very honorable place among those of the country.

II.

THE beginning of Harvard within fifteen years after the settlement of Massachusetts, "That sound learning may not perish from among us," has

Drawn from an old wood cut by Van Vleck and Keith

THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

always been a cause of just pride; but it was a matter of public consent and public taxation, a thing in which the whole community was at one. The founding of the College of California, if less to the honor of the community, was more to the honor of the small guard of men that achieved such results in an indifferent, sometimes even a hostile, community. And this began with the very year the discovery of gold brought the rush of Americans to the Territory, not yet a State, barely out of Mexican possession, and still under Mexican law.

In the very first of this rush, several zealous young clergymen started for California, filled with the purpose of seeing that the things of the spirit should not be forgotten in the craze for gold,— and be it said in passing, not one of them was enticed away from that purpose when they came into that fast and furious early-day life. Three of them were on the first steamer that sailed for California. At New Orleans they overtook another, a young Dartmouth man, Mr. Samuel H. Willey, who had started before the news of the discovery of gold, and who stopped at Monterey. Here still lived Thomas O. Larkin, the most important American citizen there; a Massachusetts man by birth and breeding, though he had been years in California as United States Consul. As soon as they were fairly acquainted, the two men began to talk of founding a college. Un-

like the gold-seekers, who expected to fill their pockets and go home, these men regarded their homes as fixed here, believed in the future of the community, and meant that its foundation should not be laid entirely in materialism. On the voyage out, indeed, the passengers of this first steamer had kept the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, with resolutions pledging themselves to found a State in like spirit.

There were a few others scattered about the Territory — now early 1849 — with whom Mr. Willey and Mr. Larkin communicated, and who joined in the plan at once; and during the summer of '49, in spite of the overwhelming occupations of that time, the vast roadless distances and irregular communication, they managed to shape everything in readiness to charter the college as soon as a constitution should be adopted, and a law passed for granting such charter. They secured promise of land for an endowment; they corresponded with the Harvard and Yale authorities as to method of organization (Mr. Larkin was a kinsman of Dr. Rogers, one of the Harvard overseers; Mr. Sherman Day, another of the group, was son of the president of Yale), selected a board of trustees, and drafted a law. It was to be a Christian, but not a sectarian college; all were agreed on that. Not only was the environment heavily against sectarianism, fourteen or fifteen tiny churches in 150,000 square miles of territory, making such way as they could against the reckless abundance of counter institutions; but the sentiment of the circle was

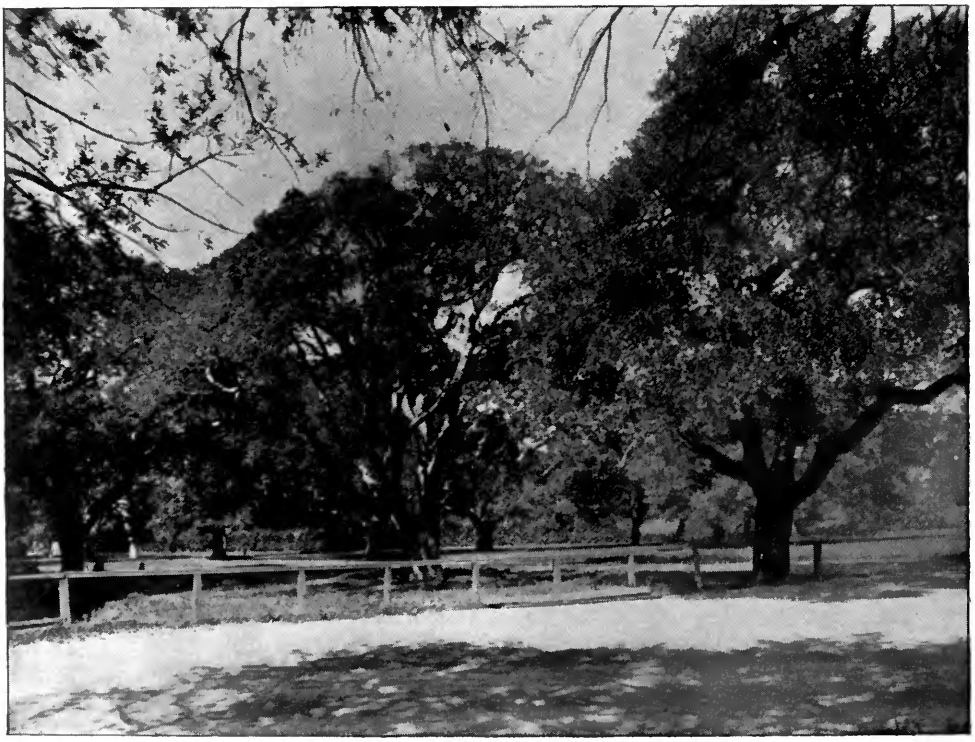


Photo by Gibbs

OAKS, LOOKING TOWARD THE CINDER TRACK.

Photo by Taber
ACTING PRESIDENT MARTIN KELLOGG.

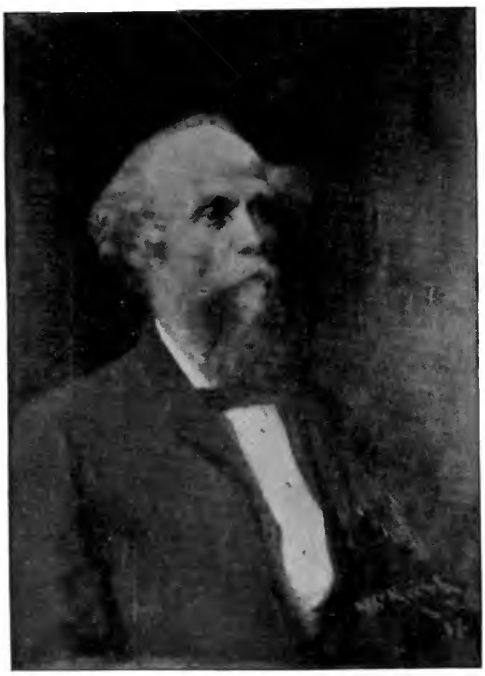
against it, and rudimentary effort looking toward a Presbyterian college came to nothing. The sort of educated young men that were drawn to early California were less likely to be fettered by prejudices and partisanships than the average of their time. Their very first letter, written after Mr. Willey's earliest conferences with Mr. Larkin, led Dr. Rogers in his answer to warn them of the magnitude of the work of creating a university according to the highest idea then held in America of such an institution; and nothing less than the best seems to have been contemplated by them from the first.

The first Legislature met in December. A knot of the friends of the college were on the ground,—Mr. Willey riding by night and in the rain across the mountains from Monterey to get there. Their first attention was given to the interests of the future common schools, but they secured their law for chartering colleges. The law provided, as a proper safeguard, that $20,000 of property must be secured before a charter should be given. This provision unexpectedly defeated the plan for several years. Mr. Frederick Billings applied for a charter in behalf of Chester A. Lyman, Sherman Day, Forrest Shepard, Frederick Billings, and S. H. Willey, trustees; but the Supreme Court, in which the power of granting charters had been placed, decided that in the unsettled condition of titles the lands promised (mainly by Dr. James Stokes and Kimball H. Dimmick), along the Guadaloupe Creek, near San José, did not fulfill the property requirement. The result of this set-back was that the promises of land lapsed.

The friends of the college now planned

to begin over again by getting a preparatory school under way. They were exceedingly busy men, in a time when all activities were carried on with an overwhelming rush and pressure: no one could take on himself the charge of establishing the school. The churches were not interested in the matter as churches; the college circle, though mostly clergymen or active members of the pioneer churches, acted as individuals. In 1851 their hope of united action for an undenominational college was broken into by the Methodists, who began the foundation at San José of the "California Wesleyan College," afterward the "University of the Pacific."

The idea of State aid evidently hovered somewhat about the minds of the college-builders from the first, but it was always discouraged by their Eastern advisers. It was at a time — after the colonial colleges had detached themselves from public control, and before the day of State university success — when there was a strong reaction against allowing the State any hand in the higher education. They themselves, in spite of the unsectarian spirit of their plan, were loath to think of excluding religious instruction altogether. "Mental and Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity," were the subjects of Doctor Willey's central regret when the College passed into the hands of the State,— a wasted regret as far as the philosophy is concerned, for that is taught freely in State universities now; but many adjustments that have since been learned seemed impossible then.



From Painting by Keith

JOSEPH LECONTE, PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND NATURAL HISTORY.

On the May-day of 1853 a rather remarkable thing happened. A scholarly looking stranger,— "in appearance the very embodiment of the ideal college professor," — came up from the just-arrived Panama steamer to Mr. Willey's house in San Francisco, bringing the best of letters from New England, and said that he had come to work for a college, and wished to begin at once. This was Henry Durant: "a man first fine, and then re-fined," President Gilman said to the students when he died; an example to them of the result of making the highest choices, mental, moral, and social, for generations.

He was born at Acton, Mass., June 17, 1802; educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, where he graduated in 1827, in the same class with Horace Bushnell. He was four years a tutor in Yale, then studied theology there, was ordained and settled as pastor at Byfield, Massachusetts; and after quietly ministering there for fifteen years, this serene clerical scholar already more than fifty years old, departed from that quiet harbor, and set out to the remote California of 1853, "with college on the brain," he said. It was surely one of the most curious and honorable incidents in the history of college founding.

A month later, he began a "college school," of three boys, in a building in the new hamlet of Oakland, which he had rented for $150 a month, gold coin, payable in advance; the house to be kept by a man and his wife whose wages were to be another $150, gold, in advance. Mr. Durant was the oldest Californian of them all, or the youngest man of them all, as far as venturesomeness was concerned. Twenty years later, President Gilman, after trying in vain to get him to write down some of his experiences, persuaded him to talk before a stenographer. The stories thus preserved have been told several times in print, but there are new readers each time, and those who are familiar with them will pardon me for not leaving them out. The school had not gone on three months before there were arrears.

"My housekeepers — Quinn was the man's name — began to be alarmed. He said that whatever did not succeed in two months and a half in California never would succeed. He could not trust me any longer. One morning I went up-stairs as usual to my school. It got to be time for luncheon, and I went down-stairs, and found nothing prepared. Quinn had squatted on the lower part of the house, and put out his shingle: 'Lodgers and boarders wanted here. Drinks for sale at the bar.' He had got up a bar-room with his bottles in it. I sent out to a restaurant, and got a luncheon for the boys. Then I went down-town to a lawyer's, and entered a complaint before a Police Court extemporized for the occasion. Quinn was summoned to appear. He was found guilty of getting up a nuisance, and was ordered to desist and pay a fine of $5. Meanwhile I went up to clear out his fixings.

"He came up, and wanted to know what I was about. I told him what I was going to do. He told me to desist. I told him that I had made a beginning,

From Painting by H. Raschen
PRESIDENT JOHN LECONTE, PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

and was not going to stop until I had made an end of it. He got into a rage, laid his hands on me with considerable force, and was pushing me away, when suddenly he became pale as a cloth, lifted up his hands over his head, and began to pray. He begged that I would pray for him that God would have mercy on his soul."

"I suppose he had a dim vision of the future glories of the University of California," President Gilman suggested, in play.

"No," said Dr. Durant, quite seriously, "I think it was not that. His religion came to my relief. He had an impression that he had laid hands on a consecrated person, and thought he was committing the unpardonable sin. He regarded me as a priest, and had been so taught. I think that was the secret of it. He told me I need not trouble

myself to move the things; he would do it."

While going on with the school, Mr. Durant was looking for a permanent site, and selected a spot on a new road, now Twelfth Street, about to be opened to what was then San Antonio.

"Just at this time, 'the jumpers,' as they are called — a certain order of squatters — assembled in pretty large numbers at the end of Broadway — two or three hundred of them. It seems a plan had been arranged, and they had been gathering in small numbers until there was a large crowd of them. They were discussing, haranguing, and working themselves up to the point of taking possession of all the unoccupied grounds in Oakland. Learning what they were about,— that they were about to take possession of the various lands of the city, and divide them off by drawing lots, giving each one something,— I went down into that crowd, took off my hat, got their attention somehow, and proclaimed that negotiations were pending for the purpose of securing four blocks that had been selected for the purpose of building a college. A motion was made that three cheers be given for the coming college. A committee was appointed to take charge of these four blocks, to keep them safe from interference from any quarter, and to hold them sacred to the use for which they had been voted."

The old circle of friends backed Mr. Durant cordially, and now a subscription was raised to put up a building on the site thus obtained. The funds ready in hand gave out before it was quite complete. Contractors had been known in such cases to borrow the money to finish, take a lien on the house, put in a man with a pistol to keep the owner away, and ultimately get the house. Mr. Durant suspected that something of the sort was breeding, and consulted a lawyer, who advised him to regard himself as owner and take possession.

"I came over at night, took a man with me, went into the house, put a table, chairs, etc., into one of the rooms up-stairs, and went to bed. Pretty early in the morning the contractor came into the house and looked about. Presently he came to our door. Looking in, says he: 'What is here?'

"I was getting up. I told him I did n't mean any hurt to him, but I was a little in a hurry to go into my new home, and I thought I would make a beginning the night before. I asked him if he would not walk in and take a seat. I claimed to be the proprietor, and in possession. He went off. My friend went away, and in a little while the contractor came back with two burly fellows. They came into the room, and helped themselves to seats. I had no means of defense except an axe that was under the bed. The contractor said to one of the men: 'Well, what will you do?' Said he: 'If you ask my advice, I say, proceed summarily,' and he began to get up. I rose, too, then — about two feet taller than usual; I felt as if I was monarch of all I surveyed. I told him that if I understood him, he intended to move into the room. Said I: 'You will not only commit a trespass upon my property, but you will do violence upon my body. I don't intend to leave this room in a sound condition. If you undertake to do that, you will commit a crime as well as a trespass!'

"That seemed to stagger them, and finally they left me in possession."

This house is the square one shown in the sketch, p. 341, which is from an old engraving. The school prospered, and after a while money enough was raised for a second building. In 1855 the College of California was incorporated, and then a search was begun for a fine, ample, well watered tract, which by beginning thus early might be secured for a permanent site without extravagant cost. It chanced that in 1856 Dr. Horace Bushnell was sojourn-

ing in California for the sake of his health, and became an enthusiastic ally of the college. He took on himself the investigation of sites, and by stage, in the saddle, on foot, explored the whole circumference of the bay, and the Napa and Sonoma valleys, reporting in writing on all suitable sites. The letters written during the many weeks of these tours form an interesting chapter in his "Life and Letters." The final result was the selection of the present site of Berkeley. The name was not given till ten years later: it was suggested by Mr. Frederick Billings, in memory of Berkeley's well-known stanzas, beginning,

> The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime.

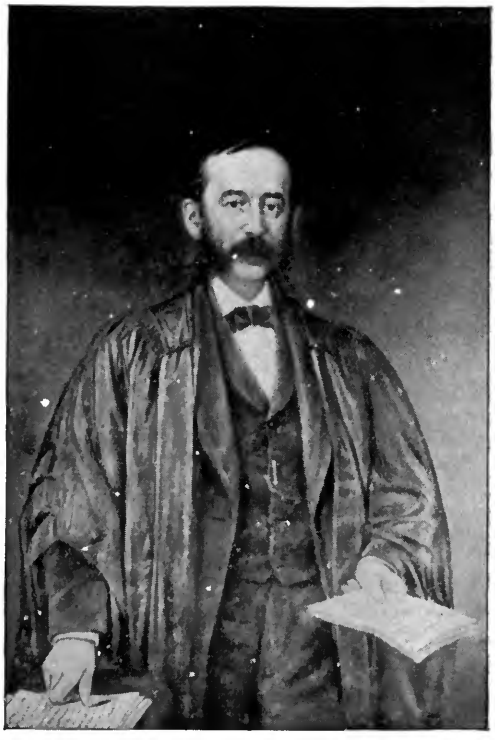
They are curiously appropriate, and as one will see on glancing them over seem in some respects written rather for California than for the Atlantic States.

Before leaving the State, Mr. Bushnell wrote an "Appeal" to the public for the college, from which I quote a passage or two:—

> They [the trustees] propose to create not an academy only, nor a high school, but a college; nor this only, in its most limited and historic sense, but a college that will be the germ of a proper university, and will not fulfill its idea till it becomes on the western shore what Harvard and Yale are on the other; and finally, such as even they are not, except in a rudimental and initial way.

They are not unadvised, the appeal goes on to say, of the immense expenditure necessary; and it is curious in view of the figures quoted in the beginning of this article to see his illustration of the cost of a great college:—Harvard, he says, has about a million and a half of property, $600,000 in active capital, and still complains of sore restrictions for want of means; the College of California should have $500,000 to begin with. He warns against a State university, and gives a vivid picture of the conditions of such,—the students rushing into the cabals of party to oust some obnoxious president or professor, learning and science draggling in the mires of uneasiness and public intrigue.

> The sooner, therefore, you are disabused as a people, of any expectation of a university to be created by the State, the better it will be for you. It can have no other effect than simply to postpone those private responsibilities which have been too long delayed already. You can never have a university worthy of your place as the central and first State of the Pacific, unless you call it into being by your own private munificence.



From Painting by Benoni Irwin
PRESIDENT DANIEL C. GILMAN.

None the less for some prophecies now falsified, the appeal is a noble document,— one of the finest papers connected with the history of the University. The students of the University should be kept familiar with it, if merely as literature.

In 1860, a Freshman class of eight was ready, and Mr. Durant turned over the preparatory school to Rev. Isaac

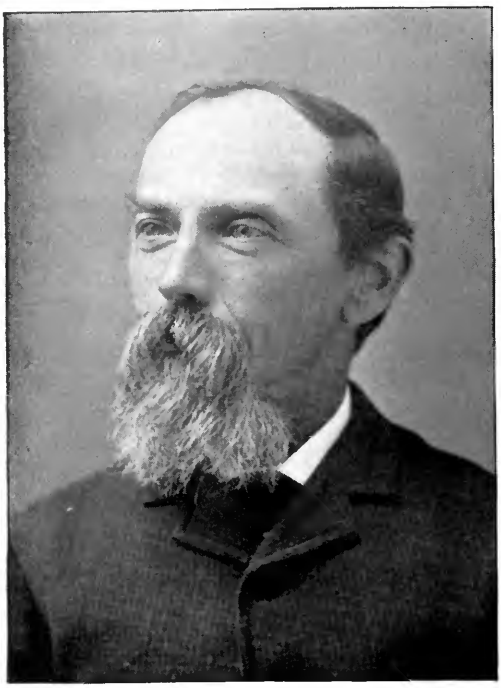


Photo by Taber
EUGENE W. HILGARD, PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURE AND AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

Brayton, and began college work. Mr. Martin Kellogg (Yale, '50) was called from his church in Grass Valley, and Mr. Brayton also gave some time to the college classes.

From this time the college went on as a separate institution for nine years, increasing its staff and the number of its students, having a good repute educationally, and holding its main requirements well up to the best standards of the country at that date. So many of its nearest friends were Yale men,— Professor Durant, Professor Kellogg, Sherman Day, Doctor Benton, Doctor Bushnell, and a number of others,— that it took a decided Yale coloring, of which glimpses are even now discernible through the various superimposed layers. If any shadow ever disturbed the perfect confidence and unanimity — even affectionate regard — among the builders of the College, the memory of it has not been kept. I should think such a group of men, so cordially united and to such ends, must be rare in the early history of communities.

The College never had a president. After two or three years, Mr. Willey was urged to become "vice-president"— acting president, we should say now — till the place could be filled. Doctor Bushnell, Doctor Shedd, and Doctor Hitchcock, were successively asked to take it, but would not leave the Eastern environment for that of California. Professor Durant seems to have regarded himself and to have been regarded as a teacher, not an administrative manager.

There was no endowment, and the College was never free from financial struggle. By the time it was incorporated, the "flush times" had passed: "I know very well," says Bushnell in his appeal, "the heavy pressure now felt of debt and discouragement, the devouring rates of interest, the depressions of prices, the uncertainties of titles, the cessations of profits, and the general collapse of all that can be called prosperity. There could not, therefore, be a worse time, many will say, for the endowment of any such institution." Appeals made in the East for endowment by Professor Kellogg and Mr. Willey, backed by President Woolsey, President Hopkins, Doctor Leonard Bacon, Professor Park, Doctor Storrs, and others, failed to bring forth the help usually given in the East to Western educational beginnings. It seems strange to them to this day, and they attribute it — as did the people to whom they talked — to the feeling in the East that it was absurd to send money to *California*, the place that gold came from. Perhaps the non-sectarian character of the College had much to do with it: a non-sectarian institution gets praise and public sympathy for its liberality, while the money goes to the sectarian ones; the church people feel that their "first efforts are due to their own," and the non-church-going people, in New

Photo by Waters

HUGGINS BRIDGE OVER STRAWBERRY CREEK

England at least, do not give as largely in any case. With slight exceptions, all the funds for the College of California had to be raised here, in a period that covered the time of the great depression spoken of by Doctor Bushnell, the war time, and the first years of recovery from the war. A great deal was raised. Two good buildings were put up in Oakland, the site at Berkeley, with a good deal of adjoining land for residence lots, was purchased, a plan for laying out the grounds by Frederick Law Olmsted obtained, extensive water rights secured, and the College carried on for nine years. All this was done by continuous subscriptions from business men — as usual, not the wealthiest ones, but generally the well-to-do. Many weeks the acting president walked up and down the streets, climbing to men's offices and obtaining these subscriptions. Nor was the effort to get large endowments ever relaxed; among others, several men were appealed to who have since become founders of other institutions; but none of them at that time was at all moved. In 1867 the trustees faced the situation that their property, though not inconsiderable, consisted entirely of real estate, which at present yielded no income, and that their current expenses had with the growth of the College risen beyond what could be met by subscriptions any longer. Indeed, they were already in arrears.

III.

In 1862 Congress passed the Act giving those States still containing public lands a grant of such lands for purposes of instruction in Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. California had also a small Seminary Fund, which, set apart for no very specific use, had been allowed to accumulate. The State soon began to try to avail itself of the national grant, but the Legislature could come to no agreement about it, and after the matter had been reported back from various committees, it was finally turned over to a commission, at the head of which was Professor J. D. Whitney, then on the Geological Survey in this State. This was in 1863. This commission drafted a plan which resulted in the Act of 1866, establishing a College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, to which Mining was added, and constituting a board of directors, presided over by the Governor. This board had power to locate and organize the school, provided only that it should not be connected with any other institution of learning, nor be in any manner connected with or controlled by any religious sect.

Why the provision against connecting it with any other institution was put in, I do not know, nor whether it was due to Professor Whitney: it could not have been intentionally directed against the College of California, nor intended to check the expansion of the agricultural school plan into a university, for Professor Whitney, in an address to the College, had spoken with a good deal of approval of State universities.

The success of Michigan University, which was founded before the reaction against State aid set in, had greatly tempered that dread everywhere. In the West it was now felt to be a less danger than the multiplication of private and sectarian foundations it had led to. The trustees of the College of California had not failed to note all this; and other guests of distinction besides Professor Whitney had called their attention to it, notably Professor Silliman. In any event, if a State university were really to be started, the one great university on this Coast, which had always been their goal, would become impossible except by consolidation. The terms of the Act of 1866, however, and the evident intention of making a merely technical school, seemed to put out of the question any thought they had had of such an event.

Governor Low, however, the head of the board that had charge of organizing the school, was as it chanced one of the firmest friends of the College, and a regular subscriber to its funds. He was also much disposed to a State university, instead of a State technical school. It was legally possible so to construe the act under which the "College of Agriculture, Mining, and Mechanic Arts" was organized, as to make it a sort of university, by the addition of minor courses of liberal arts, even without other sources of income than those provided for by the Act. There was no obstacle whatever to making these industrial courses even a minor part of a great university, if the additional income demanded were provided for elsewhere. There would be room for some delicate questions of division of funds, but nothing that could not be settled by honest effort. When the directors of the proposed school had fixed upon a site two miles north of Berkeley, the nearness seemed to bring to a focus the floating talk there had been of consolidation, and Governor Low apparently was the one that made the definite suggestion, while talking over the financial difficulties. The form of the law seemed to forbid it, but there was one way in which it could be done: the College could give its property to the State, on a clear understanding that this should be made the fulcrum for turning the technical school into a university. Desire of seeing all forces united on the one hand, financial pressure on the other, settled the matter. It was necessary to shape things quickly, for the Legislature was soon to meet. The trustees of the College and the directors charged with organizing the technical school came to a cordial understanding: and on October 9th, 1867, the trustees adopted resolutions offering their property to the State. The first resolution offered the site at Berkeley without condition; the second declared that "in making this donation, the College of California is influenced by the earnest hope and confident expectation" that the State would forthwith establish on this site a university, which should include several technical colleges, and also an "Academic College"; the third, that the trustees would enter into contract that upon the establishment of such university they would disincorporate, and turn over all their remaining property to the university.

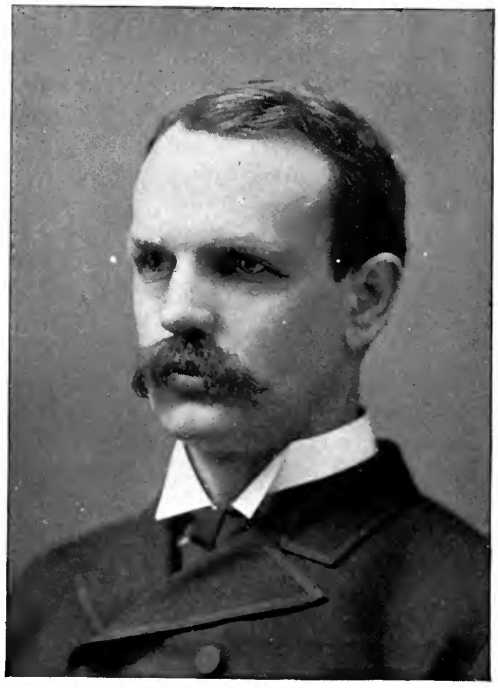


Photo by Taber
BERNARD MOSES, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

These resolutions were formulated by John W. Dwinelle, and the trustees of the College were a little disappointed at the precedence given the technical "colleges" over that of liberal arts; but on the representation that it was necessary thus to present it to the Legislature, they yielded the point. It may seem that the unconditioned gift of the site in the first resolution left them at the mercy of the Legislature in case it chose

to accept the site and decline to fulfill the "expectation" of the second; but as a matter of fact the offer was conveyed to the Legislature incorporated in a bill for the establishment of a university which should include the school of technology already provided for. The bill was endorsed by the directors of this school, included provisions for the appointment of regents, and had been agreed upon in consultation with the trustees of the College of California.

The bill did not pass without opposition,—one scheme was presented for breaking up the property into a series of schools, scattered about the State. Mr. Willey went up to Sacramento, and did what he could for its passage; and Mr. Dwinelle and Mr. Felton carried it through. It passed March 21, and on the 27th, an appropriation was made for the support of the proposed university. The date of the Governor's signing the bill, March 23, has since been celebrated yearly at the University as "Charter Day."

This great step safely accomplished, the next was the appointment of regents. Six of these were — and still are — *ex officio;* sixteen are now named by the Governor, and confirmed by the Senate, but at first only eight were chosen in this manner, the other eight being selected by the board itself.

Mr. Low was no longer Governor. Governor Haight had been elected while the arrangements with the College of California were going on. He was a graduate of Yale, a man interested in education, and of liberal ideas; he had in his inaugural address urged the University bill, as did Governor Low in his retiring address. He had cordial personal acquaintance with members of the College of California board; but he had not followed the course of the College as closely as Governor Low.

When Governor Haight's appointments came out, there was some surprise at them. The regents named, and those in turn named by them, were good citizens and earnest friends of education,

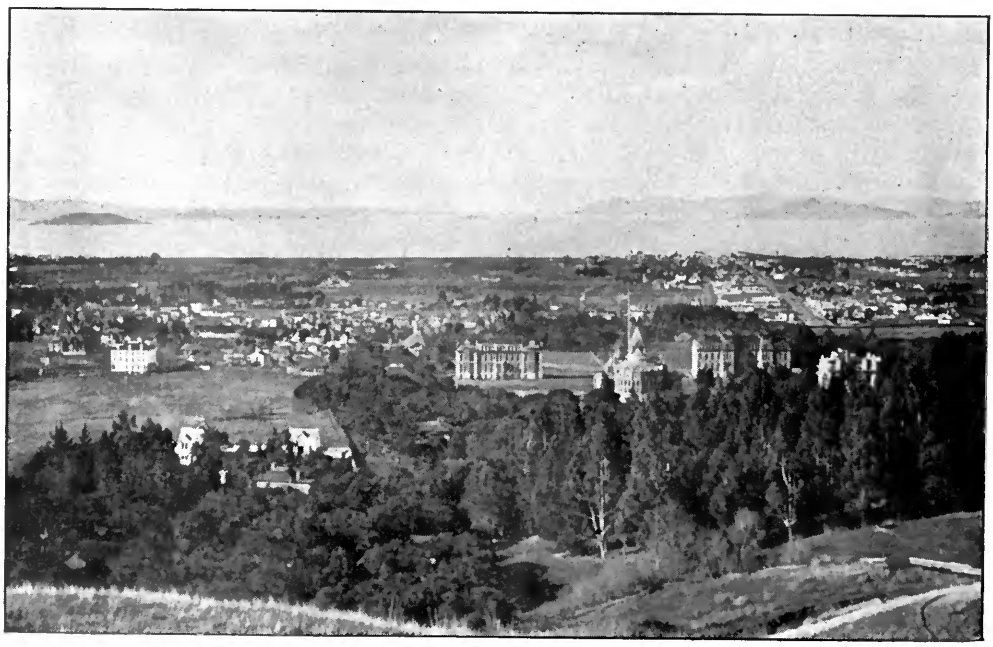


Photo by Waters

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

but they were not the men that people expected. For one thing, there was but slight representation of the College of California on the board. I have taken some pains to talk with friends of Governor Haight about these appointments, and I am satisfied that from his point of view at that time the College did not play any very large part in the University question. It had been possible for himself and other friends of the University to make use of its gift in bringing about this great foundation, but the gift itself he and the others about him did not regard as of much value. The College was crippled with debts, and though it had property enough to cover them it was all in real estate, that might not be available for many years, while the debts would have to be paid at once by the State. The College came before him with the aspect of financial failure. Its aims were lofty, its men to be revered; but it had not "got there." It was first of all necessary so to organize the University that there should be no failure in practical efficiency. There was an important endowment to come into the management of this board, and in such a shape that it might be frittered to nothing, or nursed to something very large. He meant, first of all, that the endowment should be safe; he did not wish a board of clergymen and scholars, but of financiers. Then, too, he felt under certain restrictions of selection: the majority of the board must be of the dominant party; probably the Legislature would not have consented to anything else. In this case the dominant party was Democratic, and as the College of California men were almost exclusively Republicans, five out of the eight nominations necessarily went away from them. Governor Haight was a Northern Democrat himself, but the Southern Democrats were a strong body in the State, and had to be considered. Between this wing of the Democracy — pro-slavery men in the earliest California struggles, secessionist at the time the State was with difficulty held in the Union — and the New England men in the State, there was little sympathy; without actual antagonisms, they still fell into different social groups, and did not come naturally into co-operation. In spite of the most faithful effort to be non-political and non-sectarian, the College of California had by sheer force of gravitation become mainly Congregational, and almost exclusively of New England. This Governor Haight intended to break up; he meant to make the University as broad-based as the population of the State. He planned to represent North and South, Catholic, and Protestant, and Jew, on the board. It was all good and wise; but after talking with those who can give me light upon it, and reading over the first volume of the records of the board, I am forced to conclude that among these adjustments he failed to make enough of the need of university knowledge in such a body. The men in California who had studied college plans closely, and had advised constantly for years with college managers in the older States were not on the board. The difficulty was in some respects impossible of solution: in 1868 New England was the only section of the country that had universities, and a board fairly distributed sectionally could not be the most skilled in college management.

This first board contained many admirable men, several of them ideal regents. But as a body they — or so their record impresses me — took hold of the work of laying the foundations of the institution with an inadequate sense of its difficulty, except on the financial side. The pages are filled with notes of their careful consideration and re-consideration of sales of lands; but their first important step educationally was — in open meeting, without even nominations at a previous meeting, much less a committee to correspond and consider — to elect a president. They elected General McClellan,

and ex-Governor Low resigned in consequence, — the first ripple of political trouble, which afterward was abundant enough, from outside the board at least. General McClellan declined, and though there were a good many nominations, no president was actually elected till after the organization was complete.

Meantime, November 10, Professor Kellogg was nominated to the chair of Ancient Languages, and elected December 1. At the intervening meeting, Professor John Le Conte, whose name had first been brought before the board by a letter from Professor Pierce, of Harvard, was nominated and elected, thus becoming the senior professor. On December 1, also, Professor Joseph Le Conte and Professor R. A. Fisher were nominated and elected.

During this year of 1868–69 the College of California was asked to continue instruction, while—the gift of the site having been accepted — the offer of the remaining property was held under consideration. It was accepted on April 5, 1869, and the University advanced the money for payment of arrears during the year; while the professors so far chosen for the University gave instruction in the College. It was agreed that the University should take over unbroken the courses of the College, which, in fact, would practically constitute the "College of Letters." In some of these negotiations, the regents seem to have been unnecessarily curt with the College; but one learns it only from the regents' own record; the College trustees carried their part of the negotiation through, so far as appears, with an unfailing urbanity and readiness for concession that doubtless had joint origin in their financial disadvantage and their anxiety to fix the course of liberal arts firmly in the University, at the cost of whatever other sacrifice. In their formal acceptance of the College, however, the regents express "their profound appreciation of the far-seeing public spirit, devotion to learning, and to the good of the Commonwealth" manifested in the resolutions of gift; their recognition in those resolutions of "the incipient germ of the State University"; and their intent to "preserve, cherish, and carry forward to posterity those trusts in the same enlightened spirit in which they are confided to us."

The presence on the board of Dr. Horatio Stebbins, president of the College trustees, was the thing that especially helped in all adjustments. Dr. Stebbins is still on the board, an active and valued member. In November the consolidation was completed, the total liabilities accepted by the regents being reported to the Legislature at $49,030.04, against a value of $80,000, exclusive of the two sites in Berkeley and Oakland, which four years later were reported as worth $350,000.

I have more than once asked why, with a property of so much real value in spite of embarrassments, the College of California could not have taken stronger ground. Any one who has had to do with business men, however, knows the light in which they look upon a property whose values are not yet available, and which is in distress for immediate funds. And there was a still more potent difficulty in this case: the offer of the property had first of all to pass a Legislature which had no great desire to see a University founded, and was ready to be deflected by a feather's weight from considering it at all. Some light is thrown on this point by the fact, of which I am credibly told, that certain of the worldlier friends of the proposed university were obliged to use some sharp politics to prevent the defeat of the whole plan in the interest of other sites, which men with land adjoining were anxious to present.

It may be said, therefore, that the price received by the College for the Berkeley site was the establishment of a university instead of a technical school; and for the remainder of the property, the privilege of organizing the course of

the "College of Letters" in accordance with their own standards, Professor Kellogg passing over into the University to do this. The importance of this privilege may be measured by the fact that for some years the matriculation requirement for the classical course was higher by a full year than that for the other courses; and this was doubtless the most potent means of drawing up the others to the same standard. The thing that the College men desired in addition to receive, and were disappointed in not receiving, was a guarantee of the security and prominence of the course of Letters.

In 1869 the University opened its sessions, Professor John Le Conte acting as president. Professor Le Conte had also been charged with the organization of the courses, the planning of the buildings, which were now under way, and in general the mapping out of the University. The regents were fortunate in his broad-minded and scholarly counsel. The faculty was filled out with several more appointments, and the sessions opened with unshadowed promise.

IV.

In January, 1870, Mr. Tompkins succeeded in obtaining from the Legislature an additional endowment of tidelands. The dependence on the Legislature was bound to be close, for appropriations were needed from time to time, and the very organization and existence of the University rested on a law, which could be repealed at any time. Mr. Tompkins became the guardian of its interests, perhaps its most effective friend, during the remaining years of his life. He was a Union College man, born in Oneida County, New York,—"a student of literary and philosophical subjects, an earnest advocate of the higher education, and the generous friend of all good undertakings in the community where he dwelt." I quote the resolutions offered by Dr. Stebbins in the board of regents when Mr. Tompkins died, nearly three years after this. It was a most fortunate thing for the University that it had his services for these few years, but most unfortunate that it lost him when it did, before the time of its great struggle with the Legislature.

In this three years Doctor Durant had been made president of the University (Aug. 16, 1870); had retired after two years of service, being then just seventy years old; and after a few years, during which he dwelt, a venerable and honored figure, in Oakland, giving to its young people a little of that training in reverence that is common in the older college towns, he died suddenly, January 22, 1875, while presiding at a dinner of the Berkeley Club, and speaking on the subject, "The Good Time Coming." He was Mayor of Oakland at the time of his death. His theology, never very rigid, relaxed notably in his last days, and he followed his pastor, the late Rev. L. Hamilton, out of the Presbyterian Church, as a protest against the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Upon his retirement, Professor D. C. Gilman, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, was elected president. He had been asked once before to take the chair, and had refused. He now accepted, and was on the ground by the beginning of September, 1872. He was received with the utmost cordiality; the regents seem to have been eager to co-operate with him, and uphold him in every way. He found the University going on smoothly enough. A preparatory department had been organized, with the strict understanding that it was to be a merely temporary arrangement, until the high schools should be encouraged to assume the preparatory work; and in fact it was dropped after two or three years, thus closing the last phase of the old College School, which had been consolidated with it. On motion of Regent Butterworth, by a unanimous vote, women had been admitted to the University "on

equal terms in all respects": this was October 3, 1870, so that it was not possible for any women to become regular students in any class before that of '74; one woman graduated with that class. An incident of the same period that may be worth mentioning is Bret Harte's election (Aug. 16, 1870) as "Professor of Recent Literature and Curator of the Library and Museum," at the highest salary given by the University,— an appointment that he, however, declined.

The University was still holding sessions in the old College buildings in Oakland, while those at Berkeley slowly progressed.

President Gilman's administration was singularly successful; a new orderliness, vigor, and aspiration filled every department. One of his first acts was to have the president invited to attend the meetings of the board, with a right to discuss; and later he was made an *ex officio* member. The records of the regents begin to be thronged with acknowledgments of gifts, large and small,— the largest that of the Francis Lieber library, from Michael Reese.[1] The curt, business-like style of their own communications changes to one of attentive courtesy, under which some old difficulties — chiefly concerning proposed affiliated schools — melted away.

But troubles were brewing from outside. The cost of the main brick building — then called the College of Agriculture — had surprised every one, and work on it had been more than once suspended for long periods. In consequence, the North Hall, then called the College of Letters, had been hastily and cheaply put up. The Legislature of 1872-73 became suspicious as to both buildings. Moreover, this was in the height of the Granger political movement; there was a sentiment of injury among the farmers easily precipitated on any class or institution. They were not satisfied with the working of the College of Agriculture, as one branch of a manifold institution; they felt that the original grant had been given for a "School of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts," and that the University should in fact be this, and this only. The State Grange memorialized the Legislature on the subject. The result was an unfriendly legislative investigation, on the two subjects of the buildings and of the instruction in agriculture and mechanic arts. One of the regents, Dr. Merritt, who had been responsible for the erection of the wooden building complained of as defective, was charged with direct fraud. He was exonerated from any such charge, and, with the rest of the building committee, from that of negligence; and the regents and President Gilman stood by him and by each other in the whole investigation. But he shortly resigned from the board, and never had anything further to do with the University; when he died, what he had to give to education went to Bowdoin College.

The other branch of the investigation did not end so promptly. Each specification contained in the inquiry had been given to the proper person, to answer by a full exhibit of the facts. The professor of agriculture, Professor Ezra Carr, answered the inquiry as to the condition of the agricultural instruction in a way that practically endorsed the dissatisfaction of the State Grange. Professor Carr and his wife, the well-known writer and horticulturist, Jeanne C. Carr, had just joined the local grange, and Mrs. Carr in especial was much in sympathy with the Granger movement. The real contention was that between the technical school idea and the university idea, which had been supposed to be settled in favor of the university, and which was now entirely re-opened. But there were already several of the faculty in antagonism with President Gilman, on personal and administrative grounds rather than matters of opinion, and Professor Carr, with Professor

[1] When Mr. Reese died, his will added a bequest of $50,000 to this gift, for library purposes.

Swinton, was among these. The regents supported President Gilman, and it was at this very time practically certain that Professor Swinton would resign, as he did the next month. The Legislature was still in session, and he joined in the attack on the University, and published a pamphlet on the subject.

The strained relations between Professor Carr and the University culminated in July, when he was asked to resign, and refusing, was removed. These circumstances excited the Grange and also some of the mechanics' bodies to great hostility to the University, and public sympathy was entirely with them. The storm of denunciation from the press was overwhelming, and most intemperate. I think that I am right in saying that the Sacramento *Record-Union* and the San Francisco *Bulletin* were the only papers of importance that did not join it. "President Gilman and the kid-glove junta," "teaching rich lawyers' boys Greek with the farmers' money,"— such were types of the daily phrases for months. There was much gross personal abuse, and pamphlets and resolutions of various bodies were added to the tirades of the press. There was in a sense no cessation of this for years; of course, the newspapers ceased in time to pay much attention to University affairs, but some of them have never ceased to fall easily into a hostile tone toward it, and when any difficulty arises concerning it they are ready to take it for granted that the University is to blame.

It was plain that the people did not desire a university. They desired to use the word, as more imposing than "technical school," and the fashion throughout the West; but they wished it to *be* a technical school. It gave displeasure that the ancient languages should be taught at all in the institution. Professor Carr was elected State Superintendent of Education as a demonstration in his favor. It was a very serious matter, for the University was really at the mercy of the Legislature, which could break it into a series of technical schools, the course which Professor Carr and his wife were then advocating; and the weight of the Granger vote alone in the Legislature was considerable.

In this crisis the conditions of the gift of the College of California rose to an unexpected importance. It was pointed out unceasingly that the site would have to be forfeited if the College of Letters were given up; besides other gifts, such as the Lieber library, given to the University as such. What would have been the result if it had come to a legal conflict, it is hard to say: the unceasing labor of the friends of the University in the Legislature, the defense of the two or three friendly papers, the courtesy and tact of the committees that received the legislative committees, and showed them the real good faith in which the departments were being carried on, and the patient good nature with which Professor Hilgard, the new professor of agriculture, conquered the confidence and friendship of press and people, carried the University safely around this, its worst point of danger.

The old College of California men, though they doubtless felt their worst fears realized, said nothing of the sort publicly, and defended the University loyally; but the religious denominations generally fell in with the popular dispraise for a converse reason: all this, they said, showed the danger of State institutions, the impossibility of preserving classical learning when at the mercy of legislatures.

Their especial antagonism was, of course, the absence of religious training, and they were unjustifiably ready to believe ill of the conduct of students of a "godless State university." The conduct of the University students, however, has been unusually good, as compared with that in other colleges, and no case to justify the worst criticism

ever gave the definite impetus to founding sectarian colleges; so that these have been slow in getting into existence, and to this day, though each denomination now has its foundation, they constitute no serious rivalry to the University.

In 1875 President Gilman received a call to found the Johns Hopkins University. It was a tempting call, for he was to be free to organize it according to his own plan, making the first real graduate university in the country. It was not to be expected that he would not accept, but it left the University of California in a bad position. It was out of the question to hope that any good man would come from the East to take the presidency. It was too evident that the University had not the backing of the people. It was not indeed certain that it would be in existence many years. The antagonisms within the faculty had not been closed by the departure of Professors Carr and Swinton. A legacy of internal feud was left, which lasted for many years, gathering itself always mainly about the question of technical as opposed to liberal education, or as it was misleadingly called, scientific as opposed to classical, — for no question of pure science was concerned. These differences involved both faculty and regents, and in both bodies there were for a long time two parties, one of which desired in all specific cases that arose the predominance of the technical, or practical, in the University; while the other stood for the policy President Gilman had left, which seemed to some at the time a preference for the liberal courses, but which I am satisfied was what it claimed to be, the restoration of these to a position of full equality. For some years the colleges of liberal arts were on the whole at a disadvantage. Up to the appointment of Professor Moses, for instance, in the fall of 1875, there was absolutely not a line of instruction in history or economics in the University

With this effort for the development of the University outside the technical courses, the later appointed professors, even of technical specialties, have been in full sympathy, but the earlier men regarded it with suspicion. As the revenues grow, and as it becomes more clearly understood throughout the country what a university is, such differences and difficulties disappear.

After President Gilman left the University, Professor Le Conte served first as acting president, then as president till 1881; Mr. W. T. Reid till 1885; Professor Edward S. Holden till 1888; Mr. Horace Davis till 1890. Since then, Professor Kellogg has been acting president. When the new constitution was adopted, in 1879, the University was firmly fixed in it, beyond further reach of legislative moods. The "Vrooman Act," approved February 14, 1887, which made that part of the income derived directly from the State come by a fixed tax instead of legislative action, was the final emancipation.

In spite of the public clamor against President Gilman, and the presence of a hostile group in his own faculty, the loyalty of the University to him was great, and the great majority of educated people and influential business men outside had especial confidence in him. The regret when he went away was sharp and bitter; in the long struggle that followed, he was always looked back to as the lost leader; and by the time that reports of his Eastern success (which his friends did not fail to see thoroughly and reproachfully "rubbed in") had awed detractors, the period of his administration became the golden age of University tradition to a degree that made a real embarrassment to successors, — it has been said to me that President Gilman himself would be at a disadvantage here in competing with the Gilman tradition. The University has, in fact, at no other time had, or understood itself as having, a per-

manent president. The successive men in the chair have taken it, as Doctor Durant did in the first place, to bridge a gap and keep things going, or with a sense of experiment on both sides. It is this condition of affairs about the presidency that now chiefly keeps up in the public mind the discontent with the University that began in resistance to the widening of courses.

Yet, if one will look at net results, the achievements of the seventeen years since President Gilman went away have been enormous.

The growth in wealth and numbers speaks for itself. The freedom from political meddling assured by the present arrangement of income, and by constitutional provision, is a gain simply inestimable, and perhaps the real turning-point in the history of the University. The accrediting system that now binds together the high schools and the University assures it such a corps of preparatory schools as no other university in the country has, and makes it give such service to public school education as no other does. A little of this growth is the inevitable result of time, in scattering alumni throughout the State, to become defenders of the University. Much of it has come from individual good things done by successive presidents, though no continuous policy was possible. Still more has been done by certain members of the faculty, who with a wisdom and devotion that have never begun to be appreciated, have carried up their own departments, smoothed over differences, and by mutual consultation and agreement given the University a steady and upward policy, without any continuous executive head, and through difficulties greater than those that have half-wrecked some universities. I think the whole faculty would agree that the chief credit of this is due to Professor Kellogg.

The regents, in the last analysis, must take the honor of having made a success of the University. Yet the difficulty about the presidency shows that there is a weakness somewhere. Other universities have trouble in finding the right president and keeping him, but not such trouble as we have had. The press, since its great blunder in the case of President Gilman, has been disposed to support the successive presidents, and lay the blame on faculty and regents: — the faculty is insubordinate, and broke down this president; the regents meddled, and broke down that one.

There is a certain knowledge of the facts in this: insubordinate is a foolish word, because a faculty are not the underlings of a president, but the faculty has never been well in harmony with any administration until the present one; and the regents have felt it right, in the unsettled condition of the presidency, to assume a minuter control of things at Berkeley than they were really competent to do. But neither of these things is a cause, but a result, of the failure to settle the presidency question. Let me say frankly, the real difficulty has been that the regents have not been good judges of men for university purposes. They have come out all right in the long run, and made a good faculty; but they have come slowly to see which men to trust for wisdom and fairness, and which ones to check, and have bred confusions in learning. They will come out all right with the presidency, but after years of experiment most trying to every one concerned, and hampering to the University. Of the successive presidents, every one was an able man, and most successful in his own special work, — not one was primarily a college president; not one had had training inside any great university elsewhere within recent years, nor followed the developments of university administration. Not one was first carefully chosen by the regents, — with reference to his *special* qualifications for the place and with full regard to the wishes of the faculty, — and then strongly supported by them. This experimental

way of treating the presidency grew, I believe, from that same underrating of the importance of this part of the work that was visible from the first. The names that have been put in nomination for the presidency first and last make instructive reading. The early regents nominated each other; they nominated military men whom they admired; normal school principals; personal friends. For many years after President Gilman went away a large minority of the regents were possessed with the idea of disregarding scholarship and knowledge of universities altogether, and choosing a man for industrial success or enthusiasm for the industrial arts. The recurrent fear that some such destructive blunder would be made — though in fact it never was — has injured the relation of the faculty to the regents, lowering its confidence in them as a body.

In this insufficient appreciation of the importance of a university within itself — its men, its traditions, its courses, its ideals — the regents simply represented the public. They have been chosen by successive governors, sometimes carelessly, oftener to guard the University funds, as they have done with unusual devotion and skill, perhaps greater than any other State university has had at its service; rarely for knowledge of and sympathy with university ideas. The pressure from the public has always been against respect for scholarship (in itself considered,— fame and success through scholarship secures public following), and against respect for the dignity of a university and its men. "What difference does it make what the hired men over at Berkeley think about the president that is to be given them?" asked a leading journal, hearing that some of the faculty had addressed the regents on the subject.

I can make the criticism of the regents with the better grace, because it is now a thing of the past. They are seeking, with the utmost deliberation and care, with full consultation with the faculty and inquiry about other universities, for the best president. Either of the two men between whom they will almost certainly choose,— Professor Kellogg and Professor Moses,—will be a safe and able man in the chair, and both are thoroughly familiar with the University and its needs. Each is the superior in some respects, and there will be difference of opinion to the end as to which should be chosen: but whichever it be, he will be loyally supported by faculty and regents. During the two years of Professor Kellogg's acting presidency, the last remnants of old controversies have been smoothed away, and if the newspapers will refrain from re-creating them there is no reason to expect new ones. The tone of several of the papers has not been good; they have denounced the regents for their wise delay and long inquiry; they have gossiped of the preferences expressed among the faculty, as if their now thoroughly self-respecting and mutually respectful differences were a political wrangle. Yet even the papers mean reasonably well by the University now, and we may expect that a few years more will see their relation to it as wonderfully improved as its relations within itself have become.

The appointment of alumni upon the board of regents has been a great cause — perhaps *the* great cause — of the bettered conditions: and though others may deserve the credit as much, it is certainly the general disposition of those who watch University affairs with interest to give it very largely to Regent Rodgers, a graduate of the Class of '72, now a most active and earnest regent, cordially trusted by his colleagues, the faculty, and the alumni,— three bodies between whom he and the other alumni regents supply for the first time a link.

Some reasons have existed in the construction of the board for a slower understanding of the conditions of the University. It is a very large board —

twenty-two members; different members are present at different meetings, and points already nearly settled are liable to be unsettled over and over, to the annoying delay of all business. It has six *ex officio* members, who come in and go out in a body every four years. A constitutional change, cutting off all the *ex officio* members but the Governor and Superintendent of Instruction, reducing the number of appointed regents, and giving the alumni the election of one half, would probably complete the long process of bringing the University into thorough working order. The long terms, sixteen years, have so far been the salvation of the board, giving it permanence, and enabling it to learn the lessons of experience.

V.

I have left myself little space to speak of the organization and work of the University. It resembles Cornell and Michigan most in general plan. It has, by its original scheme, six "colleges" or groups of courses,—the colleges of Agriculture, Mechanics, Mining, Chemistry and Engineering, and the College of Letters. The College of Letters has varied courses within it. The organization has become cumbrous, and were it not rooted in the State Constitution would be replaced by some simpler one, probably an adjustment of the group system. There is so large a range of electives, however, that entire freedom of choice in studies exists; a certain minimum of mathematics and of English is required for any degree, but students not asking degrees are under no restriction whatever. The degree of A.B. is not given without Greek; other degrees — B.S., B.L., Ph.B. — are given in other courses. The University is regarded strongest in the department of history and economic and social science, under Professor Moses. It is weakest in pure science, although the presence of the Le Contes has obscured this fact. The College of Chemistry is one of the technical colleges, intended as a preparation for economic and professional uses of the science; there is no course in which pure science predominates. This is a result mainly of the early devotion to "practical" studies; science that led to no visible economic result was not valued. The faculty is well aware of the deficiency, but has not until lately, been able to remedy it. Courses in botany, physics, and astronomy, besides Professor Le Conte's courses in geology and zoölogy, have always been given, and biology is now added. Since the establishment of the Lick Astronomical Department, of course, the work in astronomy is very extensive, but that is rather in the line of research than of instruction. Full and successful courses in philosophy are offered by Professor Howison, who occupies the chair founded by Mr. D. O. Mills. The department of English language and literature, first really put on its feet by the late Professor Sill, and then thoroughly organized by Professor Cook, (now of Yale), is also very important. The technical colleges have an excellent name, and their graduates have been successful professionally, especially those of the engineering course. The College of Agriculture, under Professor Hilgard, has now developed into a large and active center of agricultural investigation. It maintains experiment stations in different parts of the State, answers inquiries, oversees farmers' institutes, and is thoroughly appreciated now by the farmers, who formerly had the idea that it was intended as a sort of practice-school for farming, and should engage a farmer to teach boys to plow and prune.

Graduate degrees are given under conditions as strict as are required anywhere in America, and the graduate work is increasing yearly.

To the original six colleges have been

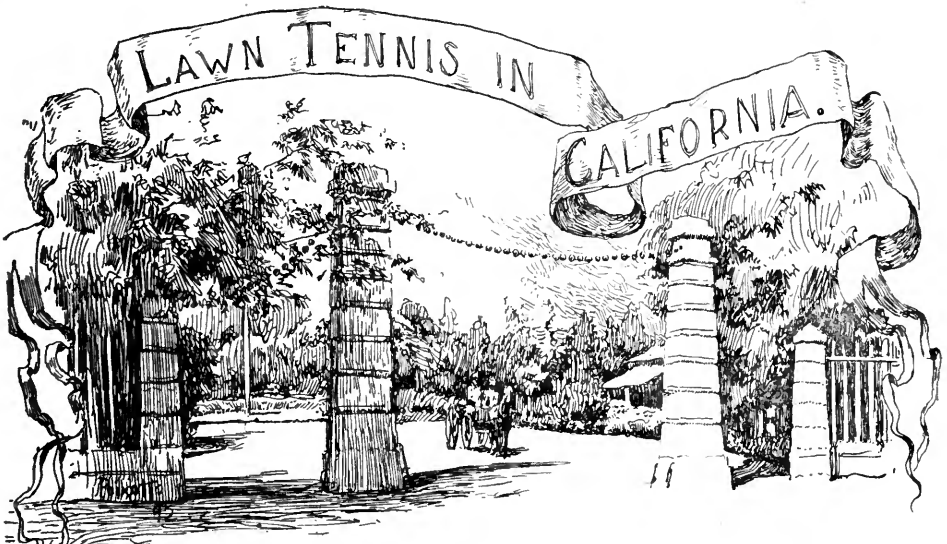
added the Lick Astronomical Department, on Mount Hamilton, and the affiliated schools in San Francisco — the Hastings College of Law, and the Colleges of Medicine, Pharmacy, and Dentistry; University Extension courses, also, are now given in San Francisco, but the members of these are not enrolled as students. Of these allied departments, I shall hope to speak in a second article.

The students at Berkeley have a good record in general behavior, and there has been a remarkably small number of cases of serious discipline. This is half the work of the students themselves, for in the changing condition of the presidency they have been allowed to run their own affairs a good deal. The presence of young women, who now constitute over one third the number of students at Berkeley, has had much to do with this. There is no dormitory system, and many students live in Oakland and San Francisco. This has checked some branches of college athletics, but in track athletics the University boys hold the Coast championship. They have a good cinder track, and have been encouraged by the faculty in athletic sports, though not to the extent that prevails in the English and oldest American universities. They have an excellent gymnasium, the gift of Mr. A. K. P. Harmon, of Oakland, and excellent gymnasium instruction, which, with military drill, is compulsory for the young men; the gymnasium opportunities of the young women are not so good.

The grounds of the University, situated on the slope up to the Contra Costa hills, opposite San Francisco and the Golden Gate, have been worked over much, at great expense, and with small result. Mr. Olmsted's plan, drawn for the College of California, was declined by the regents, and various other plans have been tried and dropped. The water rights of the College, also, have somehow been in part lost, and the supply of water is insufficient. The natural beauty of the site, and the noble view, however, compensate for much. The buildings are most of them good, though none compare in beauty with the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and there is no comprehensive plan among them; they are even of unpleasantly differing shades of brick. The affiliated schools being in San Francisco, the Observatory at Mount Hamilton, and the buildings at Berkeley scattered over a considerable tract of ground, they make a less display than those of most universities of equal importance. The library, of some fifty thousand volumes, is well housed and very convenient. This building was the gift of Mr. H. D. Bacon and the State in equal shares.

There are, of course, many buildings, many departments, many equipments, greatly needed. The income, though steady and increasing, is small for a great university, and will never be large enough to count among the first in the country, unless an era of large private endowments sets in. Harvard and Yale sometimes receive half a million dollars in gifts in a year. James Lick's gift of the Observatory, Judge Hastings' gift of the Law College, and Mrs. Hearst's of $100,000 in scholarships, are so far the only ones that have reached $100,000. One or two large private fortunes added to the State funds would make one of the greatest universities in existence — a truly magnificent end of the brave beginnings and early struggles.

Milicent W. Shinn.



"THAT'S a woman's game." Tennis players are very frequently answered by this remark, when the game is mentioned to those not familiar with it as an athletic sport.

It is, indeed, the only genuinely athletic game that women can play, and in which they can become proficient, but this does not necessarily establish the fact that tennis is less of a game or a less suitable game for men. It is, in fact, growing in favor with a great number of prominent athletes. F. H. Hovey of Harvard is one of the best base-ball men in the country. He plays short stop for the Harvard University team, and yet when the season for base-ball is closed, he throws the glove and bat aside to take up the racket and wield it in a manner that few tennis players can excel. H. H. Haight and Ernest Folger were both Yale oarsmen, but tennis takes a great portion of their time devoted to athletics. Any one who has seen Joe Tobin go through the rush-line of a foot-ball team, seen him play through a game without apparent effort, and then seen the work it makes for him to play a five-set match of hard tennis in a tournament, can readily realize that tennis is a game for which strength and endurance, as well as skill, are required. During the play at San Rafael last July in several instances the matches were greatly dependent upon the physical condition of the contestants. In conversation the Eastern "crack," R. P. Huntington, Jr., said last summer that in his opinion "it was more of a physical strain on a man to play a five-set match of tennis than it was to row three miles in a crew, or to play a game of foot-ball or base-ball." This should show the positive necessity of training for championship events, as many of the Pacific Coast players have already begun to do. Some players still hold to the fact that training is not essential to tournament tennis, but it is a most noticeable fact that those men are the ones that drop out of the tournament in the preliminary or first rounds. To win tournaments such as are played for championship honors requires two or three days' play, or even more when the entries are large, and it is therefore positively necessary that the contestants should be in the most perfect condition to stand the strain of such play.

It is really an astonishing fact that, as much as tennis is played throughout

this country, so few people outside of the "society" set understand the intricacies of the game.

It is the only athletic sport that has won the favor of society people. A man may run, jump, and throw the hammer, and be unknown still, in these circles, but when he has won honors in tennis, he immediately becomes well known there. The game has evidently inherited its rank from the favor it received at the brilliant court of Louis XIV. and his successors,— as a rule, it finds favor among the more wealthy classes, owing, doubtless, to the expense which has attended it. The formation of clubs will tend to spread its popularity by bringing this refined game within the means of all.

The enthusiasm of the spectators on the Coast is far greater, or, to say the least, more demonstrative, than that of the Eastern States. The tournaments in the West resemble the Eastern college events in the fact that many different club "yells" are heard, and there is seldom a spectator who is not decked in club colors. The "Good Work Club" of the singles tournament during the championship round was a remarkably good example of club enthusiasm. Some twelve or fifteen members of the California Tennis Club joined forces and took a prominent station on the courts, to "help Will Taylor win the championship." They were dubbed by the name on account of the "yell" which they had adopted which ran something like—"Hoy-hoy-hoy, Taylor, Taylor, good work, good work!"

Like other athletic sports, as cycling and track athletics, there is a thorough organization to maintain the honors of champions and the purity of amateur sport.

The Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association was organized on July 3, 1890, and now has sixteen clubs upon its list of membership.

Unfortunately for the beauty of the game, it is impossible for the clubs of California to build turf courts on account of the long season in which no rain falls. Although the lawns of California are as pretty and as green as could be found anywhere in the country, the continual watering during the summer months, which is necessary to their growth, so softens the earth that it is impossible to use them for tennis. The dirt court has been used to a great extent throughout the Pacific Coast, but during the winter season, when instead of snow comes the rain, the dirt court softens and is unfit for use for several days after a shower. It is for this reason that the principal clubs have adopted the use of asphaltum courts. These are a trifle more expensive to lay, but are less expensive to take care of afterward.

One of the most prominent of California clubs is the California Lawn Tennis Club, whose grounds are situated in the Western Addition of San Francisco. It has six courts and a very comfortable and commodious club house. The house consists of a large lounging room, tastefully decorated with club trophies and pictures of tennis and tennis players. It has a large, handsome, open fire-place and many easy chairs in which to rest while witnessing the tennis through the large windows opening on the court, or where one may sit and read the latest periodicals and magazines. There is also a ladies' reception room, a director's meeting room, and a large room, in which are the lockers, shower, and so forth, for the gentlemen of the club. A very valuable addition was made last year in the building of the drying room near the club house, which is fitted up for hanging damp clothing, nets, etc. to dry before hanging them in the lockers.

Joe Daly, the court keeper of the California Club, is the best professional player on the Coast, and in fact finds little difficulty in defeating the best players in practice. Thus the members

of the California Club can always be assured of a good practice game on their courts. Daly has taught the "chop stroke," which is used so effectively by a great number of Pacific Coast players, to nearly all that use it. It is a stroke peculiar to him. He is rarely seen in public, except when he plays an exhibition match with some of the crack players.

The strongest rival of the California Club is the Oakland Tennis Club, which is a consolidation of the Lakeside and the East Oakland Clubs. It has four courts, and a very pretty and artistic club-house. The interior of this is something similar in plan to the California Club's, and it has the advantage of a balcony from which spectators can see the play on all of the courts. In the accompanying sketch of the courts the characteristic pose of Daly is shown in his match with Hubbard.

The Alameda Tennis Club-house is a charming bit of rustic architecture surrounded by pine and live oak trees. It has a broad veranda and is in all a very comfortable and pretty building. The club has two asphaltum courts, and has the best scoring

IN THE CALIFORNIA LAWN TENNIS CLUB-HOUSE.

stands of any of the clubs in the vicinity of San Francisco.

Tennis at the Leland Stanford Junior University has taken a good footing, and is now one of the most popular sports. Last year J. W. Thompson won the championship, beating the former champion, Campbell. The match was of great interest and was very closely contested. Thompson was but a short time ago comparatively an unknown, and suddenly arose to the position which he now holds. There are a great number of students who rank very well in tennis, and among them are Bannister, Metcalf, Small, and Potter. The inter-collegiate games this year will bring out the real talent of the players, and there will undoubtedly be a number of matches between the colleges and the clubs of this city during the winter, which will establish a standard of comparison.

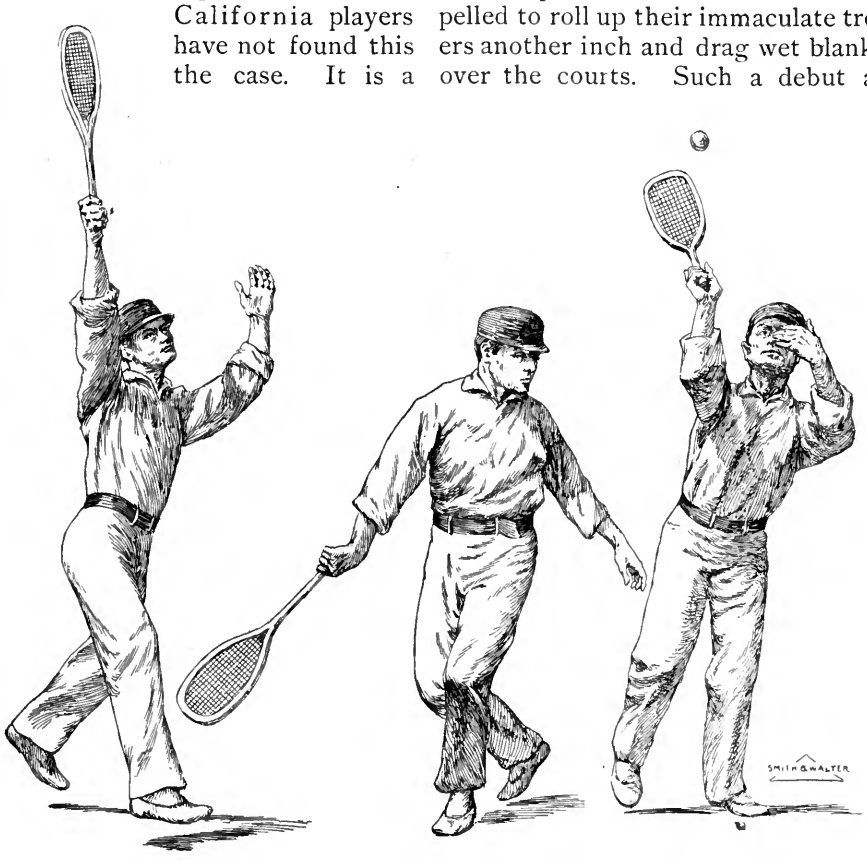
Within the last year a new club known as the San Francisco Tennis Club has been organized in this city, and has on its membership roll the names of a number of good players who will undoubtedly take an active interest in the sport. There are a number of tennis clubs in Oakland, which, although they do not rank with the large and older clubs, are none the less important. These clubs are principally made up of younger players. The Madison Tennis Club and the Oakland High School Club are two very enterprising organizations, which have so far turned out some of the best players of the Coast. English and Allen were formerly members of both of these clubs. The Madison Club has two asphaltum courts and are about to build a new club-house.

The University of California has taken a great interest in tennis, and has a regularly formed club which is a member of the Association. S. S. Sanborn is the champion of the University, and is also a member of the Oakland Club; he is one of the foremost players of the Coast. His exhibition in the San Rafael tournament when he defeated Joe Tobin was one of the finest ever seen in the West. His strokes were clean and most accurately placed. His service was wonderful; being left-handed, he reverses the cut and places the serve from one side of the service court to the other, and thus makes a puzzling and difficult stroke to receive. He worked his way to the finals in the July tournament after defeating several of the best men. Sanborn is one of the exceedingly few players who seem to study upon placing the service, which is by far the most important stroke of the game. Garber and Rountree are also prominent University players and rank well with Sanborn.

Tennis in the Southern part of the State is a foremost sport. The tournament which was lately played at Santa Monica was the most successful ever held in Southern California. A. L. Alexander of Santa Barbara carried off the honors of the gentlemen's singles, beating Germain of Los Angeles. The Southern tennis players were treated to a great surprise in the doubles when the Carter Brothers, who were veteran English players, were defeated by the Chase Brothers of Riverside. The Chase brothers are very young players, and show remarkably good form in their games. It is to be hoped that before long Southern California will send some of its best teams to play in the tournaments held for the championship of the Coast at San Francisco. M. S. Severance was elected president of the Southern Association, F. G. Ryan, vice-president, Robert Betner, secretary and treasurer. The executive committee for the ensuing year are A. H. Halstead, E. B. Tufts, Judge Otis, and W. E. Lester.

No icicles grow on the California racket; winter tennis is one of the great features of California. There are always tournaments played at various clubs upon Christmas and New Year's day, and the delightful winter weather of which California is so justly proud is

very nearly perfect for the game. It has been a question of a great amount of discussion, as to whether being able to play tennis the entire year is an improvement or a detriment to the game. It has been argued by Eastern players that a person would get "stale" in playing all the time, but California players have not found this the case. It is a great advantage to scatter the important events throughout the year, thus keeping up the enthusiasm of the public. It is a general and erroneous idea of Easterners not familiar with the California winter weather, that the rains are so continual that they would prevent playing good tennis. The winter rains are not much more frequent than those of the spring and summer in the East. A number of times the courts of the different clubs have been swept and dried for a tournament within a couple of hours after a heavy rain. Not infrequently the unfortunate spectators who have appeared at the games in full tennis costume and a profound ignorance of practical tennis have been compelled to roll up their immaculate trousers another inch and drag wet blankets over the courts. Such a debut at a tournament usually puts a wet blanket on their "enthusiasm for the game, you know."



Drawn from Photos by A. A. Martin

CHARACTERISTIC POSITIONS OF CHAMPION W. H. TAYLOR, JR.

One could not desire to witness better tennis than was played throughout the tournament at San Rafael for the singles championship of the Pacific Coast, which ended July 4th. In the Championship round between William H. Taylor, Jr. of the California Lawn

Tennis Club (holder of championship) and Charles P. Hubbard of the Oakland Tennis Club (challenger and winner of all-comers' tournament), the play was of a most scientific and highly exciting character. Champion Taylor's play resembled that of Campbell, except in the fact that he does not play so near the net, and plays much slower than Campbell. Taylor's cool, slow play is simply perfect, and that was the means of his retaining the championship and gaining the beautiful cup as his personal property, having won it three times. His style is positively exasperating to an opponent in its slowness, and it is undoubtedly the best plan adopted by any player that ranks high in tennis in the country — there is no needless exertion, and he plays every point to win. He shows a determination that every player who desires to win a prize should cultivate. When he left his dressing-room to play the fifth set, which was to decide the championship of the Coast and the ownership of the cup, he was heard to say, "I *will* win!" and the remark expresses the manner in which he plays every point. It is certainly to be regretted that Taylor has decided to withdraw from tennis in the future. Hubbard played much more of a dashing, impulsive game, and it requires his perfect physical condition to carry him through a tournament. He is a large, finely formed, heavily built man, in decided contrast to the more delicate physique of his cool rival, Taylor. Hubbard's graceful play and pose are always notable, and are well seen in the accompanying illustration, drawn from instantaneous exposures during the play at San Rafael, last July.

Hubbard's record in the East this summer has been a surprise to both Californians and Eastern people. It has long been a matter of conjecture as to how the players of the Pacific Coast would stand with the "cracks" of the East, and until this year no players of note from the West have entered Eastern tournaments. The rank of fifth at the end of the Nahant tournament is indeed most creditable. Of three men whom he defeated, two were ranked among the ten best players of this country last year, and the third in 1889 won the all-comers' at the national tournament at Newport. Hubbard was beaten at Newport in the second round by Clarence Hobart, the winner of the all-comers' of the same tournament a year ago, and ranked for the past year as second in the United States. There are a number of players on the Coast that play very close indeed to Hubbard, and it is gratifying to know that California tennis is not very much less advanced than the players in the Eastern States. Hubbard's service is remarkably good, being very swift, and in play he uses what has been termed the "chop stroke," which is a very hard hit undercut. If necessary, however, he lobs and drives with great accuracy.

Tennis has had a great helper in C. R. Yates, of the California Club, and there are very few who have devoted more time to the interests of the charming game. He has been secretary of the Pacific States Association since the organization, and but recently resigned. Two years ago Yate swon the all-comers' in the championship event at San Rafael, and is considered one of the experts of the Coast. He plays an aggressive net volley game when possible, and plays principally cut strokes.

Charles Bates of Oakland, is one of the most promising players on the Coast. Though quite young he is already champion of Alameda County, and has a remarkably good prospect of winning future championship events. He plays a strong game and smashes with great force, though not always with the best of judgment. At San Rafael he made a hard smash just over the back line, which, had it been simply played carefully and easily would have defeated

From Photos by A. A. Martin

HUBBARD'S CHARACTERISTIC PLAYS.

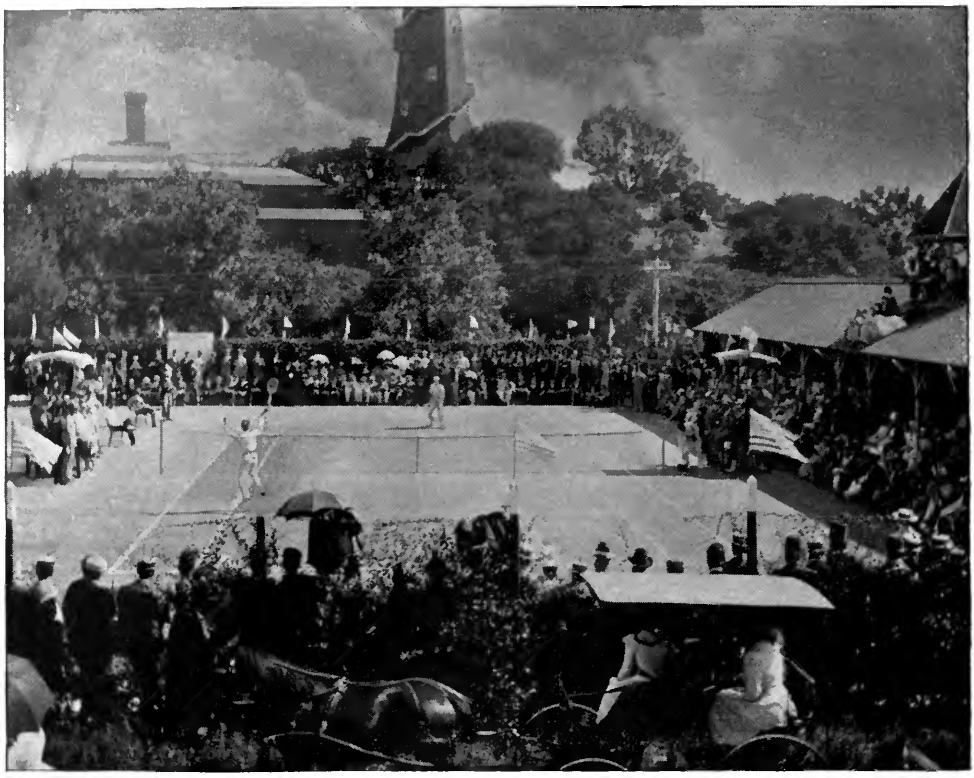


Photo by Taber

CHAMPIONSHIP ROUND, SAN RAFAEL, JULY 4, 1892.

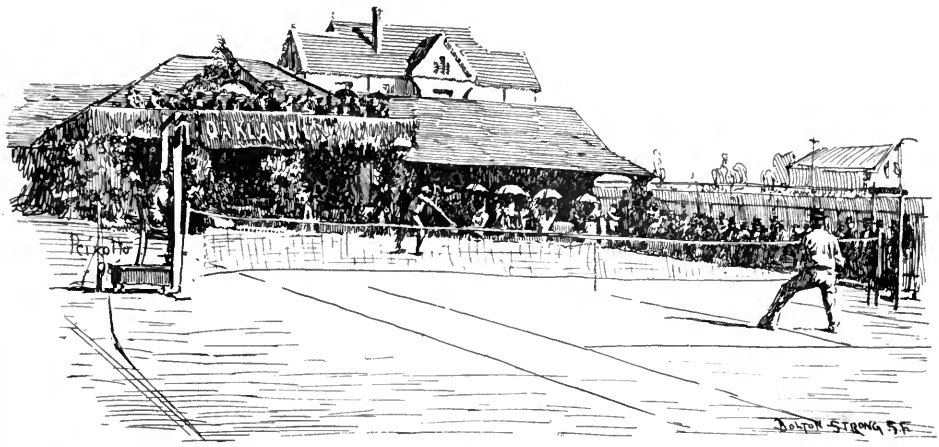
Hubbard, and probably won for him the tournament.

Sam Neel was for some time Bates's partner in doubles, when they were known as the "pony team" on account of their slight physiques. Neel is not unlike Malcolm Chace, both in style of play and personal appearance. He is extremely active, lobs most provokingly just above his adversary's reach very frequently, and with great accuracy, and plays a game very similar to that of Bates.

H. H. Haight has played tennis for a number of years both in the Eastern States and upon this Coast. His tennis career started at Yale, where he played with the present cracks Huntington and Knapp. With Hubbard last year he won the championship in doubles of the Coast. Haight has recently changed his style of play from that of back line driving to the net volley game, and is now playing in better form than ever before.

Joseph Tobin of the California Club is one of the few Californians who have entered any of the Eastern tournaments. His play in the doubles at Chicago with Hubbard was, according to all Eastern accounts, remarkably good. Tobin is one of the strongest men in doubles on the Coast, and ranks very well with the best in singles. In 1889 Tobin and McGavin held the double championship of the Coast. He plays a very hard volley game when possible, and his placing is quite a feature of his game. His strokes are all hard hit and he smashes with terrific force.

Carr Neel is a very promising mem-



MATCH BETWEEN HUBBARD AND DALY. OPENING DAY AT THE OAKLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

ber of the Oakland Club, and plays one of the strongest games played on the Coast. He plays a very careful game, placing very well, but does not put much speed in his strokes. He makes a hard opponent, as he lobs very frequently.

A. B. Wilberforce has played tennis for about thirteen years in England and in this country, and is very devoted to the game. Wilberforce is almost indispensable as a referee and scorer, and his success and willingness to help manage tournaments bring him upon nearly every tournament committee. His brother, H. W. W. Wilberforce, is the author of several books on tennis, and is considered one of the authorities in the tennis world. Wilberforce plays a strong game, principally driving from the back line.

SOCIETY ENJOYS THE GAME.

In the Alameda Club the principal players are Arthur T. Allen, O. C. Haslett, and George Hellman. These men all play a strong game, and are dangerous opponents in the tournaments.

The Oakland Club has a great many young players who have the advantage of several years over some of the older experts; these are the ones that will make the champions of the few years to come. W. D. English, Junior, and William Allen, are the most promising, and already play an exceedingly strong game.

It is to be regretted that the players of the Presidio have not formed a club and joined the association, but this is greatly due to the fact of the frequent changes made in the stations of the officers. The Presidio has the most picturesque courts on the Coast. Their massive stone posts surmounted by an immense shell make a most beautiful picture, and beyond one looks out over the broad parade ground, while the distant bugle calls bring "love" and war together in one's mind.

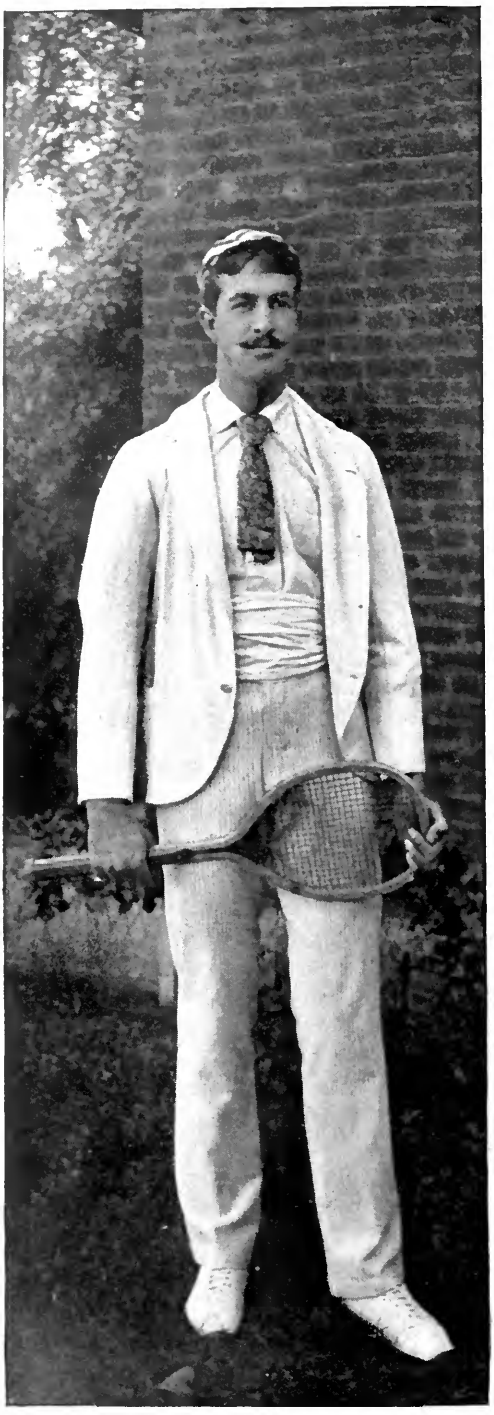


Photo by William Rabé.

C. P. HUBBARD, WINNER OF ALL COMERS' TOURNAMENT.

The classification and ranking of the players is a most difficult task, and one that will not meet with the approval of all of the players. It is the idea in making this classification not only to consider the work in tournaments and matches, but also the general play of the men throughout the year. There are a number of players in the South and in the interior that would undoubtedly rank well with the first of the Coast, that are not rated, on account of their not having entered and played in tournaments for the championship of the Coast. Among these are Alexander, Germain, Cosby, the Carter Brothers, and the Chase Brothers. There are also a number of players who still rank high, but who have withdrawn from active tennis and consequently are also left out of the ranking. Among this class are found C. R. Yates, Ogden Hoffman, Gus Taylor, J. M. Kilgariff, L. M. Haight, and George V. Grey.

Champion William H. Taylor, Junior, is undoubtedly entitled to first place, he has for five years retained the championship of the Pacific Coast against all comers, and while his endurance is not as great as that of some others who rank below him, his superiority in play has been illustrated a number of times. Charles P. Hubbard should have second place both on account of his having won the all-comers' two years in succession, and being one of the doubles champions of the Coast, and having won the championship of two clubs. Sam Neel will probably come next, although his playing at the tournament at San Rafael was not of the best, on account of a slightly sprained wrist. He has shown however in many events and in every day play his superiority over a large majority of the players. Charles Bates has made an excellent showing in all events in which he has entered. At San Rafael he played a remarkably close game to Hubbard, and has held the Alameda County championship for some

time; he is certainly entitled to rank next to Neel. Joseph Tobin plays a steady game and has made a good showing both in local tournaments and in the East, and will undoubtedly rank next to Bates. H. H. Haight and Carr Neel are very evenly matched, but Haight's record having been one of the doubles championship teams, and the fact that Neel has not had the opportunity of playing with all the best men, gives Haight the preference. S. S. Sanborn has made a very enviable showing this year. In the San Rafael tournament he defeated Sam Neel and Tobin, but the reason for not ranking him above them is on account of their former record. Should Sanborn's form that he showed in the July tournament keep up, his rank would very materially change for the better. Alec Wilberforce and William D. English, Junior, will probably rank next in order respectively. English is playing a very strong game, and before another year will probably rank much higher. He is comparatively a new player, and is ranked upon his every day play with those above him.

According to this rating, the list would stand :

1. William H. Taylor, Jr.
2. C. P. Hubbard.
3. Samuel Neel.
4. Charles Bates.
5. Joseph Tobin.
6. H. H. Haight.
7. Carr Neel.
8. S. S. Sanborn.
9. A. B. Wilberforce.
10. William D. English.

The second ten names, without an attempt at a ranking order, might contain : William Allen, George De Long, Arthur T. Allen, F. H. Field, H. C. Stetson, W. B. Collier, Junior, O. C. Haslett, Ben. Marx, Southard Hoffman, and George Hellman.

The tournament just held at the courts of the Oakland Tennis Club, September 9th and 10th, by no means gives the idea that tennis is growing less popular, or

H. H. HAIGHT, WITH HUBBARD, DOUBLES CHAMPION, 1891.

that the interest in the game has decreased since the July tournament. While the surroundings of the Oakland courts are not so beautiful as at San Rafael, the enthusiasm was so great that one never gave a thought to surroundings. Nothing could be more nerving to brilliant play and great exertion, than the cheerful presence and hearty applause of the ladies. Their bright costumes seemed more brilliant than ever; and one could not wish to find a more representative throng of men.

A new feature in tournaments was introduced, in the lady scorers and umpires on the lines. There was not a complaint, and the ladies were a decided success as officials in the games. The

THE ALAMEDA CLUB HOUSE.

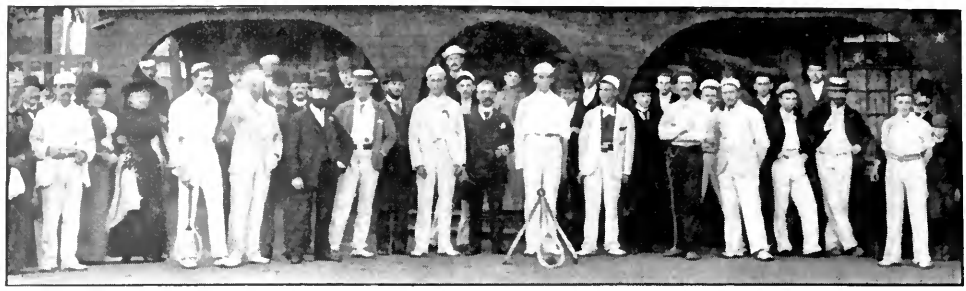


Photo by Ziel.

C. P. HUBBARD C. HOFFMAN B. MARX O. C. HASLETT L. M. HAIGHT
LANDSBERGER H. H. HAIGHT MARX CHARLES BATES

AT THE ALAMEDA CLUB.

interest in the ladies' play has greatly increased since last year, and consequently the play shows a decided improvement. The coveted championship for the singles was won this year by Miss Susan D. Morgan, of the California Club, and the prize was well earned, for Miss Morgan played a remarkably strong game. The finals between Miss Morgan and Miss Elizabeth Chew, of the Presidio, were very closely contested. Miss Chew plays a game that is without apparent exertion and places and drives in remarkable form. Miss Myra Lord, who has held championship honors in Army circles in the East, plays one of the most pleasing games to witness of any of the ladies. Her service and back hand are particularly strong. Miss Mattie Gibbs is one of the strongest players of the Pacific States; she shows great judgment in her play and places exceedingly well. Miss Roberts, of San Lorenzo, Miss Capwell, and Miss McCoy, are among the lady players who rank well, and who have done very good work in the tournaments. Miss Ethyl Bates is the only player among the ladies who plays the net volley game, placing her strokes with great accuracy. The champion of last year, Miss Bertha Crouch, has not played this season in any of the tournaments, and was compelled to default the title on account of being in the East.

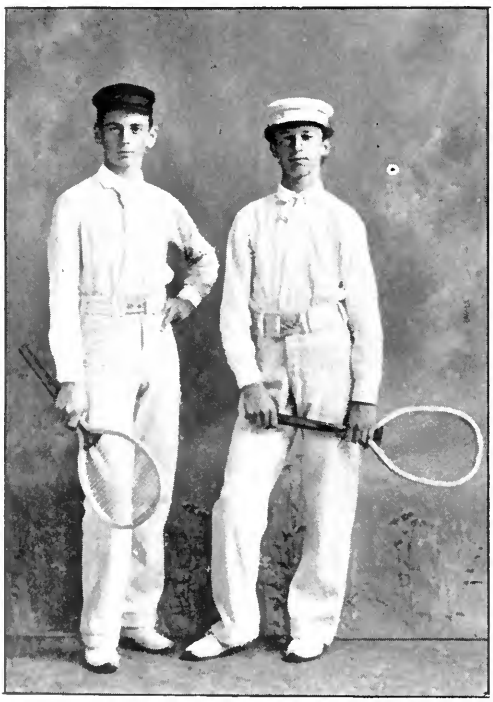
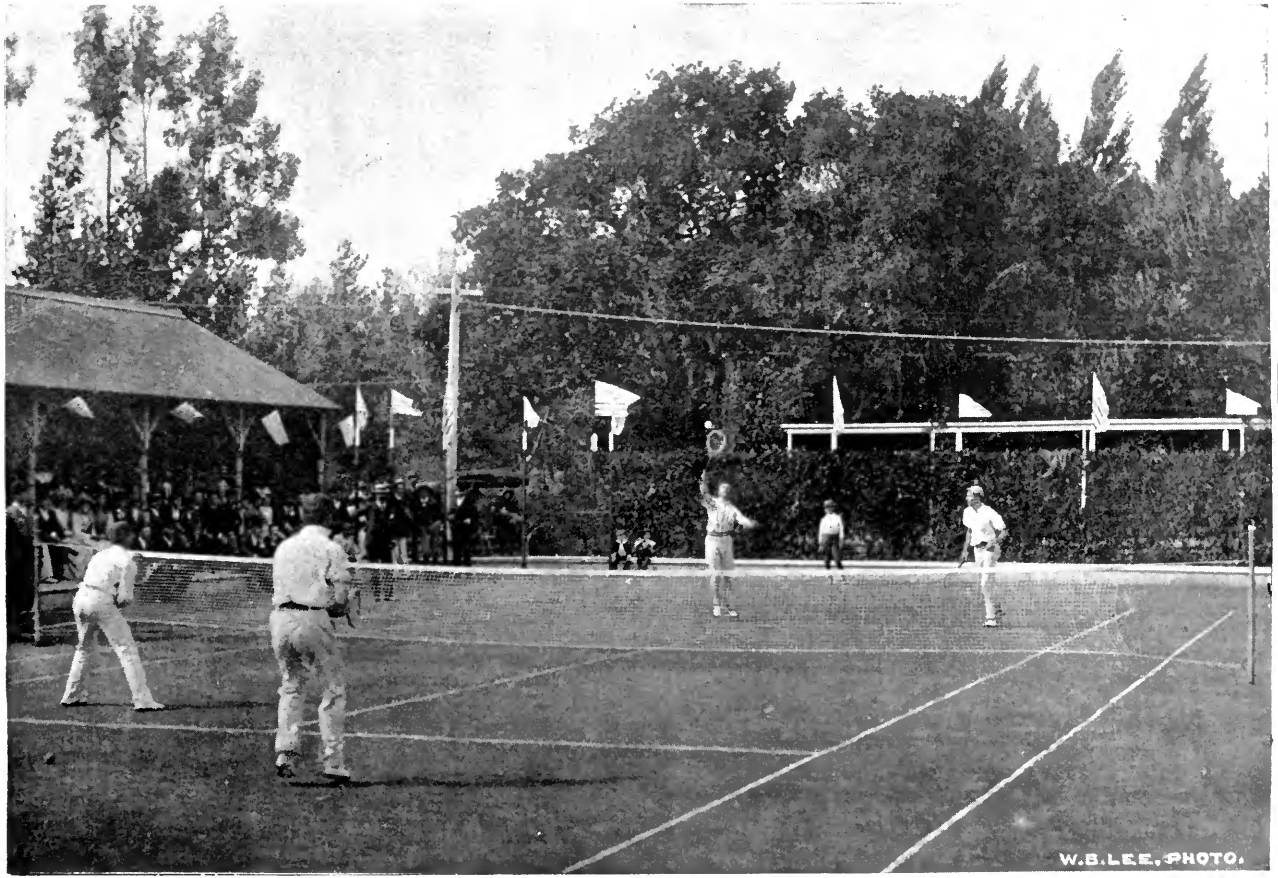


Photo by Thors

THE HARDY BROTHERS, DOUBLES CHAMPIONS, 1892.

There was probably never a greater surprise in the tennis circles of the Pacific Coast than when Sam and Sumner Hardy defeated all comers and won the championship of the Pacific States. This was their first tournament, and consequently they were comparatively unknown. They have never played in a singles tournament of any note, and that is the reason why they have not



By permission of E. T. Allen.

CHAMPIONSHIP ROUND. SAN RAFAEL, SEPT. 9, 1891.

been ranked with the best players of the Coast.

The doubles play was of the very best, and all the matches were of great interest. Gage and Cook played a game that showed great skill and fine judgment. Rountree and Gibbs, of the University of California, played an exceedingly strong game against the veterans Wilberforce and Wheaton, and the playing of Treat and Collier was quite a feature.

In the semi-finals, the matches were only to be equaled by the finals. Such playing as was done in the match between Sanborn and Driscoll and Stetson and De Long is not often seen. Sanborn and Driscoll played a hard driving and smashing game, while their opponents lobbed almost continually, and only varied the style of play when the opportunity was afforded to "kill" a point. The smashes of Driscoll and the cross court shots of De Long were really remarkable. The ball left his racket at a sharper angle than most players are able to acquire.

The beginning of the end came when Hardy Brothers defeated Haight and Bates. The first two sets went to Haight and Bates, and they also had the third, 5-2 and forty-love, and then by an almost phenomenal exertion the Hardy boys took the match. Haight's play was as good as he has ever played, and his back drives were perfect. The surprise then started from the very first point played in the finals between Hardy Brothers and Stetson and De Long. The Hardy boys are of very slight stature, and are only sixteen and seventeen years of age. They play a net volley game, and it is really impossible to keep them on the base line. The ball is invariably sharply returned, and found its way into the smallest opening that was shown by their opponents. The Hardy Brothers took three straight sets with a most surprising ease, and the Pacific Coast had added another team to its championship list.

Thus year after year these athletic men and women strive for honors and prizes, now winning and now losing, ascending to the top only to be dethroned to give way to some new champion. Tennis began its career as a royal sport of kings, and continues as a royal sport of the people.

James F. J. Archibald.

MINERVA'S MOTHER.

I.

"THIS is a pleasant yard," Miss Dallas thought, as she walked slowly up the clean walk to the door of a comfortable-looking house, which stood well back from the street. The floor of the piazza was clean, and so were the windows, she observed, while waiting for her ring to be answered, which encouraged her to hope to find cleanliness indoors as well.

The door was opened by a young woman whose dress was tidy enough, but whose face at the first glance was singularly unattractive. Her heavy black brows were wrinkled by a frown, and the corners of her mouth had a doleful droop, significant of despondency and anxiety rather than of positive ill nature.

"I see by your sign that you have rooms to rent," said Miss Dallas. "Have you a large one?"

The young woman's face brightened at once. "It's a good size, with a big clothes-closet. We don't rent but one."

She showed Miss Dallas into a room in which a sorry attempt had been made to combine cheapness with style. On the middle of the painted floor was a square of green ingrain. The sides of the room were made hideous by large-figured yellow cotton curtains and huge landscapes, bold in treatment and bare in outline. The furniture had seen better days. One small object, however, particularly attracted Miss Dallas's attention: on the antiquated center table squatted a green and yellow painted toad, with a narrow slit in the top of its head. Its face was marred and scarred, giving it an expression of agonized entreaty.

"This is the reception room," said the young woman; "goin' through here is the only way to get into the bedroom, but the doctor 'll look out that you ain't bothered, an' she 'll be perfectly willin' that you should receive your comp'ny here."

"The doctor?" Miss Dallas repeated inquiringly.

"Yes; Mrs. Green lives here, an' she's a doctor. I thought everybody knew her! she won't have a doctorin' sign on the outside of the house,— it ain't real 'ristocratic, you know. But I s'pose you want to see the bedroom." She threw open a door. The room was quite large, comfortably furnished, light, and apparently clean. "It ain't fixed up, like the reception room, but maybe you can make it do; likely you'll have things of your own that you can hang on the walls," said the young woman, studying the face of the other anxiously.

"I take care of the room," she continued, "an' if you have ways of your own for doin' things, all you 've got to do is to tell me how you want 'em done an' I 'll try to suit you. I really wish you would take it; you 're the fourth person that 's been here sence yesterday mornin' to look at this room, but the rest of 'em said they could n't afford to pay so much rent. The doctor, she blames *me*, but what can *I* do? She says she 's made folks toe the mark ever sence she was borned, an' maybe she has, but when folks tell me they can 't take it, that settles it, for me."

"What is the price, by the month?"

"Fifteen dollars,— including the use of the reception room; includin' the use of the whole house, I might say,— if you want to use the kitchen you can. The doctor's obligin' — that way."

"I will take the room for a month, but shall not need to use the reception room or kitchen. I am Miss Dallas; what shall I call you?"

"Miss Betts; I'm the doctor's assistant an' housekeeper; the understandin' was that we was partners, but I ain't sure whether we are or not."

"Here is a month's rent. Sometime tomorrow I will come with my things."

"Miss Pendleton," she said to her friend and next neighbor at the boarding house table that evening, "you know almost every one; do you know Doctor Green?"

"Doctor Green,—" Miss Pendleton repeated thoughtfully,—"the name is familiar, but I can not place him."

"This Doctor Green is a woman."

"I wonder if you are talking about the *Mrs.* Green who calls herself a doctor?"

"I am not sure, but think she may be the person."

"Johnny," said Miss Pendleton to the eight-year-old son of a boarder, "do you know the name of the lady with gray hair, who passes here nearly every morning, wearing a plaid cloak and carrying a box—"

"With green strings onto it, an' she walks pigeon-toed, an' looks as if she was tryin' to look pleased,—is she the one you mean, Miss Pendleton?"

"Yes."

"I don't know her name, but us boys calls her the What-is-it."

"Johnny," said his mother reprovingly.

"Well, she don't look like anything or anybody. I would n't have you look so folks called you a What-is-it for a thousan' dollars."

At the other end of the table the conversation went on in low tones:—

"I have n't a calling acquaintance with her, but know her by sight and by reputation. I think you must have seen her; she dresses like a scarecrow, and wears a dab of carmine on each cheek. Johnny has told you how she walks. Still, to be perfectly truthful, I must say that I don't know anything against her character. She is considered respectable."

"I have engaged a room in her house; it looks clean and comfortable, and the location is good. The windows of my room look out on some flower-beds on the next lawn, and whenever I look at them I shall think they are mine. Then there is a tree close to one window, and I heard birds twittering in it, and they will be mine. Perhaps I have made a mistake," she continued more seriously, "but I hope not, for I have really taken a liking to the place and the room. Her housekeeper is a queer creature, as nervous as a cat, and she has the most doleful expression imaginable. The mother of John Rogers's ten small children could n't possibly look more woe-begone."

Miss Pendleton smiled, and the smile deepened into a laugh. "I wonder how you will look when you have been there a month," she said.

The next morning Miss Dallas packed her possessions, and sent them to Mrs. Green's house, but she did not go herself until late in the afternoon. Miss Betts met her at the door, and took her into the reception room, where in one of the dilapidated chairs sat a pudgy woman, whose face, at the first glance, seemed to consist of a protuberant forehead and an extremely large mouth. Small gray eyes shone out from beneath the bulging brow, and the thin lips were set in a forced smile.

"Doctor Green, Miss Dallas," said Miss Betts shortly.

The two women measured each other in one comprehensive glance. "I can make her useful," thought the older woman; and the younger one said to herself, "She will be a study for me."

While Miss Dallas was unpacking her trunk Miss Betts's voice, distinct and dolorous, rang through the thin walls like a knife: "Where 's the supper? I 'm so holler I 'm ready to faint. Not a mouthful sence mornin', and not many then."

"Two meals a day are all that the

system requires," was Mrs. Green's equally audible reply. "Most persons eat too much. I brought bread and sausage home in the basket; please cook the sausage for me, — I must eat it to keep up my animal heat. For persons engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, bread affords sufficient nourishment."

There was a rattle of stove-covers in the kitchen, and the smell of sausage frying. Dishes were slammed on a table, and the meal began. In the midst of the clatter, another scrap of conversation reached Miss Dallas's ears,—

"It is too bad she is so tall; I like her way of dressing, and —"

"Now see here! *I* was the means of her comin' here, an' if —"

"My dear Miss Betts! I really wish you were not quite so excitable: what I should have said, if you had given me time to finish my remark, was, that a tall woman's clothes cost more than a small one's do. And I might add that men very rarely admire large women."

"Humph!" said Miss Betts disdainfully.

"I wonder if they were discussing me?" Miss Dallas thought. "I am not above medium height, but if I had to choose between being much taller or as abbreviated as Mrs. Green, it would n't take me long to decide. I must tell them that I cannot help hearing them."

The next day Mrs. Green found opportunity to examine her lodger's room and wardrobe, and the result of her investigations she confided in her own way to Miss Betts. "You see, my dear Miss Betts, that my knowledge of phrenology and of physiognomy is invaluable to me; by it I can read Miss Dallas like an open book. She is studious, a person of literary pursuits, an author possibly. Her time is valuable, and we must never trespass upon it; our affairs would not interest her, and we must never weary her by making them a subject of conversation."

"I sh'd think ordinary sense an' eyesight was enough to tell anybody that a person 's likely to be a reader that has a bookcase full of books in her room; an' as for my tellin' her our affairs, I ain't so proud of them as to want to."

"I was glad to observe the refined elegance of her wearing apparel —"

"I thought so,— you 've been spyin' about her room! She said to me this mornin', pleasant, but meanin'-like, that she left her things in my care. She don't seem like a person who fusses about her clothes, but if she ever gets a notion that anybody overhauls her books an' papers, she 'll *move*. I don't claim to be deep, but I know a few things."

"Pray leave her books and papers alone. They would not interest you," said Mrs. Green placidly. "I have cautioned you, Miss Betts; if she wants our society she will seek it. Now, please assist me, — I have a great deal to do today. Fill this bottle with alcohol, and bring my battery — "

"That battery 's no good; one wire 's broken. You know it 's broken, — I told you a week ago."

"The effect of its use upon a nervous and imaginative person is precisely the same as though it was in order. I think I have told you that before. You will never be a successful physician, Miss Betts; you fail to grasp the commonest principles of the healing art. I am surprised at your obstinacy; it is most unreasonable. You see my success; I earned nine dollars yesterday, — four two-dollar baths and a surgical operation."

Miss Betts laughed contemptuously.

"Bunions are no laughing matter, Miss Betts. But, as I was about to remark, my attendance at the Medical College is doing a great deal for me; it forces the regular practitioners, as they call themselves, to recognize me, for one thing, and it gives me the benefit of the latest scientific discoveries. It is ex-

pensive, but in the end it will pay, and you will share the benefit equally with me."

"I don't see how I 'm goin' to make these old shoes last much longer,—seems as if you might manage to pay me, reg'lar, enough to keep me from goin' barefoot while you 're learnin' about scientific discov'ries that you don't make any use of."

"I use them to talk about; you would n't have thought of that, would you? There are two things, Miss Betts, that I seldom forget,—to let my light shine, and to wear a cheerful smile. The effect of a beaming smile upon a nervous and depressed person is often electrical. As you are not nervous you cannot know anything about it. But there are times when it is to my advantage to look serious, even mournful; when I go to Mrs. Dr. Carker's, for instance, I make it a point to look weary and careworn, for she is a sympathetic person, and it gives her pleasure to offer me a cup of tea or a bit of lunch. She thinks better of herself afterward, and I shine in the reflected light. And when I go to Mrs. Bonny's I look as mournful and as needy as I can; she was a nobody before she was married, but she 's in the swim now, and philanthropy is her fad. She gives me good advice, and clothing which is almost as good as new; I listen with flattering deference, and let her understand that I remark upon her goodness to my other patients, for she is not so short-sighted as to wish to do her good works in secret, and I take a perfectly legitimate advantage of her vulgar desire to outdo her associates in charitable work. I flatter her, when occasion demands it; we all like a little flattery, Miss Betts, and she who is mistress of the art controls men's purses and women's tongues."

On Sunday morning Miss Dallas took a chair and a book to the piazza, and as she went through the reception room Mrs. Green dropped a few ten cent pieces into the slit in the toad's head.

"This is my special fund," she said, catching Miss Dallas's eye: "sometime when you are at leisure, and care to listen, I will tell you a story, a scrap of history. I do not tell it to everyone, but I know you will understand."

"I am at leisure now, and shall be glad to hear the story."

She might have added that "stories," and "histories," were her stock in trade, reappearing in time, properly worked over, on printed pages; that although all was not grist that came to her mill, she found use for the most of it eventually; but being somewhat fastidious in her choice of confidants she said no more.

"If you ever lived in a country town, Miss Dallas, you know how intimately neighbors become acquainted. There are no concealments and no subterfuges among them. Their friendships grow with the years of their acquaintance, and endure as long as life lasts. Back in Ohio, where I lived the most of my life, I had a neighbor, a woman whose gifts, whose talents, were buried more deeply than the potatoes that her wooden, her absolutely soulless husband planted every spring in the ground. She was born to lead, to command. She has a far-seeing eye. Her mental vision is comprehensive, and so receptive is her mind that the mastery of any study which she undertakes is as child's play to her. Her husband — I would gladly pass him over in silence — is without ambition in any direction. Offices of public trust he professes to despise; urged by his wife, who for years has tried to arouse some spark of public-spiritedness in him, and encouraged by his neighbors, who knew his integrity, he allowed his name to be proposed as chairman for the board of selectmen of the town in which he lives. He was elected; and then what do you think he did? He got up in town meeting, and made a speech; he said he had pondered the matter over, and could reach but one conclusion,—that the only way to keep out of trouble was to keep

out of politics, and he must decline the offered honor. He goes to church on Sunday because his father and his grandfather went, and he sleeps through the sermon. The only intellectual effort that he was ever known to make is to read the weekly newspaper. To eat, sleep, and drink satisfies every demand of his nature.

"They have a daughter called Minerva, and truly she is a most remarkable child; her talents are extraordinary. She inherits her mother's facility in absorbing knowledge, and I have promised that I would do my poor little best to aid her in acquiring the education which is now beyond her reach. Minerva's mother has not many months to live, but her last days will be gladdened by the belief that her daughter's life will not be starved, as her own has been. My special fund is for Minerva. I send her, also, books and clothing. Almost any article of clothing can be made over for a girl of eleven. I do not *beg* for her,— indeed, I speak of her to but few persons,— those whose delicacy of perception will enable them to understand my feelings. Here is her photograph."

She took it from her pocket, and laid it on Miss Dallas's lap. It showed an old-young, wise little face, one not altogether pleasant to contemplate, and Miss Dallas studied it without audible comment. "Her mother must be very grateful to you," she said at length. "A woman situated as she is needs good friends. What a weary routine her life must be. How can she endure it?"

"She endures it for Minerva's sake."

"Have you children, Mrs. Green?"

"Yes, I have two sons — young men grown."

A boy came up the steps with a note for Mrs. Green, which she read with an appearance of dissatisfaction. "Tell the lady I will be with her in half an hour," she said, "but it will be very inconvenient for me to go. You can tell her, also, that if it had been any other person who sent for me I should not go in justice to myself, for I am very tired."

As soon as the boy started away she went into the house, and Miss Dallas heard her call Miss Betts: "Get me ready as quick as you can. I am going to give Mrs. Stevens massage and electricity. Being Sunday, it will cost her three dollars instead of two; there is nothing the matter with her, nothing whatever, but she likes to think there is, and it pays me well to tell her she has nervous exhaustion."

As soon as Mrs. Green had disappeared around a corner, Miss Betts came to the door, with her hat and gloves on. In a freshly ironed pink lawn, which brought out the healthy tints of her dark, clear skin, she looked almost pretty and pleasant.

"It 's Sunday," she said spasmodically, "an' no one 's likely to come, but if any one *should*, *would* you mind saying that the doctor won't be here for two hours or more? I 'm dying for a walk."

"Go, by all means. I will answer all questions."

"*She's* ben tellin' you about Minervy, ain't she?"

"Yes."

Miss Betts shut her lips tightly, and started away with out further words.

"Why should she object to my being told of Minerva?" Miss Dallas wondered. She thought of the child's face again,— old, shrewd, self-confident, self-assertive; perhaps through her affection for the mother Mrs. Green idealized the child, who might or might not have inherited her mother's capabilities. Miss Dallas's sympathies went out to any woman whose life was less independent and less broad than her own; and in the short space of five minutes she had thought out a plan for sending some of her choicest literature to this intellectually starved woman, whose husband habitually slept through sermons, and had interested Miss Pendleton, who,

though sometimes skeptical in regard to individuals, was sympathic and benevolent in cases of need.

Her musings were interrupted by a woman who opened the gate and came hurriedly up the walk.

"Is the doctor in, please?" she asked anxiously.

"She has just gone out — to be gone about two hours."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the woman, with tears of disappointment in her eyes, "I've come twelve miles this morning just to get a box of her Persian Powder. My feet get so tired these long days that I'm in misery half the time, and I'm too busy to get away week-days. Is Miss Betts here?"

"She has gone for a walk, but I think she will be back soon. You had better wait a little while if you wish to see her."

"I will go to see a friend of mine who lives near here,—waiting won't seem so long. Miss Betts may not know anything about the Persian Powder, but if you will kindly mention it to her when she comes, if she gets back before I do,— "

"I will tell her."

The next who came was a man, gaunt, haggard, leaning on a cane. From his appearance, cough, and husky voice, Miss Dallas knew that he must be in the last stages of consumption.

"She promised to prepare a bottle of medicine for me," he said, when told that Mrs. Green was out. "She says it cures when everything else fails. I was to have had it last night, but when I came for it it was n't ready. Please tell her that I *must* have it in the morning."

Miss Dallas promised, and he went away.

In about an hour Miss Betts returned. When told that Persian Powder might be called for at any moment, she hurried to the kitchen, upsetting everything that was in her way in her haste to find certain articles.

"Miss Dallas," she said, suddenly appearing at the door, "I hate to bother you,— I truly do,— but have you a little box that I can put the Powder in? The Doctor she won't have it put in a bottle, though why 's more 'n *I* know."

"I think I have some small boxes; I will look."

She found one and took it to the kitchen. "What is Persian Powder, Miss Betts?"

"O, it 's — O, I hate to tell you — it 's nothin' but salt, table salt, and sody; more salt than sody, because it 's cheaper." She put half a cupful of soda into the box, and filled it up with salt, talking all the while. Every box of this stuff that that poor woman buys costs her a dollar. I say it 's wicked, but what can *I* do? When my year 's up "— her black eyes snapped and her cheeks flushed — "when my year 's up I 'll have some respect for myself again — maybe."

While she puttered about the kitchen Miss Dallas pondered over what she had seen and heard. "A man called, while you were gone," she said after a while, "for a bottle of medicine. He wished me to tell Mrs. Green that he must have it in the morning."

"Then there 's more trouble a comin'," Miss Betts said recklessly. "I hope the stuff won't kill him dead! As long 's she does no more 'n boil an' steam an' rub folks they 're safe enough, but when it comes to dosin' — say, Miss Dallas, I like you, an' I know you are no tattle; when she gets ready to fix that medicine will you come out an' see how she does it, if I give you the word?" Miss Dallas hesitated; she was only human, and being human, was not wholly devoid of curiosity. "Yes, I will," she said.

"She won't fix it tonight, because she 's goin' to a readin' somewheres. She 's got some fashionable folks among her patients, as she calls 'em, an' sometimes they ask her to their houses. I wonder what they 'd think of her if

they could see her every night as I do, in an old pink caliker gown, an' with her teeth in a market basket — "

"Her teeth — in a market basket!"

"Yes 'm. She puts 'm there so she 'll know where to find 'm handy in case of fire or accident, an' she sets the basket close to the head of the bed. Some folks, educated folks too, that you 'd think would know better, take to her amazin'ly; not menfolks, but women — doctors' wives, an' such. I 've puzzled over it a good deal: she has a terrible strong will, an' a curious kind of influence over some people. She tried it on me once, when I would n't do something that she wanted me to; she shut her eyes, all but a crack, an' looked at me steady. Nothin' ever made me quite so mad as that did, though I cannot clearly tell why; it stirred up all the bad there is in mé, an' I said to her, calmlike, so I scarcely knew the sound of my voice, 'If I ever see you lookin' at me that way again I 'll tell folks things that you 'd rather they would n't know.' She has n't tried it sence that time. She knew I meant what I said."

That evening Miss Dallas went to church with Miss Pendleton, and after the service they walked for a while through one of the quietest and pleasantest of the residence streets, discussing a matter that was of importance to Miss Pendleton; and with the expectation of having a better opportunity almost any day, Miss Dallas said nothing of her interest in Minerva's mother.

"It must be growing late," Miss Pendleton said at last; "some kind of a meeting or entertainment is breaking up in the house on the corner; how plainly one can see everything in the electric light. There is Judge Hudson, and Mrs. Hudson, and the Coles, and — Mrs. Green! O Miss Dallas, look at her, quick, look at her bonnet!"

"Why, it 's my capote!" gasped Miss Dallas recognizing at the first glance the dainty little affair of black and pink which rested jauntily on the back of Mrs. Green's head.

Mrs. Green, serenely unconscious of the comment she was causing, came slowly toward them. A laugh trembled about Miss Dallas's mouth; she had made another discovery. "She has on my black silk skirt," she whispered, "and my lace scarf, to cover up her old satin basque."

Mrs. Green came to where they stood, and passed them; not a muscle of her face moved, though it was scarcely possible that she did not see and recognize Miss Dallas, who noticed that she held the skirt up, to keep it from touching the dusty sidewalk.

"What shall you do about it?"

"Nothing, I think, except to lock up my clothes."

"I would n't remain in her house another day. She will be trying to pass your photographs off as her own, next thing you know!"

"She is a strange character, and I am not half done with her. Of course, I don't want her wearing my clothes, and shall see that she does n't get them again. I understand now why she said I was too tall, — that skirt is too long for her."

"I heard something once about her having a protégé somewhere,— a little girl, for whom she begs clothes and money. I paid so little attention at the time that I don't remember the particulars, but wonder now if she begs the things for her own use."

"I think not. She told me the story this morning. She and the child's mother are old friends. When I have time I will tell you about it, if you care to hear. If it is true, and I see no reason why it should not be, Mrs. Green is a better woman than we have given her credit for being."

"I don't believe in her, I can't. She may be capable of feeling a disinterested friendship for some one, but I doubt it. A woman who will wear another

woman's clothes, as she wore yours tonight, is capable of the grossest deceit. I suspect you will find if you investigate the matter that the people of whom she has told you are about as real as Marjorie Daw."

When Miss Dallas reached her home she found her bonnet in its box, her scarf, carefully folded, in the drawer from which it had been taken, and her skirt hung up in the closet. But before retiring she discovered that three bottles, containing simple toilet preparations, had been removed from the room.

Early the next morning there was a gentle knock at her door, and a low voice said, "Come."

She finished dressing quickly, and went to the kitchen. Mrs. Green, with her back toward the door, was busy pouring the contents of a small bottle into a large one. Absorbed in what she was doing she did not turn to look at Miss Dallas at all, but proceeded with self-possession and precision to measure out and pour into the bottle two spoonfuls of rose-water, two of glycerine, and two of tincture of benzoin from the purloined bottles. The same quantity of alcohol and of Jamaica ginger followed. The bottle was now nearly one third full, and she paused in her work to consider; the virtues of alcohol she knew, — if a little was good more would be better, and she added a little more. Then, with a start of surprise and disgust, Miss Dallas watched her lift a pan of sage tea, steeped for and used as a hair tonic, and from it fill the bottle. This done, she turned with a bland smile to Miss Dallas, of whose presence she seemed in some occult manner to have become suddenly aware.

"In all pulmonary complaints a decoction of sage tea is most beneficial," she said. "It lowers the temperature by inducing perspiration; it promotes circulation, and it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system."

"That man 's comin' now," said Miss Betts, glancing out of a side window, from which she could see the street.

"Then I will take this bottle out to him; so you need not go to the door when he rings."

She went into the hall, and they heard the murmur of her voice for a few moments; when she came back she jingled two silver dollars in her hand. "There are times when I realize that I am a blessing to my fellow-men," she said, beaming on Miss Dallas with the smile that prevented her face from having either character or dignity. "Medicine is the noblest of all sciences; it matters not whether we minister to a diseased body or a diseased mind. Consider the case of the man who has just gone; what I have given him cannot cure him physically, — nothing can. He is beyond the reach of drugs, — but it cures the misery, the discouragement, in his mind. He wants to live, and in that bottle he sees a new lease of life."

"Was that why you told him it would cure when everything else had failed?" Miss Dallas asked, looking at her keenly.

"You grasp the idea. Everything else *has* failed, but this will cure his mind, which is all there is worth consideration. It is a pleasure to talk with you, Miss Dallas; your mind does not dwell on trifles, neither does your imagination cause you to see mountains where are nothing but mole-hills."

Miss Betts, for whose benefit this compliment was intended, sniffed contemptuously, but did not retort The bell rang, and she went, as usual, to the door.

She brought back a telegram for Mrs. Green, who read it two or three times in a dazed way, then put it in her pocket. Her face looked suddenly older, and of a yellow-white color, in horrible contrast with the redness of her cheeks.

"Look in the paper, Miss Betts, — no, you look, Miss Dallas, — and tell me how soon the first train that I can take leaves for the East. Miss Betts, comb my hair and get me ready to go away."

Miss Dallas found a paper and the railway time-card. "The next train leaves at 7:40; you have half an hour in which to get ready. Can I help you about packing?"

"No, thank you. I shall not take anything with me. There is nothing that you can do."

Miss Dallas went to her room with the intention of reading until eight o'clock, her breakfast hour, but she soon missed a handkerchief that she remembered having had in her hand when she went to the kitchen, and as it was one that she wished to keep, she went quickly to look for it. It had fallen down behind a chair, and she picked it up, glancing involuntarily at the table as she did so. Miss Betts was eating her breakfast, which consisted of one cracker, two raisins, half an apple, and a glass of water.

"Has Mrs. Green gone?"

"Yes 'm. She started off less 'n three minutes ago."

"I wish you would go to breakfast with me, Miss Betts."

Miss Betts looked up, flushing a little. "Thank you; it 's kind in you to ask me. I do want a cup of coffee, bad; I love coffee, but I ain't tasted it for more 'n three months."

"Do you mean that you can't have it? That Mrs. Green refuses to buy it?"

"She says it costs too much, an' it ain't necessary. I must change my dress, so you won't have reason to be ashamed of me at the place where you board, an' as we walk along I 'll tell you — I can't keep all these things to myself no longer, an' keepin' still puts me in a bad light, maybe.

"You see, it 's just this way," she began, as soon as they were on the street. "Six months ago we made a bargain; I loaned her three hundred dollars that I 'd saved up, an' I was to stay with her for a year, learn all she knew about doctorin' and beautifyin',— makin' folks pretty, you know; but I gave *that* up soon 's I saw her daub that red paint on her face, for that showed she did n't know how to do such things. She thinks it makes her look healthy; she tells folks that she used to be sickly an' ailin', an' that she 's cured herself. Well, she was to provide for the house, an' I was to do the work in it. There was nothin' said about what she was to furnish, but I s'posed it would be a decent livin', an' she was to pay me five dollars a month to keep me in clothes. At the end of the year we was goin' into partnership, workin' an' sharin' equal. If I did n't keep my part of the agreement I was to forfeit the three hundred, every cent of it. It was all in writin',— she would have it so,— an' it 's my honest opinion, Miss Dallas, that she 's ben tryin' to starve me out of the bargain so she can get that money. She 's paid me just seven dollars in six months. She never has any money when I tell her that I need some, — there 's always some excuse why I can't have it right then, though she 's earned a little over nine hundred that I know of, because I 've kept account pretty well. There 's about two hundred in her pocket-book now; she was goin' to make another payment on a lot in a few days; the money she makes goes into land. There 's something like ten dollars owin' to her now, an' she says I can collect it, an' live on it while she 's away."

"How long will she be gone?"

"I don't know. She 's gone to Ohier — to the farm where she used to live. Mr. Green sent for her. Minervy 's very sick."

"What a good friend she is to those people!"

"Miss Dallas," said Miss Betts in a tone that compelled belief, "Minervy 's her daughter, her youngest child. There 's four of 'em in all. It 's for her she saves, an' skimps, an' lives like a tramp. It 's for her she 's begged — an' stole. O, I know! I believe she 'd sell her soul for Minervy if anybody wanted to buy it."

"But why, why does n't she tell the truth about the matter?"

"Because she thinks that folks 'll give her more stuff if they believe, as you did, that her kindness is disinterested. So to speak, she 's settin' folks a good example. That 's why!"

Miss Dallas did not speak again until they reached the boarding house. Words are inadequate to express the amazement that the contemplation of this scheme caused her.

II.

A FEW days after Mrs. Green left home Mrs. Carker called at the house in great perturbation of mind. "Where is the Doctor?" she asked. "I must see her if she is in, whether she is engaged or not."

"She 's gone to Ohier for a spell." said Miss Betts.

"Well, I am thankful she is so far away. I will tell you why I came, and you can write to her. Some of the physicians — I wish it distinctly understood that my husband has nothing to do with it — are bent on making trouble for her; she prepared some medicine for a man about a week ago, or they say she did, and he has died, and now they say that medicine was the cause of his death. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, I do, an' I know that stuff had nothin' to do with his dyin',— he was two thirds dead when he came here. What she gave him would n't kill a fly, 'ceptin' a little alcohol. That 's the truth, Mrs. Carker."

"Of course, it 's the truth; I don't doubt one word of what you say. But she had better stay away until this breeze blows over. It 's a wicked shame for her to be persecuted so, generous, and self-denying, and kind to every one as she is, and so tired half the time that she can scarcely drag herself along. I have had a chance to find out in the last twenty-four hours how contemptible men can be; they laugh when I tell them of her goodness, and one of them intimated as plainly as he dared that she had been fooling me! Please write to her today, Miss Betts, and advise her to remain where she is until you see me again. I will let you know as soon as it will be safe for her to return. She is just as much a doctor as any of them; she is graduated from two colleges — she told me so — but just because she does n't pin her diplomas on to her dress and walk the street to show them, they say she has n't any. O dear, I am so tired! Can you give me a vapor bath, Miss Betts?"

"Yes 'm. But I can't write to her, Mrs. Carker. I truly can't. She gave that poor man a bottle of slops — just slops — an' he paid her well for it. She took the money, an' now she can take the conserquences. She ain't treated me right, neither; I don't owe her no debt of gratitude."

"If, as I have understood, you are dependent upon her for your daily bread, you do owe her a debt of gratitude," said Mrs. Carker indignantly.

"'T would n't take much gratitude nor money neither to pay for all the bread I've had; but I 'd ruther be in my shoes than in hers, for I ain't done a thing to be ashamed of. I don't blame you, — you 've only heard her side of the story, an' the Lord only knows how crooked that might have ben."

"Do you mean to say that she has done anything that she ought to be ashamed of?"

"I mean to say that she cheated that dyin' man, an' that 's all I mean to say right now."

Mrs. Carker rose majestically. "I don't think I care for a bath. Good morning, Miss Betts."

A few peaceful days went by; Miss Dallas kept Miss Betts busy with plain sewing, paying her liberally and in

advance, so that she had money with which to buy food. In her efforts to collect the ten dollars due Mrs. Green she was treated with an indifference and lack of courtesy which, taken in connection with Mrs. Carker's evident misunderstanding of the facts of her arrangement with Mrs. Green, aroused a suspicion in her mind that by representing her as a person deserving of no consideration Mrs. Green had added insult to injury, and she determined to investigate.

She made inquiries as she had opportunity, of those who were in the habit of employing "the Doctor," and learned that she, herself, was supposed to be a poor woman whom Mrs. Green had befriended and saved from actul destitution, and probable disgrace; she also learned by accident something that surprised and angered her almost as much, — that after going through the motions of eating a poor and insufficient breakfast with her every morning, Mrs. Green, on her way down town, went into a cheap restaurant, and ordered a substantial meal.

"Likely I sha'n't tell her all at once what I 've found out," Miss Betts said, on her return from one of these errands of discovery. "I 'll keep still an' wait till *my* time comes. I 'm getting considerably worked up, but I can keep still a little longer."

"How did you become acquainted with her?" Miss Dallas asked.

"I come here to take a bath, an' she see I was strong, an' willing to work, an' I was fool enough to tell her that I had a little money saved up, an' after a little talk she found out I should n't need to spend much for clothes for quite a spell to come. I 'd ben doin' housework, but it seemed to me I 'd like to be my own mistress for a while, an' learn doctorin'. She said 't was easy learnt."

"Did you ever read some verses about a spider and a fly? "

"Not as I remember, but I don't need to look in your dictionary to see your meanin'."

"You have not heard from her? You do not know how Minerva is getting along?"

"I don't know; I hope the Lord will forgive me, but I don't care either."

That evening Mrs. Green returned. Miss Dallas was writing in her room, and heard the familiar, affected voice: "I have come, Miss Betts; I hope you have been very good in my absence, and kept my patients for me."

"I 've answered folks' questions when they came here."

"Minerva is much better. She had a slight attack of fever, and her father is easily frightened. I remained as long as I dared stay away from my patients. On my way home I distributed at least fifty cards which I had printed before I left Ohio. By the way, have you heard anything from the poor consumptive for whom I prepared the sage tea?"

"He 's dead."

"Ah! I hoped he would live long enough to need more. I hope his end was peaceful."

Miss Betts sewed on in silence.

"You are dull tonight, Miss Betts; no doubt you are suffering from the effects of over-eating. Nothing stultifies the mind like too much feeding," said Mrs. Green at length. "There are people who do not realize that fact, however; but all doctors know it. And that reminds me of something; did you ever hear of Plato?"

"Plato who?"

"I do not know his other name; I am asking for information. I read in a paper today that he said that doctors were a curse to humanity, because they kept life in those who, according to nature, should die. The use of the word 'said' indicates to my mind that he is defunct. I suspect his mind was unsettled.

"A young woman will probably call here tomorrow to see me; she was on

the cars today, and I talked with her. She has a weak mind, I think, for she believes in fortune telling and such nonsense. I may as well have some of her money as any one. You have heard the old adage: 'A fool and his money soon parted'?"

"Yes, I've heard it," Miss Betts answered in an ominous tone.

"I told her I was a seventh daughter; I said it experimentally, and she caught at the idea at once. So if she says anything about it to you when she comes, you will please remember that I have told you the same thing."

"You've told me that your mother had ten children, an' that you was the youngest."

"My dear Miss Betts," said Mrs. Green in a tone of irritation, "I wish you would try to remember to say 'were' instead of 'was.' I never attended school a whole year in my life, but I have no difficulty in speaking correctly. I have made it a rule to observe the language and deportment of educated people; but I often wonder whether *you* observe anything!"

"I've observed it's a long lane that has no turnin', an' now I'm goin' to bed."

Mrs. Green awoke in the morning in a very bad humor; she had a vague misgiving that Miss Betts's curtness the night before was significant of more than the usual state of dissatisfaction, — in which case trouble might be brewing. The three hundred dollars she considered herself sure of, but it would be very inconvenient indeed if Miss Betts were to get the notion into her head that she had real cause for grievance; if she did, the notion must be nipped in the bud before it had time to grow into a big, positive, ugly belief. Miss Betts might as well understand at once that her position was a subordinate one; she was nothing but an unreasonable, sulky, stubborn, overgrown child, and should be treated as such. If a show of authority did not bring her to her senses — but it would; to rule common people with a strong hand was easy, if one but thought so. Then — Miss Betts had not asked a question concerning Minerva, not one; and any kind, simple little inquiry was so easy to make. The more Mrs. Green thought of that the more angry she became, but not wishing Miss Betts to know the true cause of her ill temper, she began to find fault with her as soon as she came down stairs for having bought tea, coffee, and butter.

"The money that I allowed you to collect should have kept us in groceries for two months, but you must have spent at least half of it. It is evident that you cannot be trusted to spend money, and I shall see that you have no more chance to waste any of mine."

Miss Betts said nothing. Her silence, and the sight of her dark, sullen face irritated Mrs. Green to such a degree that she forgot the advantage that lies in self-control. "If you had any idea how ridiculous you look, you would n't stand there scowling at me. I am sorry for big, black women; when they are angry they are simply disgusting in appearance. It's easy to understand why men see nothing attractive about them! You remind me of an ink bottle, — a big, black ink bottle!"

Miss Betts looked at her contemptuously. "Breakfast's ready," she said.

"I cannot eat with you. I wish I had never seen you, and that I never should see you again. I'm going up to see Mrs. Carker, and she will ask me to have a cup of coffee with her, which will save a few cents. It will be necessary for us to live on bread and water in order to make up for what you have wasted. See that you have a pleasanter expression on your face when I return."

She had been gone about half an hour when the bell rang; Miss Betts went to the door, and saw a man whom she recognized as a neighbor of a family for

whom she had worked, and who was, as she knew, a deputy sheriff.

"Is Mrs. Green in?" he asked. "I know she came back last night."

"Yes, she came back, but she 's out somewheres now."

"When will she probably be back?"

"I don't know. It 's always uncertain when she 'll come in. Maybe at noon, an' maybe not till night."

"She is here evenings, I suppose?"

"Not as a general thing. She gives treatments evenin's to some folks that 's workin' all day."

"Well, she 's at home by ten o'clock, is n't she?"

"Yes. If you come that time of night you 're likely to find her."

He went away, and Miss Betts went to Miss Dallas's room, and repeated the conversation to her.

"Shall you warn her?" Miss Dallas asked.

"No, I shall not. I 've figgered this matter over an' over, an' I can't come to but one conclusion — folks have to take the conserquences of their actions, whether they be good or bad, an' she 's got no busines meddlin' with what 's inside of folks. She 's gettin' too bold, an' she might 's well be brought to a stop one time 's another. Six months ago she did n't dare to do the things that she does right along now — she 's gone on, inch by inch. The great trouble with her is that she 's got the bighead, an' got it bad. Ain't it queer that in fifty-odd years she ain't learned a mite of caution? This mornin' she had the imperdence to tell me I looked like an *ink bottle*. The Lord knows I 've got no looks to be proud of, but I 'm decent an' wholesome lookin'. One time there was a man, an' he — he said I was good lookin'."

"So you are," said Miss Dallas, resisting an inclination to smile.

As Miss Dallas was starting to go to breakfast, a dumpy, breathless, trembling figure, clothed in a strange fashion, ran into the hall and stood there, panting for breath. A red shawl worn in the favorite if not the only style known to the daughters of Eve who live in tents and wigwams covered her plaid cloak from neck to hem, and a thick blue veil as completely covered her head.

Miss Betts came into the hall with dustpan and broom, and Mrs. Green found her voice: "Why did n't you tell me of this outrageous thing? You knew it a week ago. Mrs. Carker says you did, and you meant to let me run into the sheriff's hands. I hate you, I hate you, you black she-devil!"

She tore off the veil, and let the old shawl fall to the floor, stamping her foot in fury. "There was n't enough humanity about you last night to ask whether my little girl was alive or dead, and I hate you for that, too." She covered her face with her hands, and began to cry.

"Cry, cry," said Miss Betts, her voice strong, hard, and bitterly resentful, "I like to see you cry. Have n't you made *me* cry time an' time again in these last six months that you 've ben imposin' on me an' starvin' me to death? It 's your turn now, an' I like it. I 've ben tellin' you all along that it was n't right nor safe for you to do as you was doin', but you was above listenin' to *me*. You *would* monkey with a buzz saw, an' now you 've got hurt. I 'm above callin' names, but I want you to know that I despise you."

She seized the broom and began to sweep vigorously, as though having said all that she wished to say. Miss Dallas, who had been standing in the door, started out; she had remained involuntarily, forgetting for the time that she had been about to go out. But before she had closed the door, Mrs. Green caught her hand. "I want you; come into the reception room with me. First, let me think one minute."

Miss Dallas selected a chair, the

wired legs of which were tolerably firm, and sat down with a mingled feeling of pity and disgust.

Mrs. Green paused in her nervous walk about the room. "Miss Dallas," she exclaimed, "there is but one thing that can save me from utter ruin,— if you will go to Doctor Lee, and lay my case before him I believe that I shall be safe. Will you go?"

Miss Dallas looked at her in amazement.

"You think that I am talking foolishness, but listen. The sheriff has orders to serve a warrant on me today, and some one in authority must see that he does not. The whole matter was left by the dissatisfied physicians in Doctor Hardin's hands, but he is now out of town, and his partner, Doctor Lee, is acting for him — simply acting for him in his absence. If you would see him for me, I believe the matter will be dropped, at least for the present. He can promise not to push it, but to leave it for Doctor Hardin to attend to when he returns. Doctor Lee would listen to you; he would *hear* me, but there would be a difference. I will not suggest what you had better say, for you know best. Will you go? You can set your own price. I have money — more money than people think."

"I do not know him, and certainly cannot flatter myself that he would be influenced by anything that I can say. To go to a stranger on such an errand would be useless and absurd," she answered decidedly.

"Miss Dallas, it is because I know him that I want you to go, and I will give you a thousand dollars if you succeed."

"I believe you know perfectly well that I would not do anything of the sort for money. But —" she thought of Miss Betts, and reflected —"if you will sign an agreement which I will write, to pay Miss Betts three hundred and sixty dollars in case I succeed in persuading Doctor Lee to let this matter drop, or to give you time to go away, I will go. The agreement must be signed before I go."

Mrs. Green looked at her earnestly; looked in vain for any sign of indecision, and yielded. "I will sign it, but I would rather throw the money away."

"Very likely. But it belongs to her."

At half-past nine Miss Dallas was at the door of Doctor Lee's office. His clerk, a pleasant-faced young man, asked her to be seated in the reception room until the Doctor was at leisure. She wrote on one of her cards: "Can I talk with you a few minutes concerning Mrs. Green?" and asked the clerk to hand it to him.

He took the card to another room, and she heard a murmur of voices,— a question and an answer. Presently Doctor Lee came in, with the card in his hand. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Dallas," he said courteously, settling himself in a big chair on the opposite side of the room, and directly facing her. "Do you mind telling me, in the first place, whether Mrs. Carker sent you, or suggested your coming to me?"

"She did not. I do not know Mrs. Carker."

"I am glad to know that she had nothing to do with it. She is a warm friend of Mrs. Green, and is trying to do impossible things for her this morning. I am the innocent cause of Mrs. Green's friends suffering great anguish of mind, as the lawyers say, but can't prove my innocence, as they think the action we feel compelled to take unjust and malicious. I hope you will believe me, Miss Dallas, when I say that it is not so, and that I would rather not have anything to do with it."

"I do believe you. I am not, as you infer, a friend of Mrs. Green. I know she is a fraud, but imagined her to be a comparatively harmless one. If you are willing to tell me, I should be glad to know what you know of her."

"I am perfectly willing to tell you; but where shall I begin? Shall I go back three years, to the date of her starting out from her farm home in Ohio as a chiropodist and beauty doctor? Or a year later, when she hung out a shingle in Lincoln, Nebraska, as a specialist in general and in particular? Or shall I confine my remarks strictly to the twelve months that she has been in this city, imposing upon the credulity of the people in every known way? She is a sharper; it is n't a nice word to use, but it fits her case."

"She *has* deceived people," Miss Dallas said, smiling. "She has deceived me. But has she actually harmed any one? We all know that she was not the cause of the death of the man who died a few days ago."

Doctor Lee studied her face intently, with a half smile on his own. "No; she had nothing to do with his death; I admit that. So far as I know, she has not killed any one — yet. And we don't want to give her another chance to. Something must be done with her; she has been warned, plainly, that she was going too far, but she is as obstinate as ignorant, and means to do as she chooses."

"She is thoroughly frightened now, and willing to promise anything that is required of her. I believe that if you will allow the matter to drop — an hour ago she had not been served with a warrant of arrest — she will refrain from doing anything very objectionable in the future. If you knew that a worthy object could be gained by doing so, would you let it drop?"

"A worthy object? Well, I don't know. Perhaps so; if I knew the object, and all about it, I might — I don't say I *would*, but I *might* — decline to have anything further to do with it. Doctor Hardin will return in a day or two, I think, and can then do as he thinks best. Pardon me, but I can't help wondering how you became interested in her behalf?"

"I am interested in behalf of another person, and that is what I came to tell you."

She told the story of Miss Betts, and he saw wit and delicate touches of humor, as well as tact and sympathy, and disinterested kindness, in the telling. Looking and listening, his admiration for Miss Dallas grew every moment; he was conscious that her presence was agreeable; and he intended to make the most of the present opportunity, because she would not come again.

"And you are still at her house?" he asked, when she had finished what she had to say.

"Yes; and some of my friends wonder at my choice of lodgings. I went there first by chance, but really, it 's a very good place for me."

"Then the little humbug does n't annoy you?"

"No, she amuses me."

"I 'm sure she would annoy me; I should n't consider even my shaving soap safe from her prying eyes and stealthy fingers. I will see two or three of the doctors this morning, Miss Dallas, and talk with them; they will probably be willing to let the matter rest until Doctor Hardin returns, at any rate. But on general principles it would be a good idea for Mrs. Green to keep out of sight for the present. And now I think of it, can you tell me anything about the 'poor little girl.'"

"Mrs. Green carried a little tin bank, a toy safe, to the medical college," he said, in answer to Miss Dallas's look of inquiry, "and she has solicited small contributions to 'buy books for a poor little girl.'"

Miss Dallas rose abruptly. "The little girl is her daughter; she does n't tell people the truth about it, though it is much more creditable to her than the stories which she concocts. I wonder if there is any limit to her abjectness! But remember Miss Betts, and don't let her be prosecuted."

She looked up at Doctor Lee, who was standing also, her cheeks flushed, and her fine eyes kindling.

"Don't worry a bit about Miss Betts," he said quickly. "I 'll see to that; but if I could see you again, to tell you what success I have —" he broke off, and looked at her inquiringly.

"I can't think of trespassing further upon your time; besides I shall take your success for granted. I thank you for listening to me with so much patience."

She went to the door, which he sprang forward to open, and with a smile and a bow she was gone. He had scarcely closed the door when he saw her card-case, which she had forgotten, and left lying on a chair.

"Great guns and little fishes! I hope she won't miss it until she gets home," he thought. "Then she will send a messenger for it,— and I know what I shall do!"

He called his assistant. "I shall be out most of the forenoon; if a messenger calls for a lady's card-case, tell him to say to her that I will return it myself, this evening. Understand?"

"You bet," said the young man, who was his cousin, and a privileged character.

When Miss Dallas reached home Mrs. Green was nowhere to be seen, but she soon appeared above a trap-door in the kitchen floor to ask what had been accomplished. After some discussion as to ways and means, it was decided that she should go at dusk that evening to a house which she owned in a quiet and thinly settled part of the suburbs, and remain there a few weeks. The house had been unoccupied for a month, and by laying in a quantity of provisions, sufficient to last for several weeks, thus obviating the necessity for going out to make purchases, Mrs. Green hoped to lead the neighbors to believe that it continued tenantless. So she sent Miss Betts out with money and a basket, with instructions to buy tea, coffee, sugar, and sundry other eatables, the taste of which was good.

Miss Dallas spent the day as usual, but the article upon which she was engaged progressed slowly; she could not put the thought of Mrs. Green's miserliness, deceit, and vulgar methods of obtaining money, out of her mind, and almost wished that she had not heard of the little tin bank and the poor little girl. And Doctor Lee's acutely intelligent face rose before her mind more than once; it was not every day that she met any one, man or woman, with whom she was in touch, and she thought she would like to know him better. And there were ways; she thought they had mutual acquaintance; if he wished he could continue the acquaintance.

That evening, when the sun had gone down, she took a book to the piazza and sat down to read. She turned page after page while the light lasted, re-reading, through pure enjoyment, as long as she could see. She heard steps on the brick walk, and looking up saw Doctor Lee. Wondering what he had come to tell her concerning Mrs. Green, she went forward to meet him; but he did not immediately explain his purpose in coming, and she offered him a chair, which he took.

Presently, however, he took her card-case from his pocket and handed it to her. "You look surprised. I don't believe you missed it," he said. "You left it at my office this morning."

"I had not missed it. Thank you."

He took up the book she had laid down, and read the title, which was printed in large letters on the paper cover. "There is a magnificent bit of word-painting in this book, which you must have noticed —"

"There is more than one; but I think you refer to 'The big, red, dead city on the honey-colored sands' — I read it, less than five minutes ago."

In the midst of a discussion of Kipling Miss Dallas's attention was attract-

ed by a slight cough to Miss Betts, who stood in the door motioning with one hand toward Doctor Lee, who could not see her, and with the other toward the street, where a carriage waited. Miss Dallas nodded, and Miss Betts disappeared.

"Doctor Lee," said Miss Dallas, a laugh trembling in her voice, when she heard soft steps in the hall, "please turn your head away for a minute."

"I forgot all about the little humbug," he said in a low tone, turning his back squarely to the door; and in a moment a dark figure stole quickly out, like a thief in the night. Miss Betts followed as far as the gate with two big baskets, and the carriage was driven away.

"The sheriff will not search very closely for her; in all probability she will not be molested unless she brews more witches' broth."

In a few minutes he rose to go. "May I call again, Miss Dallas, without the excuse of a card-case to return?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she answered with the frank cordiality that her friends knew.

After he had gone Miss Betts came out and sat down on the steps. "In one way she is smart, Miss Dallas," she said suddenly. "All to once tonight she asked my pardon for callin' me names, an' black, an' said I had a good, clear skin, an' good teeth; an' then after a minute or two, she asked me to swear on the Bible that if anybody came here askin' for her I would n't tell 'em where she 'd gone to. She knew I would n't promise unless she came down a peg. She knows *folks* better 'n she knows anything else!"

"Yes, I think you are right," said Miss Dallas thoughtfully.

Annie Getchell Gale.

POSSIBILITIES.

VERY lone and long,
Love, for lack of you,
Winter days have been.
When will leaves be green,
Spring-joys wake anew,
Silence break in song?

When the lamps are lit
Down the quiet street,
When the dark swoops down
Dimly o'er the town,
What if we should meet?
Oft I dream of it.

What if dreams come true?
For my longing eyes
See you, day and night,—
Hear, O heart's delight,
Stars, and seas, and skies,
Speaking all of you!

Ere yon blue abyss
Shows its first star-flame,
What if we two stand,
Love-locked, hand in hand?
On your lips my name,
And on mine your kiss!

M. C. Gillington.

AN ALASKAN SUMMER.

"CAST off that hawser," and the tug Hercules came about and headed for the city, leaving the schooner Hera, which she had just towed out, to start on her voyage to Cook's Inlet.

"Goodby, Captain: Goodby, Madam. Wish you a pleasant voyage."

The little group that stood on the deck by the wheel looked longingly after the tug as she steamed back to the city, which they were leaving for some months.

It was May Day, if you believed the calendar, but if you judged by the look and feel of the day it was in the neighborhood of November. The Golden Gates behind were leaden rather than golden. A raw wind swept the ocean, and a more dismal day to start upon a journey it would be hard to find. So thought at least two members of the group on the deck of the little schooner.

The group consisted of, first, the Captain, a big, jovial man, who could always find a joke in the worst situation; second, the Madam, his wife, who was beginning to think she had been hasty in deciding to make the voyage with only a day's notice. Next came Hal, their son, who was ready for anything that turned up, being sure he could find fun in it, he having his father's happy faculty of seeing the bright side. The fourth member of the group was Olaf, the big blond mate of the vessel, who was a true Scandinavian, brave, true hearted, but bashful as a child in the presence of a woman. It was rather a cross to him, having the Madam on board, but he did not know that she was going to make the trip until the last day, — as in fact she herself did not know it, — and so he was obliged to make the best of her presence.

The Hera was a staunch three-masted schooner, and was on her way to a canning place on Cook's Inlet, where she was to land her cargo of stores and materials for the cannery, and then await the end of the salmon season, when she would take her return cargo of canned salmon to San Francisco.

The dismal day grew more dismal as it grew older. The wind blew and the spray flew across the deck; it was too unpleasant for anyone to be there unless it was necessary, so the Madam and Hal spent the day lying on the cabin sofa. Neither was sea-sick, but both would have given something to have been at home. A sea voyage is rather unpleasant the first day at best, and a start on such a morning made it look to both mother and son like a very undesirable trip.

The next day, however, the sun rose in a blaze of glory; the sea, though it was still tossing the vessel about considerably, was not so rough that one was compelled to stay below, and a camp chair on deck made life on the ocean wave look more attractive. The course for the twenty-four hours had been directly off shore, and the distance made was so good that not a sign of land was visible. The water was of the dark blue seen nowhere else, and the motion that was given to it by the storm of the day before made it a sheet of changing color, light on the upper waves and darker in the hollows, here and there tipped with white froth, altogether making a constant change in its surface that kept the eye from tiring of the wide sheet of water.

For several days the scene changed but little. A fair wind drove the Hera onward toward her destination, and as she sighted but two vessels, both so far away that it was impossible to tell what they were, time began to hang a little

heavily on the hands of the Madam.

Hal would never find time heavy on his hands, for he was always busy. He wanted to learn all the ropes; he wanted to steer; he was sure he could go aloft and not fall. If only father would let him try he knew he could take the sun,—and he did note time for the morning's sights, and wanted to work out the longitude; but when he saw the long line of figures requiring solution he decided it was too much like an arithmetic lesson.

On the eighteenth day from San Francisco a heavy fog covered the face of the water from sight. If this had occurred some days earlier it would have been of little consequence, but the schooner had been making very good time, and was now in the neighborhood of the coast of Alaska The charts of the coast were at that time very unreliable, and it was best to keep a good lookout when nearing the land, but with this fog that was impossible.

The fog hung over the water for two days without once lifting, and it was impossible to get a sight of the sun. For this reason the captain was rather uneasy, but thought that he could be in no immediate danger, as at the last sight he found himself some distance still from the land. By dead reckoning he had tried to keep track of the whereabouts of his vessel, but the currents on the coast were so uncertain that it is impossible to be sure where you are, if you have not seen the sun for several days. With a steamer this is of no great moment; you can get promptly out of danger; but a sailing vessel has to depend on the wind, which is usually just where it does more harm than good, if you do get your vessel into narrow quarters.

On the morning of the third day the fog began to lift a little, but as the fog rose, so did the wind, until at sunrise it was blowing a perfect gale.

The schooner pitched and tossed as if it were trying to see how far it could turn without going clear over. The masts groaned and creaked, the sails shrieked as the wind tore through them as if they were sentient beings, and suffered from the violence of the tempest. Everything that could break loose was thrown backward and forward across the slippery deck; while any person that wished to change his position was obliged to await the moment when the vessel steadied herself for another pitch forward, and then dart to the desired place, and seize the first thing that came to hand to cling to for dear life. Two men could scarcely hold the wheel, and three could not hold the schooner to her course. They were covered from sight every moment by the driving spray, which came aboard in sheets. Twice a wave followed so swiftly that it broke over the stern, sweeping the little vessel from stern to bow, and washing away every movable thing about the deck.

So suddenly had the storm arisen that it was impossible to get sail off her in time, and the first blast tore one of the jibs to ribbons. The sound of the wind was something to remember in calmer days. It howled as no other earthly thing can howl, while the water dashed against the side of the vessel, sounding more as if some giant had struck a blow with an immense beam than like a blow from water.

In the cabin the confusion was terrible. Everything was supposed to be securely fastened, but it took strong bonds to hold anything when the vessel stood at right angles to her usual position. The sofa-bed on which Hal and his mother slept was fastened to the floor by clamps, but three or four jerks and pitches wrenched the screws from the deck, and the sofa tore across the little cabin as if bent on dashing through the side of the schooner to see what all the outside turmoil amounted to. Every few minutes a crash in the pantry

showed that the small stock of china was growing smaller, and glasses, spoons, and knives, flew through the air from the rack above the table, making it rather dangerous to pass within their orbit.

All the help possible was needed on deck to get sail off the vessel if possible without letting it blow clear off, so Hal and his mother had to do the best they could to make things safe before everything was dashed to pieces, without any help except that given by a very small and exceedingly frightened cabin boy, who, never useful at the best of times, was absolutely worthless just then. The sofa, which was dashing back and forth with each roll of the vessel, was chocked by blankets, mattress, and pillows crowded between it and the bulkhead till there was no room for it to move. The chairs were laid on their sides,— all of them that were not already in that position,— and were so placed that one braced the next, and so they were stopped from adding to the tumult. The few dishes remaining in the rack above the table were taken out, and put as safely as possible into the lockers behind the table. A few shingles stopped the dishes from jumping out of their places in the pantry, and the cabin was comparatively quiet.

It looked little like the cosy, home-like place it was at sunset, but a little work would restore it to order when this witches' dance was over.

"Land ho," was the cry just as things began to mend in the cabin. The sound was music to the ears of the ignorant boys. They thought that if land was near they were safe, not knowing that a sailor's most fervent prayer in time of storm is for sea room.

"Shall we soon land?" asked Hal.

"I trust not, for we should be likely to land in pieces if we did."

The storm had swept past, and had carried the fog before it, giving the schooner a chance to see where she was. The wind still blew a hurricane, and the waves washed across the deck every few moments, but the air was clear, and a glance to leeward showed that she was driving swiftly upon a tall, bare rock, while on either hand the distant land showed through the driving spray.

The Hera had been driven directly into the Inlet, but she was far from safe Escaped with practically no injury from the long four-hours' battle, she seemed likely to find her doom just as she was thought safe Driven by the storm she refused to answer her helm; the downhaul had caught in some way, so that it was impossible to get the mainsail off the vessel, and dead ahead was that terrible Barren Island. Island they call it, but it is merely a bare rock towering a hundred feet into the air, right in the pathway of the schooner, which drove forward faster and faster, as if hastening to put an end to the suspense by dashing herself upon the rock which towered above her masts. The men stood dumb and powerless, stunned by the imminence of their peril. If only the sail would come down she might still swing past in safety, for the water is deep enough to float a man-of-war right up to the side of the terrible rock, but the sail could not be hauled down. Everything had been cast off, but still it was immovable. Death was but a few moments distant.

All were on deck now. The woman and child clung together in the companion way, the men stood motionless just where they happened to be when the danger had dawned upon them. It has taken several minutes to tell this, but it was scarcely two from the time when they had first seen that terrible rock until the time when all stood horror-stricken, waiting for the death that seemed unavoidable.

One moment of this,— then the mate sprang forward:—

"Come on, men! Let 's die trying, if we have to die, not stand waiting to be

drowned like rats in a trap. One more try to get her head round!" And he sprang to the ropes.

The men were brave men, and only needed a leader. All followed him, and with one mighty heave they hauled and tugged to conquer the obstinate sail. No use. It was immovable. The two men at the wheel were tugging at the spokes, trying to throw her off enough to spill the wind out of the sail for a moment. All in vain. Nearer and nearer they sped to that awful death which towered cold and gray above them. Only a few fathoms more, and then cold, pitiless death would suck them down into the green depths beside that terrible rock. All possible had been done, and done to no purpose. God only could do more. Every pale face was turned toward the rock which towered high above them. Only a minute more of life, half of that spent in a wild battle with those monster waves that yawned for them, and then death, here in the cold North, far from friends and home, and probably with nothing left to tell of the terrible fate that had met them just at the entrance to the place where they had hoped to spend so many pleasant days.

Nearer and nearer, till now it seemed one could touch the rock with the hand. A crash, a shock that threw several on deck. Was it the end?

No, thank God, it was safety. The sail they could not move had been torn from top to bottom. The last desperate effort to change the course had succeeded. The sail split, and in splitting threw the vessel around, and she swung past the rock,— hardly room enough left to come around, but she has done it, and now sprang away from it, as if terrified by the sight of the danger she had so narrowly escaped.

The wave that came over the side as the schooner swung around filled cabin and state-rooms with a flood of water, but what cared the happy inmates? What were wet clothes, beds, or carpets to people who but ten minutes ago expected to be by this time washing around in the cold, green water at the foot of the Barren Rock?

The schooner still pitched and tossed about, but the wind each moment grew less, and as they flew up the Inlet the land shut them in from the wind till they were, in two hours from the time they passed the rock, sailing smoothly ahead with a fair wind.

The men, rejoiced at their narrow escape from what at one time seemed certain death, were bustling about, trying to efface the marks of the storm. No sailor likes to go into port with his vessel in disorder. He will try to put a good face even upon disaster, rather than make the most of his distress. The Hera could not make a very fine appearance without her mainsail, but they did the best possible under the circumstances. An old sail belonging to a brig, not half the size of the torn sail, was pulled up out of the place where it had been stowed for use in repairing, and was bent in place of the damaged mainsail. It was rather a comical sail for a vessel the size of the Hera,— about half as long on the top as the gaff was, while the boom was not nearly long enough for the foot of the sail. It was canvas, though, and would help the schooner on to port, and then she would have plenty of time to put her own trim sails in order. Borrowed clothes never do fit, so they must make the best of it. The men were rather ashamed of their makeshift, but it was better than nothing.

Long before night the vessel had been put in order, both above and below. The tattered remnants of the jibs were stowed away, and the new ones were in place. The old mainsail was the only sign of the storm that remained. The cabin carpet was taken up and hung to dry, the beds put out on deck to be in readiness before night. The scattered dishes were picked up, and whole ones put in place, while broken ones were

thrown overboard. A casual glance would have shown nothing out of the ordinary in either vessel or crew. If one looked deep enough he might have noticed a gravity in some of the faces after the near approach to death, which had made us think of things seldom remembered.

By night the schooner was well up the Inlet, and in the morning the port should be in sight. This port was a salmon fishing company's canning station at Kusilloff, at the mouth of the river of that name.

The watch was set, and the tired men turned in, hoping to awake on the morrow within sight of the place where they expected to pass several months at anchor.

When morning broke everybody was on the watch for the first sight of the cannery. The agent in San Francisco had said that the white buildings were easily visible.

There had been several wrecks in the Inlet, as the charts were not very reliable, so it was thought best to creep slowly onward till the village was in sight, and then fire a gun for the company's tug to come out, and pilot the schooner up to her anchorage.

Soon after breakfast the man on watch called the mate, to show him the white houses he had so anxiously been looking for.

There they were. A half dozen low white buildings, and down beside the water on a high rock was a little lighthouse, which had not been mentioned in the directions given the Captain.

The schooner crept slowly in toward the land, sounding all the time for fear of getting aground. She fired the little brass cannon, (which if not so large as a common sized stick of stove wood still made a deal of noise,) but there was no sign of life on shore.

"It is Sunday, and all hands are sleeping later than usual," was the conclusion, when three guns brought no signs of life in the little village, which was now so near that one could have seen any one looking out of a window.

The anchor was dropped and the sails were furled. Still nobody stirring on shore. Noon came, and still they were silent as the dead. Not a movement had been seen about any of the white buildings. Surely nobody would have slept till this time, even if tired by a hard week's work. There had certainly been no signs of life about the little settlement, for there had been no moment when there were not two or three pair of eyes watching it.

Was it possible that the Indians had come down and killed all hands? But in that case where were the Indians? Had they returned to their village, or were they watching the schooner, securely hidden behind the buildings, waiting for night, when they could come off unseen in their canoes and attack the schooner? It was supposed that the Alaskan Indians were peaceable. But who knows when an Indian will break out? And these might be like others, mild as milk till something strikes, and then look out for the explosion. The Captain and mates grew more and more anxious as the day wore on, and still no signs of life appeared in the village. There were about a dozen houses in all, besides the long, low building which was evidently the cannery, as it had a tall chimney and the flag pole stood close beside it. There was no flag floating.

After a consultation it was proposed that the Hera stand away from land till morning, but the fact that the chart was so unreliable that no one knew just where we were made the Captain unwilling to do this, unless there were strong reasons for it.

There were few fire-arms on board. One or two pistols, a shot-gun warranted not to carry straight, and a twenty-two caliber rifle comprised the entire outfit. The little cannon could make a good deal of noise, but like other noisy peo-

ple could not be relied upon to do any execution in an emergency.

"What on earth can be the matter? If they had been killed there would be some signs of fight, for there were fifteen or twenty whites besides the Chinamen, and if the Indians had been numerous enough to attack so large a force they would not have been able to kill them all off without some getting outside and leaving some signs of the trouble."

"Is it possible that the Chinese have risen and killed the white men, and then have run away to the mountains back there?"

"No; for even then they would have left some confusion that would have told the story. I am puzzled completely and do not know what to do."

The Captain looked as puzzled as he felt. The men at the cannery knew that a vessel would be there at about this time, and would naturally be looking out for her, one would think. Then too, there was certainly one vessel here before, the Corea, and where was she? To be sure, there might be a harbor where she could lie more safely than here, somewhere back out of sight,—they did say that they could n't keep a large vessel lying at Kusilloff; but what on earth had become of the men on shore? When at three o'clock there was still no more reason to suppose that the village was inhabited than there had been all day, the officers of the schooner gathered on the deck for consultation.

"Captain," said Olaf, the mate, "let me take three of the men and go ashore and find out what the trouble is. I will go near enough to see if there is anybody alive there, and will not land if I see any signs of danger; but we cannot lie here waiting if there is no one in the village. Are you sure that this is Kusilloff? Is it the first village here?"

"Yes: I asked especially, for I knew that the charts were not good for much, and they told me there was no other village in this region. This is not a village, only the company's buildings, and a few huts built for the Indian fishermen."

"Then let me go, for there must be something wrong, and we ought to find out what."

After a little debate it was decided to let the mate take two men and go near enough to reconnoiter; but it was not considered safe to send more from the schooner, as she carried only six men besides her officers, and two of them were mere boys, who could not be depended upon in an emergency. If there was trouble on shore three men would be no more help than two, while every man would count if it was necessary to get the Hera under way in a hurry.

Every man was given a weapon. The mate took the most reliable of the pistols; one sailor, a stout Nova Scotian, took his trusty knife, saying that he knew how to handle that, but if he tried to fire a pistol he might shoot some one he did not intend to hit; while the other, Andrew, a Swede, with a hand big and hard enough to knock a bear out in the first round, said, "I b'lieve I keep me my fist. I savee how fire them to hit my mark."

He was persuaded to take a pistol besides, but left the deck shaking his head, and muttering about his fists, and his power to use them.

It was a very grave little assemblage that stood on the deck, watching the boat creep slowly nearer the land.

What would become of them if the Indians were really in ambush there, watching and waiting for them to come to destruction? And what could so few men do in case they attacked the Hera?

"If you and Hal were home in San Francisco I should feel better," said the Captain, as he walked back and forth across the deck, watching anxiously the progress of the boat, which was now hastening toward the land.

For some distance she had crept

slowly along, but now the men were putting all their strength into the oars, and she was almost on the beach. Another moment, and she ran high up on the sand, and the three men sprang out of her, and tossed their arms in the air with a ringing shout, which reached the ears of those on the Hera, though the distance was too great to allow of words after them, but when in the boat he was bent double as if in pain.

What could be the matter? But soon they would know, for the men were pulling for the Hera even faster than they had pulled from her. The Captain for a moment was inclined to have the men getting the schooner in readiness to make sail, but the mate had made no

"SHOOTING THE SUN."

being distinguished. All hands stood watching with interest the actions of the men on shore. They ran around among the houses, but did not attempt, so far as was visible from the deck, to enter any of them. Suddenly Andrew threw himself down, and rolled upon the ground, seemingly in agony, and the other two hurried toward the boat. Andrew then jumped up, and hastened signs to him of any danger, so he decided to await the report from shore.

The boat was soon alongside, and the men in her were eagerly questioned. Andrew still rolled about on his seat in agony, while the other two wore queer looks on their faces, and seemed to find it hard work to restrain their feelings.

"What did you find out? Who did you see? Where are they all gone to?"

The mate climbed up to the deck, and came aft, trying to restrain himself, but seemed to find it rather hard work.

"Well, well, why don't you speak? What is the matter there at Kusilloff?"

"It — it — ain't Kus - si - ll — off, — sir," stammered the mate.

"But I tell you, sir, it *is* Kusilloff. There is no other village near here."

"'T's not — not a village — at all, sir, — nothing but just cakes of ice." And spite of his ideas of decorum on the deck, and before the Madam, the poor fellow bent double with his shouts of laughter; while from the forecastle, where Andrew and Joe had hurried to hide their paroxysms of fun, came shout after shout of irrepressible laughter. All hands were down there listening and helping add to the uproar.

"Ice? Nothing but ice?"

"That 's all, sir. Cakes of ice, piled up on top of each other, and the light-house is only a small waterfall, which runs over the cliff in summer, but is now frozen to the ground. I could not see what it was till I got to the shore nearly, and I thought I would land as I was so close, and see how it happened to look so like a village. I guess the ice went ashore on a very high tide, and was piled up. Then part of it melted, and run down, so that it covered the joints, and we were so sure we had reached the village that it looked more like houses than it does now. I can see now from here what it really is."

All turned toward the land, and now that they knew what it was could readily see that instead of being a village it was merely a collection of ice blocks.

The Captain went below for a smoke, and to get out of hearing of the shouts of laughter that rose from the fo'castle every few minutes.

He did not improve matters though, for Hal followed him down, and getting out one of his books, said:—

"Papa, did ever I read you this story about the engineer who side-tracked his train to let the moon pass, thinking she was the headlight of another engine coming on the same track? Wonder if he ever stood firing salutes all day at an iceberg, and got mad because the iceberg did n't answer?"

"Mamma, put this boy to bed. It is time he was asleep," was all the answer he got.

Early next morning the Hera was got under way, and sailed slowly up the Inlet, looking for the canning station, the Captain fully resolved in his own mind to see some signs of inhabitants before he saluted another village.

Some five miles above the ice village was a long, sharp point of land, which ran out into the water, and around which the Hera made her way with a good deal of caution. She was rather nearer in toward land than her Captain liked, but the wind was very light, and the current was stronger in the middle of the channel than in here near the land, so he still held her inshore. When she had rounded the point, right before her lay Kusilloff. There was no mistake this time. It was a village sure enough, and could be none other than the one they sought; but the Captain held straight on his course without offering to change his direction, or to order a salute.

"Papa, why don't you have the gun fired now?" said Hal every few minutes, but he got no answer.

Though the wind was very light, the schooner was moving through the water pretty fast, and soon reached a spot where she was easily seen from the shore. A puff of smoke and the sound of a gun showed that she was recognized. The whistle on the cannery was evidently shrieking a message, though as the wind was from the sea it could not be heard; but the cloud of steam that rose from it showed that it was doing its share in giving the visitors a welcome.

Still no order for a salute from the schooner. The men looked at each other in surprise. What did it mean?

A stir on shore, and up to the top of the tall flag pole beside the cannery floated the stars and stripes.

"There goes Old Glory. Give it to her, boys. That 's a sure thing. Ice may look like houses, and bears might be mistaken for men, but Old Glory is not to be mistaken. Load up and give her a salute," cried the Captain.

He felt rather sore over his mistake of the day before, although he did not make it in the first place, and it was shared by everybody on board.

The gun spoke, and a stir on shore showed that the Hera was both seen and heard. A signal was made by hauling the flag rapidly up and down, which the Captain interpreted to mean to stop where he was, so he gave the order, and the anchor was dropped, and the Hera swung around with the tide, and lay at rest after her three weeks' journey through good and bad weather.

All hands were eagerly watching the shore. The schooner lay near enough for all on board to see objects on land very plainly. The buildings were not very grand, but they answered their purpose. They lay on the bank of the river, which spread out as it flowed into the Inlet, making a wide estuary. They were not white, like those seen the day before, but dark wood color. Behind them rose a background of forest and mountains.

Photo by Fred Kendall.

"NOTHING BUT ICE BLOCKS."

On the other side of the river from the settlement was a queer looking structure, which looked from the deck something like an exaggerated chicken house. A fleet of boats lay around before the cannery, in readiness for the men to go out on the next tide. Beyond lay a small tug, from which puffs of smoke and steam rose in the air, showing that she was getting ready to make the schooner a visit when she got her breath. Back of the queer chicken coop structure were two or three huts, evidently Indian homes, as women came down to the beach to look at the new vessel, followed by several little brown children, who looked from the Hera as though they were rather broader than they were long.

But by the time they had noted all this the little tug had gotten up steam, and was putting out to meet her visitor and do the honors of the place.

A queer little tug she was, Novelty, by name. She did not seem to have power enough to pull a fishing boat through a smooth sea, but she often showed what she could do in the towing line, both in fair and foul weather, before the summer was done.

In a short time the Novelty wheezed and puffed her way out to the Hera, and her passengers, the superintendent of the works and the general manager for the company, came on board the schooner. The superintendent was a young man, not more than twenty-one or two apparently, the manager perhaps forty-five or fifty in years; but as nearly all these years had been spent at sea, he gave the impression of much greater age till you knew him,—then you found him as young at heart as his companion looked.

It had been intended when the Hera was chartered to have her lie at the Kusilloff moorings, but the manager was afraid to have it, as she was a larger vessel than he had expected, and it was not very safe for a vessel drawing as much water as she did when the wind blew on shore, so he decided to take her below, some forty miles, to Chazik Harbor, where the vessel that belonged to the company was laid up for the summer.

The fish had not begun to run, so that they had done no work to speak of as yet. The ice had but just left the inlet,—the captain of the Hera thought that he knew where a good part of it was, but he said nothing,—and the season bade fair to be very late, so that the Hera would have to stay for a longer time than at first intended. She would not get a cargo before August, and therefore it was best to have her in a safe harbor before a storm came on. It was settled that the tug should take her down the next day. Hal and his mother looked the tug carefully over, and decided that it was a bigger contract than the Novelty would be able to fill.

After dinner, the superintendent invited the Captain and his family to visit the shore, and see how the work would be done when the fish came in. They accepted his invitation, and the Novelty soon landed them beside the little wharf below the cannery.

First to the home where the superintendent spent his time when not busy about his duties. A stove kept the temperature up to summer heat, though it is likely it could hardly do so in winter, when the mercury dropped down into the bulb of the thermometer for protection from the frost. Pictures were hung on the walls, and take it all together it was as cosy a little sitting-room as one could desire; far better than could be looked for away up here, far from civilization as it is.

It was easy to see that no woman's hand had anything to do with the decorations, for the most prominent object in the room was the gun rack, on which hung half a dozen rifles of different kinds and makes, revolvers and shotguns also being well represented. A big bear-skin on the floor, and several pair of immense elk horns, showed that some one knew

Photo by Kendall.

ELK HORNS.

how to use the fire-arms. A pair of moose horns in another part of the house bore testimony to the variety of game here.

From the house the visitors were taken to see the cannery, but as it was not working it was not so interesting as it would have been later in the season. The men were busily working to have everything in readiness when the fish should come in. They could put up several thousand cases each day when running at full speed and on full time.

From the cannery they went to look at that chicken coop which had attracted so much attention from the deck of the schooner. It was a coop, truly, but for fish instead of for chickens. On the beach above high water mark the trap was begun, but the main part was out in the water below low water limit. Here, where the fish would always find water, the trap or pen stretched some hundred feet in length by fifty in width, built of light scantlings, and high enough to prevent their getting out over the top at high tide. This is the main trap, but the entrance is away up on the beach. There it is, like a tight fence stretching along and stopping the fish as they try to return down tide after feeding near shore at high water. When they are stopped by the fence they swim along beside it, seeking for an opening through which they may get out to sea again. They find the opening, but instead of its letting them out to sea it leads them into the enclosure, which is surrounded by nets, so that they cannot pass through. There is a gate that allows them to enter the trap, but does not allow them to pass the other way, so that once inside they must wait the coming of the fishermen. The fishermen let them out, but it does not profit the poor salmon much, as he is knocked on the head and taken to the canning place.

Sometimes the trap holds thousands of fish when visited, and sometimes it has not a dozen. The men have no idea which number they will find when the tide goes down. It is rather like a lottery. For several days the fish will flock to the traps, and then for a week there will be almost none. There is no seeming reason for either state of affairs.

Just back from the beach where the trap begins is the home of "Fishing Jimmy," one of the most successful of the Indian fishermen. He will get a boat-load of fish, while the white men will stay out all the tide and return with empty boats. He had just returned with a boat-load of salmon, and taunted the white men with the state of their nets. "Heap fine nets; plenty style; no fish,— umph."

His family, consisting of his aged mother, his wife, and half a dozen children, gathered around to see the strange woman. They were not a very picturesque crowd, for the women were dressed in the garb of civilization instead of the native, which would have pleased the visitors much better. Jimmy is only half Indian, his father being a Russian, but he has always lived with the Indians and knows nothing of his father.

Their house was built of logs piled one on the other, and plastered with clay between the joints, the walls inside hung with skins for warmth. It was warmed by an old rusty cook-stove, which had been bestowed upon them by some one who had used it as long as it was good for anything. Jimmy was satisfied, and that is all that is needed. Nobody else has anything to say about it.

Jimmy sent two or three salmon off to the schooner, and very welcome they were, but he refused to take any pay for them. He had caught them for himself, so felt free to gratify his generosity by sending them as a gift to the strangers. The Captain sent him a lot of tobacco, so probably he felt that he made a good investment.

Photo by Kendall.

"FISHING JIMMY'S" FAMILY.

The snow had melted near the water, but the hills behind the little valley at the mouth of the Kusilloff were still many feet deep with snow, so that as it grew toward night the air was very chilly. The strangers felt it more than the people at the cannery did, and thought best to decline the very pressing invitation

to remain on shore for the night. The schooner seemed home to them, and they returned to her cabin, followed by several of the gentlemen from shore, who spent a pleasant evening on board, returning to shore soon after midnight. It was the twenty-second of May, and as the sun remains below the horizon but a few hours at this season it was light enough to see at midnight.

Next morning the weather was rather threatening, so the Captain and the manager from shore decided that the best thing to do was to get the Hera to Chazik Harbor as soon as possible. This was some forty miles below and the tide did not serve till afternoon. The Novelty had been a great source of fun for all hands, and the sailors were anxious to see how she would manage to tow the Hera against the tide. They did not see, though, for her captain would not attempt the task until the tide turned.

The shore people begged all the newspapers on board the Hera, as they had not heard from home for more than a month, and did not expect to hear again for three months. It was rather a change for people that growled if they did not get the paper before breakfast every morning, to be where anything a month old was news.

About three o'clock the Novelty came puffing alongside, and took the hawser. Fortunately the wind was favorable, so all the little tug had to do most of the way was to keep out from under the schooner. The Hera's crew made all manner of fun of "the tea-kettle in a box," crying to her captain to look out or she would get run over, or offering to tow her down if she would only fall in behind ; but she kept on the uneven tenor of her way. She could guide the Hera, if she could not tow her, and as the wind was steady that was all that was necessary. It was beginning to look very hazy, so that the shores were indistinct, but the mountains were still visible far away on either hand.

As night fell the Hera was headed for what looked like a high, impassable wall of rock. Nearer and nearer she crept toward it, and still there seemed no way to get through ; the rock still loomed up grim and gray before her. There was nobody on the schooner who had ever been here before, so there was no chance to ask questions, and all that could be done was to wait for developments.

It was now dark, or as dark as it would get that night. The land was visible, but it had a hazy look, which changed the appearance of things somewhat. The rock loomed dark across the way, and the tug still steamed steadily toward it.

Right ahead appeared a tall rock, standing out in front of the cliff. The tug was headed directly for this rock. When it seemed that she must run upon it, she made a sharp turn,—and lo, an opening was seen, through which the tug, followed by the Hera, ran into a little landlocked bay, where no storm could ever come, and which was entirely hidden from sight except from the one little spot where the tug had entered.

Lights sparkling from two points showed that the Hera was not the first on the ground. One vessel had been known to be there, but what did the second light mean ?

It was midnight, and so investigation must be postponed until morning. But if the Hera could not find out whom she was to have for company, she could let the stranger know that she was coming, so the little cannon was fired. Back from the surrounding hills came echo after echo. It sounded as if a park of artillery was exercising within the little bay. The sound was deafening, and to add to the confusion hundreds of sea birds were aroused from their dreams (if birds do dream), and they reinforced the echoes by their shrill cries of anger or alarm.

Amidst this pandemonium the Hera came about, and the crash and rattle of

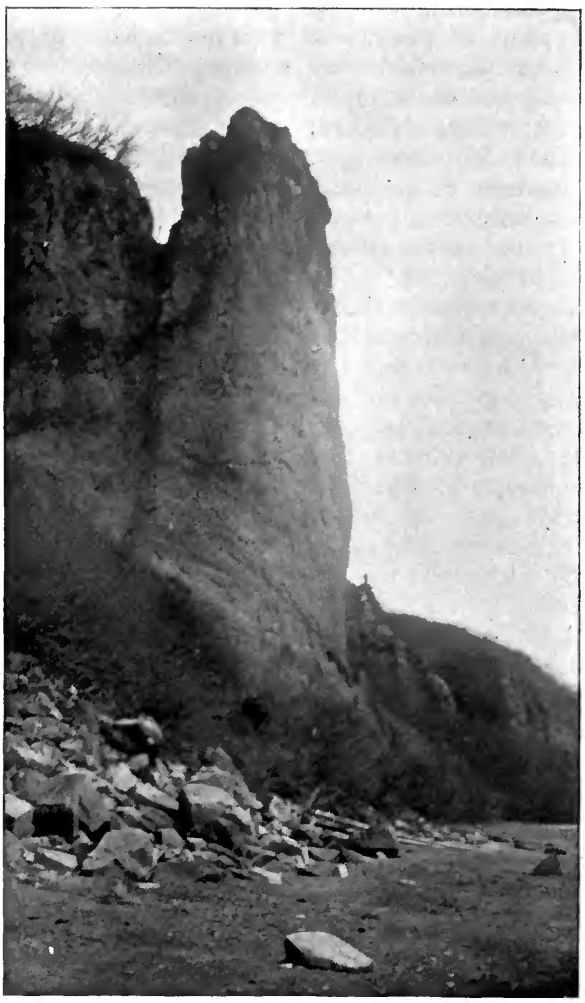


Photo by Kendall.

TOWER ROCK, CHAZIK ISLAND.

the anchor chain as it slipped through the hawser pipe told that she was settling down for her three months' rest. In an hour from the time the first gun was fired the anchor watch was set, and everybody else on board the schooner was sound asleep.

With daylight the next morning Hal was out on deck, to see what kind of place he was in and what prospect there was for fun. He returned to the cabin in a few minutes with a long face of disgust.

"Talk about San Francisco fogs. They ain't a patch on the one we are in here. Can't see the end of the jib-boom, and it smells fishy."

After breakfast the fog lifted a little, but it was a cold, raw day. It was too thick to see what the vessel lying over under the lee of the island looked like, but a prospecting party was sent to find out, and reported on their return that she was the Viking, with a party of San Francisco men who were seeking a location for another cannery. The harbor was public ground, so there was nothing to be said, but the representatives of the

older company were rather disgusted to find that another company was intending to settle so near them.

About noon the Novelty started back to Kusilloff, and the little company on the Hera settled down for the summer.

For two or three days it was very disagreeable weather; rain, snow, sleet, and wind, made the cabin a welcome refuge; but on the fourth morning the sun rose in undimmed splendor, and for the first time it was possible to see what the surrounding country looked like.

Chazik Bay, or Harbor, is a little landlocked bay between the mainland on the one hand and an island on the other. Of the island but little could be seen from on deck, for the side toward the bay is a high, precipitous cliff running the whole length, nearly, of the bay.

For about half the distance it looks precisely like a picture of a ruined castle. The tall rock that towers seven hundred feet into the air at the upper end looks from the deck of the schooner like the tower of the castle; while at the other end a rock that stands out a little from the main cliff, and is perforated by the waves, forming a hole fifty feet high and twenty wide, might be called the postern gate, open, to be sure, but then the castle is deserted, and the warders left it opened and undefended. Vines and shrubs grow in crannies up and down the side of the cliff, and will answer for the ivy that should shroud the ruins. Farther down toward the Inlet the cliff was broken and not so picturesque, and there was the home of the myriad sea birds that greeted the Hera the night of her arrival.

On the other side of the bay stretched the mainland. Close to the water grew trees of several kinds,— just what, it was impossible to tell then, as they were bare; but later it was found that the grove of tall, slim, graceful trees just opposite the vessel was almost entirely of poplars. Pines, spruce, and elms were growing a little farther back, while among them stood the dead trunks of gigantic spruces, which had been killed by some unusually severe winter, probably, but which still stood high above the living trees, to show what kind of timber used to grow where now the smaller ones held sway.

The ground was covered deep with snow still, on the twenty-sixth of May, but the ice was nearly gone. A few solitary cakes floating around the vessels were fast melting beneath the fervid rays of the sun. The ground for half a mile back from the beach was low and level, but beyond that it rose, hill after hill, for miles away. And there in the far background was Iliamna, the volcano, which is an infallible weather glass to every one who can see its top. From the extreme top of the cone stream one, two, or three feathers of smoke and steam. If three, then you will have three days of fine weather; two means that for two days it will be fair; one says that tomorrow will be pleasant; but if none are flying, then get ready for a storm. No matter how pleasant the sky, nor how high the barometer stands, if Iliamna has taken off his feathers, make all fast for a storm. And it will not be settled fair weather until he flings them to the breeze again.

From this time on, the sun rose higher and higher each day, and summer was come to this northern land. The snow melted rapidly, and the little streams that came down from the hills back on the mainland were soon brimming banks full with the clear snow water. And the trees began to put out their leaves, while grass grew inches high, even through the snow. Hal and his mother picked wild flowers growing within three feet of a snow bank, and forget-me-nots poked their blue heads up through the snow on the sides of the cliff. Sweet peas, wild roses, and forget-me-nots, grew in profusion all around the bay. By the middle of June they were all in bloom, and filling the air with fragrance.

Nature seems to think that her summer here is so short that she must do her utmost while it lasts, and she hurries plant life forward with twice the speed she shows in more favored localities. The men who came up on the Viking had made a station on the island, and had built a house and put up a shed for the purpose of salting what salmon they could catch while seeking for a site for a cannery. They cleared a plot of ground, and planted some potatoes behind their house, and although the potatoes were not planted until well into June, they were eating the new potatoes long before they left the place, about the last of July. While the snow still lingered in the hollows the grass was waist high in the open, and before the end of July it was six feet high all over the plain beside the little river.

One day soon after the Hera anchored in the bay two of the men went ashore to see what they could find. Andrew, who knew but little about the country, suddenly called to the other, "See, see that big cow!"

Joe looked to see what Andrew meant, and through the bushes caught sight of an immense brown bear. It was as large as a cow, so no wonder Andrew made the mistake. They hastened back to the Hera, procured rifles, which had been loaned to the Captain by the superintendent of Kusilloff, and went back to the shore to see if they could shoot the bear. They did not see him, and returned to the vessel. The next morning the mates went ashore, and searching around found the track of the bear, and also found that he had two companions.

The big bear must have been an immense fellow, for his track measured about fifteen inches across. The others were smaller, probably a female and a half-grown cub. Several times these tracks were seen on the shore, and finally it was decided to build a trap to catch one of them, for the men had nothing to do until the salmon began to run, and the cannery could send freight down.

After some talk it was thought best to build a dead-fall trap. The stakes were cut, and driven into the ground, and withes were twined tightly around to hold them firm. The dead-fall was a heavy tree-trunk, and was arranged to fall from a considerable height. It was placed in position weighted with rocks, and the bait was fixed to the stick which would set the fall loose. The berries were not yet ripe, and salmon were scarce, so the bears were hungry, and would probably not be very careful about running into danger. All went back to the schooner, thinking of the bear steaks they hoped to taste on the next day. The morning came, and a whole boat-load of people went ashore to see the bear taken from the trap. Hal, his father and mother, the mate, and two men to carry the carcass, all landed, and crept toward the trap.

"We have got him! The trap 's sprung!" cried the first who got in sight of the trap.

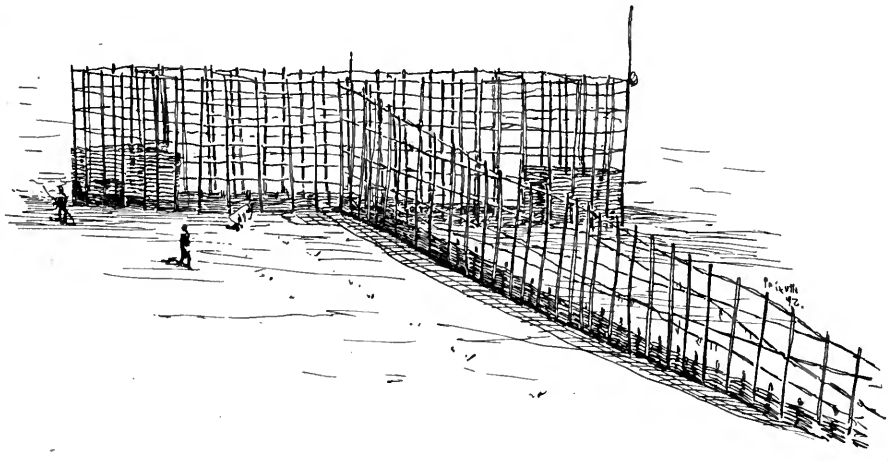
Sure enough, the trap was sprung. Its mouth was on the other side, so that all that could be seen was the stick that had held the dead-fall, but as that was thrown off the trap must be sprung. They rushed through the bushes to the trap. Sprung, sure enough, and the log below had a lock of bear's hair caught in a knot, but where was the bear? Was it possible that he had been under that heavy weight, and had escaped without being killed? It looked like it. The bait, a salmon, was gone, and the tracks showed that it was the bear who had taken it.

"I 'll make it heavy enough to kill him this time," said Olaf, as he began to get the trap ready for another trial. The first time it had been loaded down by as much as five hundred pounds, which falling from that height ought to have broken the back of any bear ever seen. This time Olaf sent the boat back to the schooner for some iron bars

that were in the hold, and added them to the weights on the fall.

It made no difference. The trap was sprung the next morning, and the bait gone: bear tracks, but no bear.

For six weeks they tried to catch that bear, and he took their bait every night, but left nothing more than a lock of his hair behind. At last Andrew made up his mind that if he could not catch the bear he would try shooting him. He knew absolutely nothing about fire-arms, but he kept that to himself. He borrowed a rifle one night, and after everyone was asleep on board the schooner he got into the skiff, and rowed ashore.



A SALMON TRAP.

He had chosen his hiding place during the afternoon, and went to it as soon as he landed. It was up in the branches of a tall spruce, which grew a dozen rods back of the trap. Here he sat waiting for the bear. It was about ten o'clock when he climbed into the tree, and he saw nothing of the bear until after one. Then a rustling told him that something was tearing a way through the bushes. He watched intently, and soon saw an immense bear come out of the bushes, and go directly up to the trap. Instead of waiting to find out how the bear managed to get the bait without getting caught, Andrew rose to his feet and aimed his rifle at the bear. He could not see him distinctly, and shifted his footing to get a better sight. He stepped upon a rotten limb, and shot headlong down to the ground. The rifle was exploded, and the bear did not stop to see what all the noise was about, but hastened away without his supper. This was fortunate for Andrew, for the fall had stunned him, and he lay senseless for some time. When he recovered his senses he hurried back to the schooner perfectly satisfied with his night's experience. He thought that as the bear let him off when he was in its power, he would not trouble the bear again.

He declared that the bear was so tall that the log of the dead-fall was only a few inches above his back, and that the fall was so slight that it did not hurt him at all; he could get his fish, then back out from under the log, and go home to his den. His report of the size of bruin fired the mates with a stronger desire to get his skin than they had felt before; but the bear still wore his coat when the Hera left Chazik Bay.

One day a boat-load of Indians came into the bay. They were hunters belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company, and were going from one hunting ground to another, and stopped on the

island to recruit. They were dressed in all sorts of clothing. Some wore cast-off clothes, evidently given them by white men; others wore dresses of skin, which had been prepared with the hair left on, and some wore a mixture of both styles. One big Indian wore an old army overcoat, and trowsers made of deerskin. Another wore only a pair of denim overalls and a gingham blouse.

Their dress was not of so much interest as their boats, which were the Alaşkan bidarky. This is a canoe covered with skin, top and all. In the top are round openings, one, two, or three, in number, according to the size of the canoe, in which the owners squat or kneel. The bidarky is about the most ticklish thing afloat in the hands of a greenhorn. An Indian will kneel in his place, tie the apron that surrounds the hole around his waist, and paddle away as if it was nothing at all to do, but woe to the unfortunate white who is deluded into trying to do the same. He will find himself in the water before he gets his paddle into the second stroke.

On the top of the canoe a line is stretched, to which are fastened the spears and anything else the Indian thinks he may need to have at hand. It is not very easy to get articles out of the inside of the canoe, as the only way to do so is to pull them out through the hole in which the man is sitting or kneeling. For this reason he strings the line with whatever he knows he will want before he gets to his stopping place. The canoe is very roomy, holding twice what one would suppose it could, but it is difficult of access at sea.

The Captain told the Indians about the big bear that the crew were trying to catch, and they decided to have a try for his skin, as they were to spend the night on the island.

It was now the last of June, and the sun was in sight nearly all night. It would go down behind one spur of the mountains away to the northwest, but in a short time it would rise again from behind the same mountain, but a little farther north. The night of the twenty third of June it was light enough to read a paper at any hour of the night. This was about the time that the Indians arrived and tried to shoot the big bear. They set out on their hunt about midnight, and the people on the Hera watched them until they landed, and started up into the woods behind where the trap was built.

In the morning they returned, and brought back a dead bear, but not the one they went out for. They saw him, and said he was the biggest bear that any one of them had ever seen, but he was too well fed to care to attack them, so ambled off into the wood instead of coming toward them. They followed him for some time but did not catch up with him, and as they were anxious to get away early in the day they had to return to the island with the small bear, which they had shot in the early part of the hunt. I say small, but it was a fair-sized bear, bigger than one would care to meet if alone in the woods.

Soon after the attempt made by Andrew to kill the bear the salmon began to run toward the rivers up which they were in the habit of going each year to their spawning ground, and the fishermen were busy day and night. This was harvest time with them, and they could not stop for hours, but must work on the tide, whether it was night or day. As it was light all night, this was no particular hardship.

The first load of cases for the Hera's freight were sent down on the third of July. On the Fourth, the great day was celebrated in fine shape; and of course, since Young America was aboard, it was accompanied by lots of noise. There was not much powder on board, as so much had been wasted saluting the ice village, and the Captain said he could not allow more than three guns to be fired, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset.

A DANDY HUNTER.

Hal thought this was too short an allowance, and he persuaded one of the men to row him ashore to the place where the prospectors were living. The head of the party was an American, a Petaluma man, and to him Hal told his doleful tale. The man had been a boy once himself, and had not forgotten it, so he told Hal if the Hera would supply the gun, the Viking would supply the powder for a grand Fourth of July celebration.

As sunrise was about two o'clock, the Madam begged to have the first salute postponed for a few hours, but Hal sternly told her that she was no American at heart, or she would wish to have the first Fourth ever celebrated here made one long to be remembered. He had his way in a measure, as the first gun was fired at three o'clock. From that time till after midnight, the sound of the celebration awoke the echoes (and the gulls), while the men from all three vessels rowed races, swam races, and, going ashore, ran races, to the honor of the starry flag, which was flung to the breeze from all three vessels.

The Viking was German owned and Swedish commanded, and at first her captain did not seem to think it necessary to float the Stars and Stripes, but a few words from one of the men in the party changed his mind, and he hoisted it, and kept it up too.

After the Fourth life seemed a little dull for some days, but what with trips to the bear trap and runs down toward the Inlet to see if there was a schooner coming with freight,—for there were two small schooners kept at the cannery to take down cases of salmon as fast as they were ready to load the Hera,—the days passed away swiftly. The captain of one of the little schooners was a Russian, and had his son with him for the summer. The boy was about ten years old, half Indian and half Russian. He was a specimen of what the schools there can do. He could read fluently, spell correctly, draw beautifully, and was well advanced in arithmetic. While behind the boy of his age who had been in the city schools, he was far in advance of many boys who are educated in the country schools of California.

The Madam wanted to bring him to San Francisco and send him to school, but it was so uncertain what she was to do when she got back to the city that she could not do more than talk about it. The superintendent of the cannery did bring him down the next year, but the poor boy died from an attack of pneumonia before Spring. It would have been interesting to see what he would have done under favorable circumstances. He was remarkably bright for his years, but he said that he was a fair specimen of his schoolmates.

His father's schooner was manned by Russian-Indians, and they were a bright, intelligent set. There was no drunkenness there, and it is said there never is to any great extent. Of course, at Chazik Harbor there was no way for the men to get liquor; but so far as could be learned they did not care much for it. Of course, there are black sheep in every place, and Alaska is no exception, but drunkenness is no more prevalent there than anywhere else. We often hear of the Fur Company selling whisky to the Indians, but those who visited the Hera had none, and did not care for it. Once or twice a drink was offered them. Some took it, and others refused. No more in proportion drank than would have done if the same offer had been made in any port.

The salmon did not come in fast, so that the Hera was not filling so fast as she had hoped. But that did not matter much. The harbor was a safe place to lie, the weather was heavenly, the company agreeable, so if the schooner only got away before the bad weather came on, that was all that was necessary. There were pretty places to explore, and the Madam liked climbing and walking as well as Hal did, so she was contented.

One day the Captain took the Madam and Hal, with a man to row in case the wind died out, and they had to pull back, and they sailed away around the northern point of the islands to see strange countries.

The island was high and precipitous on the harbor side, but after they passed around the point the land sloped gradually down to the water's edge. When about opposite to where the Hera lay on the other side of the island the boat was beached, coffee made and lunch eaten, then all were ready for an exploring expedition.

Back a mile or so from the beach was a thick grove of immense spruce trees. Gum grows on spruces, and Hal remembered it, so the party turned toward the grove. It was not the easiest thing in the world to creep and climb through the thick underbrush, but at last the grove was reached. Gum in plenty rewarded the seekers, but they found something else. In the middle of the grove Hal stumbled over a pile of boards. Surprised to find sawed timber at such a place, the Captain set to work to get them out, and see what was under them. Hacking and cutting the underbrush away, he discovered a pile of lumber that had evidently once been a little house. This was pulled and hauled away, but suddenly one of the men drew back. He was pale, and looked frightened.

"What is it?"

"Bones. And I think human bones," was the reply.

He was right. From under the broken roof the skeleton of a human being was drawn forth. The bones were covered with rotted rags, which once had been clothes. Who or what the wearer had been was unknown. He — for the tattered coat proved it had once been a man — had lived, was dead. That is all that is known now, and more will not be known till the day when all secrets are revealed. If there had been papers they were destroyed long ago by the storms and snows of God only knows how many winters.

Those who discovered him would fain have given him a grave, but they had

nothing with which to dig in the hard soil. Perhaps he sleeps just as well there beneath his broken roof-tree as he would beneath a marble monument.

Saddened by this sudden thrusting of death before their eyes, the party started for their schooner home. It was four o'clock and the light luncheon they had eaten was forgotten long ago. The wind had died out, so the useless sail was taken down and stowed in the bottom of the boat, and the two men got out their oars and pulled for the bay. *For* the bay, but they did not get forward very fast. The tide had turned, and it was running against them with a power that they could hardly hold the boat against. They pulled with all their strength but did not gain an inch, so the boat was again beached and they landed to wait for turn of tide. No one remembered what time the tide would turn, so they settled down for a dreary wait. The lunch-basket was empty, so were their stomachs. They had no lines, or they might have caught some fish. Hal poked around on the beach, and suddenly he shouted and threw his hat in the air. "Get a fire, get a fire. Lots of clams here, and we will have roast clams for supper." And he began to dig furiously in the wet sand. His father built a fire and then went to help him dig clams, while the sailor picked up driftwood to keep the fire going.

The clams were roasted and eaten. They were pretty tough, but they served to stop the gap until supper on board. While the party were cooking and eating them the tide had slackened and now was on the turn. The boat was launched and again they started for the Hera. This time they met with no hindrance and after two hours of hard work rounded the point, behind which the harbor lay.

But what was the matter? The Hera was lying before them, but her men were hurrying back and forth as if something had happened. What could it mean?

Hard rowing soon brought the boat alongside. The passengers were on deck in a moment, asking the cause of the confusion. Olaf brought forward a package, telling them that the Novelty had been down that afternoon, bringing the mail, which had been forwarded from the St. Paul. Letters were a rarity in Alaska. This was the first word from the outer world since leaving San Francisco two months and a half ago, and it was valued accordingly. The firm had forwarded papers, also, and nobody but Hal had time to think of supper.

The day after, another load of cases were brought down, and this almost completed the lading of the vessel. When the schooner came alongside Captain Maxime held up a brown bunch of fur. When he got near enough he tossed it aboard, and it proved to be a young bear. The hunter at the cannery had killed its mother and had taken the cub for a pet. It was very tame and gentle, and soon was a great favorite with everybody on board. Hal declared it learned to talk English, for the sound it made while hunting around for the Madam who fed it, sounded something like "Mamma, mamma," as spoken by a child with a cold.

The little fellow became rather a nuisance, as he was determined to rule the ship so far as setting the time for meals went. He thought that five o'clock was a good breakfast hour, and did his little best to get everybody out at that hour. If he was shut up in a box he would cry till he had awakened everybody on board; while if left loose he would run all around calling till some one got up and fed him. At last he seemed to learn that the cabin was the place to get attention the quickest, and he would set himself down at the companion-way and call. He was well liked if he was a nuisance, and everybody on board was sorry when he died from the effects of a kick which he got at the cannery before he was brought down to the Hera. He

used to have spells of pain when nothing seemed to relieve him, and at last he died in one of the spells.

Besides the cub Hal had a pair of young gulls, — kittiwakes, — given him, which lived for some time, but they fought until the weaker one was killed, and then the other pined away and died, — from remorse, Hal thought.

On the sixth of August the last case needed to make up the Hera's cargo was put below the hatches, and on the seventh the anchor was hauled out of the mud-bed in which it had lain so long, the sails were spread, and in tow of the little "tea-kettle in a box," the Hera turned her bow toward the port she had left over three months ago. The Novelty towed her out of the bay, and when fairly in the Inlet let go of her, tooted a farewell and steamed back toward Kusilloff, while the Hera spread her snowy sails and began her voyage toward home.

Barren Island wore a different appearance when they passed it homeward bound, from its aspect when they came into the Inlet. Then it was an object of terror, now it was nothing but a picturesque rock rising slim and tall out of the water.

Seventeen days of fine weather, three of dead calm, and the Golden Gates again lay before the schooner's bow; but this time they were golden, not lead, as when last seen. On a bright, sunny day the Hera sailed swiftly up the Bay and anchored in the stream. Her Alaskan summer was over, and she was home again.

With the exception of those terrible hours off Barren Island the voyage had been an enjoyable one, and now that it was over even those hours of fear added to the interest of the trip.

Furl the sails. The voyage is ended. Put away the pen. The story is told.

Mabel H. Closson.

AN ELECTRICAL STUDY.

If there was one thing more than another of which Mr. Girard Channing was assured, it was that between science and sentiment there was a deep gulf fixed, and that the scientist, being of course a man of sense, would never indulge in a flirtation with the latter.

As with many of his type, science, in its largest sense, was his religion, the natural sciences his Olympus. The particular god of his idolatry was Electricity.

And indeed the last is more worthy of worship than any of its classic predecessors. In one aspect it is typified by Mercury, the swift-footed messenger of the gods, obedient, serviceable, running to the ends of the earth on our errands with inconceivable rapidity. And in another view it is like Diana, beautiful, but dangerous and untamed, who will not be trifled with, and whose touch is death to the Actæon that comes too near.

This view of the subject did not often present itself to the minds of the officials and clerks in the Electrical Division of the Patent Office, of which Mr. Girard Channing was chief. To most of them it was the means by which they buttered their daily bread, and was environed by much tiresome detail and routine work; while to the chiefs it was a ladder by which they intended to climb to fortune, their present official positions being merely the lower rounds.

Look at the lithe, graceful figure of the young chief, as he sits at his desk, — his feet calmly reposing on the table. I have taken him at a disadvantage, I admit, but he can stand it. Not even the lazy attitude can counteract the impression of power conveyed by every turn of the head, with its broad, well-developed forehead, keen brown eyes, firm nose and chin, and mouth that is also firm and a trifle sarcastic.

I have said that his eyes were keen; they were, but they were something more. Contradictory eyes! In their depths was a look that might mean latent tenderness; it might be the look that seen in some women's eyes we call, for lack of a better term, appealing. Whatever it was, it gave hint of dual personality not without its fascination.

He had won an enviable position for a man on the hither side of thirty, leaving many older rivals behind; and his profession opened out for him an ever-widening vista. A little arrogance is perhaps to be expected in such cases.

"What is it; what can I do for you?"

His incisive and perhaps unconsciously imperative voice addressed these questions to a young lady who had been waiting for him to be at liberty to speak, and who now only wished the silence could have remained always unbroken. He repeated his inquiry impatiently, and goaded by necessity she began: —

"I am the sister of Mr. Harold Wentworth. You are examining an improvement of his on telephone transmitters, I believe.—"

"Don't you *know?*" was her hearer's mental comment at this point.

"He has been taken ill since we came here. I want to help him, and I heard that one of your lady clerks was ill; I thought I might perhaps take her place as a substitute, and so" — she stopped short, unable to bring another word to bear against the dead wall of irresponsive attention that was presented to her.

"What can you do?" was the next question.

With difficulty she suppressed the answer, "Nothing," for like all over-sensitive persons she had begun to regard

herself from the imagined standpoint of those under whose influence she came; but rallying she replied :—

"I have had some experience with the type-writer."

"That is very well, so far as it goes," he broke in, "but these places require some technical experience. If you really want a position, you should try for one through a Civil Service examination. The department does n't permit the substitute system any more ; however, you did not know that, of course,— there is no harm done. Mr. Gray, I am ready to go on with your cases now,"— the last remark being equivalent to a dismissal of the kind that makes one feel that the sooner he puts the door between himself and the person whose time he has been wasting, the safer he will be.

It is a bitter moment, but one that comes to many young people, when what may be called the drawing-room aspect of life changes to the business one. What do trifling accomplishments, the odds and ends of skill, amount to before that stern voice of the business world, asking, "What can you do?"

Poor girl! It seemed to her as if all her vague longings to be of some use in the world, and her fears that she was not an adept in anything, had been seen through and crushed by the penetrating eyes and the quick voice that had asked her that difficult question.

Freed from the mastery of his presence, she began to be herself again ; and then anger, mortification at having placed herself in a false position, and fierce determination, succeeded one another rapidly.

"Ill-mannered bear! I wonder if they never say 'good morning' in the part of the country he came from! 'What is it ; what do you want?'" (That last was really a little rougher than he had worded it, but she remembered only his tone.) "I wish I had answered I wanted nothing but to get out of there, whereupon he would probably have retorted, 'Why don't you go?' and then my position would have been even sillier than it was before. O dear!" and now mortification chased away anger, "why did I go on such a fool's errand ; and I know Harold will never consent to my taking the Civil Service examination ; but I mean to try it, all the same, for I know that dreadful invention of his is going to take every cent he can spare for a long time to come."

Miss Enid Wentworth was a pretty enough girl of the American type, which is so commonly found that I will not dwell on it here, but will tell you of two points she had which foreigners assure us are decidedly un-American ; these she had derived from a Spanish ancestor ; one was a graceful carriage, the other an exquisitely modulated voice. One of her admirers, a youth who dropped into poetry on all occasions, exclaimed as did Prince Geraint of the famous Enid,—

"Here by God's grace is the one voice for me,"

the first time that those liquid, flexible tones fell upon his ears. But his skill as a wooer did not equal his aptitude at quotations, and Miss Wentworth remained unmoved by his borrowed raptures.

You would not have suspected her voice of so much beauty if you had heard her replies to Mr. Channing that morning, when fright had reduced it to the smallest minion type.

She walked home, firmly resolved that she would not give her brother the means of teasing or reproving her for her rash venture.

"Well, ducky, you seem to have some suspiciously red cheeks for a pale girl, — what have you been doing to yourself?" was her brother's greeting. How dear the home voice sounded after that rough one!

"This June weather in April is enough to give a statue red cheeks if it has been out in it ; but you, poor boy, I can't return the compliment. Why don't you let that wretched thing alone till you are

well? Oh!" as looking on his writing desk she saw an open official letter with the words, "Electrical Division," in the corner.

"Is it from Mr. Channing? — What does he say?"

"You may read it if you like."

"He does n't wrap his meaning up in many fine phrases, does he?" was her comment on finishing it.

"No, and that is a good thing, but —"

"But he might express it with less cruel frankness," she hazarded.

"O bother, no; that was not what I meant at all. That is the trouble with you women; you go off on side issues. What do I care for his manner! It is the thought that I have n't done my work right nor made my meaning clear that troubles me. You see what he says? I 'ought to employ a skillful attorney.'"

"O, Harold, that remark is a regular official chestnut."

"Don't, Enid; you know I hate to hear you use slang."

"Pardon me, dear, that was a quotation. I heard Mr. Murray say so the other day."

"It sounds better in his mouth than in yours, and anyway it is so old it ought to be put on the pension list."

"Along with Mr. Channing's suggestion?" she asked slyly. "But Harold, is n't it awfully expensive having an attorney? How I wish I had long luxuriant hair, like the girls in stories who fly to the hairdresser's in emergencies, and come back with shorn heads and lots of money."

"You generous little puss," he answered, "I believe you would do it; but you shall not sacrifice your pretty if inadequate locks for me. Run away now, for I can't think and talk at the same time, and I must work out my answer to this letter."

"I've been trying to keep you from thinking; but if the inventor's fever has seized you, my efforts will be — n. g." She said the last words under her breath, to avoid bringing down another reproof about slang.

Harold's first long walk, when he called himself well, was to the Patent Office on the inventor's errand, to look after his application. He found the examiner a less awe-inspiring person than his sister had done; but still, as there was more required of him, he was the more sensible of the feeling we experience when our imperfect work is brought before the tribunal of one who is master of the subject.

The interview was not altogether satisfactory. At its close Mr. Channing said, with the manner that could be so winning when he chose:—

"Mr. Wentworth, will you come to my rooms," naming an evening, "if that will suit you? I want to talk this matter over a little more at length than I have time to do here."

Harold was only too glad of the opportunity offered him. In that interview, and in others that followed, he learned to value the real kindliness concealed beneath that brusque exterior; he observed also that while Mr. Channing held to his point tenaciously when he was in the right, he would concede it with perfect frankness in the few instances in which he was proven wrong.

"You see the office is placed in a trying position," Mr. Channing remarked on one of these occasions. "No matter how much personal interest we may take in a case, we as representing the office must take an impartial attitude. The office cannot act as an attorney. I 'll give you one bit of advice, though. When this thing gets through, you will not attempt to do anything with it individually. Sell it to the most liberal company you can make terms with. Pity you had n't hit on a cigarette holder, or a new wrinkle in necktie fasteners. Those are the trifles to make the money come in. Good night. Don't get discouraged."

"If Enid knew him as I do, she would not dislike him as she does, simply because his letters are abrupt. What queer creatures girls are!" thus proving that Enid had kept her secret so far.

This brother and sister were so dear to one another that Harold actually enjoyed sharing his pleasures with Enid. Acting on this principle, he invited Mr. Channing to return unofficially some of his numerous visits, and an evening was fixed for him to call.

When he was presented to Enid on that occasion, "I have met —" he began, but intercepting a quick imploring look from Enid, he turned it into, "I have heard a common friend, Mr. Gray, speak of her." Which, by the way, was the first fib the scientist had told for some time, — and for a woman, too.

Enid did not prove so agreeable an entertainer as usual. She could not become at once the winning hostess to a man who, she considered, had snubbed her so cruelly. Then too she was not used to concealing things from her brother, and the thought that she had done so troubled her. After a while Mr. Channing asked the conventional question :—

"Miss Wentworth, do you sing?"

She was standing by the piano at the time.

"No?" as she gave a graceful little negative gesture, "not with that voice? why, that is an anomaly. Pardon my abrupt compliment; such are often the most sincere, after all."

"It is an anomaly, as you say, that Enid does not sing! and so is the fact that you will often hear a girl with a speaking voice like a file sing quite nicely," said her brother.

"Well, what do you think of him, Enid?" asked Harold after their visitor had left.

"It is of more consequence what you think of him than what I do," she replied evasively. "But I do hope he will help you all he can with your telephone, and that it will succeed."

Harold and Enid Wentworth were twins, of the semi-mature age of twenty-four. Harold, being the man of the family, appeared the elder. Twins seem not to get their fair share of attention in coming into the world. "It's a wonder if you raise them, Mrs. Wentworth," their mother's nurse had said hopefully on their advent; "two of a kind is bad enough, but where there's a boy and girl they are too mixed altogether,— neither of 'em seems to have all that belongs to 'em."

True, if ill-timed in utterance. They have survived the first half of Cassandra's sentence. Let the last half account for Enid's inconsistencies. With her brother's we shall have less to do; and perhaps his work in the realities of life hindered them from developing.

The conception of the improvement on which Harold was laboring had come to him in his work. Recently he had been transferred to Washington, and under the shadow of the Patent Office his thought rapidly matured. The Patent Office! It is the inventor's goal. It stands there in coldly calm Greek outline. On a moonlight night, when the light falls on the pillars modeled from the Parthenon, it is very lovely. And yet,— when one thinks of the hope deferred, the feverish alternations of triumph and disappointment, that pass within those doors, one wonders that the stately Greek structure is not disturbed, and that its stones, like those of old, do not cry out in protest.

The Agricultural Department is one that expands and contracts its force as the seasons vary. Not to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, I will merely state that Enid found herself established in that department during the expanding season. If Mr. Channing had any hand in it, he kept his own counsel. "It will do her no harm to try a few months of office life," he thought.

The Agricultural Department, with its large grounds and comparatively secluded position, seems less like a workshop than most of our great government's mills.

The asperity of Enid's first prejudice against Mr. Channing was gradually softened by his kindness to Harold; not that he receded from his officially impartial attitude, but in other ways he helped the younger man. Above all, when the cold fit, which in brain work succeeds the hot one, was upon Harold he steadily encouraged him, showed him that his conception was a new one, and that, though there were many rivals, there was still room for him. The world needed his invention, and the office would send it out when it was freed from all entanglements with others.

So it came about that through the long summer evenings when every one else was complaining of the heat, that worn-out theme was unknown in a certain pleasant parlor and garden of a small house on Capitol Hill, where these three friends often met.

Enid enjoyed extremely her share in these talks, which ranged over many subjects, and yet they left her a little dissatisfied. Something of the mastery which his mind had exercised over hers in that first interview was still in force. He got the better of her frequently, though Enid's ready wit and easy use of words gave her a superficial appearance of victory.

And all this time an image of her, that was not quite a true one, was forming in his mind.

Between the sharp, metallic click of the type-writers, and the almost equally metallic ring of the ordinary American voice,— between these sounds our scientist began now to hear another one. Its tones were not audible to any one else in the room; the presence was quite as shadowy as were those famous two from whom Uhland's boatman took a double fare. He could not have told a word of what that voice was saying, only, — the symphony of the wind in the pines and the sound of the sea when it is gentlest seemed to have taken on a personality like one he knew. Like her, too, it was never obtrusive, but stood back, feminine and sweet, waiting to fill his leisure hours. Yes, that was just it. His *leisure* hours; his keen mind and virile intellectual powers being mainly absorbed by his profession, that part of his nature resisted this image when its shy femininity invaded its domain. He had never meant to be bothered with affairs of this kind; he had other plans for his life. The sweet scent of a wild briar rose that some one had placed on his desk penetrated the choking odor of steaming asphalt that the same breeze brought through the window. Could one help feeling the charm of the rose, or of the woman? In either case the thing is done before one begins to reason upon it.

Now if Enid had accepted the part she was required to play the tale would soon have been told; but she did not. She resented the rôle he assigned her, although she might have glided into the position with easy grace with another man, for in some respects she was a woman of sybaritic temperament; but Mr. Channing's intellectual force appealed to an unsuspected fiber in herself. "What can you do?" That first question of his often repeated itself to her like a challenge.

The conflicting nature of the attraction naturally produced some friction.

"Women are so inconsequent," he said one day; "they demand the reasons for things, and then don't follow them when they are given. They don't understand that their most becoming attitude is the receptive one."

"'Your best, your chiefest mission is to please,' you say with Mrs. Barbauld, a poetess a little out of date, but who seems modern enough to meet your views," Enid retorted quickly. "And I

must beg that you will not speak of women as if they were all alike, — so many candles run in a mold. Some of them *can* reason, if some cannot."

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*, then. Now tell me this. If Nature did not intend women for a life something like what your friend Mrs. Barbauld intimates, why does she revenge herself, as she does, on those who have to work? A man's looks, such as they are, are not affected by his business; but a few years of routine work is death to a woman's beauty. It is so even in the departments, where the labor is so much easier than the ordinary working-woman's. How do you account for that?"

"Mr. Channing, you put one in such a moral witness box when you ask a question! And that reminds me of the first time I ever saw you," she added slyly.

"And a propos of which occasion you made me tell a lie,—a white one, to be sure."

"Did I? I 'm sorry; but I have explained it all to Harold since."

"We are wandering from the point, Miss Wentworth," he reminded her.

"I can't answer you off-hand; you must give me time to commune with Nature, and get her opinion; but if the 'mission to please' limits women to being wife, housekeeper, and mother, I must say I have seen a good many of the latter whose calling Nature must have failed to recognize. She must have taken them for wage-workers of the hardest type."

"That is true enough, but will not our modern civilization, with its hard requirements and comparatively few helps, account for their breaking down, rather than the fulfillment of their natural vocation? But if you are coming out on the woman's rights platform, you will have to get another voice. Fancy those siren notes descanting on 'Woman's Political Position in the Nineteenth Century,' for example." And he gave a low, amused laugh that was extremely provoking.

Enid turned away. Her sixth sense had detected that the conversation had lost its interest to him, even before he ended it by the *reductio ad absurdum*.

O Enid! you are trying to ride two horses, which cannot be done ouside of a circus, or a French *salon*. If you are holding a sensible conversation, go on with it to the best of your ability, and don't try to give it a purely personal bent when there is a live point at issue. Your protest is against what you call his odalisque view of you: then keep true to it, and don't flinch though you fancy it bores him to see you in the attitude of a strong-minded woman.

Indirectly this flinching grew out of Enid's discontent with the mental side of her character. She measured her untrained intellect by the solid qualities of Channing's, and found it, despite its quick and appreciative qualities, utterly wanting.

"I amount to so little as I am, and yet there is something in me worth cultivating; and he is the man who could bring it out if he only cared to try," she thought regretfully.

Another evening he asked her to play for him. The request was made with about as much suavity as he would have used in asking one of his clerks to copy his official letters, but Enid did not mind that; it was only his compliments she hated. She played several pieces, finally gliding into a *Traumerei*, which she gave, not in the staccato manner of most performers, but with a legato movement that brings out its longing quality, making it a reverie indeed.

A closer sympathy was established between them than ever before. To his amazement, Channing found himself moved,—disturbed;—that simple reverie was connected with some tender memory of his childhood, vague but strong.

He saw Enid suddenly in a new

aspect. What a delicate, high-bred face she had,— what a sweet, sensitive mouth. She was not beautiful; there was not much of her physically,— nor mentally, perhaps. But she was not commonplace, and such as she was she suited him completely. Which last few words contain the secret, after all.

Whether he suited her or not,— that was quite another matter.

George Eliot asks ironically if it is to be expected that a man shall find a suitable husband for his wife, as well as a suitable wife for himself. Does she state your views correctly, gentlemen?

One of Enid's charms to Channing was her apparent lack of coquetry and simple seriousness of manner, which was rarely broken unless there were something to laugh at; then her face would light up with sudden mirth.

Most girls smile at men too much. Can they not take a lesson from Nature? What days are the most fascinating? Are they not those in which light and shade are combined,— days in which the swift shadows chase away the sunbeams, but when you glance up to see the cause, there are no raincloud overhead, but only the white, fleecy ones that make the blue more perfect.

Something like this was going on in Mr. Channing's mind as the last notes of *Traumerei* died away; and he sat there in a spell-bound way, not making the slightest effort to entertain her, which, oddly enough, did not disturb her at all.

At last he exclaimed abruptly :—

"You are a queer girl! I wonder if you half know your own power. Why will you pose as a strong-minded woman and a worker? There are women enough in the world to work; we want some left who will give themselves a chance to develop. I don't believe much in poetry, but there is a poet who has stated a scientific fact very well. It is something to this effect: The reason there are so few perfect quartz crystals is because so few of their particles have a chance to crystalize undisturbed. You see the analogy. You must have noted it, for you are always good at poetical quotations."

"And I suit you so well, when I quote Mrs. Barbauld," she answered laughing. "But I am sure you are mistaken in your crystalline quotation. What you mean is, doubtless,

'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,'

is n't it?"

"No, you little wretch. That is not what I meant at all, and you know it. I see there is no help to be had from you tonight. I must go now. Remember what I 've said to you about the kind of woman you are. It is true, and I shall not let you forget it. Good night."

The tender look was the predominant one as he said "Good night," and left her. She saw it; it moved her with a thrill she had never felt before, even while she criticised him, and that not for effect nor to an audience.

"Well, for a scientific man and a practical one he holds some most unpractical views! The idea that a good *strong* young woman, as able as another to make her own way in the world, should figure around as a flower,— no, as a perfected quartz crystal, that was it,— while her hard-working brother supports her! No, sir, I decline the office. Perhaps he did not mean a brother's support. Perhaps — no, there is nothing of that kind in his thoughts. 'Women are an interruption to scientific pursuits.' He does n't know I overheard him say that. When he is forty-five years old or thereabouts he will marry a rich widow, if he is not rich himself by that time; if he is, he will marry a poor one who has made a dead set at him, skillfully, as widows do. Meantime he is good company; it is exciting. I teased him tonight, with that bit out of 'Maud.' I don't care if it has been quoted to death; it just fitted in, and made his crystals ridiculous."

These three busy people went their several working ways most of the time. About the labor-filled spaces of life there is not much to be said.

Soon after the last recorded conversation, that golden month in the government clerk's calendar, the month of vacation, was the one under discussion among the three friends. They arranged to spend it together. It was late September. Enid, being a new appointee, had not been able to get her leave earlier, and Mr. Channing had generously allowed all his force to take their vacations before he took his own.

Harold had recovered from his illness, but the long summer's work was telling on him, and he needed rest. Mr. Channing seconded Enid's urgent request that Harold should not take his specifications with him.

"What has become of the strictly neutral attitude that the office is bound to maintain? Here you are, trying to influence me." But he allowed himself to be influenced nevertheless, and the specifications were left behind.

"Miss Enid, where shall we go?" asked Channing.

"I can tell you where she *does n't* want to go," her brother interrupted. "Count her out from the regulation summer resort, where there are ten women to one man,— the girls sitting around doing fancy work and criticising each other's clothes; and the men —"

"And the men," she broke in, "insufferably vain, because they have so many girls to choose from. Girls all by themselves have gay times; but no place for me, if you please, where there are a few men scattered about like rare exotics. I like my own sex too well to enjoy seeing them so cheapened."

Through Mr. Channing's efforts, the friends found themselves in a pretty little nook,—

"Not quite within the busy world, nor yet beyond it,"

domiciled in a stately old house with a retired minister, his wife, and their rich and pretty widowed daughter. "Mr. Channing's widow," Enid dubbed her at once. Nearly all the attention Mrs. Avery had to spare from her parents, however, she bestowed on Harold, whose pale looks won her sympathy.

So Enid had to shift her around; and she whispered mischievously to Harold to give her a postage stamp for the letter she had just written, informing his Lucy of his fickleness. Poor Enid! She would laugh over it, but she had hard work not to be jealous of her prospective sister-in-law,— that almost inevitable relative. The fondest sister in the world, whose tastes have harmonized perfectly with her brother's, knows that when she appears his sister is no longer first with him, and if she be wise, she will concede her position with grace.

One day Channing asked Enid if she would go rowing on the lake that afternoon. Three weeks of their leave had slipped away,— more halcyon days than some of them knew at the time.

"Will Mrs. Avery and Harold go with us?" she asked.

"No, Harold 's done up with the heat, and Mrs. Avery will stay with him for consolation, so you need have no fears on that score. Don't you want to go?"

"If Harold does not need me." And as Harold evidently did not, Enid had no excuse left.

"Goodby, my children; don't get drowned in the lake," Harold called after them.

They had been on the lake before, but never alone. They did not talk much; their friendship now had reached the firm footing in which silence is not misunderstood.

At last Enid spoke:—

"Did you ever notice this about Nature? You cannot get her real presence where there are many people, or even alone with her, in city parks. She is too shy for that. In real solitude like this I can never talk much. I am listening all the while for something she

has to tell me. Sometimes I fancy I see a wood nymph or a satyr just vanishing behind a tree, like that one,"— she pointed to a silvery birch. They were making the landing now.

"Wood nymphs are very well," he answered, "but I am quite content with my substitute." It was an unlucky word for him to use, in view of their first meeting, and he felt it as soon as the words were out of his mouth; but Enid made no comment. "And as for satyrs," he continued quickly, "those gamins over there will fill the bill. A railway and a town not many miles away are adjuncts to civilization, doubtless, but they have their drawbacks.

"Enid!" he began abruptly, when they had left the boys well in the rear. Then he paused a moment, in which she stood still to listen, unable to move, so much of revelation was there in that one word.

If he could have read her mind then, as he did the hard electrical problems that came to him to be solved; — if he had but analyzed his own feelings toward her more closely, and realized to what a degree she had put his theories to flight; — if he had but told her that, instead of being a hindrance to scientific study, she would have been a help and an inspiration to him! Some men would have seen that it was the way to win her, and would have told her so, whether they meant it or not. Not so Girard Channing, with his straight forward sincerity. Instead of that, he poured forth all that I have told you, of his impression of her, his indifference at first, his discovery of her qualities as they appeared to him, the charm she acquired for him, the love he had grown to have for her, the effect that her wonderful voice produced on him; all this and more he poured out with the prodigality which the soul lends the tongue when the blood burns.

And she, swayed by her fixed opinion of his bias, saw in it only the unwilling subjection of his senses,— which would soon wear off,— leaving him disillusioned, and herself, if she yielded, alone in the soul-hurting solitude of a wife whose husband shuts her out from his dearest pursuits.

So when he ended his appeal with the simple climax of all heart-eloquence, "I love you!"—

"You love science more, Mr. Channing," she interrupted. "I respect your choice. If I were a man, I would have her for my wife. Science! she is so deep,— not seen through in a minute, like us shallow girls, but always offering something new."

Witch! What forgotten dictum of his had she overheard that she was now bringing forward to his confusion?

"A man may love science," he replied, wisely ignoring, as he could not deny, the slur on her sex that she had attributed to him, "he may love science, and still have room in his heart for another emotion."

"Yes, you dearly love power, which is perhaps more human, if no more tender. You have controlled my mind many a time, and it has pleased your masculine vanity to do it; you would like to get the better of me now, for that same power's sake; but as for love of the kind I prize, you don't know the first letter of it."

She knew she was keeping back part of the truth as regarded his feeling for her, but she both disdained and feared to allude to her physical attractions.

Her hard words might have simply repelled her lover, if spoken in a voice other than that from whose cadences no amount of anger or pique could drive the caressing tenderness: as it was, they only made him the more determined to win; not now, however. He would say no more while she was in this mood. He had once heard one of his assistants who had a taste for racing say: "Women and horses are very much alike; they *may* be won in a sudden

spurt, but it is the fellow with the staying power that wins in the long run."

"I will not make myself a target for your reproach any longer, but —" he came nearer, and took her hand with an unloverlike gesture — "some day I *will* make you love me."

After those words both turned involuntarily to go. It was growing dusk. The walk to the boat was a rather uncomfortable one, the conversation decidedly intermittent.

As they drew near the little landing, Mr. Channing took in a new situation at a glance, and said in the most matter-of-fact tone: —

"Those imps have gone off with our boat; I fear we shall have to walk home."

"O, Mr. Channing, really?"

"Well, no, not literally; but if you don't mind walking a half mile or so, we can catch a wretched little steamboat that touches there, and will take us down to another landing near our railway station. I am truly sorry this has happened, and could annihilate those youngsters with pleasure."

"I don't doubt your annihilating powers in the least," replied Enid; "but truly I don't mind it at all, except your expression 'wretched little steamboat.' Suppose the boat blows up, and so Harold's warning is fulfilled for us."

"I don't think we are destined for that kind of an exit," he rejoined. Again they walked on, almost in silence. Their last words had been careless ones, intended to conceal their real feelings.

Now a new feeling took possession of Enid,—a sense of impending danger, that struck to her very heart. What was the cause of it? Did she fear the man beside her? Unerring instinct told her that she might trust him in more perilous circumstances than these.

Was she afraid of tramps? A glance at her protector answered that question. She could not explain her doubts.

Once he gave her his hand to help her over an obstruction, and each felt the quick throbbing of the other's pulse, and still no word was spoken.

It seemed to Enid that she lived an eternity in that short walk. Life seemed to be spending itself at a triple pace.

At length they saw the landing, and the lights of the absurd little steamboat visible some distance away.

"We have reached the end of our walk; forgive me for bringing you such a rough way," he said.

"O, that is nothing; but you must forgive me, really, for being so rude."

"I understand," he answered with grave courtesy, but determined not to renew the subject that night.

Their last moments together were numbered. It was a situation most men would have improved. Mr. Channing did not. He would not snatch a kiss, nor still less would he futilely plead for one till her mood was changed. He could wait.

They had not much more than taken their places on the boat when a middle-aged gentleman recognized Mr. Channing, and came towards them. Mr. Channing introduced him as Doctor Clarke, of Monroe.

"It is so opportune, my finding you," he said after a few minutes' general conversation. "I came up from Monroe this morning, and took the boat to Glendon, where I had been told you were staying. Found, of course, you were not there, and was on my way back to your stopping-place to look you up."

"What is wanted?" asked Mr. Channing, taking up his official manner at a moment's notice.

"The electric lighting works at Monroe are out of order, and you are wanted very badly."

"Whose system have they? If they use, as all small places should, the —— system, they should be able to control it. It is not to be expected that an accomplished electrician or engineer should accompany those small lighting plants."

Doctor Clarke gave him an explanation of the difficulty, to which Enid did not pay very close attention. She was roused by hearing Mr. Channing say in the old imperative manner she remembered so well,—

"But where is the necessity of my going there tonight?"

"Because there is no train before noon, and they will be at work trying to repair damages early, and not knowing how to do it some one will get hurt. I will be glad to escort your friend home, and under the circumstances I am sure she will excuse you."

"Of course I will," said Enid earnestly. "There is no question of my detaining him, and I sincerely hope no one will be in danger."

A bare little country station is not a cheerful place in which to say goodby, even for casual acquaintances, or where there is the hope of speedy reunion.

The train whirled him away.

Doctor Clarke and Enid went to her home, to find her brother getting anxious at her absence. Enid left the Doctor to explain the affair, excusing herself on the plea of fatigue.

She slept for a few hours; but before the cold dawn she was awake: the new day with its yet unwritten history was upon her, and it held a message for her she was straining her ears to hear. The day proved to be one of those hazy fall days that are so full of repose. Usually so delightful to the senses, today the quiet maddened her.

In the early afternoon she saw Doctor Clarke coming up the garden walk.

The message she was waiting for had come; she divined it before she saw his face, set in professional immobility.

"Good morning, Miss Wentworth. May I see your brother? I think perhaps you would better not remain in the room."

"I will call him, but I will stay too," she answered steadily.

She called her brother.

"Harold," she said gently, "Doctor Clarke has something painful to tell us, — about Mr. Channing I think it is."

"You are right, Miss Wentworth; the message it is my hard task to deliver is about our friend."

He recounted the last night's conversation on the boat, and then continued:—

"That difficulty was easily remedied by a skillful electrician like our friend, but the arc-light was the cause of the fatal accident. You know," he added, turning to Harold, "that in order to prevent accidents they have adopted the same device as the one used at the works of the Morgan Engineering Company of Alliance. In the Company's engine room there is a board on which are four hooks on which hang the checks of the four men who are employed in looking after the circuit. When a man is called on duty he removes his check from the hook, and takes it with him. The engineer sees by a glance at the board that one check is absent, and that, therefore, one man is engaged about the lines around the shop, and the dynamo is not started until the check is replaced on the hook. The engineer than understands that the coast is clear, and turns on his current without fear of accident to any of the linemen.

"After the object had been repaired they were leaving the works, when one of the employees called Channing back, and directed his attention to a bit of wire curiously twisted and fused by the accident; as Channing's fingers closed on the bit of metal, the workman, whose other hand lay on some conducting part, gave a short cry, and the two men fell — dead. The man had forgotten to take his check off its hook, and the engineer, supposing they were gone, turned on the current.

"This engineer seems an incompetent fellow, or he could have repaired the damage in the first place, but in this he was not to blame, as he was misled,

as any one would have been, by the misleading signaling apparatus.

"Forgive me for being so technical," he went on when he could speak, "but now there is nothing more to tell."

"He was such a brilliant fellow, — a man with a future before him. Strange that such a life must be taken, and so many useless ones spared. They said he looked so full of life and energy, moving in that alert way he had, just before he fell."

The Doctor glanced anxiously at Enid as he spoke, hoping that his allusion might cause the tense muscles to relax, and tears to come to the relief of the strained eyes, but she was far from that stage as yet.

"What are they going to do with him?" asked Harold.

"I have telegraphed his friends for instructions," Doctor Clarke replied. "It is terrible that their first intimation should come in that way, but there was no help for it."

"Is he disfigured?" asked Enid in a low voice.

"No. And now, Mr. Wentworth, if you and your sister feel equal to it, I wish you would come down with me to Monroe. You shall not be disturbed by any crowd there. I will see to that. It seems a little more human not to leave him altogether among strangers."

"I understand. I was going to propose it for myself. I don't know whether it will do for Enid," Harold replied.

"Yes, Harold; I would rather go."

The two gentlemen smoothed everything they could for her, and she did not shrink, even when they stopped before that dreariest of all temporary abodes for the dead, an undertaker's establishment.

Obeying the motion of her hand, they allowed her to enter an inner room alone. Still she had no tears. She was conscious only of a kind of stunned surprise at the awful calm.

Already the dignity and purity of death were stamped upon his features; the inner look had become the controlling one now, and idealized his face.

Dead! Can the fullness of life and the blankness of death so touch each other in an instant!

The most common fact of life is the most tragic. Well for us that we cannot appreciate how universal until it is brought home to our hearts.

Still in the same kind of trance Enid went back with them to their country home; and this state of tension never relaxed until after the funeral. Then, O then! We will not follow her farther, if you please.

"Save me, oh God, for the waters are come in even unto my soul."

The weeks and months that followed were to her a dreary blank, so far as real life went, unutterably flat, the reaction after overpowering excitement. Only memory seemed alive. In that she lived over and over again that brief afternoon and his last trenchant phrases, which now seemed prophetic.

"Some day I will make you love me."

O true words! In life the repelling force had been as strong as the attractive, but in death he defied her,— defied her to forget, defied her not to love.

"Our walk has ended; forgive me for bringing you along this rough road."

Those were also words he had used on that fatal evening.

It was indeed a rough road; their walk was ended, and she had to go on alone.

"Goodby. I shall come back tomorrow."

That was the last thing he said to her before he went to meet his death. But there was no prophecy in those words, — no return.

Life stretched out before her like a shore whose tide has forever gone out, leaving only mud, and stranded seaweed, and broken shells for her tired eyes to rest on.

And yet,— I have spoken of the alloy in Enid's character,— that touch of sybaritism. She could nurse her grief for a long time; but she could not take it for a life companion, carrying on life's work bravely with it. She wanted consolation. She shrank from the little experience she had in making her way in the world, for the ringing voice that had asked her what she could do no longer inspired her with reflected energy.

And herein lay the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it. Deeper than the mere personal separation of death was Enid's loss. Some possibilities in her died with his death. Her nature, true in its theories, strong in good impulses, but unequal to continued strain, needed the tonic of his stronger, more concentrated character, and in time would have profited by it, and he by the more spiritual qualities of hers.

She had felt this,— it was something deeper than girlish coquetry that had made her attempt to ward off his declaration until such time as he should know her better, and feel the call of the soul as well as that of the senses. And that the time would have come she felt sure. But then to him, going in the direct way of his duty, had come that terrible fact from without.

Why was it? Would his life develop more fully in another world?

Would she be stronger in the days to come because she was forced to stand alone? We may be sure she did not now

> "Reach through time to grasp
> The far-off interest of tears."

For undimmed eyes have hardly read the answer to these questions. Let them stand.

She came back from these flights into the future to her present need for sympathy and consolation. She hated the young men she knew; they seemed too flippant beside him. She wanted no help from them. She craved a stronger nature to lean on; then too, her brother was going to be married soon, and would need her no longer.

Doctor Clarke was so kind and considerate; he was a man of ripe judgment and cultivation. He had told her he loved her,— had asked her to be his wife, and had been content to accept her memories as his only rivals. Had she not better take content and comfort in his home as his honored wife, than to battle on against the world in a government office, where youth, and hope, and individuality, would gradually wither away in the dreary atmosphere of routine?

And so,— and so,— she accepted him; and he, although he listened kindly as she told him something of how the matter stood, heard little but the music of the voice that made the confession.

She is reasonably happy and contented. Most of us nineteenth century folk do not take life seriously enough for a grand passion.

Among her hidden treasures, though, is a ring of twisted gold which she took from his finger that day. He had offered her all; surely she might keep so much for her own.

> "A little ring
> Which at night, when others sleep,
> She can still see glittering."

The subject of electricity has for her a mingled attraction and horror.

Strange that amid the placid amenities of her life, the excitement and romance should have been supplied by the man who had erased all sentiment from his dictionary. This is one of fate's paradoxes.

Vere Withington.

COUNTY DIVISION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE first subdivision of California into counties was made in 1850; twenty-seven counties were then created, as follows: Butte, Calaveras, Colusa, Contra Costa, El Dorado, Los Angeles, Marin, Mariposa, Mendocino, Monterey, Napa, Sacramento, San Diego, San Francisco, San Joaquin, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Shasta, Solano, Sonoma, Sutter, Trinity, Tuolumne, Yolo, Yuba. In the forty-one years since 1850 twenty-seven new counties have been created, as follows: 1851, Placer, Nevada, and Klamath; 1852, Sierra, Siskiyou, and Tulare; 1853, Alameda, Humboldt, and San Bernardino; 1854, Amador, Plumas, and Stanislaus; 1855, Merced; 1856, Fresno, San Mateo, and Tehama; 1857, Del Norte; 1861, Lake and Mono; 1864, Alpine and Lassen; 1866, Kern and Inyo; 1872, Ventura; 1874, Modoc and San Benito; 1889, Orange; 1891, Glenn. Only two new counties have been formed since the adoption of the new Constitution. In 1855, a bill passed the Legislature for the formation of the northern part of Tulare into the county of Buena Vista; but no organization of the new county was ever effected. Until 1859 Mendocino was attached to Sonoma for judicial and revenue purposes. A portion of Klamath County was cut off in 1857, to form Del Norte, and in 1874 the county was disorganized and the remaining territory apportioned between Humboldt and Siskiyou.

The organization of the new county of Orange from Los Angeles County in 1889 gave a great impetus to county division schemes in Southern California. At the last session of the Legislature bills were introduced for the formation of Pomona County from portions of Los Angeles and San Bernardino; Riverside County from portions of San Bernardino and San Diego; and San Jacinto County from a portion of San Diego and a small section from San Bernardino. The San Jacinto bill passed the Assembly. The Riverside bill, amended so that Riverside County absorbed San Jacinto County, passed the Senate, and lacked only five votes of the two-thirds majority necessary to call it up in the Assembly as a special order. The Pomona bill was voted down in the Senate and never came up in the Assembly. In addition to these propositions which came formally before the Legislature, there were several other county division schemes discussed, none of which passed the embryonic stage. Mayor Hazard sent a special message to the Council of Los Angeles, recommending that an effort be made to secure a consolidated city and county government for the city and a portion of the county. This idea was strongly advocated by the *Herald*, and received no opposition from the other city papers. No action, however, was taken in the matter. A bill was actually framed for the formation of Chino County. This was nearly identical with the Pomona County bill, except that the boundaries proposed included more of San Bernardino and less of Los Angeles County, and there was a clause naming Ontario as the temporary county seat. This bill, however, was never introduced; and the petitions praying for its passage,— which had been quite numerously signed in Ontario, Chino, and vicinity,— were turned over to the committee that was pressing the Pomona County bill.

There was considerable talk about the organization of the central part of San Diego County as a separate county, with Escondido or Oceanside as county seat; but this movement did not even reach the petition stage.

The ambition of growing towns to add the prestige of county seat to their other attractions, and the willingness of many citizens to serve the dear people in county offices, in part accounts for the multiplication of these county division schemes. The Riverside people claim that there are "inherent and irreconcilable" differences between that city and San Bernardino, such as render a division of the county a necessity. No doubt a certain incompatibility between the old California population of some sections and the Eastern immigration of others, and a feeling of bitterness that has developed between rival towns on account of business or political differences, have helped fan the county division flames. Back of all this, however, is the growing conviction on the part of the great mass of the people who desire division, that they will be better governed and at less expense in smaller counties.

The size of the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, is such as to give at least an appearance of plausibility to the arguments of the divisionists. And in fact it is hardly probable that counties that include as much territory as many States in the East will long remain under a single county government. Los Angeles County is nearly as large as Connecticut. San Diego County has a larger area than Maryland and Delaware combined. San Bernardino County is nearly as large as West Virginia, is more than half as large as Kentucky or Ohio, and nearly half as large as New York, Pennsylvania, or Illinois. So far as population and wealth are concerned, moreover, the counties south of Tehachapi could suffer considerable division, and still rank above the average among the counties of the State in those particulars. Perhaps a few statistics on these points will be of interest in this connection.

The average area of the fifty-three counties of the State,(Glenn being counted with Colusa,) is 2,955 square miles. The total area of the four southern counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, and San Diego, is 41,703 square miles,— somewhat more than a fourth of the entire area of the State. The average area of these four counties is 10,425 square miles, and of the three counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, 13,650 square miles. There are twenty counties north of Sacramento: Butte, Colusa, Del Norte, El Dorado, Humboldt, Lake, Lassen, Mendocino, Modoc, Nevada, Placer, Plumas, Shasta, Sierra, Siskiyou, Sutter, Tehama, Trinity, Yolo, and Yuba. The total area of all this section is only 50,115 square miles, a little over 8,000 square miles more than the four southern counties. And this territory includes Humboldt, Lassen, and Modoc, which are about the same size as Los Angeles, and Siskiyou, which is somewhat larger. The average area of these twenty counties is 2,505 square miles. The four southern counties could be cut up into sixteen without falling below this average area, and there is nearly as much desert and mountain territory in the north as in the south. It is not easy for residents of the northern counties or those about the Bay to understand the really vast extent of the territory south of Tehachapi, and the inevitable necessity, sooner or later, for the organization of a number of new counties in the interest of convenience, economy, and good government.

The average population of the counties of the State is 22,795. The average population of the four southern counties is 43,882. All of the new counties suggested would have a population of from 10,000 to 15,000, except San Jacinto, which would have a population of 5,000. There are thirty-one counties in the State with a population of less than 15,000, twenty-one with a population less than 10,000, and 10 with a population less than 5,000. The following is the list. Less than 5,000 population: Alpine, Del

Norte, Inyo, Lake, Lassen, Mariposa, Modoc, Mono, Plumas, Trinity,—ten. From 5,000 to 10,000: Calaveras, El Dorado, Kern, Merced, San Benito, Sierra, Stanislaus, Sutter, Tehama, Tuolumne, Yuba,—eleven. From 10,000 to 15,000: Amador, Colusa, Contra Costa, Marin, Orange, San Mateo, Shasta, Siskiyou, Ventura, Yolo,—ten. The average population of the twenty counties north of Sacramento is only 9,765. Any new counties that are likely to be formed in Southern California in the near future would start with a population at least equal to this average; and this portion of the State is settling up so rapidly that the new counties, if formed, would soon outrank many of their older sisters.

The average assessed value of the fifty-three counties is, in round numbers, $22,685,000, including the railroad assessment. The average for the four southern counties is $32,915,000. The baby county of Orange has an assessed value of $9,572,809. The assessed value of either the proposed Riverside or Pomona County would exceed this. To show that this compares well with the showing made by many older counties which have borne the burden of county government for many years, I give the following list of twenty-three counties having less taxable wealth than Orange County: Alpine, Amador, Calaveras, Del Norte, El Dorado, Inyo, Lake, Lassen, Mariposa, Modoc, Mono, Nevada, Placer, Plumas, San Benito, Shasta, Sierra, Siskiyou, Sutter, Trinity, Tuolumne, Ventura, Yuba.

California lacks the township system of New England, that brings the details of government home to the people. Outside the incorporated cities the management of all public affairs rests with the county officials. The supervisors of San Bernardino and San Diego counties legislate for territories as large as many States with the interests more varied than those of many of the older commonwealths. In the nature of the case they can hardly be familiar even with the needs of their own districts, and injustice is often done through ignorance that is at least excusable. In a greater or less degree the other officials suffer from a lack of acquaintance with the more remote sections of the large area in whose interests they act.

The transaction of county business is rendered expensive by the time consumed and the distance traveled to reach the county seat. Since the destruction of the Temecula Cañon road by the floods last March, the citizens of San Jacinto, Elsinore, and Perris, must make a day's journey of some 225 miles to reach the county seat, San Diego, by rail, passing through San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, and within a stone's throw of the court houses of these counties. Even while the Temecula road was in operation it cost San Diego from $400 to $500 to summon a jury from any portion of the county that desires to be segregated as San Jacinto or Riverside County. It costs nearly fifty dollars to send a tramp from Banning into San Diego. The citizen of Needles who wishes to visit the county seat to pay his taxes, or transact any business in the courts, must make a little journey of 500 miles to San Bernardino and return.

The divisionists are told that large counties have more reputation and political influence than some small ones, and are sneered at for wishing to carve out little seven-by-nine counties. Sentimental prejudices, though, are not likely to weigh much against a desire for better local government and an increase in business convenience. Our reputation on fruit is a matter of localities rather than counties. No one asks what county Riverside oranges or El Cajon raisins come from. The political prestige which Los Angeles and San Diego counties enjoy is mostly appropriated by the two cities, which dominate the politics of their respective counties with

a selfishness that is alienating the country districts. Large delegations in State conventions form a basis for trades that are a menace to good government. It is not well for a single county to be able practically to dictate the nominations of a State convention.

The experience of Orange County shows that the cry of higher taxes is largely a bugaboo. A prominent citizen of Orange County says :—

> I am sure I speak for a large proportion of Orange County, when I say, that after a year's experience we are better satisfied than ever that we can handle our affairs on at least as low a tax levy as if in Los Angeles County, and that hardly a corporal's guard would vote to replace the old lines. If a slightly higher rate were necessary, however, we could well afford it, because we are better and more conveniently served. A large amount of time and money is saved which was before spent in transacting business at a county seat twenty-five to forty miles distant. Our county officers are personally acquainted with most of their constituents. We have five supervisors, representing districts whose interests are similar ; whereas we had but one, to work with four who were comparative strangers to us and our local needs.

At the present time it seems probable that at the next session of the Legislature the consolidated Riverside and San Jacinto County bill will be passed, and that Pomona or Chino County will be formed. It is quite likely, also, that within the present decade the central portion of San Diego County will set up housekeeping for itself, and that Los Angeles City and the adjacent country will be united as the city and county of Los Angeles, on the plan of San Francisco. In that event the northern portion of Los Angeles County would probable by annexed to Ventura and Kern ; another portion would be annexed to Orange,— in fact a petition for this was circulated while the last Legislature was in session,— leaving the San Gabriel valley to be formed into a separate county.

It is to be regretted that there is no general law regarding the formation of new counties. The Constitution provides that no new county shall be formed with less than five thousand population, or which shall reduce the population of any county to less than eight thousand ; no county, moreover, can come within five miles of any existing county seat. Aside from these restrictions the Legislature has full power in the premises. No vote even of the people interested is required, though provision is made for a vote — a two-thirds majority being required — in the acts creating the new counties of Orange and Glenn.

A considerable portion of the time of the Legislature of 1891 was spent in considering county division bills. Charges and counter charges of corruption were made in the case of the Riverside and Glenn bills ; and in a body that seemed unwilling to consider any measure, however meritorious, unless paid for it, the large interests involved in these county division questions would make the temptation to use money a strong one. At best, the members of both houses were dealing with matters concerning which they were necessarily ignorant, and in which the State at large had no interest. What do the members from Humboldt know about the local geography of San Bernardino, and why should the business of the commonwealth be neglected while the Legislature wrangles over whether San Jacinto or Elsinore should stay in San Diego County or go out ? All such questions should be relegated to the people concerned, for settlement among themselves.

Several bills were proposed in the last Legislature on this subject, some of which made county division too easy, and others too hard. It would be obviously unfair for the Governor to proclaim a new county formed simply on the petition of five hundred electors. On the other hand, a law providing for a vote of the entire county or counties interested would make county division impossible in nine cases out of ten. It is fair to presume that intelligent people know

what they want; and if a large majority of the citizens of a certain section desire to organize a new county, they ought to be permitted to do so under some general law. For instance, suppose the supervisors of the county or counties interested were required to order an election on petition of a majority of the electors of any section desiring to secede. They ought to have some discretionary power in regard to boundaries, such as they exercise in ordering a vote on the incorporation of towns and cities, so that they could prevent the forcing of precincts into new counties against their will. It would be well also to require more than a simple majority to carry the proposition; two-thirds or three-fifths would be better. On certification of an affirmative result, the Governor could appoint commissioners to organize the new county under general statutes, such as were specially provided in the case of the new counties that have been formed. We have too much special legislation; the people ought to settle county organization as they do municipal, by petition and vote.

E. P. Clarke.

WITH FANCY.

I SHUT mine eyes to the gray, lonely hills,
While Fancy lifts her sail to speed with me
Beyond that foaming line of breaking sea.
'T is the fair island, where the sun distills
Its warmth and essence. Gurgling, limpid rills
Run round the rocks that lift up silently;
O'er shells and sea-moss fishes sport in glee.
'T is a rare garden where the blue sky spills
Color and shape. No glades of earth compare
With that low valley underneath the brine.
Fair island, lifted to the golden stair,
Where sunbeams crowd the way, that air of thine
Thrills the slow pulse, and bids the soul of Care
To stand far off, the while thy peace is mine!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

BURKE'S WIFE.

THE ground was frosted with the fallen petals of the prune blossoms; the bees droned in the sunshine; the air was fragrant and warm, for it breathed over the small, moist oasis the greater heat of the more barren plain. Within the low, three-roomed house a child of two years tossed, half-sleeping, in his cradle, while his young mother sang, more to herself than to him, not the conventional cradle hymn, or indeed a slumber song of any sort, but what might be called a woman's Marsellaise. Her voice was well-trained and sweet, but there was a repression in its tone; she sang with her lips half closed, as if she were afraid some one might overhear. It had no lulling, soothing cadence; there was unrest in the sound,— discontent, mutiny. The child knew it, and opening his great round eyes he caught the sides of the cradle with his plump hands, lifted himself into a sitting posture, put out his arms to the singer, and uttered a frightened cry. She snatched him almost roughly from the cradle, and placed him upon her knee. "Come, then, mother's torment! mother's darling! mother's ball-and-chain!" she cried, kissing him passionately and fiercely.

When she sank into a seemingly enforced silence the boy uttered a most unchildish sigh, and as if she had been a babe and he its mother, he rose to his knees, and took her cheeks in his tender palms in a conciliatory and affectionate way. The cheeks he pressed were fair, soft, and smoothly rounded, for Burke's wife was but nineteen years old.

"My little son, why did you ever come to me?" she sobbed, her mood softening. "There is no patience in my mother-love; I am not worthy of you. God! drive out this demon of unrest within me!"

The childish arms crept round her neck protectingly, and remained clasped. When at last Babe won his reward, a smile from her, he laughed almost hysterically, and his little hands beat a tattoo on her shoulders as if he feared, unless he continued to beguile her with caresses, the paroxysm might return. But when she rose, bathed her face, and proceeded to wash his, he became every inch a baby again, and kicked, cried, and scolded an energetic protest, whereat his mother laughed. Then hand in hand, with tear marks upon their eyelids and smiles upon their mouths, the mother and child appeared to Burke, where he was silently working among the trees.

The boy called "Papa!" and put out his hands to be taken, but his father did not heed them; he was scanning his wife's face with a look of entreaty in his eyes, although his lips were dumb.

He was past middle age,— a powerful man, with a sad expression except when smiling upon his wife and child. He towered above them as the three stood together, his wife lifting her face with a faint smile upon it as she said: "It 's all over, Burke. May we sit with you a while? We 're very good."

Then Burke saw Babe's out-reaching hands.

"Young man, you set right yer," said he, depositing him under a tree, and giving it a shake. The prune snows shed their frail flakes over the child; he laughed, and began to catch them in his hands.

Burke wiped the perspiration from his glowing face, and then stooped and kissed his wife.

"You know I 'd cut my heart out for you, my wife," he said.

"I know," she answered, "but it would be better, Burke, to cut out mine. There

is where the wicked unrest lives. I cannot seem to kill it. Let us forget it when we can. Why do you work so constantly; is not everything in order?"

"I don't mind work," he said, "though it seems like it 's the hottest day this year. But the heat worries you, and so does that great boy. You ain't et nothin' today, either. Set yer in the shade; it 'll be cooler soon, an' I 'll slip round an' kill a chicken for supper."

It was Burke's custom to "slip round" and do the most of the work, without and within. Yet the place looked thrifty; there seemed no lack of labor or means. Without the house was a mass of vines, and flowers were planted about it everywhere. Burke had taken up a large claim; at that time it was unirrigated, except by the well he had sunk near the house; but the water, proving plentiful and pure, sufficed for the small tract he had planted to fruit, and for a garden.

As his wife sat there on this warm day in spring, to a contented mind the place must have seemed a veritable slice out of paradise. Above her head the windmill waved its tireless arms, as it drew the water for the thirsty prune and fig trees. Here and there a peach or almond blushed among the prune trees that paled in blooming, and along the fences the yellow poppies made a low hedge of flame. Far beyond the level reaches that were barren from lack of moisture only the snow-crowned mountains stood, and over all stretched the cloudless California sky. Burke's wife did appreciate all this grand and gentle beauty; it stirred her strangely unquiet soul, but only to make her long for wings to fly away and be at rest.

Burke's so-called neighbors knew nothing of his history, except what had happened before their eyes, and the circumstantial evidence given by his small fruit ranch and comfortable home. Neither did his wife know, save what had chanced during the past three years; stranger still, he was almost wholly ignorant of her past; he did not even know her name.

Three years before, when his ranch was comparatively new, he went out one morning, and found a young girl lying prostrate upon the path leading to his door; almost, in truth, upon his very threshold. She was white and faint,—nearly insensible. He lifted her, and carrying her within laid her upon his bed. She made no objection, no explanation, no apology; she simply called for water. He gave it, bathed her forehead, and with surprising deftness unbound her long yellow hair and spread it over the pillow. She looked into his face, her dark eyes bright with fever.

"They shall not take me alive," she said; "hide me!"

"Don't be afraid," he answered. "You 're going to stay right yer. Thar ain't a safer place in the State!"

For three weeks he watched her, nursed her, and let the prune trees go. There was not another woman within twenty miles; nor even a doctor, so far as Burke knew. She was quite out of her mind. "Hide me! hide me!" she kept on crying; she was no sooner reassured than she forgot his promise altogether, and began the same plea over again. She nearly always fancied herself traveling, but sometimes she was acting; one moment she was Juliet, the next instant she was Ophelia, or perhaps Rosalind, but Juliet most of all. Then she addressed Burke as "Papa," and said that, though he killed her, she would never marry that detestable man.

Her own mother could not have nursed her more delicately or tenderly. When the fever burned itself out he thought her life was going with it, but she was strong and young, and she did not die, drifting back into health almost against her will.

When he found she was recovering, his joy knew no bounds. He reasoned in this wise,—

"The Lord must have meant her for

me, or he would n't have sent her to me."

When he presented the subject to her mind, she assured him he must not feel obliged to marry her; she would go away as soon as she was strong enough.

"I don't think," he said, "I 've ever had anything I wanted in the world up to this. I 've wanted some things bad, but I never felt as if I must get 'em or die before, an' that 's like I feel about you. Come, tell me your name, so I can get the marriage license."

"Name me," she said.

And he named her Juliet; but after they were married he never called her anything except "my wife." And the few neighbors that visited his ranch went away marveling at the beauty and gracious courtesy of Burke's wife.

Today as she sat in the shade, while Burke made preparations for a grand supper, she accused herself of the sin of ingratitude toward him. She recalled every one of her earlier years, and the state of bondage in which she lived them all. She had never since the hour of her birth passed two consecutive months in one place until the night when, after escaping from the sleeping car in which she was traveling, she walked until nearly morning,and fell fainting at Burke's door. She had always been under the iron rule of a father who hated her because she cost him her mother's life. He might have learnt to hate the mother had she lived, but dying early she became a saint. The child gave promise from the first of unusual beauty, a promise that every coming year fulfilled, so he regarded her as a chattel which he absolutely owned, and should sell when the bidding waxed high. When she was sixteen he found he had not overrated the bidding, judging from a moneyed standpoint; but his daughter's flight put an end to the sale. He was an actor by profession, of only medium merit; his wife had been a good one, and his daughter he intended should be one also, did the matrimonial market prove unsuccessful.

Since the day it failed she had looked upon the same valley, the same mountains; she was at times for a short while out of Burke's sight, but rarely out of his hearing. It was so altogether different from anything she had known before that the monotony became unbearable. The restlessness may have been inherent in her nature, but it was especially fostered by her education and habits of life. From whatever cause, she was almost mad with discontent and desire for change, and the manner in which Burke treated this disquietude was the most inexplicable of all.

He never argued with it; he rarely sought to explain it away. He accepted it as something to be looked for and endured; he never proposed change as a cure, or assented to her desire for it, but seemed terrified if she suggested taking Babe for ever so short a journey. At this very moment he was saying: "It ain't the heat. It ain't the child. It 's a judgmunt on me. She can't help it; it 's a judgmunt on me."

Meanwhile, the child, tired of trying without success to shake the blooms from the prune trees as his father had done, came and pulled at his mother's gown, commanding her aid with much imperiousness.

"Don't, Babe!" she exclaimed, irritated at the interruption of her reverie, and unconsciously relapsing into slang, as she did upon rare occasions, she added pettishly, "Do go and lose yourself."

He trotted away, and she turned her glance to the mountains; they always of late beckoned her; they seemed to be calling, "Come away!"

But the child's absence was of short duration; he came flying back, and climbed upon her knee.

"Babe tan't 'ose hese'f," he declared, seriously. "I go bywind de t'ees, but Babe dah all 'e time!"

"I wish I had your philosophy, little son," she said, giving him the kiss he came for. "I suppose it is only myself after all that I am trying to escape. Come, let us lay the table for supper."

She was very gay that evening, and in consequence Babe and Burke were wildly happy. But next morning when Burke rose and peeped within her room she had gone; Babe was sleeping there alone.

Upon her pillow was this written message:—

"Burke, I 'm going. Forgive me,— I am afraid if I remain I shall go mad. I leave Babe that you may be sure of my return. I shall come back when I am cured, and while absent never forget that I am Burke's Wife."

He was dazed, and went about muttering: "She could n't help it, she could n't stay yer; I 'm to blame; it 's a judgment on me."

When Babe woke he was much astonished. He knew by his father's behavior that something was wrong, and with inherent delicacy he forebore to ask. He wandered about the house, searching silently at first, but at last set up a wail.

"Babe wants Wife!" sobbed he.

"S'pose you do!" snapped Burke, and amazement dried Babe's tears. "Good Lord! don't I want her too? Don't I want her a hundred times as bad as you do? A hundred times as bad as you know how to want her?"

Babe had nothing to say. His vocabulary was limited; the situation was beyond him. And then Burke, repenting of having spoken harshly to any living thing so small, took the child in his arms, and sobbed over him, and told him that Wife had gone away, but she would come back when she was well, if they were good.

And Babe promised to be good.

From that moment they were inseparable. Burke worked among the trees, the shrubs, the vegetables, the flowers, from dawn to sunset, Babe gravely looking on, and furtively watching the mountains as he had seen his mother watch, feeling they had something to do with her flight, and would be connected with her return. All the imperiousness of his babyhood had vanished; he was humble and patient, affecting a sort of cheerfulness he did not fully feel, for his father's sake. But as months passed away, though he did not forget, he watched less confidently the mountains, sometimes fearing that his father and he would have to be everything to each other after all. Burke aged visibly; but as his step grew slower, his face sadder, his hair whiter, more and more affectionate, protecting, and comforting grew Babe.

When at last the neighbors discovered the prolonged absence of Burke's wife, they began, as they had opportunity, to question Babe, and he answered: "She's sick, and she 's gone away. When she 's well she 'll come back yer," for Babe lisped in childish numbers no more, his speech taking color from his father's.

The neighbors speculated concerning it, but Burke's manner did not invite questioning, and Babe's version was accepted, with comments.

It was nearly a year from the time of her going when Burke took a step most mysterious to Babe. He wrote a letter with evident fear and trembling; his excitement grew more obvious as the days passed, after it was gone. He brought the answer home without reading it; he eyed it as if it were his death warrant, but at last, with ghastly face and trembling fingers, he broke the seal, and read it twice. Babe saw a relieved look overspread his features, then an expression of surprise, and he passed one hand over the back of his neck. The letter fell from the left hand to the floor, and after seeming to totter for a moment Burke fell too, without a word or cry.

Desolate Babe did not in the least understand the situation; he was fright-

ened. He was afraid of the unnatural-looking figure upon the floor; but he knew something must be done. He brought a pillow and tried to put it under his father's head; he brought water and begged him to drink, and failing in both endeavors he sat down and wept. But finding things did not mend themselves he considered awhile, and taking his hat he went to the doorway and looked out. He did not know what to do; he must bring some one who did know. As he gave a last look toward his father's prostrate form he saw the letter, turned back to secrete it before he went away, and then set out for the only help within his knowledge, a neighbor who lived two miles distant, across the valley.

The day was hot; the heat flashed into his burning face, but onward trudged the little Mercury, his unwinged feet sinking deeply into the fox-tail grass, his heart like lead in his bosom, his eyes lifted to the mountains, his unsteady lips repeating like a prayer: "Oh mamma! Come back to papa and Babe, come back! come back!"

Heavier grew his feet, and hotter seemed the day. The air was like furnace blasts to the worn-out child, yet still he plodded on. With deep amazement the neighbor discovered the wee man when his journey was almost done, and went forth to meet him, taking him up in his arms.

"Papa falled down and hurt hisself," was the message that he brought, and then he hid his hot face upon the friendly breast and sobbed away a portion of his grief and fright. Being assured that papa should be cared for forthwith, he was comforted. He had shifted the responsibility in the case upon abler shoulders; all would be well. He fell into a sleep of exhaustion while he was carried home, but once there he was the wise little host, and not the lonely, sorrowing child.

"Burke's wife ought to be sent for," one neighbor said to another.

"She's comin'," declared Babe with conviction; "I called her," and this declaration brought forth the assertion,—

"You can bet your life he knows."

The doctor came and went; the helpless figure upon the bed breathed heavily, and Babe, sitting close beside it, watched faithfully, calling out cheerfully with every motion of the one arm which still held life, "I's here, papa!" And at night, when for a short while sleep would overcome him, he always wakened with the same reassuring words on his lips: "Papa, I's here!"

On the third day the lonely, loving little watcher obtained a look of recognition. It was a day of days with him, because that night his mother came. He sat upon the bed holding his father's hand, and pondering over what the neighbors had termed Burke's illness, —"a visitation of God." Babe neither knew nor professed to know what the term meant, except that it denoted trouble; perhaps his mother's absence was a visitation, too. When she entered the room she was so much more beautiful than he remembered her that he looked first in doubt, but as she bent over Burke and gazed tenderly upon his unconscious face a look of assurance came into Babe's eyes; he slipped from the bed, and buried his face in the skirt of her gown. Then she turned from her husband, caught the child in her arms, and kissed him as only his mother could.

"My little son, whom I most selfishly and cruelly forsook!" she cried. "Until this moment I had not realized how wicked I have been; but we shall never part again except you leave me!" The rosy palms pressed her cheeks in the old caressing way, but Babe was dumb with joy.

At the sound of her voice Burke opened his eyes. He struggled to speak, but could not control his tongue to form a single word. He was trying to say, and she knew it, "My Wife!" He lifted

his right arm as she bent over him, and drew her face to his. And Babe listened in grave surprise while she accused herself, and called Burke more endearing names than he had ever heard before.

"He 'll get well now," thought Babe.

Ere many days Burke could speak, — slowly, and not at all distinctly, but his wife perfectly understood him.

"Don't ask forgiveness," he said. "I had it in my heart to do you a greater wrong than you could ever do to me. I always called you Wife, and every time I called you so I thought I lied. I 've on'y just found out that it was God's truth. I was married before to a woman that made my life a burden. I 'd 've killed a man who nagged me so, but I could never quarrel with a woman or strike a child. I left her 'most all I had, an' come yer, an' took up this claim. I never meant to look nigh a woman, but you drifted yer, an' I got crazy about you, an' married you in spite of fate. I was miser'ble for fear of bein' found out, an' I thought your restlessness was a judgmunt on me. I stood it till long after you went away, but finally I could n't bear it any more, an' I wrote to see. An' she — the woman I run away from — had died before we was married. You was my wife; I never called you amiss. My name ain't Burke, rightly;— never mind what it was; it 's what you call me. Nobody on earth has got a claim on me save Babe and you."

And her story? No matter. She told the truth, and was believed.

Burke recovered slowly, and at length could walk with his wife's aid, or with a cane. These were the happiest days of his life, he was fond of saying. His wife managed the little fruit farm to perfection. Burke not only advised her in harvesting the crop of prunes and figs, but in planting other acres, for the land had been irrigated, and was marvelously fruitful. Babe was in a state of constant beatitude, and so in truth was his mother, for she had found out how to be useful to those she loved.

She told herself, believing, that Burke would fully recover; yet one day, upon returning with Babe from some work she had been superintending, she found her husband again stricken, and sitting quite insensible in his chair. Medical aid was brought quickly, and later Burke opened his eyes, and looked wistfully into her face. "My wife," his look said, "I am so happy with you I cannot bear to die."

She was mixing a draught the physician had prescribed, and calling all her old skill in acting to her aid she kissed him, smiling.

"It 's all right dear," she said. "Drink this, slowly, and then go to sleep. You will be better when you wake."

And he was.

The neighbors are still fond of telling the strangers who visit the now fertile valley how Babe, at three years of age, walked two miles for aid when Burke had his first "visitation." At each repetition of the story the day grows hotter and Babe younger; but of his hiding the letter, and thus averting scandal, the neighbors never knew. They usually introduced the tale in this wise:—

"That 's the finest fruit ranch in the valley,— run by a woman, too,— Burke's widow, handsome and very young, though it 's of no use for anyone to think of her marrying again. When she speaks or listens she looks straight through you with those wonderful eyes of hers, for she sees two things only; if she smiles, she is thinking of her son; at all other times, Burke's grave."

Beebe Crocker.

RECENT FICTION.

THERE is nothing very new to be said of a new novel by Marion Crawford. It is a long period now that he has been sending out additional volumes at regular intervals; and with the exception of the local color due to change of scene, his style has so far crystallized that the reader can predicate in advance with fair accuracy most of what the new story will bring to him.

Crawford's novels, however, are never dull, and this is as true of *The Three Fates*[1] as of his former books. It is not as strong, either in incident or character-drawing, as others of his works, but it is fresh and interesting, and fairly true to the rather shallow phase of life it represents. It is a love story with three heroines, — the three fates who in succession beguile the hero. The latter is an alleged literary man, who under the stimulus of passion for the first of his charmers writes a successful book in an amazingly short period of time, and is cut off untimely in the production of his second by her refusal to remain longer his inspiration. He allows himself, however, to be consoled by the second fate, writes more successful books, and at the close of the story makes up his mind that he is not really in love with her, jilts her out of hand, and passes merrily on to the conquest of the third.

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is the description of the methods of the novel writer and the publisher. The former sits down without plan or outline, and as his characters "talk to him in his head" he sets down their utterances, working at fever heat, and not knowing in the one chapter what the next is going to bring forth.

A lingering suspicion comes that somewhat of this method holds with Mr. Crawford's own writing. His stories go wandering along — as in Paul Patoff for instance — much in the aimless fashion which is here described. But while with a man whose literary style and sureness of touch are certain enough to make it possible to carry off such looseness of plot successfully, the method is hardly one to be offered as a guide to the ordinary author.

It is in his depiction of women that Mr. Crawford is most happy. He is naturally feminine in his sensibilities, and has much insight into the feminine character. His portrayal of Mamie Trimm, the second fate, is a really good bit of character-drawing. It is full of delicate shades, well rounded and complete. Totty, too, is cleverly worked up, and presents an admirable picture of the society woman of the better class.

On the whole, the book is above the average of the "summer novel," but does not deal with a sufficiently serious side of life to entitle it to be called great. Like all of the author's work it is excellent in artistic finish, and were it a first book, would undoubtedly serve to give him reputation.

George Meredith is an acquired taste. The first chapter of any of his later books,[2] of which *One of Our Conquerors* is a good example, repels and puzzles those unfamiliar with the Meredith style. As the reader goes on, supposing him to be of a somewhat determined mind and not easily discouraged, he begins to find that there is a story back of these paradoxes and aphorisms, and that

[1] The Three Fates. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co.: 1892.

[2] One of Our Conquerors. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1892.

The Tragic Comedians. *Ibid.*

these riddles themselves, when properly solved, do contain much that is new, true, and valuable. Soon he begins to take a pleasure in trying to get the meaning on a first reading, and is encouraged by successes, until he has mastered the style and can follow it with ease and profit. This is no exaggeration of the process necessary to becoming an admirer of Meredith. That many go through the process, and that new readers are continually encouraged to begin it, is proof enough that there is genius in this author.

And yet when his admirers are asked why their prophet must veil his meaning from vulgar ears, and address the multitude in paradox and parable,— why he cannot speak in a language understanded of the people the truth he has to tell, their answer is rather vague. One must climb to get the view from the mountain top, and the power of insight into subtleties of thought caught from hints of words is a necessary training to attain to Meredith's wisdom.

He is a prose Browning. Like Browning he can be lucidly clear as few others can be, when he will; but when the thought grows complex, the meaning only to be given in delicate shadings of expression, he drops out the connective tissue of the story, and makes his readers fill in for themselves the easily imagined parts, while he busies himself only with the expression of his exact thought. Until the reader forms this habit and attains the strenuous tone of mind and fixity of attention necessary to this, Meredith has nothing to give him.

This peculiarity of style is more marked in the later than in the earlier of Meredith's books. Diana of the Crossways has far more of plot and story than *One of Our Conquerors*, and Diana's repartee, while sparkling and suggestive enough, lacks the paradoxical terseness of Colney Durance.

But it is not these things that contain Meredith's deepest thought and truest power. The ultimate analysis — one almost says the destructive analysis — of the hearts of men and women is his strongest hold. As Diana and Richard Feveril and the others were made to exhibit their total content to the discerning reader, so Victor Radnor, the conqueror, his unmarried wife, their daughter Nesta, and the rest of the company in *One of Our Conquerors*, are laid bare before us till we can see the wheels of thought go round in their brains. This process is begun in the very first chapters,— for it takes several chapters to get Radnor across London Bridge, showing us his mood and his temperament as he goes. And there is no relaxing of the keenness of the analysis until the bitterly tragic end of the story is reached.

The Tragic Comedians shows Meredith in another light. The story, with change of names only, follows the well known life history of Ferdinand Lasalle, the Socialist, and his fatal love affair with Helene von Dönniges. As a prefix there is a brief life of Lasalle by Clement Shorter, which puts every reader in a position to see how closely Meredith sticks to facts. Thus with the plot all given him, we have the author's effort to clothe these facts with feeling and make them throb with life. There is the consciousness in reading it that Meredith misses his freedom, that the bondage to fact is irksome to him, and yet he has made a powerful book of it. There is far less of the witty paradox, and more of real feeling; for these people actually lived, and loved, and made mistakes, and suffered, and went unresisting to the fatal ending. The brilliant, useful, beloved friend of the people actually did fall by the bullet of a consumptive boy, fired in a duel about a girl not out of her teens. The reality of it makes *The Tragic Comedians* a sadder book, — yes, in some ways a stronger book, — than any pure fiction of Meredith's.

The History of David Grieve[1] is a study rather than a story. Like its much discussed predecessor, Robert Elsmere, it deals with the problems of men's relation to God and the world. In Robert Elsmere the hero was an orthodox believer in the Christian religion to begin with, and the story chronicled the growth of doubt, and ended with his final defection from the orthodox church.

David Grieve, after a loveless childhood, began life as an unbeliever. His progress through the various phases of absolute negation, doubt, hope, and final conviction, make up the story, which is entirely subjective. The few incidents are of interest simply as they affect the central figure. All the common experiences of life contribute their share to the development of David's philosophy.

The total inadequacy of a mere passive state of nescience in the realm of metaphysics to sustain one in the great moral crises of life is well illustrated by his Paris experiences. From the black pit of despondency which followed, Bishop Berkeley's beautiful philosophy delivered him; when Berkeley failed him, Kant and Hegel came to console.

At this point he recorded "that the spiritual principle in nature and man exists and governs; that mind cannot be explained out of anything but itself; that human consciousness derives from a universal consciousness, and is thereby capable both of knowledge and of goodness; that the phenomena and history of conscience are the highest revelation of God; that we are called to co-operation in a divine work, and in spite of pain and sin may find ground for an infinite trust, covering the riddle of the individual lot, in the history and character of that work in man, so far as it has gone,— these things are deeper and deeper realities to me. They govern my life; they give me peace; they breathe to me hope. . . .

"But the last glow, the certainties, the *vision* of faith! Ah, me! I believe that He is there, yet my heart gropes in darkness. All that is personality, holiness, compassion in us, must be in Him intensified beyond all thought. . . .

"Can religion possibly *depend* upon a long process of thought? How few can think their way to Him — perhaps none, indeed, by the logical intellect alone. . . .

"An end must come to skepticism somewhere!"

Canon Aylwin said to him: "Faith must take her leap — you know that as well as I! — if there is to be faith at all."

So it was. David's final "*vision*" comes through the agony of personal loss. Through the painful illness and death of his young wife his whole being was melted into pitying love. Through absolute surrender and submission the ecstasy, the "*vision*," of faith came to him, "and losing himself wholly he found his God."

In Robert Elsmere the religious problem, while always the dominant interest of the book, is once in a while offset by byplay of lighter characters. In David Grieve there is no Rose to lighten the gloom. There is not a gleam of humor from cover to cover. The book shows unmistakable power. The characters are natural and consistent throughout. There is a feeling that the outcome in each case could not have been different. But it is nevertheless with a conviction that it is not good to dwell so exclusively on the dark side of life that one closes the book. What if life itself is "mainly sad"? There is a duty in cheerfulness, nevertheless, and such a somber book as the *History of David Grieve* is not calculated to contribute to the general fund of human joy.

[1] The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1892.

Alfrieda,[1] a novel by Emma E. H. Sprecht, attempts to deal with the mysteries of occultism and Christian science. The author states in her preface that the judgment passed upon her book will depend upon the mental status of the reader, who will appreciate or depreciate it according to his own standpoint of knowledge, experience, and mental development, according to his own capacity for apprehending its lessons. She thus disarms criticism. If *Alfrieda's* message has little meaning for the general reader, he must reflect that it is doubtless due to that lack of fine perception which the author considers a characteristic of the uninitiated.

She also states that no book of any value should be judged on a single reading, when only its outlines and general features can be appropriated; its deeper meanings and partially veiled truths requiring repeated reading and weighing. This statement is calculated to discourage finally the few who are sufficiently interested in the mysteries of the esoteric philosophy to follow one of its devotees through six hundred pages of soul-history. Life is short, and the "subtile shadings" of *Alfrieda's* philosophy are too vague and uncertain to repay the effort required to master them.

Far From Today,[2] a collection of short stories by Gertrude Hall, is one of the most entertaining books issued this year. In them the conditions of life in olden days, when kings had absolute power in truth, are reproduced. Life is infinitely more comfortable today; but it lacks the picturesqueness, the vivid contrasts, the fierce joys and terrors, that lend themselves so well to the story teller's purpose.

In Tristiane, the initial story of this volume, the dramatic situations are intense. The noble strength of the heroine is painted in few and simple words. There is no straining for effect; no long drawn analyses of motives delay the movement of the story. The action is rapid, leading directly to a natural but unforeseen conclusion. All is symmetrical, perfectly planned, yet the ending might easily have been so different that the reader's strained interest does not relax until the very last word is grasped. In these days of painful introspection and motive weighing, it is a relief to come under the spell of a book whose characters simply do something. The effect of such a volume is to make one look eagerly for more from the same pen.

Keen insight, close power of observation, and considerable felicity of expression characterize the little book of Calabrian stories published by Elizabeth Cavazza, under the title of *Don Finimondone*.[3]

They are sketches rather than stories, and depict with a simplicity that is almost baldness the colorless Italian peasant life. All of the tales are intensely realistic. They hug so closely the littleness of life that one lays down the book with a feeling of pessimistic discouragement. They seem more like animals than men,—these peasants; and even the grim sense of humor that runs like an undertone through the stories fails to materially overcome the sense of depression. Any one who has been in Italy will recognize the striking fidelity to the fact of the descriptive work, and that the author has caught admirably the Italian point of view.

The best sketch is probably Don Finimondone, the one which gives its name to the book. This title was a nickname given to a chronic village grumbler, on

[1] *Alfrieda*. A Novel. By Emma E. H. Sprecht. Published by the Author: St. Louis: 1890.

[2] Far From Today. By Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1892.

[3] Don Finimondone. By Elizabeth Cavazza. Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

account of his habit of foretelling the ruin of everything that came to pass.

> Everything, according to him, was going to the bad. Did it rain, there would be another flood for the sins of the world, and that without the ark to put two beasts in. Did the sun shine, the grass was burning up, and the geese would die with their mouths open for thirst. If the olives were scarce, there would not be enough oil to fry the good things of heaven; and if it were a good year, he said it was a pity to see the branches loaded till they broke, and olives so cheap that it was indeed ruin, it was.

This interesting old fellow takes upon himself to play the part of the reformer, and disguising himself as the devil joins the carnival procession unbidden, and accomplishes his purpose by stigmatizing his neighbors, as he passes, with their follies and weaknesses, coupled with warnings as to what will become of them if these sins are not overcome. He comes to grief, however, through attempting to reprove his own daughter, who recognizes him by the leather patches below his devil's gown, which she herself had sewed upon the knees of his breeches. In this, as in the other sketches, however, the main interest lies not in the plot but in the character drawing. There is an occasional touch of the pathetic, as in the story of Cirillo; but the main lesson, if one were to be drawn from the book, would be the value of patience in meeting the trials which inevitably come in this world.

Another of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series is *The Master of Silence*,[1] by Irving Bacheller. This story is all plot, and that of the most fanciful description. It is one of the psychological romances, so-called; but not being on the introspective side will be found readable by those who expect from a novel merely a sensation.

[1] The Master of Silence. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

ETC.

WHITTIER and Curtis gone too! — the one in the full harvest of his years, the other in the midst of active life, with work still half-done that no one else can do as well. What will time bring us that can compensate for such impoverishments as these? It lays a great responsibility upon the young men of this country that such men as these have been leaders of American literature and politics, and are gone. Of all the group these two were the most humane and zealous, the reformers by nature; whatever they did for letters — and it was much — was an avocation to them; the great thing was to bring about righteousness and justice, freedom and goodwill, among mankind Their pens were largely given to the work of the hour, and they leave less behind them that later-comers will read than Longfellow, Emerson, or Lowell; perhaps in any case they could not have reached the same literary rank. Yet they were best beloved of all: no one was the reader of either without being also his friend. Think of the honor so unquestionably stainless, the courtesy so fine, the selflessness so complete, that a man could be for forty years a frank and fearless political fighter, attacking the very forces that fight most unscrupulously, and they could not even invent evil of him, nor find worse mud to throw than "Pharisee," and "Miss Nancy." If ever a man "descended into the mire of politics" Curtis did, but no shred of it ever clung to him. It is the flaw in one's self that the strain of dangerous circumstance finds out, the unwholesome spot in one's self that gives lodgment to infection from tainted surroundings. There was a time in Whittier's life, too, when he, "a silent, shy, peace-loving man," as he called himself, took part, using no measured speech, in public controversy. Slavery once over, he did not follow on with any care the later course of public affairs, but returned to the meditative seclusion he had left, like a soldier-priest called from his hermitage for a time by some holy war. The younger knight from boyhood till death was unceasingly in the field, the Galahad of American politics. Both men were the friends and defenders of woman; Curtis in a degree true of no other eminent man in this country, except Colonel Higginson. Women will look long before they find such another knight; the civil service reform and other means of practical righteousness in politics will look long for such another leader; we have in the country no other such orator, Lowell having gone before, — fine and strong and sincere. No young man can make a Whittier or a Curtis of himself by taking thought of his stature; but the effect of all they lived and wrote must have been to make many young men come more nearly to their standard of honor and humaneness; certainly to reassure many whose faith in the practical sense of goodness and truth began to waver under fire of a cynical age. In the light of eighty-five years of men's honor and love, such as Whittier's, — in the light of a plan of life that can serenely put aside the successes other men strain for and crawl for, as Curtis declined the mission to England in favor of obscurer patriotic service at home,— it is the self-seeking intrigue, the compromise with evil, the concession of honor, that seems the silly part to choose.

WE have spoken of Whittier and of Curtis rather as men than as writers; but not because there is not much to say of them as writers. Whoever fails to see great literary value in Whittier's poetry shows himself limited as a critic, and unable to esteem simplicity. There is no poetry in the world that has more of a character of its own, and it is as honest as Homer. Nor can he be any student of style who fails to see the real precision, and force, and weight, of Curtis's style under its slight disguisement of old-fashioned elegance; an elegance that has its worth, also, amid the blunter phrases of present fashion. There is much that must necessarily be evanescent in the passing comment that has occupied his pen; but if any one wishes to realize what a literary force the Easy Chair has been, let him try to count up the editorial imitations of it in this country; and then let him compare these with the originals.

THE political campaign still delays its kindling, but the more vigorous contest cannot be far away. It has necessarily waited for the letters of acceptance from the candidates to give an outline of the line of argument to be followed. At the present writing Mr. Harrison's letter is given forth,—a paper on which we reserve comment until next month, when Mr. Cleveland's also will be before us; observing only that the first impression received from it is of unnecessary and cumbrous length. Mr. Harrison himself, as President of the United States, probably expects to deliver no political addresses during the campaign, and may therefore feel obliged to put into this one conspicuous utterance much that would otherwise have had place in an address. Possibly its length and detail has something to do with its long postponement; but in any case, the postponement has been welcome to the country. Three months of campaign is as much as any one desires. The main question before the people is an important one, and no one should grudge the time necessary

for thorough discussion of it; but it has been already a good deal discussed, and such additional light as the public is willing to consider on it — a comparatively unexciting business question as it is — can be given without long preparation. A longer canvass would not mean fuller discussion, but more processions, noise, and campaign tricks, — things with which the country could to advantage dispense entirely.

It is not to be denied that almost all the men of the country, by no means the sporting classes and the ignorant alone, and not a few women, have taken a good deal of interest in the result of a prize-fight within the last month. The possession of the greatest power in the world in any direction, even if it be only in the very useless one of beating another man brutally with the fists, cannot but cause a certain degree of curiosity and interest in minds that in the main have small sympathy with brutal contests. Nor is this power one of wholly disreputable antecedents: the time has been in the history of the world when it made the real hero in many an emergency, as now it makes the vulgar false hero of that numerous part of the population that lives still in barbarian times, as far as its real, inherent tastes are concerned. And in this particular case, it is hard to avoid feeling that an emergency did once more exist in which a public service was done by sufficient power of fists; for a bully has thereby been dethroned, whose glory in the eyes of thousands of men must have been in every way demoralizing. It is not a bad thing to have taught ignorant men over again the lesson that even the coarse pre-eminence of a John L. Sullivan is not to be maintained without paying the price in self-control and industry. The new champion may not prove in the end a better man; if he does not, the lesson will be taught over again. All of which in no wise excuses the papers that have seen fit to give five, ten, fifteen columns to detailed accounts of the fight.

Notes from Chile about California Pioneers.

Editor Overland Monthly:—A few months ago I read in the columns of the San Francisco *Bulletin* an article upon "Captain Jim Hall," as he was familiarly called, and thinking that anything pertaining to the early days of California Pioneers is interesting to the present generation, I am induced to forward the following incidents for publication. I obtained them from personal acquaintanceship with the Captain, and from other sources which can be relied upon.

James Hall was born at Pittston, Maine, on the fourth of July, 1811. His first voyage at sea was on board a coasting schooner. Like many others of his day he shipped as cook in preference to going before the mast, as he desired to know what a seaman's life was before entering the career of a sailor. Gradually he worked his way up from cook, sailor, mate, to commander of a vessel, in each department strictly confining himself to his duty, and improving himself in his seafaring life. Dana, in his "Three Years Before the Mast," speaks of having met him in one of the California ports as mate of a vessel, and they became very friendly with each other.

Hall made several voyages to China, and occasionally to the Pacific Coast, and he was the first one to clear his ship from California to New York or Boston under the United States government. The custom house authorities declared he should clear as if going on a foreign voyage, to which he demurred, and finally carried his point. The Washington authorities afterward sustained his claim.

I first became acquainted with "Captain Jim Hall" about the year 1853 or 1854, when he arrived from Calfornia in the Spray, commanding her. I was introduced to him in the now extinct, but once well known, store and firm of E. T. Loring & Co., Valparaiso. At this time he was tall, thin, and wiry, with pleasing ways,—a self-made man, full of confidence in himself, and was respected by all who knew him. His courage was undaunted. A skillful navigator, honorable in his dealings, sharp in trade, he managed to save money, and live the rest of his life in ease. With the Spray he made a voyage to Australia, and afterwards tried to form in the Eastern States a company for the South American coast, but circumstances proved unfavorable at the time. In 1862 he entered the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's service, as commander of the steamer Islay, running regularly between Panama and Callao.

Captain Hall was sent to England by the Steam Company to superintend the building of a steamer for the coast, and he introduced the "side hatches." The builders objected, the insurance companies demurred, and other authorities interfered, but "Jim" with his usual obstinacy finally prevailed over all difficulties, and now all of the steamers on the coast carry the "side hatches," finding them a saving in time and labor. Captain Hall left the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's employ in 1881, after nearly twenty years in the service. He retired to Cohasset, and afterwards removed with his wife to East Braintree, Massachusetts, where he now resides. His only child, a daughter, married Captain Hooker, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's service, and she resides for the present in Valparaiso, Chile.

Mr. George Berger, who painted in large letters the name of the steamer "Mint," in the early days of California, and who is a member of the Pioneer Association, is living in this country at Viña del Mar.

A man by the name of George H. Severty died the latter part of May in a small hotel in Talcahuano. He always claimed that he was the person that established all the stables in crossing the plains for the famous Pony Express, and claimed to have been

once upon a time Wells, Fargo & Company's agent at San Francisco, California. He left the State on account of bad health. He was connected many years ago with a revolution in Peru, and loaded a vessel with arms, provisions, etc , all of which were seized upon by the government, and Severty was three times led out to be shot in the public square, but escaped with his life, being banished from the country. He came to Chile, where he established a stage coach line from Talcahuano to Sota. He was fond of repeating anecdotes of his life on the plains, and of his being shot in the leg by bullets from the redmen, and of his many hair-breadth escapes. His descriptions of early California life never failed to attract the attention of those about him. Since his death a brother has made his appearance, and says his real name was Houston. I am told he had to do with the building of the railroad stations at Concepcion and Talcahuano.

Santiago, June 22, 1892. *C. Ward Jr.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

In *The Sources of Consolation in Human Life*[1] Mr. Alger delves deep into philosophy. He is a Hegelian of the religious type, and turns his idealism to account in this treatise in the direction of showing men that sorrow in all its forms is but the partial and unfinished results of laws that are working out an infinite happiness and infinite perfection.

Chapter IV., "The Mystery of Early Death, or the Mission of the Little Child"; Chapter X., "The Consolatory and True Interpretation of the Origin, Office, and Meaning of Death"; and the concluding Essay, "Latest Form of Theodicy; or, The Divine Purpose in the Universe a Perfect Consolation for Every Ill," will be found the strongest chapters of the book; the last, in especial, is a statement of the fundmentals of the ideal philosophy in a form more intelligible to the ordinary mind than is often seen. The human soul as a positive created by the meeting of the dual negations is a very blind philosophy to most people, but light is thrown on the seeming paradox by Mr. Alger's exposition of it. He seems to make it easy, too, to deduce immortality and everlasting happiness from the tangled maze of the world. We may but answer, as the Masons at a funeral, "So mote it be."

[1] The Sources of Consolation in Human Life. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1892.

Books Received.

First Steps in Philosophy. By William Mackintire Salter. Charles H. Kerr: Chicago: 1892.

The History of Modern Education. By Samuel G. Williams, Ph.D. C. W. Bardeen: New York: 1892.

The Lost Heiress. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson Bros.: Phila.: 1892.

Red Hot Democratic Campaign Songs. Compiled by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.: Chicago: 1892.

True Blue Republican Campaign Songs. Compiled by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.: Chicago: 1892.

Mineral Resources of the United States, 1889-90. By David T. Day. Government Printing Office: Washington: 1892.

Silver, Its True Place in the Circulation. By J. W. Treadwell: San Francisco: 1892.

Oklahoma Waltz, for Piano or Organ. Arranged by Isaac Doles: Indianapolis: 1892.

America, Its Geological History, 1492-1892. By Walter B. Scaife. The Johns Hopkins Press: Baltimore: 1892.

The Schoolmaster in Literature. By Edward Eggleston. The American Book Co.: New York 1892.

CHARLES L. DINGLEY.

CHARLES L. DINGLEY.

SOMETHING like three years ago Mr. C. L. Dingley, Jr. by his father's death, came into the management of the firm C. L. Dingley & Co., the well-known shipping and lumber firm. At that time the Central Milling Co., in which this house had a leading interest, was but a small part of the firm's work, although it handled the entire product of the mills, — a few thousand barrels a year.

Mr. Dingley determined to see what could be done for the mill by liberal advertising. Soon every man, woman and child, first in San Francisco, and then in California, and still on over the whole country, and even to foreign lands, knew of Drifted Snow Flour. The name became a household word everywhere; the press was full of it: large and handsome signs in the most prominent places repeated the words, and in every way that the intelligent ingenuity and lavish expenditure could push it, Drifted Snow Flour was pushed.

The older millers were in great glee. "That young man will ruin himself absolutely in this absurd advertising of a staple product. People must eat flour anyway, so what is the use of advertising, when you can sell without it?"

But soon doubts began to trouble them. Their sales fell off, and the Central Milling Company had to increase its plant again and again to fill the demand that came from the piqued curiosity of the public.

People said: "We must try this Drifted Snow Flour, and see if it is good enough to warrant all this display."

So they bought the flour, and never found any reason to change back again; for the results showed remarkable excellence and great uniformity.

For Mr. Dingley had the correct principle in the matter. He did not rely on advertising alone, but on advertising *and* the best article of its kind to advertise. Every machine in his mill had to be of the best and latest pattern, every bushel of grain that went into it of the best quality, no poor work anywhere.

The result of the whole episode has been that Mr. Dingley has commanded the market in this line so completely that he supplied more than half the whole local consumption. Something had to be done. And so a syndicate of millers was formed, and his plant was secured on his own terms as the first essential. The result will be an abundance, cheapness, and uniformity, of good flour in the whole community. Mr. Dingley set the standard, and all had to come up to it.

It will surprise people that do not know him to be told that the man who did this is but 27 years of age, and they will be interested to study a bit into the causes that enabled this young man to teach the graybeards business wisdom.

In the first place, Mr. Dingley was "born right" to make a good business man. His father, the founder of the firm, was a man of strict business methods, and the highest probity. He was honored by the business community as a leading merchant. The son inherited this capacity for affairs, and had the benefit of his father's careful training in business matters. At twenty years of age, after school days were over and travel had done its educating work, the younger man was taken into his father's office, and there set to master every detail from the ground up. He was an apt pupil, and soon laid deep in his mind the principles and ideas that he has so successfully carried out.

He is naturally and by long practice a keen judge of men. A thousand schemers have vainly endeavored to hoodwink him since he has been known as a liberal advertiser. He meets all comers frankly, requires them to state their business without delay, and his decisions follow immediately in polite, but clear-cut form. There is no beating about the bush and no time wasted. "You know your answer in two minutes, and he treats you well, too, no fault to be found with him anywhere," an advertising solicitor put it. This power of keen and quick reading of character is one of the most valuable, perhaps the most valuable after personal honesty, that a man in business or public life can possess. When you add to it intelligence, tenacity, and courage, there is but little lacking to a consummate man of affairs. The Drifted Snow Flour episode alone goes far to prove Mr. Dingley has all these qualities in good measure.

Naturally enough, Mr. Dingley has taken no part in politics, having been closely confined to his many business interests, in lumber, lime, and shipping, as well as milling. If ever the time comes when San Francisco adopts the business method of local government that ought to prevail, men like the subject of this sketch will be sought to serve her interests, as they have shown they can by the way they have conducted their own affairs. But in the most literal sense the office has to seek such a man.

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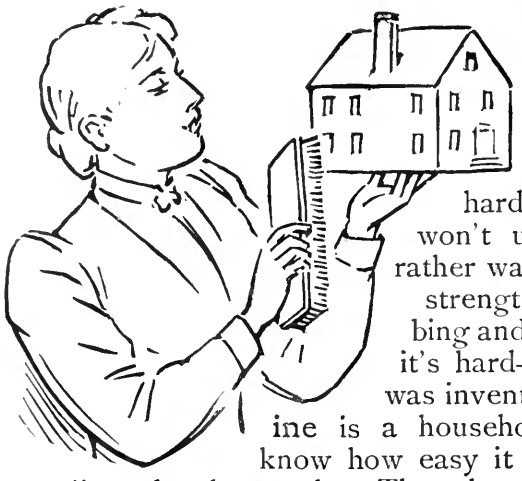

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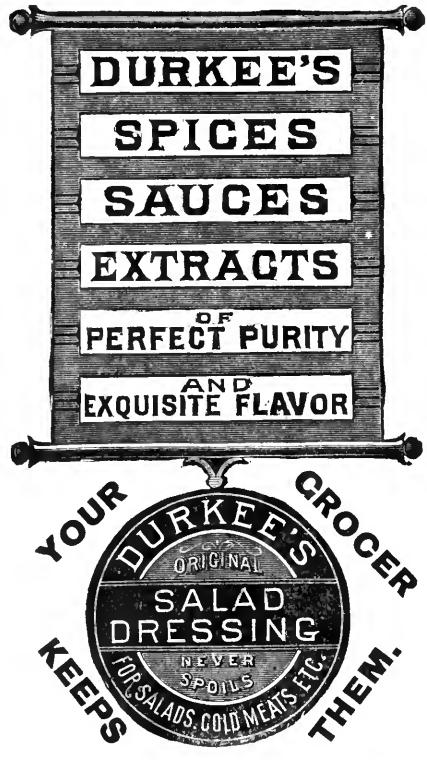

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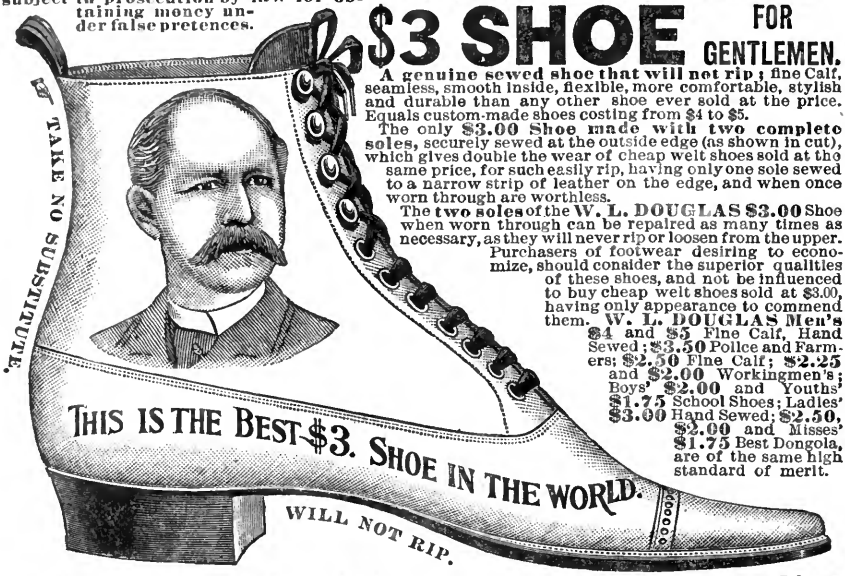

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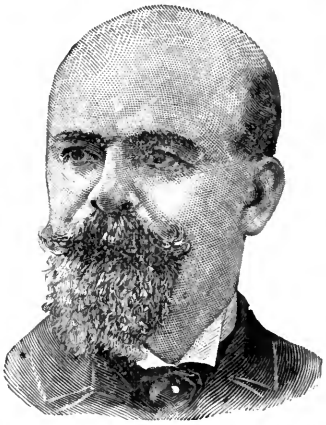

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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

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California Flower Shows, *E. J. Wickson.*
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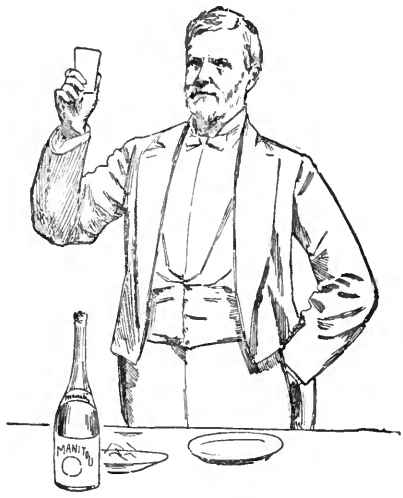

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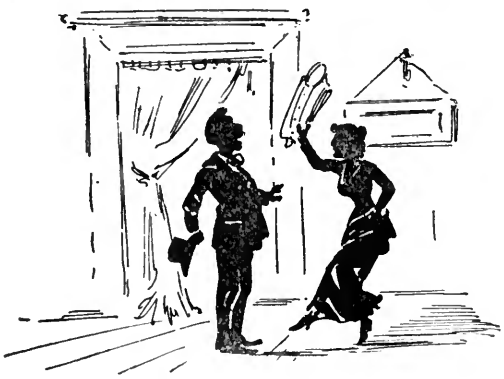

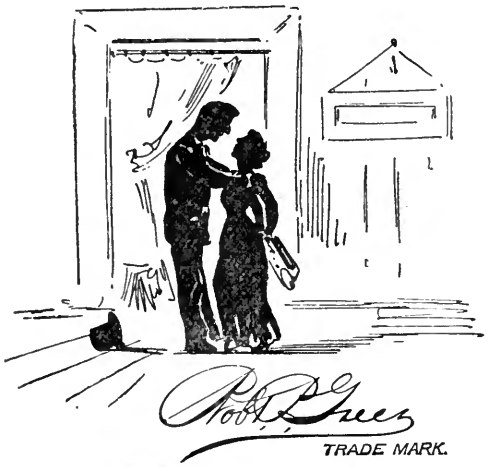

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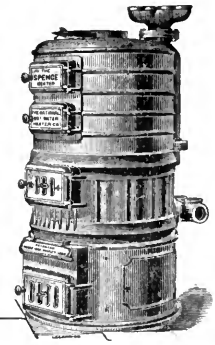

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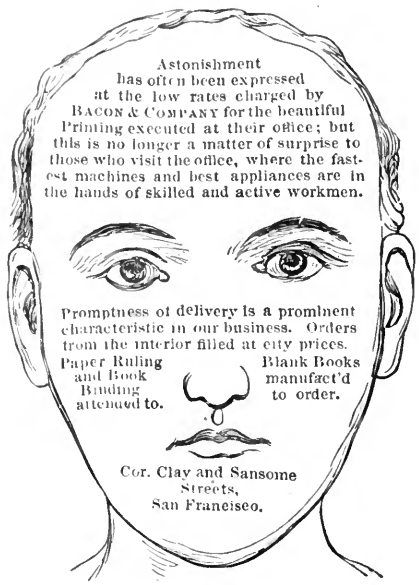

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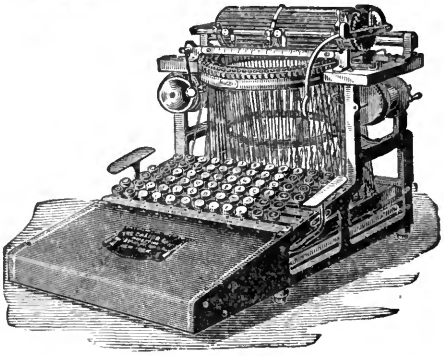

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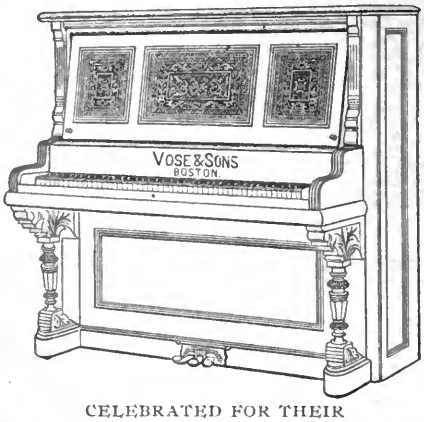

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The December Number.

The December OVERLAND will be the inauguration of the holiday issues, and will be notable for interest and variety both of text and illustration. Miss Shinn will complete her *University of California* series with an article on Affiliated Colleges, the Extension Courses, and the Status of the Searles-Hopkins' Gift, and Art School Affiliation. *A Mexican Ferry* is an interesting account of travel in byways of Mexico, illustrated by new and admirably characteristic pictures. *Mexican Pottery* is also to be described and illustrated. *The Restaurants of San Francisco*, historical and descriptive, will allow *Peixotto* scope for some of his daintiest work in illustration. The holiday tone will be preserved in stories, sketches, and poems.

The Overland.

The finely illustrated articles will be continued, and will be constantly more numerous and interesting as the resources of art on the Coast come more fully under command. Of those in recent numbers it has been said: —

The illustrations of Elisabeth Curtis are perfect art gems.—*Chicago Globe.*

Treasured in many an Eastern home, not only for the superiority and richness of its profuseness of illustrations, but also for its wealth of high-standard literature —*Plainfield, N. J., Press.*

The beautiful pictures are a notable feature.—*Dover Republican, N. H.*

Wonderfully delicate and expressive little washes . . . in the soft, broad French handling.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To the beauty of the illustrations that accompany this article ["Through Mysterious Cañons of the Colorado"] no words can do justice.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

Remarkable for the number and beauty of its illustrative designs.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The OVERLAND continues to be notable in a special degree for its local color, its "vigorous, fresh, and interesting" tone, its characteristic sketches and stories of Pacific life and adventure. The other most notable and most often noted trait of the OVERLAND is its policy in reference to an honest, careful, and authoritative exposition of the industrial, educational, and all other serious interests of the Coast. So much discredit has been cast upon all descriptive writing from California by the suspicion of "boom literature" and veiled advertising, that the known rule of the OVERLAND to exclude all such matters from its pages has given it its especial value to Eastern readers. No word printed in the OVERLAND, outside of the advertising pages, is ever paid for, or in any way controlled by any outside interest. That it has been or is easy to hold to this principle, in a region where the maintenance of a literature on its own merits must meet difficulties long ago outlived in older communities, has never been pretended by the managers of the OVERLAND; but it has been done, and with ever growing recognition and success.

This magazine is doing invaluable service to the people of the Pacific Coast, and those of the East who have interests of any kind out there should take it.—*Pittsburg Times.*

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is the most worthy representative of periodical literature on the Pacific Coast. —*Boston Journal.*

This valuable magazine of the Pacific slope has done valiant service for the far West. In addition to the excellence of its literary work, it has taken a just pride in all that enters into the building up in the best things of the State and the people to whom it ministers. California owes an honest debt of gratitude to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . The wonderful changes that have been wrought have never been excelled, if equaled. In all this, such a magazine as the OVERLAND has played a large part, and it is but simple justice to give the credit.—*Topeka Mail.*

A most creditable serial, and well fitted to promote both the social and literary development of the great Western State in which it is published.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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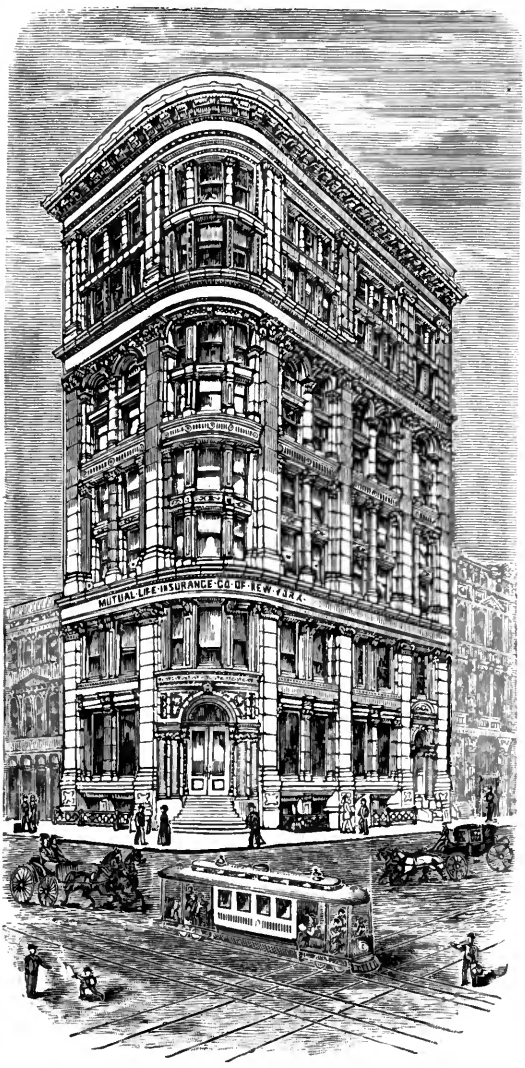
RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.



The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the only ie of the many Eastern Life Insurance Companies carrying on siness in this State that has become the owner of real estate in n Francisco, and planted its funds here permanently.

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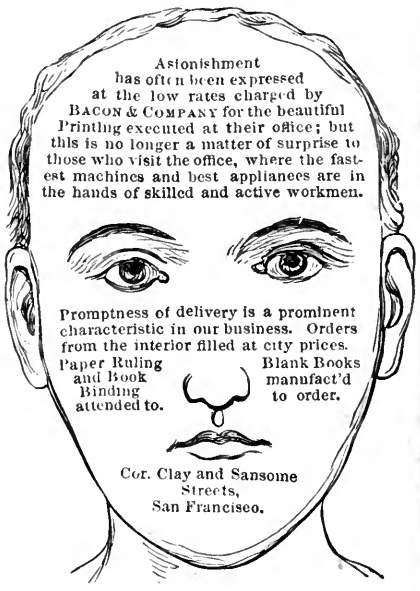

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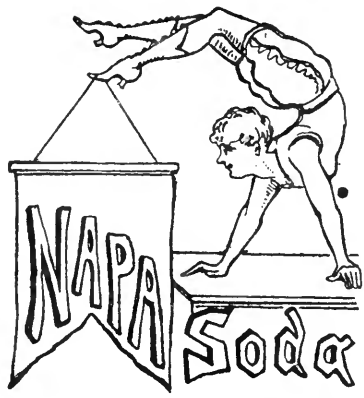

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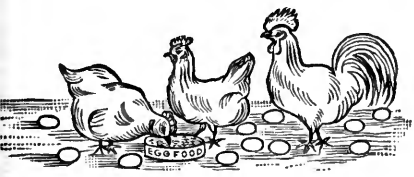

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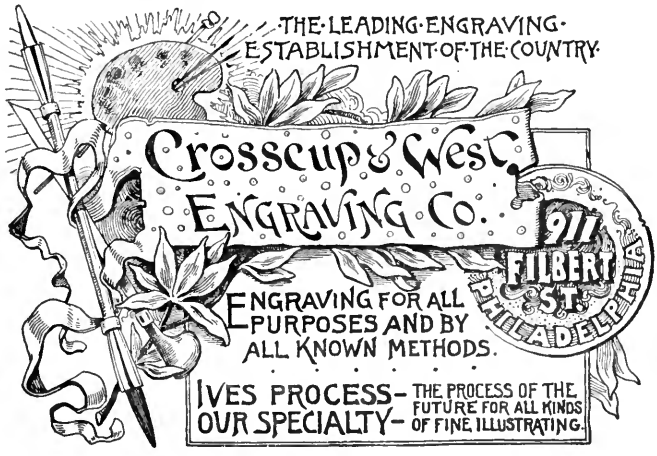

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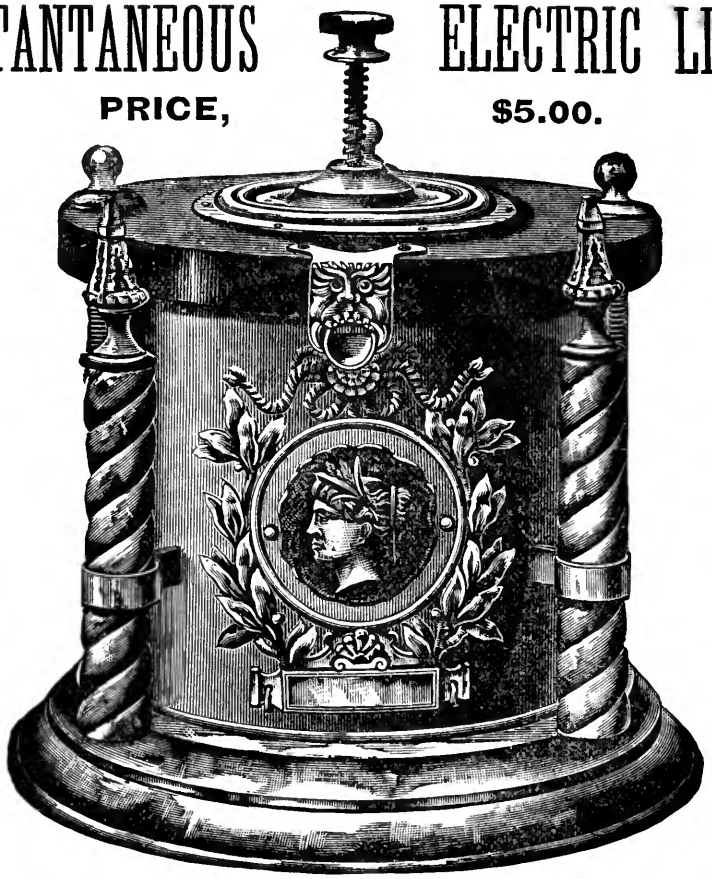

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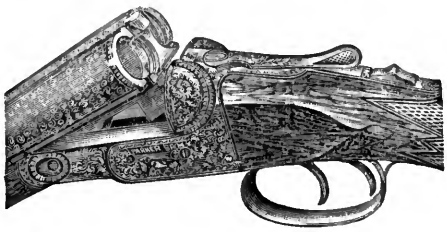

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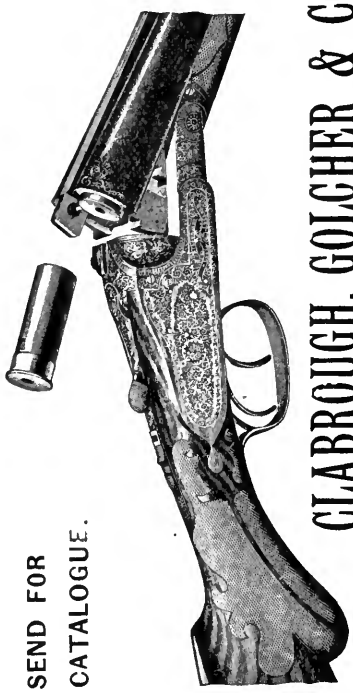

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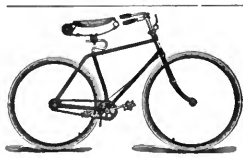

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THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

FOR 1893.

EVIDENCE of the increasing influence of science in all fields of human activity is apparent on every hand. The farmer is looking to it for better methods in cultivation and the raising of stock. The manufacturer asks of it cheapened processes to meet ever sharper competition. The economist seeks in it a firm basis for his policy. The doctor and sanitarian call upon it for a more perfect equipment for their struggles with disease. The educator consults it with reference to more rational methods of instruction. Literature, politics and the Church are among its most interested listeners, since it is testing their respective claims in a way that compels attention.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY has long borne a leading part in making the general reader acquainted with this great and rapidly-growing department of human knowledge. It has aimed to do this with perfect fairness, and with all the tolerance of earnest beliefs that is consistent with a fearless adherence to the truth, and the same attitude will be maintained in the future.

SCIENCE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Among the special features of this standard magazine for the coming year will be accounts by competent specialists of the present standing of the several departments of science as exhibited at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. The marvels of **Electricity** to be displayed there will be described and explained by MR. CHARLES M. LUNGREN. Large provision has been made for the exhibit of **Anthropology**, and this department will be carefully treated by Prof. FREDERICK STARR, of the Chicago University. Mr. BENJAMIN REECE will treat of the application of science in the vast interests of **Transportation**, and the scope and significance of the exhibits in other departments will be set forth by able hands.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES SINCE COLUMBUS.—The splendid series of illustrated articles under the above title will be continued, and probably brought to a close in the coming year. Among the subjects that remain to be treated are *Glass*, *Silk*, *Paper*, *Agricultural Machinery*, and *Shipbuilding*.

Miscellaneous contributions may be expected from the able writers who have been in the habit of addressing the readers of the MONTHLY.

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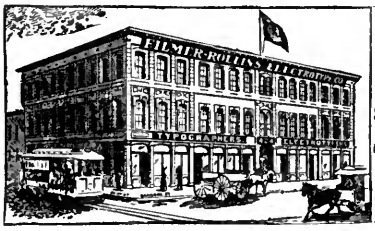

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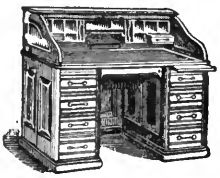

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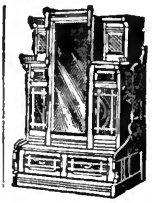

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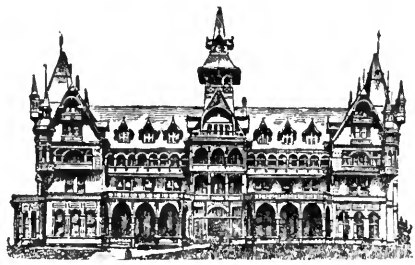

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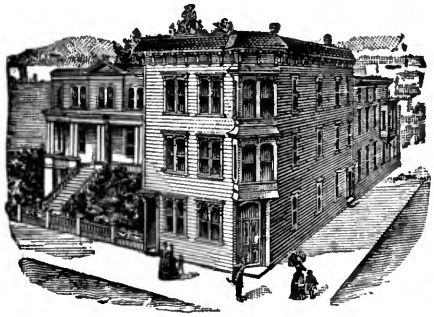

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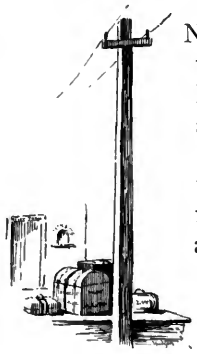
Overland Monthly.

Vol. XX. (Second Series).—November, 1892.—No. 119.

OVER THE SANTA LUCIA.

I.



N a hollow on the seaward side of the Santa Lucia mountains, about sixty miles south of old Monterey, is such a community as one reads about, but seldom sees. Should you be dropped there from the sky, and told that there is no water exit, you would resign yourself to wait for a gigantic feat of engineering, or an improved flying machine. But if you gazed long enough at the impassable looking mountains to the east, your hopes might sight some means of rescue nearer than the millennium. Not that the mountains grow less formidable on close inspection—it is the habit of mountains to do otherwise; but you might by chance see a far-off mule with its rider tacking and veering down the ridge, and taking in general a course like a telescoped letter S continued indefinitely. Then, well for you if you are a good equestrian, tough of fiber, and bold of heart, for your exit is assured.

It was in August, 1891, that I bade farewell to civilization, and set my face southwestward, with this place as an objective point. About noon we entered Monterey County. Frémont's Peak

IN THE SALINAS VALLEY.

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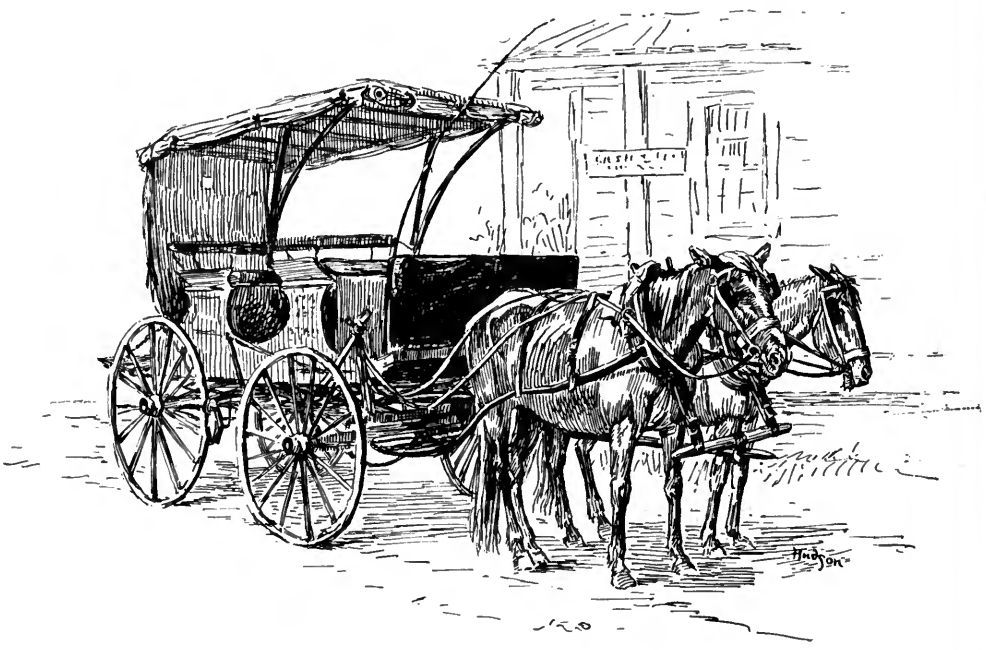
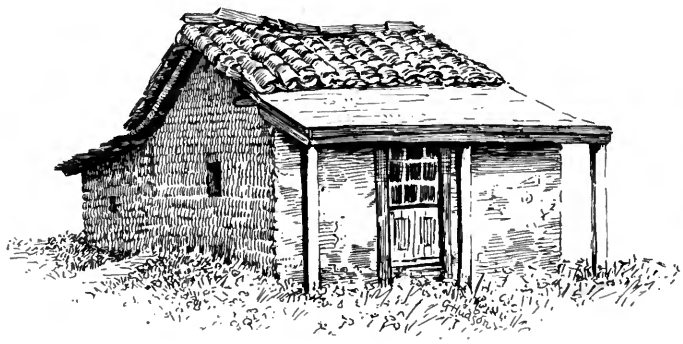


THEY WOULD STAND WITHOUT HOLDING.

loomed in sight on the left, and the names of the stations, such as Pajaro (Pä-hä-rō) and Soledad, reminded the passenger that he was on ground that had belonged to an earlier civilization than ours.

As we came farther south it grew hotter, and dryer, and dustier, and flatter. Trees became scarce, and the few that remained to illustrate the survival of the fittest had set their branches southward as if fleeing before the wind. Great wheat-fields spread out to right and left. The blue line of the Gabilan Mountains on the left, and a straggling line of gray willows skirting some small stream on the right, gave a needed relief of color to the glaring yellow of the stubble.

The passengers became fewer, and those who boarded the train were of a different type. The heat was intense, and the portly Spanish don took off his wide straw hat, and mopped and fanned with plebeian vigor. I could not help thinking these Spaniards a more social and happy race than ourselves. They took even the heat as a joke, and without descending to the loud or familiar, had soon established an easy



LA CASA DE HIDALGO.

good-fellowship in the car, which included in its embrace the few Americans among them. After the English, the Americans are certainly the least gregarious of human animals.

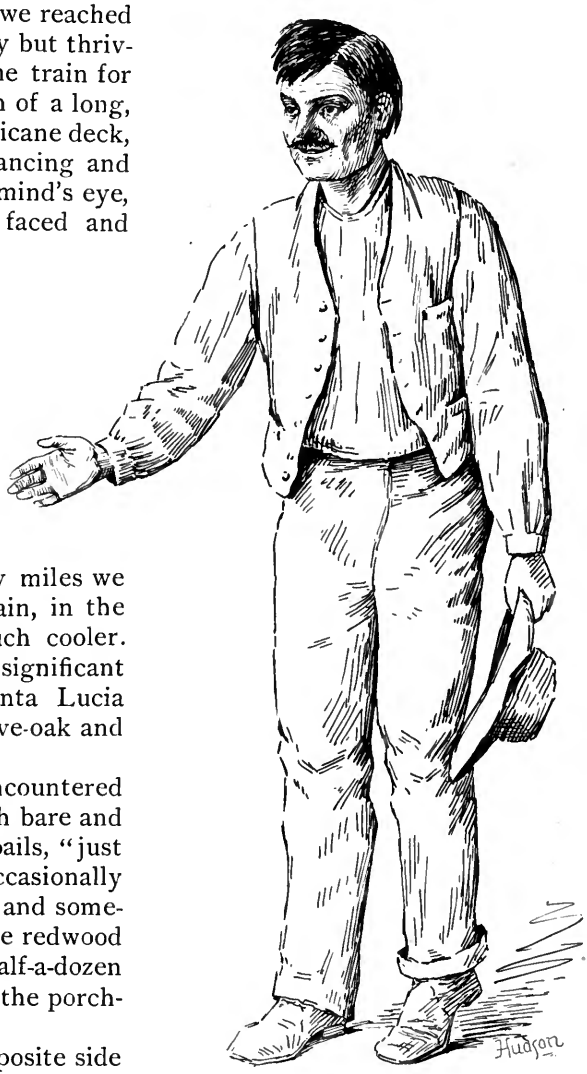
About half-past two P. M. we reached Kings City, a dry and dusty but thriving town. Here we left the train for the stage. But let no vision of a long, high-topped coach, with hurricane deck, and six, or at least four, prancing and restive horses, arise in your mind's eye, as it did in mine, until I faced and climbed into the stern reality. On the contrary, imagine, a little, old, dried-up, two-seated, shabbily-covered vehicle, drawn by two horses that looked as though they would stand without holding until they died from inanition, and you will be near the facts.

After driving westward for ten more flat, hot, and dusty miles we began to ascend a mountain, in the shadow of which it grew much cooler. This was a comparatively insignificant out-lying guard of the Santa Lucia Range, covered with scrub live-oak and chemisal brush.

After four o'clock we encountered many dirty-faced urchins with bare and dusty feet and gleaming tin pails, "just let loose from school," and occasionally we had a view of the homely and sometimes squalid interior of some redwood shanty, with the mother and half-a-dozen small children sitting about the porchless door.

After coming down the opposite side of the mountain we drove through groves of large white oaks, with graceful, drooping branches.

It was twilight as we neared the little sleepy hollow town of Jolon (Hōlōń). From thence the journey was to be on horseback, baggage being carried on mules. There is no regular means of conveyance at all, and even no mail-service beyond this point, except a bi-weekly mail by carrier to the Los Burros mines and Pacific Valley, thirty miles to the south-westward on the coast.



BAPTISTE.

Through a mistake in dates I was obliged to wait here three days. One would scarcely remain from choice, at this season of the year, as Jolon enjoys the reputation of being the hottest place above ground.

The civilization, however, is of some

interest as a study. English, Americans, Danes, Spanish, and Mexicans are scattered around. Ordinary social distinctions are dropped, and your *vis-a-vis* at table may be anyone, from a blacksmith or stage-driver to a retired army officer in the person of "mine host," or a Church of England clergyman, of which denomination there was a representative during my stay. If the days are disagreeable, the evenings almost compensate, and only fail to do so on account of their brevity. They are balmy as the tropics; the katydids made music, and we sat on the veranda in long stretches of easy silence, broken occasionally by the jog-trot gait and jingling spurs of some passing horseman. Occasionally one stopped and asked for the mail, or for tobacco, for our hotel is store and postoffice also. Two or three Spanish youths loitered on the steps, talking in soft broken English, or in their own more musical language. Our clergyman drifted, as it were, from his seat farther back, until he was among them, and though he had probably not met one of them before, they mixed without a ripple, and the talk glided on, or paused, with equal unconstraint, as though they were friends of every day. One wondered if it was the touch of religion and humanity, or the effect of the climate.

When the stage rattled in, even this sound was subdued into keeping with the scene. There was no hurry, no loud or quick tones, as it unloaded its one or two passengers and its few mailbags. Even these failed to create any excitement.

Photo by Carpenter,

BY THE SPRING.

On Sunday we followed our Episcopalian to a tiny chapel among the oaks and manzanitas, where we heard the service read with simplicity and appreciation, followed by a simple and sincere little discourse on spiritual blindness. An after-dinner talk, which glanced from Matthew Arnold, Maurice, Kingsley, and Dr. Haweis, to Renan, with variations on Besant, the latest fiction, apostolic succession, and the Ethical

Photo by Jackson.

THE SAN ANTONIO MISSION.

Society, sounded queerly with its backwoods setting.

One evening at dusk — one scarcely troubles himself to count in such a place — a horseman jingled in, leading a saddled horse, and followed by a small black mule. He was "Baptiste," I was told, who had come to take me over the mountains on the following day. I shook hands with a dark, crippled, middle-aged little Spaniard, rather intelligent and kindly looking, but not speaking much *Ingles*, as he told me.

Next morning we rose betimes, intending to start at six; but it was half-past six when my baggage was strapped on the mule, and we were ready to mount. Probably never in his existence had that mule known the honor of carrying fifty pounds of Shakespearian and philosophical literature, with the English poets thrown in; but he seemed not to

Photo by Taber.

A CENTURY OLD ADOBE.

appreciate it, for he eyed the box suspiciously, and showed a disposition to kick when the blind was removed.

By unusual good fortune a driver of a buckboard happened to be going our route, and for a consideration was induced to take me to the foot of the mountain ; that is, as far as it is possible to go in any kind of conveyance. My driver, like my mounted escort, was Spanish, or Spanish-Mexican, and spoke even less English than the latter. He was of a different type, however, being stern and stubborn looking, while he of the horse was smiling and meek, and apparently childlike, though one now and then suspected a latent spiritual kinship to Bret Harte's heathen Chinee.

We had gone ten miles westward, when we came upon the ruins of the old San Antonio Mission, founded one hundred and fifteen years ago, and one of the most picturesque missions in California. It stands on a large plain, skirted on three sides by mountains. Six thousand Indians once belonged to this mission, and the remains of their adobe dwellings dot the plain in every direction. A few gnarled apple and pear trees have survived the general decay, and seem almost animate with their weight of memories. The American spectator cannot escape the fancy that they contemplate him with a sad and reproachful look. "Where are the priests, the Spanish, the Mexicans, the Indians?" they seem to demand. Swept away,— crowded out of existence,— the few that remain pushed into the mountains, or into the hovels of their old towns, degraded in character and physique, soured into sullenness, or forced into cringing and cunning. Even the remains of their civilization are fast

ALDER CREEK IN AUTUMN.

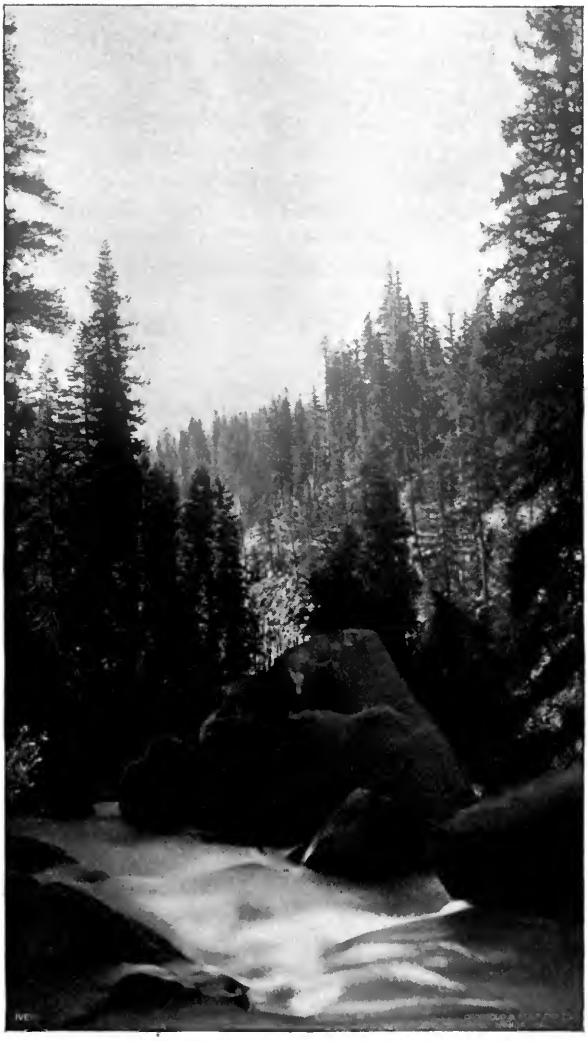


Photo by D'Estrella.

A REDWOOD CAÑON.

vanishing, and will soon be a thing of the past.

No thought seems to be taken to prevent the old mission from falling to pieces, a neglect one can scarcely regret when he contemplates the irredeemable badness of some "restored" California missions. Occasionally an artist with an eye for effective ruins happens along, and paints these old sanctuaries. Many daubers put them on shells and bits of wood, and furnish the bazaar stores of California watering places with "souvenirs of California," to sell to the gullible Eastern tourist for fifty cents. But the average Californian is a creature of the present. He looks forward, and not back; he has no time for reminiscence, and is in general a stranger to the sentiment of reverence for the old and traditional.

An hour before noon we drove up to

an adobe house, the home of "Hidalgo," the driver. Evidently he was a bachelor, for there was no sign of women or children. A tall, Apache-like Indian appeared and cooked *tortillas*, and made coffee, which with melons formed the meal of the host. I had brought my lunch, and while I ate this, and shared the melons, Baptiste changed the horses.

I said there was no evidence of the presence of women, and I believe the Spanish master and the Indian cook were the sole occupants of the house. But a bucket of half-starved flowers hung from the edge of the porch, in its dry and desolate surroundings and rough human environment not without its suggestion of pathos. There were cats and dogs galore; probably kept to compensate for the lack of human society.

We drove five miles farther, though there was not the least evidence of a road. Another house marked the point where horseback travel became a necessity, but this one was built of redwood "shakes," and its entire surroundings seemed thriving and progressive. Its owner came up on horseback,—a young man, half American and half German, and wholly modern and alert. There immediately ensued between him and my driver a lively quarrel as to the ownership of the land and house. The former had the good nature of secure possession, and flourished in his opponent's face the proof in the shape of a legal document. He appealed to me as the only competent and disinterested party present to read the proof of his homestead. With the help of free translation by himself and Baptiste, Hidalgo was probably more convinced than was

Photo by Sanford Robinson, from a Painting by Mrs. S. H. St. John.
MUCHACHA MEXICANA.

pleasant, for he mounted his buckboard and drove off in high dudgeon, threatening divers sorts of summary vengeance.

We had ridden five miles under a burning sun when another adobe appeared. It was the home of Baptiste's mother, and the last house on this side of the mountains. We were glad to dismount and rest under the old vine-covered porch, while the mother cooked the dinner, and one of Baptiste's boys drove up fresh horses from the pasture. As these appeared on the gallop Baptiste stood ready, there was a *whir*, and one of the animals stood still, having learned from experience not to struggle against the riata.

The conservatism of these Spanish families is remarkable. Here was this house built of *adobe*, just as the old Californian homes of one hundred years ago were built. The old Mission grapevines knotted and coiled themselves over the porch. Chickens and little pigs shared the shade with Baptiste's children, just as other chickens and little pigs had shared the shade of other adobes with the *muchachitos* of a century ago. Here was a grown-up brother of Baptiste's, probably twenty-five years old, who spoke no English, not having been allowed to go to school for fear of contracting American habits, and being led away from the religion of his fathers.

When the dinner came there were tortillas, and rice, and beans. If the ghost of Baptiste's great-great-grandfather could have appeared, he would probably have forgotten the airy nothingness of his present constitution, and have fallen to with a natural appetite.

When we mounted again it was to begin the actual ascent of the higher ridges of the Santa Lucia. It would have been dangerous, and well near impossible, except with horses well trained to such climbing. Even the pack mules born and bred in these mountains sometimes lose their footing, and tumble down the cañon sides, when too heavily loaded, to the destruction of their own lives and the contents of the pack. Many times the path lay over immense bowlders, where our horses had to choose their footing with the utmost care. It was necessary to use two cinches to hold our saddles in place. Sometimes the ascent was actually forty-five degrees, and I found it necessary to hold on to the front of the saddle to prevent falling backward. At times the saddle itself would seem almost to separate from the horse, as he made a steeper pull than usual, and I was fain to cling with one hand to his mane. Guidance was unnecessary, and an unwise interference with an animal that understood its business better than its rider did. There were places where the path turned in unexpected and acute angles, and places so steep in descent that I wished that mane grew behind, as well as before the saddle. At such places my feet were often on a level with my horse's ears, and I seemed to be sitting on his neck.

After the partial ascent of the first peak the view was magnificent, but there was little time to look backward or sidewise, for fear of being dragged off my horse by a pine limb, or having my eyes scratched out by the chapparal. Nature seemed rather indifferent to our admiration, and perhaps regarded man's invasion here in the light of hostility. Even my feet were not safe, for the trail sometimes became an incipient and roofless tunnel, from whose narrow sides projected threatening bowlders. Once Baptiste turned, and said something about "*mal camino*"; I knew little Spanish, but understood this intuitively, and answered "*Si, señor*," with energy.

To the right a gigantic system of cleavage, extending for many miles, cutting through several ranges, and interrupted by the intervening cañons, had a raw, new look, as though it had occurred too recently for the healing-

over process to have begun. But Nature hereabouts, whether new or old, seemed sternly uncompromising and contemptuous of softer beauty. The peaks were thrown in rough and fantastic outlines. Some of them were formed of huge, bare bowlders thrown loosely on top of one another. The whole scene seemed either the rough playground or battlefield of some great, lawless, and irresponsible powers of nature. To the front and left the skyline of the great ridge was outlined by large, spear-like pines, some of them shaggy from age. Some had entirely lost their bodily drapery, and stood forth to the sky, white and staring skeletons. One of these was especially ghostly,—a smooth and silvery white, with gaunt arms thrown upward as if in denunciation or prophecy.

On the sides of many of the peaks were great stretches and clefts of bare reddish land, as though unfinished by Nature, or scarred by conflict. Nature is almost too absolute, too consciously triumphant here, and too fierce. She understands you, in an aloof and self-contained way, even too well, for she knows your secret; but she does not regard you as "a man and a brother," or admit you to any confidence. You feel alien and shriveled. She is haughty and self-sufficient. If you have sinned she has no comfort for you, no sympathy with your frailty. She is something of Leonardo's Mona Lisa,—she is the law of Moses.

Sometimes in the sunless depths of a cañon the trail would lead us to some gentler retreat, where a cool spring was surrounded by bending ferns, and graceful alders, and clumps of young redwoods. Here we would stop to breathe our horses, and drink from the spring; and as we watched the loosened leaves float down from the alders, soundless, and the dusky light in the tops of the redwoods, and the notched leaves of the fern above the still dark water of the spring, the peace of Nature fell upon us, and it was easy to understand how baffled and world-troubled spirits of all ages, and those too finely strung for the world's discords, have been drawn to such places as a refuge.

It was when emerging from such a cañon to the corresponding ridge that the ocean first burst upon us. Yet hardly the ocean itself, for it was entirely overlaid by a soft white haze. We were now actually at the top, an elevation of five thousand feet, and the descent began to be pretty rapid.

For the rest of the way the trail followed a pine-covered ridge. The cañons below were dark and green with redwoods. As we descended the short slopes the ocean was now and again lost to view, only to reappear through the framework of pines as we went forward on the alternating level spurs of the ridge.

The animals seemed to have forgotten their weariness, and now traveled well as we were nearing their home. Finally we came to the last descent, a great, rugged, gorge-broken series of declivities that formed the mountain side.

Below us lay the blue level of the ocean, from which the haze had lifted, the white, curving surf-line which was shut out by the cliffs directly in front, visible many miles on our left, far away to Point Gordo. The sun had set, and beyond the water lay great bands of rainbow colored mist. The ocean swelled and wrinkled in the dusky purple light. The unappeased crescendo of its long roar first broke far to the north, and was then slowly caught up and crashed from point to point past me, at last dying away to the south in far echoing and unreconciled regret. Then from the nearer caves the theme of the dying refrain arose again in subdued reverberations of unrest, swelled, and went whispering through the caves in search of it knew not what, then died away again in accusing murmurs and low sea mutterings

of its infinite discontent,—leaving only the vague, heavy undertone of the deeper sea.

But where was *la casa*, my destination? I asked Baptiste. He pointed to a little hollow below a spur of the mountain side, where, half-smothered by trees, a small house was visible, lodged precariously on the mountain side, ready to slide to the sea three hundred feet below, should he of the seven-league boots give it a playful push with his toe.

I had ridden twenty miles, not to speak of the fifteen on the buckboard, and in spite of having rested myself by sitting my horse in various positions not taught by riding masters, I was glad to reach the end.

A continued sojourn here developed both advantages and defects. Human beings are so few that every character is individual and interesting. Nature, which was at first too untamed and overpowering, seemed to grow more gracious, although homely familiarity is still impossible, and attempts at close acquaintance are punished by soleless shoes and a humiliating sense of physical weakness.

Still, it is beautiful. Day by day the ocean sparkles under the sunbeams; the soft mist floats away up the gorges among the tops of the redwoods; the quails chatter and call from the cañons; the soft clouds form, and blend, and change, in the sky over the blue water; the white surf breaks languidly over the distant outlying rocks; the hawks dip, and circle, and pass, in the blue above; and the human heart falls into sympathy with this everlasting peace.

Were I a realist, I would tell of other things; of the ubiquitous *tocalote** which is so discouraging to pedestrian habits; of the inability to get to the top or to the bottom of anything; of the beach, which looks so near and is so far; of small gnats that pursue and bite like mosquitos; of the too close proximity of cows and pigs; of a certain rooster who practices his newly learned crow near my window at 5 A. M. But I prefer watching the dusky shadows creep up the cañons, and the last glimpses of sunlight disappear from the ridges and die away on the white trunks of the sycamore trees; to see the sun himself drop behind the ocean, and the long bands of gold and purple form above his bed, as for canopy; to watch the red, and violet, and faint rose, fade from the sky, and the moon come up in the east.

As I write, the moon shines full on the water. Far out at sea a steamer glides past and fades away into the haze, leaving a faint black trail behind it. The light house glimmers from far San Simeon. The daylight is scarcely gone, and the pines stand black against the sky on the ridge above me. An owl calls from a tree near by. Just under the moon the water glints and shimmers into a thousand little silvery wrinkles. Farther away, where the swell of the ocean is visible, it lies in great satiny bands and curves, then fades away into blue and shadowy indistinctness, until it is lost in the far horizon.

II.

THE community is chiefly Spanish-Mexican — a kind of driftwood from the wreckage of old California civilization. There are seven families, and in all about forty-five souls, counting the infants, a numerous class. Besides these there are a few unclassifiable characters, loose tag ends of the community, of various nationalities. There is a tall, loose-jointed old Nova Scotian, who grew up among the scenes of Evangeline, and at present subsists on Mrs. Alexander's novels. There is a hermit called "Rocky," who lives in a lonely cañon, and has serious objections to tramps. When one appears he gets his gun, points to a mound and cross near by,

* A species of thistle.

A MOUNTAIN HOME.

signifying to the new-comer that there lies the last one, and advises him to "git."

Over the ridge is the log-built home of an old German, where at windy times you hear all day the lonesome creaking of a certain tall redwood leaning against another, and catch glimpses through the pines of white-caps dancing upon the dark blue of the ocean. Here he lives by himself in one room, his potatoes and onions in a straggling heap in one corner, his dog and his flour under the bed, and his fine-cut tobacco poured for convenience in an open tea box by the stove. He himself is a great, stooped clown, in dirty blue ducking, his colorless hair flying about in loose tags, his small, pale blue eyes half-blind and glassy with cataract, with a scraggy blond beard, and a great grinning mouth stretched over large white teeth. He is a great reader of stories and of the press, although he must put the print within an inch of his best eye in order to see. Oddly incongruous with himself is his scholarly knowledge of German. He detects your slightest error, and can untwist many a puzzling construction of Gœthe and Schiller.

Across the cañon from the German lie the broad acres of the grand don of the community; a proud Castilian, a thinker, a philosopher, and a man of the world, suave, courteous, and diplomatic.

Even in this wild isolation there is the district school, a little terminal capillary in the great circulatory system of education, evidently in vital relation with the main currents, for a live county superintendent visits it once a year with enthusiasm and groans,— the enthusiasm for the school, and the groans for the trip; for he is a heavy man, and not an accomplished horseman.

There are sixteen children enrolled, but where they come from would sadly puzzle the raw beholder of these unkempt mountains. If you ask one of the children where he lives, he will probably answer you, if he can muster sufficient English, "O, right down there," pointing indefinitely down the mountain side,— by which he means a distance of perhaps three miles, which will seem six, if you walk it.

Most of the children, the few Americans included, speak Spanish with various degrees of fluency, and a very small degree of purity, while the English of the Mexican element is in most cases very lame and ludicrous. A few speak no English at all, and all the children of one family find it impossible to express themselves without the freedom of both languages. They will begin a statement in English, and finish it in Spanish, or *vice versa*, sometimes even changing from the one to the other several times during a sentence. They chatter along in this mixture with perfect ease and unconsciousness.

Considering their opportunities the Spanish-Mexican children are bright. They are quick at writing, language, and

mechanical arithmetic, though slower in reasoning than Americans. In disposition they are restless and quick-tempered, but for all that they are sensitive, affectionate, and appreciative of kindness; less helpless than American children, quite as cleanly, and courteous up to their lights.

The limited experience of the children of this community is astonishing. None of them ever saw a negro, a Chinaman, or a circus, or had a picture taken, and very few of them ever saw a church or a train. Several of them as old as fifteen years have never been away from the place, and have as much difficulty in imagining what a plain is like as did Walter Tell in Schiller's play. One little American boy of twelve begged his father to take him over the mountains to see a wagon.

The homes of these people are very primitive. When they wish to build a house they fell a redwood tree, split some shakes, and hew off a few young trees for joists and beams. With these they construct a house of from one to four rooms, and concoct some tables and bedsteads of what is left over. The patent furniture of the schoolhouse, including a heavy three-by-four table, was packed over on mule-back the forty miles from Kings City. Stoves, chairs, provisions, and farming implements, are now all procured in the same way. While the lime kiln was in operation these things were brought by the schooner which landed at the kiln. The ranchers had then only to come with their mules and burros a few miles to claim their property and take it home. The kiln is said to have closed on account of mismanagement and failure to agree among the members of the company. It would seem that the mismanagement must have been gross to have prevented large profits, for it would be impossible to find a kiln more fortunately situated as to natural advantages. Three deep cañons unite, pour their waters together, and break through the rocky cliff into the ocean, forming a smooth sand beach and natural harbor. Great bowlders of calcareous rock of good quality gleam on the mountains from cliff and crag. When rock was needed the men climbed a few yards up the mountain side above the kiln, loosened a bowlder with crowbars, and sent it crashing down to where it was wanted. Fuel sufficient for years to come, and also lumber for barrel heads and hoops, is right at hand and owned by the company. A large sum of money has been sunk at this place. There are three large kilns and several well-built, substantial houses, besides the cottages for the workmen, which are so thickly strung along on either side of the road to the landing that the place has the appearance of a little town.

The operation of the kiln was naturally a great advantage to the community. Besides the convenience of supplies by schooner, the company paid a neighborhood carrier to bring the mail from Jolon, a distance of thirty-five miles, at least once a week. Now, there is nothing certain or regular about its arrival, most of the residents receiving little mail, and being indifferent about that little. It takes two days to go and come, and no one thinks of going merely for the mail, or seldom for anything less important than beans or tobacco. Sometimes, by good luck, you may get your papers and letters once a week for a while; and again it may happen to be three, and even four, weeks before you hear from the world and its vanities. If you are civilized, a general reader, and good correspondent, your mail will be brought you at such times in a fifty-pound flour sack. If the San Antone and Nacimiento rivers get up, or the snow lies on the ridge, you may be cut off for six weeks or two months. In the mean time you live on scenery and beans. If you are wise, you will have Shakespeare, Emerson, and a few

of the poets with you,—you could hardly get novels enough to last. With these, and the great ocean in front of you with its human changefulness, the purple cañons about you with their elusive shadows, the birds and gray squirrels glancing about on sunny days, and the big mountains at your back, you can manage to exist, if you are on peaceable terms with yourself.

Nor is your human environment without interest. The Spanish-Mexicans are generous and kind-hearted, and above all happy and care-free. No extent of poverty seems to depress them. Last fall when the rain was so late in coming, the ranges had given out, the bones of starved cattle littered the hills, and the American rancheros wore faces like deacons, the Mexicans still carried their happy-go-lucky expressions.

They have, of course, the weaknesses of the social temperament. They all drink a little, and smoke a good deal. Sometimes they fall out with the Americans or with each other, but he who has the largest supply of tobacco is sure to have all his enmities made up during the first time of cut-off connection.

They are rather improvident, and only spasmodically industrious. They eat, drink, and are merry, think little of tomorrow, and less of next year. If they have brown beans and coffee, and flour for tortillas, with an occasional pig or goat, they are satisfied. If they have potatoes, rice, and macaroni in addition, they are living in luxury. They care little for fruit and vegetables. The climate is perfect, and the soil in places well adapted to fruit and grapes, but they take little interest in trees and vines. They lack either the faith or the patience to plant and wait for slow returns. They raise some potatoes and beans, a little hay for their horses, and wheat for their chickens. The soil on the little hollows and slopes is a rich, light mold. This they turn up a few inches with a dull plow, sow, and scratch down with a home-made rake. What the birds and gophers leave does well, if it escapes being destroyed by the pigs and cattle that get in through carelessly made fences. It is not troubled by the goats and burros, which prefer thistles and sage brush.

The women of these families are more energetic and provident than the men. They often work in the field as well as in the house, and they all consider gardening and milking as exclusively feminine occupations as dish-washing. The washing and mending are always neatly done, and the Mexican homes are much more cleanly than those of Americans of the same grade.

Morally, these people are no worse and no better than American backwoodsmen anywhere without the restraint of education and public opinion. I doubt whether to credit their race type with quite the degree of frankness that is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, but of the cruelty often attributed to them I saw no evidence.

Their religion is, of course, Roman Catholic. You will find cheap prints of the Virgin in their bedrooms, and generally a tiny crucifix by the rude little crib of the youngest child. They try to get "out,"—that is, over the mountains, to have their babies christened by a priest, and some of the older children have been baptized where their parents were married, in the old San Antone Mission, now falling to decay.

Family affection among them is strong, and a new baby seems always to be welcome. Children learn to work and become helpful early. Girls of thirteen often do most of the housework for a large family, and it is not uncommon to see a *muchacho* of five or six sent alone on horseback to a neighbor several miles distant. In fact, the boys learn to ride as soon as they can walk and talk, and as soon as they can throw a riata they are seen practicing on the goats and calves about. To ride well,

THE DON.

to dance well, to throw the lasso with dexterity, and incidentally to speak a little English, is the ambition of all Mexican boys, and one they seldom fail to realize. If the ability to play the accordeon or strum a guitar is added, it is as the finishing touch of an already satisfactory education. The power to make love gracefully goes without saying, as it is a faculty born with them. A raw young vaquero in sombrero and overalls will often astonish you with a compliment and bow that would do credit to one of McAllister's four hundred. They fall in love easily, get broken hearts, go careening over the country on a pet mustang at fifty miles a day, break a few broncos, participate in a rodeo, attend a fandango, smile into another pair of eyes, and are well again.

Sometimes, of course, they are jealous, and there is the glitter of knives

and a more serious *denouement*, but this happens generally only under the influence of liquor and in cities where there is no room for wild rides and spacious atmosphere.

The air of romance which we associate with the Spanish-Mexicans is not a creation of fiction. They have the artistic, impressionable temperament of the Latin races, are warmer blooded than we Anglo-Saxons, more restless, loving the extremes of indolence and wild exercise, hating above all things care and routine.

There is often a kind of brigandish dash and grace in the pose of some grizzled, bepatched, middle-aged Mexican, that reminds you of pictures of Italian bandits; and indeed, you feel, while in this community, that you are living in an unreal world, where the people are pictures, vanishing views of a life foreign and alien to ours.

There is a certain pathos in their situation. They are poor, and most of them are growing poorer. They will tell you that before the *Americanos* came the grass on the open spaces of the mountains reached their horses' necks, the cattle were always fat, and they themselves had plenty of money and good clothes, and ate their melons and *tamales* in the shade without a care, and never did a stroke of work out of the saddle. The Americans came in, took advantage of their ignorance of land laws, overstocked the remaining government land, which had been used in common, crowded them into narrower quarters, sold them brass jewelry for gold, and cheated them generally. It is not strange that they have a feeling of bitterness toward us.

With the help of the school, and the experience of work among Americans in the towns and valleys of Monterey, the younger generation are becoming Americanized, and learning the adaptability of the modern Californian; but the old folks stay on the ranch, and eat beans and tortillas, and have as little variety in their social life as in their diet.

They have no general community life whatever. There is sometimes a picnic, sometimes a fandango, when Mexican friends come from places twenty-five miles distant, where a good deal of whisky is drunk, and many hot tamales eaten, and where the *borrego* (or sheep dance) and other fantastic steps alternate with the modern waltz and quadrille until broad daylight in the morning. Sometimes two or three beeves are killed, and the guests invited to stay for a second, and sometimes for a third night. But these protracted fandangos are now very rare. The people are too poor to have them. I was for a while a spectator of one that lasted one night. All ages from twelve to sixty were on the floor, and all danced with enthusiasm. It was very merry, a trifle free and easy, and a bit noisy; but with the exception of their peculiar dances and the unconcealed drinking, there was little that might not have occurred at a middle class society party.

Looked at from the outside, the lives of these people seem very barren. But I remember a little grave on a hillside where the white carnations are overrun with wild buttercups and baby-blue-eyes, and recall a Mexican mother by the little cross; and I reflect that they have the experiences which make up life everywhere,—friendships, jealousies, love affairs, dissipations, broken hearts, marriage, and the mystery of life and death.

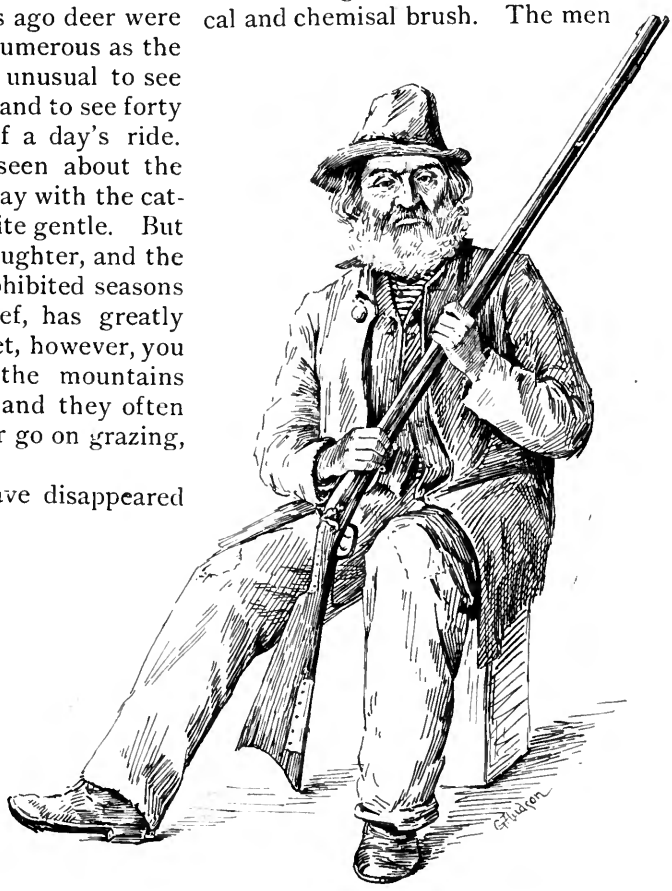
Most of these Mexicans lived formerly near old Monterey, or nearer the center of Monterey County, but have gradually removed to these scarcely accessible wilds, where another westward move would be into the ocean. Twenty years ago there was but one family here, a Mexican nucleus. Then a few years later came a large American family of the Joseph Smith branch of Mormons. Two daughters of the family, marrying

stray Americans who found their way hither, increased the community by additions of numerous children. Later, several Spanish-Mexican families arrived. The place still looks so wild that it seems as though it might have been settled last year, but the ranchers tell you that it looked very different when they came. The whole mountain side was covered with an impenetrable tangle of underbrush, and the slopes and ridges with forests of pines. They are still fighting the former with fire and grub-hoe, and the latter with axes, with as yet no appearance of brilliant success. The trails near the beach when neglected for a year become impassable and almost undiscoverable, so rapidly does the underbrush grow.

As late as eight years ago deer were as tame and almost as numerous as the cattle. It was nothing unusual to see them in herds of fifteen, and to see forty or fifty in the course of a day's ride. They were frequently seen about the barns eating scattered hay with the cattle, and a few became quite gentle. But their indiscriminate slaughter, and the sale of their flesh at prohibited seasons under the name of beef, has greatly thinned them. Even yet, however, you can seldom ride over the mountains without seeing several, and they often stand and look at you, or go on grazing, apparently without fear.

Other wild animals have disappeared correspondingly. Cats, foxes, and coyotes are still plentiful, but the California lion is now rarely seen. Six and eight years ago both bears and lions prowled about the houses of the settlers, preying upon their goats and pigs. Several of the Mexicans show skins of lions which they killed with their knives, to prevent their dogs getting the worst of an impromptu fight. On one occasion an old Mexican found himself armed only with a riata when his dogs had chased a lion up a tree. He stopped, lifted off his *serape*, took a look at the animal, and proceeded to lasso it. Catlike, the creature watched as the lasso circled about the thrower's head. In a flash the thong had whizzed through the air to its aim. The lion jumped, luckily on the off side of the limb, and hung itself.

The dexterity of the Mexican and Spanish in the use of the riata is equaled only by their originality in its application. Near an old adobe home on the inland side of these mountains is a great rocky mesa, a kind of cleavage some hundred feet high, covered on top with mescal and chemisal brush. The men



"ROCKY."

of the family were coming on horseback from a cattle hunt, and going toward the cliff from the upper side, when the dogs from the house started a lion which had been skulking in a ditch near by. The animal made for the cliff, ran directly up its rugged perpendicular sides, and left the dogs howling below. The men galloped up to the edge of the cliff, swung their riatas, and drew dog after dog to the top. As each one came up it staggered about for a few seconds, and then was off with a howl on the track of the lion, which an hour later was shot and carried home.

New as this region apparently is, it has at one time been far more thickly inhabited than at present. The soil of the high slopes next the ocean is full of the remains of abalone and mussel shells carried there by Indian settlements, and flint knives and arrow heads are found in abundance. Certain caves in the mountains show traces which prove that the Indians have been scattered all the way from the San Antonio Mission to the coast. One in particular, a kind of level excavation in a ledge of sandstone, which is so large that several dozen horses take refuge under it in stormy weather, shows the smoke-stains from their fires, and curious little excavations apparently used as receptacles for water or food.

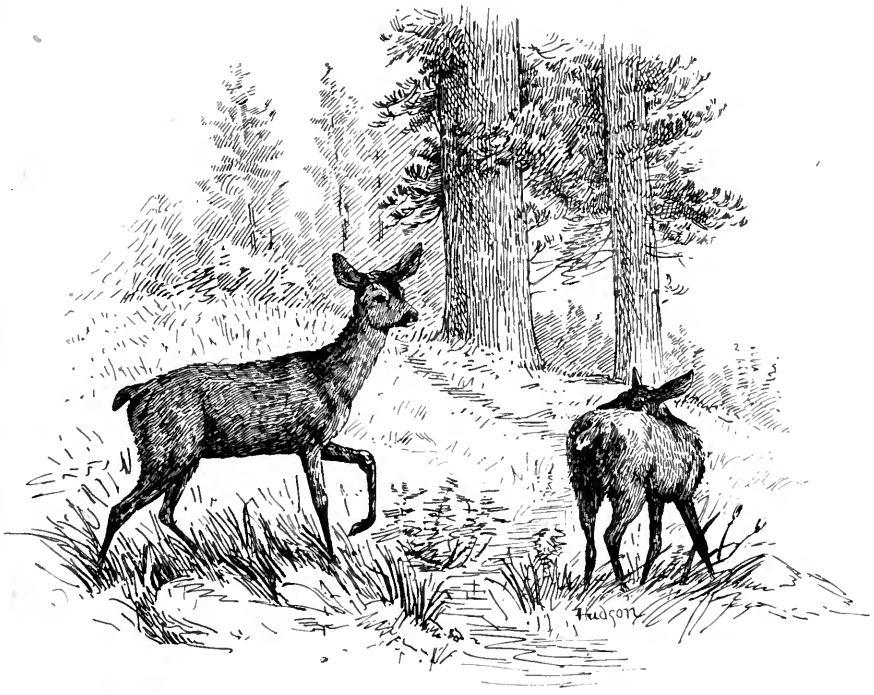
Although these mountains seem so undeveloped, the immediate community of which I write can hardly expand to any great extent. To the north and the south the range is owned by a few large ranchers, the lime kiln company own the most and best near by, and the rich flats and foothills of the eastern slope comprise one large grant owned by a company in San Francisco. In between these ranches is a good deal of scattered government land, good in spots, but the good spots are not large enough to pay to file on them for stock ranching purposes.

There has been an immense deal of money made in these mountains, but cattle raising has seen its best days, even on the larger ranches. The ranges have of late years been constantly overstocked, and the feed has greatly decreased in quantity. If one has a large ranch, stays on it, looks after his cattle, and manages well, he can still make money, but he cannot make it in the indolent fashion of former days, when great tracts of government land were free grazing range, and cattle owners were far between.

If these mountains are ever more thickly settled than at present, it will become possible only through a change of occupation to fruit and vine culture, and this in turn waits a nearer railroad, of which there is no prospect unless the Los Burros mines to the south, or the recently discovered coal ledge twenty miles to the north, should develop beyond expectation, in which case connection might be made coastwise.

So far as soil and climate are concerned there is no reason why fruit and grapes cannot be raised here as well as in the Santa Cruz mountains. Already near the town of Jolon I saw a settler clearing out the chaparral to plant a prune orchard, and farther west in the mountains, up the cañon of the Nacimiento, an enterprising city man has found a rich school section, on which he is beginning a walnut grove.

But a railroad is not likely to pierce the Santa Lucia direct for several centuries. A better hope for the Rockland community is through water connection, which they themselves might make possible could they be made to understand the advantages of co-operation. Should they all turn to fruit culture, establish a cannery, a wine-press, and drying facilities, still reserving their more mountainous range for live stock, in a few years they could easily induce schooners to land regularly, and ship their produce. But the average backwoodsman, whether American or Mexican, does not spend his days seeing or



AN INTRUDER!

hearing or practicing some new thing. Ignorance is notoriously afraid of co-operation; and sometimes for good, sometimes for bad, stockraising is particularly immobile as a department of labor, or of capital, as one may choose to regard it. Considering these things, it is altogether probable that the community will remain preserved, fossil-wise, in the sediment of its present peculiarities for some time to come.

III.

After spending several months in this place I one day made ready to return to civilization. My baggage was strapped on a mule, and over the blue mountains and down the rocky trails we went, with magnificent sweeps of horizon and glorious atmosphere,— my dark chaperone, our young vaquero, and myself. Twenty miles over the mountains, and we dropped, as it were, from the sky into the meadow below, and were at the home of Anselmo, a century-old adobe.

The next day we laid over. As I remember it the day is a vision of alternating wild rides and lazy dreams under big oaks — of silver glimpses of salmon in clear streams, alder-shadowed and sun-flecked,— of mad gallops over brush and ditch after bands of sleek horses and runaway cows,— of an April sun mistily aslant over sandstone cliffs, crowned atop with the spotted stalks of the mescal,— of acres of odorous blue lupin, filled with the hum of bees,— of a rest in this by the side of a panting horse,— of an odorous dusk, and a dash home in the starlit night.

The next morning it rained — a soft April rain, a mere caress for the flowers. The grass was gray with it, and the air was like velvet. Again we mounted and were off, with fresh horses and pack mule. The road was soon good — level

for miles. We longed for a gallop, but our mule was "bronco," and refused to lead well. We soon devised a plan. My chaperone and I rode behind, shouting and brandishing our shawls. Off he went on a gallop, we following like mad through field and across creek for several miles, until the San Antonio Mission appeared.

Here we dismounted and gathered apple blossoms from a scraggy survivor of the old Mission orchard, and made bouquets of the fragrant Castilian roses, hanging deep colored and dewy by the old walks and tumble-down walls. An earthy and antiquated smell pervades the old building. We groped through the dark corridors and stumbled over broken tiles. Half the roof has fallen in, and lies piled up on the floor of the audience room. A walk through the long arches, a look at the graves, and soon we mounted and were off again through the dewy air for Jolon; and the last picture I have connected with my stay in the Santa Lucia is a scared pack mule a-gallop with a shaking pack of valises, boxes of books, and bristling umbrellas, ourselves swaying around curves, and ducking under trees in jolly pursuit.

Mary L. White.

TO ——

When sleepers wake
After a night of restless dreams,
How blessed seems
The steady, lawful world again.

So I awake
From plaguing, restless dreams of things,
When fortune brings
An hour's talk with you again.

THE FISHERIES OF CALIFORNIA.

In the summer of 1879 it was the writer's good fortune to be sent as a joint agent of the United States Fish Commission and of the United States Census Bureau, to make a canvass of the fishes and the fisheries of the Pacific Coast. At that time very little was on record in regard to the fish industries of the Coast, and beyond a general knowledge of the methods and results of the salmon fisheries the public could scarcely be said to have any exact information as to the marine industries of California, Washington, and Oregon. Our knowledge of the fishes themselves was at that time extremely defective. A great many species had been described from specimens brought in by different surveying parties, or by the chance interest of travelers. These species had never been compared with one another. Very many of them were merely nominal; that is, founded upon imperfect, defective, or abnormal specimens of the same species, or upon no specimens at all; while on the other hand very many, even of the common and characteristic food fishes, had not yet been known to science.

In this work I was assisted by Dr. Charles H. Gilbert, at that time just entering upon his career as a naturalist. Our instructions were to find out everything that could be found out in regard to the fishes themselves, to send not less than fifty specimens of every obtainable species in alcohol to Washington, and to enter with equal minuteness into the details of the fisheries. We were to give as close attention to those counties in which there were no fisheries at all, but where fisheries were possible, as to those in which the interest was already a large one. The purposes of the investigation were largely historical, as an exact account of the conditions prevailing in the different towns along the coast would be useful in future time, as a basis of comparison with the results which might then be achieved.

After this year's work in 1880, as the basis of my knowledge of the fisheries of the State, it was with the greatest interest that I took up the recently published review of the fisheries of the Pacific Coast, issued by the Census Bureau as the record for the 11th Census, the Census of 1890. This report, of which I am glad to be able to speak in the highest terms, has been compiled by Capt. J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, from the reports sent in by Mr. W. A. Wilcox, statistical agent of the Fish Commission, and by his assistant, Mr. A. B. Alexander.

This paper of Wilcox and Collins is not strictly a part of the work of the Census Bureau. The attempts of that Bureau to make a complete record of the fisheries of the country for the year 1890 became a failure, for reasons which I need not discuss here. This is a compilation of the statistics furnished to the Fish Commission chiefly during the year 1888–89 by a member of its bureau of statistics, and this report the Census Bureau has wisely adopted for its own.

I wish in this paper to make some comparisons between the conditions of the fisheries along the coast of California in 1880, and the conditions which Mr. Wilcox found nearly ten years later. As the fishes of this coast have remained the same during this period, and will remain the same for many centuries, I will preface this comparison by a short account of the number and distribution of the different species.

The total number of species of fishes known to exist in the waters of Califor-

nia is 420. These may be classified as follows, according to their distribution:

About 158 species may be referred to the cold water fauna. These are species that live near the shore, and whose proper home is found north of Point Concepcion, or in the cold current which sweeps along our coast, and which renders its waters less warm than in corresponding regions on the Atlantic side. About 117 species belong to the semi-tropical fauna. This occurs to the south of Point Concepcion, and beyond the reach of the cold currents of the north. Of course, these two categories are not sharply divided by Point Concepcion, many of the northern species are found south of this point in deeper water, or among the rocks,— some even of the northern species going far down into Mexico. On the other hand, many southern species find their way northward as far as San Francisco. Others of them come northward in the summer, moving southward as winter approaches. Thus many even of properly southern species are found regularly in the Bay of Monterey.

Of the 158 species that belong to the north of Point Concepcion, we have two very distinct categories; the one comprises the Arctic and sub-Arctic fishes, like the halibut, the sturgeon, and the herring, and several varieties of the flounders. With these are a great body of peculiarly Californian types, which are scarcely or not at all represented in other regions, and which evidently had their origin upon our own coast. Among these, and most conspicuous, are the various species of surf fishes, all viviparous, which are commonly and wrongly known as perch. Scarcely less abundant are the various species of rock fishes, red, green, and black in color, which go by the general name of rock cod. The presence of these two types, both viviparous, together with the peculiar Pacific Coast type of salmon, may be held as the most remarkable features of the fish fauna of California.

The species which belong south of Point Concepcion are in most cases closely allied to tropical species, and have evidently had their origin in migrations from the south. These are, as a rule, not distinctly Californian, but belong to types which are widely diffused through the warm waters of the tropics. Their relations are with the West Indian forms, rather than with the other fishes of California.

About one hundred species of deep sea fishes have been obtained by the Albatross in the depths of the ocean off the continental slope of California. These creatures are as a rule very soft in body, almost black in color, and many of them covered with phosphorescent spots, by which they can see their way in the darkness. They live in the open sea, at a depth of two to five miles, and their soft bodies at this depth are rendered firm by the tremendous pressure of the surrounding waters. In their native haunts the light and heat of the sun scarcely penetrate; the darkness is almost absolute, and the temperature of the water is at the point of freezing. The creatures living at these great depths are not, generally speaking, descended from the shore species of the same region; they constitute groups by themselves; and forms very similar are found in all parts of the ocean from the poles to the equator.

About thirty-five species inhabit the fresh waters of California. These are about equally divided between the great basin of the Sacramento, and the San Joaquin, and the basin of the Colorado. Beside the species of trout, most of the fresh water fishes come under the head of suckers and chubs.

Of the whole number of fishes found, 133 of the marine species are properly to be called food fishes, occurring more or less frequently in the markets, and being more or less fit for table use. The others, either on account of small size, ill flavor, or tastelessness of flesh, are not

used as food; or else are used only when salted or dried by the Chinese, to whose soups and chowders nothing seems to come amiss. About twenty of the fresh water fishes are also food fishes, but only seven or eight of these have much value as such.

The distribution of fishes, that is, the question of the extent of the area inhabited by any particular kind, depends on a number of different conditions, the most important of these being the temperature of the water. Most fishes are extremely sensitive to any change of heat or cold. Where, as is sometimes the case, the temperature of the water changes abruptly at a given point, the character of the fishes will be found to change equally. A very little cold is often sufficient to benumb and paralyze a fish of the tropics. I have seen in the West Indies, when the water suffers a slight chill which brings it down perhaps to 80 degrees, the cutlass fish, ordinarily very active, lying stupid and inert on the surface of the water. On the other hand, the fishes of cold regions cannot endure any degree of heat to which they are not accustomed; and doubtless the fishes in the depths would be suffocated by the temperature of the surface water, even if their lives were not destroyed by the diminution of pressure.

Another element almost equal in importance is that of depth. The great majority of the marine fishes that we know well, or that we recognize as food fishes, are shore species, inhabiting depths of from one to fifteen fathoms. The great variety of oceanic life is found within this range, through which the light and heat of the sun readily penetrate. As we go lower we find that the shore fauna disappears. The greenish colored shore fishes give place at fifty to one hundred fathoms to other species, the prevailing color of which is red. The green or gray colors match the colors of the sand and kelp; the red ones harmonize with the red sea-mosses among which the red fishes live. In still greater depths, where light and heat have disappeared, the prevailing hues are violet or black, the color of darkness.

Of less importance, but still a determining quality for very many fishes, is the character of the food to be obtained. Each species thrives best where those creatures on which it naturally feeds are most abundant. The herbivorous fishes live among the tide pools, where they can feed upon the small sea-weeds; the crab-eating fishes live among the rocks, and those which feed upon herrings and silver-sides flourish best in the open sea.

The character of the bottom is also of importance. Most of the flounders, for instance, live on a bottom of sand. The so-called rock-cod abound about sunken rocks and banks; while other species are found only where the bottom is soft and muddy. I received the other day a collection of fishes from the harbor of Swatow, in China. By a simple inspection of these fishes I was enabled to recognize the fact that the harbor of Swatow is not a rock basin, but has a bottom of mud, over which flow the waters of an estuary. The difference between the fishes commonly found at Monterey and at Santa Cruz indicates clearly the difference in the character of the bottom at these two different points on the same bay.

The character of the water is also an element of importance. About the rocks of La Jolla and Santa Catalina the waters are as clear as about a coral reef in the tropics. In these clear waters are found the same types of fishes that would be found about a coral bank. The species are not the same as occur very far to the south; but the general character of the fishes is that of a coral region. On the other hand, in the more or less muddy waters of the Bay of San Francisco, only those species are found to whom the cloudy or muddy condition of the water is not objectionable; and the brilliant coloration of

the clear water fishes is totally wanting among them.

As regards their preference in the matter of surroundings, the fishes of the Coast may again be divided as follows: Of the pelagic species, about twenty visit the coast of California. These are fishes which swim freely in the open sea, living mostly near the surface, often moving for hundreds of miles, and belonging to no one country more than another. Of species living about the rocks and feeding upon the small animals which abound in the sea weeds there are fifty species, of which thirty belong to the group known as "rock cod," the genus *Sebastichthys*. All of these are food fishes, though not of the best quality. One feature concerning them which is not generally known is that all of them are viviparous. Their eggs are laid in immense numbers, but they are hatched in the body of the female, so that the young are born at the length of one fourth to one sixth of an inch, and commonly rolled up in a coil, only the closest observers being able to detect that the egg was hatched before being turned loose in the sea.

Of the kelp fishes there are twenty-five species. These are chiefly confined to the beds of kelp which are a special characteristic feature of the California coast, nothing like it existing on the Atlantic. Some of these feed upon sea weeds themselves, more upon the mollusks and crabs which find their home among the marine plants. Like the rock fishes, the kelp fishes are usually taken by the baited hook from the deck of a boat.

145 species frequent in preference the waters with a smooth or sandy bottom; some of these swim near the surface in the open water, often entering the bays in large shoals; others as the flounder, lie on the bottom, and in color are scarcely distinguishable from the sand.

There are ten anadromous species, that is, species which ascend the rivers in the spring or fall for the purpose of spawning in fresh water, but passing the greater part of their lives in the sea. Of the anadromous fishes the most important are the species of salmon; the largest in size are the sturgeons. But beside these large species several little ones, such as the lampreys, have similar habits.

Four species are confined chiefly to the brackish mouths of streams,—a very small proportion, because California has very little of estuary water. Finally, as above stated, about thirty-five species are confined exclusively to the rivers.

The fisheries of the Coast are as yet very little developed. Collins estimates that on the seven thousand miles of coast of California, Oregon, and Washington, the fisheries are about equal to those of the five hundred miles of the coast of New England. The value of the Pacific Coast product was placed at $10,000,000 that of New England at $15,000,000. In the ten years between 1880 and 1890, the number of pounds of fish caught in California has increased from 14,000,000 to 23,000,000. At the same time there has been a considerable falling off in the fishes of Oregon, and a smaller apparent gain in the fisheries of Washington. But this change is probably due to the fact that most of the salmon catch in the Columbia was attributed to Oregon in 1880, and in 1890 distributed between Oregon and Washington.

Comparing in detail our report on the fishes of California with the report of Wilcox and Collins, I find that between 1880 and 1890 the number of fishermen in California had increased from 3094 to 4731, an increase a little less than proportionate to the increase in the number of pounds of fish caught. The average fisherman in 1880 caught 4660 pounds of fish in the year; while the average fisherman in 1890 caught very nearly 5,000 pounds.

A brief comparison of the catch of the

different counties may be of interest. In 1880 the annual catch of San Diego County was estimated at 113,200 pounds for the year. At that time San Diego was in one of the depressed intervals between real estate booms, and her fishery industries were small. At the time of my first visit to San Diego, in 1879, I found the fisheries of the county chiefly confined to the work of the Chinese colony in the city of San Diego. They scraped the waters of the bay with fine-meshed nets, catching all kinds of fishes, large or small, old or young, regardless of the laws of the State, which prohibited the use of fine-mesh nets and the sale of small fish. The larger fish were peddled about the town of San Diego, or sent inland to the fruit ranches; but the great bulk of the catch was soaked in brine, salted, and dried, for the purpose of shipment to China, or to the Chinese camps along the railroad. Among these salted fish were to be found the young of every species known to the bay, as well as many small fishes,—even fishes under two inches in length, species never regarded as available for food, or as having any value except as food for larger fishes.

At this time I called the attention of the people of San Diego to the rapid destruction of the fishes of their bay, and to the violation of the law on the part of the Chinese. A meeting was held in one of the warehouses in San Diego. I presented to the citizens the laws of the State, and their purpose of protection of the fishes of the bay. An educated Chinaman, apparently a lawyer, presented the side of the Chinese fishermen. His plea was that just as the water came in and out of the bay, so that whatever amount might be taken out would not lower its level, so the fish came in and out of the bay from the boundless supply of the ocean, and all the fishing that might go on in the bay would produce no check in their abundance. This, of course, was only true of the pelagic or migratory fishes. The ordinary fishes which the Chinese caught were spawned in the bay and lived their whole lives there. A few years of fishing such as was going on would leave the bay devoid of fish life. Energetic action was taken by the citizens of San Diego, and the chief capitalist of the Chinese colony was put under bonds that there should be no more fishing in violation of the law. The Chinese fishermen, however, understood that what was called "Law" was simply the arbitrary will of the agents of the Fish Commission who had visited their town. I was, in fact, familiarly known to them as the "Law," and when the "Law" had left San Diego, they ventured upon illegal fishing again. This was promptly stopped by the authorities, and for several months there was virtually no fishing at all in San Diego Bay. The Chinese did not care to fish in the bay unless they could use fine mesh-nets, and use everything they caught.

On my return to San Diego six months later I found it impossible to secure specimens of fishes for any purpose: my own nets were insufficient for the needed collections. After much persuasion I succeeded in making an arrangement with two Chinese fishermen, whereby, on my insuring them from all penalties, they agreed to fish for the United States Fish Commission. On my last day of exploration of the bay I gave my fishermen the fishes for which I had no use. This surplus of the fish they peddled about the city. Some of the fish were too small to have been caught in a net of the legal size, and the city police were prompt in noticing this. Just as I was leaving San Diego one of my junkmen came to me in the hands of a policeman. He had been arrested for the illegal sale of fish, and after being brought before the magistrate he had insisted upon being carried before the "Law" instead, and so he was brought to where I was packing my specimens. I went

at once to the magistrate, assumed the responsibility for the illegal fishing, had the indictment quashed, and Ah Soon set free. He went away with a greatly increased respect for the authority of the "Law," for he like the others of his race seemed to regard all laws pertaining to the fishermen as merely the whim of the person having in charge their enforcement.

Since 1880 the railroad has reached San Diego. The city has gone through one period of disastrous boom and several years of genuine growth. The Chinese fisheries have been very greatly increased, and extended to the banks outside. The annual catch for 1890 was estimated by Mr. Wilcox at 1,160,000 pounds, or ten times the amount taken in 1880.

In 1880 Orange County was still a part of Los Angeles County. About Westminster and Newport a little fishing was done, mainly by men employed about the wharves. There was near Newport Landing a little colony of Americans "down on their luck," trying to make a living from oil obtained from the livers of sharks. About 4,000 pounds may be given as the annual catch of the townships composing Orange County in 1880, and 4,000 pounds is the estimate for 1890.

The fisheries of Los Angeles County amounted in 1880 to about 500,000 pounds. This consisted chiefly of the catch of the fishermen of San Pedro. Most of the fishes were taken with gill nets over about the Catalina Islands, or about the foot of the head known as Palos Verdes, which juts into the ocean near the harbor of San Pedro. A considerable number of fishes, mostly red fish and eels, were obtained in the kelp by the Chinese, whose main purpose, however, was the catching of abalone. The fisheries about San Pedro and Santa Catalina are extremely rich,— rock fish, kelp fish, and pelagic fishes of several sorts, al occurring in great abundance. Even yet, however, the wealth of this coast has hardly been touched, for the product of the fisheries of Los Angeles County is estimated at only 900,000 pounds.

In Ventura County the coast line affords scarcely any shelter for boats. The shore is sandy, and the rocky islands where fishes abound are at a considerable distance away. There was some irregular fishing in 1880, especially about Ventura. But with the opening of the railroad, enabling fish to be brought from other places, even this has fallen off, and the estimate of 33,000 pounds which we gave in 1880 has dropped to 1,000 pounds — to the mere product of the hook-and-line fishing of idlers about the wharf.

The fisheries of Santa Barbara County have fallen off in a similar way. In 1880 the estimate was 180,000 pounds; in 1890 the estimate was 96,000. There is a fair opportunity for seining on the sandy shores at Santa Barbara, and across the channel around the islands the fishing is excellent. At certain times of the year great numbers of barracuda, flying fish, bonito, tunny, yellow tail, and blanquillo, are found in the Santa Barbara Channel. But for some reason this rich fishing ground is little worked. I should not leave the fisheries of Santa Barbara without referring to Captain Andrea Larco, the veteran Genoese, and one of the best informed and most skillful fishermen that California has.

Along the rocky shore of San Luis Obispo County there are not many places adapted for extensive fisheries, but the growth of the inland towns has been such that the fishing seems to have been stimulated. The amount of the product has arisen from 84,000 pounds to 139,000.

The fisheries of Monterey County are necessarily confined to the immediate neighborhood of Monterey, the long coast line of the southern part of the county being without inlets and almost without inhabitants, as the high range

of the Santa Lucia Mountains rises almost directly from the sea. About Monterey there is a great variety of fisheries; kelp fishing, rock fishing, and fishing with gill nets, are all profitable. There is a considerable colony of Portuguese fishermen about Monterey, and in the same neighborhood a large camp of Chinese. Since 1880 a considerable bank has been discovered outside of Monterey Bay, on which the genuine halibut (the same species that is found on the coasts of England and Newfoundland) is taken in abundance. This is the only bank on which halibut is known to occur south of Cape Flattery. No material change has taken place in the character of the fishing, except that the boats are going into somewhat deeper water, and consequently are bringing in species not formerly taken. The estimate for 1880 was 900,000 pounds; for 1890, 1,002,000.

Across the bay the fisheries of Santa Cruz County are somewhat different. The sandy coasts of this county abound in fish, and they are easily taken in gill nets, or even in seines. On the other hand, the bay of Santa Cruz is exposed to storms, and for a considerable number of days in the year the fishermen cannot carry on their work with success. In spite of the growth of Santa Cruz the fisheries of this county have remained stationary; the increase in the fisheries of Santa Cruz and Soquel being balanced by the disappearance of the fishing camp of Aptos. The estimate of 1880 was 233,000; for 1890, 235,000.

The fisheries of the Bay counties have greatly increased in the ten years, on account of the greater demand arising from the growth of San Francisco and Oakland. But it is very difficult in forming an estimate of the fisheries of San Francisco to exclude from the enumeration fishes shipped in from a distance. In 1880 fish rarely came into San Francisco markets from any place south of Monterey. During the winter I now frequently see species taken about the Santa Barbara Islands, and even so far south as San Pedro. I notice also that the character of the fish in the market has to some extent slowly changed. Many of the common fish that live near the shore are becoming almost exterminated; while the fishes of deeper waters, especially those living about the Farallones, many of which were great rarities in 1880, have now become fairly common. To this change in the fisheries of San Francisco we must ascribe the fact that many of the species now common in the markets were wholly unknown to the earlier observers,—for example, Doctor Ayres and Doctor Gibbons. It is no fault of theirs that they failed to find at San Francisco the deep water fishes which are now daily seen in the markets, but which were never taken in the fifties. The estimate for the Bay counties in 1880 was a very little less than 6,000,000; for 1890, 10,975,000 pounds. No attempt has been made by Mr. Wilcox to distribute this among the counties in which they were taken. In my estimate made in 1880 I ascribed to San Francisco County or more exactly to the work of the fishermen living in San Francisco County 5,500,000 pounds, to Marin County, 470,600, to San Mateo County 25,000, to Alameda County 2,000, and to Santa Clara County virtually nothing, as its whole coast line is a soft marsh, which only in two or three places allows the bay to be reached. The fisheries are still confined chiefly to the coasts of San Francisco and Marin counties, a large part of the fishing of Marin County being done in Tomales Bay.

For Sonoma County an estimate of 10,000 pounds was made in 1880; of 183,000 pounds in 1890. The increase was doubtless due mainly to the development of the salmon fisheries along the Russian River.

Along the unbroken and wooded coast of Mendocino County there has never

been any organized fishing. The estimate of 3,000 for 1880 is repeated for 1890.

In Humboldt County the growth of Eureka has caused the rapid development of the fisheries of Humboldt Bay. These were estimated at 100,000 in 1880, and at 1,124,000 pounds in 1890. The increase in the salmon fisheries in Eel and Mad rivers of course forms some part of this.

In the same way the increase in the product of Del Norte County from 3,000 to 734,000 is to be explained. In this county are Klamath River and Smith River, both salmon streams.

The salmon fisheries of the Sacramento are chiefly in the counties of Solano and Contra Costa. The estimate of the fisheries in these counties was for 1880, 6,000,000 pounds; for 1890, about 7,000,000. The introduction of a number of Eastern fish into California has worked some change in the fisheries of these counties, and hence deserves a moment's notice.

The first Eastern fish to be introduced into the rivers of California was the brown catfish, *Ameiurus nebulosus*, which at once adapted itself to its surroundings, and has inordinately multiplied in the sluggish waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. This is a fairly good food fish, very hardy, and probably better than most of the native fishes which it is tending to supplant. One of these, however, the so-called river perch or rock bass of these streams, is certainly disappearing as the catfish extends its range, and is better both as a game and food fish than the catfish is. The catfish has been well established for about fifteen years. The original specimens were brought from the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

Since 1880, whether intentionally or not I do not know, another species of catfish has been brought in apparently from the Potomac River. This new form, the *Ameiurus catus*, may be known from the other by its forked tail. As food fishes or in other respects, there is little choice between the two.

The European carp is now also well established in the Sacramento River, where it seems likely to become a positive nuisance. As a ood fish it is inferior to almost everything else on the Coast, and hunters complain that it is destroying the vallisneria, or so-called water celery, on which the canvas-back duck feeds, and to which its delicious flavor is usually attributed. In any event the carp can form no valuable addition to the river fishes of California. Its value rests on the fact that in ponds it grows very rapidly, and will feed on almost anything.

The introduction of the shad, which took place some fifteen years ago, has been an unqualified success. It is one of the very best of food fishes, and it has made itself thoroughly at home in the rivers of California, Oregon, and Washington. It may now be found in the markets at all times of the year. It has crowded out no other species of fish, and there has been nothing but gain from its introduction. The same may be said of the later introduction of the Eastern striped bass. It is not yet as abundant as the shad, but large specimens may often be seen in the markets, and it is destined to become one of the most important food fishes of the Pacific Coast, as it has so long been of the Atlantic.

The fish markets of San Francisco are as a whole entirely unworthy of the city, and unworthy of the rich abundance of fish which our Coast affords. It is fair to say that nearly one half of the fish caught about San Francisco are in one way or another wasted, and of course the community or the consumer pays for whatever of waste there is in the methods of the fishermen. If by a little expenditure double the amount of fish could be furnished to the community in good condition, instead of the present comparatively small amount of fish in

bad condition, it is obviously for the consumer's interest that it should be so.

We may compare the markets of San Francisco with those of Key West, — and I take these two towns as opposite extremes, for the market of San Francisco is the poorest to be found in any large seaport in the country, while that of Key West is the best,— we find that in San Francisco the fishes are brought in either from the wharves or express offices in boxes; that they are exposed in open stalls to the dust of the street, or even to the rays of the sun; that before noon a large share of the fishes are rotten; that the fresh fish of one day are mixed with the rotten fishes of the preceding day. In the stalls in Clay Street we can find at any time plenty of fishes whose scales have been dried by the rays of the sun, and whose viscera are swollen by the gas produced by the decay of the contents of the stomachs, or of the internal organs themselves. In the uptown markets the fishes are not in so bad a condition, but very many of the good looking specimens to be found there are simply the foul fishes of the Clay Street markets washed and eviscerated. No ice is used by the great majority of the dealers; in summer and winter, fishes are exposed to the ordinary temperature of the air. They are not as a rule cleaned until after the customer has paid for them, and in general no attempt of any kind is made to prevent the fish from undergoing decomposition. A very large number of these fish are wasted and thrown away, and it is said that often a large proportion of the catch itself is cast overboard, in order to prevent the price of fish from being lowered. In other words, the fish are destroyed rather than to let the market be glutted, and rather than to let the price of fish fall to what should be its normal condition.

Eastern visitors in San Francisco often insist that the Sacramento shad is inferior to the shad of the Hudson or the Connecticut, or that our fishes as a whole are inferior to corresponding fishes of the other coast. This may be true as things are. The shad that go through the Clay Street markets often reach the kitchen half-rotten; those of the Hudson and Connecticut have been kept on ice from the time they were caught. And this degeneration of the shad is paralleled in the case of the flounders, sea bass, and most of the other fishes, — even the salmon and the trout. Treated in the same way the shad is the same fish East or West, and no part of our country has more really good fishes than California.

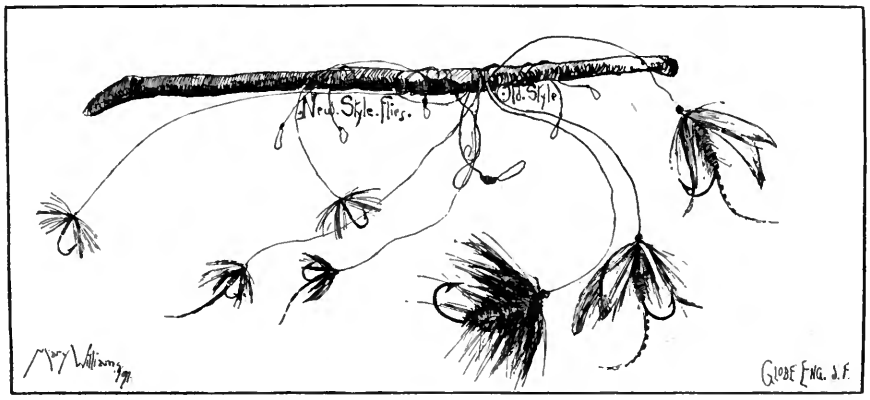
It is true that in the dry air of our State fish will not decay so soon as they will in the East. This very fact works to the disadvantage of the Californian fish-eater, because the dryness of the climate permits the fish to remain half-rotten a long time before it actually goes to decay. That a fish should be at its best it should never be allowed to suffo cate in the air, still less to suffocate in water. It should be killed as other animals are killed by being bled to death, or by a blow on the head. In he markets of Key West to which I have referred, and which are not much less extensive than those of San Francisco, the fish are all brought in alive, and kept alive in the holds or live boxes of the fishing boats. When a customer has selected the fish he wants it is killed for him. He has seen it alive, and he takes it away dead, and thus is absolutely sure that it is fresh. A fish which has been choked to death in the boats, either in water or in the air, would not be received even by the poorest people in Key West. Thus the people of that island can live chiefly upon fish and fruit. Both are fresh and abundant, and the impression of the visitor is, that in no other region are the fish so well flavored as among the Florida Keys.

But the essential difference is not in the fish, but in the way the fish are

treated. Most of the fisheries of San Francisco, as well as the control of the chief fish markets are in the hands of Italians and Portuguese. As a rule the Latin fishermen are careless and wasteful; and whatever waste there is, as I have said, is paid for out of the pocket of the consumer.

The fisheries of San Francisco can certainly be improved by better care of the fish, and by the utilization of the fishes which for any reason are not sold. There are better ways of treating them than throwing them into the Bay. And ultimately it will be to the advantage of the city to import valuable fishes in ice from more distant points along the coast, or from Alaska. There are now a great many excellent food fishes wholly unknown to San Francisco markets, and which sooner or later may be profitably shipped to the city in ice. Among these may be noted the halibut, cod, and northern trout and salmon, and especially a remarkable Alaskan fish known as the Atka mackerel. It is no mackerel at all, nor has it any resemblance to any fish of the East, or, in fact, to any fish with a common name. It is, however, a handsome fish, and excellent as food.

David Starr Jordan.



TRUE GREATNESS.

See yon star of silvery ray,
How at dawn it fades away;
But the night will bring anew
All its light of silver hue.

Thus may deeds of greatness cease
At the dawn of gentle peace;
But the night of strife and pain
Brings their luster back again.

E. E. Barnard.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. II. THE LICK ASTRONOMICAL DEPARTMENT.

I.

THE Lick Observatory is in a sense the crowning possession of the University. From the scholar's point of view it is eminent over the other departments in being the single one that is mainly given up to original research. From the popular point of view it is magnificent in the possession of the largest telescope on earth. It gratifies the pride of the State keenly to know that pilgrims from foreign lands count it one of the things that must be seen in California. No Philistine doubt of the utility of pure science can stand against this pride; and a public that has seen the time when it was half-ready to pull the courses at Berke ey to pieces in contempt of "unpractica learning," has never asked, "What practical use in knowing o a fifth moon of Jupiter, or a shadowy duplicate streak across Mars?" Doubtless the fascination of the heavens — of mystery, exploration, and discovery — has had much to do, also, with the interest in the Observatory; the diligence and skill with which its results have been made known to the people has counted for much; and none of the thousands who have visited the summit of Mount Hamilton can have failed to come away in some degree awed by the singularly visible form science takes on in that great dome in the heart of the wilderness, lifted up between the sky and the tumbled sea of mountain tops.

In spite of the pride in it at home, and its good name abroad, the Lick Observatory is not a rich institution. Mr. Lick's gift was $700,000. It was at first believed that $300,000 o this could be saved for endowment, but as the work of building and equipping on the mountain-top progressed it became evident that this would be impossible; and in fact, when all was done, the Observatory had cost about $600,000, leaving about $100,000 for endowment. The interest on this fund was supplemented by an appropriation from the general revenues of the University. This diversion of money from the main work of the University to a branch that had been expected to be dependent on its own revenues was not accomplished without opposition, but, I think, is generally aquiesced in now as necessary to any adequate use of the Observatory property. It is not, however, by any means a desirable way for the income of the Observatory to be permanently derived: there should be a separate endowment sufficient for all needs. Even with this help the full use of the resources of the Observatory cannot be had, for lack of a sufficient staff. The latest report gives the following comparison of the working force in several observatories: —

Lick Observatory	6
Greenwich Observatory	20
Harvard "	40
Paris "	17 astronomers, and many computers.
Pulkowa Observatory	16
Rio Janeiro "	16
Washington "	19

Yet, the report adds, "at least as much is expected from the Lick Observatory as from any of these establishments."

The income of the Harvard College Observatory was stated by its latest report at $33,507 from funds, $64,958 from all sources. The average appropriations for salaries and current maintenance of the Washington Observa-

tory are stated at $56,000. The Lick Observatory received last year as interest on its funds, $5,100; from the University funds, $21,000.

That it has under the circumstances held its own among the observatories of the world, as it has, seems to me a remarkable evidence of the diligence, precision, ability, and efficient adjustment of the work done by every one of the small group of astronomers. I find the Harvard Observatory and the Lick Observatory named together (in a pamphlet concerning the Washington Observatory, put forth by a number of American astronomers) as "the two chief observatories of America." In turning over the great foreign astronomical publications I find the Lick Observatory mentioned with constant respect; its observations texts for the discussions of learned societies and utilized in the work of the great observatories; its astronomers' names signed to frequent communications. Nor this by any means only in matters depending on "the mere brute power of a great telescope," (to plagiarize a clever phrase,) though of course the great telescope is its special distinction. I shall try to give later in this article some summary of the accomplishment of the Observatory so far, and I think it will be seen to be large in proportion to the means that have been available.

It is evident that the current expenses of the Observatory are all that its income could hope to cover. The sending out of a scientific expedition, the purchase of new expensive instruments, or any such outlay, can be accomplished only by means of gifts. And in fact a good deal of what has been done already has been due to the success of the director in interesting wealthy people in the work, and obtaining money for special purposes of this sort. In the four years of the existence of the Observatory nearly $10,000 has been thus given; and now Mrs. Phœbe Hearst has given a fund, which will yield at least $2,000 a year and will e in part applied to the maintenance of fellowships, thus increasing the staff to some extent; while it can be in part reserved for important special purposes.

II.

No one seems to know how or when the idea of a great telescope entered Mr. Lick's mind. It was there before he took any one into his confidence. He had never looked through a telescope; had never seen a real telescope, so far as any one knows. He was entirely ignorant of astronomy, and not even in an unlearned way an observer of the skies,— in early talks about his plans, for instance, he wished to be shown the moon in Professor Davidson's telescope out of his north windows. In some way, however, through chance readings, a sense of the glory of astronomical discovery had laid hold upon him, and the first persons with whom he talked of the disposition of his fortune found the plan of the telescope already firmly fixed in his mind.

James Lick was of "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin; he was brought up in the narrowest circumstances and with the narrowest intellectual opportunities; was in early manhood a mechanic in and near Pennsylvania, then spent most of his mature years in business in South America. He came to California in 1847 with a good deal of property, invested early in real estate, and at the age of seventy-seven found himself the owner of several millions, almost alone in the world, and failing in bodily powers; it was inevitable that he should ponder much on the disposition of his money. He had no belief whatever in personal immortality,— he was, in fact, a man of most marked disbeliefs in religious matters, recognizing Thomas Paine as his leader in thought,— but he had a great desire for that immortality in men's memories that follows the few

Engraved from Painting at the Lick Observatory.
JAMES LICK.

famous ones of earth, and he proposed so to dispose his millions as to win it. He did not at first altogether realize that in this aspiration he that saveth his life shall lose it; nor how impossible it is, in this stage of the world's progress, that a memorial should bring glory to a man's name unless at the same time it is of great service to mankind. His first will left as the main bequest a million dollars for statues of himself and his parents, to be erected on the heights overlooking the shores of the ocean and bay. Yet he was more than indifferent to having his portrait painted, and a passion for statuary for its own sake — abundantly shown in the minor bequests — probably entered into his desire to have his bodily presentment thus kept for all time.

In 1873 he began to take into his confidence a few acquaintances, and ask their judgment of his plans. Although he had lived a very isolated life, and had no near friends, he was in his way attached to the Pioneer Association and had made acquaintances there, and he had a liking for the Academy of Sciences and some sympathy with its pursuits.

In February, 1873, he quite unexpectedly offered the Academy a piece of land on Market Street, the site of its present building. Professor George Davidson, then president of the Academy, called to thank him, and Mr. Lick then told him of his purpose of leaving money for a great telescope. It could not have been far from this time that he spoke of his intentions to Mr. D. J. Staples, whom he knew through the Pioneer Association, and showed him his will. Mr. Staples became from that time one of his principal advisers in matters con-

cerning the trusts in general, as Professor Davidson was with regard to the telescope. There were others, however, with whom he talked, and it is quite impossible to trace the influences that finally shaped his benefactions; for he had a way of consulting one and another, and quietly comparing notes on their advice, without letting either one know what he was saying to the other; and in general I should judge that where their advice agreed, he took it; where it did not, he followed his own way.

Mr. Staples felt it his duty to tell Mr. Lick frankly that his bequests for statues of himself and his family would be utterly useless as a memorial; that the world would not be interested in them; and when Mr. Lick urged that such costly statues would be preserved for all time, as the statues of antiquity now remained the precious relics of a lost civilization, answered, almost at random, "More likely we shall get into a war with Russia or somebody, and they will come around here with warships and smash the statues to pieces in bombarding the city."

Mr. Lick was struck by this, and after a few moments' consideration asked, "What shall I do with the money then?"

Mr. Staples thought it too important a question to answer hastily, and after talking with Mr. Ralston, the banker, he brought together at Mr. Ralston's home a small group of careful men,—among whom were Mayor Selby, President Gilman, and Doctor Stillman, to consider it; out of this conference came most of the suggestions that Mr. Lick later adopted. There were points in the will that Mr. Lick's advisers felt sure would injure its validity, and he consented to draw a second will, and finally a deed of trust. These things, however, concern rather the story of the trusts in general than that of the telescope.

The first will had contained a bequest for this; and whatever other provisions were changed, this was never questioned by any one, nor changed except as, under the influence of Professor Davidson, the amount was increased. Mr. Lick had no knowledge whatever of any of the auxiliaries needed by a telescope, or of the purposes of astronomy beyond bare discovery; and all this was left to Professor Davidson to outline to him in the few months of their conferences. Out of the very interesting verbal narrative that Professor Davidson has given me of this episode, he is willing to have in print at present only so much as is contained in the following memorandum, which he wishes me to leave in his own words:—

I am not willing, at this time, to write the narrative of my relations with James Lick from February, 1873, to August, 1874, but I give very briefly the following items of interest:

James Lick originally intended to erect the Observatory at Fourth and Market streets. His ideas of what he wanted and what he should do were of the very vaguest character. It required months of careful approaches and the proper presentation of facts to change his views on location. He next had a notion of locating it on the mountains overlooking his mill-site, near Santa Clara, and thought it would be a Mecca,—but only in the sense of a show.

Gradually I guided his judgment to place it on a great elevation in the Sierra Nevadas, by placing before him the results of my experimental work at great elevations, as well as the experience of other high-altitude observers. At the same time, by my presentation of facts and figures of the cost and maintenance of other observatories, he named the sum of $1,200,000 in one of his wills, as the sum to be set aside for founding the James Lick Observatory, and for its support.

In making him acquainted with the size and performance of the telescopes of the larger observatories, I naturally mentioned the great reflector of Lord Rosse. That seemed to fire his ambition, and at the next interview he insisted on a refractor of six feet in diameter. It required long and patient explanations to get him down to forty inches, which was the diameter we finally adopted.

In October, 1873, I obtained his permission to make known to the California Academy of Sciences the main facts of his intention to place the largest refracting telescope that could be constructed at an elevation of 10,000 feet in the Sierra Nevadas. I have not the announcement within reach, but it was published in the *Alta California* late in October, I think the 21st. A short time before that I had con-

fidentially made the facts of Lick's intention known to Leland Stanford and his wife.

An eminent astronomer had nearly frustrated the whole project, by urging Mr. Lick to adopt a reflecting telescope instead of a refractor; but he had a remarkably clear mechanical mind, and I had very little trouble in satisfying him of the weakness of the suggestion.

Before I went to Washington for consultation with other observers for the Transit of Venus expeditions of 1874, Mr. Lick held to the decision of the refractor at a great elevation, and details had been decided upon, although he had several times changed his will in other matters. Before departing I showed him that by the Code of California he could not then devise by will to any corporate body, and urged him to make a Deed of Trust.

Upon my return I found he had made the Deed of Trust, and that some of the Pioneers had prevailed upon him to locate the observatory on the north shore of Lake Tahoe; and had prevailed upon him to reduce the $1,200,000 to $700,000.

When he again changed his views, and determined to locate the observatory on the vastly inferior site of Mount Hamilton, I declined further conference with him.

The whole of my intercourse with him was full of curious and interesting, and sometimes dramatic, incidents, that have never been sought by any one professing to write the history of the Lick Observatory.

Photo by H. E. Mathews.

AN OCEAN OF FOG BELOW MT. HAMILTON, LOOKING NORTH.

The trust deed was dated July, 1874; for over a year and a half Mr. Lick had been continuously occupied in consultations and plans as to the exact disposal of the money. He now began to occupy himself with the carrying out of his favorite purpose, the erection of the telescope. The deed did not bind him positively to the Tahoe site, and his mind lingered about nearer ones, for he had from the first been reluctant to have

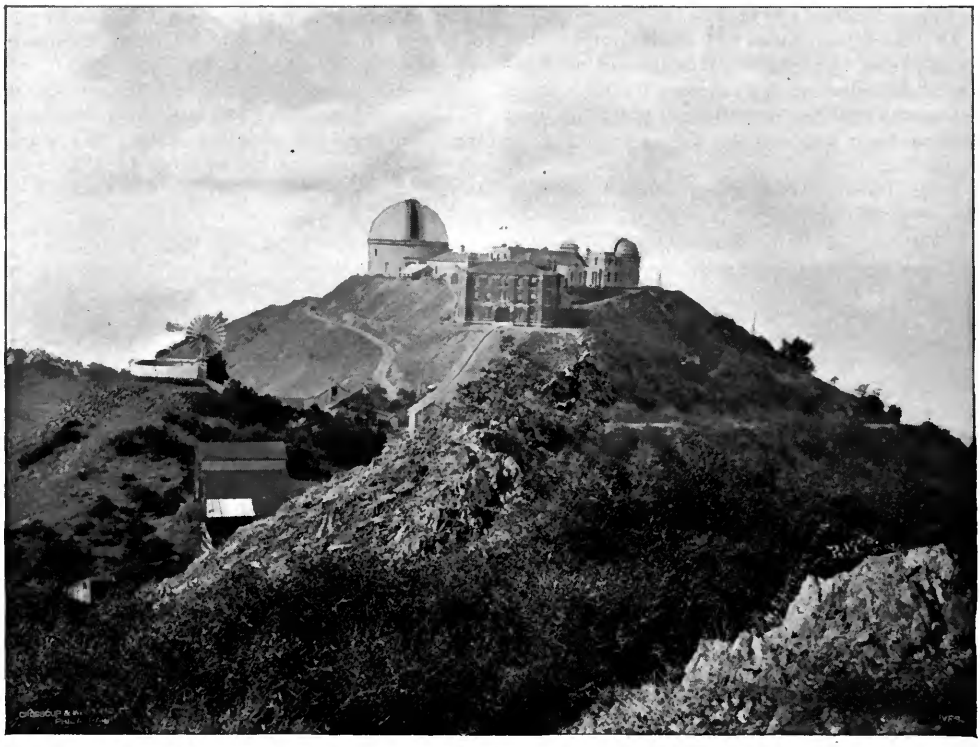


Photo by H. E. Mathews.

THE OBSERVATORY FROM THE EAST.

the observatory so far from routes of travel; he wished it to be as much visited, as constantly before the eyes of people, as possible. He found advisers who favored various nearer sites,—chiefly on the ground of the severity of the winters at Tahoe; and during the summer of 1875 he had his agent, Mr. Fraser, examine and report on a number of these sites, Mount Hamilton among them. Mr. Lick had been a citizen of Santa Clara County until 1873, and had property there, and when Mr. Fraser reported that Mount Hamilton was the most accessible and the most convenient for building, and when the county agreed to construct a road to the summit, he decided finally to place the Observatory there.

It is something over 4,200 feet high, and as it was the first great astronomical establishment to be placed at any considerable height, it was talked of all over the scientific world for this, as well as for the great telescope. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* gives Mr. Lick great credit for having "felt instinctively," though without astronomical knowledge, what the astronomers were just coming to perceive,— that the great need of their science was high altitude observations; and for having been "from the first determined" upon taking the pioneer step in this direction. In fact, it had taken a great deal of pressure, not from Professor Davidson only, for Mr. Staples and doubtless others said much to him on this point, to prevent the location of the Observatory between Pioneer Hall and the Academy of Sciences Building, under the fogs of the peninsula, and amid the

jarring of drays. Professor Davidson, however, had set his heart upon so much more — an elevation of not less than 9,000 feet — that he could not reconcile himself to what he felt the loss of an unprecedented scientific opportunity. And in fact the Lick Observatory may soon be surpassed in its advantage of altitude by others, as it is already by several observing stations. I do not know that it follows that it will be surpassed in the excellence of its "seeing," for I find that astronomers do not agree as to the supreme value of high observing stations; for stellar observations, it is said, rarity of air is not so important as steadiness, which does not necessarily depend on height; at medium heights, also, the freedom from fogs on the one hand, storms on the other, may be expected to be greatest, and the number of clear nights in the year the highest. These are points, however, for astronomers to settle. Certainly Mount Hamilton has been praised over and over as the best site in the world so far occupied by any great observatory. Professor Burnham's visit in 1879, while it was still a wilderness, his sojourn on the mountain in a temporary dome, and his enthusiastic report on the conditions, are within every one's memory. In the three fall months of his stay forty-two nights were "first-class," — a higher proportion perhaps than at any other time of year; but observers in Wash-

Photo by Taber.

THE ROAD TO MT. HAMILTON.

ington have been known to have but thirty-eight very good nights in a year.

While Mr. Lick was settling the question of the site, the trustees began to consider that of plans. They consulted Professor Newcomb, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, and during the October of 1874 he and Professor Holden, at that time one of the astronomers of the Washington Observatory, drew the general plans that have since been followed. At the same time, Professor Holden was asked by D. O. Mills, the president of the trustees, to take the directorship of the observatory, and accepted. The whole work of building and equipment was of a sort to require supervision from an astronomer, besides an amount of personal attention which it was hardly possible for Mr. Mills to give. Professor Holden was a young man for such a place,— twenty-eight years old,— but he was a man of whom a great deal was expected, energetic and brilliant, and of good training. He had been a year one of the astronomers in the Washington Observatory and Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, before that for two years a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps and instructor at West Point, where he had graduated with distinction, after taking a scientific degree at the Washington University of St. Louis. But he was not destined to enter upon the duties of director till many years later; for in 1875, some dissatisfaction having arisen between Mr. Lick and certain of his trustees, he sought to recall and remake the trust deed, succeeded in doing so through the legal services of Mr. Felton, and in September, 1875, made a new trust deed, in which he reserved the right to change the trustees. The only other change made by this deed was, that the observatory was to be turned over ulti mately to the University instead of the Academy of Sciences. I have been told of a personal incident that Mr. Lick gave as a reason for this change; it is not unlikely that Mr. Felton's influence also, which was always for the University, had something to do with it.

Under the new deed Mr. Lick appointed a board, of which Captain Floyd was the president; and a year later replaced it by a third, retaining Captain Floyd as president, however. A month later, October 1, 1876, Mr. Lick died, at the age of eighty. He had ended after all by leaving no provision for his own tomb; but he is said to have spoken of wishing to be buried at the Observatory; and in 1887 his remains were carried to the mountain and placed in a mausoleum, under the pier of the great telescope.

In the same year, 1876, Captain Floyd being in London met Professor Holden, who had been sent by the government to examine and report upon the South Kensington Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments, especially improvements in astronomic and geodetic instruments. This acquaintance resulted in Professor Holden's becoming the scientific adviser of the board through the whole process of construction; he completed the specifications for the buildings according to the original plan, took part in the vast correspondence that was carried on with astronomers and opticians all over the world, and later attended to the purchase of most of the instruments. For three years nothing but planning and correspondence could be done, for the trust was kept at a standstill by the danger of a litigation that might have ended in the loss of the whole. Claims were, however, happily compromised, and in 1880 work was begun on the mountain.

To place buildings so substantial and extensive on a bare peak twenty-six miles by mountain road from the nearest town, was, of course, no slight undertaking. Seventy-two tons of rock had to be removed to get a level space large enough for the building, and two sum-

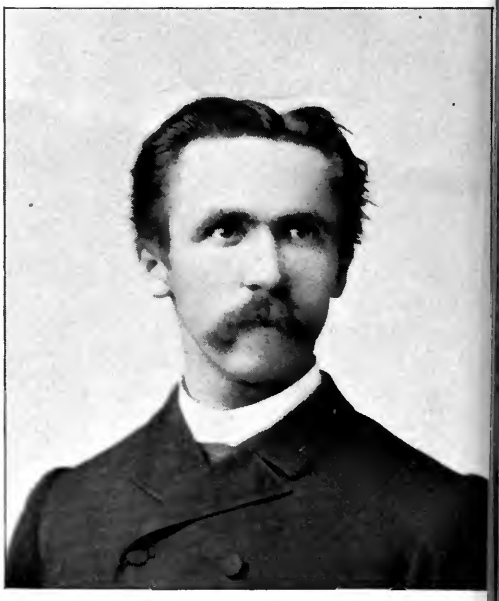
Meyer, in *Himmel und Erde.*

LICK OBSERVATORY IN WINTER.

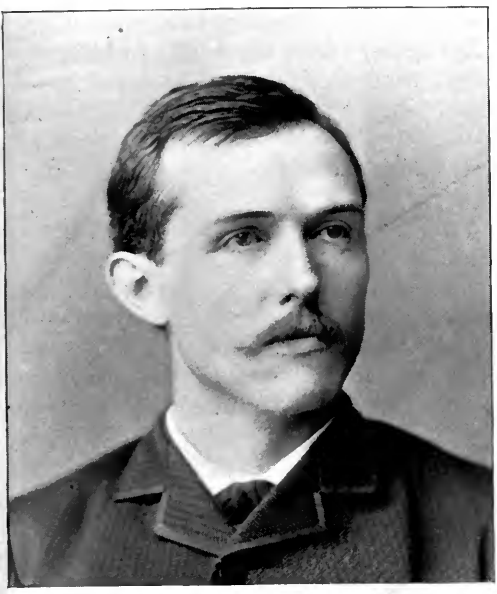
EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

mers were consumed in this task. Santa Clara County had promptly and efficiently fulfilled its promise, and one of the finest of mountain roads,— firm, even, and so beautifully graded that there is not a place in it where the stage-horses need break their trot,— awaited the beginning of work on the Observatory. In five years all the buildings were ready, except the great dome, which had to wait till the telescope was ready.

Mr. Lick's deed had provided for "a telescope superior to and more powerful than any telescope yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto, and appropriately connected therewith, . . . and also a suitable observatory." When these words were written, the largest refracting telescope in the world was the 26-inch one of the Naval Observatory, made by Alvan Clark & Sons, and erected in 1873. But while the Lick trusts were at a standstill three more large glasses were made, the largest one 30 inches, made by the Clarks for the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia. 36 inches was the largest lens the Lick trustees could get the Clarks to contract for; so at that size the order was given, $50,000 being the contract price. Every one will remember the somewhat dramatic story of this glass: how Feil & Co. of Paris, undertook to cast it for the Clarks, and sent the flint-glass over safely in 1882, but cracked the crown-glass in packing; how the elder Feil having retired, the sons tried in vain for a couple of years to get the great glass block safely cast, and at last went into bankruptcy; how the elder Feil came to the rescue, took charge of the business again, and near the end of 1885 shipped to the Clarks a perfect block. Professor Newcomb, who visited Europe to investigate this matter of glass disks, made an interesting report on the process of making, which I have seen quoted. The difficulty is to get the glass of perfectly even texture throughout, and this can never be hoped for on the first annealing; veins must be cut out, the block reheated, pressed together, and again annealed, each trial consuming months.



J. M. SCHAEBERLE.



E. E. BARNARD.

The Clarks then took a year for the "figuring," — the delicately precise shaping of the lenses to the most perfect collection of light, so delicate that the last stages are done with the thumb and palm of the hand.

The mounting was made by Messrs. Warner and Swazey, of Cleveland, and the great dome by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. Of the mechanical excellences of the work much has been said in many journals; and although some adjustments were necessary before everything worked smoothly, I believe the work has all proved to be on the whole wonderfully perfect and wise. The great telescope, with its accessories, cost about $200,000.

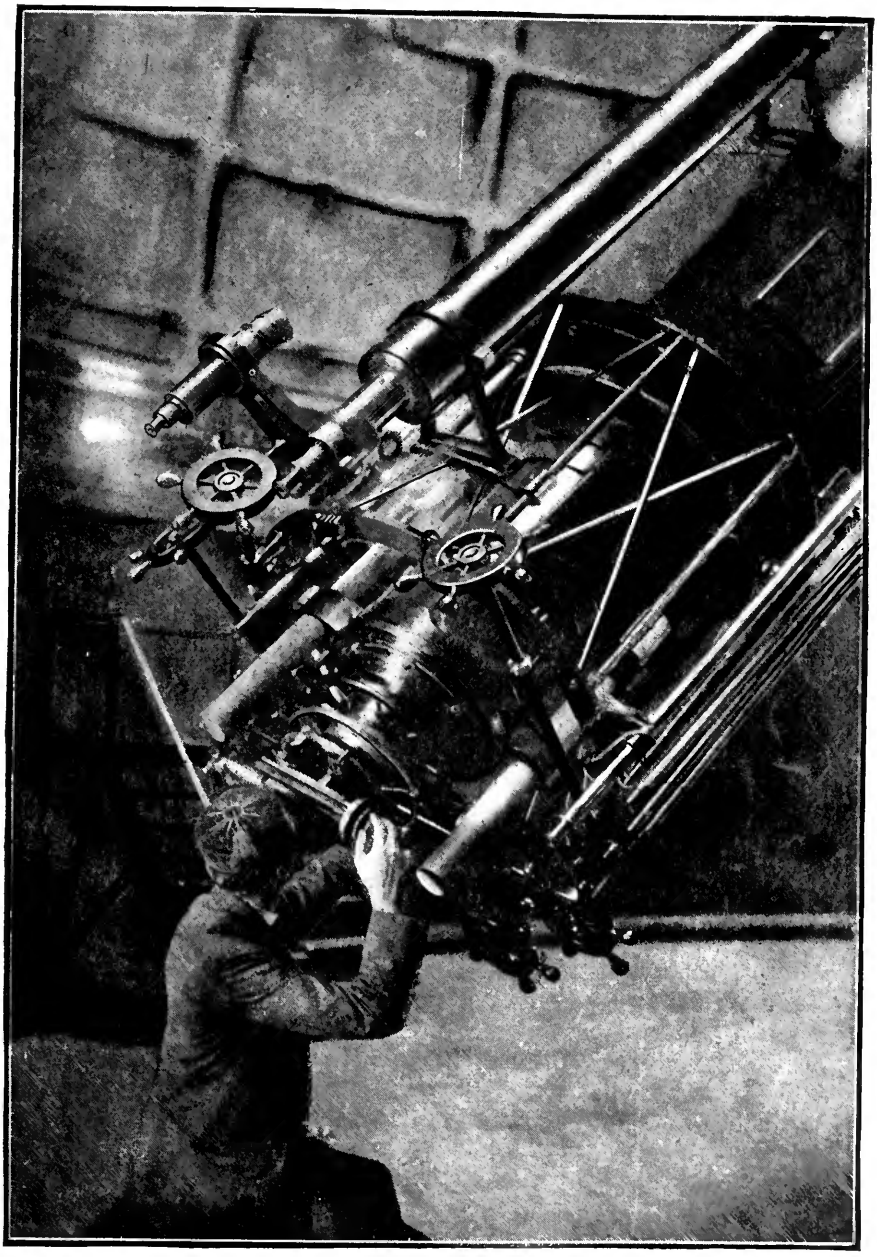
Professor Holden made three visits in 1881, to attend to the setting up of the meridian circle, and observe the transit of Mercury; and in 1882, Professor Todd, of Amherst Observatory, observed the transit of Venus here, and obtained excellent results. In 1885 Professor Holden came to the State as president of the University and director of the Observatory, and for the next three years made vacation headquarters at the mountain, and was able to be in constant communication with the trustees in San Francisco.

In 1888 the Observatory was formally turned over to the University regents, and its staff of astronomers was appointed. Professor Holden, as a matter of course, was retained as director; he had been called to the University with that understanding. The fourteen years that had passed since his relation to the Observatory began, had been so occupied as to give him in unusual degree an "all-round" acquaintance with the practical and theoretic questions of his science. He had remained five years in the Washington Observatory, and had been successively in partial charge of each department of astronomical work, and in each had been employed not only in observing, but in calculating and in the study of results; and had made as librarian, bibliographer, and writer, an unusual aquaintance with the literature of

W. W. CAMPBELL.

the science. He had in 1881 been called to the directorship of the still unfinished Washburn Observatory, at Madison, Wisconsin, and had organized it efficiently and given it a good standing. In 1878 he had been in charge of the United States Eclipse Expedition to Central City, Colorado; in 1883 of the United States Eclipse Expedition to the South Pacific Ocean; and in 1884 of the Division of Meteorology of the Northern Transcontinental Survey. Without having attained brilliant distinction in any one department of his science, he was an astronomer of recognized merit in all, as evidenced then or soon after by honorary degrees from several universities, and membership in a long list of scientific societies in America and Europe; one of these at least, that of associate membership in the Royal Astronomical Society of England, an honor enjoyed by scarcely a dozen American astronomers, and a practical guarantee of standing. "The first requisite for the director of a great observatory" (I quote a private letter from an astronomer) "is to have a very clear notion of just what kind of work ought to be done, how it should be done, and then to give all the aid in his power to the investigator. In all these particulars Professor Holden seems to be just the right man in the right place." In carrying on the external relations of the Observatory, also,— relating it to other observatories, in this country and abroad, seeing to it that knowledge of its work is thoroughly and to the best advantage disseminated,— Professor Holden has been a successful director; aided in this by a really fine literary power and a wide general cultivation. Of difficulties just now discussed by the papers, concerning the adjustment of internal relations, I do not think it suitable to say anything here. It is unfortunate that any one should have tried to adjust them through the press: Mr. Alvan Clark might as well have tried to figure the great lens with a Corliss engine. This much should be said: whatever difficulties have occurred have been aggravated first by the want of a permanent president in the University, which raises questions of authority, and second by the inherent difficulties of settling novel questions of administration in a novel situation. This is the first great, permanent observatory thrown so on its own resources, far from university or city surroundings, and without the relief of contact with other than the one line of thought. Nor is the situation of a remote military post analogous, for definite military precedents there settle everything,— a system impossible in a branch of a modern university, manned by scientific men, of independent thought and distinction.

The appointment of his colleagues was left to Professor Holden. He selected J. E. Keeler, now director of the observatory at Alleghany, Pennsylvania, S. W. Burnham, E. E. Barnard, and J. M. Schaeberle. Besides these, the only full astronomers, holding rank as professors in the University, have been Henry Crew, now of Northwestern University, and W. W. Campbell, appointed last year. Of those astronomers who are not now on the staff, I must not pause to speak, except in the case of Professor Burnham, who has been connected with the Observatory until very lately. His somewhat unique position among American astronomers deserves mention. He is not only one of the self-created men of science who have not been so very rare in America (the story has been told in print and is not unfamiliar), but he is an instance in what I think must be a rare degree of the attainment of eminence through concentration of effort on a single line. Professor Burnham is not only a specialist in being an observer merely, unfamiliar with the other sides of astronomical science, but as an observer he is almost exclusively a specialist in double stars;



EYE END OF THE GREAT EQUATORIAL. PROFESSOR KEELER.

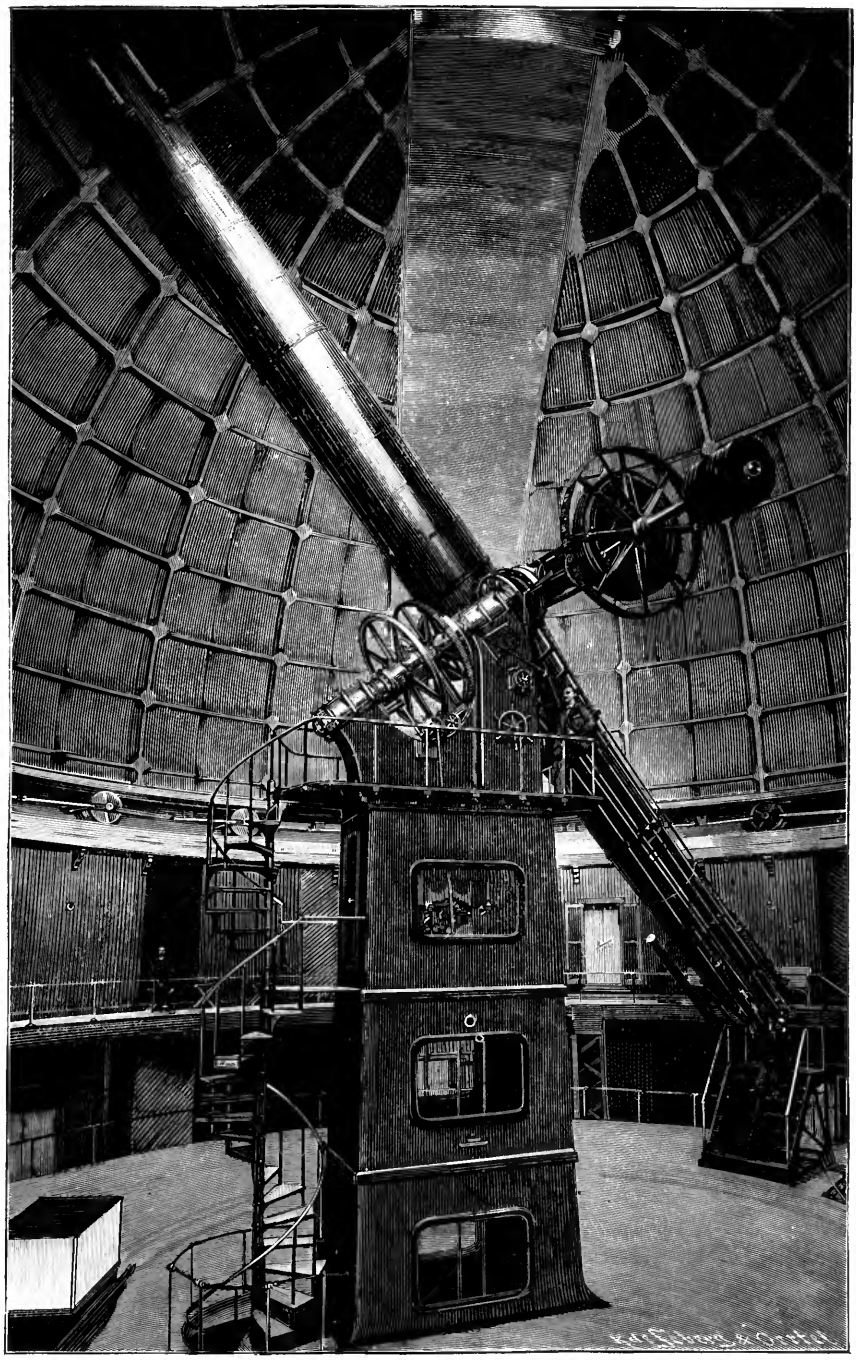
and in discovering and measuring these he has no rival. While he was at Mount Hamilton, this branch of observation naturally became very prominent, and the great telescope was given up to it for more than a third of the time.

Professor Barnard also is a self-taught astronomer, and while not a specialist in so intense a sense as Professor Burnham, he is primarily an observer. His keen vision, great power of eager and yet patient and laborious attention, and doubtless other elements in his work that astronomers could define, give him in especial the name of "genius" among his colleagues. Just now the most brilliant and generally interesting feat the great glass has yet accomplished, the discovery of the fifth moon of Jupiter, has brought Professor Barnard the more into note. Before this, however, he had made some remarkable observations on comets, following them to unprecedented distances and detecting their approach before any one else. In 1891 he discovered all the five comets of the year, including two new ones; in all, he has discovered nineteen comets in ten years. Besides these most striking observations, "Professor Barnard has made a very large number" (I quote a newspaper account by Professor Holden) "upon the physical appearance of the planets Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn, upon the zodiacal light, etc., upon meteors, lunar eclipses, double stars, occultations of stars, etc., and he has discovered a considerable number of new nebulæ also."

Professor Schaeberle is an astronomer of full university preparation, trained thoroughly and soundly on all sides of his science, and in those allied sciences that university preparation includes. A graduate of Michigan University in 1876, he was instructor in practical astronomy in the observatory there, refusing calls elsewhere, till he came to Mount Hamilton in 1888. He has discovered two comets, made long series of meridian circle observations and very extensive calculations concerning asteroid and comet orbits, and has done much work in physical and mathematical astronomy. His theory of the causes of the sun's corona was the text of a recent discussion in the Royal Astronomical Society of England, and if finally accepted will be to those who value the interpretation of the universe more than the collection of its facts, the most solid and important contribution to science yet made by the Observatory. Professor Schaeberle has just put forth tentatively a theory which seems to account for the "canals" of Mars and their duplication with a rational simplicity: if we regard the bright portions of the planet as water, and the dark as land, instead of *vice versa* as at present, he points out, the "canals" may not improbably be mountain chains, some of them parallel chains, as on the earth.

Professor Campbell has been in the observatory only a year, but has forwarded its work much by introducing the photography of spectra with the great telescope. He has also studied the orbits of comets, and published last year a text book of astronomy for university use, which, I am told, has been well received. He is a Michigan University graduate of 1886; was professor of mathematics in the University of Colorado, then succeeded Professor Schaeberle as instructor in astronomy at Michigan University.

The present distribution of work among these astronomers is given by the official report as follows: The great telescope is used for photography two nights in the week, by Holden and Colton (assistant astronomer and secretary); two for spectroscope observations by Campbell and Townley (Hearst Fellow); two by Barnard and Schaeberle for miscellaneous observations; Saturday night is given up to visitors. The 12-inch telescope, the 6½-inch telescope, the comet-seeker and photographic tel-



Meyer from *Himmel und Erde*, Berlin.

THE GREAT EQUATORIAL.

escope, are used by Barnard, and by others when not in use by him. The meridian circle is in charge of Professor Schaeberle; the time service, of Professor Campbell, but most of the work is done by Mr. Townley. The meteorological and earthquake instruments are in charge of Mr. Colton. Professor Holden, besides the general charge of the establishment and of forwarding each one's work, the work in photography, and until Mr. Townley was appointed as the first Hearst Fellow, in spectroscopy, has most of the work of librarian, the scientific correspondence, and the editorial charge of the publications of the Astronomical Society.

The Observatory, as turned over to the University, had a site of 1901½ acres, since increased to 2581½ acres; this is mainly made up of State and national grants, for most of the mountain-top was fortunately public land. One object in getting so large a reservation was to guard against brush fires, by which the buildings at one time were threatened. The main building consists of two domes, connected by a hall 121 feet long, along the west side of which are study and work rooms. The great dome, 78 feet in diameter, occupies the south end of the leveled platform; it moves on the top of a tower, whose foundations are set deep in the rock. The moving parts weigh nearly 89 tons, but so perfect is the mechanism — operated by a small water-engine — that one may see the vast concave swing around at the pressure of a child s hand. The floor works up and down by a hydraulic arrangement devised by Sir Howard Grubb; this arrangement to a great extent takes the place of an observer's chair. The monster tube, fifty-seven feet long, and four feet in diameter at the center, is mounted here on an iron pier thirty-eight feet high. It is provided with "finders" of six, four, and three inches in diameter. When it is used for photography, an additional single lens, 33 inches in diameter, is placed in front of the two lenses that form the visual objective, and the instrument is turned into a great camera. The eye end is provided with mechanism by which the observer as he sits can do most of the handling necessary; with a micrometer, and a frame to which spectroscopes, photometers, or enlarging cameras, can be attached. The Observatory has besides the great equatorial a 12-inch one, which occupies the 25-foot dome at the north end of the platform, a 6½-inch one, and a 4-inch "comet-seeker." Behind the main building is the meridian circle house, which contains a fine Repsold meridian circle and a 4-inch transit and zenith telescope. The Observatory is besides well equipped with spectroscopes, chronographs, clocks, meteorological instruments, and complete earthquake apparatus. These buildings, with a small photographic laboratory, take up the leveled space. On the side of the peak a large brick dwelling-house for astronomers finds place, reached by a bridge to its upper story; and below, on the saddle between two peaks (the mountain has three), gathers quite a village of subsidiary cottages, workshops, etc. Beyond these is a small dome for photographic work, the gift, with its telescope, of Regent C. F. Crocker.

When the late Mr. Newall, of England, presented his 25-inch refractor to Cambridge, his son, who was to be its astronomer, made a tour of the great observatories of the world, and came all the way to California to study the equipment of the Lick Observatory and the mounting of the great telescope. The Earl of Rosse visited and examined it in 1891; Professor Auwers, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and Professor Vogel, Director of the Potsdam Observatory, are to do so soon, on a tour of inspection with reference to a great telescope for the Prussian government. The satisfaction the astronomers feel in showing the Observatory and its

VENDELINUS.

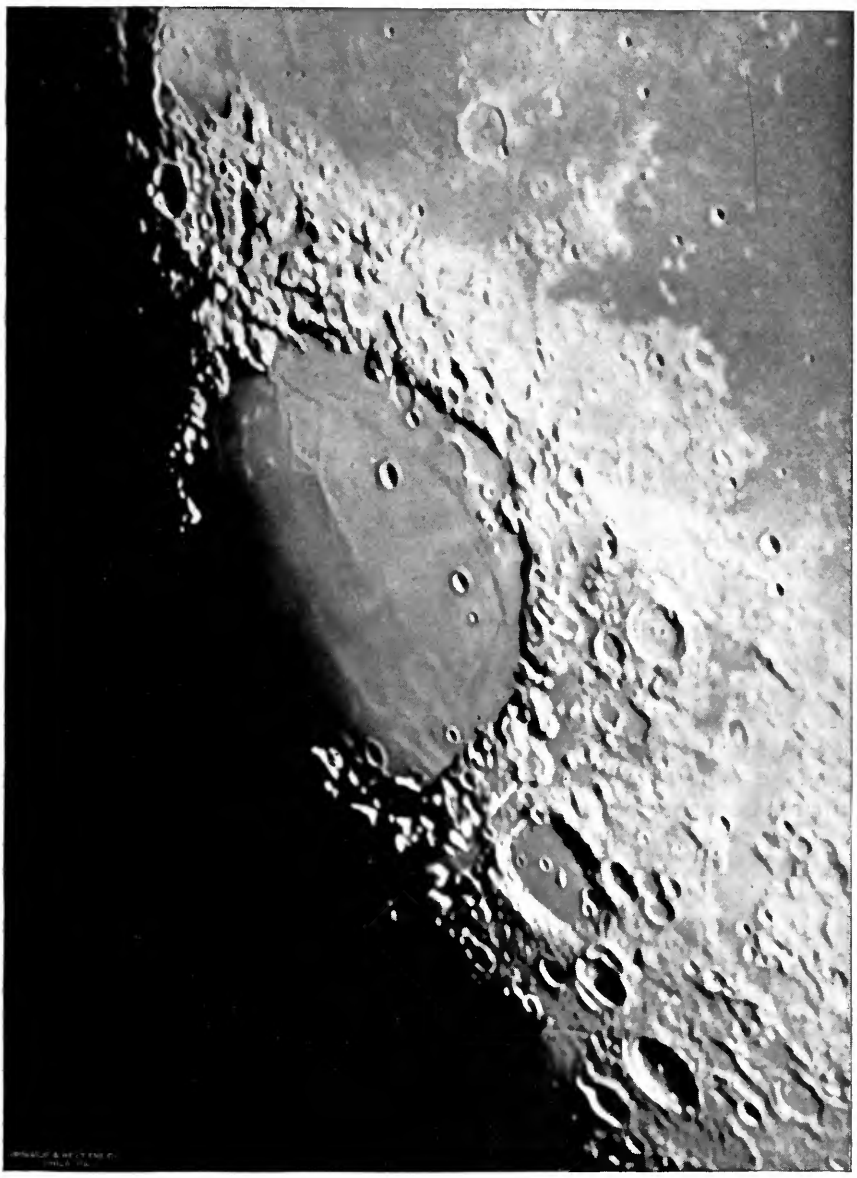
From Drawings twenty-fold enlarged from the Negative made at the Lick Observatory, August 31, 1890, at 14 h. 27 m., P. S. T., by Professor L. Weinek Director of the Observatory of Prague.

equipment to these competent judges is unmistakable. It certainly seems, even to the guest ignorant of astronomy and astronomical instruments, a most intelligible satisfaction. The whole place is fascinating, exceedingly, — the road thither, winding up from one stage to another of mountain outlook, through the amazing medley of loops and turns by which it preserves its easy grade, mounting at last and circling the sides of the peak itself; the fine, firm, dignified building, before whose broad entrance one is finally set down; the shining orderliness and perfection of everything; the sense of being islanded above the world, the distance and seclusion, and yet the intimate nearness to the whole world of science; the cordial hospitality of every one there; the vast, dark dome by night,—"as big," some one with me said, "as the sky looks to most people,"—with the great tube spanning the darkness, directed steadily and silently against the sky, like a powerful cannon, lying in wait to storm its immemorial secrets.

III.

Mr. Lick's deed prescribed that the Observatory should be "made useful in promoting science." Whether through the alliance with the University or by Professor Holden's original plan, it has taken on also a function of diffusing knowledge and aiding education in the State. I do not know if any other great observatory in the world takes on itself any such function, at least to any such extent. In the first place, there is the surrendering of one night in the week to visitors. This does not mean that a few stray pilgrims make their way to the shrine in the wilderness. It means that stage after stage from San José rolls up,—twenty in a procession, sometimes,— and the little group of astronomers receives with unflinching courtesy the hundreds of passengers, and with a system and deftness that is really wonderful marshals them through the Observatory, explaining patiently its leading points, until far on in the night. 22,496 guests are recorded in four years, —some of them by day, to be sure, when the Observatory is always open. No other observatory in the world offers such privileges to visitors. The Astronomical Society of the Pacific is an efficient means of diffusing astronomical interest and knowledge. It seems to be an unusually vigorous and well-knit organization, publishes a bi-monthly journal, skillfully edited to be of interest to astronomers and unlearned members alike, has branches in Eastern States, and some five hundred members scattered all over the world. And in addition, through newspapers and magazines, full explanations of the work and statements of the general results reached in the Observatory have been given forth as fast as they reached definable shape. No one that knows much of the time and skill such publication demands can look over the quantity that has been done without wonder and respect.

The Observatory has from the first planned for graduate students whenever the accommodations permitted, and nine in all have studied practical astronomy there; of these, five were professors from other institutions, who came for further study of some special sort. It is the intention to make more and more of this graduate work, and already no student need leave California to get the highest training in astronomy. The Harvard and Washington observatories give no instruction, and there is no reason why the California University graduate school should not become the source to which observatories all over the country will look for their young astronomers. The director has been unusually diligent and successful — as any one may learn by an examination of the reports, periodicals, and other sources of first-hand information available — in bringing for-



MARE CRISIUM.

From Drawing by Professor L. Weinek from the Negative taken at the Lick Observatory on August 24, 1888.

ward the younger men about him and making their successes known; and I am told by competent and disinterested authority that the system of giving credit to individual observers in announcing the results of the Observatory work is very liberal at Mount Hamilton, as compared with that of other observatories. The really promising young astronomers from the graduate school will profit by this system.

What has the Lick Observatory done thus far for "the promotion of science?" It is a question that a mere onlooker

cannot possibly answer except by a re-summary of the summaries already put forth, and confirmed by the notices of astronomical periodicals: —

Solar Eclipses of Jan. and Dec., 1889. —At the January eclipse Professor Barnard, and the Amateur Photographic Association, more or less under his direction, took many fine photographs of the corona, which demonstrated the existence of an "extension" of the outer corona. The eclipse of December was observed by Professors Burnham and Schaeberle, who went to South America at the expense of Regent C. F. Crocker. The photographs of these two eclipses are recognized as among the best photographs of the corona ever made. Two books have been published by the Observatory containing the results of these two eclipses.

It was from their evidence that Professor Schaeberle was led to his theory of the corona, mentioned above. In April, 1893, the next total eclipse of the sun takes place; this theory, by which, if it is sound, the general features of the future corona can be *now* foretold, will then have a practical test. A party under Professor Schaeberle will go to Chile, to observe the eclipse.

Observations of the Planets and Satellites.—The planets have been steadily watched and studied, measures and drawings of them made, and enlarged photographs of Jupiter taken at regular intervals, thus recording all changes in the surface. These photographs, taken by Professors Holden and Campbell, are the subject of a paper before the Royal Astronomical Society, by A. Stanley Williams, who praises them all highly, and says of one that it is perhaps the finest and most interesting photograph of Jupiter ever obtained. Much time has been spent in examining the planets Mars, Uranus, and Neptune, in search of new satellites. Jupiter has been disadvantageously situated, but is now coming steadily into better position, and will be more and more studied: last summer Professors Schaeberle and Campbell made some interesting discoveries as to the forms and motions of the moons; and in September came Professor Barnard's famous discovery of the small inner moon.

Double Stars.— In this department the Lick Observatory has easily led thus far, and Professor Burnham catalogued 198 new double stars there. His resignation will make the subject less prominent in future work.

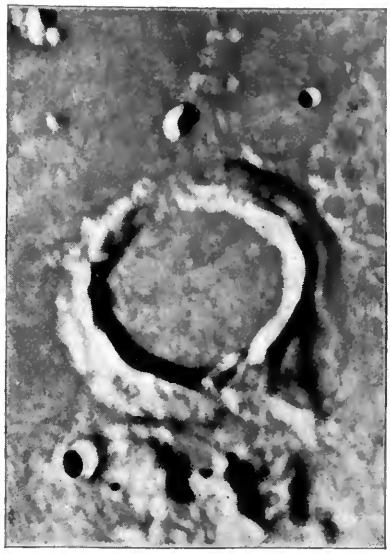
Meridian Observations.—These series of observations, carried on by Professor Schaeberle with the meridian circle, are first to determine the positions of stars to join together the systems used in the nautical almanacs of the different nations; second, to determine the *refraction* of the stars. A former series of similar observations is being reduced by computers in the East, at the expense of Miss Bruce of New York, and Professor Mendenhall of the United States Coast Survey.

Absorption of Photographic Rays.— Professor Schaeberle, from observations by Professor Campbell and himself, has determined the amount of this absorption by the air at different altitudes,— a datum necessary in fixing the photographic magnitudes of stars, and never before definitely determined. This memoir is about to be published by the University in book form.

Comets.— Professor Barnard's notable observations, which give the Lick Observatory the lead in this direction, have been mentioned above.

Star-Clusters and Nebulæ have been regularly studied and photographed, and in the case of the cluster in Hercules a novel peculiarity of structure has been ascertained. Professor Barnard has taken some important photographs, showing the real shapes of nebulæ. Professor Holden's paper on Helical Nebulæ has been translated into German, and received with much consideration.

ARCHIMEDES, AUGUST 15, 1888.



ARCHIMEDES, AUGUST 27, 1888.

From Drawings by Professor Weinek, enlarged ten times from negatives made at the Lick Observatory in August, 1888.

Moon Photographs are regularly taken with the great telescope, and it is the intent to continue till a complete set has been obtained for every hour or so of the moon's age. Changes on the moon's surface can thus be detected. These photographs have been mechanically enlarged on glass by Professors Burnham and Barnard, and they are now sent regularly to Prague, to Professor Weinek, who makes enlarged drawings of parts of the surface, which are printed in heliogravure, at the expense of Walter Law, of New York. These drawings are studied by Professor Weinek and Professor Holden with great care, and Professor Weinek has discovered many new features in this way. Doctor Otto Boedicker, astronomer of Lord Rosse's observatory, Doctor Ebert of Erlangen, and Doctor Franz of Koenigsberg, are also making special studies of them.

Milky Way.— The Milky Way also is to be studied by means of photographs, which Professor Barnard is now taking, attention having been directed to the promise of excellent results through some most successful ones that he had made. The comet lately discovered made its impression on one of these plates, and was thus first recognized as a stranger.

Spectroscopy.— Professor Keeler made some remarkable spectroscopic observations, by which he established (for the first time) the motions of nebulæ in the line of sight. When Professor Campbell succeeded to the work, he adapted the spectroscope — intended for visual observations — to photographing spectra, and the results showed enormous advantages in this method. To this is largely due the unrivaled success of the Lick Observatory in studying the new star in Auriga. The greatest number of lines in its spectrum reported from other observations is three; Professor Campbell has measured fourteen. During the time this star was very faint, the photographic observations of the Lick Observatory were the only ones by which it could be followed. They alone showed its neb-

ular character, and since its extraordinary change into a true nebula, they have been the only ones that kept account of its motions — showing that it has been moving away from us, and is now approaching, probably revolving in a vast orbit — and of its nature, indicating that planetary nebulæ owe their genesis to such new stars; both most important steps in our knowledge of stars.

A review of the publications of the Astronomical Society will show many minor or subsidiary inquiries going on at the Observatory. The secretary's report to the regents shows that from June, 1888, to September, 1892, there have been 462 papers published by the as-

1892, Aug., 14 d., 11 h., 15 m. P. S. T. W. W. Campbell.

1892, Aug., 17 d., 11 h., 15 m. P. S. T. W. J. Hussey.

SKETCHES OF MARS SHOWING CANALS.

tronomers and students—more than two a week. Some of these have been brief scientific memoranda; many of them long and arduous papers.

Two things will be noticed in looking through this summary of the scientific work. First, the great importance of the photographic method. This is a new aid to astronomy, which the Lick Observatory has been one of the first to appreciate, and which it has unrivaled facilities for using. The power it gives to *record* a fleeting phenomenon, to sit down and study it at leisure, and to send it for confirmation to another observer, even the other side of the world, makes it of inestimable value. Second, the co-operative relation with other observatories. It has not been the general policy of observatories to give out their results promptly, and help each other in making use of them. The Lick Observatory, by a division of labor that to some extent makes it a gatherer of raw material, to be worked up in places where more help is available, has been of service to these other observatories, received great service from them, and hastened the advance of science, a few months sufficing to have thoroughly studied, interpreted, discussed, and settled, some point that might have had to wait years, had each observatory depended on its own resources. As has been said, if the four distinguished foreign astronomers now engaged in special studies of the moon negatives were on the staff of the Lick Observatory, they could hardly utilize its advantages and help its work more.

In addition to all the purely scientific work, the Observatory regulates the time service for the Pacific States, sending out daily signals to all the railroad stations; and several minor services of the sort have been rendered.

That the Lick Astronomical Department has done a surprising quantity of work in the four years, cannot be questioned. One is disposed to think after reviewing it, that too much has been done rather than too little. The great ambition of all the astronomers to force the Lick Observatory instantly into the world's front rank, in spite of limited means and small staff, by a quantity of work that would demand attention, and of such sort as would bear the judgment of the first European scholars and societies,—this seems to me to have kept the work at a high pressure that has told somewhat on the men. We must be grateful, however, that the grade of the work has been kept high. It is most easy and tempting in a new institution to make concessions from an excellence that one's public will never miss; and all the evidence shows that the Lick Observatory has not done this.

Milicent W. Shinn.

SIWASH.

THE Siwash of Puget Sound are a people by themselves. They do not belong to the aboriginal aristocracy according to the notion of their dusky brethren from Alaska. The reason for this probably lies in the fact that in the good old times of yore, before the hatchet was forever buried, when the pipe of peace was not yet lit, the northern Indians usually came off victorious in war. And the Alaskan Indians have a greater variety of handicraft than do the Siwash of Puget Sound. Human nature is the same in the red skin as in a white skin; the conqueror looks down on the conquered, and the nation of mechanical progress upon the nation that threshes its grain with the flail. So it is not strange that the Alaskan brave clings to the tradition of his fathers, and wraps himself in his dignity when in contact with what he considers the lower strata of his race on Puget Sound; nor that the peony-cheeked maiden from Alaska should refuse to break sticks with a Puget Sound Siwash. However, the Alaskan Indians have nothing at the present time to warrant their feeling of superiority, for the Puget Sound Indians are far in advance of all other Pa-

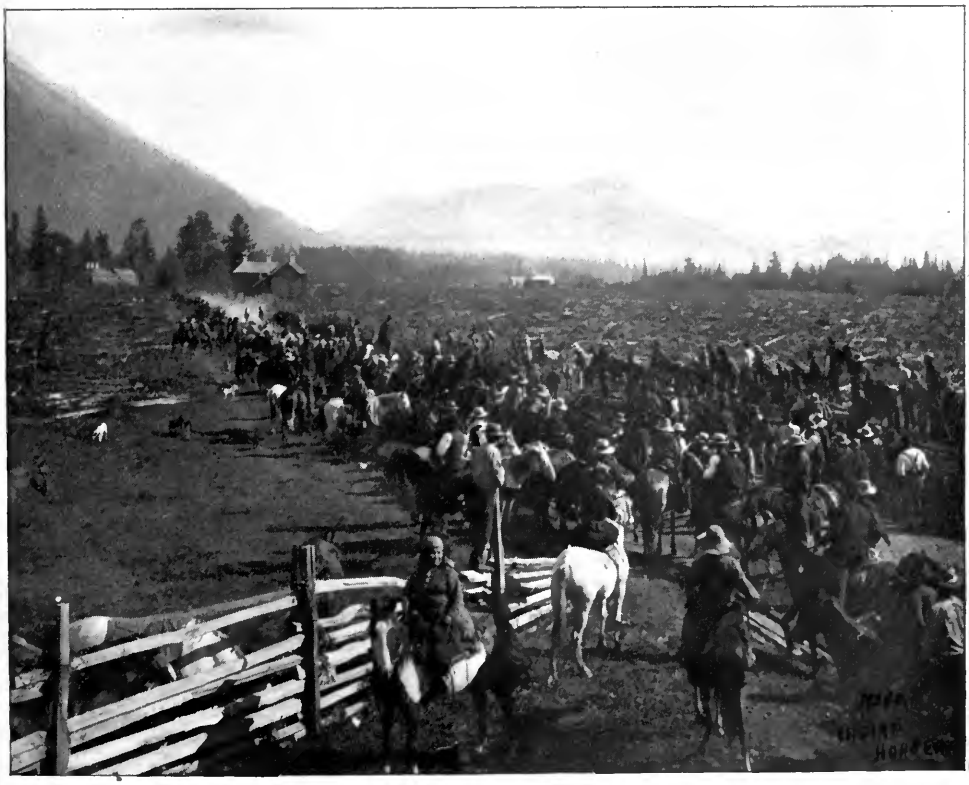


Photo by Boyd and Braas.

HORSE RACE AFTER HOP PICKING.

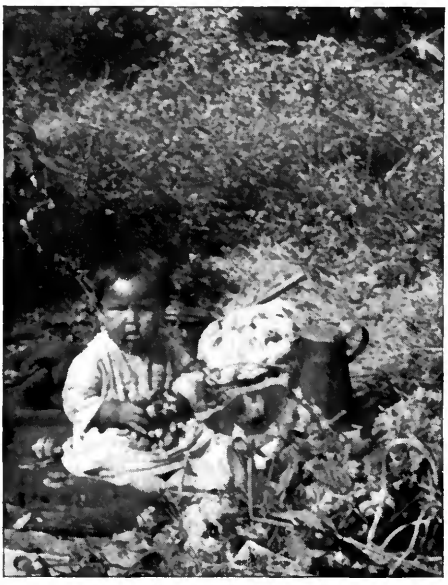
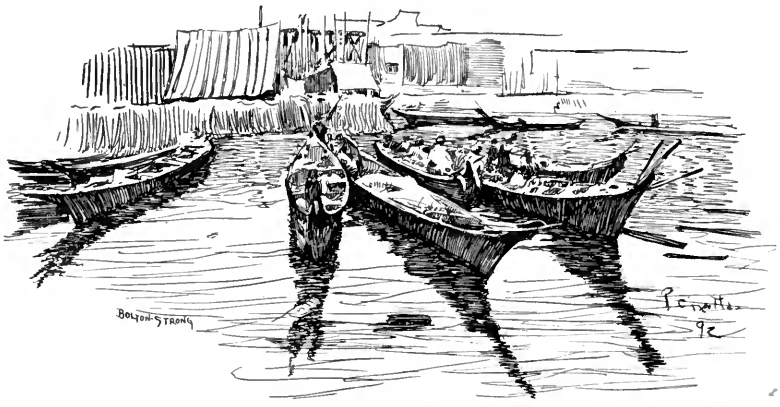


Photo by J. P. Soule.
THE YOUNGEST HOP PICKER.

cific Coast tribes in civilization and enlightenment.

The Alaskan and British Columbia Indians come to Puget Sound by the canoe full at hop-picking time, in the fall. Together with the Puget Sound Indians they flock to the hop-ranches, where they remain during the season of hop-picking. The whole family is employed, and the youngest hop-picker sits on a blanket with a bunch of hops in his hand, sharing in the labors of the older ones. It not infrequently happens that the chubby, broad-faced papoose is born in the hop field. The hop ranch is the El Dorado of the Siwash. By means of it he is enabled to fill his pipe with tobacco, his stomach with rum, and to clothe his body with an odd conglomeration of the habiliments of civilization.

The close of hop-picking is celebrated by horse racing; the squaws riding astride, Amazon like. The racing is entered into with zest by all: but the Siwash is happiest when he can go to the city and spend his hard-earned wages after the manner of his white brother. He can smoke as much tobacco and drink as much fire-water as the civilized pale-face, though his style of doing it may not meet with such high approval. I have seen the streets of Seattle lined with Siwash eager to spend their money for anything that may strike the fancy, or that may be palmed off on them by an unscrupulous salesman. Often the proprietor of a store will bestow some cheap trinket on one of the Siwash "kids" to gain the favor and money of its parents. In the millinery shops may be seen left-over hats trimmed gaudily with left-over ribbons, to attract the eye of the Siwash maiden.



SIWASH CANOES

A one-color toilet never satisfies the taste of the dusky daughter of the forest. A blue skirt, green waist, brightly striped shawl, and a red handkerchief on the head comprise a stylish outfit for winter. Summer may see a pink or blue print, scant of measure both as to length and width, a hat trimmed expressly to suit Siwash taste, and ribbons of contrasting colors about the neck, waist, and wiry hair. Such a costume never fails to gain the admiration of the tawny brave. He himself is no more discriminating in his taste than his half-civilized sister, but in the nature of men's clothing he cannot help looking better dressed than she. Shoes do not count for much in a Siwash outfit. In many cases they are omitted altogether; and when worn their presence is more noticeable than their absence would be, owing to the very peculiar gait and turned-in toes of the wearer. Many moons will come and go before the Siwash klootchman has all the kinks of the Paris fashions at her command, and before there are many samples of Siwash dudes among the braves.

Drawn from Photo by Boyd and Braas.
CHIEF SEATTLE.

The Indian shows his queer taste in the purchase of other things as well as of clothing. An Alaskan brave was attracted by a child's coffin in front of the undertaker's, and bought it to carry his other purchases home in.

Besides hop-picking, fishing and clam-digging are legitimate Siwash occupations. These are mainly depended on in spring and early summer to furnish food and money. The half-civilized Siwash retains his time-honored aversion to burden bearing, and his klootchman plods along behind him with her burden of fish or clams in a basket at her back. It is interesting to watch a klootchman dig for clams. She makes a queer study with her stubby figure, bare feet, scant clothing, and red-kerchiefed head, as she digs in the mud flats when the tide is out. She knows where the clams are thickest by the bubbles they make in the mud. After her basket is filled with clams she whisks it back and forth in the water to clean them; an operation she evidently does not consider necessary for her feet, from which the mud is allowed to wear off, like walnut stains from the hands of a Buckeye boy in the fall.

To one "born with an aversion to smells," the near presence of a clam-selling klootchman is something devoutly *not* to be wished. The odor of fish smoke, and salt water, is enough to turn the stomach of a sleeping crocodile.

Why an Indian woman is called "klootch*man*" I am not able to say, but such is the case. It is one of the vagaries of the Chinook jargon; the word comes from a Motka word meaning woman. The Chinook jargon is the Volapuk of the Siwash languages. The word Siwash means Indian in it, and is

Photo by Boyd and Braas.

a corruption of the French word "*sauvage*." The Chinook jargon was made by the Hudson Bay Company and early traders, and is used all along the coast north from northern California, and as far east as Idaho. It is the medium of communication between whites and Indians, and between different tribes of Indians that have languages of their own. There are at least ten Indian languages in western Washington, and if it were not for this aboriginal Volapuk they might have some difficulty in understanding each other. The Chinook jargon was made largely from the old Chinook language, with additions from many other Indian languages, and also from the French and English.

I am indebted for these and other facts to the kindness of Rev. M— E—, a Congregational missionary, who has worked among the Indians, and who has compiled some hymns in the Chinook jargon, as well as in some of the other Indian languages. The following stanza :—

God's paper,
His Bible is good ;
For all American people,
It is good,

rendered into Chinook, would read,—

Saghalie Tyee yaka papeh,
Yaka Bible kloshe ;
Kopa konoway Boston tillikums,
Yaka hias kloshe.

The same is repeated exactly in other stanzas, only substituting for "Boston" the words "King George," "Siwash," or "Klala man," meaning English, Indian, and Negro "tillikums," or people ; "Boston" means American. The following is a characteristic temperance song in the Chinook jargon :—

Spose nesika muckamuck whisky,
Whisky muckamuck nesika dolla.
Spose nesika muckamuck whisky,
Whisky muckamuck nesika dolla ;

meaning,

If I drink whisky,
Whisky will drink my money.

"Muckamuck" is a very expressive term, and seems to mean anything filling to the stomach. When the Siwash says, "Muckamuck," to his klootchman, it may mean, "Is dinner ready?" or "What are you going to have for supper?" or more likely it will mean, "Hurry up, I'm hungry"; and if there does not happen to be any "muckamuck" handy, it may mean that she is to go clam-digging and get something. The word "tumtums" is also comprehensive, meaning mind, soul, or heart, in the Chinook jargon.

Many of the older white settlers around Puget Sound can talk Chinook as well as their own language. In early days the Siwash formed a more important item in the affairs of the Puget Sound country than they do at present. The first settlers of Seattle had more than one brush with the natives before they were left unmolested.

The most interesting and historic figure to be seen in Seattle at the present time is Princess Angeline, who at one time saved the embryo city from destruction by a timely warning to the inhabitants. She is a daughter of Chief Seattle, for whom the city is named. Seattle himself was always friendly toward the whites; but when he heard they were going to name the new town after him he objected very strongly, even going himself to Olympia, the seat of government, to protest against it. His objection was founded on the Siwash superstition that a dead person's name should never be mentioned, for every time it is spoken the dead will turn in his grave. Chief Seattle had a longing to rest well in his tomb; hence his very natural objection to having the town named after him. His wishes were not heeded, however, and the poor old Chief's bones must be about worn out by this time, as he has been dead a number of years.

His daughter, Princess Angeline, would hardly be called handsome even in Siwash society; but she is exceedingly interesting, and her picture may be seen in all probable and improbable places in Seattle. She may be said to have the "freedom of the city"; the places of business she chooses to patronize looking to the civic government for their pay. As her monthly bills all told amount to only about eight dollars, but little notice is taken of the fact that she occasionally treats her friends to a box of cigars.

Princess Angeline at home presents a striking contrast to her white sister in a similar position. The following account of a visit to her palace appeared in one of Seattle's leading dailies. The Princess was found in a hut on the shore of the Sound not far from the city.

> The hut was built of such material as had been picked up on the shore, and presented the appearance of having been thrown together rather than built. It was about six by seven feet square and five feet high, and at one corner a bottomless box served as a stovepipe and chimney, and opened directly into the room. There was no window, and the only light that reached the inside of the hut came through cracks in the walls and roof, and hrough the improvised chimney. An aperture in one corner four feet high and two feet wide, covered by a coarse piece of dirty canvas, indicated the entrance to the palace of Princess Angeline.
>
> The aged klootchman was preparing her evening meal by the side of a little fire fed by chips and pieces of driftwood. She was seated on the floor beside the fire, chuckling and mumbling to herself, and giving her whole attention to the preparation of her supper. Her dress was of faded calico, and was ill-fitting and greasy, and only partially covered her dark-skinned feet, which had no covering. The meal that the royal lady was to partake of was even more primitive than the hut itself. It consisted of a few crackers, a little dried bread, a piece of salmon, and an unpalatable stew, which simmered in a pot half buried in the coals. The salmon was cooking at the end of a stick, one end of which was stuck in the ground. With one hand Angeline stirred the stew, and with the other she dropped pieces of cracker into it.

Strange surroundings and strange occupation for a princess one might think. But the surroundings and occupation are better suited to the habits and taste

of Angeline, daughter of Chief Seattle, than anything more civilized would be. Her white friends have attempted at various times to improve her mode of living, but all to no purpose; what she has been she will continue to be to the end of her days. When her time comes to join her father in the spirit land the citizens of Seattle will follow her to the tomb, and pay her the honor dead that she refused to receive while living.

Chief Seattle's grandson, Tyee Peter, grew excited over Uncle Sam's late little misunderstanding with Chile. He offered his services, with that of his five hundred braves, to fight the Chileans, who, he claimed, are great cowards. He was sure he and his braves would bring in a thousand scalps the first night. Fortunately for the Chileans Uncle Sam had no use for Chief Peter, so he returned to his teepee on Ballast Island, where dwell his six wives and twelve children.

Polygamy is not generally practiced among the Siwash, Tyee Peter being one of the few exceptions. The families are small; there are seldom more than two or three children in a family, — though often they have had from six to ten, but they die young. It is a case of the survival of the strongest.

Nature has done much for the Siwash in giving them excellent memories, and good imitative powers; it remains for Uncle Sam to see that the qualities they possess are trained, and supplemented with others that come with civilization.

E. Meliss.

OLD ANGELINE, THE PRINCESS OF SEATTLE.[1]

Old Angeline was sitting in her cabin, looking out upon the sea, in that portion of Seattle known as "Shantytown." What a blemish on this fair and growing city is that particular locality, where scores of shanties, lean-tos, and sheds, holding a heterogeneous mass of humanity, are huddled together,— little children with old faces, unkempt men and women, dirty dogs, stray cats, the sewage from unclean sewers pouring down contagion and filth, moral and physical ill-being,— all down that hillside, where the tumble-down dwellings are piled in many cases one over another.

Angeline had seen it all, was familiar to and with it all, for many years. Efforts had been made to civilize her, to bring her into different ways and conditions, but the rugged lines of her tanned, weather-beaten Indian visage grew more set, and scornful, and stolid with each succeeding effort, till the task was given up in despair; and for years past she has enjoyed unmolested freedom,— going and coming when she chooses, affiliating with no one. She spends much of her time in the tireless watching of the sea, which seems to soothe her, strengthen her, bring back with vividness past days and past scenes, when her father, Chief Seattle, was the great and powerful ruler, when the banks were green and wooded, when she was sought and honored, when she was loved and loving. How long ago!

It required an effort to bring it all back. She dozed with a pipe between her lips and forgot; but occasionally, as now, "the sea," she says, "brings it all back to her." When it is white with lashing caps, when it roars a thunderous sound into her ears, when light craft are

[1] See page 504 for portrait.

putting into harbor, and large ones are anchoring safely, when the wind howls with fury and shakes the cabin as though it would scatter it into a hundred pieces, she grunts with satisfaction,—and then if you have access to her she will talk.

Old Angeline is a familiar figure on the streets. Old residents have a kind word or nod for her in passing, and she s pointed out to new-comers as one of the curiosities of the city. Short of stature, bare-footed, or nearly so, in all seasons, her garb made up of cast-off articles of apparel given her by kindly disposed whites, she looks like a veritable scarecrow. Her face is so seamed, so tanned, so wrinkled, so mmovable, that she reminds one of a dilapidated, weather-beaten sphinx looking backward upon a fallen and decaying people. Her eyes, however, are shrewd and glinting, even kindly.

She likes children, and will stand gazing after a group of them some time, with a half-pensive, half-amused expression, as though she wondered at and pitied the little feet that have such long roads to travel. Sometimes she stops a young woman and mutters to herself; then walks away with a patient resignation that appeals to one, if one but understands. She once had a daughter, a half-breed, who was handsome, tall, and ungrateful.

More than half a century ago the shores of Puget Sound were but a name to pioneer whites; and the Indians of this region,—basking in the calm, delightful sunshine, the equable atmosphere, enjoying the immunity from care that this favored region offered, as fish and game were plentiful, the climate never rigorous, and the waters of the Sound calm and beautiful, affording unlimited scope for varied enjoyment,—were a quiet, peaceable set.

At this time Chief Seattle was in the zenith of his power. He was the acknowledged leader of numerous bands, and filled his important position with dignity and honor; but his reign was in a changing time. White traders and settlers were invading his domains, and what was worse, they came to stay. They sought him out and honored him, to be sure, but it was always for their own aggrandizement. They were superior to himself and his people, and the old chief bowed his head to the inevitable, for he felt that only through friendliness could any good come to his people. When murmurings of discontent began to be bruited about concerning the encroachments of the whites, he harangued his people to submission, to gentleness, and peace. He foresaw the coming order of things, and distinctly but with that intuition the simple child of nature is so often heir to, and with a sad courage born of the conviction, advocated friendliness to the newcomers. When besought by other tribes to make common cause against the whites, he firmly adhered to his friendly policy, thus giving occasion for hostilities between his tribes and the belligerents, and he maintained this attitude through all the troublous times that followed, endearing himself to the early settlers, who named one of their prosperous settlements after him,—Seattle.

It was about this time that some interesting developments occurred in Seattle's family circle, concerning no other than Angeline, a young and comely maiden, much sought for by the young braves of her tribe, and of a repute for industry and good nature that reached among other tribes. Angeline gave her preference to one known by the whites as "Martin," a young brave of her own people. He was a coming man,—so all felt who listened to his smooth and well chosen harangues on topics of general interest. He was approved of by the chief, and his valor on more than one occasion had been severely tested. He was skillful and successful in the chase and in fishing,—

two by no means mean accomplishments. He was ambitious as well, and this alliance with Angeline would further him both in favor and power,— and Angeline with all the soul within her loved him. There was satisfaction in her mien when he was near. She was always ready to accompany him in his canoe and listen to his plans for their future. She it was who would inform him of secret councils, of plans not yet perfected concerning her father's policy. Martin would then appear as a very Sir Oracle to his less favored brethren. All that was needed to crown the happiness of the couple was the old chief's consent to their marriage, but he, though viewing their attitude toward each other with complaisant indifference, would not bear approach.

One evening after a week's absence, during which time he had been to visit and confer with some distant tribes in the interior, he returned to his wigwam and called Angeline to him. She came flushed with expectancy. Martin had accompanied her father,—then he had returned. Undoubtedly this summons meant joy to her and Martin.

Her father viewed her in silence for some time, but when he spoke there was no hesitancy, —

"You have been a good daughter, Angeline,—you will make a good squaw."

Angeline caught her father's hand and kissed it.

"I have been among the Snoqualmies. Very brave, very good tribes they are. Peace is between us, and that it long may continue, I said to Chief Squanim that you should be his squaw and take care of his wigwam."

The girl stood motionless and speechless, stunned by this unexpected edict. At last her father, troubled and irritated by the silence, asked her if he had not done well for her,— said that she would be the wife of a powerful chief, and the means of promoting harmony and union between the tribes.

"But Martin," the girl gasped out.

"What of him? He is not for you. An ordinary maiden will do for him. You are the daughter of a chief,— you must be mother of another."

The girl made an imploring gesture. "I want Martin, I do not want to be squaw to a chief."

There was an ominous silence.

"You shame me," and the voice of the Chief trembled with suppressed rage, "but you will not do it again, nor shall any one know. Tomorrow Squanim will be here,— tomorrow night he will be alone with you in your wigwam. Go."

Angeline went out into the night, dazed, uncertain that she had heard aright, conscious of but one idea, one desire,— Martin, to see Martin. Why did he not come to her?

The night was calm and beautiful, and the waters of the Sound reflected the subdued light of the full moon. She would run down to where his canoe was tied,— surely he would be expecting her.

She ran at full speed along the winding path. She knew every step of it. She stopped once to listen to a mournful sound. It was a breeze stirring the sighing firs. A superstitious terror stole over her dim intelligence. "A bad omen, a bad omen," she sobbed, and hastened on.

As she came to the broad beach her fear changed to joy. There was the canoe, and there was her lover waiting for her. She threw up her arms with a cry of joy, and ran to him.

The next morning there was consternation in Seattle's household. Angeline was missing, and not to be found. The day wore on without a trace of her. Squanim came, and Seattle in his wrath sent for Martin,— but Martin could give no information, no clue to her whereabouts. The chief sent him away in anger, but half-convinced of his apparent miserable sincerity. Squanim lingered

another day, and yet another; then returned to his tribe covered with mortification, chagrin, and anger,— and the peaceful relations of the tribes were disturbed. Weeks wore into months, and months into years, but Seattle waited in vain for his favorite daughter.

Death visited his household and robbed him of his two remaining daughters, and he grew silent and sad, but bent all his energies to the keeping of his tribes together, and improving their condition. He was beloved and revered by his people, and by no one more so than by Martin, who rose in power and conceit with each succeeding year.

When Angeline ran to her lover's arms, she realized too late that they were those of another, not Martin.

"O, let me go! Let me go!" But she was held fast.

"Angeline, by all that 's holy. Come, come, what 's the matter? Get in here." And half by force, half by cunning persuasion, Henri, the fur-trader, a man Angeline had good reason to fear, had her in the canoe, and was speeding out over the smooth water.

For fifteen long years the scenes of Angeline's childhood and girlhood knew nothing of her. Vague rumor had it that she had gone with a white man, a fur trader, and that she lived with him in the far North, but no authenticated reports were obtainable.

It was even so. To the far North, at one of the trading stations, Henri had taken his unwilling companion. Remonstrances, pleadings, threats, were alike unavailing. Angeline was forced to stay with him. One or two ineffectual attempts at flight proved to her her powerlessness, and finally she became as Henri expressed it, "a very good squaw." He was coarse, brutal, and cunning by nature, but treated Angeline with rather more consideration than usually fell to the lot of the squaw of the white man. In the course of time several children were born to her, but with the exception of Therese, the eldest daughter, they died in early infancy.

Therese was like her father in looks and disposition, and the two were very fond of each other. Something very like content seemed to possess Angeline during these days. She was dutiful and industrious. Henri was kind, provided well, and never over-burdened her with work; and Therese, though wayward, was affectionate. In due time Therese went with the other half-breed children to the school at the settlement, and her progress there was a source of gratification and wonder to her mother, who regarded with awe the books and wonderful marks and figures the child delighted in.

So time wore on. If Angeline's thoughts ever reverted to the past, she never spoke them. Her duties occupied her time and attention, yet often during the long winter evenings when Henri was away, and Therese wrapped in slumber, she would sit for hours gazing stolidly into the open fire. What were her thoughts, her feelings? Something of injustice she felt,— something of a lack. The long, cold winters chilled her. She longed for the balmy atmosphere, the sunny land of her childhood. She longed for her people. The people of the North were so sharp, so quarrelsome, so cruel, always full of care for the morrow. "So different,— so different,"— she would mutter to herself, then relapse into stolid silence.

Time brings many changes, and one night when she had been keeping her vigils rather later than usual, waiting for Henri, there came a sound of many feet at her cabin door,— then a call.

"Angeline, O Angeline!" She hastened out, half expecting that her lord and master had been helped home after indulging too freely in drink, as was not infrequent. Several men were carrying a rude litter, and on it, covered with a blanket, lay the dead form of Henri.

"Ugh!" Angeline shivered, but made no moan, betrayed no further emotion, — asked no question.

"Dalton stabbed him," she heard one of the men remark. Such occurrences were common at the settlement.

Thus ended an epoch in Angeline's life. She lived in the cabin till spring, — but no longer the stolid, indifferent squaw. She was alert, interested in the affairs of the hunters and trappers, and kept a lynx eye on Therese, who was fast approaching her fifteenth birthday. In the spring a party was formed to go down to the Sound country for purposes of traffic with the Indians, and to look up the resources of that section, as it was coming into prominence. This was what Angeline had waited for. She determined to accompany the men, and see once more the home of her childhood.

Arrangements were easily made for providing the necessaries of the journey for herself and Therese, and early one May day the party set out. It was a long and perilous journey, but Angeline proved herself an nvaluable aid. Her knowledge of woodcraft, her willingness to help, her good nature and buoyant spirits, made her a favorite, and she commanded the respect and liking of her companions.

After a two months' journey they came to Puget Sound. Angeline was in a transport of joy at seeing the familiar waters again. Therese viewed her mother with amazement. What a change had taken place. She herself sincerely mourned the loss of her father. He had been kind to her and shown her much affection, and she could not comprehend the very evident relief that his death caused her mother.

It was a calm, moonlit night again, when Angeline, followed by Therese, walked into her father's wigwam unannounced. She had resumed the garb of the tribe, though Therese wore the dress of the settlement. Seattle sat in his wigwam alone. He looked up to greet his visitors, and arose hurriedly.

Angeline came forward and handed him a pipe, a peace-offering,— then caught his hand and kissed it. Some tender feeling must have stirred in the old chief, for his voice was kind as he bade her welcome.

"Father, I am alone but for her — she is my child. You are lonely and need me. I will stay with you and keep your wigwam. I will be your daughter again, only let us come to you. Let us both come."

The old Chief turned from her, and Angeline waited long and anxiously for the words she hoped to hear. They came at last. Quietly and tersely he promised her protection. It cost him an effort, but Angeline knew that come what would her position as her father's daughter was assured.

She turned to leave the wigwam, but was intercepted by some one entering. She stepped back, but the new comer had recognized her. It was Martin.

"You, Angeline!"

Some long suppressed emotion leaped within her. She came forward, all the fervor of her nature shining in her eyes. It was to come to her at last,— that subtle something that had been wanting during the long years. She knew now what it had been that had given her courage to court danger and repulse, that had impelled her to return. It was the vivifying hope of *love.*

The moment was a short one, but in it Angeline lived years. Years of hope, comfort, and joy.

"Martin, have a care!"

The words of the Chief were too late. Already a stinging blow had left its mark on Angeline's cheek,—another, and another. Therese terrified, drew her mother back.

"So you have come back after all these years to mock me,— bringing your white-faced child to shame you." His voice was hoarse, his eyes lurid with

passion, and the muscles of his face worked convulsively. "You promised me, yet you ran off in the night with a pale-face. I might have been chief with your father,— Squanim would never have taken you had he known. But you were false to me, you left your father lonely,— you despised your people."

The old Chief laid a forcible hand upon the infuriated man and motioned Angeline to go.

She went out into the night, followed by Therese. The moon in all its soft radiance looked pityingly down. The smooth waters of the Sound reflected many a shadow. Angeline looked out upon it all. Something seemed to have died within her. No emotion stirred at the familiar sight,— yet the calmness and the still, penetrating beauty had their quieting influence upon her. She bowed her head, and Therese heard her mutter, "It is night. It always comes in the night."

Angeline's return after so long an absence created a profound sensation among her people, but she was indifferent alike to their curiosity or their sympathy, their notice or their aversion. She found many changes, but reconciled herself to them all. Her father's household affairs received her former faithful attention,— and Therese, already a tall and handsome maiden, became the source of much gratification to her. Even the old Chief found her useful, as in the frequent dealings with the whites her knowledge of their language, and her ability to read and write, made her a valuable interpreter and mediator. Perhaps this was Angeline's greatest solace, as it certainly was a marked distinction.

The young men of the tribe paid Therese much attention, and sought her favor, but she treated them pretty much alike. She favored this one, then that one, and laughed good-naturedly at them all. The elders looked on in amusement and wonder. Her good nature kept her in touch with them all, her keenness and wit enlivened them, while her accomplishments and attainments established her superiority. Could she have been satisfied with what her mother's people had to offer her, her fate might have been a comparatively safe and happy one; but the alien blood told in her.

With a mother's insight Angeline perceived this, and trembled for the girl when the white men from the settlements favored Therese with their familiar notice. Untutored savage that she was, she felt that trouble only would come of it, and she earnestly besought the girl to avoid temptation; but Therese was willful. She hated monotony. She disliked the stupidity and stolidity of her companions. She craved excitement; and, after all, the restless disquietude that possessed her might have been the unconscious reaching out for clearer perception,— a movement of the dim soul within her for larger intelligence, a fuller scope. However it was, Angeline's fears were realized.

One of the white men from Seattle persuaded Therese to accompany him, and keep his home, and she went,— confident, hopeful, and happy. To her mother's entreaty to stay, her prophecies that she would rue the day she left her people, she turned a deaf ear; but her parting kiss was full of affection, and her words to the chief were those of respect and love.

A greater trial was in store for Angeline than mere separation would have caused. The fact that in the ensuing time she never heard directly from her daughter troubled her, and she grew more taciturn and reserved, now that the connecting link with outside interests was gone.

Two years went by,— years of watching and yearning, before any summons came;— then one calm, beautiful night Martin's son, a promising young brave, who had been one of Therese's ardent admirers, came to Angeline's wigwam

with a message. He had just returned from Seattle, where he had seen Therese. She was sick and unhappy, and wished her mother to come to her.

Without a word Angeline made preparations to go. She went to her father, acquainted him with the facts, then following the winding path down to the beach, she untied her canoe, and soon with strong, swift strokes was lessening the distance between herself and daughter.

"It is night again. It is just such another night," she muttered to herself, as she strained her gaze over the still, reflecting waters, and her thoughts reverted to the past. There was an ominous dread at her heart. Her past life stood out in bold relief,— the one bright spot in it had been Therese, and now Therese was sick and unhappy,— Therese with her bright, gay manner, her quick perceptions, and withal her glowing health. The two years must have been full of suffering indeed to have brought her so low. Angeline caught her breath and shivered as a chill breeze struck her, but kept on with a steady stroke.

In two hours she reached Seattle, then carefully following the directions given her by Martin's son, she made her way to a miserable hovel under the brow of the cliff that then skirted the waterfront. The dread that possessed her deepened as she stepped to the partly closed door. The moon was darkened as she looked in, and the deep shadows revealed nothing.

"Therese! Therese!" she cried hoarsely.

There was no answer. She flung wide open the door,— the wailing cry of an infant greeted her. In the indistinct light she discerned an object swaying to and fro, suspended by a rope from a beam above. The moon emerging from the cloud flooded the room with a sickly light. Angeline gave a loud cry as she recognized the swaying object. It was still warm, but life was extinct.

Thus ended another epoch in Angeline's life.

The succeeding years witnessed many changes. The death of her father a few years later severed the only bond that held her close to human sympathy. The tribes, scattered and dismembered even before her father's death, had nothing in common with her. She left them, and came to Seattle to live. She took care of the child left by Therese, a puny, miserable boy, for whom, however, she never evinced any tenderness or emotion. He is still living,— a miserable specimen of a degenerate half-breed.

Angeline herself is a stoic. The days come and go. They have nothing to bring her, nothing to take away. Life is a monotonous existence, in which is neither hope nor fear, pleasure nor sorrow. In her rude cabin overlooking the sea Angeline, the Princess of Seattle, looks out in wonder and contempt at the turmoil and strife of the new civilization. Child of a past age, she has outlived it, — but who can judge her, who understand?

Rose Simmons.

HOW MRS. BINNYWIG CHECKED THE KING.

I.

"It must be now or never," said Mrs. Boscobel Binnywig.

She said it half aloud, with tears in her eyes and a short sob, that, however helpless or hopeless it might sound to outsiders, was a sob that meant business.

Things had not been going well with the Boscobel Binnywigs of late. They were an affectionate family, but Mr. Binnywig, while an excellent husband in some respects, was very much wanting in others. He was in fact altogether too much addicted to spiritualism; the kind that has more power to "raise spirits" and depress them again than any dozen other mediums extant.

And Mrs. Binnywig was determined that she would not stand it. She had declared the same many times before, both to herself and to Boscobel, and when Mrs. Binnywig said a thing, she almost always meant it. She had married her husband years before, for love, not money; what little property they had ever possessed belonged to her. She came from the South, where her family had connections in St. Louis, Tennessee, and California, and she possessed in large degree the warm, loving, vivacious temperament so common among women in those sunny lands.

Mr. Binnywig, on the contrary, had spent most of his life in Chicago, and had done it badly. He was an "all round newspaper man" of considerable repute, who could easily command a position on any of the great Chicago dailies when he chose to work; and might easily have acquired a competence for his family, had the light of his genius only been as steady as it was brilliant. As things were, he had failed to make even a living, of late, and matters were growing worse. Owing to his constant lapses managing editors and publishers were beginning seriously to distrust him; and it was becoming evident that he would soon have to fall out of the ranks altogether in favor of duller but more conscientious men.

Mrs. Binnywig thought of her five children,—the youngest a short, golden-haired boy still in petticoats, domestically known as "the Pawn"; while the eldest was fast developing into an intellectual girl, whose sole ambition was to complete her education by graduating at Harvard. It was to herself, reflected Mrs. Binnywig, that they must all look for sustenance and culture; and with her somewhat tremulous resolution strengthened into earnest resolve, she went upstairs to attire herself for a promised attendance at the police court.

Mr. Binnywig was booked for trial on the charge of having wilfully disturbed that mysterious element known in police circles as "the peace." He looked to his wife to save him from punishment by paying a light fine,—as she had often done before. But on this occasion he had reckoned without his hostess, who for some time past had been maturing quite a different plan in her active and well-organized brain.

She was a tiny little woman, and did not look in the least strong-minded, as she stood before the mirror in grave contemplation of a new poem in millinery, which she was wearing for the first time that day. Yet in spite of her fondness for pretty clothing, and the five children she had borne her husband, she was by no means one of those soulless, prolific women who bear tamely any indignities their male halves may see fit to inflict upon them. She possessed bright talents, not unknown in the lit-

erature of her conntry, strong common sense, and vigorous opinions; and one of these latter was a decided disapproval of divorce both on social and conscientious grounds. So pondering over her home troubles, and with a keen appreciation of the niceties of her husband's character, she had arranged a medium course between the two fences that she fondly hoped would lead to a complete reformation; and she had long been awaiting a suitable opportunity for beginning practice.

This occasion, Mrs. Binnywig was forced to acknowledge with a strange sinking of the heart, had now arrived; and it would be mere cowardice to defer action any longer. For three weeks past Boscobel had been indulging in a carouse of more than usual virulence. The evening before the opening of this veracious narrative he had been dragged off the cable-tracks, in close proximity to a corner, by one of the prize city policemen, just as a train was swinging around the curve at a high rate of speed. Nothing short of hydraulics, or the condensed force imbedded in three hundred pounds of solid bone and muscle, could have pulled Mr. Binnywig off those tracks in time to save his life. He had been conveyed in the patrol wagon to the Armory, unconscious of the dangers he had passed, and there recognized by the superintendent, who had communicated with his family.

Mrs. Binnywig had been too well accustomed to such messages to receive this one otherwise than with the dignity of resignation; but the girls had cried; and even the family cat, who was in temporary but solid possession of Boscobel's easy chair, paused in his reflections on other cats' iniquities for a while, to wave his tail in scorn at the follies of his so-called master.

Mrs. Binnywig had declined to go to the station that night, where the husband of her youth and the father of her children was lying on the floor of his cell, among inquisitive roaches and cynical but not wholly unsympathetic rats, sunk in alcoholic slumbers; but she had promised to be on hand for his trial in the morning, and as we have seen, was now preparing to fulfill her engagement.

"No, I will not pay his fine, nor yet go on his bond," she said sorrowfully, but firmly, a little later, in reply to the judge's inquiry. "If you will commit him to the Washingtonian Home for thirty days, I will pay his board while he remains there. That is all I will do."

"Fifteen dollars and costs to the Washingtonian Home for Inebriates," decided the Court, beginning to record the fine on the sheet, and disregarding the prisoner's plea for a stay of execution. The judge knew the Binnywigs well; was, in fact, a personal friend of the family; and judging Mr. Binnywig's habits with that calm contempt that the man with no inherited tendency to alcoholism always bestows upon his unfortunate and handicapped brother, he privately thought that Mrs. Binnywig treated her husband a good deal more leniently than he deserved.

"I don't believe 'The Home' will receive me," said Boscobel: "I 've been there too often."

The judge paused, and glanced at Mrs. Binnywig.

"They will receive him at my request," she said quietly.

"If they refuse, you will have to work out your fine at the Bridewell," decided the Court, finishing his entry. "Next!"

The prisoner turned his eyes upon his wife as the officer led him away, but he saw no relenting in her gaze. He was a tall, fine looking man, of English birth, more than six feet high; with the frame and constitution of a giant, and the gentle and affectionate disposition common to men of his type; haggard and unshaven as he now was, as the result of his late debauch, he could not hide the look of unconscious dis-

tinction that was one of his most pleasing attributes, nor quench the real love for his ill-used wife that shone in his eyes as he looked at her.

"I 'll stop drinking if you will get me off this time," he said to her later, when she visited him in his cell at the police station, with a few of his possessions that he needed for immediate use, accompanied by no less a personage than the Pawn, and escorted by her eldest daughter. It was only too evident to the older members of the party that in some way he had contrived to get a drink in his cell. He was looking better and more self-confident than he had done in court, and his breath, as he stood close to the bars, exhaled the noxious fumes of half-digested alcohol.

Mrs. Binnywig stepped back a little from the bars, and shook her head in answer to his plea. Too well she knew that even had she been willing to forego her formal intention, it would be worse than futile to release him while the alcoholic poison was surging through his brain and blood vessels. He *could* not stop drinking. The fever consuming him was stronger than himself, stronger than his will; and only after he had been in confinement and strictly abstinent for many days would the power of reformation return to him.

He pleaded and entreated with all the natural eloquence of which he was master, joined to the maudlin pathos which is at the command of every drunkard. But all this was but an oft-told tale to Mrs. Binnywig, and she remained true to her purpose.

"I told you that I should leave you the next time, Boscobel," she said sadly, "and I intend to do so."

Mr. Binnywig was not greatly frightened by this threat, though perhaps he might have been had he realized its full significance. But as a matter of fact, it is not easy to alarm a drunkard in his cups by anything short of a bullet in his brain, or a plunge into the lake. His complacency and self-satisfaction are so abnormally developed, and his mind is so clouded by alcohol, that you cannot make him believe that you would do anything to harm such a fine fellow as he feels himself to be. Mr. Binnywig knew well that his wife would not give up the home that was hers by purchase, and he had reason to believe that her love for him was not dead or even enfeebled. So he waved aside her threat with an airy motion of his hand and continued his entreaties for immediate release. But he did not quite know his wife yet, in spite of his long acquaintance with her character.

"I wish you *would* stop drinking, papa," urged Wanda, a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, singularly like her father in expression and type of countenance. "It brings so much disgrace on us all, and there seems no end to it."

"If you think I don't feel that as much as you do, my girl, you don't understand me," said her father.

The mother turned to leave, taking her boy's hand for the purpose; but at this point the Pawn, who had been gazing earnestly through the bars, had apparently reached the conclusion that something was wrong with his father beyond his powers of comprehension; and he set up a loud cry, clinging fast to the bars of the cell. He was the darling and the only boy of the family, and mother and sister united to comfort him.

"I want to stay with my par-pa," he wailed.

Dear little soul, with truest manly sympathy taking the side that seemed weakest to his baby comprehension! He was persuaded, at last, to let go the bars; and on hearing his father's stern "Go with your mother, Pawn," consented to leave on his sturdy little feet, still sobbing and reiterating his plaint, "Want to stay with par-pa."

Soon afterwards Mr. Binnywig was conveyed to the Home for Inebriates to

begin his thirty days' sentence. It was not, as has been said, a wholly new experience to him. He had been committed there once before by the same judge who had sent him up today, and on several occasions his wife had herself assumed the judicial function, and had dispatched him to the Home in a carriage, under convoy of a couple of stalwart police officers. But periodical drunkenness had now so poisoned his system that he needed some stronger antidote than the mild temperance lectures and narrow copy-book maxims of the inebriate reformatory, all of which he had long known by heart. He drank, as his father had drunk before him, and as thousands will drink until the day of judgment; not from any inherent vice, but simply because his appetite was stronger than his will, his principles, or his love satiated by possession. Nothing short of a complete and cyclonic upheaval of his entire social and moral status would now effect a cure. The day for tonics had passed, and the hand that he loved best was to apply the blister.

II.

Mrs. Binnywig was not alone in the world. She had relatives in Tennessee and Missouri, all in comfortable circumstances, and her immediate family, father and brothers, lived in St. Louis, with sufficient resources among them to support her and all her children had it been necessary, without feeling the outlay. She had a married cousin, Mrs. Lawson, living in one of the suburbs of Chicago, with whom we shall presently become acquainted; and Mrs. Binnywig herself was not without means. On the death of her mother, some years before, she had inherited $5,000 in cash, and a small interest in some highly profitable coal mines in the vicinity of St. Louis, which yielded her an income of varying but never magnificent proportions. The house in which she lived and the lot on which it stood were her own property, bought at a bargain with money that she had earned and the interest of the $5,000. Mrs. Binnywig was herself a recognized writer of fiction, especially in the form of short stories. She had also a gift for writing semi-philosopical and humorous paragraphs for the daily press on subjects of interest to women. She wrote verse, both humorous and pathetic, which, however unremunerative in a financial sense, acquired a certain value in keeping her pseudonym before the public. She could calculate on earning a small income regularly by her pen, which, while not enough to maintain a household in luxury, would be a welcome addition to its funds. All these resources together would have enabled her to support herself and children, even had Mr. Binnywig been outside of the line of vision of that philanthropic policeman when the cable cars swept round the Dearborn Street curve on that memorable Tuesday evening. Mr. Binnywig, however, was now at the Washingtonian Home, and Mrs. Binnywig was preparing to teach him a lesson.

On the day following his incarceration she dressed herself, while Wanda dressed the Pawn, with a view to paying a visit to that same cousin to whom I have referred. While Mrs. Binnywig put the finishing touches to her own toilet, Wanda, with her mouth full of pins, was on her knees, busily engaged in trying to soften the natural angularities of the Pawn. Twin girls of ten, commonly called "the Bishops," though their real names were Mignonette and Reseda, were also present; one helping her mother, while the other kept the little boy in good humor by relating wonderful fairy stories invented for the occasion.

The Pawn stood manfully on his little feet, and submitted with dignity not unmixed with resignation to the ministrations of his sisters. His round bullet-head was rather small as compared with

his frame, but was clothed in yellow hair cut squarely short by his own hands. His pretty curls had been the pride of his mother and sisters, but a bugbear to himself; and finding his entreaties on the subject allowed to grow cold for want of attention, he cut his own hair not wisely but too well. Such of it as remained, however, was yellow as a buttercup; and when attired in his old-gold plush walking skirt he looked as much like a stalwart little white pawn as a young American can.

The Binnywigs, who were all great chess players, had nicknamed one another after various pieces in the game. Strangers laughed when they heard them at play; and perhaps the joke had in some occult way influenced their destinies, for they really looked the characters they represented. Wanda was the Queen — the Queen of Hearts, as her father said; Boscobel Junior, as we have seen, was the Pawn. Tall, fair-haired papa was the King, and the twin girls, dark and fair, were the Bishops,— the episcopal character being well supported by their serious little faces. There never had been a knight until a discussion arose one day as to what mamma was.

"*She* ought to be the Queen," said a second sister, (who for ornithological as well as chess reasons had been named "the Rook,") not perhaps unwilling to oust Wanda from her superiority. "Papa is the King, so of course mamma must be the Queen."

"No, I am the Knight," said Mamma decisively. "I am the fighting member of the family, and do battle for my king and castle."

So Mamma had been "the Knight" ever since,— the piece militant. The house they lived in had, of course, always been "the Castle," and was so entered upon the city record. It was soon destined to take upon itself one of the attributes of a castle in checking the king, but of this the children were unaware.

The visit to Mrs. Lawson took up the greater part of the day. Mrs. Lawson, a widow, lived on her own property near Evanston, in a square brick house, standing in a pretty garden of a quarter of an acre in extent. She was one of those women who seldom go out, and had therefore never met Mr. Binnywig, who hardly knew of her existence. She and Mrs. Binnywig, however, had been friendly as children, and Mrs. Binnywig kept up the acquaintance by an occasio n al call. Mrs. Lawson had two young children, and for some time past had been seeking a city site to which she could move her home, in order to obtain better educational advantages than were procurable at Evanston. She had been anxious to secure a site as near the Binnywig residence as possible; partly for the sake of enjoying their society, but principally on account of the desirability of the district, which supported a handsome park. an excellent kindergarten, and also a public school, considered the best in Chicago. She had asked her cousin to look out for a site, and the object of Mrs. Binnywig's visit today was to tell her that she had found one.

The two ladies talked long and earnestly, the Pawn meanwhile standing by his mother's side, and absorbing every word with that grave attention common to thoughtful children. He had been too well trained to interrupt a conversation, however long and uninteresting it might be, and Mrs. Lawson's little girls were at school. The conference came to an end at last, however, as all mundane confabulation will, and in time, also, his little cousins returned from school, and directed his attention to other matters. Mrs. Binnywig stayed to lunch, and during the meal the same subject was rediscussed, and some minor details arranged that had previously been overlooked.

After lunch was over, Mrs. Binnywig returned to town by the cable-extension car which crossed the next corner; the

Pawn, who was nothing if not a little man, standing on the front platform, and paying for himself "and that lady" out of the store of nickels hoarded in his small skirt pocket. He was a strange boy, absurdly imitative within certain lines, intensely independent in matters where few would expect a small boy to assert himself.

On reaching the terminus of the cable road in the center of town, Mrs. Binnywig descended, and made her way to an office building on Lasalle Street, for the address of which she referred to a card in her satchel. The firm she visited were evidently engaged in some important and large line of business, and Mrs. Binnywig after sending in her card was promptly shown into the private office of the head partner, leaving the Pawn in the outer office. He remained quietly seated on the stool that had been placed for him, until his attention was engaged by the two clerks nearest to him, who thought him the jolliest specimen of embryo manhood that had recently enlivened their dull routine of business. They joked with and guyed him, without being able to disturb his serenity, and gave him nickels and chewing-gum which he accepted with dignity, and stowed away in the proper receptacles. All this kept him from fretting at his mother's prolonged absence, so that when, an hour later, she emerged from the inner office accompanied by the manager, she was glad to find him cheerfully engaged.

"I will consult with my cousin, then, and let you know decidedly at the end of the week," Mrs. Binnywig was saying as she came out, obsequiously attended by the grand mogul of the firm.

"Very good, Madam," assented that potentate. "Then if you will let us know by the 15th, at latest, we will accept the contract for some date between the 25th and 30th, and will notify you twenty-four hours previous to the exact hour at which the men will be ready."

"And you fully understand the conditions of secrecy?"

"Certainly; your wishes in that respect shall be carefully observed."

This concluded Mrs. Binnywig's business for the day, and she returned to the bosom of her family.

III.

Mr. Binnywig's term of detention at the Inebriate Home was nearly over. He had lived through the three days' strict seclusion in "Bromide Hall" behind locked doors, exacted of all arrivals, and had submitted with resignation to the doses of bromide of potassium, from which this section of the institution derives its name. They were "mean, salty draughts," to swallow three times a day; but he knew their usefulness of old. He had dispatched nine frugal meals of beef tea, flanked by a not too generous piece of bread; and with fruitless gluttony had never failed each time to ask for more. But the rules of Bromide Hall are very strict. It was organized to encourage low living and high thinking in new arrivals, whose stomachs are theoretically "rotten" as a result of constant steeping in alcohol; so the beef tea and bread was all he got. He had then signed the usual papers, pledging himself to remain in the Home for thirty days, or until discharged by the board of management; after which he was permitted the wild dissipation of freedom amongst the other inmates in the body of the institution.

There he had discovered two other newspaper men, friends of his own, and about eighty strangers, mostly in a condition of whisky-flavored repentance, and animated, with few exceptions, by an "ardent spirit" of intended reform. For three weeks he had smoked the pipe of peace and friendship among them, and had attended the course of some thirty lectures delivered by the

enthusiastic and kindly but rather opinionated superintendent. He had responded seven times to a hand on the shoulder, and the exhortation, "Well, brother, I trust you have made up your mind to reform. It needs will, my brother; it needs will!" He had attended three Sunday evening curricula, and had listened in their course to about a thousand "declarations" from still sick and nervous members: "Mr. Superintendent, I shall never touch drink again as long as I live," together with nearly as many humorous or pathetic accounts of, "How I fell," which hung as trimmings around the above declarations. Mr. Binnywig had heard many such in the course of his experience, and had lived to see the same men back again in the institution, recovering fresh energy for new declarations of reform. Being himself among this honorable number, Mr. Binnywig decided that this time he would abstain from protestations.

There were a few who silently but earnestly purposed to amend their lives, and amongst these was our friend Boscobel. That little speech of his daughter's and his wife's heart-broken appearance had sunk deeper into his heart than he had been aware of at the time. But he had found leisure for reflection since, and over his briarwood pipe, had formulated many a good and earnest resolution. Whether his purpose would have borne any subsequent fruit of a permanent character, had not after events tended to confirm it, will never be known. Like many others at "The Home," he had made such resolutions before — and broken them. But there comes a time in every man's life when the superabundant vitality of youth is over, that circumstances, or perhaps only some trifling event, influences him in a wholly unexpected way, and places him squarely on the bridge between his past and his future. He is thereby obliged to look both in the face, and either makes a permanent reform, or plunges hopelessly into the faults or vices that have marred his past. There are some men, also, whom unexpected adversity strengthens. It arouses all their manhood, and serves as a tonic, though a bitter one, to their moral nature.

Boscobel had only heard from his home once during his incarceration, and that merely in a brief, cool note from his wife, which told him that his family was well. But he was not surprised at this. He knew that she was justly indignant with him. She had been a good and loving wife and mother, and had borne outrages and humiliations enough to try the patience of any woman.

He had decided to say nothing at home or elsewhere about his good purposes. He had talked too often, he reflected, of those which he had broken; and a new shyness had come upon him, a distrust of his own powers, which only served to strengthen his determination to reform in silence. He would show the world that he was not the weak fool that many people thought him. He would convince his wife that her husband was yet capable of a sustained and noble manhood. He would prove to his children, who were learning to despise him, that their father had qualities worthy of their respect, although he had yielded so often to the one sin that so thoroughly beset his weaker nature. And as these thoughts passed through his mind he took the pipe out of his mouth — an honest plebeian briar-wood; your true smoker rarely cares for a pipe that costs more than fifty cents — and held it up on high, as though to call Heaven to witness his resolutions.

The day came when he was once more a free man. He left the inebriate institution, after shaking hands with the superintendent and such of the inmates as he cared to remember, carrying his valise and turning his steps direct towards home. He hungered for the look of

quiet pleasure with which his wife had always greeted his return, and the boisterous welcome of his children. Yes, he would grieve them no more. He would go round to the papers and get employment tomorrow: nay, that very day. He felt himself capable of the best work he had ever done in his life. And as he strode along the streets, his mind full of earnest purpose, many turned to look at him as he passed. The tall, commanding figure with its air of distinction, the strong, resolute, and essentially manly face, only marred to the physiognomist by certain signs of weakness about the mouth and chin, was a sight that nearly everyone wanted to look twice at; and to Chicago's credit it may be added that most of them did. Euclid Street was reached at last, and Mr. Binnywig hurried along it, full of pleasant anticipations.

But what was this? He must have made some mistake. At the place where he expected to find his home, that pleasant resort was mainly conspicuous by its absence. Instead of his pretty, cosy-looking, modern cottage, he saw nothing but a square, ugly, red-brick, two-story house, with horrible green blinds, as unlike his residence as a hospital is unlike the White House. He must have mistaken the street, he concluded; and hurried back to the corner to consult the lamp-post. No, Euclid Street and Western Avenue,—that was all right.

He walked slowly back, looking at the houses on either side. He knew them all. They were occupied by neighbors of his, all people of good social standing. Was he crazy, or had the world turned upside down in his absence, or was he some modern Rip van Winkle awaking from a sleep of a century or so? He could hardly keep from pinching himself to see if he really was awake. In truth, Mr. Binnywig did not know what to make of the difficulty. He must have been suffering from some curious optical illusion, he decided, and when he reached the spot he should find his dear little home again, all right. But no, there it was, the stern, uncompromising brick, set square between the houses of his neighbors on the one triangular fragment of this planet's surface that he had always been accustomed to consider as his — or rather his wife's,— but still his as much as hers, for are not husband and wife one?

He stood in front, gazing at the interloping residence, taking in every point in its construction, and turning his eyes upon the surrounding homes. All was just as he had left it, except the house that should have been his own home,— but was n't.

Perhaps his family were inside. At all events it might be worth his while to see. He went up the steps and rang the bell. A colored servant answered the call.

"Who lives here?" he asked abruptly.

The girl stared at him in surprise, rather disposed to ask what business that was of his; but taking in the details of his appearance, she decided that he looked like a gentleman, and had better be answered. She gave him the name of her mistress.

"Then where is my house?" he inquired irritably.

The offspring of sunny Africa concluded that she was talking to a lunatic, and stepped back a little.

"I don't know, sir. I don't know who you are."

"But my house was right here, where this house stands. Where are my wife and family? You must know *something!*" he added impatiently, as the girl stared at him in alarm.

"He 's certainly crazy," she said *sotto voce*, turning round. "I 'll call my mistress, sir," she added aloud. "Perhaps she can tell you something. I have only been here a week."

A short, stout lady in a widow's cap appeared in answer to the girl s summons. "Be careful of him, mum; I

think he is crazy," said the colored servant in an undertone.

Mr. Binnywig raised his hat. "I beg your pardon, madam, for calling. I am Mr. Binnywig, but — but — I have lost my house and lot."

"Lost your house and lot!" repeated the lady, looking at him with a peculiar expression in her gray eyes, while the servant girl snickered in the rear. "That is a very curious statement."

"I know," said poor Mr. Binnywig, "but I can't explain it. All I know is that a month ago this was my home; or, at least, I think it was; and my wife and family lived here in our own cottage on the very spot where we are now standing. I have been absent for a month on — on — business, and when I returned, a few minutes ago, I found everything changed. May I ask how long you have lived here?"

"I have lived in this house for upwards of fifteen years," asserted the lady.

"Then either I am crazy or the world has turned upside down," asserted Boscobel rashly.

The lady did not say which hypothesis she considered the more probable, but she regarded him speculatively out of her somewhat severe gray eyes.

"Had you not better go to the police?" she inquired. "They might be able to throw some light upon the subject."

"I don't see what they can do; but yes, I will," decided the visitor. "In the meantime, you don't happen to know whether there has been an earthquake or a cyclone around here?"

"Not that I know of, and I think that if there had been I should have heard of it."

Mr. Binnywig bowed, and turned away, replacing his hat as he went down the steps. His first impulse was to call at some of the neighboring houses; but on second thoughts he changed his plan. He was positively alarmed. What if they should be filled with strangers, too? Besides, he hesitated at the idea of another interview like the one just concluded. Probably they would think him crazy, as the lady and her servant evidently did. Perhaps he *was* insane. Some great revolution had evidently taken place either in himself or the locality, and until he understood more of its nature it might be as well to pursue his inquiries so as to draw as little attention upon himself as possible.

Impressed with these reflections Mr. Binnywig boarded a passing horse-car, and rode to the Armory police station, where he had previously been confined.

The captain received him cordially. "How are you, Mr. Binnywig? I am glad to see you looking so well."

"Are you?" said Boscobel sarcastically. "Well, I don't feel very well, at present. A curious thing has happened."

"Indeed?" inquired the superintendent sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about my family and home?" asked Boscobel.

The superintendent shook his head,— "No — stay! something did happen," he added. "A little boy came down here a few days ago, and asked to see his father. Of course we did not know just who his father might be, among the two hundred thousand and odd fathers in Chicago, and blessed if the chap would tell us! He was a little fellow, still in petticoats; not more than five or six years old I should think, but he had the biggest bump of secretiveness I ever saw in a child. He would n't tell his name, or where he lived, or who he was, or who his father was, but he wanted his "par-pa." No one in the cells would acknowlege the paternity of him, so we held him for some hours, expecting to hear from his friends, and at last an officer came in who recognized him as the little chap that came down to see you. We were just going to telephone you to ask what we should do with him,

when one of the Misses Binnywig came round hunting for him, and he went off with her."

Mr. Binnywig listened, rather touched by this proof of his little son's affection, but he had business more important on hand just now than the vagaries of the Pawn.

"It is well his sister came after him. We shall have to chain that boy up in the back yard," was the father's reply. "But now, Captain Gregory, I want to consult you about something different. My home has disappeared entirely,"— and Boscobel related his experience of the morning.

"Very odd," was the Captain's comment on this intelligence. His experienced eye detected no signs of intoxication or insanity in the narrative, yet the story as Boscobel told it was certainly suggestive of a mind unbalanced from some cause.

"Yes, and the funny thing is that the house looks as if it had stood right there ever since it was built. And in any case it could not have been built up since I left. Besides, where is my house?"

"Was the house your property?"

"Yes,—at least, my wife's."

"Ah! and the lot?"

"Her's also; of course we regarded it as common property."

"And your wife and family have disappeared with the house?"

"Yes,—that is they are gone, I don't know where. They could n't have taken the house upon their backs and carried it off. I never heard that my wife had any snail in her family history."

"Could it be possible that Mrs. Binnywig has removed her residence, and rented the lot to its present occupant? You know a good-sized house can be rolled away now-a-days in a few hours by these house-moving firms, leaving the lot as bare as before it was improved."

This was a new idea to Mr. Binnywig,—and a very unpleasant one. The sight of houses on rollers in the street was a common one enough in his experience, but he had never thought of connecting it with his present trouble. He had in fact been so dazed by the unexpected blow that had fallen on him, that he had not as yet given the matter any consideration at all. He turned the new suggestion over in his mind before replying, and his wife's threat at the police-station and oftentimes before recurred to him with new and unpleasant force. Was this the way she had selected to carry it out?

"Of course, that is possible," he said slowly, conscious of that unpleasant sensation usually described as a sinking of the heart. "I hardly think she would do anything like that, however,—especially to me."

"You have had no notification that she had any such course of action in view?"

"None whatever."

"Has your wife ever threatened a separation on account of your drinking habits,—or for any other reason?"

"She told me that she intended leaving me, before I went up this last time," acknowledged Mr. Binnywig rather shamefacedly. "But I did not take any stock in what she said. She has threatened that for the last fifteen years, off and on, but it never came to anything. I felt sure she would not give up her home, and I think she is really attached to me. Besides, there are my children," he added as an afterthought. "Have I no rights in them?"

Mr. Binnywig began to wonder whether he had any rights left in anything.

"Undoubtedly," said the superintendent. "But that is a legal question, and outside of our jurisdiction. Do I understand that the house and lot were exclusively the property of Mrs. Binnywig?"

"Absolutely,—and free, too, from all encumbrance. She purchased them with her own money, and the deeds are in her name. Catch her trusting me with any share in them! She is going

to leave them to the children, as I understand."

"Then you may depend upon it, my solution is the right one. Mrs. Binnywig has decided to leave you, and this is the method she has adopted to save her home. What her intentions are for the future, of course, I cannot conjecture. She may only intend to give you a fright, or she may contemplate a permanent separation. Rather a high-handed proceeding, however, even for a woman," added the captain smiling.

Mr. Binnywig made no reply. A deep depression had settled upon him, and he felt as if all the strings that bound him to life had been suddenly snapped asunder.

"Of course, we can investigate the matter for you," continued the captain. "There is a record of these things, and we can probably find out where she has moved to in twenty-four hours,— or you can search the city books yourself. But it is hard to be up to the tricks of women," added this experienced personage. "There are a dozen ways in which she could foil us if she foresaw an investigation, particularly if she has moved outside of the city. I have n't made many failures in my police and detective practice," concluded the captain retrospectively, "but in all I did make a woman was at the bottom.

"However," he added cheerfully, receiving no answer from Boscobel, who was gazing gloomily out of the window, "we can put a good man on the job, and no doubt he will soon find the little lady."

"No–o," said Mr. Binnywig hesitatingly. "No," he added more decisively a moment later. "I won't have her worried. If my wife has chosen to leave me, she can do so. I shall not interfere. Nor will I have her annoyed by police investigation. "However," he added a moment later, "if I should change my mind, I suppose I can have the benefit of your services."

"Undoubtedly," said the good-natured captain. "I will put one of my best men on the track any time that you say so."

Mr. Binnywig shook hands with the official, who added a cordial hope for his future prosperity. "And say! (with a wink,) don't be too friendly with the cocktails."

"No, I 've quit for good," said Boscobel. "Nothing can alter that." But he left the station in a condition of despondency almost akin to despair.

IV.

He hardly knew what to do next, as he sauntered up State Street in a northerly direction, with some vague idea of returning to the scene of his loss. Like most of his educated countrymen, he was a most affectionate husband and father, and had never for a moment contemplated the possibility of losing his wife otherwise than by death. Yet here he was, a stranded vessel on life's shore, alone and unpitied, almost penniless, and dashed helpless upon the iron rocks of adversity. He was thinking gloomily of these things, when, as he raised his eyes, a flourishing saloon met his gaze, flanked by one of those traps for the unwary in the shape of a highly colored picture of a tankard of foaming beer, the rich froth falling over the sides of the glass.

Thirsty and somewhat faint from hunger, for he had eaten nothing since early morning, oppressed by the scorching heat of July, and in deep despondency, Mr. Binnywig was instantly seized with one of those desperate cravings for liquor that the dipsomaniac separated for some time from the possibility of stimulation knows only too well. It is an intense animal passion, seizing as in a vise the physical, mental, and moral faculties at once. Mr. Binnywig's fingers were in his vest pocket, a coin was in their grasp, he

took one step towards the open door, and in another moment would have yielded, when he flung the coin — fortunately a small one — far from him, and leaped for a passing grip-car with the spring of a tiger.

The gripman looked at him with amazement, and without approval. His face was livid, and the sweat poured from his brow.

"You 'll do that once too often," snorted the conductor, as he took his fare. "Was the devil after you?"

"I guess he was," said Boscobel, wiping his face. "You 'd better look out for that buggy."

Sure enough, they were in danger of a collision at the approaching corner. The conductor sprang for his handle, the gripman clanged his bell and applied the brake, and the danger was averted by a hair's breadth.

"That was a close shave," soliloquized Binnywig, referring to his own escape, not that of the train. He was trembling still, though not unconscious of a certain exhilaration at having so manfully and successfully resisted temptation.

Dismounting at a favorite restaurant, he reduced the probability of a recurring attack by a square meal, accompanied with plenty of strong coffee. Thus reinforced he resumed his ride to the scene of his late home, where he proceeded to call upon a neighbor and old friend of his,— a professor of languages.

"Well, Binnywig!" was the greeting of this erudite individual. "I am delighted to see you safe and sound. Things have been pretty well torn up around here since you left."

"Can you tell me what has become of my home and family?" asked Boscobel.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't *know?*" asked the professor in astonishment.

"Not I," said Boscobel. "I've just returned from the Washingtonian Home, where my wife had me shut up for a month. When I got here the cupboard was bare, as that fine old arch-muddler, Mother Hubbard, remarked. I see that red brick abomination on my lot, and my house and family apparently wiped out of existence, for any trace I can find of them."

The professor looked his friend over with that puzzled and somewhat thoughtful expression that had characterized almost every one of whom Binnywig had made inquiries. Apparently satisfied with the survey, he said:—

"Well, now, I 'll tell you all that I know about it, and that is not much. Last — last — let me see! it must have been a week from last Tuesday, quite early in the morning, we noticed a large house coming into the block on rollers — the usual way. It was the same house you see over there. We never supposed it was for this street, as we had no idea it could be placed anywhere, but before we realized that it was not going any farther the gang of men who accompanied it began tearing away at your residence, and within a few hours had it elevated on beams and rollers, and ready to move off. Then they quit work for the day. Mrs. Binnywig and her family remained inside, as we supposed, behind the boarded windows and locked doors. At all events we never saw them come out. When I say 'the family,'— we did see one of them, the little boy, who got out of one of the windows just as the men were boarding it up. He crawled out and ran away, and we saw no more of him or any of the family. Well now, I have lived in the world long enough to see the beauty in its season of minding my own business, but my wife and the girls were almost crazy with curiosity. After the men were gone she insisted on putting on her bonnet and going across to see Mrs. Binnywig, and nothing that I could say would stop her. Well, she knocked and rang at the front door till she was tired, and then she went round to the back, and found the men had left the pantry window unfastened.

Through this she put our little Minnie, and after going through all the rooms the child came back and said no one was there. Your family must have left early in the morning by the back entrance,— or perhaps the evening before. Well, the next morning the men came back, moved your house into the road, and fitted the new one into its place. There was a double gang of men at work, for some worked on the old house and some on the new. Our children traced your house for nearly three miles north and west, and then I forbade them following any farther. The brick over there was fitted into its place with difficulty,— for the foundations were too small, and needed a lot of work,— all the rubbish was cleared up, the last of it not more than three or four days ago, and that is all we know, except that the house seems to be tenanted by a widow lady and two little children. Some one told us that their name is Lawson. Two or three days ago a colored servant arrived,— probably by train, for she brought a lot of baggage. My wife, who knows everything, says she came from St. Louis."

"I saw her," said Binnywig; "I was at the house this morning."

"And did n't they tell you anything?"

"Not a thing! Mrs. Lawson said she had lived there fifteen years. And she more than hinted that I must be a little off color."

"Well, you know, Binny, you do tell a queer story," said the genial old professor, who had been a teacher in the public schools when Boscobel was learning his rule of three and fractions.

"I know," said Boscobel, "but it is the best I have on tap just now, so you must please excuse the quality."

The professor pondered, beating the refrain of a popular song on the table with his fingers.

"I tell you," he said at last, "who might perhaps be able to give you more information, and that is Mrs. Clement on the next lot to yours. She and Mrs. Binnywig were always great friends, and your wife may have told her something definite. As for us, we don't even know what firm did the moving, for as we particularly noticed there was no board up."

Mr. Binnywig thanked his old friend, and crossed the street to Mrs. Clement's. That lady was at home, and received him kindly.

"I don't know a thing about it, Mr. Binnywig," she said vivaciously. "As I said to my daughter, you might have knocked me down with a feather, when I saw your pretty, *nice* house being carried off, and that hideous red brick thing stuck in its place. Mrs. Binnywig would n't tell me why she moved her house,— though it is n't much she keeps from me,— but just as she was leaving, she gave me a letter, and said, 'Please give this to my husband if you should see him.' Let 's see! what *did* I do with that letter? Heavens!—if I have lost it!—O, here it is! Perhaps that will tell you something about it."

Mr. Binnywig seized the note and eagerly tore it open. It contained five $10 bills wrapped in a sheet of letter paper, on which was the single word in his wife's handwriting, "*Farewell.*" He turned it over thoroughly, but there was nothing more, and he thrust it into his pocket with a sigh. There was only one consolatory point about it. He took it as an evidence that his wife had not ceased to love him.

"If she had, she would not care whether I had a cent in my pocket or not," he said to himself.

Mrs. Clement almost turned green when she saw the value of the packet she had kept so carelessly.

"If I had lost it!" she repeated, "what would you have done to me? I never could have made it good, and my husband would kill me."

"I would rather have had a word of hope than five times fifty dollars," said Boscobel sadly.

There was evidently nothing more to be learned from Mrs. Clement, and Boscobel returned once more to the red brick house, through the pretty garden that once was his own.

Mrs. Lawson answered the door in person, but was still strictly non-committal.

"I can tell you nothing," she said. "I know now who you are, and that you have some right to make inquiries, otherwise I should decline to see you. I have no interest in Mrs. Binnywig's affairs. I was looking for a site in this neighborhood on which I could move my house. Mrs. Binnywig heard of my desire, possibly through my agents, and offered me this lot. Beyond ascertaining that her title was clear, I had no interest in Mrs. Binnywig's affairs, and I have none now. I accepted her offer, Mrs. Binnywig removed her residence, and I placed mine here. That is all that I can tell you."

"Do you know where Mrs. Binnywig moved to?"

"I have heard that it is outside of the city limits,—but merely as a rumor. I have received no positive information on the subject."

"I would give a great deal to anyone who would give me a clew to her whereabouts."

"No doubt!" assented Mrs. Lawson. "I am sorry that I cannot inform you."

Unfortunately it did not occur to Mr. Binnywig to ask the widow where she had last lived. She could hardly have evaded that inquiry, and her response might have thrown some light upon the subject in which he was most interested. He raised his hat as he left the spot where he had spent so many happy years, and decided to search no more. Of course he could make a tour of the house-moving firms, and search the records, but to what end? The former were probably pledged to secrecy, and a woman as clever as his wife could easily arrange matters so that the latter should not betray her. He made up his mind to bear his punishment meekly. He did not believe that his wife had ceased to love him, and he felt assured that she would return to him when she was satisfied that his reform was genuine and complete. Till then he decided to live quietly and steadily, amend his life, and give his wife, who would probably watch his career, no further cause for anxiety on his behalf.

The next day he obtained a position on *The Chicago Republican*, and settled down steadily to work.

V.

EIGHTEEN months sped by amid the usual fret and worry of nations, but in the lives of our friends the Boscobel-Binnywigs, little of interest had occurred. Mr. Binnywig had received no news from or of his family, except that contained in three short notes from his wife, mailed from the Chicago post-office, and informing him coldly and briefly that his family were well. Two of these had been addressed to him in care of *The Republican*, indicating very clearly that his wife was accurately informed upon his movements; and when he left that journal to accept a better position on *The Telegraph*, the third note came correctly addressed to the editorial staff of that paper. This gave him some hope. His wife evidently did not intend to desert him permanently, or she would never take such an interest in his concerns. "She will come back to me," he said gleefully when the third note arrived, "and when she does I will prove myself better worthy of her confidence."

So far Boscobel's life since leaving the inebriate institution had been without reproach. He was a man of strong will and great tenacity of purpose. Having made up his mind to rid himself of the habit that had poisoned his manhood, he set himself to the task

with a resolution worthy of all praise. He attended to his duties conscientiously, and with a vim and energy that astonished his employers, who had always regarded him as a man of brilliant talents, but uncertain and somewhat idle habits. In his lonely lodging in a well conducted boarding-house he wrote poems, sketches, even a story or two, besides his regular editorial work, which was chiefly political. He selected boarding-house life in place of a room at a fashionable hotel, which he was easily able to afford, that he might avoid the temptations incidental to hotel life everywhere. Yet in spite of his quiet and industrious mode of life he was often seized with that craving for drink that is the inevitable and natural punishment of the reformed drunkard. But he never once yielded; and only at times, when the temptation was unusually severe and prolonged, would he endeavor to slake it with strong black coffee and hot food, till the physical craving was satiated. Every Sunday evening he attended the special services at the Washingtonian Home; and though he heard much drivel from weak speakers with feeble wills, not a little bombast, and much nonsense from cranks, he also heard many brave, manly speeches from honest and intelligent men, who like himself had fallen, but were resolved to conquer, as he had done. These served to strengthen his purpose, and came back to him in the hour of temptation.

It was hard work; how hard only those who have wrestled with and conquered a like weakness can know. For the dipsomaniac temptation to drink is a hydra-headed monster, that thrusts one of its ugly heads into his face at every street corner, and pursues him in every circumstance of his life. The hand-clasp of a friend, a walk upon a spring day, present temptations hard to withstand. Every turn of Fortune's wheel for good or ill is burdened with the same Nemesis. Every change in a man's feeling from depression to exhilaration, every spell of sickness, every wave of despair bears upon its crest the extra burden of temptation to drink. The will-power, enervated by long yielding, is feeble to resist; the reasoning powers have been poisoned at their source. The dipsomaniac struggling towards a temperate life is like the victim of insanity with the same struggle to maintain, but is more exposed to temptation on account of his freedom. It is a hard, cruel fight, agonizing in its suffering, unyielding in its persistence, and with no hope to cheer but such as may be found in the reformer's confidence in his own strength.

And how was Mr. Binnywig's wife getting along all this time? It must not be supposed that she, too, had not suffered, even more, perhaps, than the victim of her rather original plot. High-spirited, nervous, and loving little women cannot take upon themselves the function of an earthly Nemesis to the being they love best on earth, without suffering considerably from the effects of their own valor. Mrs. Binnywig had upon her mind the support and care of five children, besides the ever-gnawing anxiety about her husband. Suppose her plan should fail? Suppose desperation should drive him to suicide, or the entire shipwreck of his moral nature? What if he should never forgive her for such a high-handed interference with the plan of his life, and she would be condemned to perpetual widowhood, while the object of her love and care became a lonely wanderer on the face of the earth, self-exiled from home?

All these fears, and others, tormented poor Mrs. Binnywig night and day. She had grown sleepless with anxiety, and haggard, and thin from constant dwelling on the same theme. Yet she persevered in her plan, without asking confidence or advice from any one. At the

bottom of all her fears lay a solid assurance that her estimate of Boscobel's character was a correct one. And this was confirmed as the weeks and months rolled on, and she watched her husband's changed life and noble efforts.

She had two friends in newspaper circles who knew her plans and kept her acquainted with his movements. Marked papers containing the articles that appeared from his pen were sent to her daily. It was largely out of friendship and sympathy for her that the superior position on *The Telegraph* had been offered to him. Although he knew it not, he was surrounded by her love and watchfulness as with a cloud.

At last Mrs. Binnywig came to the conclusion that the ordeal had endured long enough for the welfare of all parties. For herself, she felt that she could not hold out much longer. She had been almost sleepless for months past, and had aged ten years since they had parted. She yearned to lay her tired head upon her husband's shoulder, and to resign all her cares, and the anxieties inseparable from their large family, into the strong and — when he was sober — efficient hands of their lawful protector.

Mrs. Binnywig also felt that Boscobel had earned the right to a renewed confidence. He had proved himself capable of abstinence. He had shown himself able and willing to earn his living, and would doubtless now not fail to support his family as he should. So one bright morning after a night of anxiety and self-torment, Mrs. Binnywig decided that the farce should close, and the curtain be rung down on the final act of the play.

Like a skillful general, she did not allow her own tactics to be seen, but pushed the attack on the enemy's forces through one of her smallest but most efficient officers. All this time the Pawn had not been passive. Every morning at breakfast he had reiterated with commendable but somewhat wearying perseverance the plaint, "I want my par-pa." Often at night he had gone asleep with tears wet upon his rosy cheeks from crying for that loved and honored parent, who had always been the object of his warmest admiration and imitation. He could see no fault in his father,—not he! His mother and sisters had more faults in his estimation than he always cared to enlarge upon,—but to his baby conception his tall, grave father was perfect. After the family were safely installed in their new house the Pawn had added a codicil to the evening prayers which he was always made to say aloud. It was of his own composition and ran thus :—

"Please, God, find my par-pa, and bring him home ; or if you don't want to do that, tell me where to find him and I 'll do it myself."

His mother tried to turn his petition into a more reverential form of words, though breathing the same spirit ; but like most amateurs, the youthful composer preferred his own style of diction to any that could be suggested ; and stuck to his text. Night after night he added the same plea to the tail end of

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me ;"

and got into bed with the words still on his lips and the hope in his heart that on waking he should find his prayer answered. Who shall say that those innocent if unconventional prayers were not the influence that kept his father's feet so rigidly in the narrow way ?

Not that the Pawn confined his efforts wholly to prayer. He believed in the efficacy of supplication as all good boys should ; but he believed much more warmly in the practical efficiency of his own small legs and eyes. It had therefore happened, more often than occasionally, that he was found missing at the mid-day meal. He was now a strong boy between six and seven years old, promoted to trousers, and with a largely developed bump of self-esteem. His family therefore was not as uneasy as

formerly, at his occasional absences. Nevertheless he was well scolded on his return; but his invariable plea was, "Went to look for my par-pa," which he evidently considered sufficient excuse.

And so it happened that one afternoon Mrs. Binnywig had a little talk with her eldest daughter, and the following morning at breakfast Wanda asked her mother if she knew where papa was.

"He is working on the *Daily Telegraph*, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Monroe Streets," said Mrs. Binnywig quietly. "He generally gets there about eleven in the morning, and leaves for lunch at half past one. He goes back about four for the evening."

This was all that passed, beyond some observations from the children, and wishes that papa would come back. The Pawn said nothing, but went on stolidly eating his breakfast, and when he spoke it was on a wholly different subject. For several days after he stayed at home, apparently contented enough, and his mother feared that her little conversational bomb had missed fire.

One day however Mr. Binnywig came quickly out of the office of the *Daily Telegraph* and strode off in a southerly direction. Absorbed in thought, he hardly noticed a small, and as subsequent investigation proved an exceedingly dirty hand thrust into his with quite an air of proprietorship. But the hand, whoever it belonged to, kept pace with his, and when Mr. Binnywig looked in astonishment, he at first did not recognize the stalwart little figure with short trousers and a very dirty face that emulated his long stride so manfully.

"Why, whose son are you?" inquired Mr. Binnywig in amazement.

"I 'm Bosk Binnywig and you are my par-pa," said the urchin.

It was the Pawn.

Mr. Binnywig picked up the child, and kissed his face passionately, dirt and all.

"You dear little fellow!" he said, "How did you find me?"

For the first time in history the Pawn broke down, and clung convulsively to his father.

"O par-pa, I have wanted you so!" he sobbed hysterically.

A small crowd was beginning to gather, and Mr. Binnywig placed his little son on his feet and walked on with him.

"You are to come home," said the Pawn, who had soon recovered his composure.

"Did your mother send you?" inquired his father doubtfully, remembering the story of a previous occasion, when the Pawn had instituted a still hunt for him, without any parental cognizance.

It was no part of the Pawn's policy to answer questions, and he simply repeated his words,—

"You are to come home."

Mr. Binnywig reflected that the most his wife could do would be to turn him out again, and it would be something to know where she lived. He telephoned an excuse to his office for the day, and then, submitting himself to the Pawn's guidance, was soon swinging along on the north side cable towards home and happiness.

The Pawn was very silent all the way home. He felt that he had done his duty, both as a son and as a savior, and that just now nothing more could be expected of him. Mr. Binnywig was equally silent. The long-hoped-for termination to his terrible penance had disturbed his serenity, and it seemed to him that the cars never had moved so slowly.

Mrs. Binnywig was in the parlor, reading, when the small rescuing party of one arrived with his six-foot quarry in tow. She started up, and the next moment was clasped in her husband's arms.

"I can't imagine how ever the child found me in this great city," said Mr. Binnywig later to his assembled family.

"Perhaps I had something to do with that," said Mrs. Binnywig smiling.

And her husband kissed her.

R.

WHAT IS A MORTAL WOUND?

A VERY indefinite idea exists in the average mind as to what constitutes a mortal wound. Although one may be legally guilty of homicide if the death of the person injured be postponed "for a year and a day," we ordinarily understand a wound to be mortal only when death occurs within a comparatively short time.

The only way in which we may obtain an accurate idea of the manner of death from different wounds is by considering separately the possible injuries to various parts of the body. The most vulnerable spot cannot be decided upon without a consideration of the style of weapon used; but in a general way it may be stated that a mortal injury is most often due to some harm to either the nervous or the vascular system.

We will consider first the brain, the great center of the nervous system. A serious blow upon the skull, as by a club or stone, may be fatal by the force of the impact even at times without breaking the external bony wall. By the use of a sand-bag, a forcible blow leaving no external traces may be given, yet death may ensue almost immediately. In such a case some fracture of the more fragile parts of the skull commonly occurs, giving rise to the fatal result. The inner table of the two of which the skull is composed may be fractured without visible injury to the outer one, death resulting from hemorrhage, from laceration of the brain substance, or from pressure of the bone itself upon the brain, or the portion of the skull adjacent to the condyles which unite it to the upper vertebræ, may be fractured by such a blow. With a lighter stroke a mere temporary suspension of consciousness often results,—the familiar concussion of the brain.

A piercing instrument may penetrate the brain, especially through the thinner portions of the skull, as about the eye or the temple. Fatalities from sword-thrusts in these places are not rare. A bullet wound upon any part of the skull may be fatal, although it is by no means invariably so. I once saw an express messenger, who, while writing at a desk in his car, was shot in the back of the head with a heavy revolver, whether by accident or design I could not discover. The ball striking the thickened posterior portion known as the occipital protuberance was deflected, and struck the roof of the car. Aside from temporary loss of consciousness, no serious results followed. Had the angle of incidence of the ball approached more nearly to a right angle, death would have been almost inevitable.

Whenever a bullet touches the brain we may look for unconsciousness for a time, even in those cases in which death does not soon close the scene. Provided that only the outer portion of this organ be injured, and that no large blood-vessels be opened, recovery is not rare, forty out of ninety-one recently reported cases having survived. This is, however, probably far above the average in such cases, and those recovering are often seriously incapacitated in later years. In the Anatomical Museum of Harvard University may be seen a drill four feet long, which was blown entirely through the fore part of the brain of a laborer, from below upward, destroying vision upon that side; yet the man recovered and worked for some years about the city of Boston.

An injury of such a nature to the base of the brain would of necessity be instantly fatal, from the interference with the centers regulating the respiration

and the action of the heart. From this portion of the brain originate those nervous fibers which conduct the impulses from this organ to other parts of the body. Converging, these fibers form the spinal cord. A severance of this cord near its origin causes instant death, of course, as does severe compression, as in hanging, when dislocation or fracture ordinarily takes place. In some abattoirs the cattle are killed by cutting the cord here, and the bull-fighter endeavors to sever it with his sword in giving the *coup de grace*.

Injury of the cord farther from the brain simply cuts off from communication with that organ all those parts of the body lying below the wound, they becoming thereby paralyzed. Such injury, although often producing death eventually, would not by any means be instantly fatal.

It has been observed among pugilists that a blow in the pit of the stomach, just below the end of the breast bone, is a dangerous one, resulting at times in death. Hence the rule forbidding a blow below the belt. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that at this place is a collection of nervous ganglia belonging to the sympathetic nervous system. Intimately connected with these ganglia are certain nerves regulating the action of the heart. Severe irritation here may, through these nerves, check or even completely stop the action of this essential organ. As in the case of the sand-bag applied to the head, a mortal wound might be inflicted here, leaving no external sign. We are told by evolutionists that man, during his savage combats in past ages, endeavored to protect his heart with his left hand, and using the right for defense eventually became right-handed. It would seem more likely that his endeavor has been to protect his abdomen, and this most vulnerable spot in particular, although this supposition would militate against the theory of right-handedness mentioned, because either hand might be used to protect this part.

Severe injury to the skin, as by scalding or burning, may, if extensive, cause death from the shock to the nervous system. Thus a kettle of hot water may become, in the eye of the law, a murderous weapon. Extensive crushing of other tissues, directly involving no important organ, may be fatal from the same cause, as is often seen, for instance, in railroad and machinery accidents involving the limbs.

Wounds of the face and neck, apart from possible injuries to the brain and spinal cord, are often dangerous because of the severe hemorrhage so likely to follow, for the parts are extremely vascular; or because of the cutting of important nerves. If the carotid artery be severed almost immediate death results, for the vessel is so large that the system is speedily drained of its blood. I was once called from a distance of one hundred and sixty feet to a man in whom an ulcerating process had opened this vessel. He was practically dead before I could run that distance. A smaller artery often flows until fainting occurs, when from lack of force in the circulation the stream ceases. But unless the artery be secured, reaction is likely to be followed by fresh bleeding, and death may easily occur. At the battle of Shiloh, a noted Confederate leader, wounded in the ankle at a critical time of the action, refused for the moment to have the wound dressed. A small artery had been severed, and the gradual loss of blood from this eventually proved fatal.

If large veins be severed, a serious result is much less imminent, for the blood-pressure in these vessels is very slight as compared with that of the arteries; but a fatal result may nevertheless easily occur. With the laity, it is to be noted that the belief prevails that extensive bleeding comes from a vein, whereas the truth is that it is commonly from an artery.

Because of the presence of the most important elements of the circulatory apparatus in the chest, penetrating wounds of this cavity are commonly severe, while non-penetrating ones are generally not dangerous. If the parenchyma of the lung be wounded, but no large vessel be opened, recovery often ensues. But an injury to the root of the lung, to the venæ cavæ, to the heart or aorta, is one of the most certainly fatal of wounds. In a very few instances a penetrating wound of the heart may not cause death for some days. Several such cases were reported during our civil war.

Wounds of the abdomen are very dangerous. The primitive warrior shot his arrows at the navel, as being the most vulnerable part of the body, and often protected his own abdomen by means of a thick pad. No bony framework protects the contents from injury; the wall is thin and easily penetrated, even by primitive weapons. Within lie numerous organs, very vascular in structure, many of them containing fluids which cause great irritation if permitted to escape into the abdominal cavity. Nearly all are covered with the serous membrane called the peritoneum. The slightest violence to this may cause an attack of inflammation of the bowels, or, as it is known to the physician, peritonitis. Those organs which are not hollow are mostly composed of a parenchyma made up largely of blood-vessels, as in the case, for example, with the liver or spleen. Wounds of any of these organs are very severe. Unless some large blood-vessel be opened, however, death does not commonly result immediately from an abdominal injury. In one of our recent Indian wars a noted chief, whose abdomen was opened to such an extent that his bowels protruded, gathered them in his hands after his surrender, disdaining the proffered aid, and walked alone some sixty yards across the lava beds, death not occurring for many hours. It may even be postponed for several days after such an injury, and a few recoveries take place. I know of one such, the bowels having been supported by the boy's hands until help arrived. The chances for recovery after this class of wounds has been materially increased by recent developments in surgery, but notwithstanding this, the mortality must necessarily remain large for the reasons given.

Thus of very few organs should we be able to say that a wound would necessarily prove mortal. As we have seen, quite a considerable proportion of brain injuries recover. The upper part of the spinal cord may be compressed so that the parts below are paralyzed, and yet, the pressure being removed, the patient may live. Some twenty years ago a Harvard student dislocated his neck in a football game, and a fatal result seemed imminent. One of the most eminent of American surgeons declined to attempt a reduction without the consent of the parents, as it seemed almost certain to hasten death. In conveying the boy to New York he became sea-sick and vomited, and the bones at once returned to place. The pressure upon the cord being removed, he regained his usual health. Such an outcome is, of course, exceedingly rare.

Andrew Jackson, after his duel with Dickinson in 1806, said that if the latter's bullet had passed through his heart instead of through the wall of his chest, he (Jackson) would have yet lived long enough to have killed his opponent. It is perfectly possible that one of such iron will might have done it, for we have seen that these wounds do not necessarily end as the tragedian loves to depict them. Every hunter knows that an antelope or a bear may run a hundred yards after being shot through the heart with a heavy rifle ball.

As to wounds of the lung, it is well known that General Sickles recovered after having a Mexican grape-shot far larger than a musket ball pass entirely through one lung. A considerable pro-

portion of those struck in this way with smaller missiles get well.

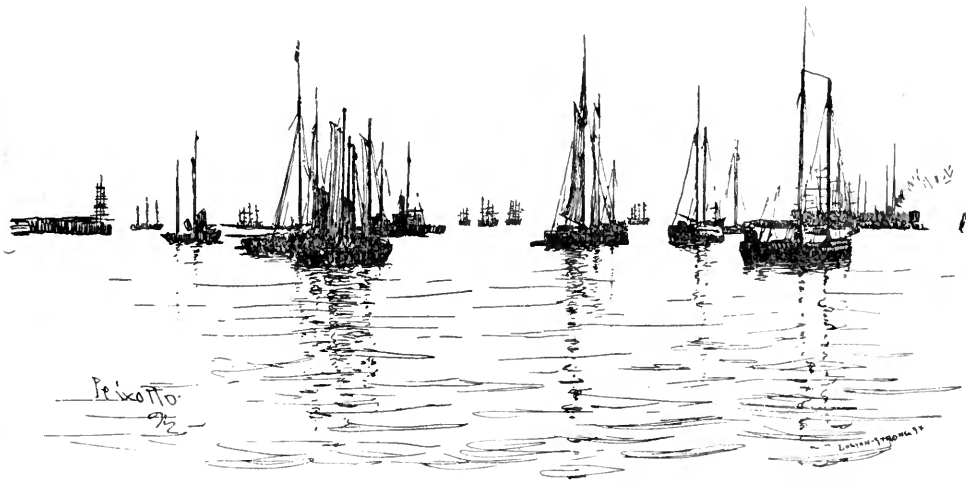
Although the liver is rightly considered a most vulnerable part, I have recently seen a boy of eighteen years who is now convalescent, after having a .45 caliber rifle ball pass entirely through this organ as well as the base of the right lung. Wounds of the spleen almost invariably bleed so severely as to cause death, but a few recoveries have been reported. All physiologists know of the case of Alexis St. Martin, who recovered after having his stomach shot open so that it remained so permanently. I have recently seen the report of a man with a bullet-wound of the kidney with a favorable result.

In many such wounds as we have been discussing death follows from some form of blood-poisoning long after the immediate dangers of shock, hemorrhage and peritonitis have been safely passed. Such was the case with President Garfield. After death the ball was found safely encysted and doing no harm, while the splintering of the ribs and spine had made an ugly lacerated wound which was the source of the fatal poisoning several months after the injury.

After this resumé some may wonder how it is that so many who are wounded die, when we have shown that one may recover after almost any form of injury. It should be remembered that a stab, a blow, or a gun-shot wound, rarely involves a single organ, and often quite a number. Lord Nelson, for example, was struck in the base of the neck by a musket-ball from the mizzen-top of the enemy's ship. That ball might have severed the carotid artery, the jugular vein, or the spinal cord, struck the aorta, the heart, or the base of the lung, or even ranged down into the liver, or the digestive tract. Almost all of the organs mentioned might have been on the track of the ball at the same time, and the injury to any one might have been fatal. When there are so many chances of striking more than one organ we need not be surprised at the mortality list.

Finally, it may be stated that some injuries prove fatal because of poisoning at the time of infliction, especially arrow-wounds. Because of this the slightest scratch may be very serious.

J. N. Hall, M. D.



THE MOTHER OF FELIPE.

That triangular portion of the great Mojave desert lying south of the curve of the Sierra Nevadas, where those mountains unite with the coast hills is known as Antelope Valley. A big, barren, windy country, rising from the level of the desert in long, undulating slopes that face abruptly toward the mountains.

In the open placers rise weird phalanxes of yucca palms, and among the hills little dark pools hide their treacherous margins in unwholesome grasses, and the white leprous crest of alkali. A country to be avoided by the solitary traveler, with its hard, inhospitable soil, and its vast monotony of contour and color. A country sublime in its immensity of light, and soft unvarying tints, — fawn, and olive, and pearl, with glistening stretches of white sand, and brown hollows between the hills, out of which the gray and purple shadows creep at night. A country laid visibly under the ban of eternal silence.

Crossing the valley, and forming the third side of the triangle, runs the long road that leads from San Diego and the south to the open country along the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. Coming over the rise of the hill where this road turns away from Elizabeth Lake, rode in the early October morning a little train of horsemen, followed by half a dozen nondescript vehicles from which the faces of women and children peered through a confusion of household goods.

They were of the class commonly styled "Greasers," a mixed origin plainly visible in the dark hue of the skin, the crisp, coarse hair, the high-arched foot and the Madonna-like outlines of the women's heads. The dust of travel lay thick on the wide sombreros of the men and in the creases of their heavy saddles. The horses and women showed the fatigue of a long journey. Still they went forward briskly. There was the vigor of youth in the clear air. The grease of the breakfast shone on the children's faces. There was much animated conversation among the men and gay sallies from the young women; but whenever unusual laughter was provoked it was checked by sighs and shrugs of commiseration, and the women glanced sympathetically at the last wagon in the train.

It was driven by a woman, whose form betrayed the shapeless middle-age common to her class. The strong patience of the hills was in her eyes and mouth. Whenever a smooth bit of road permitted her to take her eyes from the horses she looked back into the wagon, where on a rude bed, under an improvised covering of calico bed-quilts, lay a young man in the delirium of fever. He had been ailing for some time, and three days ago the fever seized him with an intermittent force that sapped his strength visibly, like the shaking of an hour-glass.

The mother had urged the expedition forward with all possible speed. They were still many days distant from a physician to make him well, or a priest if he should die. "Mother of God! if he should die!" A sudden spasm of anxiety contracted her oval, unwrinkled face into the semblance of shrunken old age. Had she not daily prayed to the Virgin that he might live to comfort her, now that his father was dead. *Ave Santisima!* He was her only son. For what sin would the good God punish her?

There was the heavy gold bracelet the *Ingles* had given her, — and Felipe's father had been so angry. She, she had been a vain, foolish thing, but, Santa Maria, what can you expect when one is young? The bracelet had been given to the priest, and she and her husband

had been very happy together. Mother of Christ! how proud he had been when Felipe was born! That was because she had prayed to the Virgin for a son. She had burned a wax candle before the Virgin for each month of her pregnancy, and they had burned quite clear and evenly down to the end; not one had flickered or gone out. Ave Maria!— and Felipe was such a son,— there was never another like him. Now if he would get well, she would give the Virgin the gold beads her husband had bought her. True, she had intended the beads for Felipe's wife,— but if he should die, what then? Ay, Jesu Christi! He must not die.

At noon the travelers halted before a brackish spring that oozed stealthily out of the hillside. The horses drank thirstily of the warm, turbid stream that flowed across the road; the men shook their damp, crisp hair, pressed close to the head in a shining crease where the heavy sombrero rested. The women gathered sympathetically around the mother of Felipe, chattering together in their soft dialect, with little nods and shrugs, and pious ejaculations in quick, bird like accents. For only one of these the mother drew back the calico curtain; this was Benita, Felipe's betrothed. The girl rested one round arm on the rim of the wheel, and laid her hand on the young man's forehead. She leaned forward lazily; her dress fell away untidily from her brown throat, revealing the beauty of the warm, young curves within. She remained silently stroking her lover's forehead, while the elder women questioned and suggested volubly.

The halt at noon was short; the expedition hoped to cross the mountains before night, and the ascent was long and difficult.

A dry, warm wind was blowing; the horses strained in their collars, the sick man tossed and moaned continually.

The hills were higher and more desolate, and seemed endowed with some infernal mechanism, shutting in silently behind, and opening out noiselessly before, giving up the road grudgingly, as if the very secret of the earth went with it.

There is always a wind at the summit of the hills. There is full daylight there, too, until the night falls suddenly. It is as if the wind blew against the shadows that would have crept up from the valley, beating them back and back from the high places until night falls.

There is hope, too, at the summit of the hill. Who has not drawn it in with deep breaths of the scentless wind? Felipe forgot his delirious dreams, turned easily on his side and slept, and Benita and the mother comforted each other.

The two women rode down the grade together. Antonio Lesalda, Benita's father, walked beside the wagon, saying, "It is a good country that we come to. There is much food there for the horses, and wood, and a good spring that I know of, coming out of the rocks at the foot of the last grade. It will be better for Felipe if we rest there three days. Besides the hunting is good. My father and Mateo Gonzales killed three bears there in one week. It will not be long now, but it is soon dark in the cañon."

The women spoke to each other seldom. It was inexplicable to Benita that her lover should be ill. Luis and Pablo had not so much strength in their whole bodies as was in Felipe's right arm, and she could hear them laughing now with that Gonzales girl. Felipe could not be very sick. How soundly he slept. Her father was right,— they would rest for three days, and the men would get him fresh meat to eat, and he would be strong again. "Now, what are they laughing at there, I wonder!"

The elder woman glanced furtively at the girl's face between her mumbled prayers.

"She is so young, how will she bear it if he should die?" she thought. "Jesu!

What am I saying! If he sleeps, all will be well, and I will live with them, — but the Virgin shall have the gold beads."

At the foot of the mountains the men came to unharness the horses. This they did quietly, for the mother had fallen on her knees, rosary in hand. She could not do this before. It took both her hands to drive. The horses wallowed in the rank grass, the children ran about to gather sticks for the fire. "See that you go not too far, or the bears will get you," cried Antonio teasingly. The women busied themselves about the supper. Benita sat beside Felipe and held his hand. He had recognized her, and she felt now more than ever that she loved him. She began to be touched by the fierce anxiety the mother displayed in every tone and movement.

When all had been made safe for the night, the mother of Felipe went a little apart from the camp to pray. After the children were asleep the other women joined her, each for a little while,—moving sidewise while they prayed, to rest their knees from the hard stones.

There was no motion in the hills and the moon was shining. Benita felt her heart in her mouth. The click of the rosary sounded as loud to her as the "*shriek, shriek*" of the night birds. The mother mumbled on,—"The Virgin will surely hear me, — she also is a mother, — he is my only son, — and I will burn my candles."

"Come," said Benita, "you must sleep. See how wet the grass is."

In the morning Felipe was dead.

The travelers had camped in a broad, sandy basin, strewn with bowlders, cut across with deep irregular gullies, now concealed by a coarse rank growth of weeds and grass, — the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

The mother would not consent that Felipe should be buried here. "How shall I find my son if he be buried here?" she thought.

"It is well," said Antonio to the men. "It is hard to dig here, we will go on."

When they had come to a little rise of ground overlooking Lastac Lake, Antonio drew rein. "Shall it not be here?"

The woman shook her head.

Again in a little while,— "Shall it not be here?"

"Not yet. Not yet."

They were now well into the Cañon de Los Vinos. Great oaks lined the watercourses, and climbed half way up the hills. There were still green places by the springs, and running water. The cavalcade drew out from the roadside. "It must be here, Señora," said Antonio authoritatively.

The women sobbed vehemently, Benita loudest of all. The mother did not weep. She seemed suddenly to have fallen into that inscrutable old age that overtakes women of her race. She could look no older, and appeared never to have been young.

When it was over, some one cut Felipe's name on the oak under which they buried him.

At high noon the diminished party of wanderers passed slowly and with effort over the barrier that rears itself across the cañon's mouth like the outer rim of the world, dropping down into the vast, dim valley of the San Joaquin, hazy with the mists of its marshes, and the floating phantoms of mirage where the quivering light strikes back from the long vistas of its unsheltered sands.

After ten years the mother of Felipe no longer mourned openly for her son, but her face had forgotten any other expression than the look of inscrutable old age she had carried away from his grave. It had become as fixed as the contour of the hills or as the purpose in her heart.

Mass had heen said for her son's soul; his body must not always lie in unblessed ground. After ten years God gave her an opportunity. Her brother's son and one of the men that had buried

Felipe had affairs that took them within a few hours' journey of the Cañon de Los Vinos. It is not in the hearts of these people to deny a consolation to old age. They had little faith in the success of her undertaking: many trees had been cut down, the old wagon trail was obliterated, and the present stage road had been made on the other side of the cañon.

The mother felt no uncertainty. She had marked the place too well for that. A feverish excitement stirred her dull pulses. Yonder, under that blazed oak Felipe was lying,— his face was turned a little to one side,— the cross was on his breast.

Antonio had marked out the grave by the shadow of the straight, thick trunk, three paces from the foot of the tree. The men stepped off the distance, and began to dig. Presently they perceived that they had made a mistake. Felipe had been buried in the early morning, and it was now noon. They selected a new place more carefully, and began again.

Conversation flagged when they were knee deep; at waist deep, perspiration broke out suddenly. They threw down their shovels, and began to poke in the loosened earth with sticks, never with their hands.

First there was a collar bone, then an arm and a hand. The men threw the bones out upon the grass, shaking their hands free of the earth that clung to them. The mother of Felipe gathered the bones into her apron, stooping painfully. Age overcame her power of quick motion, moreover she was fat. Tears ran from her sunken eyes, and hung in the creases of her withered cheeks. Patches of damp mould clung to the unwholesome relics; these she wiped off upon the grass and on her dress.

The diggers finished their task quickly. She sat down upon the grass hugging the ghastly bundle to her breast, unwilling to allow it to be placed in the box prepared for it. She took up handfuls of the discolored earth and wept over it.

This purpose accomplished she had one other desire. She wished to see Benita. Antonio Lesalda, in pursuance with his nomadic instincts, had drifted back from the north into these very mountains and made his home in one of those innumerable triangular openings between the hills. This much she knew from floating bits of information that had reached her. She knew also that his wife was dead, and that Benita was still with him. The heart of the mother was very tender toward the woman who also mourned for her son. "We will not forget Felipe," the two women had sobbingly protested to each other at parting.

They found Lesalda's place with little difficulty, and Benita was very glad to see them. She put down her baby that she might discharge the duties of hospitality. When the youngster rolled over on the floor and cried she put both hands under his arms and dragged him into a sitting posture, chattering with short-breathed volubility.

"Did they not know she was married? Yes,— for five years, and she had three children. Her husband was in Los Angeles with the horses. Such a good man and so handsome,— but they would see; he would surely be home in a day or two. What? They must go on tonight!"

Benita was genuinely sorry for this; visitors were rare with her. The old woman had made her decision suddenly. The mother of her son would not stay in a house that had forgotten him. She had never contemplated the possibility of Benita's marriage; the fact came to her with all the shock of a flagrant desertion. She was almost dumb under the fire of Benita's good-natured questioning.

Now, what had she come for? For Felipe? "Ah! poor Felipe! But you should have stayed with me, and my

father would have gone with the men. It is not for women to be digging in the graves of the dead."

An hour later the mother of Felipe, looking back from the last curve of the winding road, saw Benita balancing the baby with her fat hands while the bare, brown legs wavered through the intricacies of three short paces.

The treasured box of grisly relics had not been disturbed. Only in the hearts of mothers lives unconsolable regret.

Mary Austin.

IN THE LAST DAY.

I KNEW from the beginning
Your love was past my winning,
Yet still I hoped — one can but hope — till truth with footsteps slow
Around my heart came creeping,
And drew you from my keeping,—
So now I have resigned you, far as earthly claim can go.

But when the dead are rising,
Shall I with wild surmising
Gaze round me, 'mid the smoke of hills, and glare of crackling skies?
While, wakened from their slumber,
The startled souls, past number,
Mount like a mist from earth and sea, float out from Paradise.

While, upward ever sweeping,
Lit by the fierce flames' leaping,
From out the burning, without turning, whirling on they go,—
Then in that hour extremest
Shall I with joy supremest
See *your* face flashing past us? I shall be content if so.

M. C. Gillington.

A SNOW STORM IN HUMBOLDT.

"THE DEER TRAIL," HUMBOLDT CO., CALIFORNIA. — January 12th, 1890. — SUCH a dreary day I have never known! Since early in October, when our winter began, we have had storm after storm. Rain, rain, rain, and snow, snow, snow. The ground around my cabin has been bare but once, and then only for a few hours.

Last night the snow fell lightly, and until about two this morning; when I was awakened by a driving rain pouring down in torrents. It has continued without cessation, but this northerly wind will soon bring snow. I tried to get out and work, but I could not. Even my oil clothes would not protect me.

About noon I began cooking dinner, but as I had bread to bake, it was nearly two o'clock when I sat down to eat. I had barely finished, when I heard a whoop. I ran out, and answered. In a moment my friend and neighbor, Mr. Carney, appeared from the bushes with a deer on his back. He was wet to his skin. I bade him go into my cabin; not to stop even to shake himself. After helping him off with the deer, he sat down to my table, and I proceeded to fill him with hot coffee, bread, pork, and beans. Yesterday he shot three deer. He took one home last night, and hung the other in the woods. This morning he came back for them, and he had been a mile out of his way to bring one of them to me.

He stayed but a few minutes; then I washed my dishes, dressed the deer, chopped wood, brought water from the spring, and prepared supper,— bread, coffee, and venison chops, ribs and loins. I have never eaten more juicy or tender meat. That deer will save me more than one half my daily expenses for a week, and I will have another before it is gone, if not by to-morrow.

It was half past eight by the time I had dressed the deer, cleaned my gun, chopped wood, cooked and eaten supper, washed dishes, and swept my cabin. It is now half past ten, and I am going to bed. I shall go out for a short hunt at daybreak, if it does not storm too hard.

Monday night, January 13th. — It stormed too hard. I have cut a little wood, and worked in my shop to finish some bolts begun ten days ago. That is all I have accomplished. I am so tired of this stormy weather, I would gladly work at almost anything.

Saturday night, January 26th.— I see that my last entry was on January 13th. Twelve days! To me twelve years would seem none too long for the events of that short time. I shall not attempt to write, tonight, of all that has happened. I could not. I never can. If I did, and told the whole truth, I would not be believed. My story will be plain, with no attempt at a graphic description of the unprecedented storm that has overtaken and overwhelmed us.

At this moment I am as completely cut off from the world as I would be were I the lone survivor of a shipwrecked crew on an uninhabited island in mid-ocean.

The snow-storm I noted on the 13th continued during the 14th and 15th without cessation, covering the ground about my cabin to a depth of three feet. On the 14th, trees began to fall. Some about my cabin looked threatening.

While I was eating my dinner, the top of a large oak fell alongside of my cabin, burying one side in snow, and covering my doorsteps with snow, leaves, and broken limbs. It so frightened me my heart almost ceased to beat. I should have left here, then, but after a careful

survey I concluded that other trees would not touch me in falling, or would hold, and I would not go.

They kept falling that day and the next. Thursday night I thought of changing my bed to a corner of the cabin I deemed safest, but was so weary I simply swung the head around. I placed an ax and hatchet under my pillow, that I might chop myself free if I should be pinned down. I feared that more than instant death. No one travels this trail. It is absolutely impassable. I might lie and freeze to death, or chill, which is worse than freezing.

When there is danger I sleep lightly, no matter how tired I may be. About midnight I fell into a light slumber, but was immediately aroused by a big crack. I bolted upright in bed, waiting with breathless anxiety. I heard it coming, noted its increased velocity,— Crack! Crash! The tree had struck my cabin with tremendous force, filling it with snow, and covering me and my bed.

As soon as it settled I tried to strike a light. I believe I was remarkably cool under such a strain, and yet it was quite a little while before I could find the candle, which I had placed within my reach when I went to bed. I expected to find my cabin caved in, but I did not. The fireplace was filled with snow and the chimney demolished. One window was forced in by the weight of snow, and a solid embankment of snow closed the other. I had buried my fire under ashes when I went to bed. I found it under two feet of snow.

All sleep was knocked out of me, but I went back to my bed, shook off the snow, crawled in, and took a smoke to think over my situation. I made up my mind to leave at daylight, if I lived till then. But alas for all human calculations,— they "gang aft aglee." This was scarcely a foretaste of what was to come.

There was a tree about forty feet from the cabin, that I had been watching ever since I have been here. I had surveyed it from every point, and made up my mind just where it would fall, if free; yet one can seldom be sure as to which way they will draw. It hung like the "sword of Damocles" over my head. It swayed back and forth under its heavy load, sweeping over the entire length of the cabin. Thursday night I took out my ax to cut it down, but after a few blows I thought, "If I fail to make it draw as I want it to, I shall be left out in the mountains in a violent storm, with no shelter and no place to go,"— and so I left it.

Well, after my smoke, I concluded to clean out and rebuild my fireplace, get breakfast, then, at break of day set out for Mr. Carney's. At 8 A. M. by my time, which was fast, for I had not seen the sun for two weeks, and could not get the true time, I left my cabin. The snow was at least three feet deep, and I was an hour or more getting up the hill. It is not over five hundred feet, and I can make the climb in ten minutes easily, when the ground is bare.

Trees and limbs lay across the trail, and I had to travel where I could. When I reached the summit, out of the woods and into the brush, I found the snow everywhere from four to six feet deep. I wallowed in it almost helplessly, but worked my way along, as it was down hill. To add to the danger of my situation, it began to snow so furiously that I could not see a landmark. The trail was entirely obliterated, and in a short time I was hopelessly lost. I concluded to give it up and go back to my cabin. It was like traveling at midnight, or blindfolded.

It was about 11 A. M. when I again reached my cabin. I took another survey of the tree, with the intention of felling it, but it was too late. It hung over the lower gable of my cabin, and with the increased weight of a foot more of snow it could not be felled to clear. The wind swayed it back and forth, and

on which end of the arc it would go I could not tell. It was impossible to discover its weakest point.

I determined to get a hearty lunch and try for Mr. Carney's again, all the time praying the tree would hold until I should be from under it. I only made coffee and ate bread. I forgot the nice venison and bacon I had already cooked. While I was eating I heard a crack. I stopped, trembled, and listened. Then came another big crack. I ran to the door and looked up. I could see nothing, and yet I knew it was the tree. The suspense was terrible, but did not last long. I heard it crushing the outer cabin, and instantly the crash came. When I went to the door I ran directly under the tree, but I did not stay there. I ran back to the fireplace and waited. Those few minutes seemed a life-time.

The roof smashed in, and once more I was blinded with the flying snow that filled the cabin. The tree stopped, resting on the plates and corner posts and door. Little corner posts, only three by four. Plates two by four. Once more I had been miraculously saved. I said aloud, "Thank God, the tree is down, and I am safe."

It fell about 1 P. M. I finished lunch, gathered up a few things, carried them back where they would not get wet, and started. It is two miles to my nearest neighbor, and two and a half to Mr. Carney's place. I hoped to reach Mr. Carney's, but did not that night. It was half past one when I started up the hill. There were four hours of daylight in which to make the two miles,—a half mile an hour. The sun came out as I started, but soon disappeared in a storm cloud, which poured snow on my devoted head, and added another foot under my feet and legs, already weary and almost exhausted from my morning struggle.

I could see the tracks along the trail up the hill I had broken in the morning, and I made good time until I lost them. A temporary lull in the storm showed me a landmark, and I knew where I was. Then followed a long struggle over bushes from twelve to fifteen feet high, with from six to ten feet of snow under me. Sometimes I would miss a bush, and go down; then I would have to pack the snow to get out. Finally I reached the top of the ridge I was trying for, and found myself on the trail once more. I did not lose it again. My only hope was that in the woods I could make time, as more than half the snow was on the tree-tops. Although one tree had broken above my head, and others were cracking and falling around me, I was delighted when out of the first patch of brush, and into the timber. Then came another mile and a half of brush up and down hill.

I carried a stick four feet long, and nowhere in the brush or open country was the snow less in depth than the stick. It was heavy, but light enough to let me in up to my arms. When my legs were tired out pushing ahead heavy masses of snow that would refuse to part and let me through, I would lie down, lay hold of a bush if possible, and pull myself along. Sometimes I would seize the stick with both hands, and throw myself forward on my knees. I traveled on hands and knees a good deal, going down hill, to rest myself. If there was room I would lie down, and roll over and over to the foot. Oh, such a trip as that was!

When I had traveled only one third the distance, I had consumed more than one half of the time. On the trail, just before night, I stopped at a fir-tree, and filled one pocket with pitch. When I stopped I was warm. Though I was wet to the skin from my ankles to the top of my head, my feet were dry. I had taken the precaution to tie each up in a grain sack. Had I made them as big as old "Nick Cisco's" feet it would have been all the better. I stopped at the tree only a few minutes, but when I drew on my wet gloves and started on

I was chilled to the very marrow in my bones. I redoubled my efforts to warm myself again. At last I reached the top of that hill, with but a quarter of a mile to the top of another, when I knew I would be safe, and within a half mile of shelter. I looked at my watch, and felt that I must make it in a half hour.

On I started as fast as I could. I was then in the timber, but there was a brush patch ahead, which I knew I must go through by daylight. While I was going down hill, a big madrone tree (the arbutus) cracked. I stepped back, saying, "Go it, if you are going to fall, and be in a hurry about it, too, for I can't wait." A lull in the wind, and all was still. I hurried by, never looking back. When I returned one week after, the tree was not there. At last I reached the brush, and such a time as I had getting through. It was all side hill, and the snow had bent the small trees across the trail, until, in some cases, I had to knock off three or four feet of snow, or dig a hole, and crawl under. The best of the time I was in up to my armpits, struggling, almost against hope, to make headway. I made the best progress on my hands and feet, but I could not keep it up long, for at times my hands would break through, and let me in head first; then I was worse off than when the right end was down, no matter how deep.

At last I reached the top, where I was in timber, and safe! It was dark, and I lost the trail, but I cared not; for I knew where I was, and that I could get through if it took me till midnight. I gave whoop after whoop until a familiar voice answered, and directed me to the cabin of Mr. Catander.

When I reached it I was wet, tired, sleepy, and exhausted. The struggle over, I gave out entirely, but was safe at last. A cup of tea and a warm bed soon made me forget my troubles.

My story is not yet told by any means, but that last sweet memory reminds me that it is again time to say "Good night."

January 28th.— Another stormy day. A continuous downpour of rain since last night before dark. It is making an impression on the snow, and if it all goes off with the rain, Eel River valley will be flooded. Even as it is, should it stop now, an immense damage will be done. Whole farms go at once, sometimes. We have had our troubles in the mountains, now they will have theirs in the valleys.

Well, to continue my narrative:—

I reached Mr. Catander's cabin Friday night. I remained there till after breakfast Sunday morning, then left for Mr. Carney's.

Monday morning Mrs. Carney ran into the cabin, saying, "John, the barn has fallen flat." It had been loaded with a tremendous weight of snow on the roof. There were two cows, nine calves, and a yearling bull under it. We went directly to work, and uncovered one cow before breakfast; and after that all the others. The bull ran off all right, but the rest were nearly gone. Three calves were dead. How it was possible for any to be alive I cannot understand. They were all flattened out, and the two cows had a six-inch beam across their necks. The calves said, "B-a-a! It is a cold day for calves of our tender age." I thought so, too. We made a shed for them at once.

Thursday it rained all day and all night. Friday Mr. Carney and I came back to my own cabin. The snow was still very deep. No more trees had fallen on the cabin, but great danger lay in getting off the big one. Succeeding beyond my most sanguine hopes we soon had it on the ground. Mr. Carney then helped me to replace the gable, leaning it against the remaining part of the roof. After lunch Mr. Carney left me. I then patched the chimney and some holes in the cabin, to prevent the snow from falling in. The next day I

put on a new roof, and now my cabin is as good as new, with the exception of the chimney. That draws well, however, and will last till the snow is gone, and I can rebuild it. My workshop is in complete ruin, and I miss it very much.

So far I have only stated facts, and briefly noted my wonderful escape from instant death, or what would have been worse, a lingering death by being caught in the wreck under a tree or limb, and perishing from exposure, starvation, or fire. Also, my perilous trip through the woods and snow to a place of safety.

It was in the dark of the moon, and when I reached Mr. Catander's cabin I could scarcely distinguish an object, and was so exhausted I could scarcely move. You have no idea of the intense blackness of the darkness in these woods. Every other tree is an evergreen, and covered with a dense foliage through which the sunlight can scarcely penetrate in daytime. If the oak alone were deciduous like your Eastern oak, I would have had none of these troubles. On the tops of these trees the snow, in many cases, was piled three feet deep; and during the storm it was a crack, crash, and boom, continuously that lasted the four days. The first tree that fell frightened me more than any of the others. It gave no warning. All the cracks blended into one big crash, and it fell just ten feet from my cabin.

I told you I thought of changing my bed. Had I done so I would have placed myself directly under the tree that fell upon my cabin that night. I cannot describe to you my feelings when that crash came. If you can imagine how you would feel to escape, by a hair's breadth, instant death, you can know how I felt. I cannot put it on paper.

That night, after the moon rose, I lighted my lantern, and went out to look around. I was amazed. There was an immense oak, the top of which covered my entire cabin, standing up, as it were, on the ends of its limbs, the body ten or twelve feet from the ground, so that the top almost cleared my cabin. It struck my roof a tremendous blow, but did comparatively little harm. How a tree of such tremendous weight could stop where it did, short of a miracle, I could not understand. And why did not the ton of snow it brought with it crush my cabin like an egg shell? At daylight I saw that the tree in falling brought two other trees with it, that broke off about twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. They helped ease the blow from the big tree, and probably the snow fell then, too. One of the smaller trees did more harm to the cabin than the large one. Of the rest I have told you.

I must close my narrative now, as I have to make bread tonight. I am proud to tell you I can make bread, and good bread. First, I made it with yeast powder. When that was gone, Mrs. Carney gave me yeast. When out of yeast I have learned to make it with sour dough, and that is the kind I must make tonight, and in the future, until I can get down to the river, where I will buy hops with which to make my own yeast. I hope to go to Rio Dell by Monday, for supplies, and a rifle.

The end for tonight.

E. B.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

It was a February afternoon, and the welcome rain was coming down in sheets, as is its way when it does come down in California.

In a room at the Grand Hotel at Santa M— sat two men, old friends who had accidentally met here, looking out upon the driving rain and the great white breakers of the rising tide, which fell with a roar upon the pebbly beach not far away.

Frank Ellender was a leading Philadelphia surgeon, and Walter Austin senior member of a prosperous Saint Louis law firm, and this was the first time that they had met since the divergence of their paths in life had gradually broken up the intimacy that had existed between them in their happy boyhood and college days.

The stillness of the cosy room, the patter of the rain, the roaring and booming of the restless ocean, all combined to make them communicative, and they sat chatting of old and new experiences.

With the deepening shadows of the evening their conversation drifted insensibly into the shadowy realms of the unknown, and now it appeared that both the man of law and he of medicine had indulged in speculations regarding this region which, perhaps, they would scarcely have voiced at any other place and time.

"I must tell you a story," the doctor said, "the strangest thing my whole experience has given me. I will give you the facts, and you may draw your own conclusions.

"When I entered the army in the fall of '61, I took with me a young man of eighteen years — Harry Clary — the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Mrs. Clary would gladly have kept her boy at home, but he was impetuous, self-willed, and determined to go,— which meant that he would go. I, too, was much opposed to his going, but since I knew that I could not prevent it I took him with me, where I could in some measure watch over him.

"The rigid discipline of the army was very irksome to him, and he longed to go to the front. Poor boy, he was not destined to reach it, for before many weeks had passed he was stricken down with typhoid fever, and in spite of all our efforts he gradually sank, and died about the third week of his illness."

Doctor Ellender paused, and looked meditatively out of the window.

"Harry Clary was dead," he said slowly, "according to all signs. Not only could neither I nor other physicians discover any signs of life, but we found apparently positive signs of death. Rigor mortis set in somewhat tardily, as would be expected from his enfeebled condition; the capillary circulation had entirely ceased. He was dead. Yet in twenty-four hours he returned to life!"

"O well," said the lawyer in a disappointed tone, "cases of apparent death are not unknown, and doctors have before this been mistaken in their diagnosis,— even such an old and experienced man as you must have been thirty years ago might fall into an error in such a case."

The doctor vouchsafed no reply, but continued his story.

"His mother was the first to recognize the signs of returning life, in a slight movement of the eyelid. I doubted the correctness of her observation, but to satisfy her we applied restoratives, and after six hours of hard work, of alternate hope and despair, he was breathing Then he opened his eyes, but consciousness had evidently not returned, for he

looked at us with a strange expression of fear and unrest, and tried to get up. His surroundings seemed unknown to him, and even his own mother he failed to recognize. All this, when he had been perfectly conscious at the time of his death, and for days before.

"From this time he made an uninterrupted physical recovery, but his past was an utter blank to him, and always has remained so.

"Nor was that all. When he awoke, he knew not a word of English, yet he spoke, and what sounded like a language. He evidently attached an intelligent meaning to his words, though they were harsh and uncouth to us, and resembled no civilized tongue.

"Not only was his language changed, but even his character and his mental habits had undergone a complete transformation. From an impatient, quick, vehement boy he became slow and deliberate in speech and action, and unusually patient. Imperious and self-willed before, he now submitted quietly to whatever we chose to do for him, and obeyed our instructions as far as he was able to comprehend them. I tell you, Austin," the physician exclaimed with sudden energy, bringing his feet down from their elevated position, placing his hands upon his knees, and facing his companion, "I never saw such a change in any human being before, nor would I have considered it possible had I not met with it myself. Though Clary recovered, he has been so altered in disposition, habits, and mental tendencies, that I have never been able to feel towards him as if he were the same individual that he was before that attack of fever.

"Neither was there any mental deterioration," Doctor Ellender continued, resuming his former comfortable position, "as is found in those rare cases of double and alternating personality that are on record. These are merely a form of insanity, and the secondary personality is always mentally and morally inferior to the individual in his own true character. Clary, on the other hand, though very different from his original self, was both morally and mentally vastly improved, and is one of the sanest men I know. His mind is thoroughly well balanced. Moreover, in him the change has been permanent.

"Owing to the complete loss of all his previously acquired knowlege, of course we could only very imperfectly communicate with him after his return to life. He knew nothing whatever of the uses of the thousand and one articles that entered into our daily life. He had to learn the use of knife and fork, and even how to put on his clothes, nor did he recognize at that time, or subsequently, any of his former friends and acquaintances, nor the places with which he had been familiar. He was intelligent, however, and evidently anxious to learn, and soon picked up English, so that we could in a few weeks make ourselves understood. It was noticeable that he learned the language not as a little child might do, but rather as an intelligent adult foreigner would have done. On the other hand his own language, if language it was, seemed to pass rapidly from his memory, and even after the first few days he used it very little, apparently because he had forgotten it, and not from any special intention.

"His past life was, and always has remained, a perfect blank to him, except for a few vague and uncertain reminiscences that sometimes tantalize him. Even these seemed to have no connection with his former home and companions.

"Quite as remarkable was the change in his mental character. He had been a boy of active habits, but not remarkably bright, nor had he ever shown any marked mental tendencies. After his recovery, however, he developed a passion for the natural sciences.

"He would wander for days in the woods and among the hills, studying plants and animals. Animals especially, and among these birds, interested him, and he became thoroughly familiar with their life histories. His library abounded in books on the various branches of zoölogy and botany, and at an early age he wrote articles on the habits of animals that were gladly received by prominent journals.

"When only twenty-five years of age he was sent on a government expedition to the northern prairies, and the following year on an expedition to California. On this latter trip I accompanied him, and it was here in California that a further strange phase of this strange case developed itself.

"In the course of our travels we came to the Mojave district You know what that is,— a desert region producing nothing but lizards, cacti, and Spanish bayonets (or yucca, a magnificent plant in bloom). It is about as dismal a country as we would care to see in September, the time when we reached it.

"Here we were to stop for a time, and we were all glad to go into camp. As we approached our temporary destination, I noticed Clary passing his hand over his eyes several times in a confused sort of a way, as if he were trying to remember something.

"Presently he turned to me. 'Doctor,' he said, 'if I did not know that I never have been here, I should swear that I had been. Everything looks strangely old and familiar. I know without looking at them the lizards and rabbits of this region. It seems to me that I can remember having seen this plain, or one strangely like it, all ablaze with flowers. Yonder mountain tops are covered with snow at times, and this heat is pleasant after the cold winds of the winter. I don't understand my sensations.'

"'Do you remember any details,' I asked him.

"'No,' he said, 'none at all. I suppose I must have read about, or perhaps dreamed of, some such place. Certainly my memories are uncertain enough to be but the vague recollections of an old dream.'

"In the evening we camped about a mile from an Indian village, and after supper Clary and I sauntered out to see the natives, several of whom had already honored our camp with their presence, though my friend had seen little or nothing of them, being busy about some of his arrangements. After supper, however, we started off for the Indian village. The Indlans,— men, women, and children,— swarmed about us. In their broken English they spoke to us, and offered all sorts of articles of their manufacture for sale. Of course they also made a great many remarks in their own tongue, which were not intended for our comprehension.

"At first my attention was held by the clamoring crowd about us, but turning presently to make a remark to my companion I noticed the same confused air that he had worn earlier in the day, and he urged our return to camp very soon, pleading as an excuse unfinished work.

"When we were alone he was silent and preoccupied. I felt concerned, and made some remark about his health.

"'O, I am all right,' he said; 'but I am at a loss to explain my peculiar experiences. My impression that I have been familiar with all these scenes in the past grows stronger and stronger. It seems, somehow, to associate itself with he vague memories of my life before that attack of typhoid fever. You are sure, are you not, that my parents had never taken me through this couutry during my boyhood?'

"I could only say that his mother had told me that he had never been more than one hundred miles from Philadelphia before he went to the war.

"'Well,' he said, 'do you know that to-

night I could even understand the talk of those Indians among themselves. I do not mean that I could have translated their words, but I somehow understood their conversation.'

"'And what do you think they said?' I asked somewhat skeptically, for I naturally thought his imagination was running away with his good sense.

"But he was fully convinced of the correctness of his understanding.

"'Much of it' he said 'was of no special importance. They chaffed each other about their personal appearance. Two of the women picked us out for lovers, they said, and the others laughed at them.

"'One old woman, who had crowded close to me, said a queer thing, though. She said "He looks like an Indian himself,"—and I do,' he added. 'I recalled my features, and I do look like an Indian, though my hair is brown and my eyes are gray.'

"When Clary said this I turned and looked at him. The gathering twilight darkened still more his deeply sunburned skin, and I was almost startled to see the strong resemblance in general outline between his face and those of the men and women we had just left.

"We walked on in silence for a while, then he passed his hand over his forehead. 'Strange what curious dreams, experiences, and ideas, we sometimes have, is n't it?' he said. 'But I think they are best forgotten, so let us neither think nor speak of this again.'

"That was the last time he mentioned the matter to me; but it was late before he turned in that night, and I learned afterwards that he had been back to the Indian village again that evening."

Here Doctor Ellender stopped.

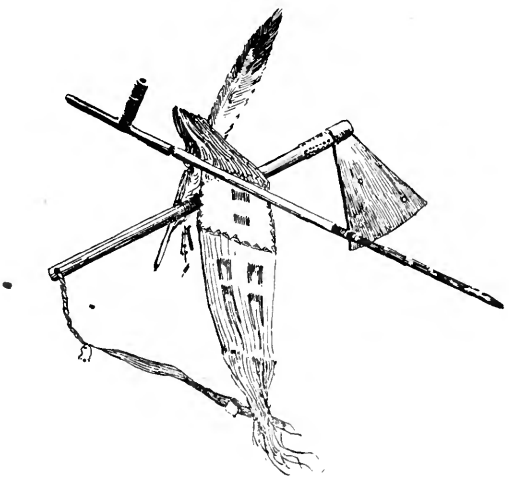
"Well," said the lawyer, "what is the end of your story?"

"There is no other end; that is all I can tell you. We learned later, however, that the old woman who had first recognized his resemblance to the Indians had lost a son, a promising young medicine-man, who had been accidentally killed on the same day that Harry Clary returned to life."

"And do you mean —" said the lawyer, — then stopped, unwilling to put the absurd question into words.

"I mean nothing at all. I have told you the facts as they came to my knowledge. I do not presume to offer any explanations. You may think whatever you please."

Theoda Wilkins.



THE SEA-FERN.

SEA-FERN. they call thee, web of rosy lace,
And fernlike are thy fronds, except in hue,
And never, in the mossy woodland, grew
The Lady Fern with more of airy grace.

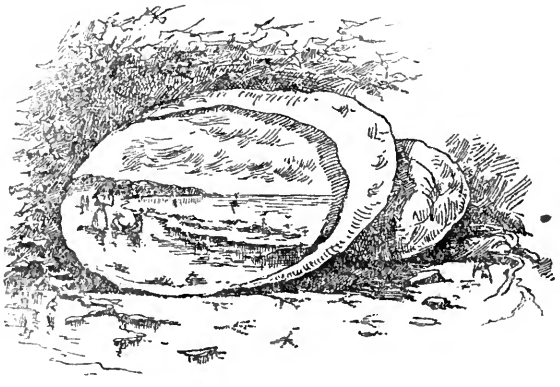
And yet we know who her companions be,
Shade-loving flowers, the moss, the lichen gray,
The brooding bird, the squirrel at its play,—
But thou dost share the great sea's mystery.

What wonders may the cool, green waters hide;
Those coarser weeds that still to thee are kin,
And curious forms endowed with shell or fin,
That through thy delicate branches creep or glide.

And we must wait till wind and tide are fain,
We may not stoop to gather at our will,
Like ferns that grow beside the woodland rill,
The dainty little treasure of the main.

But when the crystal wave that cradled thee
Hath cast its tiny foundling on the shore,
We 'll prize our little rescued token more
Than all the rooted herbs of wood or lea.

Seddie E. Anderson.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, CITIZEN.

In the first two years of this last decade of the century we have suffered the loss of the two most eminent Americans of the time.

I use the term most eminent Amercans advisedly, as applied to two men who combined in their own persons the broadest culture, literary genius, oratorical powers, distinguished personal presence, and above all, a love of humanity as universal and pervading as the race. They possessed all these attributes of a noble manhood. Their accomplishments made them most welcome to the cultivated people of older lands, and the highest possible recommendation of our Western civilization. Their love of humanity was such that it embraced all men, and placed them in sympathetic touch with mankind everywhere. Yet they were above all else true Americans, proud of their people and its institutions, and willing to give up everything for the common good. James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis stood for many years as a type of the best American manhood. To think of them makes us proud of our country and its capabilities.

If the highest honor of a country is to produce noble men and women, surely Americans have no reason to be ashamed of the showing made by preceding generations, before the struggle to get money became the all-pervading desire of our people. It may be doubted whether our present ideals will produce the men needed to give high character to a nation.

We often hear of George William Curtis as a writer, a scholar, a genial critic of manners, but I shall attempt to point a moral by calling attention to his example as a citizen, an American; trusting that our faith and our courage may be increased, as we contemplate a man of great abilities and attainments, who made his duty as a citizen paramount to all considerations of self. It is not probable that he was so different from other men that he did not have faults of character, but the generous mind does not seek for blemishes. Instinctively we clothe the noble exemplars of what we admire with ideal qualities pertaining to their known characteristics; and the teaching force of these ideals is incalculable. It is a credit to human nature, that it will persistently ignore the faults of good men, and make their virtues the salient features of their characters. It is a credit to our people that such a man as Washington is the national hero. It is our vast good fortune that nature produced for us such a hero as an exemplar. Describe to me the heroes of a people, and I will tell you what manner of men that people are. The characters of Washington and Lincoln have an educating effect upon the young of this country beyond all calculation.

When a man so richly endowed as Curtis lives up to the ideals of good citizenship, his life and character should be held up before our children as a stimulus to the performance of public duty. He did not possess the rugged strength nor the great talents of some of our grandest men, but to those who knew him his character seems almost faultless. I do not refer to his political views as faultless, but to his character as a citizen. It is not necessary that we should agree with his political views. We may be convinced of their unsoundness; but of such men as Lowell and Curtis we ought, as Americans, to be proud, whether we agree with them or not. When we consider their lofty pa-

triotism, their great attainments, we should receive their rebukes and instructions, their words of encouragement and cheer, with the modest deference due to their great knowledge and love combined.

The characteristic of Mr. Curtis that has made the most impression as showing his good citizenship, was his honesty. I do not now refer to honesty in business, to his giving all his property, and then devoting many long years of toil to earn money sufficient to pay off debts which he was under no legal obligation to pay; but to his honesty of conduct in following what he deemed the right in political matters. I do not ask you to agree with Mr. Curtis's political views. Whether he was right or wrong is not now the question for discussion.

Probably a majority of my readers are Republicans in politics, and look upon Blaine as a second Henry Clay; and believe that a high protective tariff is the greatest possible panacea for a country's ills. But notwithstanding your views, I do ask you to admire the man, who thinking just the opposite, deliberately gave up power, influence, friends, all hope of political preferment, and endured a storm of abuse unparalleled in bitterness, because he could not conscientiously support the party candidate or the party platform. Would we have done so much? Do you wonder now that he had the moral strength to surrender his patrimony, and give many years of labor to pay debts not binding on him in law, but which his conscience told him he ought to pay? Is not such an example of adherence to conviction of right worthy to be held up as a model?

Perhaps it is an indication that I have reached at least the point of middle life, that I look back with so much enthusiasm to the fight against slavery in the midst of which my youth was spent, and to the glorious political party of Lincoln, and Seward, and Chase, and Sumner, and Greeley, and a thousand lesser lights. There *were* giants in those days: men of great moral force as well as intellectual power.

The question of slavery was a moral question, and around it centered the political and social forces of the times. Congress, and especially the Senate, was an arena in which was fought the most stirring intellectual battles of our history. Men were sent to the Senate because they were the leaders in thought and public opinion in their respective States. The speeches of Douglas, Davis, Toombs, Seward, Sumner, Trumbull, Doolittle, were published in the daily newspapers, and eagerly read even by schoolboys. Perhaps the Senate of the present time is a worthy successor of what we old and middle-aged people look back to with so much pride; but somehow the Senate of millionaires and corporation attorneys do not interest us much.

Now it was among such men as led the nation in 1860 that Curtis took his place. He had youth, magnificent physique, the highest cultivation that training and foreign travel could bring, moral force, fine manners, true eloquence. At the great Republican convention of 1860, where Seward, Chase, and Lincoln, were the most prominent candidates for nomination, Mr. Curtis was a conspicuous figure, carrying the convention with him in, probably, the greatest speech of that great occasion. From that time on he was a power in the land, but always for justice and right, for civil service reform, and until slavery and the rebellion were put down, for human freedom and the integrity of the Nation.

With manners the most genial and kindly, there was yet within him the propelling force of an iron will, which once having seen its duty carried him forward through all obstacles towards the desired end. And this end was always the advancement of the general good.

It is hard to imagine one of his polished manners and education taking part in ward politics. Yet for many years he was chairman of the Republican county committee of his county, and gave to local politics much time and attention. For such a man as he there was no hope of fame or reward in filling such a position. He wanted no office, but he wanted to do his duty as a citizen. He declined the appointment of Minister to England and to Germany, but because he thought it his duty labored for years for clean politics in the county of his home.

O that we had a few such men in San Francisco and Oakland! But could they deliver us from the hands of the saloon-keeper and the political boss? Or are we so accustomed to our slavery that we would rather endure the lash applied to our backs by our municipal rulers, than give such attention to local matters as would place our city affairs in the hands of honest and efficient men?

Not the least beneficial work for the public performed by Mr. Curtis was the constant urging, in season and out of season, of the creation of an international reservation at Niagara, until success finally crowned the efforts of himself and his coadjutors. Every one visiting that wonderful work of nature now, who knew the place twenty years ago, must bless the memory of a man who never tired in a work he conceived to be for the public good.

But the work to which he devoted most time, zeal, and intelligent effort, was the work of reforming the civil service. He saw clearly that our present methods placed it in the power of unscrupulous men to control elections, and fatten off the tax-payers and industrious workers.

Given the proposition that in political matters to the victors belong the spoils, and what is the inevitable result? At every election there are a large number of offices to be filled, with the accompanying deputyships and clerical force. In addition, and what is still more tempting to the unscrupulous, the public moneys are controlled by the victors at the polls. Now here is inducement to men to make combinations, to give their entire time and attention to such manipulations as will enable them to control the expenditure of the public money and the distribution of the public patronage. But such men would be shorn of their power of combination, if they had not the means to reward those who stand in with them by giving them clerkships or other employment at public expense. There is where the blow must be struck. We must take away the power to reward the workers at the polls or the primaries. As it is now, a large body of men in every municipality follow no calling save that of politics. Of course the busy citizens, engrossed with their own affairs, have no time to make combinations to beat these fellows; and if they had the time, they would quickly find that training tells here, as in every other contest in life, and that these men who make a business of politics, and have the assistance of the saloon and its patrons, can get away with the good citizens at the polls.

Here is where the work of Mr. Curtis is destined to be of incalculable benefit to his countrymen. He addressed himself like a knight of old to crushing this monster of political patronage that is sucking the blood from out the body politic.

By voice, by pen, by sarcasm, by genial wit, and by eloquent denunciation, by appeals to men's reason, judgment, and observation, by organizing his followers, by giving them courage and supplying them with arguments, he carried forward a work from which great results were obtained in his lifetime, and which must go on to complete fruition, if a government by the people and for the people is to be maintained in the

land. He was the head and front of the movement for reform in the civil service, and to him more than to any other dozen men we are indebted for the system that has come to stay, and which already in the national service lessens the power of the political boss. President Hayes offered him any foreign mission that he would select, but he felt that his work was at home, fighting for pure politics.

Defeat in his cherished schemes for the public came to him often. Vituperation and abuse were poured out on him without stint; friends deserted him in crowds, yet he kept on in the even tenor of his way, knowing that only by strenuous effort and through many defeats the truth is finally brought home to men's minds and consciences.

The noble and oft quoted lines of Lowell apply peculiarly to Curtis and his defeats:—

> Truth forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne,
> Yet that scaffold sways the future,
> And behind the Great Unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own.

Let us take courage as we contemplate the character of this man of many labors, who never became discouraged by defeat or abuse, or want of appreciation, but who, having decided that duty called him to work for the public good, steadfastly pursued his course to the end.

Let us hold him up as an example of true American manhood, as an instance of what a man may do whose objects in life are unselfish, and whose zeal as a citizen never abated. We honor ourselves by honoring the memory of this noble citizen. The lessons of his life become thereby a constant force tending to the developing of a better manhood and womanhood, and a better citizenship.

Warren Olney.

LOVE'S LEGEND.

Spring.

The wheat-field green thinks not of winter's cold,
Knows not that bird and worm shall take their tithe
Of ripened grain, nor dreads the reaper's scythe
That soon shall lay it waste. I, overbold
In youth, thought not of pain; and Fortune's gold
For me lay in a dear girl's hair. As lithe
As willows was her form; her laugh was blithe
And sweet as song of birds in wood and wold.
I found a wind-flower close by melting snows
In early spring. She placed it on her breast
Among the laces where it fell and rose
And faded. Fitting emblem! She,—the best
And rarest gift of Life to eager Death,—
My wind-flower, perished with the summer's breath.

Summer.

Done is the reaper's work. To drenching rain
And heat that scorches it, the field lies bare,
A summer waste; no flower could blossom there.
The dusty stubble must thus brown remain
'Neath August skies, while long days wax and wane.
Above it thunders crash; the lurid glare
Of dreadful lightnings rends the sultry air.
Soul tempests sigh away to mists of pain
And tears bring their relief like sudden showers.
I longed through all life's summer, for the maid
That went away from earth with spring-time flowers.
When Love, one day, upon the stubble strayed
To find it grown with weeds of fond regret,
She said, "Thou long hast grieved, dear heart, forget."

Autumn.

My head was whitening with the hoar-frost's rime
When Hope, once more, held out her arms to me.
A maiden like a tall and stately tree,
Whose charms were in the splendor of their prime,
Wed me, the man grown old before his time.
Her crown of hair had tints we sometimes see
When frost's cold conflagrations lighted be
In maple forests, in a northern clime.
She too had loved. Inconstant, he came not
For whom so long her waiting heart did pine.
Now, comforted, we sit, sad hours forgot,
Beside the fire and watch the years decline.
St. Martin veils the past in golden haze
And sweet on aftermath the sunlight plays.

Winter.

The young birds from the late-built nest have flown,
Our tired feet go slowly to the west,
The snows that drift upon my head and breast
Tell me soon Death will claim me for his own;
I'll go with him and make no useless moan,
If at the last my eyes, grown dim, may rest
Upon the face of her I love the best,
On her dear lovelit eyes. Ripe chestnuts, strown
On hearths warm glinting in the firelight's shine.
Their color have. I'd pass so to the shore
Where dwells the one whose heart in youth was mine.
The barren field the winter dreads no more,
For mantling snows to it will not seem cold,—
A dream of spring is hidden 'neath the mould.

Lenore Congdon Schutze.

ETC.

TENNYSON has gone to his grave, full of years and honor. His work was done, and his passing away could not in any event have been postponed but a few years. The world must bury the great bard with that proud mourning, that sense of a fully lived life, that causes the heart to swell rather in gratitude that Tennyson has lived, than grief that he has died. The sadness comes with the thought that there is left no one to fill his place. The king is dead, and there is no heir apparent,— not even a heir presumptive in whom the heirship is not less marked than the presumption. It brings an overwhelming sense of the poverty of English poetry to read the names suggested for the laureateship. Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, William Morris, have all been mentioned to prove unavailable. Jean Ingelow — better than any of them — has not been spoken of at all. Austin Dobson has never taken himself seriously enough to be thought of for the place, and nobody except himself has ever taken Oscar Wilde seriously enough to think of him. Edwin Morris, the most eminent candidate according to the English press, is less known in America than any of the names we have considered. It would seem far better in the face of this condition of things to allow an interregnum in the laureateship. The vacant throne would stir the ambition of those that would be chilled into silence by the thought that an unworthy successor sat in the place of one who received

> This laurel greener from the brows
> Of him that uttered nothing base.

MR. CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance has appeared during the month—a shorter and more readable one than Mr. Harrison's, but not a "ringing document." It makes its meaning clear enough, and does not go into detail argument, but is written in the cumbrous style Mr. Cleveland is liable to when he takes a good deal of pains. When he writes, apparently without much reflection, straight from his impulse, he has command of a good terse English, and has more than once proved the originator of current phrases. Neither letter is unworthy of the occasion. Each very fairly sums up the position of the contestants, but neither will play a very important part in the campaign. Indeed, as November approaches without any of the expected signs of "warming up," it begins to seem within the possibilities of hope that we shall not have a campaign at all, and that the people will vote in cold blood,—a thing not always to be desired, but apparently appropriate to a verdict on a financial question, after four years' discussion.

IN some of the Eastern States there seems to be more political excitement than here,—more excitement concerning the presidential election, that is to say. In California, municipal and State matters are diverting attention to an unusual extent. The struggle of the Non-Partisan organization for recognition has brought out a most satisfactory decision from the Supreme Court,—that there shall be no party headings on the ballots. This decision improves the secret ballot law, as adopted in this State, decidedly. The point of party grouping and party headings was conceded with reluctance by the friends of the law, to save the rest of the bill; and the partial defeat of this provision now leaves the law hampered by no serious defect, except the great number of petitioners required for an independent nomination. The nomination once accomplished, independent voting will be decidedly facilitated by the law as at present construed.

THE list of officers and students of the Leland Stanford Junior University for the current year reports a total of 692 students, of whom 161 are special, and 51 graduate, leaving 480 in the regular undergraduate courses. The selection of major courses is instructive, and recalls the saying that where young students are given absolute liberty to "follow their bent," it usually proves to be a bent away from the stiff courses. Of the 692 students, 13 have elected Greek as a "major," 4 philosophy, 29 economics, 37 mathematics, 6 physics; but 167 English, 63 history; and the only subjects usually recognized as "stiff," that are sought by more than forty, are engineering courses, where the professional purpose is expected to weigh for more than the educational. Of course, each regular student has also his minor courses, in which it is the business of the professor to see deficiencies of the major as far supplied as possible.

Coplas de Manrique.

ALTHOUGH the Coplas de Manrique are known to all lovers of English poetry through Longfellow's noble English version of them, it is extremely difficult to find the text of the Spanish original. The OVERLAND MONTHLY has therefore thought to do a service to Spanish scholars, (of whom it numbers many among its readers) by reproducing here a copy kindly given us by Mr. John T. Doyle. The following account of the author and subject of the verses Longfellow prefixes to his translation :—

"Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and

died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Ucles; and speaks of him as 'a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame.' He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Canavete, in the year 1479.

"The name of Roderigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Ucles: but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocana. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, 'Don Jorge Manrique, in an eloquent ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn.' This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model of its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.—H. W. L."

COPLAS

Que hizo Don Jorge Manrique á la muerte de su Padre, Don Rodrigo.

Recuerde el alma adormida,
Avive el seso y despierte,
  Contemplando
Como se pasa la vida,
Como se viene la muerte,
  Tan callando.
Cuan presto se va el placer,
Como, despues de acordado,
  Da dolor;
Como, á nuestro parecer,
Cualquiera tiempo pasado
  Fué mejor.

Y pues vemos lo presente,
Como en un punto se es ido,
  Y acabado;
Si juzgamos sabiamente,
Daremos lo no venido
  Por pasado.
No se engañe nadie no,
Pensando que ha de durar
  Lo que espera,
Mas que duró lo que vió;
Porque todo ha de pasar
  Por tal manera.

Nuestras vidas son los ríos,
Que van á dar en la mar,
  Que es el morir:
Allí van los señoríos
Derechos á se acabar
  Y consumir:
Allí los ricos caudales,
Allí los otros medianos,
  Y mas chicos,
Allegados son iguales,
Los que viven por sus manos,
  Y los ricos.

Dejo las invocaciones
De los famosos Poetas
  Y Oradores:
No curo de sus ficiones,
Que traen yerbas secretas,
  Sus sabores.
Aquel solo me encomiendo,
Aquel solo invoco yo
  De verdad,
Que en este mundo viviendo,
El mundo no conoció
  Su diedad.

Este mundo es el camino
Para el otro que es morada
  Sin pesar;
Mas cumple tener buen tino,
Para andar esta jornada
  Sin errar.
Partimos cuando nacemos,
Andamos miéntras vivimos,
  Y allegamos
Al tiempo, que fenescemos;
Así que cuando morimos,
  Descansamos.

Este mundo bueno fué,
Si bien usásemos del,
  Como debemos;
Porque segun nuestra fé
Es para ganar aquel
  Que atendemos.
Y aun el hijo de Dios
Para subirnos al cielo,
  Descendió
A nacer acá entre nos,
A vivir en este suelo,
  Do murió.

Ved de cuan poco valor
Son las cosas tras que andamos,
  Y corremos
En este mundo traidor;
Que aun primero que muramos,
  Las perdemos.
Dellas deshace la edad,
Dellas casos desastrados,
  Que acaescen,
Dellas por su calidad
En los mas altos estados,
  Desfallecen.

Decidme, ¿ la hermosura,
La gentil frescura y tez
De la cara,
La color y la blancura,
Cuando viene la vejez,
Que se para?
Las mañas y ligereza,
Y la fuerza corporal
De juventud,
Todo se torna graveza,
Cuando llega al arrabal
De senetud.

¿ Pues la sangre de los Godos,
El linage y la nobleza,
Tan crecida,
Por cuantas vias y modos,
Se pierde de su alteza,
En esta vida?
Unos por poco valer,
¡ Por cuán bajos y abatidos,
Que los tienen !
Otros que por no tener,
Con oficios no debidos,
Se mantienen.

Los estados y riqueza,
Que nos dejan á deshora,
¿ Quién lo duda?
No les pidamos firmeza,
Porque son de una señora
Que se muda.
Que bienes son de fortuna,
Que revuelve con su rueda
Presurosa:
La cual no puede ser una,
Ni ser estable ni queda
En una cosa.

Pero digo que accompañen
Y lleguen hasta la huesa
Con su dueño;
Por eso no nos engañen,
Que se va la vida apriesa
Como sueño.
Y los deleites de acá,
Son en que nos deleitamos
Temporales,
Y los tormentos de allá,
Que por ellos esperamos,
Eternales.

Los placeres y dulzores
De esta vida trabajada
Que tenemos,
¿ Qué son sino corredores,
Y la muerte es la celada,
En que caemos?

No mirando á nuestro daño,
Corremos á rienda suelta,
Sin parar:
Desque vemos el engaño,
Y queremos dar la vuelta,
No hay lugar.

Si fuese en nuestro poder
Tornar la cara hermosa
Corporal,
Como podemos hacer
El alma tan gloriosa,
Angelical;
¿ Qué diligencia tan viva,
Tuviéramos toda hora ,
Y tan presta,
En componer la captiva,
Dejándonos la señora
Descompuesta?

Estos Reyes poderosos,
Que vemos por escrituras
Ya pasadas,
Con casos tristes llororosos,
Fuéron sus buenas venturas,
Trastornadas.
Así no hay cosa tan fuerte,
Que á Papas y Emperadores
Y Prelados,
Así los trata la Muerte,
Como á los Pobres pastores
De ganados.

Dejemos á los Troyanos,
Que sus males no los vimos,
Ni sus glorias:
Dejemos á los Romanos,
Aunque oimos y leimos
Sus Historias.
No curemos de saber
Lo de aquel siglo pasado:
¿ Qué fué de ello?
Vengamos á lo de ayer,
Que tambien es olvidado
Como aquello.

¿ Qué se hizo el Rey Don Juan,
Los Infantes de Aragon,
Qué se hicieron?
Qué fué de tanto galan,
Qué fué de tanta invencion,
Como trajeron?
Las justas y los torneos,
Paramentos, bordaduras
Y Cimeras
Fuéron sino devaneos,
¿ Qué fueron sino verduras
De las eras?

¿ Qué se hicieron las damas,
Sus tocados, sus vestidos,
Sus olores ?
¿ Qué se hicieron las llamas
De los fuegos encendidos
De amadores ?
¿ Qué se hizo aquel trobar,
Las músicas acordadas,
Que tañian ?
¿ Qué se hizo aquel danzar,
Aquellas ropas chapadas,
Que traian ?

Pues el otro, su heredero
Don Henrique ¿ qué poderes
Alcanzaba ?
¡ Cuán blando, cuán halagüeño
El mundo con sus placeres
Se le daba !
Mas verás cuan enemigo,
Cuan contrario, cuan cruel,
Se le mostró ;
Habiéndole sido amigo,
¡ Cuán poco duró con él
Lo que le dió !

Las dádivas desmedidas,
Los edificios reales
Lllenos de oro,
Las vajillas tan febridas,
Los Henriques y reales
Del tesoro,
Los jaeces y caballos
De su gente y atavíos,
Tan sobrados,
¿ Dónde iréinos á buscallos ?
¿ Qué fueron sino rocíos
De los prados ?

Pues su hermano, el inocente
Que en su vida sucesor
Se llamó,
¿ Qué Corte tan excelente
Tuvo, y cuánto gran Señor,
Que lo siguió ?
Mas como fuese mortal,
Metiólo la muerte luego
En su fragua.
¡ O juicio divinal !
Cuando mas ardia el fuego
Echaste el agua.

Pues aquel gran Condestable,
Maestre que conocimos
Tan privado,
No cumple que del se hable,
Sino solo que lo vimos
Degollado.

Sus infinitos tesoros,
Sus villas y sus lugares,
Y su mandar
¿ Qué le fueron sino lloros,
Qué fueron sino pesares
Al dejar ?

Pues los otros dos hermanos,
Maestres tan prosperados
Como Reyes,
A los grandes y medianos,
Trajeron muy sojuzgados
A sus leyes.
Aquella prosperidad,
Que tan alta fué subida
Y ensalzada,
¿ Qué fué sino claridad,
Que cuando mas encendida
Fué amatada ?

Tantos Duques excelentes,
Tantos Marqueses y Condes
Y Varones
Como vimos tan potentes,
Dí, muerte, ¿ dó los escondes
Y traspones ?
Y sus muy claras hazañas,
Que hicieron en las guerras,
Y en las paces,
Cuando tú cruel te ensañas,
Con tus fuerzas las atierras
Y deshaces.

Las huestes innumerables,
Los pendones, estandartes
Y banderas,
Los castillos impunables,
Los muros y baluartes
Y barreras,
La cava honda chapada,
O cualquier otro reparo
¿ Qué aprovecha ?
Que si tú vienes airada,
Todo lo pasas de claro
Con tu flecha.

Aquel de buenos abrigo,
Amado por virtuoso
De la gente,
El Maestro Don Rodrigo
Manrique tan famoso
Y tan valiente,
Sus grandes hechos y claros,
No comple que los alabe
Pues los vieron ;
Ni los quiero hacer caros,
Pues el mundo todo sabe
Cuales fueron.

Amigo de sus amigos,
¡ Qué Señor para criados
Y parientes !
¡ Qué enemigo de enemigos !
! Qué maestro de esforzados
Y valientes !
¡ Qué seso para discretos !
¡ Qué gracia para donosos !
¡ Qué razon !
Muy benigno á los sujetos,
Y á los bravos y dañosos
Un leon.

En ventura Octaviano,
Julio César en vencer
Y batallar,
En la virtud Africano,
Anibal en el saber
Y trabajar.
En la bondad un Trajano,
Tito en liberalidad
Con alegría.
En so brazo un Archiano,
Marco Tulio en la verdad
Que prometia.

Antonio Pio en clemancia,
Marco Aurelio en igualdad
De semblante,
Adriano en elocuencia,
Theodosio en humanidad
Y buen talante.
Aurelio Alejandro fué
En disciplina y rigor
De la guerra,
Un Constantino en la fé,
Camilo en el gran amor
De su tierra.

No dejó grandes tesoros,
Ni alcanzó muchas riquezas
Ni vajillas ;
Mas hizo guerra á los Moros,
Ganando sus fortalezas
Y sus villas.
Y en las lides que venció,
Caballeros y caballos
Se perdieron,
Y en este oficio ganó
Las rentas y los vasallos
Que le dieron.

Pues por su honra y estado,
Si en otros tiempos pasados
Bien se hubo,
Quedando desamparado,
Con hermanos y criados
Se sostuvo

Despues de hechos famosos
Que hizo en aquesta guerra
Que hacia,
Hizo tratos tan honrosos
Que le dieron muy mas tierra
Que tenia.

Estas sus viejas historias,
Que con su brazo pintó
En juventud
Con otras nuevas victorias
Agora las renovó
En la senetud.
Por su grande habilidad,
Por méritos y ancianía
Bien gastada,
Alcanzó la dignidad
De la gran caballería
De la Espada.

Y sus villas y sus tierras
Ocupadas de tiranos
Las halló ;
Mas por cercos y por guerras,
Con la fuerza de sus manos,
Las cobró.
Pues vuestro Rey natural,
Si de las obras que obró,
Fue servido ;
Dígalo el de Portugal
Y Castilla quien siguío
Su partido.

Despues de puesta la vida
Tantas veces por su ley
Al Tablero,
Despues de tan bien servida
La corona de su Rey
Verdadero,
Despues de tanta hazaña
A que no puede bastar
Cuenta cierta,
En la su villa de Ocaña
Vino la muerte á llamar
A su puerta.

Diciendo, buen Cabellero,
Dejad el mundo engañoso
Con halago :
Vuestro corazon de acero
Muestre su esfuerzo famoso
En este trago.
Pues que de vida y salud
Hiciste tan poca cuenta
Por la fama,
Esfuércese la virtud
Para sufrir esta afrenta
Que os llama.

No se os haga tan amarga
La batalla temerosa
Que esperais.
Pues otra vida mas larga
De fama tan gloriosa
Acá dejais.
Aunque esta vida de honor
Tampoco no es eternal
Ni verdadera,
Mas con todo es muy mejor
Que la otra corporal
Perecedera.

El vivir que es perdurable
No se gana con estados
Mundanales,
Ni con vida delectable
Donde moran los pecados
Infernales.
Mas los buenos Religiosos
Gánanla con oraciones
Y con lloros :
Los Caballeros famosos
Con trabajos y aflicciones
Contra Moros.

Y pues vos, claro varon,
Tanta sangre derramastes
De paganos,
Esperad el galardon
Que en este mundo ganastes
Por las manos.
Y con esta confianza,
Y con la fé tan entera
Que teneis,
Partid con buena esperanza,
Que la otra vida tercera
Hallereis.

No gastemos tiempo ya
En esta vida mezquina
Por tal modo,
Que mi voluntad está
Conforme con la divina
Para todo.
Y consiento en mi morir
Con voluntad placentera
Clara y pura,
Que querer hombre vivir
Cuando Dios quiere que muera,
Es gran locura.

Tú que por nuestra maldad
Tomaste forma civil
Y bajo nombre ;
Tú que á tu Divinidad
Juntaste cosa tan vil
Como el hombre,
Tú que tan grandes tormentos
Sufriste sin resistencia
En tu persona,
No por mis merecimientos,
Mas por tu suma clemencia
Me perdona.

Así con tal entender
Todos sentidos humanos
Conservados,
Cercado de su muger,
Y de sus hijos y hermanos
Y criados ;
Dió el alma á quien se la dió,
El cual la ponga en el cielo
Y en su gloria :
Y aunque la vida murió,
Nos dejó harto consuelo
Su memoria.

Haz aquello que quisieras
Haber hecho cuando mueras.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Markham's History of Peru.[1]

Charles H. Sergel and Company have done well in undertaking to publish a series of histories of the Spanish American republics. The recent wars in South America, and more particularly the recent difficulty between Chile and the United States, have drawn attention to those countries, and to the necessity that Americans should be familiar with them. The relations between all American nations are likely to be closer than they have been, so the demand for this information is likely to grow.

[1] History of Peru. By Clements R. Markham. Chicago: 1892: Charles H. Sergel and Company.

The opening volume of this series is a *History of Peru*, by Clements R. Markham. Peru's history from the days of the Incas to the present has been an interesting one. The somber tint of the story all through gives it a monotony that is depressing, but there are flashes of hope and gleams of heroism that happily grow more and not less frequent as the narrative proceeds. The old *conquistadores* were curious mixtures of bravery, devotion, savagery, and cruelty. They fought for the love of it, and killed Indians and killed each other with cheerful indifference. Throughout the history Mr. Markham's sympathies are on the side of the Indians, with the oppressed

as against the oppressors. He is not unfair to the Spaniards because of this sympathy, and gives them due credit for their virtues in spite of it; but, nevertheless, it is the rebellion of Tupac Amoru that rouses his enthusiasm most, and when this last of the Incas is drawn asunder by four horses, after unspeakable tortures, Mr. Markham mourns more by far than he had when Pizarro was murdered, or at any other disaster to men of Spanish blood.

In later times this same bent of mind leads the author to sympathize entirely with the Peruvians as against Chile. He pictures that war as an unwarranted aggression on the part of the little republic against its two big neighbors, carefully planned and prepared to take them at a disadvantage. This, it hardly need be said, does not accord with accounts of the causes of that war from Chilean sources, — *vide, e. g.*, Holger Birkedal, on "The Late War in South America," OVERLAND MONTHLY, January, 1884. Neither is this view quite in accord with rational probabilities, which indicate that it is extremely unusual for *one* person to make a quarrel. This evident bias of Mr. Markham discredits the authority of his book, and has only the merit of being so evident as to put on guard even the reader that is unfamiliar with South American history from other sources.

It is hard for the Anglo-Saxon to sympathize entirely with either party in these wars, for they have been so invariably marred by savage excesses on the part of the victors, as the fortunes of war were turned one way and the other, as to cast a greater disgrace on victory than on defeat.

Mr Markham is hopeful for the future of Peru. He thinks the period of useless wars is past, and the fear of wildcat financial operating by the government lived through. He looks for calm and steady improvement in material matters and in the stability of law and order. It is to be hoped his prophecies are more clear-sighted than his historical judgment.

The book is well gotten up, with many and good illustrations, an inserted map, and a good index. Taken with the others of the series that are to follow, which will doubtless prove corrective, it will do good work.

Mark Twain.

THE biography of Mark Twain[1] by Will M. Clemens is interesting only as an entertaining compilation of quotations and humorous anecdotes from the great humorist's works, bearing on many phases of his adventurous life. The connecting paragraphs are loose, and of little or no literary merit. The author has not attempted to write from a critical or analytical standpoint, and thus the book is chiefly valuable as a memorandum of facts.

It is very doubtful whether the subject of this biography will feel grateful to his namesake for some of the stories told about his early days in California and Nevada.

[1] Mark Twain, the Story of His Life and Work. By Will M. Clemens. San Francisco: The Clemens Publishing Co: 1892.

Books Received.

The Song of America and Columbus. By Kinahan Cornwallis. Office of the *Daily Investigator:* New York: 1892.

Autumn. By Henry D. Thoreau. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston: 1892.

France Under the Regency. By James Breck Perkins. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston: 1892.

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Writings of Christopher Columbus. By Paul Leicester Ford. Charles L. Webster & Co.: New York: 1892.

Other Things Being Equal. By Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg & Co.: Chicago.: 1892.

Mark Twain. By Will M. Clemens. The Clemens Pub. Co.: San Francisco: 1892.

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The Tariff Controversy in United States, 1789–1833. By Orrin Leslie Elliott. Leland Stanford Jr. University: Palo Alto, California: 1892.

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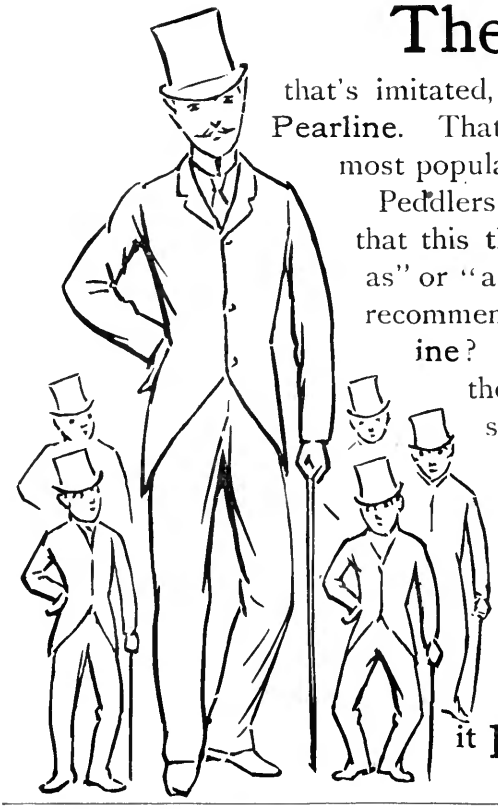

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Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods, *Ninetta Eames.*
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A Voiceless Soul, *Carrie Blake Morgan.*
Verses from the Japanese, *Flora B. Harris.*
The President's Substitute, *Sybil Russell Bogue.*
Tahoe, *Elizabeth S. Bates.*
The Repeating Rifle in Hunting and Warfare, *J. A. A. Robinson.*
Greeting, *Aurilla Furber.*
Salt Water Fisheries of the Pacific Coast, *Philip L. Weaver, Jr.*
With 8 illustrations.
The Economic Introduction of the Kangaroo in America, *Robert C. Auld.*
The Legend of Rodeo Cañon, *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
With 5 illustrations.

(SEE OVER.)

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The Second Edition, *Agnes Crary.*
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From New Orleans to San Francisco in '49, *Mrs. T. F. Bingham.*
The Undoing of David Lemwell, *L. B. Bridgman.*
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Recent Verse, Etc., and Book Reviews.

OCTOBER.

Frontispiece.—President Henry Durant.
The University of California, *Milicent W. Shinn.*
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Lawn Tennis in California, *James F. J. Archibald.*
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An Electrical Study, *Vere Withington.*
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With Fancy, *Sylvia Lawson Covey.*
Burke's Wife, *Beebe Crocker.*
Fiction Review, Etc., and Book Reviews.

The October OVERLAND has appreciative estimates of Curtis and Whittier, mor
of the ever welcome review of recent fiction, dealing with Crawford, Meredith an
Mrs. Ward, stories of loves, of masterful scientists and honest miners, and of the de
ceptions of a doctress, and descriptions of lawn tennis experts and Alaskan summers
But the feature of the number is the account of the University of California by Mil
icent W. Shinn. This is the most careful, complete and suggestive description o
the institution yet given. It gives the views of the grounds, of the Presidents an
of some leading Professors, and a history of the external administration and the pro
gress of the University, from the writer's point of view and that of her informants
but has little space left for the internal work, which to us is more interesting. It i
pleasant to find a local institution like this fairly able to be ranked among *Bryce'*
dozen real Universities of the land, apparently from fifth to seventh in wealth, in
come, and number of students and teachers.—*The Hebrew, S. F. Cal.*

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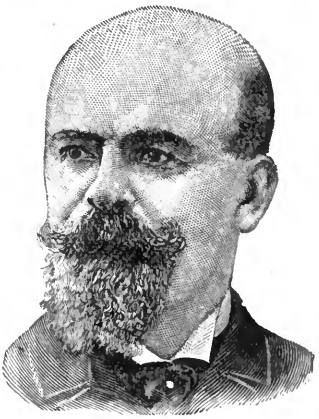

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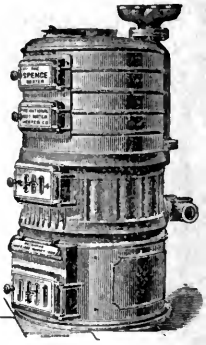

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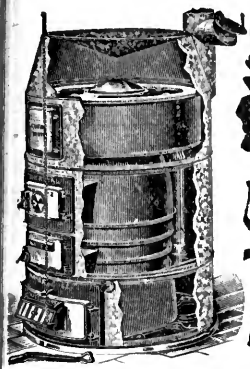

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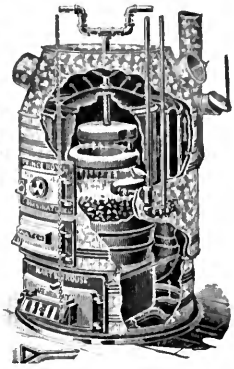

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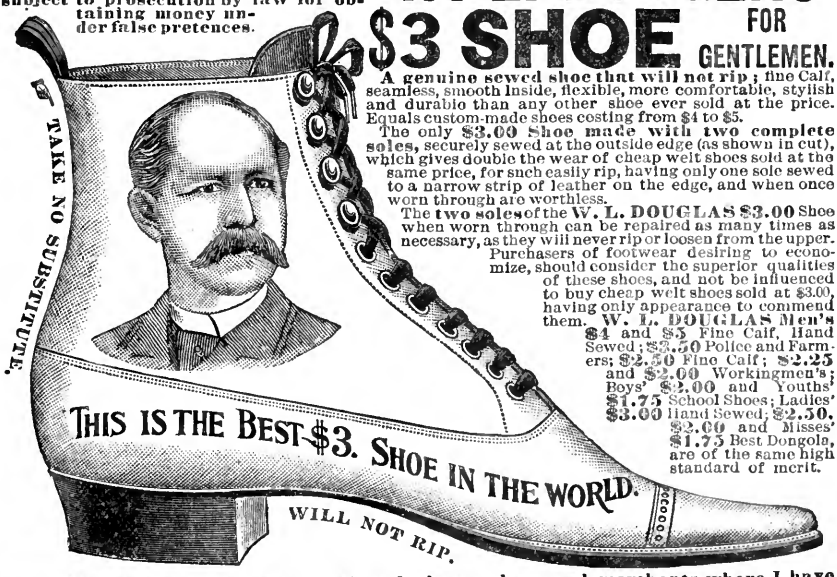

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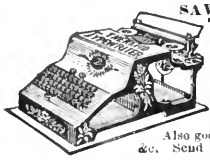

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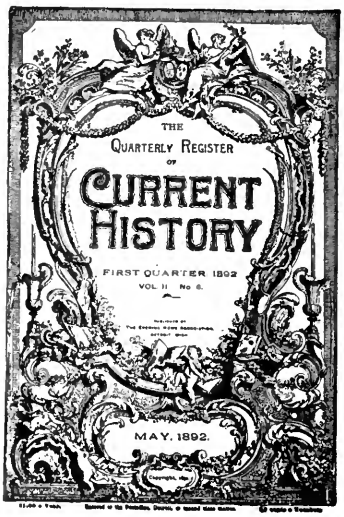

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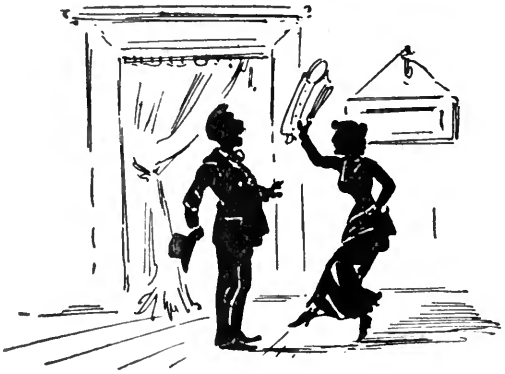

Robt. Greer

TRADE MARK.

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ACT I.

MRS. NEWLY-MARRIED: Home early to-night, Paul?

MR. NEWLY-MARRIED: Yep. Hello! How clean and bright our little home looks! How's this, Virginia?

SHE: Well, I purchased from the grocer a bottle of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** and Bridget and I have clean... the painted woodwork, the windows, the oil-cloths and all the old brass work, and removed spots from the carpets and pictures, etc., etc. **Greer's Washing Ammonia** is a marvelous preparation for cleaning and is so cheap.

HE: That's right, Virginia. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, you know.

ACT II.

SHE: Well, how does this shirt suit your fastidious taste?

HE: Whew! It's dazzling! Come from the French Laundry, hey?

SHE: No, sir, our own laundry, if you please, and by the use of **Greer's Washing Ammonia** Bridget uses in the water, which renders it soft as rain water, saves her labor and soap, and the clothes come out snowy white.

ACT III.

HE: Well, Virginia! What fool said "marriage is a failure?" (Gazing at her face.) I notice that your skin is fairer and clearer than it used to be.

SHE: Yes, Paul. I am using **Greer's Toilet Ammonia**; it makes a delightful and refreshing addition to water for the *bath* and *toilet*, keeps the skin clean, soft and healthy, which is the secret of a good complexion. It is commonly used by English girls, and you know what fine complexions they have.

HE: Well, Virginia, we must recommend **Greer's Washing Ammonia** and **Greer's Toilet Ammonia** to all our friends.

SHE: Yes—all of them. Bridget's through with her washing early today; supper is now ready—(skip off arm in arm).

Greer's Washing Ammonia { for sale by all } **Grocers**

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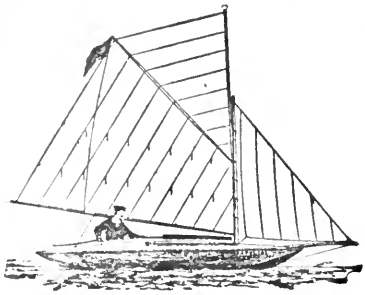

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It is a triumph of enterprise, of courage, of seamanship and of advertising! It shows that in the 19th century man's confidence has grown with his intelligence. In the Middle Ages the ignorance of man peopled these waters with terrible monsters. This gallant and enlightened captain dreads nothing but the frolicsome gambols of the whales.

The Sapolio Columbus, with his tiny boat, will form part of the striking exhibit of the Enoch Morgan Sons Co. at the World's Fair, where he will represent the highest type of American grit.

NOTE.—The daily papers have given full reports of Captain Andrews's trip. We condense the main facts here. He started in the "Sapolio" (a canvas-covered folding boat 14½ feet long,) from Atlantic City, July 20th, 1892, with instructions to scour the seas until he reached Palos and discovered the starting point of Columbus. He was spoken on his voyage by fourteen vessels. Arrived at Terceira, one of the Azores, on the thirty-sixth day out, and reached Lisbon September 21st. He will join in the October fetes at Palos in honor of the discovery of America. What Columbus did with three ships, 150 men and immense treasure, this intrepid Yankee has accomplished alone in a dory.

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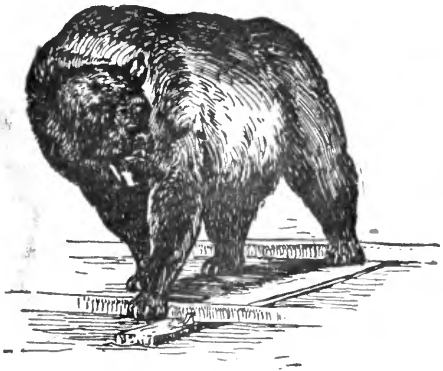

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San Francisco.

The Overland Monthly

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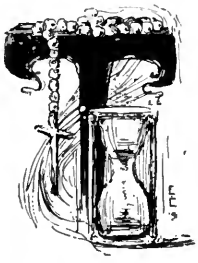


THE subscription price of the OVERLAND was reduced a year ago $3.00 a year. We promised that it should be 25 per cent better, as well as 25 per cent cheaper.

If the unanimous verdict of reviewers and of the public (as shown by the sales and subscription books) is truthful, we have kept our word. We promise for 1893 just as much improvement as our increasing income and diligent effort can make. It is thus to the advantage of every subscriber, and the interest of every dweller on the West Coast, to widen our circulation, for the direct result is a better magazine to represent this great region.

Our policy of printing only valuable and absolutely honest matter makes a discerning critic (the San Francisco *Bulletin*) say that "nobody can hereafter write the history of California without frequent reference to these volumes of the OVERLAND."

"JERRY," FROM "LOS FARALLONES DE LOS FRAYLES."

FROM "RABBIT DRIVING IN THE SAN JOAQUIN."

NO publication in America can remain untouched, in this year of 1893, by the great World's Fair at Chicago; and our readers may confidently expect that any Pacific Coast matter that is not amply cared for in other ways will find place in the OVERLAND. But we shall not do over again what is sufficiently done elsewhere. It will rather be our plan to describe Pacific Coast interests to the visitors of the Fair, than to describe the Fair to our readers. We shall do our part to allure to a longer western trip, Europeans and Atlantic Coast people that have come as far as Chicago.

This is no mere phrase. Reviews of the successive numbers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY constantly express the desire to see the scenes described, excited by the articles. "California literature and California life deal with nature, — life, health, and happiness. How we'd like to live there,— just from reading THE OVERLAND MONTHLY!" says a West Virginia exchange, the *Martinsburg Herald*, for example. Those who wish to attract to the Coast, north and south, more population, and that of the class that reads magazines, would be impressed in glancing over a collection of our exchange notices by the recurrence of such phrases, and could not fail to think seriously of the importance of the magazine to the Pacific communities, from a merely business point of view.

This recognition of a peculiar freshness, vigor, and charm, in the sketches and stories of THE OVERLAND, which runs so uniformly through all reviews of the magazine, is the more notable as

A GOOD INDIAN, FROM "THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA."

a testimony to the attraction of the regions and their life in itself, when once well and truly told; for there has been permitted no advertising purpose, no deliberate alluring of immigration, in the articles. Whatever ardor there has been in them has been the honest enthusiasm of the writer for his subject; and the constant effort of the editors has been to get on each topic the most honest, careful, and authoritative exposition of the facts. So much discredit has been cast upon all descriptive writing from California by the suspicion of "boom literature" and veiled advertising, that the known rule of THE OVERLAND to exclude all such matters from its pages has given it its especial value to Eastern readers. No word printed in THE OVERLAND, outside of the advertising pages, is ever paid for, or in any way controlled by any outside interest. That it has been, or is, easy to hold to this principle, in a region where the maintenance of a literature on its own merits must meet difficulties long ago outlived in older communities, has never been pretended by the managers of THE OVERLAND; but it has been done, and with ever-growing recognition and success.

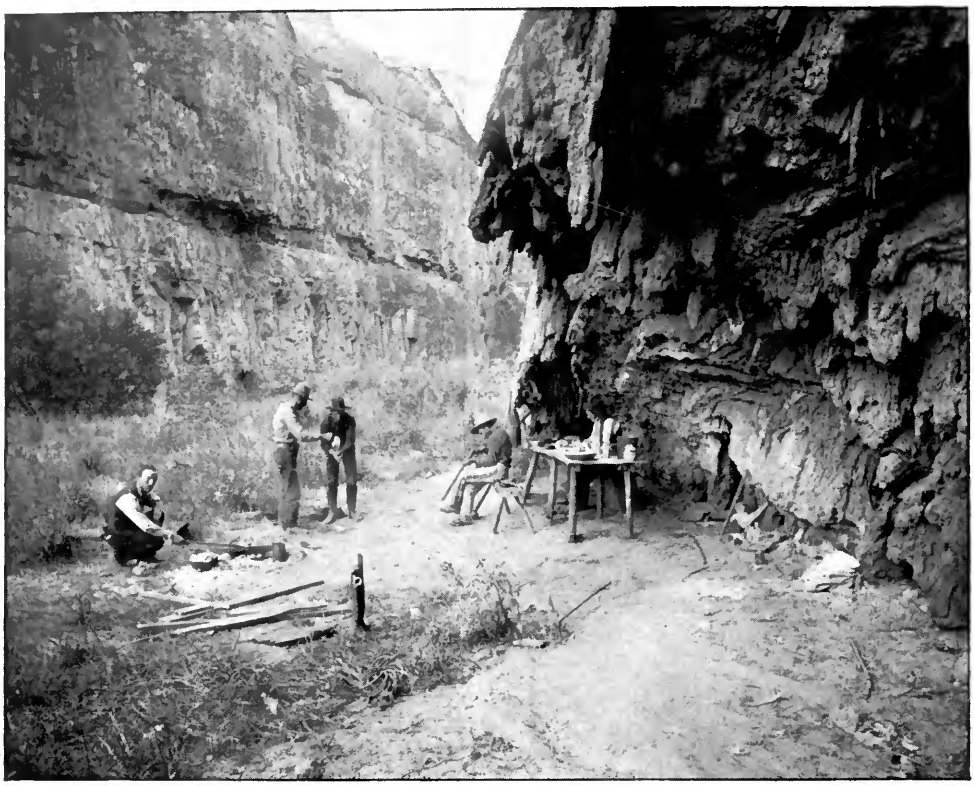
FROM "THE MOSQUITO FLEET."

THE SHOT PUTTER, FROM "TRACK ATHLETICS IN CALIFORNIA."

In 1893 THE OVERLAND will show new strength and improvement along the well-known lines.

1. *Illustration.*—The high grade of illustration that the magazine has created on the Coast, bringing forward its own corps of young artists, capable of magazine work, and such workmanship in engraving, processing, and printing, as was not dreamed of a few years ago, has been commented on everywhere, and never so warmly as in the past year. "The illustrations are particularly good

examples of free drawing, full of life and expression, and well worked off," says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. "The illustrations are fine," says the *Art Folio*. "The very life of the track is shown by the illustrations," [of Track Athletics in California,] says the Philadelphia *Ledger*. "There are some unusually fine illustrations in this magazine; they are clear, well-defined, and even the text seems better than in the majority of the periodical literature that comes into our hands."

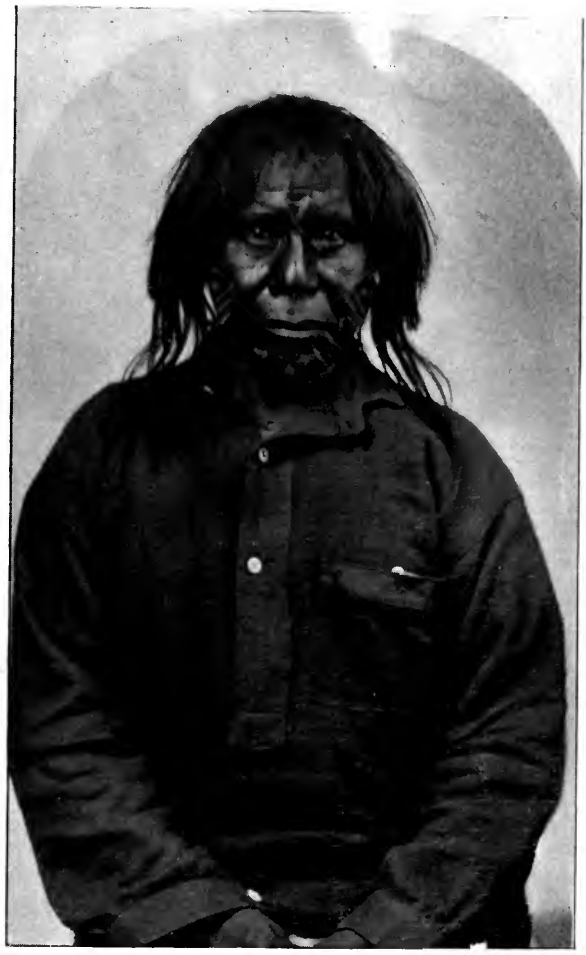


IN CAMP, FROM "THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO."

Outing and Sports.— Our articles that fall under this head have attracted especial attention, and will be continued throughout the next year. We quote a few comments: — "Full of the freshness of sea breezes and the joy of out-door life." (Boston *Journal of Education*, on "The Mosquito Fleet.") — "The whole paper breathes the free air of good, vigorous out-door sport." "A cool head may become excited over it." (Boston *Herald*, Philadelphia *Ledger*, on "Track Athletics in California.")

Stories and Sketches.— The vigorous and original character of these has been from the first, and will be in future, a special trait of THE OVERLAND. No comments are more frequent in our exchanges than such as these :— "Always notable for its vigor and freshness," says the Chicago *Ledger*.

"Those who make a practice of reading the Eastern magazines will find a refreshing relief in the distinctive char-



TONTO APACHE, FROM THE "INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA."

acter of the matter," says the New York *Electric Power.*

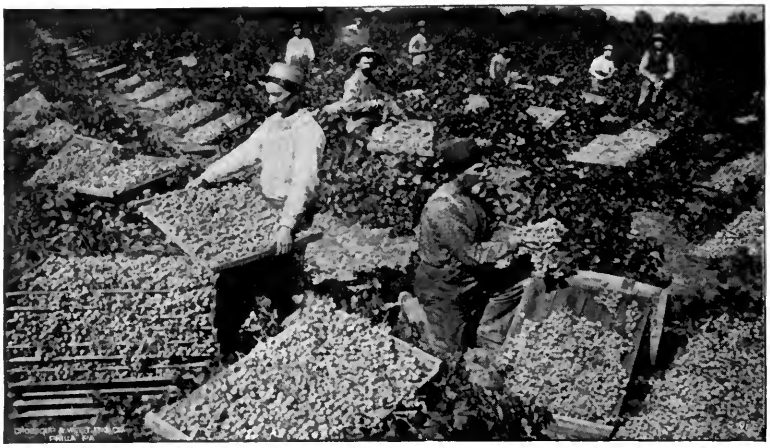
"Whoever loves good stories and plenty of them, breezily told, and never too long, has only to buy THE OVERLAND, and he will have what he wants," adds the *Church Standard*, of Philadelphia.

"The short stories of the OVERLAND are more widely copied at the East than any others," notes the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Indian Studies.—No magazine in the world has had so full and entertaining a series.

"The OVERLAND MONTHLY for April has several articles of extraordinary interest. One of these is an account of the Indian fight at Wounded Knee, by William E. Dougherty, U. S. Army, who writes from personal experience. The illustrations, from photographs on the field at the time, give to Eastern readers a realization of the grim and horrible results of that fight which they can obtain in no other way." (Boston *Commonwealth.*)

"The first paper is devoted to the interests of the Indians of North America, describing their condition, habits



FROM "THE RAISIN INDUSTRY IN CALIFORNIA"

and general adoption of civilized modes of living. The paper is ably written. Some remarkable portraits of Indian types illustrate the paper." (Boston *Herald.*)

A KANAKA FISHERMAN, FROM "KILAUEA."

Pacific Coast Industries.—This series has been received with marked favor, and it is purposed to continue it until every important industry of the Coast has been described aud illustrated. The choice of subjects is made to take in first those industries where our region surpasses similar ones elsewhere, or where the conditions of the Coast give our industries peculiar features. Lumbering, fishing, raisin growing, and others, have been treated during the year past and equally attractive subjects will be found for 1893.

INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE WEST.—Perhaps the greatest service of all, in the long run, is rendered to the Coast by THE OVERLAND in expressing and helping its higher life,—letters, art, education, criticism, thought.

"This valuable magazine of the Pacific Slope has done valiant service for the far West. In addition to the excellence of its literary work, it has taken a just pride in all that enters into the building up in the best things of the

State and the people to whom it ministers. California owes an honest debt of gratitude to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . The wonderful changes that have been wrought have never been excelled, if equaled. In all this, such a magazine as the OVERLAND has played a large part, and it is but simple justice to give the credit."—*Topeka Mail.*

A great part of the value of our articles depends on their timeliness; so that some of those our readers will care most for cannot be announced now. Some special announcements follow, however.

One of the noteworthy new features will be *Famous Works of Art in California.* THE OVERLAND intends to bring before its readers according to the best skill of the printer's art, photographs of the most famous works of art in the Pacific galleries. Mr. W. K. Vickery, who has managed several of the most successful loan exhibitions, has consented to assist in the selection of these pictures.

THE January number:—

Christmas at the Kindergartens. Illustrated. *Nora A. Smith.*

Amateur Theatricals in San Francisco. Illustrated. *Solly Walter.*

Pacific Christmases. Illustrated.

A Christmas Story. *Flora Haines Loughead.*

A Story of the Northwest. *L. A. M. Bosworth.*

RICHARDSON'S BAY, FROM "SALT WATER FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

"THE DEAD MEDICINE MAN AT WOUNDED KNEE," FROM "THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA."

In other early numbers will be illustrated articles on : —

The Spectroscope in Astronomy. *Prof. W. W. Campbell.*

Football on the West Coast. *P. L. Weaver, Jr.*

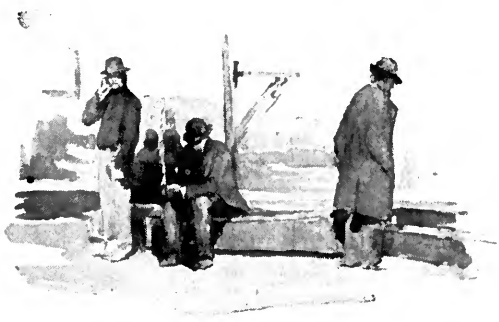
Architecture in San Francisco. *E. C. Peixotto.*

Berry Picking in Mendocino. *Ninetta Eames.*

Forest Trees of the Sierra. *C. Palache.*

The Beet Sugar Industry.

Fish Hatcheries.



FROM "THE SAN FRANCISCO WATER FRONT."

The Lick Trust.

Horse Training, and many others.

Other articles to be expected are : —

An Adventure in the Huachucas.

Impending Labor Problems.

The Footsteps of Pele.

Tales of a Smuggler.

Sister Refugia.

A Phantom of the High Sierras.

WILLIAM DOXEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

William Doxey will publish the following in a few days:—

PETRARCH, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By T. H. Rearden.

The book will contain a portrait and a sketch of the life of the author, and will be handsomely printed from type, on paper specially imported. The decorations and design for cover will be by Mr. Bruce Porter. Price, $1.25.

A LARGE PAPER EDITION, printed on Van Gelder paper, limited to 150 numbered copies, will also be issued. Price, $2.50.

Judge T. H. Rearden held a peculiar place in the San Francisco community—in an extraordinary degree esteemed for his staunch citizenship and unusual attainments, delighted in for the personal flavor with which his treasures of study and observation were lavished upon the circle around him, and beloved for the loyalty and catholicity of his sympathies. His friends are not willing to let his memory grow dim, and as the best way of keeping it bright, they will put into permanent form the scattered products of his literary life. Within this year, the year of his death, William Doxey will publish a volume of essays and poems, prefaced with a biographical sketch, under the title of "Petrarch and Other Essays," and in another year it is designed to have ready "Lesbian Lyrics; the Fragments of Alcæus and Sappho," upon the editing and annotating of which Judge Rearden spent his most serious literary efforts during the best years of his life.

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General Agent for Pacific Coast,

401 CALIFORNIA STREET,

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VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING, BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

WHERE TO SPEND WINTER.

THE winter months in California are in many respects the most enjoyable of the year, and every returning season finds a larger number of visitors from the northern country and from Eastern states. Not only those who may be compelled by reason of physical necessity or temporary debility to seek a milder air, but those who for various reasons prefer to escape all the annoyances and inconveniences usually associated with winter.

To the young in vigorous health the Eastern and Northern winters of snow and ice may be invigorating, but the middle-aged and those in advanced years do not benefit by exposure to the inclemencies of weather; severe colds are contracted, and seeds of disease absorbed, that are not always overcome during the entire summer following, and then the long, cold, wet season once more returns ere the constitution is in a good condition to withstand another trial. The result is that rheumatism and all its attendant evils follow, and in a short time become chronic, and life is found a burden, and is shortened by several years through unnecessary exposure, and the neglect of a timely change of climate.

Life in our great cities has other obstacles to contend with: besides those of a climatic nature we have a more insidious foe in the high living that is inseparable from our present scheme of existence. The high pressure at which we live, the rapid accumulation of wealth, the increasing cares of business, and the allurements of society cause a large proportion of our successful men of every pursuit in life to be reduced to such a condition at the age when they should be reaping the reward of their well-directed energies, that they are burdened with chronic ailments, such as gout, Bright's disease, rheumatism, etc.

Frequently, when too late, they plan European tours, seeking for health at Carlsbad, at Ems, and other noted watering places, and with an energy born of despair spend the balance of their lives in the vain search of health forever lost. All this misfortune can be avoided by a timely visit to our California health resort at Byron Hot Springs.

These well-known springs are the most accessible of all our California

health resorts, and a consultation of the map will show that they are located almost in the center of population of the State, and on the main line of travel into the State. San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, and the cities of the South are all within easy reach by rail.

Byron Springs are essentially an all-the-year round resort. In the winter months the rainfall is extremely light, the average annual fall being eight inches. After the early rains the hills are covered with flowers, and the many beautiful walks and drives in the neighborhood are most enjoyable. The bracing air from the mountains of Diablo adds a healthful zest to all outdoor exercise, and makes life at this season a continued pleasure. As this is one of the few health resorts that keep open through the year, we find eastern visitors quite numerous at this time.

Good hunting can be enjoyed at this season; ducks, geese and other game either on the hills or in the bottom lands adjacent to the San Joaquin.

The waters of Byron are of a diversified character, and effect cures over a wide range of human ailments. The Natural Hot Salt Springs at this place are the only ones in the State, and contain well-known curative qualities.

Byron also possesses the only natural hot mud or peat baths in California, which, taken in conjunction with the hot salt baths, have cured hundreds of people of rheumatic and other affections. There are also sulphur baths of various temperatures, and iron, sulphur and salt drinking springs.

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THE

Overland Monthly.

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THE RESTAURANTS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

RESTAURANTS of San Francisco are pretty familiar to me; for I have lived long at them, and a restless spirit has driven me ever to seek new places, —to wander from the best of them to the cheapest hash houses and bun shops, — to try in turn American, French, Spanish, German, Italian, and even Chinese repasts. I have taken beans and coffee for ten cents sitting on a high stool at Blank's Beanery in the most lowly company, and have dined in the dining room of a great hotel where an orchestra played waltz tunes, and the ladies at adjoining tables glittered with diamonds and wore full evening dress.

At one place of most modest appearance I was regaled with a very fair dinner, and to end it called for a cup of black tea. It was brought me without the usual little thick pitcher of thin milk. I mentioned the omission.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you ordered it *black*."

San Francisco offers peculiar facilities for the play of a fad like mine. The large floating population and its cosmopolitan character have made restaurants numerous and very varied. There are about four hundred restaurants catalogued in the city directory for this year, and over a hundred more establishments that pass under the less pretentious name of "Coffee Saloons." There are also many bakeries where meals are served and oyster houses and other places where special sorts of food may be had till the total number must range well up to the thousand.

It is impossible to find any system of classification under which they readily fall, for they grade into each other by insensible degrees. Far and away the cheapest place in the city is in a neighborhood where there are many factory and sewing girls, for their especial benefit. There is a pleasant room with many comforts, a piano, reading matter, etc., and the girls may go to it at the lunch hour, taking their own luncheons if they wish, and can obtain there bread, butter, soup, beans, milk, tea, coffee, or a sand-

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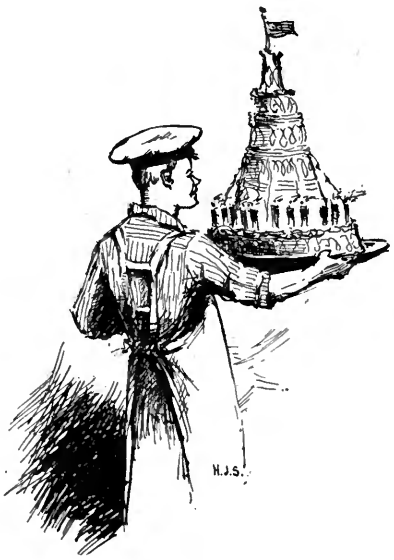
A MARKET LUNCH.

wich, at a cost of one cent for each. About a hundred girls go there every day, and they take three dishes apiece on the average, making the gross receipts of the place about $90 a month. The management is in the hands of the Young Women's Christian Association, but the monthly deficits, which amount to somewhat more than the receipts, are paid by one generous gentleman, who takes more satisfaction in the solid good this enterprise is accomplishing than he could get from many times the amount spent in other ways. The girls seem to appreciate the place greatly. They go there in increasing numbers, and after eating their luncheons, spend the remaining time of their half hour or hour's nooning in pleasant ways. One of them plays the piano, and a group gathers round her to sing the popular songs. The books and illustrated papers are also well used.

A similar experiment for boys did not work so well, the portable objects about the place needing to be continually renewed. The girls' place is, so far as I can learn, the cheapest eating place known. The nearest approach to it is, I am told, a similar establishment at Berlin, where five pfennigs, or about a cent and a quarter, is the minimum price.

Another lunch room of the same kind has lately been started by the same association that manages the first place, but the price of a dish is two cents instead of one. At this price receipts and expenditures ought to come out pretty nearly even. But these places that are run at a loss from philanthropic motives do not properly count as commercial enterprises.

The cheapest places for men are supposed to be the so-called free lunches, though this is probably a mistake; for these free lunches are attached to bars, and it is expected that their guests shall patronize the bar sufficiently to pay all favors they get in the way of free food. In the cheapest of these places a glass of beer at five cents entitles a man to help himself to sundry pretzels, crackers, bits of cheese and sausage, and a salt pickle or a radish: a repast intended to provoke thirst rather than to satisfy hunger. A few places give crab salad, also bouillon or clam chowder. In most



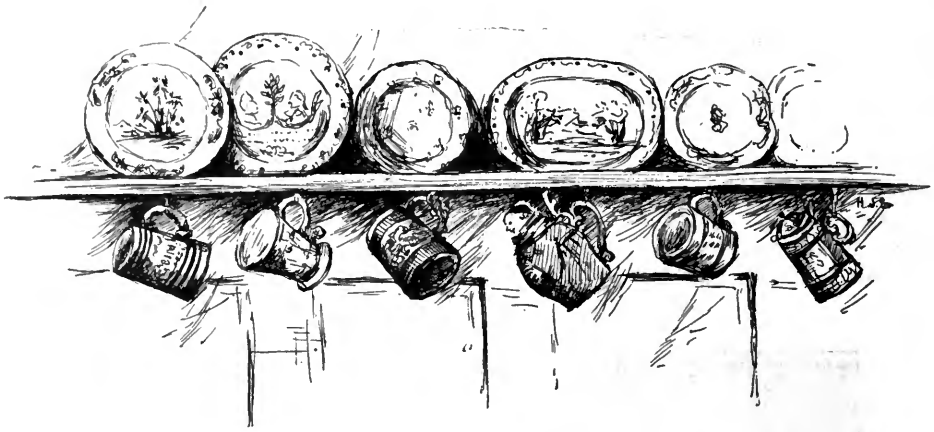
THE FINISHING TOUCH.

of the "bit" saloons, the fifteen cents paid for a single drink or the twenty-five cents, "two bits," paid if you have a companion, gives free access to a counter supplied with a considerable display of eatables in addition to those mentioned. Cold roast beef, corned beef, sardines, olives, sandwiches of various kinds, bread and butter, clams, clam-juice, bouillon, and similar viands. To non-alcoholic, and not even the bar-keeper will sneer at you, unless he suspects you of doing it as a regular thing. Nevertheless the tendency is not to be content with such simple drinks, and at best there is the patronage and countenance given an unholy business.

At several places the bar is run in connection with a grill room arrangement, where the visitors sit at a counter and

Photo by Taber. A HOTEL CAFÉ.

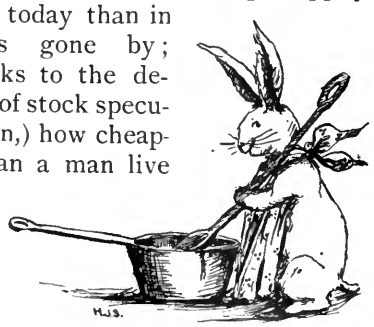
these you help yourself, and eat standing. At the various hotel bars and saloons of pretension a drink is 25 cents, and at these a regular meal is served to patrons sitting at tables; soup, fish, entree, roast, and dessert. But the trail of the serpent is over all these places. They do much to promote drinking habits. True, the drink ordered may be only a glass of lemonade, mineral water, or ginger ale, strictly see their food cooked on the other side of it. These places are not at all "free lunches," and there is a tale related of a rather unsophisticated San Franciscan,— there are such,— who thought it necessary to be a little wicked, and show a guest from afar the ways of the town. He boldly steered him into Tom, Dick, or Harry's saloon, to let him see how fine a free lunch the San Francisco saloons set forth. They sat on two high



IN DEUTSCHLAND.

stools and answered yes to all polite inquiries of the white-aproned and white-capped attendant. Soup, salad, fish, a fine porterhouse steak, and so on, everything went. Soon our San Franciscan friend was troubled with doubts whether even in his beloved city saloon men could be quite so generous as this. So he kept a sharp lookout, and had his suspicions confirmed by seeing a neighbor given a check to pay at the bar. He mournfully asked for his own check and his friend's, and was horrified to find that each reached far beyond the dollar limit. He said less about San Francisco free lunches after that.

Coming now to the regular and legitimate eating places where anybody may go, let us start with a question that has often been of the most vital importance in this city of violent fluctuations of fortune, (a state of things happily less true today than in years gone by; thanks to the decay of stock speculation,) how cheaply can a man live at restaurants and keep his health and strength? The answers vary somewhat, but it is not often that a man that has had actual experience for any length of time will set the sum at less than fifty cents a day, though there have been men that have lived for short times on thirty cents a day and had their three regular meals. For a dollar a day the reasonable comforts of the table may be had, and it is hard to see how one could continuously spend more than five or six dollars a day in gratifying the individual appetite, unless in the way of very unseasonable things or of expensive wines.



A WELCH RABBIT.

But the lower limit is, after all, the most interesting. The fare of the thirty-cent man would be something like this: breakfast, a large bowl of mush and milk with bread and butter, ten cents; luncheon, a ham sandwich and coffee, tea, or milk, or possibly the traditional newsboy's lunch, "coffee and sinkers" (doughnuts), ten cents more; dinner,— here's the rub,— either of the earlier meals may be duplicated, and there are places where one meat dish with accompanying potatoes and bread and butter may be had for ten cents, but they are not many, nor likely to be warm in their welcome of a man spotted as often so humble in his ordering. At most places fifteen cents would be charged for this much. It will thus be

"CHAMPAGNE, SAH?"

seen that thirty, or thirty-five cents, would support a man, but the monotony of it would be great.

If one allows himself the scale of breakfast, 25 cents; luncheon, 15 cents; dinner, 50; the world is all before him where to choose. That is,— there are restaurants all over town where these prices will command a sufficient quantity of well-cooked food in good variety and respectably served. Indeed, the din-

"TAGLIARINI, SPAGHETTI, MACARONI!"

ner figure will be considered unnecessarily high by many people, who are quite satisfied with a twenty-five cent dinner. I went once to a new and very humble place on a side street, where five cents was the cost of a dish. I ordered a dinner that called for five dishes, and the waiting girl summoned her companions, who came and leaned on the backs of neighboring chairs to see the man that ordered twenty-five cents worth at one time!

The "three-for-two" place is the typical popular standard of prices. Being interpreted, it means that most of the dishes,—and a "dish" is a lavish portion, all that a hearty man can eat,—soup, fish, meats, vegetables, desserts, are charged at the rate of ten cents, and that three such dishes may be had for two bits — twenty-five cents. In these places a sin-

"HUITRES DE L'EST EN DEMI COQUILLE."

gle ten-cent dish is charged at fifteen cents, to cover the cost of the extras that are usually given free; as potatoes, bread and butter, salad, celery, radishes, pickles, black coffee, and many such things. This custom of giving free additions to the order is peculiar to the West Coast, I am told, at least to the extent it is done here. It is always understood that an order for oysters, for example, brings a free plate of shrimps or cracked crab, to occupy the time required for cooking the oysters. Ice cream is always served with a plate of small cakes,— ladies' fingers and macaroons.

"ZWEI BIER!"

But oysters and ice cream are not included in the ten-cent dishes, nor are poultry, game, or the choicer cuts of steak. In most of the higher priced viands, however, the check is scaled down five, ten, fifteen cents, or even more, from the sum of the listed prices of the separate orders. In one place, as an example of this scaling, the charge for all meat dishes is twenty-five cents, any other order is a "bit" more, making the check forty cents, but after that you may go on and take several dishes and the cost is still forty cents. You may have soup, salad, meat, vegetable, tea (coffee, wine, or beer), pudding or fruit, and black coffee, all for forty cents.

Quite different in their style are the "regular dinner" restaurants. The "three-for-two" places give large portions and best satisfy hungry people that care little for variety at one meal. The "regular dinner" is the local name for the *table d'hote* system. You pay a fixed price for the meal, and are served a number of courses of limited amount. The foreign restaurants are most of them conducted in this way, though nearly all have the *a la carte* plan at the same time. The cheapest place on the plan of the regular meal that I have found is a little French restaurant where they serve soup, fish, meat (potatoes of course, and bread and butter), and half a bottle of claret, for fifteen cents. I don't claim that it is an attractive place, but it surely is cheap. There is serious doubt whether all the dishes are "true to name," as the nurserymen say, or whether the "chicken" would have been recognized as such when it had life. The floor, however, is spread with clean sawdust, and the tables are covered with enameled cloth, which the waiter automatically wipes with the towel at his girdle as he takes your order. It is truly French in its furnishings and aspect; the water is in caraffes that may have done service in *la patrie;* the bread is in yard-long loaves that strongly resist the knife; the waiter is very shaky in his English; on the walls are posters with waving tri-colors on them, announcing the picnic of the —— Zouaves. But you must not scrutinize things too closely, for it will interfere with your appetite to observe that the used napkins are gathered from the tables and thrown into a heap at the end of the room, and when they have dried a little or the supply runs low they are carefully refolded again at the waiters' leisure and placed in fancy shapes in the glasses.

There are many French restaurants where the sign "Repas, 25 cts." allures the man of modest purse. At these places there is a similarity to the cheap place mentioned, but a marked improvement in quality. The soup is still brought you in a large yellow earthenware bowl, from which you ladle out a portion suited to your appetite. The half-bottle of claret is still open to the suspicion of being largely water colored with logwood, and the portions are exasperatingly small to a hungry man. There is, too, the similarity of taste in all the viands that obtains at all cheap places. But still the wonder is how they can do so much. They serve soup, a salad, a choice of several kinds of fish, and any one of half a dozen entrees, either of two kinds of roast, fruit, cheese, and black coffee with kirsch or cognac (only don't try to light the spirit), and of course, the half-bottle of ordinaire to each guest. The cooking is fairly good, too,— French cooking that conceals the nature of the materials, and desires you only to accept the result and be thankful. Once I was thrown for a week into the companionship of a man that was fond of French dinners, and yet did not wish to spend more than twenty-five cents for them. I went with him to one or another of these places for the whole week, and at the end of it my digestion was a total wreck, and required a course of vigorous treatment and dieting before

Photo by Taber.
A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

it would be pacified. I look with wonder on Frenchmen, to think they stand it all the time.

The fifty-cent French dinners show a marked improvement in quality and variety,— and when the charge is seventy-five cents the meal begins to be as good as you could reasonably ask, while for one dollar you can get the handiwork of undoubted *chefs*. This is the price for a single meal in the general dining-room of the best *maisons*, unless, of course, you order a better wine than the table claret that is served without question. In these places the service is excellent, though in some of them the company is not so good as in cheaper restaurants.

The bill of fare served monthly, for one dollar a plate, to a small club to which I belong, is, besides the claret, something like this: soup, salad, fish, two entrees, poultry, roast, and vegetable, ice cream, assorted cakes, fruit, nuts, coffee. Put into French this bill of fare would do for an elaborate banquet. It is served in a private dining-room which we occupy for the entire evening, holding our meeting for a paper and discussion after the dinner. The food, cooking, and service, are entirely satisfactory. There are usually about sixteen of us, and we give the waiter a tip of one dollar for the whole. There are two or three places in the city where I think we could nearly duplicate this; I doubt if Eastern cities can do as well.

So far as the education of the stomach goes one may obtain all the benefits of the grand tour without leaving San Francisco. If you weary of French cookery, it is an altogether different matter to go to a German restaurant. Here you may order prune soup or markklöse, may feast upon herring salad, Berliner klobs, a full variety of sausages, Wiener schnitzel, matzos (unleavened bread in disks a foot in diameter), and the waiter will not understand it if you don't want beer, — unless Rheinwein should be your fancy. At one place the waiter served me a pudding that I liked.

I thought he called it "*Amorita.*" And though I wondered at the un-German name, I tried to feel duly sentimental while I ate the "Sweetheart" pudding. But one day I recognized it on the bill of fare: my sentiment had all been wasted, it was "*Arme Ritter!*" In this restaurant you hear little English spoken: the waiters call their orders in German, with now and then a peculiar mixture, as "*Apple-sauce mit!*" The mildly pervasive odor of Limburger cheese salutes your nostril, and all you need is a view of a castle with a legend from the window,— instead of a very unromantic grocery, — to make you think yourself in the Fatherland.

Only a block away from this bit of Germany is a Mexican restaurant where the visitor can burn out his alimentary canal in the most approved Spanish style. The windows contain small rag-figures, among them a bust of Diaz, also a stone hand-mill like those used by the

A SOLITARY FEAST.

peon's wife to grind her corn for tortillas. The place is clean and respectable, and the dusky waiters are attentive, in spite of their small stock of English. The dinner costs fifty cents, and the bill of fare is somewhat like this: *Sopa* (soup), always much the same, though the name varies, as *Sopa de gallina* (chicken soup), *Sopa de verdura* (vegetable soup), or *Sopa de familia* (family soup). Next *Pescado asado* (baked fish), or *Patas* (feet), or *Lenguas* (tongues), cooked in various styles. Then *Rellenos de chile* (stuffed green peppers cooked in batter). This is followed by *Picadillo con chile colorado* (mince meat with red peppers), or *Guisado con chile* (stew with peppers), and here is the time when care is needed. If you take too large a mouthful to begin with, you feel as though nothing could ever quench the conflagration within. This is the climax: each dish has grown a little hotter, and henceforward must perforce cool off. Then a vegetable course,— *Chicharos con huevos* (peas cooked in egg), *Elotes considos* (boiled corn), or *Ejotes con papas* (string beans cooked with potatoes). Then *Asado* (the roast). This is a fixity, but not so entirely inevitable as the course that follows, *Frijoles con tortillas* (black beans and corn meal cakes), the meal very coarse, the cakes very thin and leathery. The proper method is to make a scoop of the tortilla, and bite off a piece of it with the beans it carries. Once, having eaten heartily, I thought to pass by this course, but the amazement with which the waiter repeated, "*No frijoles!*" showed me that I had made a mistake. And really it is about the best course of the dinner; the beans are cooked deliciously and served in a little earthen *olla*, with grated cheese over them. This ends the solid repast; there comes next dessert, some kind of *Dulce* (preserve), or *Arroz con leche* (rice pudding), and fruit and black coffee end the dinner in orthodox style. But until the fruit and coffee are reached, there is not a dish that is like anything else cooked by other nations. The bread is round loaves of water bread, with a tough crust and very porous. Chile sauce is a constant table relish, and so are little red peppers of a most fiery nature. Claret is served without ordering it.

There are specialties served as extras, *tamales*, *enchiladas*, *albondigas*, *chorizos con huevos*, and at times *aguacates* and mangoes. The first four are too complex to be readily explained to the stranger; the fifth are the fruit, fine for salad, known as alligator pears.

One day my artist friend came to me in great excitement: "Say, come and lunch with me at the most thoroughly Italian place I ever saw out of Italy. Even the spots on the tablecloth you'd swear came from Florence."

I could not resist that, and so with another friend I followed him down toward the water front, and we were soon seated at the corner table of a delightfully foreign looking place, not a bit like the uptown Italian restaurants, that only differ from the French in having a course of Italian paste in the shape of macaroni, tagliarini, spaghetti, or ravioli. Here the guests were the Italian fishermen, and they laughed aloud or yawned vociferously, as they were variously moved, with the abandon of the peasant as Zola pictures him. The counter in the corner was backed by an array of Italian wine flasks, Chianti flasks with straw covers, and claret bottles with their dark contents. The food was surprisingly good, considering the variety and the price, twenty-five cents, though I have my doubts as to what meat it really was that was served as "veal-stew-peas." The waiter soon saw that my companion was making a sketch, and hung around vastly interested. He looked down at the sketch and then up at the objects drawn time and again, and could not restrain his enthusiasm as the familiar scene

grew on the paper. The cook in such intervals as orders permitted came out from his Tartarean abode to lean against the doorpost and converse with the guests.

The Chinese restaurants vary quite as much in their quality as do the American. There are little underground places where the cooking is done before the guests, who sit with their hats on at the small round tables. The smoke of these places of torment ascends to the sidewalk continually, and when the attendant goes to the cauldron that boils near the entrance and ladles out a handful of shrimps, the steam comes up chokingly to the barbarian that lingers peering down into the depths to satisfy an idle curiosity.

From these dens it is quite a step to the places where Chinese merchants assemble, where red buttons on the caps are in the majority, and where on great occasions gorgeous silk robes, green, yellow, purple, and blue, adorn the guests. The fittings of several of these restaurants are very elaborate. Carved dragons ramp and twist about amid intricate foliage in ebony, and colored lanterns and gorgeous scrolls of golden embroidery adorn the walls. But it is not well to go unannounced to even the best of these places expecting to get a dinner. The attendant puts on a "no sabe" expression, and tells you, "No, only tea, smallo cake and Chinaman candy served." Many white people go there of an evening for this slight repast. The Chinese tea, the perfumed flowery pekoe, is much liked by some people. It is served in dainty cups with two saucers, one a small one that fits over the cup. With it they give little cakes, and a saucer of "lichee" nuts, candied strips of coacoanut, melon rind, and the like.

If arrangements are made beforehand, and they know that you wish to be served a true Celestial repast, they will give you a wonderful assortment of viands, even to shark's fins and birds-nest soup, if you are willing to pay for such great delicacies. They serve pickled eggs from China, pickled ducks' heads, varnished pig, and a succession of nondescript dishes that give no clew to their origin. Most of these foods taste much alike, and all seem to be underseasoned and insipid to the Caucasian palates, except the pickled eggs, which have flavor enough to satisfy the most exacting. The preserves are apt to be served first, and the dessert may be pork chops and onions. The drink served, beside tea, is thimble glasses of the treacherous *Sham shu*, rice brandy.

There are Russian, and I believe, Scandinavian and Japanese, restaurants in San Francisco, but of these I can only speak by hearsay. And I have left unmentioned not only nationalities but whole classes of restaurants as well; such as the beer gardens, where full meals are served, though beer is the chief attraction. These places blossom out most after the theaters close at night. Then there are oyster saloons innumerable, and the "home cooking" places which shade less by degrees into the ordinary boarding house. The ladies' cafés are also growing in number, where soda water and ice cream are supplemented by sandwiches, bouillon, oysters, and other light refreshments. There are, besides, the coffee houses that lay stress on their dairy dishes; some of these are the most satisfactory places for people of simple tastes.

But surely, enough has been said to make good the claim that the city offers a very varied bill of fare, and on the whole a surprisingly good and cheap living. The "glorious climate" helps in this; it is not every town where even the ten-cent coffee saloons have an abundance of fresh strawberries for nine months in the year.

The most picturesque character it has been my lot to meet in my restaurant rambles was Josiah Clayton. Up to a

few years ago, perhaps five or six, his tall figure was well known on the street. He wore a swallow-tail blue coat, with brass buttons, a white stovepipe hat, and rather short trousers. His hair was snowy white, as was his long chin beard, and his face had that shrewd and kindly expression that limners give to the beloved Uncle Sam. The likeness was so striking that strangers turned to look at him in the street.

A friend told me one day to go to a little restaurant on Third Street, for the double purpose of drawing Clayton into conversation and of getting a peculiarly toothsome clam chowder that he made. Of course I went, and by telling the host, who did the honors in person, that I was from Rhode Island, and wanted a truly Rhode Island clam chowder, at once started him into eager talk. His kindly garrulity as he talked about Rhode Island and its clams, and its Quakers, explained the differences between the Orthodox Quakers and the Hicksite Quakers, to which branch he firmly belonged, apologized for the humble quarters in which I found him, related his business experiences and how he had come to so lowly a place, and branched off into a hundred related and unrelated themes, kept me entertained for a long time. When at last he had to go out to make the chowder — which was all my ardent fancy had dreamed — he said he thought I was a man that would like to have a book while I waited. So he brought me all the books that the place afforded to choose from. They were an almanac, a cookbook written by himself, and a New Testament. He explained what each was, and especially recommended the Testament, saying: "I like the New Testament, I always like to read the words of Jesus, they are so much like those of Elias Hicks."

The head man of probably the largest dining saloon in the city told a friend of mine that his sixty employees served three thousand meals on an average day, and that it took between three and four thousand pounds of fresh meat a week to do it.

While they were talking a seedy looking fellow came in at the door. As soon as the manager saw him he called out, "Go back into the kitchen and see if they have 't something for you to do." The man obeyed, and the manager went on to explain that it was a regular custom for tramps to come in and earn a meal by doing some bit of cleaning up or dish washing for it. "I can't send them away hungry, you see, for they would steal something before they got to the door."

"One of my troubles," he went on, "is that patrons keep bringing in 'bums,' and asking us to feed them. I can't do it, for we have n't any private table for bums. The patron often gets mad, and says he won't come here again, but I ask him if *he* would eat at the same table with his tramp, and try to show him that we can't expect others to do it either."

Before closing this article I have a boast and a confession to make. The boast is that I have written of the restaurants of San Francisco, and have not dug up any of the tales of the restaurants of '49, with their charges of a dollar for an onion, and their discrimination between "low grade" hash at two bits and "eighteen-karat" hash at a dollar and a quarter. I have left their mouldering bills of fare to sleep in peace.

The confession is this: I wrote of the cheapest regular dinner place in town as one where a half-bottle of claret, soup, and two meat dishes, could be had for fifteen cents. I did it in good faith. In the interest of science I tried the repast, and set forth the results of the experiment. But when this article was nearly written I was prowling about one evening, looking for a new restaurant, when I saw one that bore the astonishing announcement that that identical bill of fare was to be had within for *ten* cents: "Soup, two meat dishes, and

half a bottle of claret,"— bread and potatoes as a matter of course, and probably black coffee. I looked within, and saw the crowd that was eating there; saw the waiters with their wilted aprons, saw the round loaves of bread with plenty of sand on the bottom, saw the muddy-looking concoction that was served as claret in the rows of bottles on the counter, saw the plentiful lack of any napkins at all, smelled the nondescript odor that pervaded the place, tried to force myself to make one more effort in the cause,— and basely turned and fled.

As this article goes to its readers the restaurants of San Francisco will be decking themselves in all their bravery for [the Thanksgiving season. The "Extra Mince Pie" and the stall-fed turkey will figure in the bills of fare of even very humble places of entertainment. I do not wish for any of my San Francisco readers that rather melancholy thing, a Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant, and yet if cruel fate so ordains it, worse things have happened. Take heart, find if you can some other poor fellow as homeless as yourself, with whom you can make merry, seek as elaborate a restaurant as your purse, a little strained for the occasion, will allow, and fall to with a good appetite, asking no questions for conscience's sake, but rendering thanks that if you must dine on Thanksgiving not in your own home, at least you dine at a San Francisco restaurant.

Charles S. Greene.

THE SACKING OF GRUBBVILLE.

SEVERAL men stood on the levee in the darkness.

"Is that you, Jake?" one called.

"Yes," came from the direction of the advancing lantern.

"Are Grubbs and Wilkins coming for the next watch?"

"Don't you fellows know"—the new comer set his lantern in front of him as a sort of bulwark—"Don't you fellows know that Grubbs and Wilkins ain't fit men to watch together?"

No bulwark could save from the scathing reproof of Lon Byers. "Fit men! D' you 'low they would cut the levee and drownd us all? Could you trust either with two bits?"

A loud laugh from the group. Jake Raymond spoke sharply:—

"It 's no question of *trust*. They have been at swords' points ever since Grubbs hired that teacher from Jackson way. I 'd as soon eat lemons and cream as to put those two on the watch." He stalked grimly along the levee, his light flickering from the movements with which he emphasized his words.

"It 's awful nice to pat them on the back, but the gopher holes will take the levee," observed Ki Cannon.

The man who did not like quarreling wheeled into line. "I 'll stay with any other man in town; Carse can send Wilkins. Tell my wife I won't be home tonight," he added turning to his nearest neighbor.

The men, four abreast on the fourteen-foot levee, hurried on to their homes.

At their right, the water from the tule washed high against the levee's side. The continued rise made it advisable to watch the weakest part of the levee. All summer, squirrels and gophers had burrowed in spite of traps and poison, and a single undiscovered hole could become in a night an irreparable breach. To the little town of Grubbville, more than to any other place, a break in the levee meant a flood. Built at a bend of the river, on land higher than the neighboring meadow, Grubbville was an island for five months of the year. On the east and south the great levee kept the river out, but the low land back of the town, though protected from overflow, was in winter covered with seepage and rain water.

The change from a prairie in summer to an island in winter was the only variety for Grubbville. Thirty miles from any large town, more than one hundred miles from San Francisco, it dreamed its quiet dream of wheat and wool, undisturbing and undisturbed.

The inhabitants were fond of the "tule," a sort of llano outside the levee. It was cool and green, with salt grass and the tall flag or tule for which it was called, on which hundreds of cattle fed. With the coming of winter the cattle and sheep were driven to the mountains, and the water crept up, covering salt grass, then tule, then wire fences, higher and higher, till the boats of duck hunters passed above the grazing land.

The people of Grubbville had grown accustomed to this change of surrounding, and the possession of "the richest land in the world" comforted them when danger threatened. No plans were ever made without a qualifying clause, "If the levee stand."

Once more the question was before them: Would the levee stand? A warm rain had sent the melting mountain snow to raise the river, which grew hourly higher. At any time a heavy wind might drive the waves and cut the earth banks. The work for the night was to see that no hole gave place

for the water to trickle through. Every watchman had a chance to become a second "little Hollander."

The town was rich in an unwritten lore relating to floods at different times. Joe Brunt, when sick, stayed all night in a tree, shaking with ague. Young Lucas jumped upon a floating bale of hay when the water covered the strong branches of his little plum tree. The house of Mr. Wilkins's sister once floated several hundred feet with herself and her little ones in it. All these happenings were retold whenever the water rose.

Mr. Wilkins was conning them over as he stepped toward the fissure over which Jake Raymond was bending. "Not bad, if it 's tended to now," explained Raymond, straightening himself and throwing the light of his lantern on the gaunt figure of his neighbor.

The threatened breach secured, they paced the levee discussing the news in the latest papers. No mail had reached them since the previous Tuesday, and on this Monday night both were longing for the *Weekly Herald.*

"I 'd give a dollar to have the Chinese question settled," said Raymond. It was not a munificent offer, but since thousands would not have adjusted matters, why make large advances?

"I want to see the Chinese out of the country," returned Wilkins. "See what they are doing to the State. Why, cheap labor is what 's ruinin' the workingman."

"Not so much as the whisky he drinks."

"Yes, sir, more ; cheap labor takes the clothing off our children's backs and feeds it to Mongolians. The Chinese must go. They would rule our land in twenty years, and we may emigrate, or live on a handful of rice a day, as they do. If it was n't for our waking up to it," he went on, "they would sack the country. But there 's one man who is n't asleep and that is Dennis Kearney. I never was much of a Kearney man until I found that the other parties won't be outspoken and his men will. They are going to fight for their rights. It 's got to be done."

"Don't you think the Kearneyites are a little too much excited?" asked Raymond.

"No, sir, it's to be war to the knife. If the Chinese keep coming, San Francisco will run with blood."

"There is n't a man in Grubbville who does n't want them shut out," said Raymond,—"from the way each one votes and talks."

"They talk well enough,—take Grubbs for instance," sneered Wilkins. "But just let Lung Loo's West Landing washmen get riled ; every man, with Grubbs the biggest, would have other fish to fry and fire waiting. No use slicing beans, me and Grubbs don't love each other, and I 've small use for him or his."

"I 've always got on first-rate with Grubbs," remarked the peaceful man.

"You are welcome to," curtly ; "but I don't deal with him or his boys."

"There won't be need of a special watch tonight," said Raymond, as they separated.

Most of the men worked on the levee during the day. Weak places were strengthened by grain sacks of earth, and quantities of sacks were brought to the nearest building in case of need. At nightfall the levee was firm. Yet any hour might bring the dreaded wind to lash this great body of water, on which one might sail to the ocean, though sometimes several miles from the summer river bed. It was an impressive scene,—only sea and sky, a far line of blue mountains to be seen on a clear day, and over the river a glimpse of West Landing.

But the men on the levee forgot the scene in their anxiety to get the mail. The strong down current prevented the boats from ascending the river. It was provoking to be wrought up by news of

disturbances in San Francisco, and then wait eight days for the next word. "They might have made a treaty in the time," said Uncle Eb Case, who knew Anson Burlingame before he became famous as maker of a treaty with China.

"Or the streets of San Francisco may have run with blood," suggested Lon Byers.

"Boys, I 'll wager you will know the news in less 'n an hour," exclaimed Joe Brunt, in a tone too eager for pure prediction.

All scanned the waters till a sound of oars was heard in the darkness, when a hearty welcome was given the adventurous rowers.

They would not disembark, but in answer to the usual question, "What 's the news?" one called out, "News enough."

"More than enough," put in the other. "News from San Francisco,—they say the Chinamen were having a big time, and when the Kearneyites tried to interfere, the Chinamen rose in a body and sacked the city. They have the City Hall and all the arms."

"—And they 've put the Mayor and Kearney and all the policemen in jail."

"Don't let them take you," called one of the hunters, as they rowed on.

"Grubbville will be the next place, Grubbville will be the next place they will attack," groaned Uncle Eb.

"Maybe the Chinamen are on their way," ejaculated Lon Byers.

"They are already on the way here," gasped Snyder, and the cry was taken up and repeated.

"But we 'll die hard, boys," said brave old Uncle Eb, taking out a broken jackknife.

"They may be a stone's throw off," cried Carse.

It was perfectly dark, but all looked toward the water. Perhaps they expected to see it black with the heads of their enemy swimming in upon them, as the rats came upon the wicked bishop of Bingen. The excited group seemed not to lose one man, yet in fifteen minutes the town knew that the Chinese had taken San Francisco, and were marching upon Grubbville.

Less excitement would have been caused had the levee broken, for that would have required instant work. Their enemy was yet invisible, and a dozen plans were soon on foot for the defense of Grubbville.

There was not a cannon in the place, nor was there a building strong enough for a fort. Most of the homes had just room enough to accommodate one family. Only one house was large enough for two,—that of Mr. Wilkins, farthest back from the levee.

The owner of this house was stamping backward and forward, the water in his leaky rubber boots swashing audibly. A week before he had broken his gun, and had left no better weapon than his ax and the knives used at pig-killing. Danger at hand and his gun broken! Wilkins was not a borrower, but had he been, who would spare his own defense? True, the Grubbs boys were well provided, but he would not ask there. Then, too, the Grubbs house was within a stone's throw of the landing place, and would be the first attacked. Thinking not of the town of Grubbville, but of the family of Wilkins, and too troubled to see that a garrison of the town would defend his own house, Mr. Wilkins started home.

Although in the darkness he could not recognize the man by the roadside with a gun, he knew the voice that said "Well, Mr. Wilkins, bein' 's I 've got a gun, I thought you 'uns would like to have me hang round tonight."

It was Grubbs's second son, a tall, stolid, good-natured young fellow.

It was a time to let bygones be bygones, and Wilkins gave himself credit that there was no trace of malice in his voice when he thanked Tim and invited him in to supper.

"Thanks, I had supper at Minty's.

You 'll feel safer if I watch here, though 'tain't much use. What would the Chiny want here? 'N I don't low they could find this handful o' shanties, if they searched."

Well for Tim Grubbs that his words did not reach the military company forming at the levee. Tim had always been called dull. Such a view of this momentous matter would have written him half-witted.

Wilkins went on to the house, saying with a chuckle, "Wife would rather the Chinese would take us than have one of the Grubbses outside."

The house was darkened for safety. Mrs. Wilkins looked troubled; she started at every sound, and glanced at her husband. The children were awed and silent, with none of the usual questions as to whether the levee would break, and how many ducks had been shot. Only the dethroned baby asked, "Will the Chinamen shoot us or dwound us?"

"O, we 'll shoot them."

"But your gun is boked."

"But the men with guns will take care of us."

Just then a slight noise was heard overhead, and every little Wilkins put his hand before his face, and cried.

Remarking that the Chinese must be coming soon, Wilkins left the house, promising to return if there was any danger. He passed the sentinel, who demanded a countersign. "What news?" he asked of the armed body on the levee.

"None."

"Has anyone listened at the water's edge?"

"Yes."

It was a weird night. Only the babies slept. The houses outwardly dark were filled with weary watchers, who could only recount the news about the fierce Chinamen and noble Dennis Kearney, who, some said, had been murdered in cold blood during the sacking of San Francisco. And Grubbville would be the next place! Who could doubt it? Would not the Chinese take immediate vengeance on a place where every man opposed them, and where every one of the twenty-five votes was given to the man who cried loudest, "The Chinese must go!" The morning light would show the Chinamen holding the town, and its inhabitants oarless and sailless on a raft.

When light did come it fell upon a tiny island town surrounded by still waters. A group of weary men stood on the levee, and their strained vision might have seen the city of Sacramento or San Francisco itself. Far as they could discern, no man-of-war floated; not so much as a duck-boat lay on the water. At last, relieved but disgusted, the military company dispersed for breakfast, promising to be back in half an hour.

Each member on entering his house was greeted with storms of questions,—each, perhaps, except Wilkins. Tim Grubbs, after all his kindness, must have breakfast; surely Mrs. Wilkins would receive him civilly. Wilkins opened the door, mentally composing an explanation—which was never given. There at the table sat Mrs. Grubbs and her children, cosily eating with Mrs. Wilkins and her children.

Mrs. Wilkins hurried to the door and whispered, "Don't be angry, husband. Treat them nicely, and I 'll explain afterwards."

Mr. Wilkins did treat them well. He told how they were indebted to Tim, and brought him in, blushing at the praise. He was wonderfully surprised at seeing his mother in a house she had not entered before for years, and wanted to know how she came to be there. Tim was slow spoken and never obtruded, but he was not one who could be frowned or winked into understanding that this was not the proper time for explanations; so Mrs. Wilkins said when the news came she thought first of Mrs. Grubbs and the sick baby, knowing the house

would be the first one attacked. "I sent Millie down to ask your maw and the children to come, and we are glad they did," she concluded.

"Why, it's a regular family gathering," said Mr. Wilkins, with unaccustomed warmth. "I'll go right out and bring Grubbs." And he did.

He was learning what he had never before suspected, that it was not his wife's fault if he quarreled with his neighbors. That the Grubbses had been in his house (unknown to him) while he ate his supper, was humbling. He spoke cordially to Mr. Grubbs, though in all the panic they had not exchanged a word.

Mr. Grubbs was too much interested in the arrival of the mail to answer. Pointing to a portly figure, he said, "Listen!" Uncle Eb Case, after looking through his *Herald* of the previous week, was spreading out the latest copy.

"It don't say a word," he announced, "about the Chinese sacking the city of San Francisco. I think it must have been a mistake."

Adah Fairbanks Batelle.

INDIAN TRADITIONS OF THEIR ORIGIN.

In the March issue of the Overland Monthly Captain Dougherty says, concerning a consensus of thought upon the origin and unity of the Indian race, that "this part of the subject will probably always remain within the realm of speculation, for the Indians have neither record nor tradition of their origin, and none concerning them is known to exist in any part of the world."

I have been during the past forty years occasionally thrown among the Indians, and it has been a pleasure to me to converse with them concerning their antiquities and traditions. As a rule, their last wish seems to be to reveal these. But while they have been conversing among themselves at unguarded moments, and without exhibiting a critical disposition, I have gathered from them much that could not have been learned by a stranger to them, or by one who criticised.

In 1883 I was clerk upon the Round Valley Indian Reservation, and during the early months of that year a Doctor L. A. Vawter, of Indiana, was appointed physician to the same agency. He was anxiously curious as to the past history of the Indians, and longed to know about them more than I could tell him. So we talked the matter over often, and planned to win the confidence of some intelligent Indian from whom we could get the desired information. Doctor Vawter was a tall, unimpressive man, slow of speech, persistent in urging, and a good judge of Indian nature. I had some earnest friends among the Indians, and the agent, Rev. H. B. Sheldon, had given Doctor Vawter his co-operation in securing the confidence of the Indians. It was not long before our united efforts and the Doctor's pills and nostrums had given him the advantage he sought. John Brown was the hereditary chief of the Ukies, a tribe whose home had always been on Eel River. But when the Doctor tried to draw out his knowledge of the traditional history of his people he would not give any information. No persuasion, nor cajolery, nor flattery, would move him. But there was at the agency an intelligent middle-aged Indian, named Charles Munsell, over whom we all had influence by

church relationship and the prestige accorded him above his fellows. Doctor Vawter, with his keen insight into the Indian's nature, after a few hours conversation began to unravel the mystery enshrouding the past history of the Concow tribe of Indians. Day by day he would get the facts as told by Munsell, and at night we would jot them down for future reference.

Once each year the older men of the tribe gather in their "sweat house," and perform every part of the traditional record. This performance lasts seven nights, and every light must be extinguished. One evening about dark Munsell hurriedly came into my office, and asked me if I would go with him that night. I was eager to do so, and told him where I would meet him at a stated hour. We met, and sauntered away from a half-score Indians, who were in earnest conversation, toward the sweat house. A bright fire blazed in the middle of the house, which was mostly underground, and circular.

We went down, and several of the Indians began to take the wood and fire out of the house. In less than five minutes every trace of fire was gone, and the utmost darkness prevailed. Forty or fifty of the oldest Indians of the tribe were seated upon the ground, and leaned against the walls. The ceremonies began, and I stood for hours in the darkness, listening to things that were never listened to by any white man off that reservation, and probably by less than five upon it. The performance was weird and deeply earnest, sometimes seemingly verging upon savagery. It was wholly confined to their ancient traditional records, and in brief may be summed up thus:—

"In the beginning of time God made himself, and then made all things, the earth upon which we live, move, and have our being, and also the heavens above. He made Hil-lo-ki also. Hil-lo-ki and Wa-no-me were brothers. Wa-no-me was the great creative spirit. Hil-lo-ki was a spirit noble, pure, and good, with whom Wa-no-me advised about his work. The work was done in six suns of making the lands and waters of the earth, the fishes in the waters, and the animals of the lands, and the trees, and the flowers, and grass.

After this Wa-no-me and Hil-lo-ki met in Wa-lu-u-ke,— meaning a field of the east,— where Hil-lo-ki asked Wa-no-me to create a woman for him, and leave him upon the beautiful earth, to enjoy the fragrance of blossoms, the scenes afforded by beautiful champaigns, undulating hills, and serrated mountains. Wa-no-me (or God) then put Hil-lo-ki to sleep, and laid by his side a stick of wood. When Hil-lo-ki awoke, the wood had been changed to a beautiful woman.

Wa-no-me then said to them, "If you will obey me, you and your children shall live here forever."

But Hil-lo-ki said, "Not so,—you rule the world above which is your home, and I will rule here."

To which Wa-no-me said, "If you disobey, you shall die, for I am the tree that lives."

After saying this Wa-no-me left them, and went up to the world above, or Hep-e-nain.

In process of time a son was born to Hil-lo-ki, who then said, "We will people the earth. We will not obey Wa-no-me, but I will rule my own children, and they shall obey me and not Wa-no-me; he cannot make them die."

When the son of Hil-lo-ki was nearly grown Wa-no-me sent a rattlesnake to watch his way one morning, and bite him, that he might die. The serpent was obedient to Wa-no-me's command, and the boy died in the path. When Hil-lo-ki came in from the chase, he found his son in the embrace of death. Then he called for Wa-no-me, and Wa-no-me came.

Hil-lo-ki said, "Let my son live again, and we will obey you."

Wa-no-me said, "No, you have disobeyed. Your son cannot live again, and you shall not be permitted to have any more sons; you and your wife shall go to the world below this world, and shall build a fire that shall burn, and burn forever. That shall be your dwelling-place. I shall make of the dust of the ground a son and a daughter for myself, into whom I shall put a spirit that shall not die. The body may die, and go back to the dust, but the spirit shall return to me in Hep-e-nain, and live with me forever, if they obey me; but if they do as you have done, then their spirits shall go down to the world below, and suffer with you forever."

Wa-no-me then sent Hil-lo-ki to Co-do-ca-man-de, or the burning world, to live forever. He then made a man and a woman from the earth's dust, and placed them in Wa-lu-u-de, where they multiplied and peopled the surrounding regions. They were obedient to the words of Wa-no-me, so but few spirits were sent to Hil-lo-ki in the world of burning. This made Hil-lo-ki restless and angry, and he broke his chains and freed himself, that he might return to the earth and cause people to disobey Wa-no-me, in order that the burning world might be peopled.

Until this time the people of the earth had been happy. No man had been murdered, robbery and thefts were unknown, beggary and want were strangers to men. Under the influence of Hil-lo-ki trouble of various kinds began to come upon them. War and famine, rapine and murder, made deadly inroads upon the people, and the population diminished rapidly. Trouble increased among them, and the famine became very great and disastrous.

Then a chief among them, by the name of Qu-nod-is-sa, remembered that his father had often conversed about Wa-no-me and his commands. He gathered the people about him, and prayed to Wa-no-me in the sweat house, on the mountain and in the plain, to send them acorns and food. But none came; the famine grew worse. Qu-nod-is-sa commissioned a humming bird of gaudy plumage to go to Hep-e-nain, and ask Wa-no-me to come down and teach them the right way to live, for their petitions were unanswered.

The bird, obedient to the chief's orders, winged its way from the observation of man, and upon wings as swift as the hurricane sped upward into the blue concave of space. Arriving at the great gate of Hep-e-nain, it was not permitted to enter the gorgeous precincts of the upper world, but the spirit that kept the gate asked it to make its mission known. The bird then said to Wa-no-me and his son, "Qu-nod-is-sa ordered me to come here from the world below, and ask you to come to him, and teach him the right course of life, and show him how he may obtain acorns and food, for the prophets say that the people are almost dead for the want of food."

Then the son asked Wa-no me, "What shall we do, or what shall we say to Qu-nod-is-sa's message?"

"Wa-no-me answered, and said, "Go and tell Qu-nod-is-sa that the famine is by my order; that his people have allowed Hil-lo-ki to deceive them, and they have obeyed him rather than me; therefore I have sent this famine upon them, and have refused to listen to their prayers for food. However, you may go to Wa-lu-u-de, the home of Qu-nod-is-sa, and say to him that he must gather his men together in the sweat house, and not to allow any women or children to enter the place, and to drive Hil-lo-ki out from among them.

"Close the door, and extinguish every spark of fire, and wait there for me, for I am Wa-no-me, the maker of light, and I do not require light to see."

Upon its return the bird told the prophet all the words of Wa-no-me. Then as the darkness of night settled down over the land, the prophet called all

the people together, but refused women and children admission to the sweat house. But Hil-lo-ki entered the house, and would not absent himself, and the strongest men could not remove him. However, the fire was extinguished, and no light was in the room. A death-like stillness pervaded the assembly. By and by a sound was heard like that of a great wind, and with it came Wa-no-me and Sa-to-me, or his angel. They entered by the aperture at the top of the house. Wa-no-me said to the prophet Qu-nod-is-sa, "Why have you not expelled Hil-lo-ki, as I commanded?"

The prophet answered, "We could not."

Then Wa-no-me hit a post with his hand, and Hil-lo-ki was thrown out of the house with great force; at which all assembled shouted with a great shout, and were elated, and praised Wa-no-me.

Then Sa-to-me said to the prophet, "Why have you sent for Wa-no-me, and his angel?"

The prophet answered, "We have no acorns; my people are perishing like the leaves of autumn, for there are no acorns, nor food for them; and my people will all die if not speedily relieved, and I have sent for you to come that you may cause the acorns to grow."

Then Sa-to-me said, "Gather your people together and ask Wa-no-me for acorns."

When this had been done, Wa-no-me said to them, "I have no acorns here, but I have a lone tree in He-pe-nain that bears acorns every moon; from that tree I will supply all your wants if you will serve me." And then pointing to the trees near by he said: These trees will bear an abundant crop by and by if you will love and serve me with affection that is due me, and not allow Hil-lo-ki to rule and lead you. And now be still, and I will show you how to worship me when you meet together." Then he taught them these words, which were used as a song:

"He-pe-nain coi o dee woo woo ton,"

Which meant, "Heaven is a place of happy song."

Wa-no-me told them to remain very very quiet while singing this song and not to look around. The song was then sung by them, and the whole house was filled with the song of the spirits, which sounded like the song of an innumerable flock of birds. At the end of this song, Wa-no-me gave them another song,

"He-pe-nain co a de ya wa nein,"

which, being literally translated, meant, "I now go up to heaven and you follow." The whole multitude in the assembly then joined in singing this song with great shouting. The angels and spirits that accompanied Wa-no-me voiced the words of the song like myriads of birds, making such a great noise that it awoke the women and children, who were sleeping in the village.

A woman and a boy went to the sweat house, and after listening awhile the woman said to the boy, "There are no spirits in there, and Wa-no-me is not there; it is only Qu-nod-is-sa and the men. We will go in, and I will feel around and know for myself that there is no one there but our own people."

The boy said, "That is right, and if you fail to find anything I have some pitch fagots prepared, which I will light, so that we will see everything that is in the house."

They then made their way into the house, and the woman felt all around the interior of the house, but found nothing but the men.

Wa-no-me then stopped the singing, and said, "Yu dec kin bo yay o nain," which meant, "Now by the north path I must go," and continued, "I know that some one is in the house who should not be present. They have felt for me but have not found me. Now they will make a light to see me, but all that look at me will be burned with fire. To-morrow when the sun stands half way

between morning and night I will send fire from the sky, and all who look at me shall be destroyed without favor or mercy. Wa-no-me has spoken it."

The boy then said to the woman: "That is only a man on top of the house who is talking. You felt too low while making search for him; now I will light my pine fagots and we can see."

As he said this he uncovered a few coals and laid his fagots upon them. In a few moments a blaze lighted all the house.

All the people in the house except Qu-nod-is-sa looked up and saw Wa-no-me with great white wings like those of an eagle, and decorated with shells and beads, while flying through the upper part of the house were many smaller spirits clothed in white robes. As soon as the light was made, Qu-nod-is-sa covered his face with his hands, and went to the light and extinguished it.

Wa-no-me then said: —

"This people will not obey me. I will now leave you. Tomorrow at midday I will drop down upon you fire from the skies, and burn all the people with the women and children, except Qu-nod-is-sa and his family. Those two who brought this evil upon you I will destroy now."

Then the boy and woman fell down dead.

Wa-no-me and his accompanying angels and spirits then returned to He-pe-nain, while all the people, terror-stricken at what they had seen and heard, and the dreadful doom awaiting them, speedily went to their homes to bewail their awful fate. Their voices, which a few short hours before had made the air ring with rejoicings, were now bemoaning the fearful consequences of unbelief and disobedience. The sounds of laughter were followed by sobs of despair. From every house issued the wails of the doomed, as though the death angel had already visited these homes and made desolation.

The night was appallingly dismal. The first streaks of light across the eastern heavens did not bring joy. The morning sun finally arose like a ball of fire upon a mourning multitude of people, increasing in its red and angry appearance until it reached the meridian sky. Then the forked lightnings pranced through the heavens, and the whole earth seemed to be rolled in sheets of flame and waves of destruction. Thunders muttered to thunders in sullen voices. The cloudless heavens brightened, and the slain of the people lay scorched and distorted in the streets of the villages. Qu-nod-is-sa and his wife and daughter only survived; he was badly burned but finally recovered, and ever after was known as Pu-e-ge-no, or the burnt one.

After the destruction of his people Pu-e-ge-no was standing upon a mountain with his wife and daughter, looking upon the ruins of their once happy home and not knowing what to do, when a voice was heard to say, "Pu-e-ge-no, do not mourn for the garden of the East," and then Wa-no-me said: "Wa-no-me speaks. I am Wa-no-me; I will care for you, and will make a great tribe of people for you. Now you must cross the great plain, to a place called Sta-pe-do. There you will find many people. When you come to them, tell them of me and of the destruction of your people on account of their disobedience to me; and you must show your scars to the people, and say to them that they must lift up their voices and call upon me; and you must go through their camp, and say to the people that I will destroy them if they disobey me."

Pu-e-ge-no, obedient to Wa-no-me, did as directed; but the Sta-pe-do people would not listen to him. Then one Wa-ca-cat, a great chief who lived in the far north, heard of Pu-e-ge-no, and came to see him. Wa-ca-cat was a successful warrior and a noted gambler. It was said of him that he never lost anything.

Wa-ca-cat treated Pu-e-ge-no with great disrepect, and prohibited his people from hearing him speak about Wa-no-me and He-pe-nain. He then returned to his home, and the people did as Wa-ca-cat told them, and would not listen to Pu-e-ge-no. Wa-no-me again came to Pu-e-ge-no and said, "I will destroy this people; I will make for you a great people, and will send my son to aid you. Wa-ca-cat and his people shall be destroyed, and you shall tell the bears and snakes, and they shall kill all the people of Sta-pe-do, and none shall be left save you, your wife, and your daughter."

And at Pu-e-ge-no's command, all was done, and they three alone were left.

A short time after this the daughter of Pu-e-ge-no looked to the east just at sunset, and saw a beautiful red cloud. She told her father, and he said that it was Wa-no-me coming. The next day the daughter took a large basket and went into the fields to gather clover. While in the field she saw a brilliant light shining about her, brighter than the sunlight; and a voice was heard, saying, "Do not be afraid. I am Wa-no-me. You saw me last night; I am the red cloud."

Then looking up she saw a man of beautiful appearance. His face was so bright that her eyes were dazzled, and she could only look upon him for a moment. He was draped in dazzling white, with long white hair, and a light seemed to shine from him too bright to look upon. She hid her face for some moments,—then she determined to look again at the celestial visitor. When she looked up, she beheld a babe lying at her side. Then Wa-no-me came to her and taking the child said: "This is my son. Un-goy-to-pe [the Miraculous] is his name. I give him for you to care for. His hair must never be cut." Then taking the child he placed it in the basket and covered it with clover, and said, "You must go home now. Do not take the child from the basket; let him come out himself. Neither must you feed him, for he is the Miraculous. Do not tell your father of him, but take this arrow and stick it into the ground near the fire; and it shall be that when the arrow burns, the child shall come from the basket. He shall grow to be a beautiful and perfect man, and shall be a great warrior; nothing shall withstand him. This is the one I promised your father to send to raise up a people for him. You must not oppose him, but let him do as he will, for he shall kill all the disobedient people, and all the bears and serpents in the land, and he shall preserve their hearts and lungs and eyes, and he shall put them into the lake of water, and when they come from it they shall be a new people, and Pu-e-ge-no shall be their chief forever. They shall be my people, because my son made them. After this he will return to me in He-pe-nain."

The daughter of Pu-e-ge-no was greatly elated at the honor conferred upon her by Wa-no-me, and with a remembrance of his words deeply impressed upon her mind she turned with the precious burden upon her back to return to her father. After walking a short distance she turned and looked back to the spot where she had conversed with Wa no-me, and she was surprised to see it enveloped in a cloud whose hues excelled the rainbow. The cloud soon began to rise from the earth and moved eastward until it disappeared from her vision. She then turned and sought her home.

She set the basket away very carefully in one corner of the house, not mentioning to her father what its contents were. She then placed the arrow near the fire as directed. Then she went to the spring with a basket to get water. While she was gone Pu-e-ge-no put the arrow in the fire, and it began to burn with a loud crackling noise. On the moment a noise was heard in the direction of the basket, and a beautiful and

perfect man stepped forth, and stood before Pu-e-ge-no. About this time the daughter returned, and chided her father for having burned the arrow.

Un-goy-to-pe turned to her and said, "I am your son"; and pointing to Pu-e-ge-no, said, "He is my grandfather, and has done right." Food was offered Un-goy-to-pe, but he refused it saying that he had no need of food. His mother watched him with great care and affection, and kept secret the knowledge imparted to her by Wa-no-me. Pu-e-ge-no and his wife were very proud of him, but did not know who he was.

Early the next morning a wild voice as of some one in great distress was heard in the mountain. It was recognized by Pu-e-ge-no as the voice of Hillo-ki's wife, and he immediately suspected that her object was to entice the young man to her that she might destroy him. As soon as Un-goy-to-pe heard the voice he started in the direction of it, against the advice and entreaties of Pu-e-ge-no and his daughter. In the past they had seen many hundreds of people destroyed by this evil woman, and their bones were left to bleach upon the plains, so they cried after Un-goy-to-pe, and pointed to the bones of the slain; but paying no attention, he kept on his way.

When he reached the mountain the woman met him with friendly greetings and expressed by word and action much interest in him. She told him that his relatives did not prepare his clothing properly, and with many expressions of good will she begged him to lie down upon his face that she might arrange the back of his clothing. He did as she asked. After working quietly at his clothing for some time, she suddenly raised a sharp rock and let it fall, with the intention of cutting Un-goy-to-pe in twain. But as the rock was falling he quickly turned upon his side, and the rock struck the earth by him. He arose, slew the woman, and took her head and lungs with him, and put them away in the house of Pu-e-ge-no.

Soon after this Un-goy-to-pe determined upon visiting the country of Wa-ca-cat. Pu-e-ge-no endeavored to dissuade him, but his persuasions were all in vain. And when he found that the young man was determined to do so, Pu-e-ge-no and his daughter determined upon accompanying him.

Wa-ca-cat was a chief who lived far northward, where it was very cold. His authority and power were very great. His house was surrounded by walls, the gates of which were guarded by two great serpents, which were trained to bite any one that tried to pass into the house without permission.

After a long and fatiguing journey, in which Un-goy-to-pe met and slew many bears and serpents of enormous size, the party finally reached the place where Wa-ca-cat dwelt, and destroying the serpents, that guarded the gate, they entered Wa-ca-cat's place of abode.

Wa-ca-cat recognized Pu-e-ge-no at once, and he felt that there was something more than ordinary in Un-goy-to-pe; and he immediately began contriving to get them under his control. To accomplish this he invited Pu-e-ge-no and his daughter and Un-goy-to-pe to engage in a game with him. The invitation was accepted, and they were led to a house which had an ice floor in it so arranged that whoever entered it would fall and kill himself. Pu-e-ge-no and his daughter entered and fell, and were killed by the fall.

Un-goy-to-pe then walked into the house, and went to the dead, and taking their hands, he led them out alive again. When Wa-ca-cat saw this his spirit left him. Un-goy-to-pe then slew Wa-ca-cat and his people, and he carefully preserved the eyes and lungs and hearts of all that he slew. They then returned to the plains of Sta-pe-do, carrying with them all the remains of all whom he had slain. These he threw into a lake of

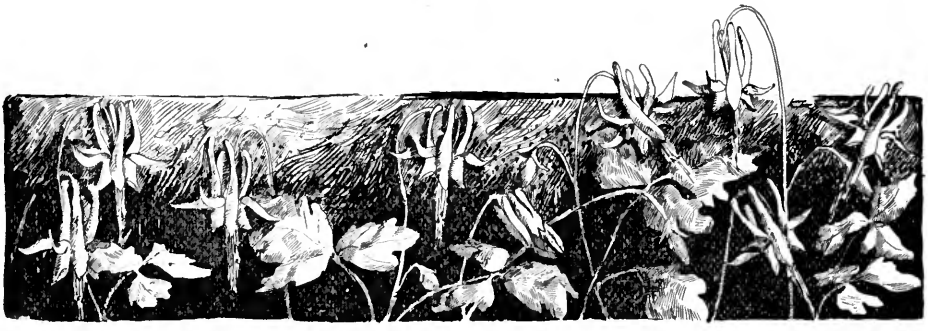
Sta-pe-do, and there came from the lake an innumerable host of people who did homage to Pu-e-ge-no and claimed to be his people.

Un-goy-to-pe then exclaimed to Pu-e-ge-no that he was the son of Wa-no-me, and that Wa-no-me had promised to send him into the world to destroy the enemies of Pu-e-ge-no, and to raise up for him a people that he could rule forever. And he said, "I have finished my mission, and I will return to my father." A cloud of rainbow radiance enveloped him and he was lifted up as upon angel's pinions to He-pe-nain.

These people whom Un-goy-to-pe brought into a new life, the tradition says, were the fathers of the Con-cow tribe of Indians.

The legends are kept in the minds of the people by repeated repetitions in private of this wild romance; and Wa-no-me is worshiped with much devotion, and Pu-e-ge-no is regarded as an honorable prophet among these people. The time of the gathering of the old men to hear the legend recited in the dialogue manner is looked forward to with much interest. The actors are earnest, and enter into the performance with the zeal of great actors endeavoring to win the applause of the populace.

William E. Read.



AGED.

I KNOW that I am old; but not because
Of time-touched locks or thin and withered cheek,
For these I lack, but there are signs that speak
More surely of decay than they. Mine was
A youth of anguish full, remembrance draws
The lines upon my heart that do not seek
To mar my tranquil face; the snow-drifts pause
Upon my breast, a burden cold and bleak,—
My hair they have not reached, and yet I know
When far and few are those that hold me dear
And desolately all about me blow
The autumn winds, that winter is anear;
When pulses once so swift beat ever slow,
Such peace portends that evening time is here.

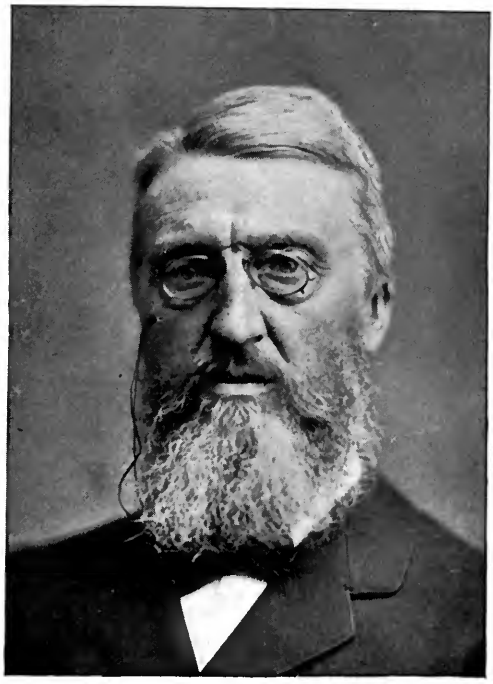
Juliette Estelle Mathis.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA. III.

I.

The Professional Schools.

The relation of professional schools to the American university system is somewhat anomalous. They seem to form a group standing to one side, with a different admission standard, and a different series of degrees, whose relation in value to the regular university degrees is not clear. It is a university theory, and also the best tradition of the "learned professions," that the degree marking the entrance to these should be equivalent in value to the Ph. D., as it is on the continent of Europe: that is, that a college education should precede the study of law, medicine, or divinity, and the schools devoted to these studies should be graduate schools. On the other hand, the organized bodies of lawyers, doctors, and clergymen who control admission to their professions, have to reckon with a public sentiment in this country that favors letting any one try any calling in which he thinks he can find customers. The result is a compromise, by which a certain amount of special training is required — and except in the case of the clergy usually enforced by law — for admission to the practice of the profession; and the schools as a matter of course give this minimum of training, while the best ones try to give something more. The Hastings College of the Law, the law school of the State University, finds that about twice as many candidates are admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court examinations as by the degree of the school; and one of ts professors has published the statement that those students who fail in its first year examinations are generally thus admitted shortly after. The medical school has similar experience. As for general education, no formal requirement made for admission to the practice of any profession; and has not been until lately in professional schools. Now, the medical school of the University requires as preliminary to its courses a schooling a little in advance of what would admit to a high school, and recommends more; the dental school exacts about the same; the school of pharmacy still less; the law school requires a full university matriculation,



THE LATE JOHN NORTON POMEROY,
HASTINGS COLLEGE OF THE LAW.

such as would admit to the colleges at Berkeley.

The courses in the medical, dental, and pharmaceutical schools, therefore, tend rather to range themselves parallel with high school than with university work.

JUDGE CHARLES W. SLACK,
HASTINGS COLLEGE OF THE LAW.

In the law school, the student, entering on a full matriculation, is really in the same relation to the University as a special student who should take three years' full time at Berkeley in some single topic,— engineering, say. The engineer would not be given a degree for this work; a four years' course, in which the special work must be rounded out by a liberal amount of general training — literature, history, language, science — is required, before the university will give him its stamp. Yet there is scarcely a professional school in the country that requires as much general education as the Hastings College. The Harvard law school calls for considerably less.

The medical school of the University was organized with the provision that its standard of admission and courses of study should be as high as in the medical schools of Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania; but this has been construed to mean as high as the standard of these schools at that date, and is not quite equal to that of Harvard at present, nor to that of the University of Michigan. I have not compared with other leading schools, but I am satisfied that none in the country at present requires very much more. There is a spirit, however, felt through all the medical profession in this country, in favor of raising the standard of medical schools in general education. There is a national organization of college-bred physicians, which exercises a good influence in this direction. The Johns Hopkins University medical school is to be placed on a strictly graduate plane, and a college education or its equivalent will be expected of its students. The medical school of the University of California shares in this spirit, and holds before it as an immediate desire the exaction of two years in general study at Berkeley as requisite to admission; but while it has no revenue except its fees, and there is another good medical school in San Francisco to which students will be likely to turn instead of rising to meet more difficult terms of admission, it seems to the faculty impossible to take any very long upward step. When the law school raised its standard of admission, the numbers fell off by half, although there is no other law school in the State to turn to; but as the school is endowed, and charges no fees for instruction, it can afford to disregard the question of numbers, as the medical school cannot.

The dental school was the third in the United States to require an entrance examination at all, or a three-year course.

It will be seen that while the professional schools of the University fall in general education far short of the European standard, they only share the disadvantage of professional schools through-

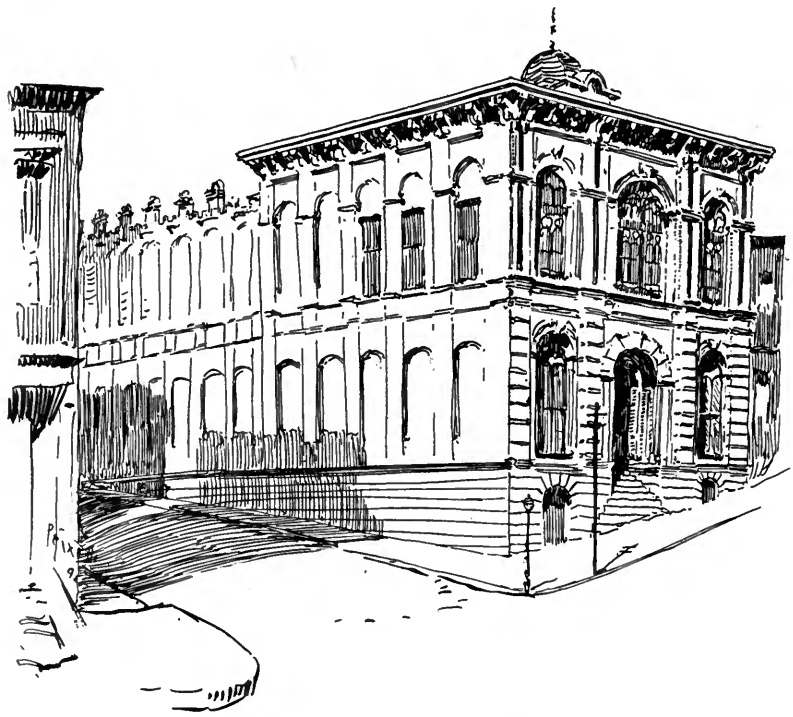
out this country. In their professional specialties, as far as they go, I know no reason to doubt that they rank well with the foreign. Students from the medical school of this University are given full credit for the time spent in it, at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons at Glasgow. Of course, for more advanced medical study, Americans at present feel it necessary to go abroad ; but physicians who went from this school to the great school of Paris have told me they found the foundations of their education well and thoroughly laid here, and have always thought the three years wisely spent.

Again, the actual condition of professional education throughout this country is kept much higher than the legal requirements, or even the requirements of the schools, by the excellent traditions of the three leading professions, whose moral influence is sufficient to make many students voluntarily seek a college education before the professional. Thus the Hastings College of Law, though requiring only a high school education before entrance, had among 96 students last year 39 with collegiate degrees. The medical school, while requiring scarcely more than a grammar school education, had among 89 students, 11 with collegiate degrees. This brings about classes composed of youths from the grammar schools, from the high schools, and college-trained men, to whom identical courses must somehow be adapted ; but the anomaly is a little softened by the age limit of eighteen years imposed in all the schools.

In spite of the difficulty of assimilating them to the rest of the system, law and medical schools are regarded as essential parts of a full university scheme, and divinity schools would be, but for difficulties arising from their sectarian character. They represent branches of learning too important to be ignored by an institution whose business is with "all the great departments of intellectual life." Medical schools carry along with them such departments as dental and veterinary surgery, and pharmacy ; schools of all which are attached to one or another of the leading universities.

R. BEVERLY COLE,
ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

There is now a tendency to regard art schools as properly adjuncts of a university, and several of the strongest universities have affiliated or incorporated such departments. No one can say exactly where the list ends of special schools that may properly be associated with a university ; but nothing marks low standards more surely than a large and various fringe of outlying departments. Probably the rule instinctively observed by the best univer-



TOLAND HALL, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

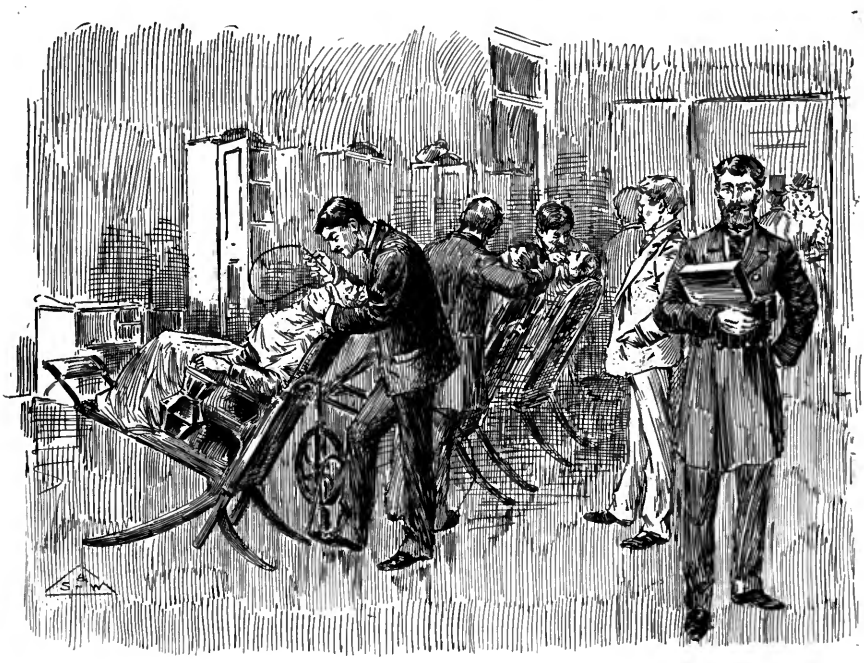
ROBERT A. MCLEAN,
DEAN OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

sities is that — now technical education is definitively accepted as university work — any professional training that involves serious and continued study, and rests on a basis of theoretic knowledge, may be given by a university.

The University of California has four professional schools,— the Medical Department, commonly known as the "Toland College of Medicine," though this is not its legal name; the College of Dentistry, organized as a branch of the Medical Department, but now practically independent; the Hastings College of the Law, an affiliated college; and the California College of Pharmacy, also affiliated. It is practically settled that the California School of Design will soon be affiliated. The law school had last year a faculty of 4, and 96 students; the medical, 28 professors, lect-

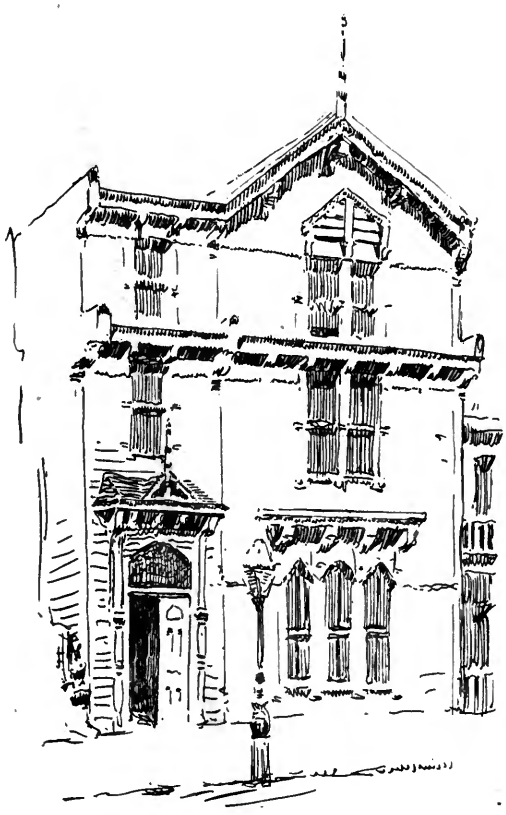
urers, assistants, etc., and 89 students; the dental, a staff of 33, and 98 students; the pharmaceutical, a staff of 9, and 144 students. The professional faculties do not give full time to their school work, as at Berkeley, but only such hours as may be spared from their calling. In the College of Pharmacy two evenings in the week constitute the course. All these schools — if we regard the College of Dentistry not as a separate school, but an outgrowth of the medical — were first separately founded, under their own trustees, and afterwards joined to the University. None of them receive any support from the University funds. The law school, as mentioned above, has its own endowment,— $100,000 paid by Judge S. C. Hastings into the State Treasury, under the provisions of a special act by which the State agreed to pay annually seven per cent upon this sum for the maintenance of the school. The other professional schools depend upon their fees,— $315 for the three-year course in the medical school, and $65 for a year's graduate course; $380 covers all fees for the three-year course in the dental school; the College of Pharmacy charges fees according to courses, but they average about $160 for the two-year course. The medical and pharmaceutical schools own their buildings.

The medical school was founded by the gift of its building, by Dr. H. H. Toland, in 1869, just after the founding of the University. Doctor Toland appointed his own board of trustees, of which John B. Felton, a regent of the University, was president, and his own faculty, including himself, Dr. L. C. Lane, Dr. Henry Gibbons, Sr., and other leading physicians. An effort was made almost at once to transfer the school to the University, with the cordial approval of faculty and trustees; but difficulties arose concerning the terms, and Doctor



A DENTAL CLINIC.

Toland withdrew his gift. The faculty then resigned, and one of them, Doctor Lane, afterward became patron of another school, now the Cooper. In 1873, Doctor Toland renewed the gift of the building, and organized a new faculty with Doctor R. Beverly Cole at the head; and through the influence of Doctor Cole and of President Gilman



COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

the school was again offered to the University, this time as an unconditional gift, and was accepted, and made the Medical Department of the University.

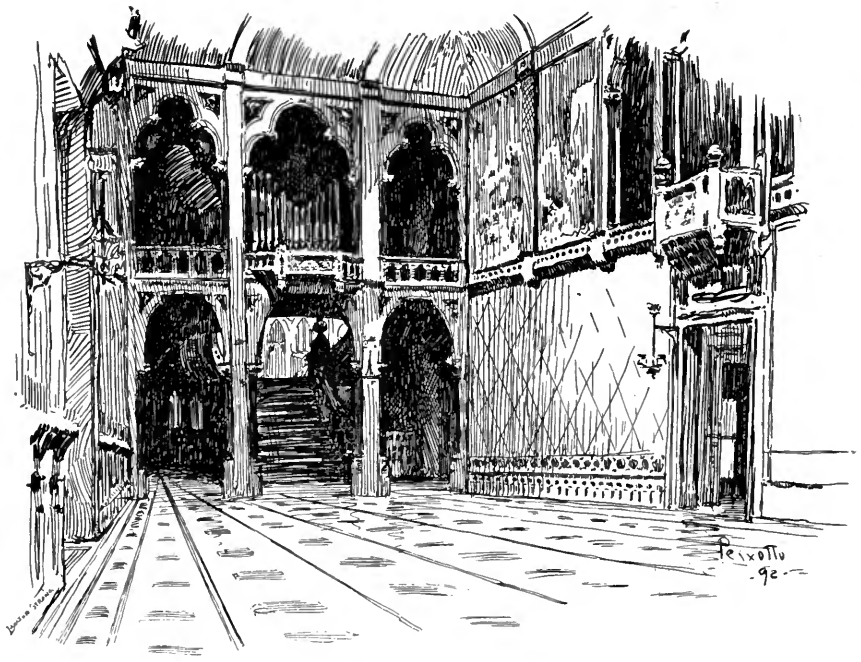
The organic act of the University required the establishment of colleges of Medicine and Law whenever the state of funds permitted, and put these on the same footing as the colleges at Berkeley. It also provided for the acceptance of these or other colleges, by gift as integral parts of the University, or by affiliation. Affiliated colleges, retaining their own boards of control and managing all their own affairs, are naturally expected to provide their own funds, and there is now a distinct provision to the effect that they shall do so, and shall be permitted in lieu of support from the University to charge fees at their discretion. The medical school was not affiliated, however, but incorporated as an integral part of the University; and as the regents did not feel that the time had arrived when the funds would carry a medical school, it was made a special agreement that the school should receive no money from the University, but should be permitted to charge fees. This has placed it practically in much the position of an affiliated school, and the regents, while they really have the same control over its faculty and its work as over the colleges at Berkeley, have refrained from using it, leaving the faculty entirely independent. The feeling within the medical school is that the time has come when it should be treated altogether as an organic part of the University, and receive its share of the revenues. The regents have postponed this completion of its organization, feeling unable to divert so large a sum from the growing needs of the departments already fully organized and on their hands, and hoping that the evident merit and importance of the medical school would attract special endowments. If the two medical schools in the State could be consolidated, it would not only release both from the need of any rivalry for fees, holding down the standards of admission, but would also increase the probability of endowments, and double the force of the claim — which cannot justly long be ignored in any case — upon the University funds.

In 1881, the faculty of the Medical

Department petitioned the regents to establish, as a branch thereof, a Dental Department, offering rooms in its building for that purpose. The history of this petition was as follows:— Since about 1870, there had been a State Dental Association, whose object was to obtain legal regulation of the dental profession; a dental school was felt to be necessary before the entrance to the profession could be guarded by law, and the Association had a standing committee on the subject. There were at that time only about half a dozen dental schools in the country. One of the members of the Association, Doctor Cogswell, gave a building to the University for the establishment of a dental college, and one was nominally organized, but never put into operation; the building was not such as could be used for the purpose, and the gift was so hampered by restrictions against selling or mortgaging that it was finally returned by the regents to the donor, and the Dental College given up. The whole matter stirred up afresh the zeal of the Association, and Doctor S. W. Dennis, with some other members, asked the Medical Department to let them have lecture room and clinical facilities in Toland Hall. From this request grew the petition of the medical faculty. It was granted, and the Dental Department established as a branch of the Medical. In 1885 the desired law was obtained, forbidding the practice of dental surgery without a license obtained on examination, as in other branches of the medical profession. In 1891, having outgrown its quarters in Toland Hall, the school removed to separate rooms, and practically severed its connection with the medical school.

The Medical Department has just accomplished an affiliation with the San Francisco Polyclinic, which supplies an optional fourth year in its course, after

THE HOPKINS-SEARLES MANSION.



MAIN HALL IN THE HOPKINS-SEARLES MANSION.

the degree. The Polyclinic is primarily a charity, incorporated in 1889 by a group of San Francisco physicians, with Dr. J. H. Stallard as president, for the purpose of giving free daily clinics to the poor, and is supported by funds raised by a board of Lady Patronesses. It is attended by forty-one physicians, and had last year 20,881 visitors. Its trustees had long wished to turn to account, for purposes of instruction, the great amount of material at hand, thinking that a purely clinical course, open only to those already graduates in medicine. would be most beneficial to the standards of the profession here. An attempt had been made to organize such a course, but it had failed to obtain students. On the other hand, the University medical school wished to have a graduate year, making its course really four years, though it did not feel able to require more than three as a condition of the degree. Accordingly, an affiliation was made in May, 1891, according to which the Polyclinic retains its own management and its character as a charity, while conducting at the same time the graduate course of the Medical Department of the University. The course is open to all who hold regular medical degrees, but those who hold them from the University are asked but one third of the fees. Among its advantages will be a complete apparatus for bacteriological study, the gift of R. H. McDonald, now on its way from Berlin. Hitherto there have been no facilities of the sort on the Coast. The undergraduate course also includes clinical instruction, for which there is exceptional chance in the fact that many of the teaching staff are also on the staff of the City and County Hospital; the school has charge of several wards there, and four graduates every year have the privilege of appointment as internes. In this very important matter of clinical teaching a small school of good character has a real advantage over the great schools; the student may see close at hand every

operation, and learn much by actual handling; while in the great schools he must often see from a distance,— even through opera glasses, I am told.

Immediately after the Medical Department was organized, in 1873, President Gilman suggested the affiliation of a school of pharmacy which had been started the year before by the California Pharmaceutical Society, then just incorporated. The course in the College of Pharmacy is accepted as equivalent to a year's work in the Medical Department, where seven of its graduates are enrolled by the latest register.

The Hastings College of the Law was founded in 1878, expressly to belong to the University, although its founder, Judge Hastings, preferred to put it under separate trustees, and make the separate arrangement for its funds mentioned above. I do not know that there is any good end to be gained by this arm's-length sort of connection which would not be better gained by a full union; but in this case the presence of so many of the University graduates in the law school makes the connection in feeling close. It was the effort of the trustees of this school to exclude from it two women, on the ground of their sex, that brought about the Supreme Court decision which fixed the status of affiliated schools as parts of the University. It is to the effect that all regulations of the University not expressly excepted in the articles of affiliation are binding upon affiliated schools. In accordance with this decision two or three women have graduated from the law school, and one is now studying there.

A home law school is felt by the California bar to be especially important, because law learned elsewhere does not prepare for practice under the California constitution and codes, and the school has always been looked on with a good deal of interest and consideration; though one of its professors speaks of a "stupid opposition" formerly felt, for fear it would overcrowd the profession. Its graduates have ranked well, although all are still young; five are on the Superior bench (all of these regular University graduates also), and several have been district attorneys.

The circumstances of the contemplated affiliation of the School of Design are fresh in every one's mind. Mr. Searles had offered to the school the famous Hopkins-Searles mansion in San Francisco, the bequest of his wife, formerly Mrs. Hopkins. The house cost perhaps half a million, and though the costly furniture has been removed, is remarkable for the opulence of its inside finishings, carving, panelings, and tapestries. The School of Design did not feel able to accept a gift that would cost so much in taxes and repairs and bring no income, and it was accordingly offered to the University on condition of the affiliation of the school. The offer was accepted, and the deeds have gone for signature to Mr. Searles, who is now abroad.

The School of Design was founded in 1873 by the San Francisco Art Association, which was itself founded two years earlier by a group of artists and newspaper men. Colonel Avery, at one time editor of the OVERLAND, and Noah Brooks, one of its earliest contributors, were in this group; J. B. Wandesforde was first president of the Association, and Virgil Williams director of the school from its foundation till his death. There are now five teachers, Arthur F. Mathews at the head. The school has been entirely dependent on its fees and the membership dues of the Association, and has no important property except a fine set of antique casts, the gift of the French government, through Pietro Mezzara, then a leading sculptor of California. That it has given, in spite of meager facilities, a thorough elementary training seems evident from the good standing its graduates have taken in Paris and elsewhere. By the proposed

terms of affiliation it will keep its board of directors and the entire management of its funds and its course of study; the regents are to give certificates upon recommendation of the faculty. The school is to have such occupancy of the building as it needs for purposes of fine art. It covets the stable as its headquarters, on account of the north light; the lower floor will be especially adapted to modeling, also. An art museum, occupying one floor of the mansion itself, is also talked of, but the school does not yet possess the contents for such a museum. The regents, on their part, expect also to use the building as headquarters for Extension lectures, and for their own meetings.

II.

THE ACCREDITING SYSTEM, AND EXTENSION WORK.

In its relation to the public school system the University of California is becoming especially strong,—stronger than any other great university except that of Michigan, whose method it has followed in the main. The University of Michigan was founded as part of a comprehensive plan of State education, embracing everything, from lowest to highest, as in the Prussian system, by which it was inspired. The definite connection between high school and university was not supplied, however, until 1870, when a sort of voluntary and unofficial relation, corresponding to the official one between the German gymnasia and universities, was established in the "diploma system."

The essence of this system is the admission of graduates from certain accredited schools, upon their diplomas, without examination. It is not exactly promotion from high school to university, as from one grade to another in the same school; but it is in effect a good deal the same thing, only under such safeguards as surround no other promotion in the whole school system. The system has been adopted in Illinois, and attempted, in imperfect form and without much success, by Cornell, Amherst, and Williams. The "Regents' Examination" in New York is a system somewhat akin. The Stanford University accepts high school certificates at its discretion, but has no regular accrediting system. In California it has had an independent development, not following strictly that of Michigan; nor does it owe its origin altogether to Michigan. For ten years before it was adopted, there was talk in the University of bringing about a better co-operation with the high schools, and efforts were made through conference with the high school teachers to influence and help the preparatory work. During that decade, however, the high schools were by the new constitution cut out from the State public school system, and were experiencing a period of great discouragement. Nothing was really accomplished till the end of 1883; a plan of accrediting was then decided on that closely followed that of Michigan,—whether actually taken from it, or from the same German sources, no one seems to remember clearly; probably from both, and from the obvious demand of the local situation as well. It was formally adopted by faculty and regents in the spring of 1884.

The substance of the system is as follows: — The University notifies all preparatory schools that such as request it will be visited and examined on the quality of teaching by a committee from the University, and if found satisfactory will be granted the privilege of entering its graduates without examination. The visiting and examining of the school is in some ways more thorough here than anywhere else. In the first place, instead of sending one examiner, to look into the merits of the school in a general way, the University — as soon as a request has been received for examina-

tion, and it has been shown by schedules of studies and sample examination papers forwarded that the school is really trying to cover the ground of University preparation — sends from time to time representatives of all departments, who remain it may be a whole day listening to the instruction, perhaps taking a class, examining records and papers, conferring with teachers, principal, and trustees, and in every way getting the fullest attainable idea of the status of the school, each one as to his own department. Upon bringing together the reports of these various visitors it is determined whether the school may be accredited or not. Nowhere else in the country is any such searching examination given the school: a committee of one, or at most of two, visits and reports; or, perhaps, at need some competent person unconnected with the University is authorized to examine. Moreover, in California the accredited status must be renewed annually; in Michigan it lasts for three years, unless some material change in the course of studies or teaching corps of the school takes place. This greater vigilance in California, however, may not mean any real superiority in thoroughness, for in Michigan the University deals with strong schools of established standards, manned largely by its own graduates; here, the work is largely of building up and setting standards.

The examination is by no means a mere form, and schools have been rejected more than once or twice. Since 1888–89 a school may be accredited, however, for one only of the four different matriculation examinations by which different courses in the University are entered. Usually they prepare for three, — which means that the high school does not afford teaching in Greek, and consequently cannot prepare for the classical course. Of 31 schools this year, 11 only are fully accredited; 6 prepare for but two courses; the rest for all but the classical. Since 1891, a school may be accredited in one or more subjects, though failing to offer any whole course satisfactorily; 14 of the 31 schools are accredited in this limited way. When the school is examined subject by subject, and teacher by teacher, as it is, it gives no more trouble to the University to accredit in this partial way, beyond a little more book-keeping; and it serves as a strong stimulus to the deficient departments to pull up to the level of the others.

Besides the diploma of an accredited school, a candidate must bring a special recommendation from the principal in order to be exempt from examination. The conditions of recommendation to the University are understood to be more severe than those of graduation even from the best schools. Nor are principals likely to become lax in giving these recommendations, for the renewal of the accrediting depends not only upon the annual examination, but also, and as much, upon the record made in the University by the recommended graduates of the previous year. In one case a school lost its accredited rank through careless recommendations given by the principal. Still farther to lessen the danger of a point's being strained to recommend a boy who deserves it in most respects but not in all, a principal is permitted since last year to recommend with exceptions, and the candidate is required to pass examination on the excepted study only.

Thus there has grown up a complete system of inspection, examination, and report upon the schools throughout the State, more guarded, and yet more flexible and stimulating to the schools, than exists in any other State. Out of it has grown a supplementary system of visiting, — even where the formal examination is not asked, — with advice and suggestion. This has come spontaneously into existence in the last three years, as an outcome of the cordiality of relation

the schools have come to hold toward the University, and the growing sense of dependence on its advice, and desire for its verdict as to their work. The University not only stands ready to visit and advise in the organization of a high school, or the possibility of bringing one to accredited grade in future, but makes it now its business to take the initiative in a systematic attempt to have knowledge of all the secondary schools of the State, to make direct acquaintance with all as opportunity offers, and to keep up a living relation between the university and high school stage of education. It was this visiting system that President Eliot, after examining its workings on his recent visit to California, adopted for the use of Harvard.

In all this there is no assumption of authority, for it is purely voluntary. But in a spontaneous way, and by mutual consent, it supplies in a considerable degree that supervision of the schools from the universities, instead of from the public that Matthew Arnold says (in a very important article in the *Century Magazine*,) makes the lower schools of the Continent *alive* to the bottom, where those of America and England are dead. Its effect on the schools has been wonderful. Three were fully accredited the first year, 11 this year, besides 20 partly accredited. In 1888 the privilege was extended to private schools, and seven of these are on the list, leaving 24 free high schools preparing fully or in part for college, where 8 years ago scarcely half a dozen made any attempt These numbers are small by those of the "approved" schools of Michigan,— 54, besides 37 in neighboring States, over which the Michigan University now extends the privilege; but the system has been in operation almost twenty-two years there, nearly three times as long as in California, and I judge that even before 1870 secondary education had been better cared for in Michigan than here, where it has been the Cinderella of the school system.

The University test has supplied the schools a standard which they could not possibly have had in any other way, and the accrediting is earnestly sought, and teachers are sifted and changed with reference to it. It is not that the exemption from examination is so great a thing to obtain, for the boy or girl that deserves the exemption does not need to fear the examination; but that the accrediting fixes the status and merit of the school. Principals who know they are doing good work wish it attested to their trustees, and trustees suspect something wrong when neighboring schools obtain the guarantee and their own does not seek it. To lose this certificate of what may be called standard high school rank, once gained, is a serious matter, and an instance has been known in which a great city high school reorganized its force rather than meet such a discredit. Even political influence weakens in its power to uphold an incompetent teacher in face of it, for severe popular disapproval might be provoked by the loss of standing for the school. The University has nothing to say anywhere on the choice of teachers: it simply reports on the quality of the teaching when asked; and now that so many schools are accredited, it is impossible for the authorities of any prominent one to avoid asking.

As an instance of the value attached this report, it was related to me that to when, some years ago, the school board of a small inland city was surprised by the University examiners with the information that its little high school was the best on their list, and published the news with some elation, the examiners promptly received appeals and complaints from the large schools; and the little school was soon stripped of all its three teachers,—two called to larger positions, one to opportunities for further study,— an unfortunate result for the

school itself, but in the line of the general advancement of education. In another case, a community was grudgingly supporting, by vote of a small majority, a new school, and by no means certain to maintain its thoroughly competent principal against a local favorite who wished the place. The school had not yet the advanced classes that would justify a request for accrediting, but some of its friends asked the University to send a representative to visit and report on it on general principles. The University cordially responded to this, and to a later request for a speaker on a public day connected with the school; and the community, surprised and pleased to find the unpretending little institution many of them had thought scarcely worth fostering valued and praised by wise men from afar, gave in the next election their hearty support to school and principal, and shouldered cheerfully a considerable tax for a schoolhouse.

In other cases, perhaps in many at the beginning, the visiting committees have doubtless met much antagonism and distrust toward the University; but it has always disappeared on acquaintance with the real character and work of the institution. Ten years ago it was no recommendation to school boards that a candidate held the University degree, and college graduates were not expected to make up the staff of a high school to any extent,—at least, not college women. The regular path to high school positions in the cities was by promotion on account of success in grammar school work. Now, each year finds University graduates more and more sought, for high school positions especially.

Besides the use to teachers and community, these visits from the University and the sense of connection with it have an incalculable effect on the pupils. At that age a mere glimpse of something higher and beyond, of a possible attainment unthought of before, sometimes changes a life. President Angell says that this impulse given to the high schools goes down through all the lower grades, and imparts an aspiration and energy to the whole school system. The university, too, he points out, is bettered, not only by receiving more and better students, but also by being kept in touch with a large region of sociology that universities sometimes neglect.

A second means of alliance with the schools is the appointment of a professor of pedagogics,—whose special topic is school education. The University has been somewhat late in this, though such a department was remotely planned for here almost as soon as one existed anywhere in the country. In Eastern universities the pedagogical work concerns itself mainly with the scientific study of the subject; but in State universities a good deal of active relation with the lower schools is added to it. In the University of California this new department does not lessen the work of the visiting and examining committees, but supplements it. The professor of pedagogics is often sought as a speaker at teachers' institutes; and as there are fifty-three of these annually in California a really heavy demand is likely to be made on him among them. His regular business in the University is with professional instruction,—not Normal School training, but still instruction looking directly to the preparation of the student for the work of a teacher or superintendent of education. This is properly graduate work. If the student takes part of his undergraduate course to prepare himself for the work of a teacher, it robs him of that much time for the general education he will never have an uninterrupted chance to get again in his life. Just as much as a man or woman who desires to take the highest rank as a physician plans to give three years to professional work

after completing his college course, one who really appreciates the demands of the schoolroom should plan for a special training on as high a level. In no other way can the long-talked-of "elevation of teaching to the rank of a profession" take place. It is a cherished hope, also, of students of common school education, to see school superintendencies, State, and county, and city, come to be regarded as callings peculiarly belonging to special students of educational affairs, and properly to be looked forward to by young men of ability when they seek advanced graduate training in the subject. If three years of graduate work, is hardly to be hoped for as a preliminary to a profession of so small emoluments, one year at least, might be urged on graduates who look to high school teaching Meanwhile, the University authorities have judged it best to give instruction on common school education among undergraduate studies; and certainly some knowledge of the subject belongs to what every educated person should know.

Still another link between the two grades of education is in the special Teachers' Courses that have for years been growing into more and more importance at Berkeley, until now Saturday is largely given up to them, and considerable bodies of teachers from the neighboring cities and villages come in to one or another lecture or seminary, especially adapted for their uses. Some of this work is pedagogical in its nature, professors in one and another department giving instruction on the method of elementary teaching, each in his specialty; oftener they are the regular undergraduate work, so arranged that it can be followed in weekly classes. Some of the evening sessions of literary, scientific, or philosophical organizations are quite largely attended by listeners, or even members, from Oakland or San Francisco.

This is University Extension in all except that the students come to the classes instead of the classes going to them. Last year, regular Extension courses were begun in the two neighboring cities.

University men everywhere differ as to the advisability of this Extension work, whose great advocate in this country is the University of Pennsylvania. The English idea of taking to remote towns the opportunity for some real university work, which must be of a serious and systematic character, such as to rank up to a certain point with the work done in residence, is one thing, and the system of popular lectures toward which it easily degenerates among us is another. There is no question that the Extension lectures of the University have been successful, as lectures. Last year there was an average attendance of 40 at lectures on historical and comparative English grammar, 40 in mathematics, 100 in ethics, 250 in history (these in Los Angeles), and 400 in Shakespeare criticism. Of these 830 listeners, some 60 entered for examination, and 39 passed, and received certificates, which entitled them to a certain amount of credit for undergraduate work, should they ever become students at Berkeley. A limited amount of home study is expected of those regular attendants upon the lectures who propose to pass examination, and each lecture is supplemented with questioning, explanation, and discussion,— sometimes the examination and criticism of papers,— so that to the fraction who take the course as real students its educational value is unquestionable.

Whether these — about one tenth of the whole attendance in Oakland and San Francisco — might not have managed to hear the one lecture a week in Berkeley with as little trouble as it cost the lecturer to come to them may be questioned. As far as definite educational results are con-

cerned, it is rather a large apparatus for comparatively small results. But there are other justifications for the work. For one thing, the lectures and classes in cities within easy reach of the University are a test and a school for work in more distant ones. For another, they help to make the University known to the public.

This is a motive the University of California — perhaps because of its Yale ancestry — has always looked on with caution. It savors of advertising methods, and of the cheapening that befalls an institution of learning too anxious to be "known." To be trying to show itself to the best advantage and planning for public approval, is a dangerous step toward losing that solid and assured honesty that a university must have if anything on earth is to have it. Yet on the other hand, an American university, a private foundation scarcely less than a State one, depends upon the people; and while it must not court their favor by any betrayal of their interests in the way of lowering standards, neither has it a right to too close a seclusion. To distribute its regular official statements and hold its books open to inspection is not enough: in some way it must reach the people to give them knowledge of what it really is and is doing. How delicate and difficult a line of behavior a university must draw to do this effectively, and yet sacrifice nothing of a sturdy reliance upon the fact of its work rather than the appearance, one may realize by watching the behavior of the various American universities in this respect, — Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Chicago, say. Extension lectures, publication of books and monographs, and popular presentation of results through the press, are the legitimate and usual methods, and there is not one of them that is not liable to a certain degeneration in the way of trying to make a good showing. The University of California has kept itself very free from this sort of degeneration. It has been conservative about issuing publications, in the absence of such important graduate work and research as might make these of unquestioned merit throughout the university world. It has been shy of the press, partly through unpleasant past experience. It carries this particular conservatism so far, indeed, as to amount to a neglect to take its real place in the eyes of the public. One finds in journals where regular reports are given from the colleges of the country no mention of the University of California, though institutions of perhaps one fifth the wealth and standing are heard from regularly. Books or magazines that publish popular articles on representative colleges of the country receive no reminder from this one that it belongs in the number. The bent and tradition of the University seems therefore a guarantee that the Extension work will not be managed in an advertising spirit, nor carried to an excess.

III.

In closing these articles upon the State University, which have lengthened beyond my wish or intention, I must first make a few corrections. Two are as to small points of fact, which I take the time to mention only in the interest of accuracy. Mr. Willey did not, as I said, leave New York in advance of the first steamer to Panama and join it at New Orleans, but sailed from New York on that steamer, which started, with its four young clergymen, before the news of the discovery of gold. Doctor Durant did not die at the Berkeley Club, where he was to have spoken of the "Good Time Coming," but was taken ill there, and died next day. A third error, which doubtless corrected itself to readers by its absurdity, was the careless copying down of the number of tons of rock — 72,000 — removed from

the crest of Mount Hamilton to get standing room for the Observatory, as 72!—a sort of error that fairly flaunts in a writer's face the temptation to say the printer did it. I may have committed other inaccuracies; but my attention has been called to no others.

I have been criticised, however, for the statement that the University is "weakest on the side of pure science," and not unjustly, for the phrasing is misleading. The sentence occurs in a rather hasty and cursory glance over the present status of the University, which closes an article intended to be primarily a story of origins; but it should none the less have been more carefully worded. It was far from my meaning to say that the *instruction* on this side is weak, or even less strong than in other directions. I have every reason to believe that some of the best work in the University is done in pure science. But the organization and equipment of the University are weak on this side. Certain subjects, indeed,—mathematics, physics, and chemistry in especial—have full place in the schedules, a staff of teachers in proportion to other departments, excellent laboratories, and adequate attention in every way; and this because they were regarded at the outset as supplying the theoretic basis on which several industrial sciences rest. Each of the three has in fact developed quite beyond this limited purport, and I was in error in saying that the College of Chemistry is given up to industrial chemistry: on the contrary, assaying, analysis of soils, and the like, are relegated to the Colleges of Mines and Agriculture, where they belong.

These sciences, with astronomy, make up what I may call an "exact science" group, and the others, geology, mineralogy, zoology, physiology, botany, may be grouped for want of a better term as "natural history" sciences. The University forces are thus divided:—

Technical Science	19 instructors,	35 courses
Exact Sciences	15 "	48 "
Language and Literature	14 "	87 "
Sociology and Philosophy	10 "	33 "
Natural History Sciences	7 "	17 "

The largest force in a single branch is in Agriculture. In the Stanford University, out of a faculty somewhat smaller, the technical sciences have 12 men, the exact science group 10, and the natural history group 9; with a good deal more provision of laboratories and museums than in Berkeley. Harvard, out of a faculty not twice as large as that of Berkeley, has more than three times as many men in natural history; and the Chicago University announcements also make that group of sciences prominent. Michigan University, however, gives them less place than is given here; and I do not think that they have hitherto had much attention, on the whole, in systematized instruction in this country. The University of California is not so much behind other institutions in its provision for them, as behind its own in other departments. Two years ago, they had the services of but three men in the faculty. At present, their most serious disadvantage, which they share with all the sciences, except chemistry, outside of the technical courses is that the arrangement of courses tells somewhat against their election by students looking forward to a degree. As I have said, the system of "colleges" fixed in the State constitution is somewhat cumbrous. It protects the University against any dangerous alteration of its general plan by legislatures, but it also makes it hard to keep the expanding and increasing courses free and flexible. The regents have now under consideration the establishment of a new "college," which would not be bound by any constitutional regulation, and could with entire freedom provide for all courses not otherwise provided for. Even now, by a combination of choice of courses, and of elec-

tion within each course, the student has great freedom of choice in studies; and if the arrangement now talked of be carried out, he will have as perfect freedom as any but the most radical believers in electives could ask.

To summarize:—We have thus the University, built up of:—

I. The College of California, a pioneer classical college, created chiefly by New England men, largely under Yale influence, and now represented by the classical course of the College of Letters, and by a certain spirit of liberal learning throughout the institution.

II. The Colleges of Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Mining, and Civil Engineering, making up a school of technology, established by Federal and State patronage, and expanded to a university by the adoption into itself of the classical college. These have carried out their original purpose unaltered.

III. The College of Chemistry, a scientific course added later by the legislature without the definite technical purpose; and the new courses, "Literary" and "Letters and Political Science," created by the regents nominally within the College of Letters. These represent really the growth and expansion of the University, the branching of the trunk growing from the two roots.

IV. The four professional schools, and the Lick Astronomical Department, acquired by gift and by affiliation, situated at some distance from Berkeley, and all except the Astronomical Department self-supporting.

V. The graduate and research work, now just beginning to rise to importance; and the several forms of outreaching work. These also are growths from the University's self.

There is thus sketched out an almost complete university system: when the School of Design is added, no important department of learning except theological study will remain unprovided for. It is conceivable that some time the way will clear for a non-sectarian provision for even this. As for the filling in of the outlines:—Within the colleges at Berkeley, the whole ground of practicable undergraduate study will be covered with a little more increase of force and adjustment of courses. If this were all, the increase of funds from the regular sources would be enough to keep the University in the front rank in America. But a university now depends more on its graduate than its undergraduate work for its status; and there is no such thing as having a sufficient revenue for graduate work, for this has all the known and the knowable as its province. Besides this insatiable demand, there is need of a special endowment for the Observatory, not less than half a million, and of endowments for all the professional schools, and especially the medical.

What will be the future of this university? It stands now fifth or sixth in wealth, seventh in numbers, of American universities. After his visit here last spring President Eliot, of Harvard, mentioned the University of California in a public address among "five leading American universities." Melvil Dewey, State Librarian of New York, at a learned gathering, said that there would be ultimately four great university centers in this country,—Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, and the University of California. When such things are said by careful men at a distance, people at home must believe that the prophecy may be fulfilled. Whether it will be, time must show. It will take many years to show whether the Pacific center of university life will finally be at Berkeley or Palo Alto. Some observers say that two really great universities cannot exist near together. The case of Oxford and Cambridge may be quoted to the contrary. In any case, the University of California has already set standards that can not be passed, except by a degree of attainment that will place the State very high in the world of learning.

Milicent W. Shinn.

A PENINSULAR CENTENNIAL. I.

Vancouver's Visit, in 1792, to the Bay and Peninsula of San Francisco.

Notable, every way, was the incoming, that winter dusk in 1792, of the first foreign ship known to have entered the Bay of San Francisco, bearing, in the person of its distinguished commander, the forerunner of the Teuton civilization and empire which was to have its seat on the waters of this "*mar mediteraneo.*"

Especially true is this to that historical student who touches his material not as debris, to be sorted and labeled, but as clay, and this not of the brickmaker but of the sculptor, interpreting a thought not his own.

The narrative runs easily.

On April 1, 1791, the young Lieutenant George Vancouver, then but thirty-three years old, set sail in his sloop-of-war, Discovery, for a voyage of exploration in the Pacific seas, which he had twice visited as a member of Captain Cook's party.

After visiting and surveying portions of Australia and New Zealand he set out for the north-west coast of America.

It was in April of 1792 that he sighted California, just south of Cape Mendocino. Two hundred and fourteen years had elapsed since his countryman Drake had visited these shores, taking possession of them in the name of his queen, Elizabeth, and giving to them the name of New Albion, which Vancouver is careful always to use. Proceeding northward the young explorer surveyed the coast with minute care to a point north of the island now bearing his name, and whose insularity he was, I believe, the first to prove. It was exactly two hundred years after the discovery of the island by Juan de Fuca.

Vancouver's work "formed the basis of all subsequent surveys." Some broad lines had remained to be drawn, others wholly re-drawn, and some amazing ones to be erased. Of these, notably, were the lines, drawn with some detail, of the mythical Straits of Anian, assumed to connect, on the latitude of the Great Lakes, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, thus forming the water-way to Cathay which Columbus had sought just three hundred years before. Thus dissolved the dream, sublimest in its results of all illusions of men, of three centuries. (Winsor, however, states that it lingered in some minds so late as 1806.)

An international incident at Nootka Island gives color to Vancouver's subsequent visit to the Spanish settlement. At that place he met Señor Quadra, with whom he attempted a solution of certain problems concerning territorial and trading rights claimed by Spain. Their negotiations reached no conclusion other than a reference of the whole matter to a convention of their governments; but in this intercourse, that were so easily productive of animosities, was begun a generous friendship which was afterward so to advantage the one and embarrass the other.

And now on November 15, 1792, the Discovery rounded Point Reyes, and came into view of the broad sweep of coast line fronting the Farallon Islands, and long known as the Port of San Francisco.

In this open bay, or bight, several indentations were observable, one of which the young explorer knew to open into the newly found San Francisco Bay.

That this noblest of American harbors should have remained so long undiscovered — assuming that it is not

the "convenient and fit harborough" in which Drake careened his ship — is one of the remarkable facts of Western history. Drake was for a month in the outer port, or its near vicinity, and Viscaino seems to have anchored there.

The long concealment of the great bay may be due to man's inadvertence, or, as Padre Palou affirmed, to the gracious advertence of God in answer to the prayers of St. Francis of Assisi, for whom the divine hand had veiled the gateway—possibly and literally in fog—until the fullness of the times.

The times were full when in 1769 the nameless deer hunters of Portola's party, of which Palou was a member, from the summit of the Santa Morena hills discovered the great "*braza de mer.*"

But on this winter day no eye of European—if Drake's had not—had rested upon these noble waters.

On this memorable evening a mounted courier kept watch at the Heads, for the coming of the English ship had been announced. Her sail was seen in the twilight; the courier hastened to the Presidio. One of the two small cannons was loaded, and as, in the deepened dusk, the Discovery passed by she was saluted; the comandante not having, as on a later occasion, to send on board the visiting ship to borrow the needed powder.

Sailing past the Presidio, without observing it, the sloop dropped anchor in a cove clearly identified as that of Yerba Buena. This cove is now wholly effaced, being filled in and forming the waterfront and much of the wholesale quarter of San Francisco. Vancouver's journal of the next day reads:—

"Thursday morning, Nov. 15, we discovered our anchorage to be in a most excellent small bay. . . The herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazing on the surrounding hills were a sight we had long been strangers to, and brought to our minds many pleasing reflections. These indicated that the residence of their proprietors could not be far remote, though we could perceive neither inhabitants nor habitations."

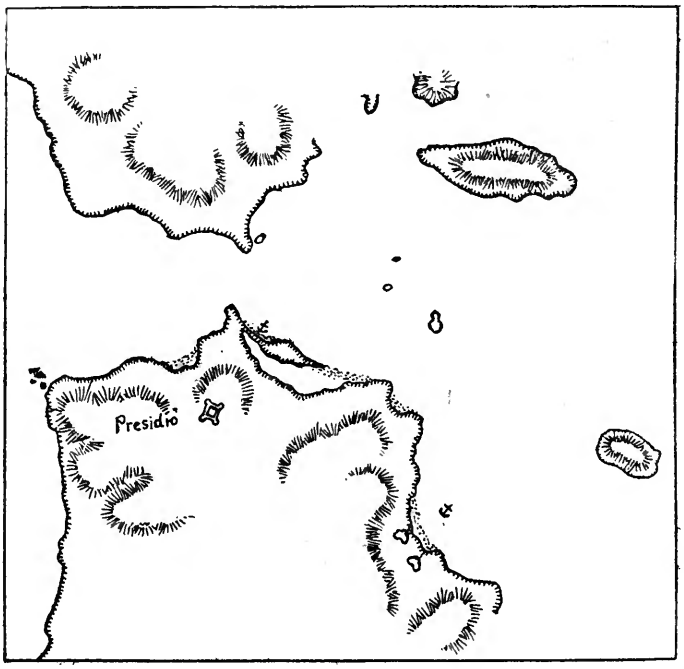
Vancouver was not without his prescience of the future of the bay; but how hardly could he have pictured on the mud-flats and sand-hills of this cove in this remote land the great English-speaking city that fronts the British warship that anchors there now! So late as 1833 this marsh and the barren hills above it remained as he saw them. At that date "there was not a single inhabitant of what is now known as the city and county of San Francisco, outside of the Presidio and the Mission." (Davis: "Sixty Years in California.")

His journal continues: "On hoisting the colors at sunrise a gun was fired, and a little time afterward several people were seen on horseback, coming from behind the hills down to the beach, who waved their hats and made other signals for a boat, which was immediately sent to the shore, and on its return I was favored with the good company of a priest of the order of St. Francisco, and a sergeant in the Spanish army." This sergeant, wearing perhaps the leather armor then and there in use, was the doughty Amador, a Miles Standish of these Western Pilgrims, whose sword effectively aided the crucifix of the padres in their dealings with the uncircumcised.

The greetings of the father and the sergeant were most cordial, the former declaring that it "would be conferring on them all a peculiar obligation to allow them to be serviceable," and the Sergeant announcing that, "in the absence of the commandant, he was directed to render us every accommodation the settlement could afford." "We attended them on shore after breakfast, when they embraced the earliest opportunity of proving that their friendly expressions were not empty professions, by presenting me with a very fine ox, a sheep, and some excellent vegetables. The good friar, after pointing out the

most convenient spot for procuring wood and water, and repeating the hospitable offers he had before made in the name of the Fathers of the Franciscan Order, returned to the Mission of St. Francisco, which we understood was at no great distance." "We amused ourselves with shooting a few quails on the adjacent hills, and in the afternoon returned on board to partake of the excellent repast which had been supplied by our hospitable friends. While we were thus pleasantly engaged, our boat brought off Father Antonio Danti and Senr. Don Heamegildo Sal, an ensign of the Spanish army and commandant of the port."

The hospitable expressions of these guests were as warm as those of the earlier visitors. In order that his guest might be the more readily served by him, the comandante desired Vancouver to change his place of anchorage to the cove before the Presidio. That there



[1] MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO ENTRANCE, TRACED FROM THE MAP ACCOMPANYING VANCOUVER'S JOURNAL.

[1] This map was doubtless made by Vancouver on his first visit, in 1792, although probably corrected on his later visits. It apparently was drawn from the ship's deck at the second anchorage, a drawing of Yerba Buena Cove being added from observations taken at the first anchorage. Vancouver seems to have been, very properly, kept in ignorance by the Spanish authorities of the explorations of Ayala in 1775 and those of Anza in the following year. Ayala — whose vessel, the San Carlos, was, the writer assumes, "the first ship that ever passed the pillared passage," (Hittell) — explored the bay to the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Of the region included in his map, however, Vancouver's lines are more accurate than any of the nearly contemporary ones.

were diplomatic as well as hospitable reasons for this request, may be inferred. In the secluded cove of Yerba Buena the English commander could too readily send out exploring parties by land and water.

In compliance with the request of the comandante, and guided by a pilot sent by him, the Discovery worked its way in a S. and S. W. gale to what is known as the Outer Harbor. It is called the "usual place of anchorage" and La

Perouse, on the map sent to his government several years before, so indicated it by an anchor. It may here be remarked that this map has been claimed to have been drawn from hydrographic surveys made by his engineers, sent by La Perouse from Monterey for this purpose. If this were so, then they and not Vancouver's party would be the first Europeans to have visited the bay. But, aside from other evidence, the evidence of the map seems to me conclusive against such supposition. It is evidently drawn from mere visual observations, and is absurdly inaccurate,—running, for instance, the San Mateo and Santa Clara coast line due east, leaving the waters at the extremity of the bay to break at the foot of Mount Diablo!

Arrived at this new anchorage, they observed their courteous host standing in the driving rain, "for the purpose of instantly affording us any assistance in his power to supply. A message to this effect was brought by three of the native Indians, who came in a canoe of the country." These canoes, or *balsas*, were about ten feet in length and three or four in breadth. They are described as "constructed of rushes [tules] and dried grass, of a long, broad leaf, made into rolls the length of the canoe, the thickness in the middle, and regularly tapering to each end." Frail and shallow as they were, Vancouver found the natives crossing the bay in them in even quite rough weather. They were propelled "by long, double-bladed paddles, like those used by the Esquimaux."

A tent was now pitched on the shore, wells were dug, and a "party employed in procuring fuel from small, bushy holly-leafed oaks, the only trees fit for our purpose."

The Journal continues: "While engaged in allotting to our people their different employments, some saddled horses arrived from the commandant, with a very cordial invitation to his habitation, which was accepted by myself and several of the officers." "We soon arrived at the Presidio, which was not more than a mile from our landing place. Its wall, which fronted the harbor, was visible from the ships; but instead of the city or town, whose lights we had so anxiously looked for on the night of our arrival, we were conducted into a spacious, verdant plain, surrounded by hills on every side, except that which fronted the port." The city of San Francisco, which in its spreading has obliterated hills, valleys, and shorelines, is creeping over this pretty circle of hills. But at present much of it remains as Vancouver saw it, although nearly or quite denuded of trees.[1]

"The only object of human industry which presented itself," the narrator continues, "was a square area, whose sides were about two hundred yards in length, [Sal, in his official description, gives the length as one hundred and twenty yards,] inclosed in a mud wall resembling a pound for cattle. Above its wall the thatched roofs of their low, small houses just made their appearance." This wall, one side of which was unfinished, was "about fourteen feet high and five feet in breadth, and was first formed by uprights and horizontal rafters of large timber, between which dried sod and moistened earth had been pressed as close and as hard as possible; after which the whole was cased with earth, made into a sort of mud-plaster, which gave it the appearance of durability." The observant captain remarked the sufficient strength of this wall against any assault of the natives. He could also observe — much to the chagrin of the governor, on the latter official's learning of the English commander's visit—how utterly pregnable the walls would be to cannon shot.

Entering the enclosure by the only

[1] The "bushy holly-leaved oak" mentioned above, is the *Quercus agrifolia*, for which identification and others I am indebted to Professor Edward Lee Greene of the University of California.

gate, which was on the seaward side, the visitors saw an open square around which were arranged the various buildings. Fronting the gateway was the chapel, white-washed with lime made from sea shells. "On the left of the church was the commandant's house, consisting, I believe, of two rooms and a closet only, which were divided by massy walls." In Sal's plan, accompanying his official description, this house stands on the western side of the square, the chapel on the southern side. This is of interest to note, as there are now standing in the Presidio grounds four adobe buildings on two sides of the open square in front of the officers' quarters. This is presumably the open space of the Presidio of Vancouver's account. One of these adobes stands in the same position relative to the square that the commandant's residence, in which the explorer was entertained, stood. Is this adobe the building made historical as the first on our bay, and possibly in California, to shelter one of the race destined to "possess the land"?

It were gratifying so to consider it. But a measurement of the present structure, kindly furnished by General Graham, now commanding the Presidio, shows conclusively that it cannot have been the same building as that described by Sal, unless afterwards altered greatly. The dimensions given by Sal were (reduced from varas to feet) 102¾ x 16⅔ feet. The present building is 44 feet by 30.

And that the buildings now standing are not a part of the original structures seems certain, from descriptions of the latter in the early part of the century, in which they are declared to be in a "most ruinous state." Adobe ruins in such an exposed place soon disappear. Farnham, in 1840, states that the Presidio buildings formed two sides of a square, as the present buildings do, and that the commandant's house and the chapel stood where the two larger adobes now stand. I presume these are the same buildings, and date back, therefore, to pre-American days,—although Wilkes, in the year following Farnham's visit, describes the buildings as in great disrepair. Probably, therefore, the only physical link of man's making that connects the San Francisco of 1792 with that of 1892, our own modern with the alien, and, in type, medieval civilization, is the chapel of the Mission Dolores, afterwards to be mentioned.

To resume Vancouver's description of his host's residence: "The windows, which were cut in the front wall and look into the square, were entirely destitute of glass, or any other defence that does not at the same time exclude the light." "The floor was of the native soil, raised about three feet from its original level . . not even reduced to an even surface. The roof was covered with flags and rushes [Sal, writing a few days later, says it was tiled]; the walls on the inside had once been white-washed; the furniture consisted of a very sparing assortment of the most indispensable articles of the rudest fashion and of the meanest kind, and ill accorded with the ideas we had conceived of the sumptuous manner in which the Spaniards live on this side of the globe."

On entering the main apartment, about 30 x 14 feet in size, the cultured Englishman found his hostess "decently dressed, and seated cross-legged on a mat, on a small, square, wooden platform, raised three or four inches from the ground." With their mother were three children whose "decorous and pleasing behavior was really admirable." One of these children, Doña Josefa Sal, was, in 1873, I believe, a guest of Mr. R. C. Hopkins in San Francisco.

After partaking of some refreshment served by the señora, whom he invited with her husband to dine with him on the vessel, the commander withdrew to inspect, with his too indulgent host, the ordnance of this great port, which proved

to be but two small cannon. Of these brass six-pounders one stood on a rotten carriage in front of the Presidio, and the other, mounted on a log, lay out on what is now called Fort Point.

There were some rude carts at the Presidio which Sal tendered to his guest, to use in conveying the wood to the shore. They must have been sufficiently primitive, for they were declined as "by no means so well calculated as the miserable straw canoes for the service."

"Thus," writes the first English visitor, "at the expense of very little examination, altho not without much disappointment, was our curiosity satisfied concerning the Spanish town and settlement of San Francisco. Instead of seeing a country tolerably well inhabited and far advanced in civilization, if we except its natural pastures, the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, there is not an object to indicate the most remote connection with any European or other civilized nation."

At dinner on ship-board, Vancouver entertained, with the comandante and wife and their party, one of the padres, who gave his host an urgent invitation to visit the Mission.

On the next day, Sunday, Vancouver, in company with Mr. Menzies and some of the officers, rode out to the Mission, now in the midst of the city, but then lying, a village in itself, near the laguna, named for the *dolores* of Mary, as the Mission itself commemorated, in its name, the *dolores* of St. Francis of Assissi. The very site of this Lake of Sorrows is doubtfully identified, so much has the topography of the vicinity been changed.

The buildings of the Mission were similar in style and material to those of the Presidio, but "more finished, better contrived; were larger and much more cleanly."

The disposition of the buildings is not clear to the writer from Vancouver's description. "The buildings of the Mission formed two sides of a quadrangle only," he states. But one of these sides seems to have been a quadrangle itself, a "small, oblong square, the side of the church composing one end, near which were the apartments of the fathers." They were so placed as to guard the only entrance to the square, around which were the quarters, for their toil and living, of the unmarried women and girls. These were, Vancouver states, "in a state of conversion to the Roman Catholic persuasion." It is to be hoped that they were as obedient to the spiritual counsels of the Church as they were to its temporal authority. That authority was quite absolute. They were, by "various encouragements and allurements" (of which, some years later, at least, musketry was one) led to enter this square, taking all the cloistral vows but that of celibacy. Indeed, the place was a training school for wives. When "they marry, which is greatly encouraged, . . they retire from the tuition of the fathers to the huts of their husbands."

This tuition included manual training, especially the carding, spinning, and weaving of blankets. The latter was done in looms, "tolerably well-contrived," made by the natives under the fathers' direction. Others of their male wards the fathers taught in husbandry. Then or later the rich slopes of San Bruno and San Mateo were in grain, their hills pastured with the mission herds.

Captain Vancouver is informed by Spanish gentlemen with whom he conversed, "that the uniformly mild and kind-hearted disposition of this religious order has never failed to attach to their interests the affections of the natives." The contemporary records, however, do not assure us of uniform mildness in the administration of the fathers of San Francisco. Governor Borica, in his investigation in 1797, found authenticated instances of great cruelty and a common

lack of humanity in the treatment, especially of recalcitrant natives. In 1795 he states there were "two hundred and three cases of death, and two hundred of flight."

In respect to this one may say it would take great constancy, as well as initial purity of benevolence, to keep a perfectly mild heart to the creatures they sought to raise. Excepting the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego and of Van Diemen's Land, "they were," says Vancouver, "certainly a race of the most miserable beings possessing the faculty of human reason I ever saw." Ugly and stupid, their faces were "devoid of sensibility or the least expression." They seem not only to have been insensible to the kindness shown them, (certainly by the revered Palou,) but to have commonly abused it by low craftiness.

Vancouver regarded the safety of the fathers, protected by but three or four soldiers from the Presidio, as in great peril. This the fathers were not unmindful of, and affirmed that the detention of the marriageable women, "the dearest object of affection amongst these Indians," was a prudential necessity. They were hostages for the good behavior of the men.

Near the Mission buildings was the Indian village, said to contain six hundred persons. Their huts were arranged along narrow and filthy lanes, and were constructed of willow and other stakes, "driven into the earth in a circular manner, the upper ends of which, being small and pliable, were brought nearly to join at the top in the center of the circle." "Thinner twigs of the like species are horizontally interwoven between the uprights, forming a species of basket work about ten or twelve feet high." "The entrance is by a small hole close to the ground." "The whole is covered over with a thick thatch of dried grass and rushes."

"Close by stood the church, which for its magnitude, architecture, and internal decoration, did great credit to the constructors of it." This was the third structure used as chapel at the Mission, and is the one now standing, venerable trysting place of the faiths of two centuries. The first rude sod hut of 1776 had been soon abandoned, and one "made of wood and thatched with flags" [Palou] built. The present structure was raised, over its chest of Saints' bones and other relics, in 1782.

Having inspected the mission grounds the visitors were invited to dine with the fathers. "The hospitable behavior of our new friends amply compensated for the homely manner in which dinner was served." This was of beef, mutton, fish, fowls, and vegetables.

Learning of the mission at Santa Clara, "at a distance of 18 leagues," they accepted the offer of Senr. Sal to provide horses for an expedition thither.

This offer, made possibly in the glow of post-prandial wine, was immediately regretted by those tendering it. The very interesting personal narrative of Vancouver of this visit—the first penetration by an alien into this dark half-continent—with the personal and diplomatic infelicities arising from it, will require another paper for treatment.

William H. McDougal.

A LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BUT yesterday the summer still was here.
A sky of cloudless blue, a little thin,
O'erarched a world gone color-mad, wherein
Each tree and bush and vine, or far or near,
Flamed royal scarlet, gold, and bronze,—save where
A restful note amid that restless scene,
Steadfast and grave and still, an evergreen
Aspired heavenwards, as though in prayer.
From the still surface of each lake and stream,
Veiling the glory of its borrowed dyes
Palely arose a shimmering blue haze.
The earth was lovely as a poet's dream,
Fair as an eremite's foretaste of paradise—
O past delight! O vanished golden days!

A day has passed, and lo! the world is old.
Gray clouds fleet past across dim somber skies.
The brown and beggared earth all mutely lies
Naked and shivering with grief and cold;
Rent is her purple garment, trod in the mold.
The bare, black trees their withered branches raise,—
Harps whereupon the wailing west wind plays
"*L'envoi*" unto a story that is told.
Yet has the scene a strange charm of its own.
The breath of dying leaves, the misty lines
Of crimson and dull orange in the west,
The strong rush of the wind with raindrops sown,—
The soul their kindred burden half divines,
Of joy in pain, and yearning vague unrest.

Neith Boyce.

MEXICAN ART IN CLAY.

It will probably never be known at what period in the history of our race man first made objects of clay. In the very dawn of intellect his own tracks, or those of animals in the mud, may have suggested to him that other forms could be made o the same material. It required no exalted reasoning powers to conclude that if the heat of the sun would harden objects clay, that a greater heat would produce a greater hardness. It is no wonder then that we find the production of pottery among the first, if not the very first manufacture in the world. As similar articles of this manufacture appear among widely separated, and so far as we know totally unconnected peoples, so also each nation or race has developed peculiarities of its own, and some of these among the Mexicans is the purpose of this paper to briefly describe. The ordinary domestic utensils are made on every hacienda and in every hamlet over the whole country, while in the towns are large factories which turn out vast quantities of articles in daily use among all classes of people. As a rule there is nothing distinctive in this ware, or in any way differing from that found all over the world. The Mexican *olla* of today is identical with the water jars of all tropical countries, as far back as we have any knowledge from pictured representations or pre-historic ruins. In most cases there is little attempt at art either in form or decoration. But as might be expected among so many workers, one occasionally develops an original idea of his own, or improves upon those of his fellows, so that in the course of generations new and distinctive forms have arisen in different localities, and in some instances have attained to a high degree of art.

Guadalajara, the second city of the republic, easily takes first rank in really artistic work in clay. There is found a peculiar clay not known elsewhere, of a very fine texture, of a sweetish taste, and when wet, of a peculiarly pleasant odor. The artisans are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may truly be called a race of potters; it having been the custom for hundreds of years for the son to follow the calling of his father, and thus many have attained to great skill in its

GUADALAJARA.

manufacture, while here and there one reaches the dignity of a real artist. The pottery as a whole is called by the natives "*la loza fria de Guadalajara,*" "the cold pottery of Guadalajara," from the use to which most of it is put, that of cooling water,— an item of great importance in a country where ice is almost unknown. It is all soft-baked, without glaze, but highly polished, and afterward varnished with a preparation of a pecu-

DOLORES HIDALGO.

liar silver-bearing clay. The natural color of the clay when dry is a light gray or ashes of roses, but is often colored a deep rich red or an intense black by a process known only to themselves. The finer specimens are often elaborately decorated in many quaint designs in gold, silver, and bright colors, the effect of which is very striking.

Many of the forms are strikingly beautiful, and when we consider that dextrous fingers and a few little wooden paddles are the only tools used, the result is wonderful. One class of workmen confine themselves entirely to figures, animal and human, singly or in groups, representing the occupations, customs, and dress of every class of society. Many of these figures are first-class works of art; the pose, expression, and absolute faithfulness in every detail, are truly remarkable, and if produced in marble or bronze would be the wonder of the world.

Occasionally one among the multitude of artisans will develop wonderful artistic ability. Such an one is Jesus Marie Panduro, whose remarkable talent in modeling busts of his visitors, "while you wait," has become celebrated far and wide. He seldom requires more than one sitting of about thirty minutes, and generally completes your bust with every feature and expression so perfect as to excite universal admiration, in one hour. For this work of art he used to charge one dollar. Perhaps ncreasing fame may have increased his price.

No inducement has hitherto been sufficient to take him from the city where he was born. Even President Diaz could not prevail on him to visit the New Orleans Exhibition and there practice his art. I understand efforts are now being made to include him in the Mexican exhibit at the Columbian Exposition.

Other districts produce wares possessing distinctive features, such as the Guadalupe, made in the mountains near Cuatillan, which is profusely ornamented with figures of the Virgin, and of the roses which sprang from the naked rock at the apparition of the angel to Juan Diego. It is in great demand at the *fiesta grande* in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and is used in drinking water from the holy well, and in transporting it to he homes of those residing at a distance.

The Dolores–Hidalgo ware has no marked peculiarities, but is much sought after because it is made at "the place which must forever remain famous above all others as the cradle of Mexican independence." The patriot-priest him-

GUADALAJARA,—A ROSE JAR.

GUADALAJARA,—GUADALUPE WARE.

self was superintending a factory of this ware at Dolores, when called to lead in the beginning of the struggle against Spanish tyranny which resulted years afterward in Mexican independence.

From a scientific point of view the most interesting articles of clay are those called Iridescent. There is nothing peculiar in the structure of this ware itself; its beauty and rarity are confined to the glaze, the secret of which is said to be confined to a single family. It is usually found in small round or rectangular plaques, but may sometimes be obtained in the form of small vases and pitchers. This is one of the lost arts of the old world strangely preserved in the new. Fragments exhumed from Spanish ruins centuries old are found to possess the peculiar and beautiful luster of the recent production.

Charles Dudley Warner, in speaking of this ware, says: "The luster is the true Saracenic, Alhambra, or Gubbio luster; the rea iridescence, shimmering, shifting colors in changing lights, ruby, green, blue. The luster seems to be metallic, of copper, and the effect produced by subjecting the ware to an exceedingly high temperature, a firing so fierce that the clay is apparently disintegrated, and has lost its ringing quality."

Good specimens of this art are rare, and the unsuspecting tourist is often imposed upon with articles colored with cheap pigments and then varnished.

Another very interesting and beautiful class of work may with propriety be mentioned in this connection. Although

RAG FIGURES.

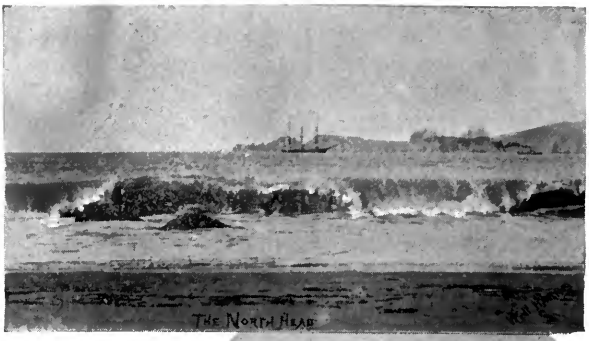
of a different material, it is often mistaken by the hasty observer for the clay figures mentioned above. It is known in the country as *figuras de trapo.* The name literally translated "rag figures," gives an entirely erroneous impression of the character of these beautiful little puppets. The artisans of this class of work are Indians, and nothing could better illustrate their marvelous imitative faculty. The materials used are a viscid gum, similar to crude rubber, and a hard black wax, mixed in suitable proportions to render it rigid when cold, but retaining sufficient flexibility to allow considerable bending without injury; an obvious advantage over similar work of wax alone. These figures are usually very small, not more than four to ten inches high, though they may sometimes be obtained of more pretentious size. Even the smallest specimens are modeled with the most lifelike accuracy in the minutest details; even the finger nails are perfectly distinct.

The modeling completed, glass eyes are inserted, and the entire body covered with cloth of fine texture, and of a color to represent different shades of the human skin. This cloth fits as tight as the skin, so that every detail of the model is as distinct and lifelike as before. The figure is then costumed, conforming in the minutest particulars in material and style of dress with the original of the type it is intended to represent. The subjects represented cover a wide range, and include all classes of artisans and laborers at their work, women engaged in their various domestic occupations, priests, gentlemen on horseback, bull fights, etc. This work is entirely peculiar to these people.

Whatever may be said of the development of high art in Mexico, there is probably no nation in the world among whom the true artistic sense is so generally diffused, especially among the lower classes. In proof of which, in addition to the foregoing, may be cited the beautiful work done with gold, silver, leather, feathers, straw, wood, and stone, by perfectly illiterate artisans, and with the simplest and crudest tools.

E. P. Bancroft.

RAG FIGURES,—TORTILLA MAKER.



POINT LOBOS.

ABOVE the sea the crags rose wild and gray;
And in their chasms dashed the foaming tide;
Before us stretched the waters dark and wide;
And on the breakers dim and heavy lay
The deepening mists; the headlands stretched away
Steep and precipitous, on either side;
Shrill in the windy roar a sea-gull cried,
And dipped his snowy pinions in the spray.

The slender column of Cathedral Spire
Pierced the dark skies; back from the shore the breeze
Stirred the light mosses hanging from the trees;
The waters foamed and billowed, mounting higher
On the great rocky walls and in the caves
Hollowed by thundering footsteps of the waves.

Virna Woods.

CONGRESSIONAL REFORM.

For many years Congress has been behindhand with its work. The evil increases with the growth of the nation. The reason whereof, in brief, is the failure of that great body to keep up with the progress of the age, and use the same adaptation of means to ends which is characteristic of the American people in the management of private business. Always controlled by a majority of lawyers[1] who carry their professional habits into the legislature,—Congress reveres precedent, believes in "*stare decisis*," complicates its rules of practice, abhors innovation, spends its time in hair-splitting arguments over points of order and in partisan contentions, insisting above all things in running its timeworn machinery in the old groove, regardless of its want of parallelism with the needs of the people. So, with the exception of the regular appropriation bills, it accomplishes less and less of its proper work year by year. It has become a vast and costly engine whose apparent object is "how not to do it." Lubricated with sand instead of oil, its power is exhausted by the friction. It is the weak point in the federal system, as the State legislatures are in our State systems. If it be so impotent to transact the business of sixty-three million people, what but a radical and thorough reform of its methods will enable it (even if its material be greatly improved) to supply the needs of our coming one hundred millions?

Work of the Last Session.

During the first session of the 52d Congress bills were introduced in the House of Representatives as follows:—

Private pension bills (notwithstanding the existence of 64 general pension laws	1,927
Private claims and relief bills, including a large number of old war claims (aggregating $900,000,000), also several hundred bills for "removing the charge of desertion from persons seeking pensions	5,531
Local bills, for public buildings and improvements, bridges, etc., including a large District of Columbia and Indian business	1,045
General bills	1,201
Total	9,704

Exclusive of appropriation, committee, and Senate bills.

Out of this vast chaos of attempted legislation the House passed:—

Private pension bills	151
Bills removing charges of desertion	48
Claims	41
Public and local bills	220
Total, only	460

During the same session there were introduced in the Senate:—

Private pension bills	713
Relief and claims, "removals of charge of desertion," war claims, etc.	1,418
Local bills, for public buildings, bridges, Indian, and District of Columbia affairs	715
General bills	549
Total	3,395

Exclusive of committee and House bills.

Of these there passed the Senate 707.

That is, the House passed 4¾ per cent of all the measures brought before it, and the Senate 20 per cent.

Laws Actually Passed.

But when it comes to bills passed by both Houses, and signed by the President, the result is almost farcically small, for the House passed of Senate bills only | 120
And the Senate passed of House bills | 314

Total which reached the President	434
Less 2 vetoes	2
Total laws actually passed	432

[1] Out of the 335 Representatives in the 52d Congress, 212 are lawyers, and in the Senate 65 out of 88 belong to that profession.

Or only 3⅓ per cent of all the bills introduced in both Houses![1]

[1]The record of bills introduced compared with laws passed at the 49th, 50th, and 51st Congresses is as follows:—

49TH CONGRESS.

House bills and joint resolutions introduced	11,526
" " passed House	1,341
" " " Senate	1,238
" " became laws	1,095
Senate bills and joint resolutions introduced	3,476
" " passed Senate	939
" " " House	420
" " became laws	356
The public acts were	422
" private "	1,029
Total, being 9 per cent of bills introduced	1,451

Whereof 71 per cent were private legislation.

50TH CONGRESS.

House bills and joint resolutions introduced	12,933
" " passed House	1,617
" " " Senate	1,395
" " became laws	1,234
Senate bills and joint resolutions introduced	4,135
" " passed Senate	1,127
" " " House	667
" " became laws	591
The public acts were	571
" private "	1,254
Total, being 10 6-10 per cent of bills introduced	1,825

Whereof 69 per cent were private legislation.

51ST CONGRESS.

House bills and joint resolutions introduced	14,331
" " passed House	1,769
" " " Senate	1,528
" " became laws	1,508
Senate bills and joint resolutions introduced	5,299
" " passed Senate	1,290
" " " House	713
" " became laws	682
The public acts were	611
" private acts passed were	1,579
Total, being 11 per cent of bills introduced	2,190

Whereof 72 per cent were private legislation.

From these figures we deduce:—

1st. That neither House is capable, as at present organized, of transacting more than an average of about ten per cent of the business brought before it.

2d. That seventy per cent of all the business done is in the interest of individuals and not of the public.

3d. That the Senate, the smaller body, attends to business much more closely than the House. The Senate during the three Congressess passed 88 per cent of the House bills reaching it, while the House only passed 53 per cent of the Senate bills. The recent session of the 52d Congress shows a still greater inefficiency of the House; it being a presidential year, and the two Houses politically at variance.

That the machinery of both bodies while in general session is to blame for this meager result is evident, from the fact that though 11 of the 58 House committees were silent, the remaining 47 reported no less than 2,602 bills, whereof only 460 passed the House, and 312 became laws; and in the Senate 37 committees out of 49 reported on 1,452 bills, of which 709 were passed, and only 120 became laws.

Now let us see what this paltry amount of actual public service has cost the nation.

COST OF THE SENATE.

Pay of 88 Senators, at $5,000 each	$440,000
Mileage of same	45,000
Pay of 230 employees (nearly three to each Senator!)	316,609
One half pay of 32 Capitol Police	19,400
One half cost of preparing Congressional Directory	600
One half cost of Congressional printing	522,600
One half salaries of 55 persons employed in Congressional Library	21,300
One half cost of books for Library	5,500
One half cost of contingent expenses of same	2,000
Horses and carriages for employees, etc.	4,620
Total	$1,377,629

COST OF THE HOUSE.

Pay of 335 members at $5,000 each	$1,720,000
Mileage of same	115,000
Pay of 314 employees (nearly one to each member!)	379,336
One half pay of Capitol Police	19,400
One half cost of Congressional Directory	600
One half cost Congressional printing	522,600
One half salaries in Congress Library	21,500
One half cost of books for Library	5,500
One half contingent expenses of do	2,000
Horses and carriages	4,975
	$2,790,911

The first session of the 52d Congress occupied 187 working days.

The Senate cost per day	$7,314
The Senate cost per hour (4-hour session)	1,828
The Senate cost per minute	30.50
The Senate cost per word spoken (at 140 words per minute)	.22
Cost per day of each Senator	86.50

The House cost per day	$14,924
The House cost per hour (4-hour session)	3,731
The House cost per minute	62
The House cost per word spoken (at 140 words per minute)	.44
Cost per day of each Representative	83,30
Average cost of each of the 432 laws enacted at session	$9,649

Tolerably expensive to the nation, when more than half the statutes relate to sums representing a mere fraction of the cost of enacting them! This reminds one of the battle of Hilton Head, where the government expended $100,000 for each rebel killed!

Such is the Herculean club provided by the American people for enforcing their sovereign will, but which is used mainly to kill flies!

It is related that Jethro of old visited his son-in-law Moses when in the height of his power. He found him distracted with the work of adjudicating alone all the causes of three millions of people. He advised him to appoint subordinate magistrates, who should judge the people by thousands, hundreds, and tens, reserving only the great matters for himself. Moses had the good sense to adopt this advice, and thereafter the small litigants received prompt attention, while he had ample time to attend to the great cases, with which alone the supreme power should be expected to occupy itself.

Said the French prime-minister Turgot to Louis XVI. "Sire, your Majesty should govern like God, only by general laws."

Cannot the American Congress, which has sole charge of all the great matters of 63,000,000 of people, profitably adopt the advice of Jethro and Turgot? Is it not evident to every reader of the *Record*, that it has for many years been burdened with ten times the load it can carry, and that the first thing to be done to increase its efficiency is to provide other means for transacting the great mass of private and local business which it now finds it impossible to handle, while the attempt involves great injury to private claimants from delay, as well as to the public from the consequent neglect of public business?

Private Legislation.

On comparing the immense number of private bills introduced at every session with the small proportionate number of general bills, one perceives that Congress has become the resort of thousands of claimants, who, if their demands are just, are grievously oppressed by the necessity of going to Washington with their proofs and witnesses, session after session, instead of having a remedy within their home districts, as all other litigants have; also by the interminable delays and heavy expenses unavoidable in every case: and if their claims be false or fraudulent, a legislative body has none of the usual judicial machinery wherewith to protect the government. Moreover the continual and all pervading presence of these claimants, with their army of lobby agents, swarming all over the Capitol, following the members to their lodgings, and persistently worrying them with their solicitations, must render the lives of Congressmen intolerable, except as to those who are willing to work for private interests for a consideration. Judging by the multitude of these bills fathered by certain members (as many as 185 each having been introduced by two Representatives this session, and an average of 21 being offered by each member of the House); judging also by the heavy commissions always paid to somebody by the claimants, and by the evident reluctance to turn over the whole business to the judiciary; appearances *do* indicate corrupt motives as the inspiration of the present conditions. But this charge fails when, notwithstanding the thousands of bills, the vast committee work, the night sessions to consider their re-

ports, and the opportunity for log rolling, so very few of these bills become laws. Only 240 such bills passed the last House, including pensions, out of 6458 introduced and 1540 reported. It follows that the majority of the claims are very old, and would long ago have been outlawed, if any statute of limitation applied to them. In fact, one bill was passed this session to pay the descendants of a Revolutionary officer some $600 of his salary, earned 112 years ago! A bill was introduced at the same session to indemnify the owners of the ship Cadmus for their loss incurred by bringing La Fayette to the United States in 1824. Probably that bill has danced attendance every session for sixty-eight years. All of the enormous war claims now on the files are of course thirty years old. Many a poor man like McGarrahan has spent the best part of his life in vainly hanging about the Capitol. Many a little Miss Flite has become a pauper and lunatic with the "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." Why is all this? Is the great United States government so tyrannical as to be always robbing and defrauding individuals and corporations? Is it so dishonest as to refuse payment of hundreds of millions to suffering creditors, generation after generation? Or is the Treasury latch-string so easily pulled as to be a constant temptation to rogues and speculators?

Private Business Unconstitutional.

Now the Constitution separates the great powers of government into the three well-known divisions, but unfortunately not so clearly as do some of the newer State constitutions. Had it contained the clause,—"No person charged with the exercise of power properly belonging to one of these departments shall exercise any function appertaining to either of the others," would it not be evident that the judicial function of ascertaining the facts and applying the law or administering equity to claims against the government does not appertain to the legislature? Yet the entire separation of the three functions was the undoubted intention of the Federal Constitution.[1] Why then is not this whole business sent to the courts, where it properly belongs? Why is not the statute of limitations made applicable to claims against the government as well as to private suits? Why is it necessary to wait till claimants and witnesses are all dead and perfect proof unattainable, before even a hearing can be had? What nonsense to expect a committee to do justice when all the evidence is *ex parte*, consists mainly of affidavits which would be ruled out as evidence in court, when there are no attorneys or witnesses for the government, no cross examinations possible, and the committee has not time to get at the merits of one tenth of the cases before it?

The Court of Claims.

Brought by its intolerable pressure to seek escape from this burden, Congress about forty years ago began to perceive that the old theory that the State cannot be sued (corollary to the English maxim, "The King can do no wrong") would be "more honored in the breach

[1] Moreover, in the eighteen specifications of the powers entrusted to Congress the only words at all bearing upon this subject are in clause 1,— conferring the power "to *pay the debts* and provide for the common defense and *general welfare* of the United States"; and in clause 18, "to make all laws which shall be necessary or proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers." But paying debts is one thing, and the judicial inquiry into the merits and amounts of claims is a very different one. They differ as widely as the trial of a cause, and the satisfaction of the judgment. And it must be a lively imagination that can confound the benefit to individuals through private legislation with the general welfare of the people who are taxed to pay these appropriations. What right, then, has Congress to devote two thirds of its work to the investigation of relief bills, when the Constitution (Art. III, Sec. 2) expressly provides that "the judicial power shall extend . . . to controversies to which the United States shall be a party"? Is not every one of the thousands of claims always before Congress controvertible, and is not the United States the party defendant to them all?

than in the observance" in our country. It therefore established the Court of Claims in 1855, but with very limited powers. Amendments followed. In 1883, the "Bowman Act" was passed, whose first section reads as follows:—

SEC. 1. When a claim or matter is pending before any committee of the Senate or House of Representatives, or before either House of Congress, which involves the investigation and determination of facts, the committee or House may cause the same, with the vouchers, papers, proofs and documents pertaining thereto, to be transmitted to the Court of Claims of the United States, and the same shall be proceeded in under such rules as the Court may adopt. When the facts shall have been found the Court shall not enter judgment thereon, but shall report the same to the committee or House by which the case was transmitted for ts consideration.

This law limited the jurisdiction of the Court to claims which had been first filed with Congress, and these could not reach the Court until that tardy body, or some committee thereof, had seen fit to take up the matter; probably after many years.[1] After the report upon the facts by the Court, which had under this act no jurisdiction in law or equity, nor power to render judgment, the committee or House, after another tedious delay, *might* sometime report a bill, which again *might* sometime be passed! What a lawyer's contrivance to avoid doing business, while ruining a claimant by delays and expenses!

This "Bowman Act," therefore, afforded little relief to anybody. So in 1887, the "Tucker Act" was enacted, which authorized suits to be commenced, not only in the Court of Claims, but also in the United States District Courts, everywhere, on all claims founded upon the Constitution or any law of Congress, except for pensions; or upon any regulation of the Executive Departments, or upon any contract, expressed or implied, with the Federal government, or for damages in cases not sounding in tort; in respect to which claim the party would be entitled to redress against the United States, either in a court of Law, Equity, or Admiralty, if the United States were suable, (except war claims, or claims previously rejected or reported on adversely by any court, department, or commission). All such suits to be commenced within six years after the cause of action accrues. No jury allowed in any case. Actions to be brought by petition. United States attorneys to accept service, and defend the United States. Proceedings to be governed by existing law. No judgment by default to be rendered. Appeals allowed as in other cases. Judgment to be reported to Congress, whose sole duty is to pay it.

Yet within five years after the passage of this act, we find no less than 6,931 claim and relief bills on the files of the two Houses! Evidently, the jurisdiction of the courts must be still further enlarged, so as to include war and all other "relief" claims, and thus relieve Congress entirely from the whole private calendar, except the payment of final judgments. How can this be done?

REMEDY.

1st. Make the six-year limitation extend to all claims against the government, of every name and nature.

2nd. Authorize suits to be brought against the United States in Law, Equity, or Admiralty, in every Federal court, by claimants residing in their several districts, for all money claims, with usual right of appeal, but without right of jury trial. All judgments to be reported to Congress for payment.

3rd. Indefinitely postpone all claims, relief and private pension bills now before either House.

4th. Pass a joint resolution to the effect that no claims for relief or indemnification will thereafter be entertained

[1] Thus at the recent session the La Abra Mining Company's case was sent to the Court, after twenty years on the files, and learned speeches enough to occupy several days in the Senate; and the Sibley Tent case was so referred thirty years after it was first filed with Congress.

by Congress, except in the form of final judgments of the United States courts, and that no petition for a pension will be granted by Congress. Already 64 general pension laws exist; undoubtedly as many more will be passed as may be necessary to cover all cases, at least while pensioners cast votes!

5th. Pass such general laws as may be necessary for the adjudication of "corrections in military record," "removing charges of desertion," restoration of military rank, etc., by a military board in the War office, and by a similar naval board for naval cases, in the office of the Secretary of the Navy.

And after the passage of such joint resolution let every attempt to introduce a private bill in either House be firmly held to be out of order.

The evil thus sought to be eradicated is of long standing, and has been of slow but sure growth. Like a cancer, it has fastened itself upon every fiber of Congressional life, which it now threatens to destroy. The painless remedies have all failed. The knife must now be used, to cut it out by the roots, however severe the shock to that time-honored, horse-in-the-mill routine, which dreads all change, as if it involved a dynamite bomb or a gasoline stove. When Congress once wills it there will easily be found a way to rid itself of the fatal incubus of private legislation. Who will have the courage to inaugurate this reform?

District of Columbia.

The Constitution provides that Congress shall have power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever" over the District of Columbia. Accordingly, Rule XXVI. of the House sets apart the second and fourth Mondays in each month for the consideration of District of Columbia bills. That is, to the affairs of that little 64 square miles, with their 260,000 population, is conceded one thirteenth as much of the time of Congress as to the 44 States and 6 Territories, with their 63,000,000 of people! The result is that the whole 335 Representatives and 88 Senators, sitting at an expense of $22,238 per day, have during the late session devoted $311,332 of the nation's money (being their expenses for fourteen days) in performing the duties of a Common Council to that district. For this work no member of Congress, except perhaps a few of the older ones, is fitted, owing to lack of residence, and the consequent want of familiarity with local affairs. Yet the work must be done, no matter what national matters may claim attention, or the local administration must stop. No less than 72 House bills and 137 Senate bills were reported during the recent session by their respective committees on the District of Columbia, besides many other bills introduced but not reported. Is it not an edifying spectacle to behold our great Congress, with its 423 Solons and their 544 employees, (nearly a full regiment strong,) intent upon regulating street cars, garbage, sewerage, police, street widening, and all the minutiæ of city government, while a thousand national measures must be shelved meanwhile? Is there not some way of relieving that great body of this duty? Would it be deemed an evasion of the Constitution for Congress to create a legislative commission, as it already has an executive one, and itself appoint the members from local residents, making them responsible to the appointing power for all their acts? Would not this be "exercising exclusive legislation," though indirectly? If not, then why not submit to the State legislatures a Constitutional amendment, releasing Congress from this work, and providing ordinary self-government for the district and city? There ought to be no difficulty in securing the adoption of such an amendment, to which there could be no reasonable opposition, but which would in some degree diminish

expenditure, and would promote the efficiency of Congress in great matters by relieving it of a large amount of petty drudgery.

Indian Legislation.

It would surprise many voters to learn how disproportionate an amount of Congressional time, labor, and expenditure of public funds, is devoted to our remaining 250,000 Indians, comparatively with the great mass of the people. During the recent session the House Committee on Indian Affairs reported 46 bills, and the Senate committee reported 66, while the regular expenditure on Indians for several years past has averaged about $7,500,000 per annum. Besides this, the last session appropriated $478,000 for the payment of Indian depredation claims; and the 51st Congress paid over $8,000,000 for the purchase of Indian lands. It is to be hoped that the recent change of policy, in dividing lands in severalty and educating the Indians to take care of themselves and for citizenship, will gradually eliminate this vexatious and costly department from Congressional duty. Is it not an anomaly, that after all the enormous expenditures of a century, and notwithstanding the wealth of many tribes in lands, or the proceeds of land sales in the Treasury, the white and black industry of the country must still contribute $30 per annum towards the living expenses of each Indian?

Dilatory Methods.

Come we now briefly to consider some of the obstacles to the dispatch of business interposed by the hide-bound traditions, rules, and customs, of Congress.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, in his excellent work on Congressional Government, has clearly pointed out the defect of our committee system as compared with the cabinet government of Britain. He has also shown the futility of our methods in giving expression to the will of the party in power. But as to the first point, it is very doubtful whether the British system could be made conformable to the American Constitution, even if amended so as to admit Cabinet officers to the floor of the House. And if it could, it is tolerably certain that though our committee system may be improved, it will never be supplanted. As to his second point, the fact is that notwithstanding all our hue and cry about party, the questions that now divide the two great parties are so few, that they do not affect one per cent of the measures that come before Congress. Were it not for the necessity of party work for party support, party opinions would be hardly recognizable among the motives, or as affecting the usefulness, of any conscientious member. Unfortunately, the short term system interpenetrates all our institutions. It is one of our sacrifices to continued liberty. The only remedy for its inconveniences is the re-election of experienced men; and this involves much mere party work on the floor of Congress. The House and the Senate must therefore always be the arenas for party discussions; and at least half the time and much more than half the brain-work must be spent in a war of words which is entirely useless, so far as business is concerned. "'T is true, 't is pity; pity 't is, 't is true." The delays and neglects of important measures thus occasioned are remediless. But there are several other matters wherein plain common sense could profitably replace traditional red tape, to the great increase of the efficiency of Congress.

Electric Voting Machinery.

During the recent session, the roll was called in the House 224 times, and in the Senate 77 times. Each call in the House must occupy half an hour, including the second call for names not answering the first, at a cost of $1,865,

or $417,760 for the session. In the Senate, at ten minutes for each call, the total cost was $23,485 or $441,245 for both Houses. The 112 hours thus lost in the House equal 28 sessions of four hours each, or more than one month's working days out of the 187 days of the session; nearly one seventh of the whole time! In the Senate the time thus lost was three days. How many bills could have been passed, how many labored speeches delivered in that time? Or how much could the session have been shortened, thus evading the sickness among the members caused by the hot and unhealthy summer air of Washington?

Now the Capitol has already an extensive electric lighting apparatus, and a staff of electricians to run it. A few thousand dollars would lay two wires from each member's desk to a dial at the clerk's desk. Two buttons, one for "Aye," one for "No," in a little box of which each member would carry the only key, would be safe in the member's control. Sheets of paper printed with the names, on which the clerk would have to inscribe only the question voted on, would receive the indelible and absolutely correct impression of each man's vote, in parallel columns for ayes and noes,—all in a few seconds,—and there would be no corrections to make next morning, as now continually happens.

But this saving is not all. Excepting in unimportant matters on which there is no opposition, it is now almost always necessary to have three divisions on every question. First by *viva voce* or rising vote, which generally shows no quorum voting. Second, by tellers, which obliges every member to leave his seat, and march between the tellers to be counted. No quorum again, but plenty of confusion. Third, by yeas and nays. These preliminary votes require at least a quarter of an hour additional, thus increasing by fifty per cent the above quoted waste of time and money. But all this would be saved by the constant use of the electrical machine. Last, but not least, the filibuster would be deprived of his most effective weapon, and the majority be less embarrassed in expressing its will.

Again, a great source of the continued noise in the House is the clapping of hands as a signal for the pages. A third button at each desk, or one button for each row of desks, could communicate with a bell board in the lobby, such as is used in hotels, placed opposite the pages' benches. By using a small bell, which would be heard by the boys but not in the House, the present noisy signals would be entirely abated.

Moreover, this mode of voting would oblige members to keep their seats, at least during divisions, and would avoid the confusion incident to a count by tellers. By its use business would move on smoothly and rapidly, and being therefore continuously interesting, would command a quieter House. But it is not in human nature to keep one's seat and be quiet, during the frequent and long monotony of roll call.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, early in the recent session, introduced a resolution of inquiry as to this method of voting and its cost, which was, of course, buried in the Committee on Rules. Yet if Father Holman had ever given his economic thought to the subject, slave as he is to precedent, he would long ago have worked for its adoption. The failure to introduce it must be due either to the inability of silurian stupidity to grasp a new idea, or to a corrupt adherence to those filibustering methods which enable designing and tricky politicians to defeat the will of the majority. Or else it must be from the same lack of practical common sense which, session after session, leaves an open cesspool under the Supreme Court room, and allows bad ventilation and defective plumbing to

cause any quantity of sickness and several deaths among the members of every Congress. This is only one of many particulars in which the Congressional atmosphere beclouds the reason of members. Is it not time to inscribe over the door, "Who enters here leaves common sense behind"?

Bills from the other House.

It strikes the reader of the *Record* with astonishment and indignation to perceive the enormous waste of time, money, and committee work resulting from the neglect of each House, especially the lower one, to act promptly upon the bills which have passed the other. Our figures show that at the recent session the Senate passed only 314 out of the 460 bills that passed the House, while the latter passed but 120 out of 709 that passed the Senate. A similar result characterizes every Congress, notwithstanding that if the bills could only reach consideration the chances are that all but a very few would be approved by the other House, perhaps with occasional amendments. This is another great cause of delay. Frequently a bill has passed one House or each House alternately, several times, yet never reached consideration in the other during any one Congress. Does it occur to the Congressional mind that more work is accomplished by finishing what is already half done than by attempting something new?

This waste would be largely saved if the rules of each House were to require, first, the immediate consideration, regardless of other business, of all bills from the other; or, if reference to committees were deemed necessary, then such reference to be under standing instructions compelling reports thereon within five days; further time to be granted only by special vote of the House. Second, all such bills when reported to have the right of way at the close of every morning hour over all other business until disposed of. This simple change in the rules, if enforced, would have doubled the number of laws enacted by the last session, and of the three previous Congresses the business would have increased about 40 per cent.

Objections.

What would become of the lawyers in Congress, as in court, if they were to be deprived of their palladium, the right to everlastingly "object," and to have their objections respected, regardless of any reason for making them or of the injury they cause to the business in hand? If other rules act as sand in the machinery, these are the gravel stones which cause almost hourly stoppages. None of the present methods are more arbitrary, tyrannical, destructive of the power of the majority, or fatal to the transaction of business. There should be *no* "unanimous consent" required in any deliberative body, in which the majority ought always to govern. There would not be in Congress, if the great object of its rules were not to give the control to the minority. Such a rule gives an absolute veto power to each man over the action of the House, and it is almost sure to be used with fatal effect by some enemy of a measure, or of its advocate, or by one or more of those born idiots who are crazy to keep their names before the public, by eternally objecting to the consideration of other men's ideas, when they have none of their own. The yeas and nays cannot be demanded except by one fifth of the members present. The rules cannot be suspended except seconded by a majority vote. Why should the vital question of "consideration" be handed over to the single control of every crank and malignant in the House, instead of requiring objections to be seconded by a majority of the members present?

As the rules stand now, all reported

bills go on the calendars, to be considered, with some exceptions, only in the order of the dates of filing, and of course not in the order of their respective importance. As the bills are far too numerous to be reached in this order before the end of the session, the only mode of procuring action upon any measure is to ask unanimous consent for its present consideration. If the *majority* should decline such action no fault could be found; but why *each member* should have the power to forbid it, is what no business man can find out. Of course, such objections provoke retaliation, and as all great measures are the most obnoxious to the chronic objector, this rule is largely responsible for the terrible procrastination which always attends action thereon, as well as for the mouse-like progeny of the Congressional mountain. Only 4¾ per cent of the bills presented passed the House last session, and what great measure is included among these?

Absence.

"No quorum," "No quorum," is the continual cry after the first or second month of every session. So many of the men who have sold their time to the public at $5,000 per annum each, and mileage, for five months' work, are always absent "by unanimous consent," (generally given that they may devote their time to "important business" of their own,) that not enough are left to transact the public business. The extent to which this evil has grown has made it a national scandal. What scenes did it cause in the 51st Congress! What a continual embarrassment during the last session

The indexes of the last *Record* show 347 leaves of absence granted to the 335 members of the House, all "on account of important business," aggregating 2,144 days, besides 176 leaves on account of sickness. In fact, there were only 91 members who were never on the absent list for one or other of these causes, while some of the delinquents were excused two, three, and even eight times apiece! As shown above, the daily cost to the nation of the service of each Representative is $83.30. At this rate, the sum abstracted from the Treasury by those "business" absentees amounted to $176,929, to which economist Holman's attention is likewise invited. We also respectfully suggest to that influential gentleman the propriety of enforcing the rule requiring constant attendance, by refusing all leaves of absence on "business," except on deduction from pay of $83.00 per day during the long session, and double that sum during the short session. If men cannot spare the time they sell to the government from their own affairs, they should not accept office. But if they do, they should reimburse the government for the loss it sustains by the abstraction of their time. The absences in the Senate were about as numerous, proportionately, as in the House, but these were not indexed in the *Record.*

But the loss of the cost of service not rendered is not the only loss to the nation caused by absentees. During the last session there were 36 calls of the House to ascertain a quorum. At $1,865 each, these aggregated an additional loss of $67,140. At 36 meetings business was suspended or adjournments anticipated for lack of a quorum. There was seldom a quorum at the Friday night sessions, often not half a quorum. Owing to the heat of the summer months at Washington aggravating the unsanitary condition of the Capitol, sickness is largely responsible for absences during the latter part of the session; yet it would be amusing, if it were not so injurious, to observe that leaves on account of business continue to be even then unanimously granted, often by houses so thin as to barely command a quorum. Members of Congress are by the Con-

stitution exempt from arrest in civil cases, and from responsibility elsewhere for utterances in their places. Are they also exempt from the obligations of common honesty? This would seem to be their opinion as to a large proportion of their political action, as well as to this matter of absence and to its correlative infamy,

The Pairing System,

Which seems to have been designed for the double purpose of facilitating the absence of members (while drawing government pay) and of dodging responsibility for votes that might afterwards prove troublesome in their records. The pairing theory is that the passage of no bill can be affected by the loss of equal votes from both sides; and the utterly false presumption is, that party votes decide all questions. While therefore all pairs are effected between members of opposite parties, it results in practice that as hardly one per cent of the business is decided by strict party votes, so both votes in every pair would, if present, often be cast on the same side. No remark is more common than, "I am paired with Mr. ———; I do not know how he would vote if present, therefore I withhold my vote." Moreover, the pairs double the number of silent votes caused by absence, making it generally very difficult to get a quorum of active votes on any question, and often necessitating several divisions. Again, the pairs are generally made for the week or ten days leave of the absent party, during which fifty questions may be voted on, not one of them partisan or foreseen, so that no calculation of the effect upon business can be made by the persons pairing. Yet this farcical bargain is made the constant excuse for not voting, even on questions of adjournment, or of order, or reference of bills, or on dilatory or filibustering motions. Of course, the fate of many a bill would be different if all parties were present, or no pairs were allowed.

This practice should be entirely abolished in both Houses. Absence should incur the loss of the absentee's vote, as well as a heavy fine. When constituents are made to suffer by intrusting their interests to a man who refuses to attend to them, they will not be likely to re-elect him. As it is now, there are too few readers of the *Record*, and the press is too indifferent to matters of detail in Congress for the voters to know much about the movements of their Representative, or whether he is discharging his duty or not.

Size of Committees.

Would it not be a sensible improvement if the number of members placed on standing and select committees in both Houses should be so reduced that no man should have more than one committee to attend to? At present all the Representatives are placed on at least two committees each, and each Senator on four. The results of this are that some of the committees do nothing. A large committee is a temptation to absence, for the delinquent is apt to feel that there will surely be a quorum without him. The hours of different committee meetings must sometimes clash. The conscientious discharge of duty at the meeting of the House and at one committee is work enough for one day, especially in view of the years and infirmities of men who are middle-aged or old, and of sedentary habits, many of them sickly, and whose health is seriously exposed to the bad air, the excitements, the climate, and the often unavoidable overwork, of Congressional life. Except in a few of the busiest committees, where subdivision must be resorted to, the number of five or seven is more effective than the present favorite fifteen. Members of a small committee are more easily got together, are

more punctual, feel more responsibility and take more interest in the work from which they know they cannot be spared.

Eulogies of Deceased Members.

A well meant but unsupported effort was made early at the last session by Representative Enloe of Tennessee, to avoid the interruption of business caused by devoting an entire day to the delivery of eulogies on every decedent member, by holding such services on Sundays.

During the 51st Congress the deaths of fifteen members caused the loss of twenty-four days in adjournments and eulogies. At the ratio of cost of the present House of $14,924 per day, these ceremonies involved a loss of $358,176, besides an average week's absence at each death of at least seven members, and their expenses as funeral committees, which would aggregate about $100,000 more. To this is always added the publication of the addresses in a book at government expense. So that, all told, the present cost to the nation of each death (besides the $5,000 or so voted to the family) is about $30,000 of the public money. As it is very certain that all this expense and fuss would not be dreamed of in the majority of these cases, had the decedent failed in his election, or served out his term, especially when there had been nothing extraordinary in his career, the question becomes pertinent, Why keep up this lawyers' custom at all? Or, if it must be kept up, why not adopt Mr. Enloe's motion at least to avoid the interruption to public business, by holding memorial services on Sundays? In the popular view now-a-days, it is not much of an honor to succeed in one's own machinations for an election to Congress. The office no longer seeks the man. It does not increase popular admiration of living politicians, to read their fulsome and indiscriminate laudation of those that die. Tone it down, gentlemen! The public holds this mutual admiration society business at its true valuation.

Selection of Measures to be Considered.

Why would not the work of every Congress be vastly improved by the appointment of a joint committee whose duty it should be to lay out, early in the session, the measures to be dealt with during the session, and whose respective members from either House should prepare a daily calendar for each, indicating, as in a court, the business for the day? The Committee on Rules in the House has now the power to fix times for the consideration of special bills, but it is seldom exercised. Except this, there is now no provision for selecting important measures for action out of the thousands of bills on the calendar. All is confusion. The appropriation bills and the few appointments by the Committee on Rules have the right of way, but beyond these the fate of every measure depends on the objectors, that is, the veto of any member. As some one lately said, "Whoever heard of a bill being reached on the calendar?" Yet the absurd rule of requiring unanimous consent for every selection therefrom is often fatal, always dilatory. As to what any session will accomplish is therefore left to blind chance, while a generation often elapses before some great measure, imperatively demanded by the people, can even obtain a hearing. Such have been the questions of rebuilding our Navy, fortifying our seaports, Chinese exclusion, the restoration of the merchant marine, and the relief of the overworked Supreme Court. Such now are the Maritime Canal, the coinage of silver, the future regulation of the currency, the irrigation of arid lands, the enactment of an insolvent law, the national regulation of pilotage, and a Territorial government and land surveys

for Alaska, etc. Is it not a singular anomaly that it is almost impossible to get our Congress to pay any attention to the great interests of the country, for whose regulation the people must look to it only, while its time and enormous expense are exhausted on the appropriations, the tariff, on political speeches, and on trifles? Thousands of petitions pour in upon it at every session, but what measure do they succeed in passing? Only one, last session,—the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday. Is the country aware that beyond the introduction of a bill to amend the charter of the Nicaragua Canal Company in the Senate, and the appointment of a committee to investigate the Company (which never reported), this universally desired and most important measure was not even mentioned during the last session? Yet the question of government aid, securing government control of that great work, has been before Congress during three out of the ten years allowed in the concession for its completion. Beyond a doubt Congress will never act in this behalf, and British capitalists and ultimately the British flag will acquire the same rights at Nicaragua as they did and will forever hold at Suez, all because our Congress *will not act*, no matter what pressure is brought to bear upon it

This paper might be extended on such topics as simplification of rules, the control by the majority, enlarged freedom of debate, the removal of contested election cases to the courts, the undue influence of the Bar upon the entire political machinery of the country, especially in legislation; and proposed constitutional amendments affecting Congressional powers; but should the reform spirit once become thoroughly aroused these matters will take care of themselves.

Recapitulation.

What would be the effect upon Congressional efficiency if the various suggestions of this paper should be adopted?

1st. Instead of ten to twenty thousand bills, only two or three thousand would be introduced. All of these would be public measures, and there would be time for their proper consideration. With the private business, nine tenths of the permanent lobby would disappear.

2d. The work being so greatly reduced, a large proportion of the present enormous force of employees could be dispensed with. Less printing would be required, expenses would be curtailed, and sessions shortened.

3d. Honest claimants from the government (at least those who were young and healthy) would have some chance to recover during their lives, and dishonest ones would be gotten rid of.

4th. By the use of the electrical voting machine one seventh (more or less) of the time and expense of the sessions would be saved, mistakes avoided, confusion prevented, the members kept in their seats, and filibustering abated or at least hindered.

5th. Prompt action on bills passed by the other House would increase the results by forty to one hundred per cent, by utilizing the time and labor which is now wasted.

6th. By abolishing "unanimous consent" the veto tyranny of each member would be exchanged for the control of the majority, and many a good bill saved which is now ignored or unreasonably delayed.

7th. The everlasting cry of "No quorum" would be stilled, and members be compelled to earn their salaries by constant attendance.

8th. The farcical pairing system would cease to afford an excuse to cowards and skulkers.

9th. Committee work would be lightened and better done.

10th. Eulogies on deceased members would be omitted or curtailed, or confined to Sundays.

11th. A preliminary planning of the work of each session, followed up by the daily calendar, would substitute order and method for the present chaotic confusion in the choice of measures to be considered, and tell powerfully on the work accomplished.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished." Shall any of us live long enough to see it?

Caspar T. Hopkins.

A MEXICAN FERRY.

THE river did not seem impassable as we got distant glimpses of it, shimmering through the dense greenery along its banks, but as our little cavalcade drew rein on top of the last height, and looked down on the rushing dark-brown flood, we saw that there was small chance of a crossing that day.

The morning was one of the most lovely that superb climate could produce. Partial rains had clothed every green thing with a fresh mantle. There was a freshness and crispness in the air that exhilarated one, and heightened one's receptive powers to nature's wondrous beauties. We had made the usual early start from the town of Jojutla that morning. The previous day had been exhausted by the railway journey from the City of Mexico, and a very tiresome journey it had been.

The distance from Mexico to Jojutla is only one hundred and fifty miles, but on account of the wonderful sinuosities of the road, the time occupied is double what it might be had the surveyors not been so anxious to earn a large subsidy from the government, which allowed so much for every kilometre covered.

The train leaves at 8.30 in the morning, and is due at Jojutla at 5.30 in the afternoon. But we were not destined to arrive at any such convenient hour. All day rain had been falling in torrents, clouding out the lovely country through which we were passing, and only permitting occasional glimpses of the semi-tropical scenery as we crawled along. But how the farmers must have rejoiced. Every drop of rain that fell meant more money to them. The crops in the north, owing to drought, were a total failure, but nature seemed to have relented down here, and was prodigal in her gifts.

We were detained, as luck would have it, at the dinner station for an hour and a half, waiting for the up train. The fifty cent dinner was good and plentiful, and we had time to enjoy it. It was well we did so, as not till one in the morning did we see food again.

The arrival of the up train brought report of very heavy rains down the line, but no harm done to the permanent way. But about an hour and a half later on we were flagged to a standstill by an excited native, who reported a bad washout at kilometre 118. We slowly steamed up, and found two immense holes in the embankment, exposing the rails for six or eight feet in both places. This was not cheering.

A large staff of *peones* were whistled up from the station just ahead, and the work of repair went on for three hours. The strange thing was hat all the damage had been done, and the water all gone, in less than an hour and a half. No evidence of water remained save the

yawning holes in the track. The afternoon had cleared up, and we watched the work of repair going on at high pressure till the lady moon crept over the hill, to give her countenance to the proceedings.

But I must not forget to tell of a surprise we experienced towards the afternoon. The day was so rainy that the clouds had crept down and shut out all but the lower parts of the surrounding mountains. As the afternoon cleared up this white pall suddenly lifted, and lo and behold, there was exposed in all his grandeur the snow-capped peak of Popocatepetl, the setting sun touching his white crown as with showers of diamonds and gold. Such a scene of magnificent grandeur I have seldom or never witnessed. Even the staid and formal natives were in raptures over the unusual sight.

We continued gazing in silent delight till the sun slowly hid himself for the day, his work being over; and the clouds again encircled the grand mountain, shrouding him from our view.

The chasms were now filled up, and we slowly and safely passed over and resumed our journey, arriving about twelve, midnight, in Jojutla. The railway company, for some reason known only to themselves, had planted the station about one mile from the town. As the rains had been very heavy all day, the road leading to the town was knee-deep in mud, and the distance had to be gone over in the dark, or with what assistance the moon gave us, as she at times passed out of a cloud.

But it is possible to wring amusement out of some of the most disagreeable situations, and this one was no exception to the rule. In this case the amusement was afforded to myself and guide by the frantic struggle of a stout, middle-aged lady to keep out of the mud holes. She had kilted up her dress, exposing a pair of ankles that would have graced a Highland laddie. She was in a dreadful plight. Had it not been for the kindly attentions of the guard of the train and the assistance of the tallow dip we carried, she would never have made the journey.

We all made the hotel in safety, though travel-stained and weary. A cup of bad coffee was the only refreshment that the late hour permitted. For a wonder, the rooms in the *meson* were clean,— comparatively.

Next morning I found for the first time a scorpion in my boot. Long boots are best hung up by the tag at night, but I had neglected this, and they had flopped over on the floor, offering an inviting haven for Mr. Scorpion, who passed a comfortable night, but was roughly treated in the morning.

After breakfast I presented my letters of introduction to the *jefe politico*. The two most important personages in a Mexican town are the *jefe politico* and the parish priest. An introduction to one or both of these gentlemen saves a stranger a world of trouble and risk. The risk arises from the chance of hiring dishonest and rascally *mozos*, and suffering the fate of poor Fraser, who was shot by his *mozo* last month on the Jesus Maria trail, in the province of Chihuahua. The trouble is in hunting around a strange place for animals, etc., when a word from one of these gentlemen is an open sesame to most of one's wants.

The *jefe politico* of Jojutla was no exception to the rule. He found me a good *mozo* who found good mules,—that is to say, he promised to be around the following morning; but he came not, and not till late did I find that chills and fever had attacked the old fellow during the night and he could not go. My *jefe politico* again came to the front, and by 7 A. M. I found myself mounted and on the road to Huitzuco.

Let all who meditate mule-back journeys in Mexico go armed. A revolver in a belt round the waist and a short

rifle under the right leg on the saddle is the thing in the north, whereas in the south the rifle gives place to a long cavalry sword. It is wise to practice before the *mozo* with both weapons, and show that they can be used with effect. It is quite possible that one may travel half a lifetime in Mexico, and never have occasion to use a weapon in defense. But the moral effect of the sight of arms on the average native is very beneficial.

Just as we were leaving the town the three animals made a dive into an open gateway. This was the home of the *mozo.* His mother, an old white-haired woman, came out to bid her son good-by, or "*feliz viaje,*" but also to give him the opportunity of begging a portion of his pay from me to make the old woman happy till his return.

We plodded along through the low-lying country around Jojutla. Rain had fallen in quantity enough to make a slough of the road, and we had to ride circumspectly. We crossed our first river without difficulty, save having to kneel upon the saddle and hold on by the horn. After this we had only "one more river to cross," and as I questioned the *mozo* about it I could see he was anxious as to its state, but did not like to say so. Questioning passing natives on the way only evoked a "*Esta regular,*" or "*No esta malo,*" or oftener the proverbial "*Quien sabe?*"

As we left the plain and began to get into the sierra both road and scenery improved. On every cleared piece of ground the farmer was busy with his primitive plow and patient ox team. Every here and there a bunch of livid color would stand out against the bright green setting. On coming up, it would be found to be the sheltered resting place of the plowman, with the calabash of water, a bag containing the midday meal, the bright-colored serapes, and a dog keeping watch over all; while away in the distance could be seen the two or three broad-hatted rancheros, all in white, with their ox teams moving, at regular fourteenth century speed, over the rich brown mould. The soil in some of these upland tracts, or "mesas," is immensely rich. In the lower valleys traversed by rivers the soil is of the nature of alluvial deposit, but in the hollows of the upper high- ying valleys it is the result of denudation carried on for centuries, as the bare and stony hills around amply testify. Fertilizing is unknown here. The land has been cropped year after year, only occasionally being left fallow to be vivified by sun and air and rain, nature's fertilizers. Maize, with an occasional barley crop, is the staple everywhere here. One must remember that what rice is to the Hindoo, maize is to the Mexican. In the outlying country districts bread is not to be got. Tortillas are its substi tute, and a very good one they are.

But surely this must be our river at last. We had been climbing slowly up for a good hour, and had reached a magnificent view-point which embraced the sierra for thirty miles round. We were about a thousand five hundred feet above the river, which the distance robbed of its impassableness, to some extent. What a view we had! Looking back we could just get a glimpse of the church and white buildings of Jojutla glistening in the bright sunlight. In front a noble panorama of the sierra, stretching away into the hazy distance.

Anxiety to learn our chances of crossing the river sent us off down the trail as fast as the animals would go. The trees and foliage were so dense on the descent that we saw nothing more of the stream till we were right on its banks. And only then did we realize that we were prisoners on the left bank that day at least. It was a most incongruous sight. The river betokened storms of heavy rain, floods, gloomy skies, water-proof coats, etc., while all around was the finest summer weather, blue sky, bright sun, balmy air, hum-

ming birds, and butterflies. The rain had fallen heavily the night before some twenty miles up country.

By inquiry at the solitary ranch at hand, we learned that the ferrymen would not make a crossing till the river had fallen to a safe limit. This limit, the rancher's wife thought, would be reached some time in the afternoon. We had nothing for it but to possess our souls in patience, and wait.

By talking fair to this lady we were allowed to pass into the corral, tie up the animals, and lie down in the shade; and after a bit prevailed on her to give us something to eat. Soon she and her handmaid were busy making tortillas, and by noon she handed us plates of frijoles, in each of which nestled a couple of fried eggs. On a leaf lay a pinch of salt and some chiles, the hottest of their kind. Knives, forks, and spoons, are not used to excess on rancherias. The tortilla is made to do duty for all three. It is used as a scoop, and the beans, etc., are shoveled down in nearly as artistic a manner as rice with a pair of chop sticks. A calabash of muddy water from the river washed down a fairly good repast.

We took some views in which the lady of the house was proud to figure, and then she brought out the palm-leaf carpet, laid it on the piazza, and suggested that a good way to pass the time was a siesta, a hint which the *mozo* and myself were not slow to follow.

About four in the afternoon I was awakened by the *mozo*, who brought the good news that the ferrymen would now take us across. The river was about two hundred and fifty feet wide. It had fallen about five feet, but was still six or seven feet above its normal level, and tearing along at a fearful speed. With a peculiar cry, like the Australian coo-ee, the ferrymen signaled us to go farther up stream. One of them had the ferry-boat on his back, leisurely walking up the opposite bank to a convenient spot for a take-off. They were both tall, strong Indians, completely "*en cuero*," and the finest swimmers I ever saw. Launching the *balsa*, or ferry, they both grasped the outer side with one hand, and with the other hand and feet struck out diagonally for our side of the river. Like a flash they were across, and at our feet, looking up smiling, all glistening and breathless, asking us to get aboard.

But before embarking I must endeavor to describe what manner of craft we were to sail in. It was a raft of calabashes, or gourds, tightly corked, about eight inches in diameter, lightly tied together with cross-pieces of bamboo. It measured about six feet square. The intervening spaces were filled up with smaller gourds. It floated about eight inches out of the water. Upon this was loaded three heavy Mexican saddles, our pack, weighing about a hundred pounds, the *mozo*, and myself. Loaded, it was about two inches out of the water.

It required a large amount of faith on my part to embark. I sat on the floor and grasped the bamboos with a nervous clutch, and we set sail. In two minutes we were shot, or rather pulled, across to the opposite side without shipping a drop of water. I could not but admire the dexterity and strength of the Indians in their management of this strange craft. They told me they seldom or never had an accident, and safely convey nervous women (not to say equally nervous men) and children across in perfect safety. The raft did not weigh forty pounds. In its very lightness and flimsiness lay its safety. The resistance offered to the water was almost nothing; the rounded surfaces and open spaces between the calabashes allowing of its free passage between the openings. The most serious danger lay in the chance of colliding with floating lumber, but of this the Indians told me there was little risk, the banks above being free from any heavy timber.

After landing us they swam over for the horses. These they piloted over, swimming ahead with the halters over one shoulder. We were soon mounted and on our way again, and as we passed out of the village we met our ferrymen clothed in pure white, and looking so highly respectable that we did not recognize them.

From the delay at the river we were unable to make our destination that day and had to put up for the night at a small pueblo called Hautzatlan, about two hours' journey from the ferry. The country we were now passing through was wooded and mountainous, with many steep pulls for the animals. Madroño and manzanita trees abounded, but what gave a tropical character to the scenery were the numerous graceful date palms and the many varieties of cacti. The date palm seemed a stunted variety, never growing to a great height, yet yielding a plentiful crop of wild fruit, very acceptable (as the *mozo* informed me) to the traveler in its season, some two months later: this was in the end of June.

Until we drew near to our halting place no signs of cultivation were visible, though many fine tracts of level land were passed. The trail, called by courtesy "El Camino Real," was by no means a royal road to anywhere. Near a rancho the trail always went right through any level patches, but as this was the plowing and sowing season, endless detours had to be made to avoid going through the seeded fields, which gives great offense to the farmer and is always carefully avoided when possible. The manner of warning is simply by laying a number of branches cut from the nearest trees across the forbidden path, and this is always sufficient. We passed through some magnificent herds of cattle in this section: they were all intended to supply the market in the City of Mexico. The value of a well-fed animal in this market runs about twelve to fifteen dollars, Mexican. We met many herds on their way down country, all in splendid condition. The general condition of the people in this part of the country is much ahead of what it is in the northern part of the republic. They have better land here, more rain, and a better climate generally. Though rich in mineral deposits, especially the ore of quicksilver, the country is almost unexplored, except by the natives in a rude way. Many samples of this latter ore were offered to me on the way.

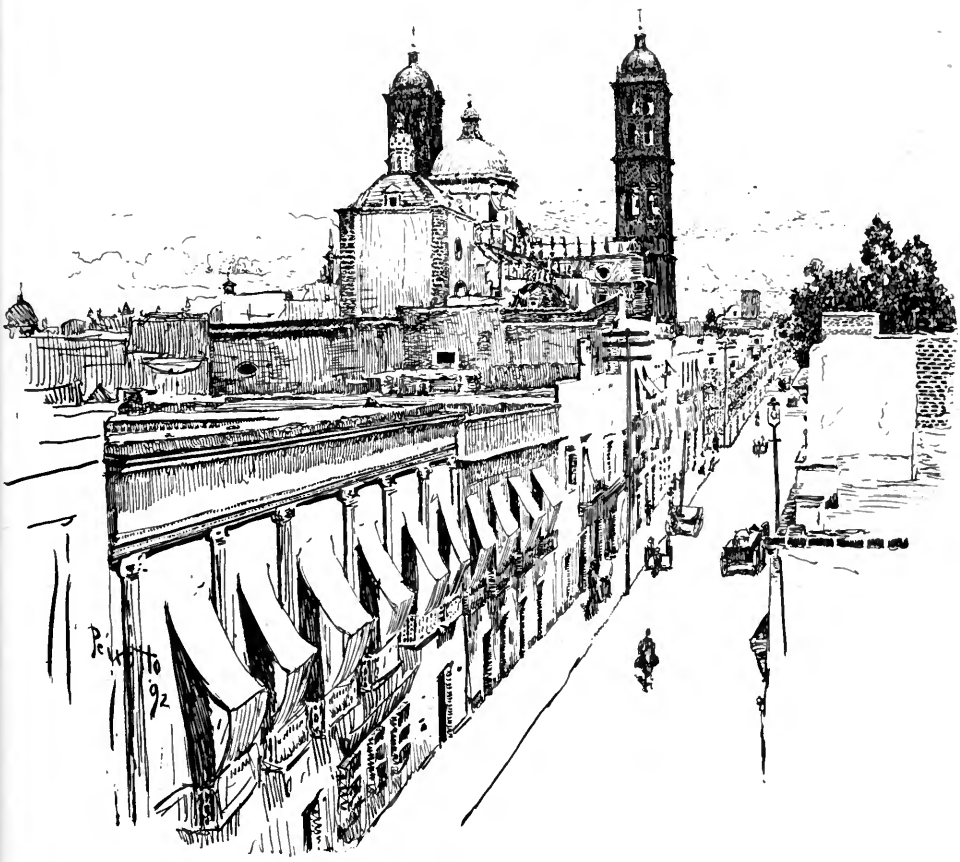
We were now nearing our resting place for the night. The village was beautifully situated in a valley, amid a grove of trees which concealed it from view till we were right upon it. The first intimation we had of our nearness was the coming suddenly on a small running stream with all the female population squatted along its banks, washing clothes. Washing boards are not in use here. The substitute is a long, flat stone. The clothes are washed clean enough when there is plenty of water,—which ofttimes there is not,—but they suffer dreadfully in the operation. No matter how poor he may be, the Mexican always blossoms out in clean white shirt on Sundays and holy days.

The afternoon was hot in the valley, and the pools along the stream were filled with the boy population, bathing now in the water and then in the sun. They did not wear bathing suits, and their gambols seemed to amuse, but did not seem to shock, the feminine onlookers.

We forded the river, and skirting a palisaded enclosure and some fine old trees, pulled up in front of the "hotel" by courtesy. It was a grocery store, saloon, livery stable, and wayside inn, all in one. The old lady in charge, one of the skinniest specimens of humanity I ever saw, answered all our somewhat anxious questions in the affirmative, and we proceeded to make ourselves at

home. The building did not lend itself to much in the way of comfort. There was no front door, but in place of it was a large window (closed by shutters at night) from the inside of which extended a counter. Through this window all business was transacted; the peon scooping down his frijoles, the passing *arriero* for his *gota* of mescal, and the portly señora for her groceries, all laughed and chatted for a few minutes together here. A piazza extended out from above the window, forming a grateful shade, under which a couple of rough tables and benches offered opportunity for a siesta while our supper was being prepared; a fact which in Mexico always announces itself in a pleasing way by the musical tinkle of the *almirez*. Fried eggs, frijoles, and tortillas in plenty soon appeared and as quickly disappeared, leaving us in that comfortable, meditative, silent mood which follows repletion and is not complete without a smoke.

As it got dark, and the fireflies came flashing in and out of the shrubbery near, I began to think about bed, which in spite of the voluble assertions of the old landlady I had been quite unable to locate either in or out of the house. On returning after a short stroll, I found that the landlord and his wife had vacated their sleeping quarters in my favor. It was a low-set, roughly made camp

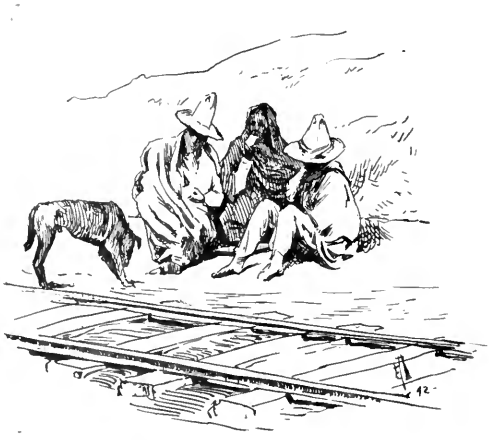


CATHEDRAL OF PUEBLA.

PASAJEROS.

bed, with a palm carpet as mattress. That was all, and enough ; for the nights were not cool.

They rigged up white cotton curtains at the head and side of the bed, the foot of which abutted on a small square lattice window opening on the street, and through this window could be seen the *mozo* wrapped in his serape, asleep on the table in the piazza. I was first to retire, and was speedily surrounded by the rest of the household, who made shift round about on the floor.



A FAMILY MEAL.

We were astir at daybreak, and after breakfast, which was a replica of supper, we were soon on our way. As we proceeded up the valley the vegetation became more luxuriant and tropical and the scenery more interesting. Groves of palm trees lined the trail, their large, graceful leaves pleasing to the eye as well as grateful as a shade. These leaves are made use of in many practical ways by the natives. They make floor matting, bed mats and sacks, and also a thin kind of cloth which is used as wrapping paper for large packages. Farm laborers, muleteers, and cattle herders, make from them a cloak or *toga*

which serves to keep dry, as well as a protection from the sun.

This cloak is not woven. The leaves are bunched together to a requisite thickness, and sewn by the stalk only to some light fabric sufficient to hold them together. Beginning at the bottom these bunches are fastened on in layers on the same principle as shingles on a roof. The long pointed leaves hang down in a semi-graceful fashion, waving and rustling in the breeze.

by a small white tip at the end of the wing. They had congregated in large numbers in a partially shaded spot, and were alighting and flying round alternately without any reason I could assign. On the outskirts of this crowd could be seen several large yellow butterflies hovering slowly round in circles, their bright color showing out in beautiful contrast to the small black crowd below. A little imagination might have put it down for a funeral, the black and whites

PEONES.

As the trail wound along some of the partially dry water courses many varieties of ferns could be seen in the cool, damp hollows, all overhung by tree roots and undergrowth. Notably more conspicuous the two varieties of maiden hair, the green and the black stemmed, and the royal fern.

The insect world seemed particularly busy. One variety of butterfly attracted my attention,— small and black relieved

doing the burying, but more likely a marriage or dinner party, the yellows acting as polite police to show the ladies home in the darkness.

We had now entered the long valley, which as it widened out led up to our destination, the mining town of Huitzuco. The town itself was hidden from view by the trees surrounding it, and as we rode up the valley all that could be seen was the mining camp of Sr. Don

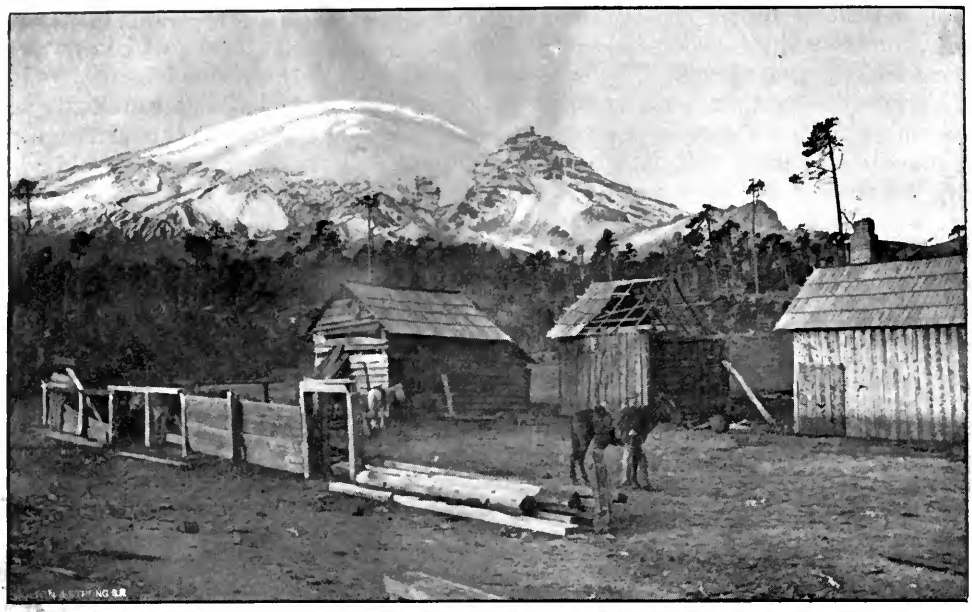


Photo by Taber.

POPOCATEPETL.

Romero Rubio, which stood out clearly on an eminence to the left, overlooking, and as it were guarding, the little village beneath.

By taking a short cut for about a mile along the almost dry bed of the river, which had cut for itself a deep channel through the rich, soft soil, we reached the village somewhat sooner, and in time to hear from the mines on the hill the faint sound of the noonday whistle, by which the entire community seemed to time itself, as was right and proper, as from appearances the village seemed to depend entirely on the mines. The village was a quaint little place. It had evidently seen better days, was very old, and had nearly expired when the mines wakened it up, some years ago, and gave it a new lease of life.

THE WASHOUT.

In the plaza, which did not, like most Mexican plazas, boast of a shady garden of trees and flowers, was one of the queerest little churches ever seen. The entire front was a mass of bright-colored mosaic work, in which the blues and light reds dominated other colors. It looked as if some rich wide mosaic pavement had been lifted bodily and laid up on each side of the small doorway. The effect was not ecclesiastical, but it was quaint and bright, and pleasing to the eye even of one who was not a color-loving Mexican. One missed the usual saintly figures in carved gray or white stone which are usually the prevailing ornament of a Mexican church.

We did not realize the extreme beauty of the site of the town till the river was crossed, and we had reached the Hacienda de las Cruces. How the

bright red tiles and gleaming whites of the houses stood out from their rich dark green setting of trees in the bright sunlight! the gray church tower standing high above like an armored sentinel on guard over all below. The hills, tree-clad to the summit, rose gradually behind, forming a rich, appropriate background, and looking up to the bright blue, cloudless sky above.

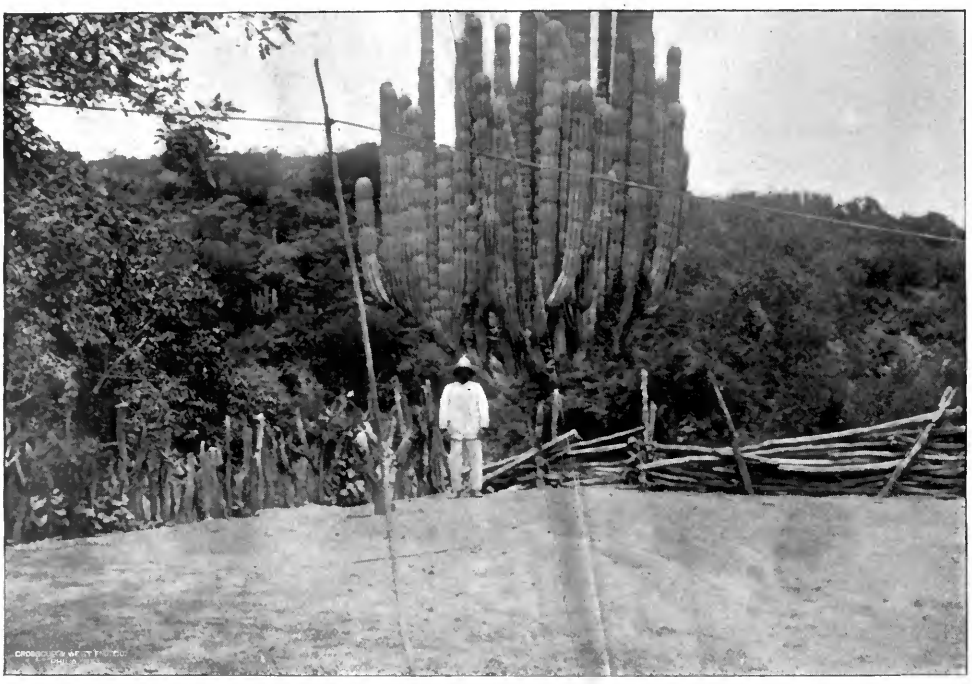
It is somewhat difficult correctly to define what is a hacienda. Its root is the verb "hacer," "to do or make"; "haciendo" being the past participle "doing, or making." It became softened into a feminine noun by changing the *o* into *a*,— hacienda, a place where anything is earned, or made, or where any work is done for a living or income. In days when there were no factories, it was applied to the estate of the owner as well as to his residence, which was always surrounded by a high wall. It has this significance yet, but it is also variously applied in the republic of Mexico to woolen and cotton factories, cigar and cigarette fabricas, and perhaps most largely to ore patios and smelting works, where ore from the mines is "beneficiated," or made into money, so to speak.

The old custom of surrounding every place of this kind with a high wall still obtains. The Hacienda de las Cruces

A MEXICAN RANCH HOUSE.

formed a large hollow square, and included the stores (groceries and all), the living houses of the administrator and family and a host of dependents, the sleeping rooms for guests, the corrals and stables for the animals, bath-house, kitchen, and so on. All opened out on a large patio, or square, with fountain and lovely flowers in the center.

As the water of the upper or new



A GREAT CACTUS.

town, which surrounded the Hacienda, was scarce, the natives drew most of their drinking supply from the fountain and in the bright morning sunlight the groups, ever changing, of chattering natives filling their various vessels formed an interesting and lively picture. Donkey men with barrels strung on each side of the ever patient burro, young girls with the red clay *cantero* poised on the head, old wizened hags with their *haras*, *mozos* with the ever useful petroleum tins swung at the ends of a long pole, Chinese fashion, with occasionally the gayly caparisoned caballero watering his horse; all passing in and out of the great gateway for the great necessary of life, without, I suppose, one thought that but for the enterprise and forethought of the mine owner who had piped this water from a long distance, they would have had to content themselves with such a muddy and unwholesome supply as the river below afforded.

I had letters of introduction to the administrator and was most hospitably received and housed, mules, *mozo*, and all, in half an hour after my arrival. Hospitality and a Mexican are synonymous terms. They are to the manner born. The poorest peon has it as well as the highest grandee in the land. No matter how humble the fare or how

THE BALSA FERRY.

little of it, it is cheerfully and sincerely offered to a stranger, and great offense may be taken if it is not accepted.

RUINED CHURCH OF SAN JUAN, NEAR PUEBLA.

The mines are quicksilver mines. The ore (calamine) being found as well as large clay deposits, both of which are smelted or reduced in large reduction works lately erected for the purpose. An overhead ropeway, nearly a mile long, conveys the ore from the mines to the works. Quicksilver is the only ore found in the district, which is full of veins and deposits yet to be opened up and worked.

After spending two or three days

in the district, the homeward journey was begun, and took me through the same scenes and almost the same experiences as the outward trip. Traveling did not cease till a blast of salt sea fog gave welcome back to San Francisco.

A. D. Stewart.

HELEN.

In Vesta's temple she lay hiding fast,
Around her Ilion's towers fell in flame,
And trembling, shrinking, she could hear her name
Pealed out with curses on the wild night blast.
Of all the friends who in the glad years past
Had praised her beauty and forgot her shame,
Not one to aid her in her peril came,
Not one in her defence a spear would cast.
The Greek, too, hostile, could he find her lair,
Would drag her quickly from the sacred place,
Though clinging to the altar of the Hearth
And pleading with her loveliness laid bare,—
Would look unmoved upon that peerless face,
And sweep the hated creature from the earth.

Ill must it fare with her who breaks the band
Which close in its embrace keeps home and child,
And though her heart with lawless love defiled
Mocks at the world's reproach when from her hand
The marriage ring she casts, and in some land
Remote would spend her careless days, beguiled
By hopes delusive and by visions wild,
Her sin's reproach stern conscience shall demand.
And she shall live to feel when passion dies
A heavy longing for that hearth betrayed,
The little fingers that once clasped her own
Shall seem to point at her in grieved surprise,
The scorn of friends and kin shall pierce the shade
In which she hides, deserted and alone.

Marshall Graham.

DOWN O' THE THISTLE.

On airy wings, these sunny August days,
Slow sails the thistledown;
Through quivering seas of shimmering golden haze
The fairy shallops float in aimless ways
And touch at many ports; but wanderers yet,
For distant harbors are their light sails set,
Though all too frail for voyage long, at last
Each bush and briar holds stranded vessels fast,
While heaped in drifts of summer fallen snow
Whole argosies lie wrecked the hedge below.

But when the tradewinds sweep with desolate cry,
Fast, fast the thistledown,
Sped by the mad blasts, wildly flutters high
Above the trees all landward blown, to fly
And seek in sudden turns and circlings wide
A shelter by the fierce gale still denied.
While from their moorings torn, the captives rise
In snowy swarms like startled butterflies;
Far, far they go, and fade in headlong flight
Against the gray sky, from my eager sight.

The harvest of the winds thus reaped in haste—
Poor wandering thistledown—
Is swiftly sowed in fields remote and waste
That fringe the dusty roads, whose bounds are traced
By ragged ranks of crowded stalks that show
But empty silvery crowns, from friend or foe
Kept safe by sturdy spines. The vanished seeds
The early rains shall find, as onward speeds
The flying year, till under April skies
In countless hosts the purple blossoms rise.

Ella M. Sexton.

THE ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE.

I.

EVERYBODY thought Marie a lucky girl the day she married Pierre Dubois. "Such a catch!" muttered the Widow Mahone enviously, as she listened to the shriek of the festive violin and the twang of a well-worn harp that made things merry for the wedding guests. "Such a catch! If the Virgin had sent me such a son-in-law! Ah, well, better be born lucky than rich, and God knows, Marie was always lucky!"

The lucky girl in question was dancing in a way that made one feel young, while Pierre was showing his appreciation of the event by executing some astonishing steps, in imitation of the new danseuse at the French Opera House. "One does n't get married every day," he said gayly, as he swung his partner somewhat boisterously in the dance, "and one ought to improve the occasion!" It was the gayest sort of a wedding, and Pierre the life of the company.

"It 's clever of Marie to get married so young," remarked the Widow Mahone to her neighbor, while they sat enjoying huge plates of gumbo, as the night advanced, and the substantial feature of the occasion progressed. "It is n't every girl that gets a husband at eighteen."

"I was married at sixteen," replied the neighbor, with an air of one whose achievements in this particular pastime of husband-hunting could not be surpassed; "but," with some scorn, "girls nowadays don't seem to take to matrimony as early,"—as though matrimony were some sort of abstruse science, and difficult of feminine comprehension.

"That they don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Mahone decidedly. "Now my girls," and she raised her hands and shoulders expressively. One would have supposed the six black-haired Mahones had received a surfeit of masculine adoration, and that indifference alone prevented them from entering the state that has been authoritatively stated to be the only proper one for women. Whereas the real facts of the case were very different, for the Widow Mahone was regarded by the young men as a desperate old match-maker, and the most callow and inexperienced youth soon learned to extend favors in the most cautious and guarded manner to the young Mahones; for otherwise he knew he would be suddenly called upon by the Widow to "declare his intentions." So great indeed was the desire of Mrs. Mahone to procure husbands for her daughters that for the past five years, on the way to market, she had regularly stopped at the cathedral to invoke the aid of the Virgin towards this end. "It can do no harm to pray," she told herself. "Six daughters unmarried!" It was a reflection upon her discharge of her duty as a mother.

The six Mahones, meantime, in spite of this anxious maternal solicitude, appeared to enjoy life very much. If they were upon this occasion consumed with envy of the bride, they gave no outward and visible sign of this emotion. They were ugly girls, there was no denying the fact, but they were neither dull nor stupid. It was against nature, with a French mother and an Irish father!

It was a most successful wedding, and much of its success was due to the assistance of the vivacious Mahones. Kitty electrified staid people into dancing, and Mary made bashful young men talk and shy girls grow animated; Maggie communicated self-possession to those who did n't know what to do with their hands

and feet, and whose wretched demeanor at festive gatherings made one speculate as to the nature of the inducement held forth to allure them from the domestic hearth; while the talent of Nora found vent in the most toothsome and delicious dishes of the wedding feast. The two youngest Mahones, just as capable and efficient, were looked upon by the elder members of the family as "too inexperienced to do anything else but enjoy themselves," so this, notwithstanding their extreme ugliness, they did with great energy.

On both sides of the family all of the relations had been invited to the wedding. No one was slighted, and wonderful to relate, the feelings of none were hurt. Grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, from the first to the fifth degree, came to congratulate the happy pair. Old men and maidens, young men and children, frisked and skipped, and joked and talked to their hearts content. Everybody was happy, except perhaps the envious Widow Mahone.

There was not much talk of "society" in those days. Class distinctions were felt and recognized, and the line was sharply drawn between "aristocrat" and "parvenu," but nothing was said about such things in the newspapers. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, in a general way were satisfied with those conditions of life to which it had pleased God to call them. They did not expect — even in the event of making vast fortunes — to occupy the proscenium boxes at the French Opera House, or to dazzle the wealthy planters who came to town for the season with the splendor of their entertainments, or the size and costliness of the jewels of their wives. Birth went for something in those days, and an honorable action entitled a man to distinguished consideration. To be a Delarelahousée was something, though one had not a sou!

The violin shrieked, and the old harp thumped its bravest, and Marie and Pierre were kissed and danced by each one of their relatives in genuinely hearty creole fashion. This particular wedding was among plain and most simple-hearted people. The head of the house would have been puzzled indeed had you talked to him of "society" or of "social grades," while his excellent wife knew no better manual of behavior than that which emanated from her own good heart. Hand-books of etiquette had not begun to flood the land, and a self-respecting bridegroom of those days would have scorned to have written for advice to a newspaper as to how he should conduct himself on so individual an occasion as that of his own marriage.

It was even before the rage for bridal presents had set in,—a most benighted time indeed! A simple little trousseau and Pierre were more than enough to satisfy the romantic head of the little bride, so when the priest presented her with an ornamental marriage certificate, drawn and colored by himself, as a token of his affectionate esteem, Marie felt that her cup of happiness was indeed filled to overflowing. Pierre, holding the certificate with both hands, grew eloquent in praise of its beauty, while the wedding guests crowded around him, loudly expressing admiration.

It was a singular looking certificate. No one had ever seen one like it before. It differed from others in being very large, and embellished with colored designs after the manner of illuminated missals. In the center was a pen and ink sketch, representing a marriage ceremony, and under this was the regular form made out in plain, bold writing.

Of course, everybody loved Father Adair. He had christened both Pierre and Marie; and under his ministration they had "made their first communion." The tie of affectionate interest had now been strengthened by the solemnity of the marriage service, and Pierre and Marie were naturally delighted at this unusual expression of favor on the part

of their spiritual adviser. On account of the extreme negativeness of her character, Marie was a great favorite with her relatives, and this flattering tribute to her worth from Father Adair raised her in their estimation to a still higher degree of perfection; while Pierre was clapped on the back by his intimates, and envied as the lucky possessor of so amiable a companion. The certificate was passed from hand to hand, accompanied by a chorus of admiration. The geometrical design along the border was exaggerated into a work of art of unusual excellence, while the coloring was declared to be as beautiful as it was remarkable.

When the festivities of this most happy wedding were over, when the friends had exchanged opinions as to the relative merits of the bride and bridegroom, discussed and argued over the same, eaten a good supper, and drunk the health of the bride in *vin ordinaire*, Pierre, with a delightful sense of proprietorship, conducted his little wife to her new home, a few squares distant. In one hand he held the certificate, with which he gesticulated as he talked. It was rolled up like a sheet of music, and was tied with a narrow blue ribbon.

During the month that followed, while Marie was receiving "visits as a bride," and being congratulated and kissed by her relatives, both feminine and masculine, the certificate occupied a position of state upon the center table in the little front parlor. It was displayed not only as a souvenir of affection, but as a specimen of fine art, and reverenced as a document of the most sentimental and sacred character. It happened one evening, after an awkward young cousin had been handling the highly valued treasure somewhat roughly, that Pierre noticed that it was getting very much soiled, and in danger of being torn, unless measures were taken for its preservation. It was much too handsome to be put away like an ordinary certificate,—besides, the Father would feel offended. After some talk, Pierre proposed that it should be framed and hung over the mantel-shelf of the little parlor.

It gave Marie the greatest delight to accede to this proposition. Pierre was so clever! and he had such a head for thinking! Dear me! but it was a fine thing to be married to such a thrifty young fellow, who had money enough to spare for buying a frame for his marriage certificate! After dinner they walked over to Marie's old home, to tell the family of this project, and to consult as to the size and character of the frame. This interesting piece of family news was communicated the next morning by Marie's mother to the Widow Mahone, when the two housekeepers met each other in the market.

"They say," remarked Mrs. Mahone to her daughters when she returned from market, laden with provisions and gossip, "they say that Marie is going to have her marriage certificate framed and hung on the wall."

"That 's a good idea!" said the eldest and the ugliest of the Mahones, "and it was like Marie to think of it."

"Marie has n't sense enough to think," exclaimed the widow spitefully. "It was Pierre who proposed it and Marie agreed. My, but she does set store by what Pierre says!"

"Well, Pierre is a good fellow," returned Nora, while she busied herself with emptying the market basket.

"Pierre is well enough," said Mrs. Mahone disgustedly, "but that little cat! To hear her bragging of what Pierre says, and what Pierre does Bah! she is n't the only woman that has a husband!"

"Well, mother," replied Nora cheerfully, "we have n't got such a valuable possession, and perhaps if we had we too would give ourselves disagreeable airs."

"I'd brag if I had one," said Kitty audaciously, "they are so hard to catch."

"If you would only make yourselves pleasant to the young men," Mrs. Mahone made haste to say, "they would n't be so hard to catch. But no! you must be independent! You will tease, and argue, and talk; that is no way to get a man's interest.'

"I would n't act like a fool for all the men in the country!" said Nora indignantly, as she examined a long lean strip of veal.

"We 'll never see a marriage certificate in our house," lamented Mrs. Mahone.

"If we *could* manage to get one," remarked the vivacious Kitty, "we would be so out of our minds with joy that we 'd paste it on the front door, for fear that some of the neighbors would n't be acquainted with the fact."

"It is very ungrateful of you to talk like that," said Mrs. Mahone sharply. "I 'm sure I leave no stones unturned to help you!"

"You ought n't to worry about it so much, mother," Maggie ventured to say remonstratingly, "we would much rather you would n't."

"Why men don't marry us I don't see!" exclaimed the irrepressible Kitty. "No one can say we 're not agreeable, even though we do tease and talk! For my part, I consider myself intensely fascinating! If I were a man, there 's no one I 'd sooner marry!"

The Mahone girls went into shrieks of laughter at this, and even Mrs. Mahone's grim mouth relaxed.

"I 'll set up to the chimney sweep the next time he comes round!" Kitty went on. "and Nora can look after the milkman. Think of the advantages; chimneys swept for nothing, and milk without pay! We are too romantic; it is a mistake. We think the man is of consequence: not at all! The man is nothing, — the principal thing is to be married."

"It is a great mistake to be romantic," replied Mrs. Mahone, whose ideas of marriage were entirely French, and whose sentiments were much too practical to understand the sarcasm of Kitty's speech. "Nothing is more foolish. As to love, the young people talk so much about, what is it? Bah! it is nothing. How long does it last? A good home is the chief thing."

After much consultation with her family, Marie at length decided upon a frame suitable for the certificate. It was large, heavy, and somewhat ponderous looking, but Pierre insisted that expense should not be spared, and hat the material should be of the best. In due course the certificate was hung in place, over the mantel shelf in the Dubois's little parlor.

Everybody thought Pierre's idea excellent, and this method the best of preserving such an interesting and important document. "In case of fire," Marie's prudent mother had suggested, "you could easily take down the certificate, for it is not hung too high, and if Pierre should ever take to drinking, like that wretched Caspar, keep an eye on your certificate. They do say that he tore up his wife's marriage license, and then went off and married another woman."

"Bah!" said Marie, "Pierre would n't "

"But," expostulated the mother sagely, "you never can tell what 's going to happen. When you are old, and have heard as many stories as I have about men, you 'll find out they 're not all St. Michaels!"

"I would n't live with a disagreeable woman, if I were a man," said Marie stoutly. "If she was n't nice to me, I 'd burn the certificate and leave her!"

"Hush!" exclaimed the scandalized mother. "What would Father Adair say?"

"Then don 't talk against Pierre," returned Marie indignantly.

"I 'm not talking against Pierre,' said the astonished mother. "I 'm only warning you to be careful."

"I won't be careful!" answered Marie with youthful heat. "I won't watch Pierre. If he wants to burn the certificate, he can; if he wants to marry another woman I won't keep him!"

"Don't be a fool, Marie!"

"I'd rather be a fool than a spy!" said Marie, with a sound of tears in her voice.

"Dear heart," exclaimed the mother soothingly, "we'll talk no more of Pierre. You were always a bit stubborn in your way of thinking!"

When she got home she told her husband of Marie's wrath, and they both laughed. It was Marie's way, said the father; she had n't a head for thinking, and she could n't see farther than the end of her nose. "It made the little lass mad to talk of men drinking," he explained, "for she took it to mean that Pierre would soon be a drunkard!"

"Watch the certificate!" said Marie to herself indignantly, after her mother had departed, "Watch the certificate! Pierre hung it on the wall, and there it shall stay. I hope I may die if I ever touch it,—for I'd rather die than not trust Pierre!"

It was from a very different source from this, that almost a tragedy was to come from the marriage certificate.

II.

It was just nineteen years afterwards that two young girls sat together on the sofa, in the same little parlor, looking at the illuminated certificate. They were Pierre's daughters.

"I hate that miserable thing!" exclaimed the eldest, whose name was Annette. "The idea of having a marriage certificate hung up in one's parlor like a picture."

"People think it so green," replied the younger girl. "I don't understand why mother won't let us put it in her room,—it would be so much nicer."

"Mother thinks it a beautiful work of art," said Annette, with a ouch of sarcasm in her voice.

The "Little One," as Zet was generally called, looked shocked.

"She does," continued Annette, with the decision of one with decided opinions, and not afraid to express them,—"she does and so does father."

"Well, they got it when they were married," replied Zet, who appreciated sentiment, "and so, of course, they think a great deal of it."

"Bah!" said the elder girl disgustedly; "every woman that marries gets a certificate."

The Little One made no reply. She felt snubbed and oppressed by the superior knowledge of her sister.

"That's the silly part of the thing," Annette went on, "everybody has one and so it looks too absurd for mother to hang hers on the wall as though it were a fine possession."

"Mother says everyone does n't have one like hers," returned Zet; "besides, Father Adair drew it."

"It is n't much of a drawing," said Annette, launching another thunderbolt at the family traditions. "The bride is on the wrong side, and the priest is out of drawing."

"How do you know?" asked the astonished Little One.

"How can I help seeing that a drawing is wrong when I know how to draw?" was the confident rejoinder. "It puts me in a rage whenever I see it," Annette went on after a little pause, motioning with her head toward the certificate. "Everybody that comes looks at it, asks about it, and then seems to laugh. I don't wonder!"

"I saw Mr. Laggs smile the other night when he looked at it," admitted the Little One.

"He thinks it *perfectly* ridiculous," said Annette, with a sudden change in her face.

"Did he say so?" asked Zet breathlessly.

"O, he was joking," Annette replied with an impatient movement.

"I don't think he had any right to joke," exclaimed Zet loyally. "If any one joked about it to me I should be furious."

"Of course you would," said Annette, "for you have n't the ghost of an idea what a joke means."

"I have," insisted the Little One.

"Not the faintest idea," said Annette decidedly.

She broke the point of the pencil in her hand, with which she had been drawing figures on a bit of wrapping paper.

"Mr. Laggs asked me," she went on presently, with a glance at the sister, "if I was going to hang *mine* on the wall?"

"Did he?" exclaimed Zet, forgetting her snubs and consumed with curiosity at this romantic piece of intelligence. "And what did you say?" Annette's certificate! how singular!

"I said *yes*."

The Little One looked quite nonplussed. She gazed silently at Annette.

"Do you suppose," said the elder girl with indignant heat, "that I would admit that I did n't like having the certificate on the wall?"

"Ah," exclaimed Zet, amazed at this fine policy, and feeling that she understood Annette once more, "You are too clever. And what did he say then?"

"And what did I say after that?" returned Annette mockingly, "and then, 'what did he say?' Come; it is time to string the beans; it is past twelve."

The Little One felt vaguely miserable as she followed Annette, although she could not have explained why. She was neither pretty nor clever like her fair-haired sister. These disadvantages made no difference at home, but outside she was made keenly aware of her deficiencies. Annette was admired on all sides, and her opinion asked upon all occasions. The little black-haired girl, on the other hand, was always overlooked. The public school teacher who taught Zet said that fair-haired women were much more clever than those who had dark hair. Zet's hair was very dark. The Little One had an unbounded admiration for her sister's talents. Annette did everything well. She could draw beautifully, and she could play wonderful selections on the piano,—brilliant gems, such as "The Maiden's Prayer," "Silvery Waves," and other compositions of this dashing order. To these imaginative tastes was allied a strong feeling for geometry, and an unusual proclivity for mathematics. The Little One found all these things difficult, but her father told her that to be a good cook was the chief duty of a woman.

The marriage certificate hanging on the wall had long been a grievance with the young Duboises. It was growing to be intolerable to Annette, who had an admirer,—the same Mr. Laggs of whom mention has been made. Mr. Laggs wanted to marry Annette, but Pierre hated him with such intensity that the young man dared not yet approach the serene Annette or her fiercely decided father with this tender confession. If Pierre should look at him with his terrible eyes, and ask him how he intended to support a wife? Heavens!

"I don't want to see that little fool here often," Pierre had said to Marie, referring to the ardent young suitor, "so keep him out of my way."

Notwithstanding, Annette was occasionally allowed to take a walk with her hated admirer, but the "Little One" was always a necessary accompaniment.

Pierre saw no reason for the acquaintance. "I shall ask him what he means by coming here so often," he said angrily to Marie one night, after Mr. Laggs had taken his protracted departure, "and then tell him to be off."

"He will think you want to get rid of Annette," said Marie. "It will be a hint for him to propose."

This was frightful.

"Leave them alone," said the mother; "the young people must choose for themselves."

"Choose for themselves!" exclaimed Pierre, in a shocked tone; "what does our sweet Annette know about men? She is much too young to be thinking about *choosing* a husband. It is absurd! After a time," went on, "we will find some nice young fellow for her. There is no hurry." It all seemed so reasonable and so easy to manage.

Marie was a dull woman, but she smiled to herself at this.

"Annette is a month older than I was when we were married," she said presently.

"No!" ejaculated Pierre. "Impossible."

"We had been married a month," reiterated Marie, "when I was Annette's age."

Was it really so? Had the years gone? Was Annette marriageable? Had Marie once been as young, as ignorant, as childish, as his young daughter? It all came to Pierre with a shock.

"It is different," he said, after a little, feeling that he must say something; "it is different."

"I had admirers," explained Marie; "there were six men that wanted to marry me. A girl must see the young men, to know which she will select."

"It is monstrous," said Pierre with energy, "monstrous."

"It is the way of the world," returned Marie. "Our fathers married, we married, the children will marry."

Pierre was furious. "It is plain," he said angrily, "that you want to be rid of your children."

"If my people had thwarted me," Marie went on reflectively, "I would have run away with you. I was always a fool about you, Pierre," she finished, smiling at the "infatuation" that had lasted so well. Marie's affection for her husband had been the one supreme emotion of her life. In regard to managing Pierre she was not in the least dull.

"Would you have run away with me?" he asked, regretting for the first time a long forgotten folly. "And to think that I asked you!"

"If father had n't changed his mind I would have done so," said Marie.

Pierre crossed over to his wife and sat down beside her. "It was different with us," he declared. "You will not agree that it was different?" he insisted. "You see that I *knew* that I loved you, and that I could take care of you."

"Every man thinks that," said Marie laughing, "when he is in love, and every girl believes it when she loves the man that says it."

In recalling his tempestuous youth, Pierre remembered the jealousies that had assailed his heart when he had encountered his hated rivals. He remembered his unreasoning jealousy as a husband. But all of these storms seemed stupid and preposterous compared with the feeling which possessed him now.

"You do not understand, or feel this as I do," he said, smiting his knee with his strong clenched hand. "You know nothing of the world or of suffering. You can talk of giving up our lamb; I cannot think of it. I loved you, I married you. How it came about I do not quite know. I thought myself honorable,— till now I believed myself so,— there are always extenuating circumstances." He drew a long breath. "If a man asked a daughter of mine to run away with him — " he broke off suddenly. "I tell you it is different, different. I am a father and the child is *mine!*"

"You mean," said Marie coldly, "that the wife is nothing."

For once she failed to reach him. Her remark was utterly out of sympathy with his mood. He was too absorbed by one set of emotions to be able to abandon them for others.

"You cannot understand that it is

different!" he answered impatiently, "entirely different. I perceive," he continued, trying to analyze himself, "that a man's love for his wife is absolutely selfish. Nothing shall stand in the way. Nothing is of consequence provided the woman is won. With a father it is different. The happiness of the child is above all. The wife can toil, the helpless child cannot. It must forever remain a helpless thing to the parent. You wish me to give up this helpless, tender creature,—the child we have toiled for, watched, and tended,—you ask me to resign this,—God's great gift! —to the first brainless idiot that comes! I tell you, never!"

He had worked himself into a violent passion, and against the storm of wrath Marie felt the uselessness of protest. Yet she could remember a time when all such talk had sounded to her utterly selfish and futile. She recalled her own desperation when, in the early days of Pierre's courtship, her father had set himself against her marriage. She had thought him cruel and unnatural; indeed, she had never overcome a smouldering sense of resentment at this (to her thinking) injustice. With Pierre she could sympathize,—he did not want to part with his children, that was natural, but of the analogous experience of her father she even now had no sort of comprehension. Utterly unimaginative, she could neither understand nor sympathize with those whose conduct or actions were opposed to her own. It was plain that she could never fairly represent the interests of her children to their father, unless she herself was absolutely in sympathy with such interests.

When the Dubois family came out of church the Sunday following this conversation, Mr. Laggs stood waiting as usual, immaculate and smiling. He appeared before the church porch with the unfailing regularity of the Sabbath itself, while he kept the seventh day holy by unusual smartness of attire. It was his habit, after speaking to the family, deferentially to approach Annette, with whom he would walk until they reached the family dwelling. Meantime Pierre would follow, consumed with an unrighteous desire to kill or otherwise destroy the disturber of his domestic peace.

"It is abominable, the way father treats Mr. Laggs," Annette had complained to her mother, when they were taking off their wraps, after the young man had departed under cover of Pierre's fiercest scowl. "I 'm sure he is a very nice *gentleman*." She hesitated a little on the last word, for it was not a term in familiar usage in the Dubois household.

"Your father does n't want you to marry a gentleman," said Marie, with the unsparing straightforwardness of her class. "He says you are too young to be thinking of marriage."

"*You* were married when you were eighteen," replied Annette, making a tremendous home thrust.

"It was different," returned the mother coldly. "Your father had a trade. When you marry we want you to marry a man that can take care of you."

"A trade!" exclaimed Annette, with fury; "a bricklayer, a carpenter, a baker! Why should n't I rise as well as the rest? The Eugenes kept a saloon on the corner: now they are living on St. Charles Avenue, and Marie is going to marry a planter."

"That 's enough!" interrupted Marie sharply. "Complain of your father, and despise him, because he will not make money like that old thief Eugene. Yes; be angry, because he treats you like a baby! You do not want the Little One to walk with you when you go out with your silly little beau. Gentleman, bah! he is much too bright! Do you see the young ladies on Esplanade Street walk out unattended? Never! You wish to be a lady,—you do not know how to act like one! Go away, I am ashamed of you!"

This new emotion in the household made the once peaceful home full of agitation and unrest; Pierre lost a good deal of his old gayety, while Marie, who had never had very much to say, took refuge in complete silence. The affectionate Little One, in sympathy with both sides of the house, found herself in those days in a great state of perplexity. The dapper young man and his conspicuous diamond pin appealed strongly to her romantic nature. To her thinking, Annette's beau was very "fine looking."

It was through a half laughing remark of Mr. Laggs that Annette's long-felt annoyance for the certificate had culminated into violent hatred. The sentiment of affectionate interest that Marie's children had been taught to feel for it had long since departed. It was ridiculous, they thought, and they could not understand why their mother did not find it so.

A different sort of sentiment was in fashion from that which was in vogue when Marie had been married. Ideas that had been venerated were now laughed at as absurd. The spirit of a self-conscious, critical age affected the feelings and shaped the sentiments of Marie's daughters; but Marie herself could not see that any difference existed, and she was far too unimaginative to understand how, if such a difference did exist, it could affect her children.

It was in the early days of the civil war that the wedding recorded had taken place, and the great changes incident to that period were already making themselves distinctively felt. In regard to the old class distinctions a tremendous upheaval had taken place. Members of the old and much respected families were now given in marriage to the rich parvenus. A singular spirit of emulation had come into a land where two classes had lived on friendly terms for years, without a thought, on either side, of social relationship. But the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker, had begun to grow dissatisfied with their conditions in life. "Blue blood" had been the criterion of excellence in the old days, but money was the great god now. Old New Orleans had changed.

There are some whose characters are not affected by the spirit of the age in which they live; but it was a time of revolution, and Annette was violently influenced by the changes mentioned. A case in point was the approaching marriage of the school-girl friend, Marie Eugene. This young girl was much less attractive than Annette, and by no means as clever. Old Eugene had acquired his great wealth by the most disgraceful sort of political dishonesty, but his influence was powerful. Annette's ambitions were stimulated by the good fortune of her friend. What if fate had in reserve some such happiness for her. She was just as deserving! Her father's honesty, her own beauty,—surely they meant something. It was not possible for a creature as utterly without principle as Marie's father to long remain an influential power. Such things *could not* be!

Annette's aspirations were, no doubt, as idle as they were impossible. Her notions of right and wrong were hopelessly unworldly. She was full of that ideality which cannot stand the wear and tear of every-day life. Her ardent spirit protested against the dullness of her condition. The preparation of food, the never-ending table-setting and dish-washing, filled her with despair. Her protest was really against the materiality of existence, and her discontent grew in proportion as the development of her mind was frustrated. In the busy little household there was much to be done. Drawing and reading, of which Annette was inordinately fond, were impossibilities; while cooking, cleaning, and sewing, were actual necessities. There were no books, for neither Pierre

nor Marie cared for reading. Pierre read the papers during political excitements, and Marie read the Bible on Sundays. Novels were not allowed in the house. Upon two memorable occasions Annette had violently rebelled at her fate, but Marie had talked to her of the sin of discontent, and Annette, made aware of her wickedness, had dutifully confessed her short-comings to Father Adair, who in turn had discoursed on the sin of ambition which had rent the court of heaven, and through the agency of a sinful and misguided woman had brought about the fall of man.

III.

It was the habit of Mrs. Dubois to have at certain stated intervals a thoroughly exhaustive house-cleaning. These periods were as faithfully observed as the anniversary of a saint, or other religious festivals, with this difference, that they were movable as to date and determined by the state of the weather. Such a period was now in progress, and Marie and her daughters were religiously cleaning, dusting, and polishing, the various household effects. They were now about to arrange in place the furniture in the parlor when Annette tried, for the last time, to persuade her mother to take down the certificate. It required tact to approach the subject.

"Let us change the position of the furniture," said Annette, "and make the room look entirely different."

"O, lovely!" exclaimed Zet; "let's put the sofa here and the large table there."

"No," said Marie decidedly, "I don't like changes."

There was silence for some time after this.

Presently Annette found courage to say, "Mother, don't you think it would be nice to have the certificate in your room? It—" Annette did not complete the sentence.

It was now or never for the proposition to be made, for after the cleaning was over months would elapse before another household upheaval would take place.

"I do not want the certificate moved," replied Marie coldly. She knew her children's dislike of the certificate, and it annoyed her to feel that they did not prize what she and Pierre valued so highly. She could not understand the foolish exaggerations which so fretted them. Their youthful violence and their wild enthusiasms were alike incompre hensible to her.

The girls glanced at each other; they knew the certificate would never be taken from its conspicuous place on the mantel. In their mother's room, as a souvenir, it was suitable and proper; but in the parlor—! They had talked of the change many a time, hoping that it might be at length accomplished. They could not understand why the proposition should annoy their mother. Annette had grown to dread new acquaintances, for all were attracted by the brightly ornamented possession, and would ask what it was and what it represented. It always occasioned astonishment when the inquirer was told that it was a marriage certificate. Conscious of her past sufferings and of future embarrassments to come, Annette, even after this rebuff, was brave enough to say:—

"Mother, if you would n't mind very much, we would be so glad if you would let us move it. People think it is so queer — that is," confusedly, "having it hung up like a picture, and Zet and I —" Annette faltered. It was very hard to say, for her mother was looking at her steadily.

"Queer?" said Marie in a somewhat strained voice.

"We, Zet and I, think it beautiful," Annette went on hurriedly; "at least,

we understand how much you think of it, because Father Adair painted it for you, and you—but other people —"

Annette broke down completely.

"What people?"

"*Everybody!*" exclaimed the Little One, excitedly coming to the rescue. "But the Mahones are the worst of all!"

"What do they say?" asked Marie.

"They have some jokes about it," replied Annette; "they," hesitatingly, "they always laugh when they see it. Yesterday, when Miss Nora and Miss Maggie came to borrow father's paper, I heard them laughing. They didn't know that I heard. Miss Maggie said, 'It always reminds me of Kitty,' and Miss Nora said, 'Shall you ever forget the night Kitty pinned her certificate on the wall?'"

Marie flushed.

"Mrs. Mahone said," began Zet—

"I never liked that old woman," interrupted Marie, as though she had heard enough. "She was always a jealous tattler."

"I hate her," said Annette with vigor.

"As for other people," continued Marie, "why should their opinions affect us?"

Her argument was unanswerable, and the children said no more.

Just at this time Marie received a message from her mother, asking her to come and give her opinion in regard to some question of domestic importance. The interruption was most timely, and Marie was glad to get away. She had no intention of granting the request. What! change the furniture and take down the certificate to please the whims of children? Absurd! Children should think as their parents thought. To Marie there was nothing unreasonable in this.

It was very quiet in the little room after she had gone. The young girls worked in silence. They had been taught to "improve the shining hour," and to be busy about the house was a natural condition. At length the room was in perfect order, with the exception of the certificate, which had not been dusted. Annette went for an empty box, which she put on the table. The Little One then got upon a chair and mounted the pile. They had dusted the certificate so often before that they knew exactly how to go about it. The Little One swung the duster with a practiced hand. "I knew mother would n't let us move it," she said at last.

"Yes," replied Annette; "I did, too. It was useless to ask."

"Annette," exclaimed the Little One, suddenly pausing in her occupation, "the nail is loose!"

Annette said nothing.

"If you 'll get me the hammer," continued Zet, "I think I can fix it."

Annette, holding the box to avert any danger to Zet, looked indifferently out of the window.

"Annette!" repeated the Little One.

"You might fall if I went," said Annette.

"Bah!"

Annette went away slowly to fetch the hammer. Presently she returned. "I can't find it," she announced.

"Did you look on the doorstep?" asked Zet. "I think father left it there this morning."

"It is n't there now," replied Annette.

The Little One got down from her perch and went to look for the hammer. After a protracted search she returned. The hammer could not be found.

"The picture will fall," she declared, looking greatly troubled. "What shall we do?"

"We could n't fix it if we had the hammer," said Annette. "It has been hanging for nineteen years," she went on, "why should it fall now? It is good now for another nineteen," she said disgustedly.

"But the nail is loose," expostulated the Little One.

"Nonsense," declared Annette. "The weight of the picture will keep the nail fast even if it is loose. Of course," with some scorn, "a nail will shake if you move it up and down with all your might."

"But I did n't move it up and down with all my might," vehemently protested the Little One; "as I straightened the frame I felt the nail loose."

"It will hang for *years*," said Annette decidedly. "It is foolish to say anything about it to mother," she continued, taking the box off the table. "For once be sensible and hold your tongue."

When their mother returned, nothing was said about the certificate.

. . . . . .

"Do you think," asked the Little One anxiously of Annette the next afternoon, as they were returning from church, "do you think it will fall soon?"

"Will what fall soon?" returned Annette, knowing quite well what the Little One meant.

"The certificate."

"O Zet!" exclaimed Annette, "you are such an idiot!"

The Little One, much humiliated, insisted that she was "not an idiot."

During the week that followed she was tormented with thoughts of the certificate. What if it should fall and kill some one? Perhaps it would fall on her father, and break his neck! horrible! or it might fall when her mother was dusting the mantel-shelf. Any afternoon she might return from school and find her dead. It was cruel of Annette not to tell. It was frightful. Yet, with the irresolution of youth, she could not without Annette's approval herself decide to tell.

When they walked up and down the pavement in the twilight, after dinner, the Little One would expostulate.

"If it falls it w kill some one,' she had said tragically.

"A fly, yes"; Annette had acquiesced.

"Go and tell mother," she said at length impatiently. "Go and tell if you think the nail is loose. Then we will have a new one put in securely, and the certificate will hang in the parlor until we die"

It was impossible to tell after this, so the Little One struggled on in silence.

She and Annette had had a common grievance too long for her to shake off its influence easily. It was clear that Annette would not explain that the nail was loose. If she assumed the responsibility, and told, both of them would be punished for having concealed the knowledge; the certificate would be made secure, and remain forever in its accustomed place.

From a trifling annoyance the certificate had now come to be a most serious grievance. The girls never entered the room without being aware of its presence. Their grievance was, of course, largely imaginary, but their sufferings were none the less real. The Widow Mahone had first made them conscious of the absurdity of using the certificate as an ornament, and since this mischievous criticism of it they had construed any mention of it into a covert insinuation at the grotesque possession. Few that saw it or commented upon it gave it afterwards a moment's thought, but this the inexperienced young girls could not understand. Annette's sensitive nature was prone to such exaggeration. Thrown upon herself, and deprived by circumstances of those pursuits congenial to her mind, the bent of her nature thwarted, and her occupation of the most material and monotonous character, her mind fastened itself upon the certificate as an outlet. In vain she had appealed to her mother; in vain she had asked to have it removed; useless. There it must hang forever, and be a perpetual target for the jeers and laughter of their friends and neighbors.

It was a relief to think that there was a possibility of its falling. If the glass

was broken and the frame injured, so much the better; for then a change might be agreed upon, and her mother induced to remove the priceless memento to some more suitable place. The fears entertained by the Little One found no place in the mind of Annette. The frame of the certificate was not heavy enough to seriously injure any one, even though it should fall as the Little One predicted; and besides, the weather was getting warm, and the family usually spent the evenings on the front gallery, and rarely used the little parlor.

A week passed. The certificate remained immovably in place. Coming in from school, the Little One's first thought was of the certificate. Was it still hanging? Frequently she dreamed of it. She always told her dreams to Annette. "Bah!" Annette would exclaim. "I don't believe the nail is loose. The certificate will not fall."

The Little One's fears began to subside. After all, she might have been mistaken.

It was Sunday,—a gala day with the Duboises. Annette and Zet wore their best frocks. Mr. Laggs had walked home from church with Annette, as usual, but he had made several unfortunate remarks, and Annette had suddenly experienced a peculiar sense of resentment toward him. He had discovered that any allusion to the certificate annoyed the young girl, and with a curiosity fatal to his interests he had resolved to find out the reason. Annette thought him very impertinent. Her nature, responsive to friendliness, revolted against anything like familiarity. Alas! poor Annette! her ideals were far above her station! The young man's worst sin was being commonplace, and she had suddenly found him so. She did not understand this, but she felt a deep sense of injury at his intrusive speech. Why should he insist upon knowing, and joke about things she did not wish to tell? She treated him with repelling coldness, and he had retired somewhat bewildered and much discomfitted.

Dinner was just over, for Pierre liked his dinner late, and though it was early in the afternoon lamps were lit. The wind was blowing from the north, so the family sat in the little parlor instead of occupying the front gallery, as usual. Pierre was sure they would have a heavy storm before the day was an hour older. They had a visitor of whom Pierre was particularly fond, an old sea captain, who told good stories. He laughed loudly, and had hearty and boisterous manners. Annette listened with indifference to the stories, the Little One shrieked with mirth. The thunder of the approaching storm enlivened the old salt; he grew eloquent with reminiscences. His attentive listeners encouraged him, to give more animation and zest to his stories.

He began a tell of a fire on shipboard, when he was cruising in South American waters. He gesticulated with energy; he pounded with his great cane upon the floor. The room shook, the lamp rattled,—horror! a piercing shriek from the Little One, a loud clap of thunder, and the certificate with a crash of breaking glass fell to the floor.

In the consternation that followed,—for the room in which they sat was very small,—Pierre gave his attention to the Little One, whose terror was alarming. It was impossible to soothe her. Marie and Annette, having ascertained that Zet was not injured by the fall of the certificate, busied themselves with the scattered fragments. Marie, whose mind was deeply imbued with superstition, wondered what calamity would follow in the wake of this inauspicious omen. She remembered the vow of her youth,—she at least had no part in the removal of the certificate; but calamity must surely come with its downfall!

The storm outside did not daunt the weather-beaten hero of seafaring adventures. The domestic storm appalled him much more, and amidst the shrieks of the Little One he hastily took flight.

"It is well I 'm not married!" he ejaculated to himself, as he hurried through the rain. "How the child cried, and the mother! One would think a funeral had come, because a picture had fallen! Bah! the women and their foolish nerves,—they ought to feel a storm at sea!"

It was useless to attempt to quiet the Little One. The endearments of her father seemed only to make matters worse. Pierre held her in his arms, looking at her helplessly, as one looks at distress outside of the comprehension.

"Dear heart," he said soothingly, "it is nothing. A little glass broken,—what is that?"

"You are not hurt?" cried Zet with a terror stricken face, "You are not hurt?"

"Hurt!" said Pierre cheerfully. "I'm not hurt! What ails the child? It was the thunder that frightened the poor pet!"

"No," expostulated the Little One, "it was n't the thunder. It was the picture, it — it — it was the picture," and she sobbed convulsively.

"Well, have it mended," said Pierre encouragingly.

The Little One continued to sob.

"We can easily have it fixed," Pierre went on; "glass is cheap."

"O, father," wailed Zet, "I am so glad you 're not killed!"

"What does the child mean?" asked Pierre, looking at Marie for explanation.

"The nail was loose," contined the Little One, struggling with emotion; "I knew the picture would fall!"

"You knew it would fall?" asked Pierre with astonishment. "Then why did n t you tell us so?"

"Don't scold, don't scold, yet!" protested Zet, beside herself with distress; "wait until I tell you."

She gasped a little then. "We were dusting the certificate, Annette and I, and I found that the nail was loose. We tried to fix it, but we could n't find the hammer. Mother was out. Annette did n't think the nail was loose."

There was an oppressive half minute of silence after this, broken only by the sobs of the Little One.

"Well?" said Pierre after a little, feeling there was no more to come. "We — we — we — did n't like the certificate," faltered Zet with a fresh burst of tears, "because — because —"

"Well?" repeated the father in a gentle tone of encouragement.

The Little One clung to him with a despairing sort of rapture.

"O, I could n't tell you!" she cried. "I can't tell you, you are so good! It would hurt your feelings!"

"Dear Little One," said Pierre tenderly, much moved. "But if you do not tell me what is troubling you now, I shall think that you have ceased to love me."

Quite overcome by this, the Little One wept for a space unmolested.

"We don't like the certificate," she said at last in a voice choked with sobs, "because—because—people laugh at it, and think it so queer to have it hanging in the parlor like a picture. We—" she broke off helplessly. It was so impossible for her to explain the feeling that she and Annette had so long had for the certificate.

"I don't understand what it all means," said Pierre looking at Marie.

"The children don't like the certificate," said the mother.

"Why?"

Marie hesitated.

"We like it because you do," interrupted the Little One, "but we don't like it in the parlor because people laugh at it."

"Do they?" asked Pierre of Marie.

"The children say so," she replied.

"Then," said Pierre, "why do you have it in the parlor? Why don't you put it somewhere else."

Marie's eyes fell. She felt as one feels when he has not been true to a trust. There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of the children, for Annette, quite overcome by these revelations, had also given way to tears.

"They asked you to move it?" demanded Pierre presently.

"It is n't possible to grant all the whims of children," answered Marie defensively.

Pierre had his arms about the quivering Little One, while Annette, crouching beside his chair, was weeping bitterly.

He knew that it was not a whim that had actuated this rebellion. For the first time he had come into contact with an experience of overwhelming and intense importance to his children, of which he had no comprehension. The whole thing seemed to him utterly preposterous. If the children objected to the certificate in the parlor, why did n't their mother put it out of the way? They had appealed to their mother in vain! Why had they not appealed to him?

"The mother and the father do not always understand what the children need, or like," he said presently. "You must tell us both; then we can decide what is best for you. The picture," Pierre always called the certificate a picture, "will do just as well in your mother's room." He stroked the Little One affectionately, and put his great hand on Annette's bright head. It distressed him sorely to have them weeping in this wild, unaccountable way. "Is there anything else you would like changed?" he asked after a little space, trying to comfort them; "anything else you would like different?"

"O, no, no!" said Zet. "We don't want anything else changed."

"The mother and the father always like to please the children," Pierre continued, "but sometimes what they ask is not reasonable. You do not want anything else to make you happy?" he went on, with a half humorous look about the mouth.

"Nothing," said the Little One, lifting her tear-stained face, and putting it against his cheek; "nothing at all."

"And you, Annette?" asked Pierre suddenly turning to his eldest daughter. "Is there anything you want to make you happy? Is there anything we can do for you?"

His voice had changed while he asked this, and the humorous smile no longer played about his mouth. There was only one thing that Annette desired for her happiness of course,—the detested young Laggs. Could he consent to this? Never! Give Annette away?—the first born. God in heaven! no!

"Annette wants a *drawing book*," said the Little One, breaking in upon this tragic thought.

"No," interrupted Annette, "I don't want anything."

"She won't say that she wants it," explained the Little One, "because she thinks it 's too expensive."

"How much will it cost?" inquired Pierre cheerfully.

"A dollar and a half for the book and the pencils," answered Zet promptly. "We asked the price the other day. Annette looks in the window every time we walk up Royal Street. She says the book is very cheap."

"O Zet!" exclaimed Annette in a tone of agony.

"I go to school, and see the girls, and have amusement," continued the Little One in her childish phraseology; "but Annette does n't have any fun. She has to make the beds, and wash the dishes, and cook. She hates to cook. She always burns her hands."

"O!" ejaculated Annette. "Don't believe what Zet is saying!"

It came to Pierre all in a minute that Annette's life was rather dull. It had

not occurred to him that to desire amusement, or at least diversion, was a condition of youth. He remembered now that he had been dissatisfied. He had hated and chafed at restrictions; so had Marie. To be dissatisfied at home,—it was frightful! The children —alas, they would soon be children no more?—were fast coming into possession of their individualities; the tender, ignorant young souls God had given into his keeping would soon begin to think and act for themselves. God! it was horrible!

Must he resign them? the children! the children!

"I like to clear up the house," continued Zet, who had suddenly found conversation easy. "I love to cook, but Annette does n't. The teachers at school say that if Annette knew a little more about drawing she could give lessons and make a lot of money."

"Annette shall have the book," said Pierre. "We will get it tomorrow. You should n't do the work you don't like, dear heart," he went on, putting his disengaged arm about Annette and drawing her to him, "but your father is a poor man, and the little girls must help their good mother."

"O father!" exclaimed Annette, feeling that she was deeply misunderstood. "I do not mind the work, indeed I am not lazy; but sometimes I get so tired. It is every day the same. If I could sometimes read, or have a little time to draw!" She fell against his knees, sobbing bitterly. She had told the secret of her unhappiness. Her mind, ingenious and active, incessantly urged its ambitions. Life had already begun to press heavily upon her, because she could not utilize her best activities.

"I am glad you have told me all this," said Pierre soberly, conscious of new responsibilities of which he had not thought. "You must always tell us your troubles,—your mother and me, —and we will help you if we can. We do not wish to thwart you; we want to help you."

"We do not wish to thwart you." The sentence recalled his conversation with Marie. He remembered her words: "If father had thwarted me, I would have run away with you."

Was the sacred tie of fatherhood no stronger than that? Was devotion and life-long service to be flung aside in a minute, and be remembered no more? Had not the condition great responsibility, and was it not deserving of respect? Was the opinion of maturity always wrong, always harsh, and was the intuition of youth always to be relied on? He realized in a minute new duties and responsibilities. He had to grow as well as the children. Could he make the bond of paternal love strong enough to avert such a hateful catastrophe? Could it be that Annette would ever be so thrown upon herself, so deprived of home counsel and assistance, that she could fling herself upon the world in the reckless way that Marie had once contemplated? God! not if he could help, not if he could serve. He would bind the children to him with his love, he would hold them through sympathy, he would have his own forever, and even death itself should not divide.

"Annette," he began, striking into the heart of the subject with the abruptness of an intensely emotional nature, "the young man that comes to see you, —I do not like him. But your mother says the young girls like to have the young men come and visit. On Sundays and Wednesdays you can invite your friends. I love you, my dear, I trust you, I want you to be happy. I— I do not like your young man," he finished.

"O father!" exclaimed Annette, with a shocked sense of resentment at this appropriation of Mr. Laggs. "Do not talk like that! I do not like the young man either—I—I—hate him."

Annette's sudden revulsion of feeling

was entirely natural. She had realized the insignificance of her admirer, and in that moment he had ceased to have any hold upon her. Her interest in him had been greatly stimulated by the injustice shown to him by her father. Now that the injustice was removed, her resentment of her father's conduct departed; her struggling indecisions took shape,—she knew her own mind. Her last lingering interest in Mr. Laggs had vanished.

The girls wept themselves to sleep in each other's arms. "Ah, Zet," said Annette remorsefully, "to think that I ever called you stupid! Ah, but you are sweet and good, my dear! I am glad you told it all—I could never have told. And I can have the drawing book after wanting it so long; and we can have the young people to come and see us, like the other girls, and best of all, father will not treat me so strangely any more!"

"Ah, but he is good, I tell you!" answered Zet. "I never knew anyone so good," and they fell to weeping again at their father's kindness.

It was some time before Pierre could convince Marie of the wisdom of his proposed course in dealing with the children. It was to be a reign of reason,—no longer one of authority,—and from this surely mutual confidence would arise. A time had come for them to change, and they must adapt themselves to the new conditions.

Marie considered the children badly in need of punishment, and she privately resolved to make them aware of the enormity of their sins, and to confess the same to Father Adair. She did not openly oppose the new movement, but her silence, in its way as eloquent as another woman's vigorous remonstrance, left Pierre in no doubt as to her opinion. But he was not one easily turned from his purpose, and he knew that his influence would ultimately prevail. Annette, he determined should no longer be treated as a child. As to the Little One, thank God she was a little one yet! she was still in need of paternal authority. He would get the drawing book for Annette, and he must buy something for his heart's darling. It should be a new frock,— yes, that was best, and the color must be red, of course, for the Little One delighted in smart attire, and was something of a barbarian in her fondness for bright colors.

Pierre knew the value of each of his hard-earned dollars, but he realized that a little extravagant outlay now would in the end prove to be the wisest sort of economy. To have Annette satisfied, that was the chief consideration. Perhaps, after a time he could manage to let her have some drawing lessons, since her mind seemed to be on such things. Ah! yes, yes, it came to him in a flash. Marie's grandfather! He had been an architect of no mean skill. He had died young, but he had left behind him the proof of extraordinary constructive ability. Those who understood such things said that his talent was remarkable. This was the heritage that had come to Annette. She had no books to read, yet the geometry was always in her hand. Oftentimes she had come to him with a flushed face, to explain some problem that she had solved. He neither cared for nor understood the things, but Annette's delight in them seemed clear. Yes, he would help the child. He heard again the Little One's childish voice: "Annette hates to cook, she always burns her hands!" Pretty young hands: perhaps they were not made for menial labor, but were designed for more thoughtful and more skillful work.

The certificate had accomplished its mission. Had it been a thing alive it could not have been more influential. It was the means of bringing about an understanding that helped the Dubois family to a better knowledge of each other's needs. The symbol of a sacred

bond, it taught them the sacred meaning of personality.

"We will hang it in our room," said Pierre, putting his arm about Marie, after the children had departed for the night. After all, it was rather absurd to have it in the parlor. He smiled a little. He had always thought of the certificate from the sentimental standpoint, and now he thought of it from the critical side, he could see its absurdity.

"No," answered Marie in a tone of repressed feeling, "we will not hang it up at all; I will put it away. No one likes it,— even *you* have ceased to care for it."

"I!" said Pierre in astonishment, "I have ceased to care, Marie? Why it gave us to one another, and tonight seems to have given the children back to me." His voice was full of reproach.

He turned away, but she caught his hand. "Pierre," she began vehemently, "you never knew how I felt about the certificate. I — I could not take it down." Moved out of herself by the influences of the evening, and terrified lest he should think that she had not acted fairly with the children, she told him of the conversation with her mother so many years ago, and of her own wild vow in regard to moving the certificate.

Pierre was so accustomed to talk of superstition that he could comprehend without much difficulty Marie's side of the question. Absurd as it was, he had no harsh word to say against it, for the influences that shaped the thoughts of their lives were full of unreason and of superstition. Nor did he resent, as one more exacting might have done, the implied insinuation that he was not trustworthy. He knew that Marie loved him, and beyond this he did not question. Of one thing he had always felt very sure, and that was that the mistakes Marie made were always mistakes of affection. In their quarrels — and they had many — he had always been conscious of this, and it had helped them both toward a speedy reconciliation.

The certificate at length found a resting place in a little leather trunk sacred to Marie's best treasure,— a black silk dress, carefully wrapped in blue tissue paper, and only brought forth on occasions of great festivity. Marie could never have put the feeling into words, but it seemed to her that something had gone out of her life with the certificate from the wall. As time wore on the feeling faded into a tender sort of melancholy, for Marie had no hardness in her gentle breast; but when the girls stood beside the open trunk and beheld the long, neat parcel — tied again with the same blue ribbon — that Pierre had flourished in his hands when a happy bridegroom, they felt a strange sense of constraint, while Marie had a look upon her face that made one feel she had seen again the ghost of her past youth.

Marcia Davies.

RECENT FICTION.

THE Short-Story, as Mr. Brander Matthews insists it should be spelled, is growing in public favor. Possibly it is only another instance of a tendency that THE OVERLAND has often noted of an increasing inability on the part of the general reader to fix the mind continuously on any subject whatever. This we have supposed to be due to "the newspaper habit," which feeds the mind with short and scrappy bits, till it can assimilate only intellectual hash.

Four of the books now to be noticed are books of short-stories. The first Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's last book,—a collection of short stories, somewhat fancifully called *Huckleberries*,[1] has a sad additional interest through the recent death of its author. The stories are perhaps not anywhere up to the best,—to "The Deacon's Week," for instance, which had a homely and realistic humor, a sympathetic insight, that ought to make it live; but they have Mrs. Cooke's touch throughout, and it is a touch New England will spare regretfully. An older writer than Sara Orne Jewett, she marked out—or perhaps followed Mrs. Stowe in marking out—that line of faithful and penetrating study in New England rural character, which Miss Jewett afterward followed with perhaps greater art and more real success, yet with something lost of real sympathy and even participation in the life. Mary Wilkins is the latest member of this little group of writers. There have been a great many that have essayed such stories, and a great many good stories have been written by them; but few that have caught the quaint and tender reality that these three women breathe into their studies. The literary purpose is visible in most of them. Mrs. Cooke, as Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins have done after her, writes as one might lovingly repeat without thought of effect the story of a friend's life. Mrs. Cooke, however, wasted a good deal of her literary power, and lost something of esteem as an artist, by writing a good deal with a distinctly didactic purpose, to the needs of the religious weeklies; not that we would criticise, in general, the didactic purpose; about which and its relation to art we believe a good deal of nonsense is talked; but it was not often to the advantage of Mrs. Cooke's stories.

One reflection that makes the reader value all the more the tender insight into the New England rural life of such stories as these under review is, that we cannot have much more of it. The life it records is one never in the least comprehended by any one from outside, and one passing away before our eyes. How long the type of character may linger in nooks no one can say, but in becoming a survival it will become different. Already Miss Wilkins's studies show this; her Yankees are more eccentric and exceptional than Mrs. Cooke's and Miss Jewett's.

Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People[2] is made up of nine stories, and of these six are good and three are bad. And the touchstone that has been used in separating the good from the bad in this judgment is reading aloud to an intelligent listener or two. When a story has pleased them and seemed to be complete and satisfying, it is called good. When they have

[1] Huckleberries. By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

[2] Colonel Starbottle's Client and Some Other People. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

hesitated at the end, and asked "Is that all?" or "What does it mean?" we have called it bad. This may be a crude and Philistine criterion, and yet there must be something faulty in a story that puts the mind of its reader to permanent confusion regarding it. And Mr. Harte will perhaps not quarrel with a judgment that pronounces two-thirds of his stories good. It is a larger proportion than has been pleasing in most of his recent work. To particularize a bit, the worst story in the respect mentioned is "A Night at Hay's;" the best, "Johnson's Old Woman." The name-story and "In a Pioneer Restaurant" are the other two bad ones, and "The Postmistress of Laurel Run" and "The Ghosts of Stukeley Castle" are notably free from the defect. It impresses the reader that these stories that we call bad are so because of a lack of thinking out, of finish,— as if Mr. Harte had clearly in his mind what his people would do, and less clearly why they would do it, but had not focused his attention on the why, and so failed to convey it to his readers. But "Johnson's Old Woman" is good enough to carry any book, — good enough to take her place in the immortal company of M'liss and Miggles, The Luck, and Tennessee's Partner.

Jane G. Austin's book of short stories[1] is a collection of her magazine contributions, some of them the early work in which she tried her prentice hand on the Pilgrim field, before writing the books that have made that field her personal property. They are pleasing sketches,— many of them full of Miss Austin's first enthusiasm for the romantic side of the Pilgrim story, and for that reason lacking the careful historic accuracy that she has since cultivated. The Aldens, Carvers, Standishes, and Bradfords, all figure prominently in these stories, beside many lesser people to whom we are glad to be introduced.

Much less pretentious than either of the preceding books, and by less known authors, are *Tales of a Garrison Town*.[2] The town is Halifax, and the stories are the current mess-room tales of gossip and adventure. They are told with sincerity and a knowledge of facts that makes up in large measure for their crudity and triteness. "Court-Martialled" is the best in its handling, perhaps because it deals altogether with soldiers, and does not attempt to depict or analyze the feminine character, in which respect these narratives are not strong. And Tommy Atkins has been drawn by so much abler pens, that praise of this book must be faint to be true.

The most notable novel to be reviewed is by a local writer. *Other Things Being Equal*[3] is the story of a Jewish girl of the best type, who falls in love with a Christian physician. The scene is properly laid in San Francisco; for nowhere else on this continent, probably, is there a more cordial feeling between Jew and Christian, or a more influential Jewish community. Except for this, Miss Wolf makes but slight use of local coloring. She tells us that her characters are walking on Van Ness Avenue, but there are none of those descriptive touches that make it real to those that know the street. But it is not fair to complain that the author has not done this thing or that, when she has done so well what she has tried to do with her whole heart. She has drawn a picture of the best family life of the Jews that they should be proud to own,— of a Jewish girl, Ruth Levice, that is an addition to the Jewesses of literature,— of a Jewish father that is a character sketch of the best sort.

[1] David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories of Colonial Times. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

[2] Tales of a Garrison Town. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts. New York and St. Paul: D. D. Merril Company: 1892.

[3] Other Things Being Equal. By Emma Wolf. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company: 1892.

The scene where the Doctor and the Levices, father and daughter, discuss the matter of an engagement between the young people is very strong: the old father, liberal in his thinking and in his convictions, and yet bound by the hereditary prejudices of thirty centuries between Jew and Gentile, the daughter torn by the conflict between her love for her father and this new master love, and the Doctor, sure of the justice of the claims of mutual love, and yet knowing that he is fighting a losing fight in trying to make it appear so to the old man. But on one side was youth and love, and on the other age and prejudice, — and wisdom, if you please,— and in the long run such a fight could end in but one way. Miss Wolf has done it well: the death scene at the climax is very strong and very tender. It is only a pity that she found it necessary to add the anti-climax of a concluding chapter after her story was told. She doubtless felt that the story was not ended, and surely it was not, for the thoughtful mind inevitably goes on into speculation as to how it fared with these people afterward; whether or no the father's arguments and forebodings of trouble that would come had no foundation,— whether if there were children, there was no clashing of wills as to which faith should claim them. But these things would be material for another book, and it was not necessary to take her readers from the pinnacle of the death scene just to show the immediate arrangements of family affairs.

"My Official Wife" made so decided a hit that any further work by Mr. Savage is warmly greeted. This disposition was not diminished by "The Little Lady of Lagunitas," nor will it be by *Prince Schamyl's Wooing*,[1] "a story of the Russo-Turkish War." Not that the story has no faults, but in spite of them it is undeniably interesting. The blood and thunder in it, its hysterical style, and its choppy sentences, remind the reader of those ten-cent novels he used to read behind his geography in the sinful days of youth. Nevertheless now in older years, as then in youth on vastly less provocation, he feels the blood quicken to the thunder of the cavalry charge, and his heart throb sympathetically at the anguish of the "lovely Rose of Georgia." He, too, would like a chance to give one blow to the wicked Ghazee who poisons the lovely Rose, and works all manner of ill until his career is ended by the explosion in the old tower where the secret treasure is hid.

A remarkable book to be a San Francisco production is *Poseidon's Paradise*,[2] a story of Atlantis. Mrs. Birkmaier has studied such material as was to be had in mythology, Plato, and down even to Ignatius Donnelly; but when it is put together the result is very scanty, and there is required a vast deal of creative imagination to make a living picture of the misty Atlantis. The result in the present case is good; — such anachronisms as occur are apparently unavoidable; for though we may suspect that Mrs. Birkmaier has made her ancients too far advanced in civilization in this or that particular, who shall say it was not her right to do it? The plot of an antique civilization, machinating priests, and a final convulsion of nature as the catastrophe, makes the book inevitably compare itself to "The Last Days of Pompeii," to the disadvantage of the present work, as was to be expected. But even so, there is still reason for reading and enjoying *Poseidon's Paradise*.

[1] Prince Shamyl's Wooing. By Richard Henry Savage. New York: The American News Co.: 1892.

[2] Poseidon's Paradise. By Elizabeth G. Birkmaier. The Clemens Publishing Company: San Francisco: 1892.

ETC.

THERE is a most curious and even amusing unanimity in the press comments and private talk about several aspects of the past campaign and its results. Every respectable journal has observed, "What a quiet and decent campaign we have had, and what a relief it was!" The large poll and the decisive nature of the result have made it almost necessary that each journal should add, with resignation or triumph, as the case may be, "It has evidently been a thoughtful campaign, and the verdict must be accepted as the deliberate choice of the people, for the present at least." It is to be noticed that the resignation has not been as difficult, nor the triumph as vociferous, as might have been expected; for, quiet as the campaign was, the exertions made on both sides seem to have been great. The Republicans, with few exceptions, acquiesce very easily in the result,—so easily as to make one feel (as, indeed, the vote itself showed) that they have not been as a body so anxious to win as their opponents were. Had the election gone the other way, there would have been much bitterer disappointment on the part of the defeated, as any one may realize by recalling the result four years ago. The Democrats and Mugwumps cared more than the Republicans did; they were the protestants, the party that raised the issue which was being decided, and they were assailing a position that the Republicans do not seem to have been, throughout their rank and file, strenuously determined to hold.

NOT that there is probably any disposition on the part of the Republican rank and file to desert the doctrine of a protective tariff on imports. But the people knew perfectly well that there was no question of dropping this general policy in the immediate present. If the question of free trade is ever to come up in this country—and come up it must some time—it will be after many more steps have been taken toward it than can even be distinctly foreseen now. The reduction of the present tariffs to a revenue basis is a thing to which the way can be traced out, a thing that has been done before in this country, but not an end that any one expects to see accomplished in a single administration. The steps by which the tariff progressed from its ante-bellum status to the present have taken thirty years to climb, and cannot be retraced in four; the people will be appealed to more than once for a verdict on the process before it is complete. And this everyone knew. The Republicans therefore did not regard the election as a struggle for the doctrine of protection, but only for the particular phase of its application at which the party leaders had arrived,—without, as most of them now say, any distinct authorization from the party itself; for it will be remembered that in the campaign of four years ago the changes of the tariff afterward made by the McKinley Bill were not made an issue at all; it was rather understood that the choice lay between the Mills tariff and an unchanged one. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should seem to most Republicans that the verdict has simply been to fall back a step, from the McKinley position to the *status quo ante*.

THE better class of Democratic and independent journals see the situation in a very different light. The restraint of their expressions of triumph comes from no limitation in their estimate of the significance of the result. On the contrary, they are sobered by the sense that they have started in on a long and great undertaking. Their leaders are now at one in the purpose of bringing back the tariff to a revenue footing; and they know as well as the Republicans do, and say freely, that it cannot be done at once, and that they will have to come back to the people more than once and be re-endorsed, if they are to carry it through. Some of them have no intention of stopping there, but look to see the country go on to free trade. The significance of their victory does not lie to them in the distance that can be traversed in the next four years, but in the facing about in the direction of the movement. It seems to us that in this they estimate the situation more correctly than the Republicans. The thing that will affect future policy is not so much the actual number of dollars by which duties are lowered: if the Democratic party can hold the approval of the country while moving avowedly—however cautiously—toward a revenue tariff, and obtain a vote of confidence at the end of four years, prophets of that party will be justified in the belief that they see now the beginning of a "revolution." While, therefore, there is plenty of loud and thoughtless exultation on the streets, there is little of it in the expression of the leaders, but rather a few words of very serious rejoicing, weighted with much sense of grave responsibility about the ability to hold and handle their victory.

ONE gratifying result of the election has been the very general success of the secret ballot. The only complaint of any consequence against its workings is that it makes counting slower. The delay is doubtless annoying, but the cause of it is that people have been left free to vote their real preferences, instead of having it made hard to vote in any way except by great blocks of names. Some curious items of information are brought out by this freedom. We

have heard of a country precinct in which a number of voters voted for presidential electors and for local officers, caring nothing for congressional, legislative, or county candidates. One voter even ignored the presidency, and put on the blanket sheet but a single cross—the one that would affect the roadmastership in his school district. The anecdote opens a field for thought as to the vast numbers of candidates that have been voted for by people who cared nothing about them, nor about the offices they filled, simply because their names were on the same sheet of paper with one or two that these voters did wish to choose. It would be worth the while, also, of students of government to inquire whether the interest in local offices everywhere overshadowed that in all remoter ones except the highest of all.

WITH the present number, the New Series of THE OVERLAND completes a decade of existence. It has therefore had already a considerably longer lease of life than the first series had, viz., the eight years, 1868–75. The ten years have cost a great deal of hard work and not a little anxiety to the managers of the magazine; and have won for it a good place in public esteem. It is the general opinion among its reviewers that it has increased notably in literary merit during this decade: praise to this effect comes constantly into our office in print, and in the kindly expressions of correspondents. The editors of THE OVERLAND do not altogether think so. We believe that in strictly literary merit there has been a pretty even quality through the decade. But in make-up, typographical appearance, and the addition of illustrations, steadily improved in quality and increased in number, and in a certain timeliness and taking effect in articles, the magazine has grown more interesting and acceptable to most readers. Some time, when the right time comes, we shall have some interesting bits of literary history to tell the public concerning all this. We believe it has been a history of some importance in the development of this Pacific country, and that the next decade will make a chapter of more importance. But we do not intend here to trench on the province of our prospectus for 1893,—which, indeed, may be readily turned to, as it is bound in with this issue. It contains a brief summary of our policies and purposes, with examples of our illustrations, and our readers will find it of interest.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Down the Danube.

THERE is something puzzling in Mr. Bigelow's latest book.[1] It is an account of a canoe trip down the Danube from Donaueschingen, in the Black Forest, to the Black Sea. He starts with two companions, in canoes like his own,—the preface speaks of one of these companions as an artist whose sketches were to embellish the work, but "other plans developed," and so only Mr. Bigelow's own rough sketches are used. It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that these other plans were the result of some falling out, by the way, between these hardy mariners; for after a third of the voyage is past,—to be exact, at Deggendorf in Bavaria,—he suddenly ceases all mention of his two fellow venturers, and goes his way alone. Not only is there this sudden ceasing of mention of his two companions, but there is beside a change of style and attitude toward the places he travels through. He becomes more laudatory, as though to indicate that the losing his companions had not interfered with his own enjoyment. Some of his descriptions of Magyar men and maidens, and their capabilities in the way of drinking and dancing, are truly ludicrous.

The book goes off into discussions of the political situation at the end without telling us of the latter stages of the trip, and how *Caribee*, his canoe, fared when the Black Sea was reached. The best political future of the lower Danube countries Mr. Bigelow finds in alliance with Germany and Austria, to the total avoidance of dealings with Russia. He concludes with a return to the subject of his former book, in a chapter on the great opportunities open to the young Emperor of Germany.

As a whole, the book is not so good as literature, nor so interesting in subject matter, as its predecessor, "The German Emperor."

[1] Paddles and Politics Down the Danube. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: 1892: Charles L. Webster & Co.

Briefer Notice.

The volume *Echoes from the Sunset Club*,[2] is a collection of papers read before the Sunset Club of Chicago, a cosmopolitan gathering of men of many occupations and views of life, who meet about a dinner table for the sake of exchange of views on

[2] Echoes from the Sunset Club. Chicago: Howard, Bartels & Co.: 1892.

civil polity, practical politics, economics, and in short any subject of interest to thinking men of the time. The characteristic of the club is delightful informality, and the feature of each meeting is the after-dinner programme of two brief papers by writers unannounced, attacking the subject of discussion from opposite points of view. The papers cover a wide range of subjects and cannot fail to stimulate thought. No opportunity for partisanship is given; the follower of the red flag may put forth his views as certain of respectful attention as the orthodox republican.

The only rules are negative: no "president, no preaching, no dudes, no bores, no encores, no constitution, no by-laws," are the sentiments of the club members, who number more than a thousand.

The Chit-Chat and the Six-Thirty Clubs of San Francisco, though much smaller, are organized on much the same basis of informality. Such clubs are great broadeners of human sympathies and a stimulus to thought on current subjects. There should be more of them.

A little volume [1] that is a valuable addition to the Columbus literature showered upon us, gives in concise form translations of Columbus's letters to his superiors on his return, and thus furnishes material on which to form our own estimate of what he himself thought of his discovery.

The introduction is concise and accurate, and gives some interesting thoughts on the reasons for the Westward movement.

Les Prosateurs Français du XIXe Siècle [2] is a collection of short complete prose writings from eminent French authors, from Xanvier de Maistre, 1764, to the death of Jean Rameau, arranged chronologically. The selections of Professor Fontaine seem to have been made with reference to their representative character and pure morality.

The little book of chosen fables from La Fontaine [3] is a good text book for schools and colleges where French is taught, for it familiarizes the student with a famous writer's work, while teaching him the language. The English notes and biographical sketch make the book quite complete.

A novelette by one of the foremost of Italian novelists, [4] has been added to the series of *Novelle Italiane*. In order to render it serviceable for scholars, it has been furnished with English notes by Professor T. E. Comba.

[1] The Writings of Christopher Columbus. Edited with an introduction by Paul Leicester Ford. Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

[2] Les Prosateurs Français du XIXe Siécle. By C. Fontaine, B.L., L.D. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1892.

[3] Fables Choisis de La Fontaine. By Mme. Berthe Beck. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1892.

[4] Camilla. By Edmondo de Amicis. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1892.

Dr. Pick's French Method [5] is another book in the rapidly growing class that are tending to make the study of a foreign language more attractive and natural, by aiming at teaching the language from simple sentences leading to grammar, and not from nearly pure grammar to the study of the language, as now commonly taught. The idea of comparison of all new French words found in the text with any English or Latin similar terms, and thus fixing the word in the mind of the student, from associations with those already familiar, is a most reasonable way of acquiring a vocabulary. The principle of the method of study here set forth is association, not sheer memory.

This is a very good method of teaching beginners, but very slow progress will be made by this method unless additional and more difficult text books are added, until the student has been initiated into the mysteries of the irregular verbs, where memory must do its share of work.

A new text book in arithmetic must certainly have an excuse for its existence, and the compiler of this book [6] justly claims for it that he has adopted business methods of computation wherever they could be wisely substituted for the processes of the schools, because they are "generally natural methods." The practical application of the examples, and short methods, usually omitted in school books, are commendable.

Books Received.

Autobiographia, or the History of a Life. By Walt Whitman. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.: 1892.

Echoes of the Sunset Club. Compiled by W. W Catlin. Chicago: The Sunset Club: 1892.

David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories of Colonial Times. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

The Witch Hypnotizer. By Zena A. Maher: San Francisco: 1892.

The Nature and Elements of Poetry. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1892.

Poseidon's Paradise. By Elizabeth G. Birkmaier. San Francisco: The Clemens Publishing Co.: 1892.

Free-Hand Drawing. By Anson K. Cross. Boston: The Normal Art School: 1892.

American Mental Arithmetic. By M. A. Bailey. New York: American Book Co.: 1892.

Fables Choisés de La Fontaine. By Mme. Berthe Beck. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1892.

Camilla. By Edmondo de Amicis. New York: William R. Jenkins: 1892.

[5] Dr. Pick's Method applied to acquiring the French language. By Dr. E. Pick. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen: 1891.

[6] Standard Arithmetic. By William J. Milne. New York: American Book Co.: 1892.

Extraits Choisés des Œuvres de François Coppée. By George Castegnier. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

Les Prosateurs Français du XIXe Siécle. By C. Fontaine. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

Das Kindes Erstes Buch. By Wilhelm Riffe. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

La Lizardiere. By Vte Henri de Bornier. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

A Rational French Method. By A. Gautherot. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

The Naiad. A Ghost Story. By Katherine Berry di Zéréga. New York : William R. Jenkins : 1892.

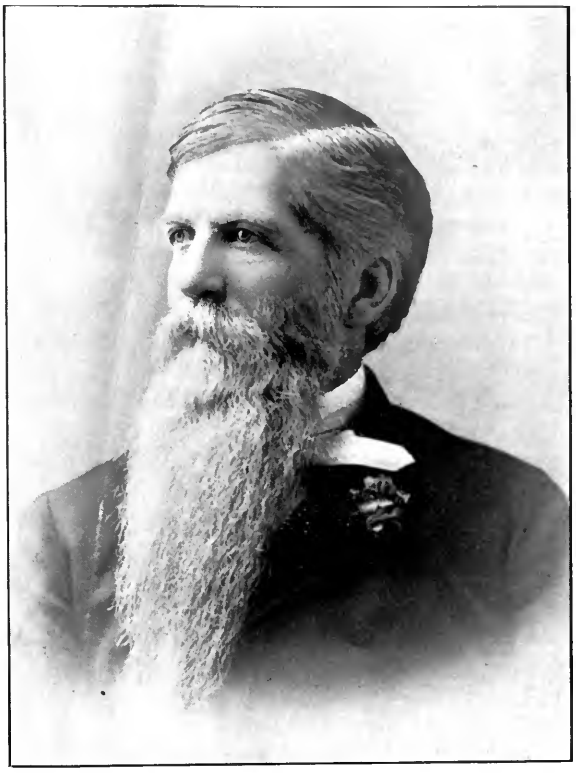
The Devil's Gold. By Oscar F. G. Day. Chicago : Morrill, Higgins & Co. : 1892.

The Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham (William Pitt). By Lord Macaulay. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

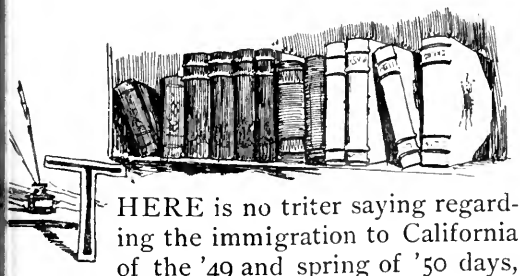
How to Teach Writing. By Lyman D. Smith. New York : American Book Co. : 1892.

West and East,— An Algerian Romance. By Laura Coates Reed. Chicago : Charles H. Sergel & Co. : 1892.

The Confession of a Child of the Century. By Alfred De Musset. Chicago : Charles H. Sergel & Co. : 1892.



HON. CREED HAYMOND.



THERE is no triter saying regarding the immigration to California of the '49 and spring of '50 days, than that it was made up of picked men. The enterprise and energy necessary to the long and hazardous trip proved the men that possessed it the very cream of the nation. And this is still further shown by the subsequent career of many of those men. A notable example of this fact is to be found in the life history of the Hon. Creed Haymond. A Virginian born and bred, he was only sixteen years old when the tales from California stirred his spirit of adventure. He joined himself to a party of kindred spirits, none of them old enough to vote, and they made the long and arduous journey across the Plains. This was a matter of no small peril in those days, before the great corporation that Mr. Haymond served so well in later years was dreamed of. Had he then been told that twenty years would see men riding over those alkali deserts in a parlor on wheels, and of making the journey from ocean to ocean in five days, how he would have stared!

Mr. Haymond set himself to work in various ways, with the quick changes of occupation that the times demanded; but the chief thing he had to sell was

brains, and those he could best sell "by the case," as the joke has it. Accordingly, in 1859, with ex-Governor James A. Johnson as a partner, he opened a law office in Downieville, Sierra County.

The story of Mr. Haymond since that date is bound up with the legal history of the State. His fine presence, his eloquence, his knowledge of the law, his sagacity in judging men, and his ardent temperament, have made him a marked man in his profession. Few juries can resist his skill, and few judges deny the force of his arguments. As lawyer of a corporation, he has had a markedly difficult task. It is the well-known habit of juries to be prejudiced against a great company in a suit with a private citizen, and the fact that Mr. Haymond has won so large a proportion of the suits he fought while Solicitor General for the Southern Pacific shows the consummate generalship of the man. But there was more than skill or cunning in Mr. Haymond's methods. His advice to the Company was always on the side of avoiding litigation, where a claim that seemed to him just had been presented. In such cases he would avoid the appeal to judge or jury, by advising the granting of all reasonable concessions. There is nothing cowardly in this. He has the spirit of the Virginian and the fighter, and when these concessions were not accepted in the spirit in which they were made, or when a palpably "cinch" claim was urged, his conduct of the case was sufficiently vigorous.

And yet it is not as the legal adviser of the railroad that Mr. Haymond will be best known in years to come. His public services have been no less numerous and vastly more important. He was Chairman of the Commission that drafted the Codes of the State, as adopted in 1872. This was no slight task, as California was the first English-speaking State to adopt the method of codification of laws, and it was a work of vast labor to reduce the immense body of common and statute law to a unity. Mr. Haymond received letters and addresses commending his work from all over the world. "His work," we say, because as Chairman of the Commission he individually drafted the greater part of the Codes.

Mr. Haymond's services in the State Senate in 1875, '76, and '77, were also important. Chinese immigration was at that time the burning question, and the measure of appointing a special committee to investigate the whole matter was proposed by him. The report of the committee, much of it Mr. Haymond's work, was largely effective in influencing Congress toward legislation that accorded with the wishes of the people of California. The questions of irrigation and hydraulic mining also engaged Mr. Haymond's earnest attention, and in both of these matters he has foreseen and advocated those measures that were for the interests of the whole people. He was the author of the bill which lies at the foundation of the irrigation system of this State.

Another task that the people of California will thank Mr. Haymond for through years to come, is the drafting of the act under which the Leland Stanford Junior University was founded.

It will be seen from these things that the characteristic quality of the man is loyalty. When he serves the railroad it has his best and most effective service, and when he serves the people he is even more tireless and successful in his work. He stands as a good example of the men of energy and brain that have made California famous the world over, as content with nothing less than the foremost rank in any task to which she sets her hand.

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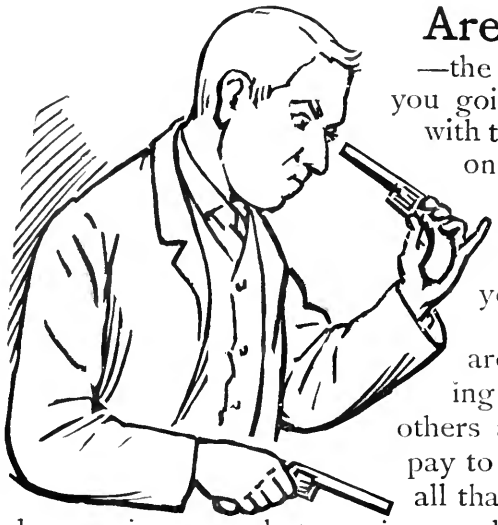

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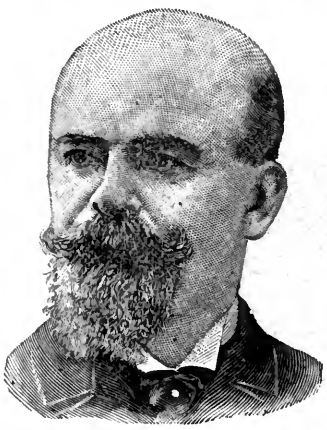

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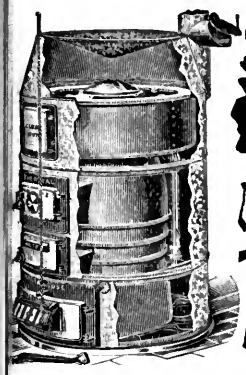

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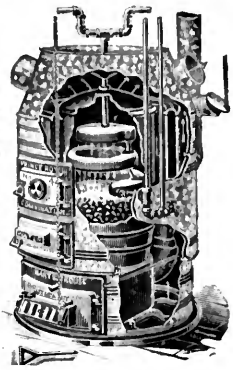

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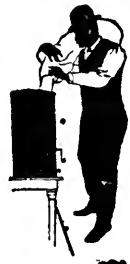

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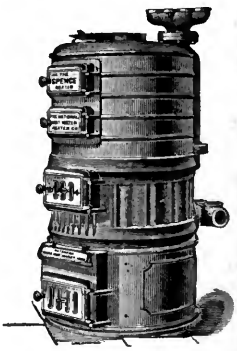

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CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS.

JULY.

The "Mosquito Fleet," *William G. Morrow.*
With 7 illustrations.
By Right of Trove, *Julie M. Lippmann.*
Sleep, *Ella Higginson.*
A Vacation Reverie, *Robert Whitaker.*
Lumbering in Washington, *F. I. Vassault.*
With 10 illustrations.
A Struggle with Insomnia, *Frank Bailey Millard.*
Camping near Point Conception Light-House, *Bessie Taylor.*
Summer, *Alfred I. Townsend.*
Rabbit Driving in the San Joaquin Valley, *Charles S. Greene.*
With 8 illustrations.
Led to Gold, *C. B. Sedgwick.*
An Amateur takes the Ribbons, *William S. Hutchinson.*
With 2 illustrations.
Santa Barbara, *Caroline Hazard.*
With 2 illustrations.
A Group of Athletes, University of California, Coast Champions, 1892.
The Compromiser, *E. P. H.*
Fourth of July on Mount Adams, *C. E. Rusk.*
The Story of Margaret M. Hecox (Continued), *Marie Valhasky.*
Balzac.
Etc. and Book Reviews.

AUGUST.

Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods, *Ninetta Eames.*
With 15 illustrations.
A Voiceless Soul, *Carrie Blake Morgan.*
Verses from the Japanese, *Flora B. Harris.*
The President's Substitute, *Sybil Russell Bogue.*
Tahoe, *Elizabeth S. Bates.*
The Repeating Rifle in Hunting and Warfare, *J. A. A. Robinson.*
Greeting, *Aurilla Furber.*
Salt Water Fisheries of the Pacific Coast, *Philip L. Weaver, Jr.*
With 8 illustrations.
The Economic Introduction of the Kangaroo in America, *Robert C. Auld.*
The Legend of Rodeo Cañon, *Helen Elliott Bandini.*
With 5 illustrations.
Serenade, *M. C. Gillington.*
The Second Edition, *Agnes Crary.*
Mission San Gabriel, *Sylvia Lawson Covey.*
From New Orleans to San Francisco in '49, *Mrs. T. F. Bingham.*
The Undoing of David Lemwell, *L. B. Bridgman.*
The Bath of Madame Malibran, *V. G. T.*
Etc. and Book Reviews.

SEPTEMBER.

California, *Charles A. Gunnison.*
Los Farallones de los Frayles, *Charles S. Greene.*
With 13 illustrations.
To Ina D. Coolbrith, *Ella Higginson.*
An Interesting Historical Discovery, *John S. Hittell.*
A Bare-Faced Deception, *Charles E. Brimblecom.*
At Anchor, *Isabel Hammell Raymond.*
In Mendocino, *Lillian H. Shuey.*
Staging in the Mendocino Redwoods. II. *Ninetta Eames.*
With 16 illustrations.

(SEE OVER.)

CONTENTS OF RECENT OVERLANDS, Continued.

Quail and Quail Shooting, *J. A. A. Robinson.* With 3 illustrations.
The Storm, *Sam Davis.*
Two Gourmets of Bloomfield, *Alice S. Wolf.*
Russia and America, *Horace F. Cutter.*
The Wrong Trump, *Emma A. Thurston.*
Recent Verse, Etc., and Book Reviews.

OCTOBER.

Frontispiece.—President Henry Durant.
The University of California, *Milicent W. Shinn.* With 17 illustrations.
Lawn Tennis in California, *James F. J. Archibald.* With 14 illustrations.
Minerva's Mother, *Annie Getchell Gale.*
Possibilities, *M. C. Gillington.*
An Alaskan Summer, *Mabel H. Closson.* With 7 illustrations.
An Electrical Study, *Vere Withington.*
County Division in Southern California, *E. P. Clarke.*
With Fancy, *Sylvia Lawson Covey.*
Burke's Wife, *Beebe Crocker.*
Fiction Review, Etc., and Book Reviews.

NOVEMBER.

Over the Santa Lucia, *Mary L. White.* With 15 illustrations.
To ——
Fisheries of California, *David Starr Jordan.*
True Greatness, *E. E. Barnard.*
The University of California. II. Lick Astronomical Department, *Milicent W. Shinn.* With 17 illustrations.
Siwash, *E. Meliss.* With 5 illustrations.
Old Angeline, the Princess of Seattle, *Rose Simmons.*
How Mrs. Binnywig Checked the King, *R.*
What Constitutes a Mortal Wound, *J. N. Hall, M.D.*
The Mother of Felipe, *Mary Austin.*
In the Last Day, *M. C. Gillington.*
A Snow Storm in Humboldt, *E. B.*
A Physician's Story, *Theoda Wilkins.*
The Sea-Fern, *Seddie E. Anderson.*
George William Curtis, Citizen, *Warren Olney.*
Love's Legend, *Lenore Congdon Schultze.*
Etc. and Book Reviews.

The leading paper in the November OVERLAND MONTHLY is a bright sketch, "Over the Santa Lucia," by Mary L. White, with illustrations from sketches by Grace Hudson and photographs. The author gives one an excellent idea of this remote Monterey settlement where wagons are unknown, and where the children have never seen a circus or a railroad train. Most of the people are of Mexican descent, content with a life that few Americans would endure. Miss Shinn contributes a long paper on Lick Observatory, with many illustrations. She sketches the history of the Observatory, and presents an admirable estimate of the work done by Director Holden and his associates. President Jordan of Stanford University has a valuable article on "Fisheries of California." He has made a special study of Pacific Coast fishes, and what he says may be taken as authoritative. He condemns roundly the ignorance and waste shown in the San Francisco fish market, which he truly says is one of the worst and the dearest in the country. Among other readable papers may be mentioned: "Siwash," by E. Meliss; "Old Angeline, the Princess of Seattle," by Rose Simmons; "A Snow Storm in Humboldt," by E. B., and George William Curtis, Citizen," by Warren Olney. As usual, the OVERLAND has several excellent short stories and poems.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

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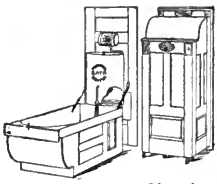

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SCIENCE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Among the special features of this standard magazine for the coming year will be accounts by competent specialists of the present standing of the several departments of science as exhibited at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. The marvels of **Electricity** to be displayed there will be described and explained by MR. CHARLES M. LUNGREN. Large provision has been made for the exhibit of **Anthropology**, and this department will be carefully treated by Prof. FREDERICK STARR, of the Chicago University. Mr. BENJAMIN REECE will treat of the application of science in the vast interests of **Transportation**, and the scope and significance of the exhibits in other departments will be set forth by able hands.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIES SINCE COLUMBUS.—The splendid series of illustrated articles under the above title will be continued, and probably brought to a close in the coming year. Among the subjects that remain to be treated are *Glass*, *Silk*, *Paper*, *Agricultural Machinery*, and *Shipbuilding*.

Miscellaneous contributions may be expected from the able writers who have been in the habit of addressing the readers of the MONTHLY.

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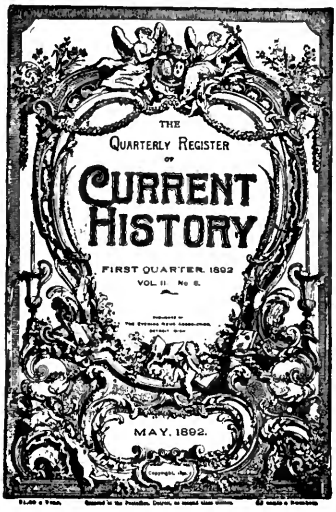

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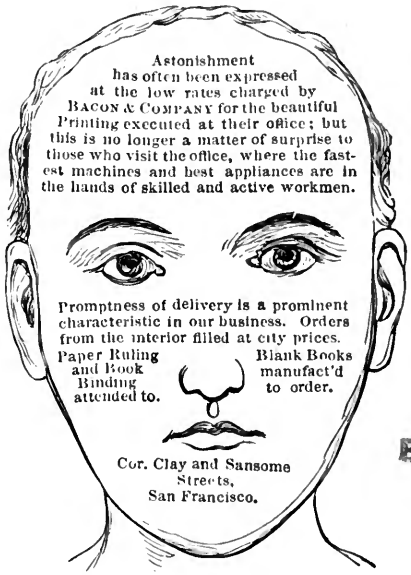

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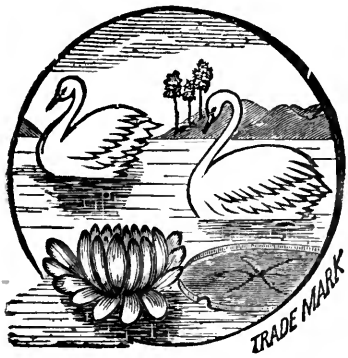

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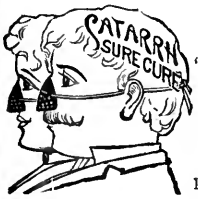

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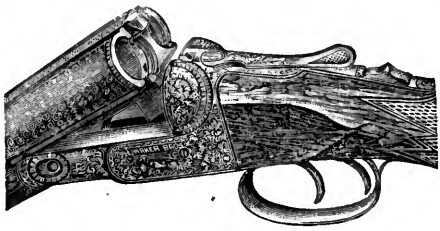

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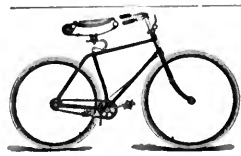

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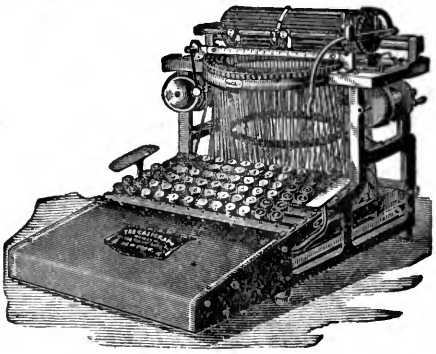

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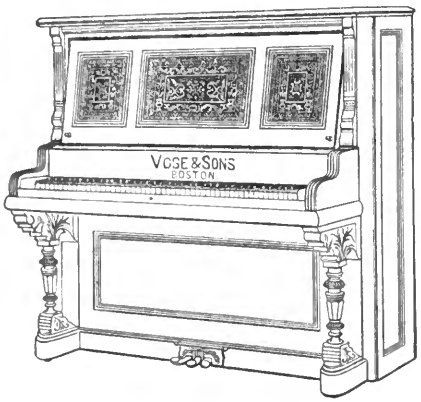

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